

## Chapter 16 Chapter

Elena POV:

The wind carried Caleb's scent, a mix of pine regret, and a faint, desperate hope. It was a stark contrast to the overpowering dominance of his Alpha wolf, a scent I now found almost pathetic. My own jasmine and starlight aroma, once a muted whisper, now filled the air around me, a declaration of my presence and my power.

"Did you miss me?" I repeated, my voice a low rumble in my wolf form, the words imbued with a chilling calm that belied the storm raging within me. Caleb, in his black wolf form, stood frozen, his golden eyes wide with shock and disbelief. Behind him, the other wolves, including my parents, were similarly stunned, their fear palpable in the shared pack link.

I saw the recognition dawn in Caleb's eyes – not just of my physical form, but of the immense, untamed power that pulsed from me. This was the White Wolf, a legend, a force of nature. The very air thrummed with my returned strength, a power that made even Alpha wolves instinctively submit.

"Elena?" Caleb's mental voice, usually a booming command, was a mere tremor in my mind. "How... how are you here?"

I shifted, the transformation fluid and effortless. My white fur receded, my bones re-formed, and I stood before them, naked and radiating power. My eyes, no longer dulled by poison, glowed with an ethereal blue light, reflecting the celestial power bestowed upon me by the Moon Goddess.

"The Moon Goddess," I stated, my human voice clear and resonant, carrying across the clearing. "She gave me a choice. To stay in peace or to return for what was stolen from me." I paused, my gaze sweeping over Caleb, John, and Sarah. "I chose to return."

Sarah gasped, taking a step back, her hand flying to her mouth. John's face was ashen. They saw the truth in my eyes, the living proof of their colossal mistake.

"You... you're alive." Caleb whispered taking a hesitant step forward, his wolf whimpering softly in his mind. "My mate. The bond..."

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"The bond was severed by your rejection and my death, Alpha," I corrected him, my voice colder than the deepest winter. "I am no longer bound to you. I am free. And I am here to collect what is owed."

My eyes narrowed, focusing on Caleb. "Your pack is dying isn't it? The land withers, the hunts fail, the laughter has gone silent." He flinched, a clear hit. "A pack needs a Luna, Caleb. A true Luna. And you rejected yours."

"I know," he choked out, his head bowed. "I have paid for my mistakes. The pack has paid. Lydia is... gone."

"Lydia's suffering is a pittance compared to the decade of torment she inflicted," I retorted, my voice rising. "And your suffering, Caleb, is just beginning."

I spread my hands, and a shimmering white light pulsed from my palms, radiating outward. The withered trees around us suddenly burst forth with new, vibrant green leaves. The sparse, brown grass became lush and emerald. Wildflowers bloomed at my feet, their petals unfurling in a riot of color. The air filled with the sweet scent of rebirth, a powerful counterpoint to the decay that had plagued the Black Moon Pack.

My former pack members stared in awe and terror. This was the power of a True Luna, amplified by the White Wolf's essence, a power that could breathe life into barren land, or just as easily, drain it away.

"This land will heal," I announced, my voice echoing with divine authority. "But not for you, Caleb. Not for the Black Moon Pack."

I turned my back on them, feeling their shock and despair like a physical weight. My gaze landed on Rosa's diner in the distance. I had a debt to repay, and a new future to build.

"I am the White Wolf," I declared, my voice resonating with power, the sound carrying far beyond the clearing, a promise and a threat. "And I have returned."