

Chapter 14 Chapter

Elena POV:

The world rushed back in a kaleidoscope of sensations. The rich scent of pine and damp earth, the biting cold of the forest floor against my bare skin, and the dizzying rush of blood through my veins. It was too much, yet it was exhilarating.

I gasped, sucking in a lungful of air that felt clean and sharp, devoid of the metallic tang of wolfsbane or the cloying sweetness of rot.

My eyes snapped open, blazing with an unfamiliar intensity. I was lying on the soft, moss-covered ground, surrounded by a ring of ancient, towering pines.

Moonlight, silvery and ethereal, filtered through the canopy, dappling the forest floor around me. I pushed myself up, feeling a surge of power course through my limbs. My body felt... different. Stronger. Leaner. Every muscle hummed with a dormant energy.

My gaze fell upon my hands, no longer pale and bruised, but smooth, unblemished, and radiating a subtle pearlescent glow in the moonlight. I flexed my fingers, marveling at the strength that rippled beneath the surface.

Then, a growl rumbled deep in my chest. It wasn't human. It was guttural, primal, and utterly thrilling. I looked down, and through the filtering moonlight, I saw shimmering white fur sprout along my arms, quickly spreading to cover my entire body. My nails elongated into sharp claws, and a powerful tail, thick and plumed, flicked behind me. My snout extended, my teeth sharpened into fangs, and my ears, suddenly keen to every rustle and distant hoot, pointed towards the sky.

I was a wolf. A massive, magnificent white wolf.

My white fur seemed to absorb the moonlight, making me glow faintly. I felt the immense power the Goddess had spoken of, thrumming through every cell. This was the White Wolf, a creature of legend, rare and imbued with immense strength.

I let out a joyous, full-throated howl that echoed through the forest, a sound of triumph and raw, untamed power. It was the roar of my wolf,

finally free, finally unbound. It was a roar that declared my existence, a challenge to the world that had cast me aside.

The pain, the humiliation, the betrayal – it was all still there, etched into my memory, but now it was a cold, driving force, a furnace fueling my resolve. I had wanted revenge, and the Moon Goddess had granted me the means.

I took my first steps as a wolf, my paws sinking slightly into the soft earth. Each movement was fluid, powerful, exhilarating. I ran, feeling the wind whip through my fur, the ground flying beneath me. I was fast, faster than any wolf I had ever seen, a blur of white in the shadowed forest.

I ran until dawn, until the first rays of the sun painted the sky in hues of orange and pink. As the light touched my fur, I felt a subtle shift, a familiar ache in my bones, but this time it was different. It was controlled. I focused, pushing the wolf back, feeling my bones crack and reform, my fur receding, my human skin returning.

I stood there, naked, in the early morning light, the powerful white wolf now dormant beneath my human skin. I was still Elena, but I was also so much more. The scars were gone, but the memories remained. And the thirst for vengeance.

My first order of business: find Rosa. She had been the only one who showed me kindness in my last moments. Then, I would prepare. The Black Moon Pack had rejected their True Luna, and they would learn the true cost of their folly. They would learn what happens when a White Wolf, blessed by the Goddess, returns from the grave. 🐺



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