

Plans

Elowen POV

Alpha Wing, early morning, under a pile of supernatural testosterone

I woke up warm, safe... and entirely too tangled in limbs.

Ashrian was stretched out on my left like a very expensive vampire shaped sculpture, one arm slung over my waist as if he owned me. Daxon was curled around my back, solid and half breathing against the nape of my neck, radiating heat and wolf possessiveness like a damn space heater in mating season.

My brain was fuzzy. Not from alcohol, wolves don't get hangovers...but from everything else. The emotional breakdown. The fight. The crying. The woods. The fire. The friends. The feeling of finally not being alone.

I blinked up at the ceiling, my cheeks hot with secondhand embarrassment. I didn't regret it, any of it, but holy shit, I'd hit my personal chaos threshold and shattered it like a wine glass in a mosh pit.

Still... I was allowed to lose it. I earned that meltdown.

I started to move, slowly untangling myself from the cuddle sandwich of doom.

Ash stirred. "Leaving already?"

"I'm escaping before I say something too emotionally available," I

muttered. Daxon made a low sound in his throat and tugged me back into his chest. "Stay. It's warm."

"I'm not a heated blanket," I snapped, but I didn't exactly resist either.

Then...A knock. Three sharp raps on the door, followed by Rylen's familiar voice.

"Elowen? Daxon? Alpha Draven and Luna Aelira have called a formal breakfast meeting. You've all been summoned."

Ash groaned. "Of course we have." Daxon sat up, already scowling. "What time is it?"

"Too early for politics," I mumbled into a pillow. Rylen knocked again. "Dress sharp. It sounds important."

"Ugh. Fine," I called back. "Tell them I'm on my way. Tell them I'm wearing pants under protest."

I heard his quiet laugh through the door. "Understood."

Fifteen minutes later, I walked into the dining hall with my hair half tamed and my soul only slightly on fire. Taya sat at the far end of the long oak table, wedged between Rylen and Jace, grinning like she knew something scandalous. Which she probably did. She and Zuki always knew.

I slid into a seat beside her, ignoring Ash's smug look and Daxon's protective hover energy as they took their places beside me.

Alpha King Draven stood at the head of the table, his posture straight and his voice crisp. Luna Queen Aelira stood beside him, all dark hair and sharp elegance, with eyes like they could see straight through me.

"We've had to make a decision," Alpha Draven said without preamble. "The Aegis Protocol has eyes on Stormclaw territory. We hoped you'd finish school before traveling, Elowen. But that's no longer safe."

My stomach clenched.

Luna Aelira continued gently. "We've arranged travel to Scotland. You'll meet with Morrigan Lairch, the witch who can remove your memory binding spell. She may also be able to uncover which bloodlines are active in your hybrid DNA."

"The witch is trusted," Alpha Draven added. "But she doesn't take visitors lightly. You'll need to go prepared."

Ashrian leaned forward, his voice calm. "When?"

"In one week," Luna Aelira said. "You'll spend the next seven days completing an accelerated homeschool regimen and graduate early. From there, we'll move quickly. Your presence here endangers everyone."

"And we don't run scared," Alpha Draven said. "We move smart."

Then he turned to the others, Taya, Rylen, and Jace. "You've proven loyal. You're Elowen's circle. If you're willing, we'd like you to accompany her."

Rylen didn't even hesitate. "Where Taya goes, I go."

Taya absolutely glowed beside him at that statement.

Jace leaned back with his arms crossed. "Road trip with my future alpha, chaos girl, and my favorite redhead? Fuck yeah, I'm in."

Taya gripped my hand. "You're not doing this alone. Ever."

And that was it. That was the moment I broke again. But not from fear. From relief. Because no matter how cursed, hunted, or hybrid I was...

These people? They were my pack.

And I'd burn the world down to keep them.

An hour later at breakfast

Stormclaw Keep, East Wing Dining Hall

The scent of bacon and fresh bread hit the table like a blessing from the gods.

Staff moved in silently, placing heaping platters of scrambled eggs, sausages, buttered toast, roasted potatoes, and sweet berry jam down the center of the long oak table. No one spoke, not really. The tension still hung from Alpha Draven and Luna Aelira's travel announcement like fog over a graveyard.

We were leaving in a week. Early graduation. Accelerated training. Scotland. A witch who might unlock everything. And now we were supposed to eat.

Alpha Draven cleared his throat once the staff slipped back out. "Elowen," he said, his voice steady but not unkind. "There's something else, isn't there? You said one of your father's letters mentioned a prophecy."

I froze mid reach for the toast. Of course, he remembered. I nodded, wiping my palms on my leggings before pulling the folded paper from my back pocket. The edges were soft from being handled too many times.

"It was in the letter he sent me. I haven't told anyone the full version yet. Just pieces."

Ash's brows arched slightly. Daxon stopped chewing. Across the table, Taya leaned forward like I was about to drop the secret to the universe. I unfolded it with a deep breath and read aloud:

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.

Plans



Five species.

She will burn the cages.

She will howl the world back together.

If she survives.

The silence was deafening. Jace whistled under his breath. "No pressure or anything."

Taya blinked. "Wait, five mates?"

"Five species," Ash said, his voice like ice over glass. "And five marks. That's not a metaphor. It's literal."

"I've already got two," I muttered. "Wolf. Vampire."

Daxon leaned back in his chair, his arms folded. "So let's talk about the obvious, why is this happening now? Why you? Why fated mates again, after all this time?"

"That's the part that won't leave me alone," Taya said, frowning. "No one's had a true mate in decades. Not since the Alpha and Luna. We all just assumed... it was over."

"It's not over," Ash said. "It's been interrupted. Controlled. Bred out."

"By Aegis?" Jace asked. Ash nodded. "Why do you think they hunt hybrids so aggressively? Hybrids are the only ones who can cross lines."

They're threats to the system. Threats to the lie."

"The lie being," Rylen said, "that species are better separate. Safer."

"But we're not," I said quietly. "We're weaker like this. Disconnected. Mistrustful. The prophecy even says it, I'm supposed to 'howl the world back together.'"

Taya nudged her plate aside. "So maybe that's why you're getting all five. All the power lines that were split apart... bonded in one person."

Ash's eyes flicked to me. "A living bridge."

Daxon looked like he wanted to argue, but couldn't. "You're not just the product of a forbidden pairing. You're the weapon Aegis fears the most."

I swallowed hard. "You think they know about the prophecy?"

"They knew something," Draven said. "They've been targeting different bloodlines for years. The way your father went into hiding here with us? It was to keep you off the grid. The second they sensed your magic when you turned 18..."

"They started hunting again," Aelira finished. We all went quiet.

"I thought this was just about my magic," I said. "But it's not. It's the mate bonds. The species connections. That's what they're really afraid of."

"Because if you survive," Taya said, her voice soft but strong, "you won't just unite the lines... you'll make everyone else question why we were ever

separated to begin with."

Ashrian reached out, fingers brushing mine. "And that's what starts revolutions."

Jace took a huge bite of bacon. "You know... for a doomsday prophecy, this is kind of hot."

Taya rolled her eyes and threw a piece of toast at him.

But I sat there, staring at the letter, the truth, the fire starting to build in my chest. They weren't just scared of me. They were scared of us. My mates, and my pack.

Me and this messy, chaotic, bonded family that was starting to believe in something bigger than bloodlines. That made me smile. Just a little.

But it was enough.



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