

## Chapter 17 Chapter

Caleb POV:

The world spun. Elena. Alive. More powerful than I could have ever imagined. The White Wolf. The legends were true, and I had dismissed her as a weakling, a burden. The raw, primal fear that had gripped my wolf earlier was now replaced by a crushing wave of despair and self-loathing. Every word she spoke was a hammer blow to my soul.

When she healed the land, making the withered trees bloom and the barren earth come alive with vibrant greenery, a desperate, irrational hope sparked in my chest. Perhaps she would forgive me. Perhaps she would return to the pack, to me.

But her next words extinguished that hope, leaving me in a deeper darkness than before. "This land will heal. But not for you, Caleb. Not for the Black Moon Pack."

My knees buckled. My wolf howled, a desperate, mournful sound, as if its very spirit was being torn apart. She was alive, but she was lost to me. Forever. And she was taking the very essence of our pack's survival with her.

John and Sarah stood beside me, equally shattered. Sarah was openly weeping, her face buried in John's shoulder. The shame and regret were palpable in the pack link, a toxic cloud around us.

"Elena, please," I pleaded, shifting back to my human form, my voice hoarse, tears streaming down my face. "I beg you. Return to us. The pack needs a Luna. I need you."

She didn't even look back. She simply walked away, a beacon of white light against the shadowed forest, her power leaving an indelible mark on the land, and on my broken heart.

The scent of jasmine, once a torment, was now a ghost, a reminder of what I had so carelessly discarded. My mate. My true Luna. The one I had rejected, tormented, and driven to her death. And now, she had returned, not as my salvation, but as my judgment.

I was left with the ruins of my pack, a barren land, and the agonizing certainty that I had brought this upon us all. The silence that had

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 +120 Points at most

plagued my mind after Elena's death was now replaced by a constant, echoing howl of regret from my inner wolf, a sound that would haunt me for the rest of my days. The White Wolf had returned, and her revenge was far more devastating than any death. It was the slow, agonizing demise of everything I held dear.



White Day Gift 

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