

Chapter 15 Chapter

Caleb POV:

Six months of relentless, soul-crushing despair had etched lines of grief on my face and aged me beyond my years. The pack was a shadow of its former self. The land was barren, the hunts fruitless, and the laughter that once filled the Pack House had been replaced by a heavy silence. Everyone felt Elena's absence, the void of a True Luna, the very heart of our pack. My Alpha strength, once unshakeable, felt like dust.

I still spent most of my time at Elena's mausoleum, the white marble a stark reminder of what I had lost. The jasmine bushes I had planted around it had withered and died, mirroring the decay within my soul and my pack.

The rain had finally stopped, and a weak sun was attempting to break through the perpetual gray clouds. I traced the engraved name on the mausoleum, "Elena," the word a constant throb of pain in my chest.

A sudden, sharp pain lanced through my mind, pulling me from my reverie. It was the pack link, but not the usual dull hum. This was a powerful jolt, a surge of energy that felt both alien and strangely familiar. It was like a new, impossibly bright star had suddenly appeared in our mental sky.

My head snapped up, my senses on high alert. Something had changed. Something significant.

My wolf, which had been a mournful, whimpering shadow since Elena's death, suddenly stirred within me. It wasn't the agonizing growl of loss, but a powerful, primal roar, filled with an urgent, almost frantic energy. Mate? my wolf questioned, a spark of desperate hope igniting within its depths.

"Impossible," I whispered, my voice rough. Elena was dead. I had seen her body. I had buried her.

But the feeling persisted, growing stronger, like a beacon. It was a pull, an undeniable force drawing me towards the northern borders of our territory, towards the dense, old-growth forest that abutted the human town.

I shifted, my bones cracking and reforming with a speed and fluidity I

dull and heavy. But the surge of adrenaline was undeniable. I tore through the cemetery, leaving the mausoleum behind, following the inexplicable pull.

My Beta, John, Elena's father, met me at the edge of the forest, his face grim. "Alpha, what's happening? The pack link... it's like nothing I've ever felt."

"I don't know," I admitted, my voice strained. "But it's coming from here." I plunged into the forest, my powerful legs carrying me deeper into the trees. John, Sarah, and a handful of my strongest warriors followed close behind their expressions a mixture of confusion and trepidation.

As we moved deeper, the air itself seemed to crackle with an unseen energy. The forest, which had been quiet and sullen for months, felt alive, almost expectant. The scent of pine and damp earth was now underscored by something else – a faint, intoxicating aroma, like jasmine and fresh rain, a scent that stirred a memory deep within my wolf.

Then, we heard it. A howl. Not a rogue's desperate cry, nor the mournful lament of a pack member. This was a sound of pure, unadulterated power, a declaration that vibrated through my very bones, shaking the leaves from the trees. It was a howl that spoke of ancient strength and untamed wildness, a sound that made every wolf in my pack instinctively drop into a crouch, a mixture of fear and awe in their eyes.

My wolf thrummed with frantic excitement. Mate! Mate! Closer! 

"Who... who is that?" Sarah whispered, her face pale.

I pushed forward, the scent and the sound growing more intense with every step. I burst into a small clearing, skidding to a halt.

And there she was.

Standing in the center of the clearing, bathed in the gentle morning light, was a wolf. But not just any wolf. She was magnificent, larger than any Alpha, her fur a pristine, dazzling white that shimmered with an otherworldly glow. Her eyes, the color of the deepest sapphire, met mine across the clearing. And in those eyes, I saw not pity, not love, but a cold, calculating fire.

Elena.

My breath hitched. It was impossible, yet undeniably real. Her scent, the intoxicating jasmine I had dismissed, now filled my senses, overwhelming me. My wolf howled, a joyous, desperate sound of recognition.

But this was not the broken, frail Elena I had known. This was a goddess in wolf form, radiating power that made my own Alpha hackles lie flat in submission. This was a White Wolf, a legend brought to life.

The white wolf took a step forward, her gaze unwavering and then she spoke. Not through the mind-link, but aloud, her voice a low, melodic

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+120 Points at most

growl that vibrated through the air, carrying the full weight of her power.

"Hello, Caleb," Elena said, a chilling smile gracing her lupine features. "Did you miss me?"