

## Chapter 46

### Selene's Executioner

Sebastian

I look at the beast snarling at me. Correction, I look at the monster because that was the only way to describe it.

Lauren was huge, standing at seven feet tall. Dark fur with massive claws and fangs. Her eyes were blood red and she was standing on her hind legs. I have never seen anything like this.

She kept snarling at me with her massive jaw. While hitting the silver bars. It burned her but I don't think it even registered in her mind.

"Holy Shit!" I hear Alec whisper in shock.

I turn to him and find him standing with the five elders of the werewolf council. They all wear shocked masks so I am assuming that they've also never encountered a being like her.

"Goodness gracious...what is that?" Jack, one of the elders asks.

I ignore him and turn back to look at Lauren. We were waiting for the Oracle. We needed to see into her mind and she was the only one that could dive into Lauren's memories. Once we got what we wanted we could finally send the bitch to hell.

I focus on the beast in front of me. I can't help but fucking shiver when it looks into me. No wonder the faces of the people she killed always seemed horrified.

"What the fuck did you do to her?" the booming voice sends all of us to our fucking knees.

The power radiating from her is enough to suffocate us. No one utters a word. I grind my teeth against the rush of her power. Trying to stand up even though every cell of my body wants me to submit.

There is only one person more powerful than the elders. Stronger than me, and that is Sylvia. The current Oracle.

"I asked you a question?" she repeats, reigning in her anger.

I look at the woman who looks to be in her mid-fifties but she's actually seventy. She has long waist length hair that is white from age. An oval make-up free face except for lipstick. She is wearing a t-shirt,

with a pair of jeans and sandals. Looking at her you could never tell that she was powerful. She looks ordinary.

Her eyes pierces each one of us. "I don't like to be kept waiting. When I ask something I expect answers."

“We haven't done anything to her” Alec finally answers. “We let a guard question her and she transformed into this th-thing and mauled him.”

“Well, you must have done something” she snaps before going near the cell. “I can feel her pain, her hurt. She’s on edge and she wants all your heads. So again I will ask what the hell have you done to her?”

She turns to us, her hands on her waist. She didn’t not look happy.

“Well, we did what we always do, asked her some questions. When she didn’t cooperate we used other means.” this time an elder called Martin replied in a shrug.

“So you tortured her” Sylvia says deadpanned.

The look she gave us was more than enough to obliterate us on the spot.

“What would you have had us do?” I asked.

“Wait for me! You fucking imbeciles” she yells releasing a burst of energy that sends us crashing into the wall. “Do you have any idea what you’ve done? Who you’ve hurt?”

“We tortured a monster, a killer!” I grind my teeth while standing up.

Why the hell was she so fucking angry? Lauren didn’t deserve any mercy, not after all the people she killed.

I turn to the woman we are discussing. She still hasn’t changed back. She was still banging on the bars and trashing the cell.

“What did you call her?” Sylvia asks in a threatening tone.

“A killer, a monster!” I snarl repeating the names.

Quicker than I have ever seen anyone move. She lifts me up before banging me on the wall.

“If you ever call her that again pup, I will end you. I will make sure your insides are scattered on all four corners of the earth and then I will descend on your pack like a ravenous dog just for fits and giggles. Am I understood?” She warns, her eyes glowing.

I wouldn't have been afraid if she hadn't mentioned my pack. Looking at her I know she isn't bluffing.

So, I nod my head. She releases me before crossing the small hallway.

“What do you know about the legend of Fenrir?” she asks us still furious

“He is the great wolf in Norse mythology. He is the son of Loki, the trickster god. It was prophesied that he and his siblings would participate in the destruction of the gods. As a result of that prophecy, Odin, turned on Fenrir and chained him to a rock. Fenrir was later able to escape and aligned himself with the forces of chaos thus brought about Ragnarok.” one of the guards says.

We turn to look at him in question. Where the hell did he learn all that? He just shrugged his shoulders.

“Good. But there is another part that is not commonly known. One that has been hidden for millennia. How Fenrir was able to escape.” Sylvia begins.

“You see, by then, Selene our goddess had already created werewolves. On this particular day she had gone to Asgard for a celebration. There she heard Odin boasting about how he deceived and chained the great wolf. Selene became intrigued and decided to see this great wolf. She found a big, seven-foot wolf or monster as you call it. Bound in chains. It kept howling in pain. Feeling sorry for him because he reminded her of her beloved children, she used her powers to set it free.”

We were all looking at her now. Intrigued by why she was sharing this particular story.

“Grateful Fenrir thanked her and fled. Selene didn’t hear from him until news reached her that the great wolf had aligned himself with the forces of chaos and brought destruction on Odin and the rest of the deities that were responsible for his pain. After the war was over and Fenrir got his revenge, he showed up in Selene’s realm, pledging his allegiance to her for she had saved him. Selene welcomed him and gave him a role. Fenrir would be her executioner. He would protect and look after her children and eliminate any threat to them, that included werewolves that wanted to expose us or that hurt humans.” she takes a breath before continuing.

“The oath Fenrir made was passed down his generations and it has been so for thousands of years. Selene picks one person each time. One who has been betrayed, one who has been hurt and broken by the actions of others, just like what happened to Fenrir. She bestows on that person the

spirit of Fenrir's descendant and he or she becomes her executioner and enforcer here on earth."

I look at her fear sinking into me.

"Why are you telling us this?" I ask suspiciously.

She turns to look at me scathingly. As if I were nothing but scum underneath her shoes.

"I may be the goddess' right hand but Lauren is her left arm. She's the moon goddess' current executioner." she announces.

I see her smirk when I stumble backward. I feel like I have been dealt a physical blow. By the shocked gasps I know that I am not the only one shocked. I look at the rest, each one has fear written all over their faces.

"The goddess is pissed to say the least." Sylvia adds before staring directly at me. "If it wasn't for the fact that she still has plans for you, she would have smit you."

I sigh in relief but it's short lived.

"Oh, don't look so relieved. Just because she won't kill you doesn't mean that she won't punish you." She adds.

"Now open the fucking door." she motions to the cell door.

Alec moves forward and using the key card opens it. His hands are shaking, showing just how much all this has affected him.

“Immediately lock it behind me. Before I am tempted to let her maul all of you to death.” she says in disgust before entering.

Lauren immediately snarls at her the moment she steps in. Baring her teeth in warning. Sylvia lifts her hand in surrender before she starts talking to her.

“I’m not going to hurt you. I never will. You know deep down that I am not a threat Lauren, that I am here to help you.”

Lauren sniffs her. As if sensing the truth in her words, she releases a howl full of pain and sorrow. As if she was trying to communicate her pain.

The howl stabs at my heart. Leaving bleeding open wounds.

Sylvia gets close to her and buries her hands in her fur. “I’m really sorry child. For what they have put you through. You don’t deserve any of it. I had my way they would all burn in hell.”

I wince at that. Knowing that we probably deserve it.

They sink to the floor, with Lauren laying her massive head on Sylvia’s lap.

“I am going to help you unlock your memories okay?” She asks and Lauren releases a grunt.

Sylvia places her palms on Lauren’s temple and begins chanting. At first nothing happens but then Lauren begins thrashing on the ground. Trying to get away from her. She holds on and Lauren begins to roar, her nails

digging into the ground. The sound continues for almost ten minutes. Soon the unnatural sound turns feminine and she changes back to human.

She collapses next to Sylvia. Her body still shaking from the tremors. Her eyes are closed and she looks deathly pale.

“Bring me something to cover her with” Sylvia commands.

One of the enforcers rushes out and comes back with a blanket. He hands it over to Sylvia and she uses it to cover an unconscious Lauren.

“I don’t get it if she’s the goddess enforcer why would she kill humans?” Alec asks, a question that has been bothering me.

“She didn’t and neither is she the serial killer. In fact she’s been hunting the killer. The last body you found? That was the killer, he was truly a psychopath. As for the few wolves that were killed, those were killed on orders from the goddess. Two of them were in cahoots to sell our secret to the human government. One had raped a human child. And the other two were the ones that had hurt Krystal.”

I was rooted to the ground. I could feel the familiar tinge of guilt start to rise. Knowing we were wrong about her was starting fucking sink in.

“Then why didn’t she just tell us so?” Brook, an elder asks.

“Because she didn’t remember any of it. Due to her pain and hurt, she’s disconnected from her beast, so has never embraced her and become one. They’re not in sync and this keeps her from remembering. It’s also the reason she has been losing control easily” Sylvia answers.

So Lauren was telling the truth when she said she didn't remember killing.

Sylvia turns to me.

“My question to you alpha is, why didn’t you listen to Krystal. She told you not to hurt her mother. That the goddess told her that Lauren needed help, yet you ignored her. Why is that? Is it because she’s a child or because you thought she was protecting her killer mother?” she asks me in contempt.

“She said the killer was her mother,” I reply defensively.

“She’s a fucking nine-year-old Sebastian. She hasn’t fully come to her powers and neither does she understand her visions properly. She saw her mother kill but she was eliminating the threat. Krystal wouldn’t have understood that. It was your fucking job to find out more!” She yells before flinging me against the wall.

Fuck! She was right. I wanted to catch the killer so bad that I accepted what Krystal told me. Because of that I have hurt an innocent woman. And not just any woman but the goddess’ enforcer.

“She’s slipped into a coma” Sylvia says, brushing the hair off Lauren’s face and kissing her forehead.

“You better pray that she wakes up because if she doesn’t I’ll fucking kill each one of you and I’ll make it a thousand times more painful than what she endured”

We all swallow hard.

Shit! I needed Lauren to wake up. Not just because my life was on the line. But because I needed to make it up to her