

Prologue/Prophecy

Whispers of the Old Blood....Told through Elowen's dream...or possibly memory... the spell hides the truth....

The world was once whole. Before magic splintered and bled into the earth like spilled divinity. Before the gods and goddesses turned from one another, choosing sides, crafting creatures, whispering power into bone and soul.

Now the world stands divided. By species. By blood. By gods. The Werewolves and Lycans were the Moon's first warriors. Created to hunt in the dark, to protect the balance between predator and prey.They walk on two legs, but their souls run on four. Lycans walk on two legs.They are strength, loyalty, instinct.

They bow to the Moon Goddess, whose silver light awakens their power and binds them to fate. Fated mates were once common..one soul born in two bodies. Now? Rare. Faded. Broken by centuries of bloodshed.

The Witches and Mages were carved from the roots of the world. Children of the Earth Goddess, their magic pulses with nature's rhythm. Potions, spells, elemental commands..They wield creation like a blade.

But they were divided long ago. Male and female. Mage and witch. Pride fractured them.They hide in forests, in ruins, in the old bloodlines of Scotland. Fewer are born each year. Their magic is strong, but their hearts are tired and they yearn for connection.

The Fae were born from starlight and mischief.Their realm is a living, breathing entity..a magical planet of its own, ruled by elemental courts and wild ambition.They do not age like mortals.They do not love easily. But when they do, it is eternal.

The Dragon Shifters answer to none but their own gods.They worship the Sky and Treasure.Their power is tied to the elements, to hoarded treasure, and to ancient flame.Each dragon bears an element..fire, storm, ice, earth, water, air.

The rare ones... hold more than one element. These Dragon shifters rule the others. Then you have your true dragons, who do not shift and speak telepathically. They answer only to their King and a rider if they have one.

The Vampires... are cursed gods in mortal skin.They were created by the vengeful Blood Goddess..a dark rebellion against light and purity.Their numbers have dwindled, but their strength remains.One drop of fae blood can give them elemental magic. One taste of wolf blood, and they see your memories.

Their Blood Goddess is evil. Deceitful, demanding of constant blood and sacrifice and powerful. She is the rot between the veil.

Vampires are fast, ageless, feared by all... and trusted by none. They relish in fear and pain and spread darkness throughout the realms.

The Beast Shifters, lions, bears, and foxes were gifted by the Sun God, they are powerful during daylight, tied to instinct and healing.They are rare, peaceful, and private, living hidden in the north.Their packs are ruled by unity, not dominance. The beasts are the true healers and peacekeepers. But even peace has its price.

Hybrids were never meant to exist.The gods warned against it.The body isn't supposed contain two species.The magic fights. The child dies.

But sometimes...a goddess intervenes. And when she does..a hybrid lives.

Powerful. Hunted. Forbidden.

The Aegis Protocol, a human and Vampire run organization wrapped in lies and false peace, hunts down and captures any hybrid it finds. They use their blood. They breed them. They cut them open to see what makes them divine. They are trying to create a super hybrid species, much to the dismay of the Gods.

The Hollow Creed are worse...humans who kill for sport, who see magic as disease and a plague. They've destroyed entire packs, burned witch covens to ash, captured dragons mid flight and turned them into trophies. They cage and kill with no mercy. Men, women, children. Anything non human.

The magical world is dying..not because of war between creatures, but because they are too divided to save themselves. Separated for thousands of years, growing apart from the Old Ways.

But there is a prophecy. One whispered from the bones of the moon, etched into fae stone and buried in dragon flame.

A child of wolf and fae.

Born under a blood moon.

Marked by magic and fate.

A vessel for the Moon Goddess herself.

She will carry five marks.

Five mates.

Five species.

She will burn the cages.

She will howl the world back together.

If she survives.

And somewhere, three days before her 18th birthday, in the body of a girl with sky colored eyes and a wolf too aware..that prophecy stirs.

And the hunt begins.