

Chapter 13

Elena POV:

Dying felt like waking up from a long, feverish nightmare.

One moment, I was in Rosa's back room, my body heavy with pain and poison. The next, I was standing in a field of silver grass that swayed without wind.

The sky above was a tapestry of nebulas, purple and gold, with a moon so large it took up half the horizon. The air smelled of ozone and starlight.

I looked down at my hands. No scars. No burns. My skin was luminous, glowing with a soft, inner light.

I felt a presence behind me. It wasn't threatening. It felt like... home.

I turned around.

A woman stood there. She was tall, her skin like polished obsidian, her hair a flowing river of silver light. Her eyes held galaxies.

The Moon Goddess. Selene.

I fell to my knees, bowing my head. "Goddess."

"Rise, my child," her voice was the sound of ocean waves. She reached out and touched my chin, lifting my face. "You have carried a heavy burden, Elena."

"I failed," I whispered. "I was weak. I couldn't shift. I couldn't serve my pack."

The Goddess smiled sadly. She waved her hand, and a pool of water appeared between us.

"Look."

I looked into the water. I saw an image of a magnificent white wolf, larger than any Alpha, with eyes like blue diamonds. It was radiating power, commanding respect from thousands of wolves.

"This was your destiny," the Goddess said. "You were born a White Wolf, the rarest of my creations. Your 'illness' was your body trying to contain that immense power while being poisoned daily. The wolfsbane didn't kill your wolf; it just kept her in a cage."

Tears pricked my eyes. "Why show me this now? It's too late."

"Is it?" The Goddess tilted her head. "The threads of fate were cut prematurely by treachery. That offends me. Balance must be restored."

She stepped closer, her silver hair brushing against my cheek.

"I can offer you a choice, Elena. You can stay here, in the Elysian Fields, and rest. You will know no pain, no hunger, no sadness."

She paused.

"Or... you can go back."

My heart skipped a beat. "Back? To that body? To that pain?"

"Not to that body," she said. "To a new beginning. I can weave your soul back into the tapestry of the living. You will keep your memories. You will keep your pain as a lesson. And this time... you will have your White Wolf."

I thought of Caleb. I thought of his cold eyes when he rejected me. I thought of my parents turning their backs.

"If I go back," I asked, my voice hardening, "do I have to be his Mate again?"

The Goddess's eyes flashed. "The bond was severed by your death. If you return, you return as your own woman. The bond... that is something you can choose to reforge, or destroy forever."

I stood up straighter. The memory of the humiliation, the closet, the poison—it burned in me. Not with sadness anymore, but with a cold, blue fire.

"I don't want his love," I said clearly. "I want my life back. I want the power they stole from me. I want them to see exactly what they threw away."

The Goddess smiled, and this time, it was a fierce, predatory smile.

"Then go, my White Wolf. Go and show them that the moon has a dark side."

She placed her hand on my chest. A blinding white light exploded from

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 +120 Points at most

her palm, engulfing me.

The peace of the afterlife shattered.

The sensation of falling rushed over me.

The silence was replaced by the roar of blood in my ears.

And then, for the first time in my existence, I heard her. My wolf. She wasn't asleep. She was roaring.

ROAR!

My eyes snapped open.



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