Welcome back everyone, hope you're enjoying the story so far. Enjoy

We had been at the witches house for a few hours now, and while

a

your last peaceful chapter for a while.

The Hex~

```
everyone seemed to be having a blast, including myself, I was dying
to talk to Calypso. I wanted to know what she knew. So I patiently
waited for her to branch o, and when she did, I excused myself.
Thankfully, everyone was too engrossed in their family reunion to
notice me sneaking o .
I went upstairs to where I heard she was, and I knocked on the door. I
knew I could've just entered if I really wanted to, but that would be
rude. Plus I had already followed her up here, I didn't need her
thinking I was some stalker.
The door open, and for a second she seemed taken back to see me
But almost instantly, her shock morphed into pleasantness. She
smiled, and I returned it.
"Estrella," She greeted, "What's up?"
I looked around briefly, making sure nobody was around. What I was
about to ask, I didn't want anyone else to listen in. So I spoke in a
hushed tone.
"Earlier, you said I looked like my mother," Her smile dropped, "What
do you know about her?"
Calypso glanced out into the hallway, as if she was also checking to
make sure nobody was around. When she believed that we were safe
from eavesdropping ears, she pulled me into her room, and closed
the door behind us.
Immediately, I took noticed of all of the candles and crystals and
plants in her room. And though I had guessed that her room would
look a little bit witchy, I didn't expect it to look straight out of a
movie.
I didn't have time to get a full observation of her room, because she
started speaking.
"Okay, so before I tell you anything, I need you to promise to not tell
anyone..."
"Why-"
"Because we all made a promise not to speak about it to you. I've
already fucked that up once today."
By "we" did she mean the witches?
"Do you mean the witches?"
"Oh yeah, just us. Your mate doesn't know."
This brought me a slight sense of relief. I was thankful that Kailen
didn't know, since he would've been keeping whatever secret it is,
from me. And if he lied to me, or kept anything from me, I don't know
how I'd be able to trust him.
I nodded at, promising not to tell anyone. But when I promised not to
tell anyone, it didn't include my mate. And I felt bad that I lied to her,
but Kailen and I needed to be on the same page. We needed to know
the same things.
Anything that I knew, he would know. It was the best way to keep our
mate bond strong and to protect our pack.
Calypso sat on her bed across from me, and before she began to
speak, she looked down. I thought she was being a bit dramatic, but
hell, maybe what she was about to tell me was dramatic.
A er she seemed to think to herself for a bit, she began.
"Your mother was a witch."
Now this was a way to start a conversation. It completely caught me
o guard, and I fought to hold my composure. But despite everything
I did, I couldn't. My jaw nearly dropped to the floor. I mean, what
other way was I supposed to respond to that?
But then as I thought about it more, I began to doubt what Calypso
had told me. Though my mom had died when I was young, and I
didn't remember much from her, there were times where she was a
wolf. There were times where I had physically seen her shi.
I had seen her be a wolf. I had never seen her be a witch.
"My mom was a werewolf," I responded. My response didn't seem to
deter Calypso though, in fact she looked like she had expected me to
say that.
"And what makes you so sure that she was?" She asked, her brown
eyes staring me down.
"Because I saw her many times as a wolf. There's no way she wasn't
one." I replied, staring back at her, "My father too, I saw both of them
in their wolf forms."
"You're correct about your father. He was in fact a wolf. But your
mother...She was not."
When I remained silent, Calypso continued.
"You know—us witches—we can put powerful spells on anyone.
Spells that can end someone's life, spells that can save someone's
life, spells that can alter memories...We call those spells hexes."
I had heard of hexes being done, so the fact that witches could do
hexes didn't surprise me. But what surprised me was what I believed
she was insinuating.
"Are you trying to tell me that you think my own mom hexed me into
believing that she was a wolf?"
Calypso nodded, and for some reason, I didn't understand why, this
made me angry. It made me want to scream.
I didn't know if it was the fact that she was accusing my own mom of
putting some witchy spell on me, or if I was mad because part of me
knew she could be right.
Either way, I was upset over it. I wanted to leave.
I stood up abruptly, and reached for the doorknob. I pulled on the
door. But when I did, the door wouldn't budge. No matter how hard I
pulled, the door wouldn't budge. I turned back to Calypso, narrowing
my eyes at her.
"Let me out." I demanded, ready to scream for my mate. I was ready
to cry bloody murder. But then she said something that caught my
attention.
"I can try to li the hex." She said quickly.
I stared at her, angry. Not only had she just told me my mom was
some witch, but she trapped me in here against my will. And while I
wanted to leave, I wanted to see if I had been hexed just as badly.
So I reluctantly agreed to stay, a er all, she probably wouldn't have
let me out until I did.
"How do I know you aren't going to hex me?" I asked, sitting down
across from her on the floor.
Calypso began throwing herbs and stu into a little mixing bowl,
throwing me a quick glance as she did.
"Well, you're gonna have to trust me on that one."
Well that was reassuring.
I looked back at the bowl, which had now formed into a paste. She
dipped her fingers into it, and then without any hesitation, slathered
it onto my arm.
"Now," She said, "I'm gonna have to first find the hex. And then once I
do, I'll try to li it?"
"What do you mean try?" I asked, now not even sure if this was going
to work.
"Well, some witches are much stronger than others. The same goes
for hexes. Usually hexes relating to memories are easier to li than
say a death hex."
I nodded with a trace of unease. I still didn't fully trust this girl, even
though Kailen claimed that he had known her for years. I still had my
worries that somehow she was gonna hex me, but I knew that if I
wanted to find out who my mom actually was, then I would have to
trust her.
Calypso stared at me, before she placed her hands on my head.
"Are you ready?" She asked, and though hesitant, I nodded.
With that, Calypso closed her eyes, and began to chant words in a
language that I didn't understand. Her chants grew louder and
louder, until I could no longer hear them. In fact, when I opened my
eyes, I could no longer see Calypso.
I could no longer see anyone or anything. Everything was just white.
And then a voice came.
"Can you hear me?"
It was like the voice of God echoing all around me, but in this
situation, the voice of God was Calypso.
"Yeah," I answered.
"Good," She spoke, "Now I'm going to try and locate the altered
memories. I need you to think of the last time you saw your mom."
That wasn't hard.
I began to think of the last day I saw her, the day before she died. And
as I did, she appeared in front of me, standing there in the same blue
dress that she wore the last time I saw her. Her long hair was tucked
behind her ears, and in her hair was a small butterfly clip.
She was beautiful.
While she was there, the white space around me began to morph into
a faintly familiar setting. Where there was white, there were now
greens, and pinks, and blues. Where there was white, was now the
old pack garden that I used to know. The cherry blossom trees which
were fairly boring year round, were in full bloom.
And my mom, she was there with roses in her hand.
I crouched down in front of her, not believing what I was seeing. I
hadn't seen my mom in so long, and even though this was just a
memory, she seemed so real. Her olive green eyes stared back at me,
so intently that I thought she was actually looking at me. But she
wasn't. She was looking through me—At someone else.
"Mommy!" I heard a child call out.
I spun around, coming face to face with a small child. Her blonde hair
and lightly bronzed skin resembled the moms profusely, and in a
matter of seconds, I realized she was me. This was a memory of me. I
watched as my child self ran into my moms arms, squeezing her with
the brightest smile on her face. My mom hugged her back, smiling
just as brightly.
"Hi honey," My mom spoke. I saw the pair pull away from each other a
little bit, but their smiles never broke. You could tell that they were
genuinely happy. Everything about them seemed perfect. But I knew
that the happiness would leave soon. I knew that this was that last
thing my mom would ever say to me. I knew what my mom was
about to say next.
"I'm sorry that this has to happen."
But that wasn't what she was supposed to say. Not at all. I
remembered the last thing she said to me clearly, and that wasn't
what it was. The last thing that she told me was that Grandma was
there to get us.
And now, well it wasn't what I remembered.
I watched painfully as the old memories changed. The truth began to
unravel in front of me.
"Mommy," The little me said, "What has to happen?"
My mom stared at the child for a second, before she grabbed both of
her hands. She held them for a second, wincing as if she was in pain.
For a second, I almost thought I saw a tear run down her face.
Then she spoke.
"I'm sorry I have to leave you," She paused, "But you aren't safe with
me."
"But where are you going?" Child me asked. My mother continued to
stare down at her feet, before she looked up with tearful eyes.
"Far away from you. But you won't remember this—Any of it."
I watched the interaction, sick to my stomach. The lady that I thought
was my mother, now seemed so strange to me. Everything that I had
once remembered was a lie, and now the truth was being brutally
dug up.
But it was a truth that I didn't want to know. I didn't want to believe
that my own mom had hexed me, that she'd made me forget
everything. I didn't want to believe that the women I remember
admiring, was just a liar.
I watched as the lady I once called my mom, placed her hands on the
child's head, and began to mutter chants.
And then like that, the garden around me began to drip away, just like
the lies that my mom had told me. I watched as the once colorful
garden morphed into a series of memories that she had hidden from
me.
Every time I had seen her as a wolf, was really just her way of planting
into my innocent head a lie. The moments she was a wolf were never
really there. The times that I rode on her back, they were never real.
Nothing about her was real.
Every little time that she did magic, I was now seeing. Every time that
she cast a spell, was now fresh in my mind. Every time she made me
forget, burned my soul with betrayal.
I didn't understand why she would hide such a thing from me.
I was ready to leave my memories, to be freed of this painful truth,
when one more memory showed up. And the only reason that I
stayed in this memory, was because my dad was in it. And he was a
person that I hadn't seen in hardly any of my memories.
He stood in our kitchen, across from my mom. They looked like they
were in the middle of a heated argument, and to my le hid a
younger me. She was out of my parents sights, hidden behind the
couch, listening.
"She's too young to know!" I heard my mother shout out, slamming
her hand down on the table.
"Too young to know that her own mother is planning on sacrificing
herself?" My father yelled back. I felt my heart pounding, and my
palms becoming sweaty.
"Yes! She's too young. She won't understand why."
"Just like how she's too young to understand what she actually is?" I
could hear the frustration in his voice, just as I could feel the anger in
me.
What the hell had she been hiding from me?
"And what about Ethan? Are you ever going to tell him?" My father
asked, and from where I was standing, I could see my mom shaking
her head. She turned her back to my dad, and my dad put his hands
in his head.
"Tessandra," He spoke, "Our children have a right to know. They have
a right to know about their witch ancestry, just as much as they do
their wolf ancestry."
"Not yet," My mom said, "The sooner they know, the sooner they
awaken that side of them. I don't want them to be apart of this."
Apart of what? I had so many questions, I had so many things that I
was waiting for her to answer. But I could feel the memory ending,
and as hard as I tried to keep it open, I couldn't.
The kitchen that I once knew, started to turn white, and I knew that I
was about to leave my mind.
But even with everything I learned, I didn't feel better. In fact, I felt
```

Please remember to vote and comment:) I love to know what you **Continue reading next part** □

worse. I felt as if my entire life was a fabrication caused by my own

She didn't seem like she was trying to protect me, not even one bit.

She seemed like she was just afraid to tell us the truth, and for what

I finally was let out of my head, and I was now face to face with

really give a fuck what she was confused about.

Calypso. She stared at me, confused and curious. Though, I didn't

But despite my lack of caring, she still wanted to ask me something.

I was surprised that she didn't already know this, and I figured that

Kailen had already told them all about me dying. But when I nodded,

and her face became stunned, I knew that he didn't tell them, which I

mom, by that lying sack of shit.

dumb fucking reason, I didn't know.

I was so angry. I was so hurt.

I was too upset to care.

Of course she was.

She went quiet.

sky."

think.

"You were dead?"

"I was going through your mind."

"And everything went black a er that guy..."

found odd. I would have to ask him about that.

"I think like four years. I can't remember."

there stood a freaked out Kailen.

could, he was already explaining.

"The pack's under attack."

"How long were you dead for?" She asked, intrigued.

"Did a witch resurrect you?" She asked, and I shook my head.

"Nope," I answered, "The Moon Goddess tossed my ass out of the

Calypso's eyes, as if they weren't already wide enough, began to

practically bulge out of her head. She looked like she wanted to say

something, but as she began, the door to her room flew open, and

I immediately knew something was wrong, and in an instant, I was on

a

my feet. I was about to ask him what happened, but before I even

Ooooh my gosh, that was a fun chapter. What did you all think?