

The Moons Demand

****Elowen POV****

The gate groaned shut behind me as I emerged from the woods, my heart pounding and my mind spinning like a damn slot machine stuck on chaos. Everyone rushed toward me, Daxon, Ash, Taya, Rylen, Jace, and the strike team flanked like wolves ready to go full war mode.

I held up my hand before anyone could touch me. "Don't. Just... don't."

Daxon froze with his arms outstretched. "Elowen?"

I held up the small black glass vial. It shimmered faintly, pulsing like it had a heartbeat of its own. "This? This little bitch right here is the reason. Morrigan gave it to me."

"What is it?" Ash asked, his voice low and dangerous.

"A potion. To break the spell on me, my memories, my bloodline, the fae magic that's been bound since birth."

Taya sucked in a breath. "What's the catch?"

I swallowed hard, my throat suddenly dry. "I have to drink it alone. When the moon rises."

Ash stepped closer. "Okay, alone like... nearby alone? We'll watch from the trees.."

"No," I cut him off. "Alone alone. She said if anyone touches me while the potion works, while the moon is doing its thing, the bond we share? Gone. Instantly. Like it never existed."

A stunned silence fell over the group. Daxon stepped back, his jaw tight. "She said that?"

"She didn't fucking whisper it," I snapped. "She practically carved it into my spine. No touching. No magic. No proximity. If anyone interferes, the Goddess herself won't be able to stitch it back together."

Ash's eyes were molten. "How long?"

"I have to drink it when the moon rises," I said. "Then, when it reaches its apex, about six hours later, I return to Morrigan."

"And if you don't?" Rylen asked, his voice gruff. I looked him dead in the eye. "Then the spell stays. I stay fragmented. And she won't be able to help me ever again."

Taya looked pale. "We'll be close though, right? Just... not touching." Ash nodded slowly. "I'll still ward the space. I can build layers of blood and moonlight around her, protection without physical connection."

Daxon ran a hand down his face. "Fuck."

"Yeah," I said, tucking the vial into the inside pocket of my jacket. "So let's go grab coffee, pretend the world isn't about to tilt on its damn axis, and figure out where I'm going to die a metaphorical death under the stars."

tonight.”

The SUV rumbled down the winding country road, the tires crunching against the gravel as pine trees blurred past the tinted windows. I sat between Ash and Daxon in the middle row, my arms crossed tight, trying not to fidget like a hyperactive ferret on espresso.

Rylen was driving, all serious jawline and narrowed eyes. Taya was in the passenger seat, her legs up on the dash like a heathen. She was humming some ridiculous pop song under her breath while Jace snored softly in the back row like a hibernating bear. The strike team SUV followed behind us like a loyal shadow.

“Everyone’s real fucking quiet for people who just had a magical tea party in a haunted ass forest,” I muttered, glancing at the group.

Ash smirked. “Forgive us, princess. Hard to chit chat when someone drops the ‘your soul might get ripped in half if we breathe on you wrong’ bomb.”

“Okay, fair,” I said, exhaling. “But I’m not made of glass. I’m made of rage and trauma and moonlight, apparently.”

Daxon bumped my knee gently. “And we’re made of anxiety and territorial behavior. So this is a blast.”

Taya turned in her seat. “After your moon ritual thing, we’re finding cake. Big cake. With like... frosting thicker than my thighs.”

I laughed, the tension cracking just a little. "I love your thighs."

"Bitch, I know."

The GPS chirped as the town's name popped up on the screen. A quaint little Scottish village, nestled in stone and ivy, was just minutes away. Lyssira stirred in my mind, pacing, nose twitching. "Something's coming. Be ready."

"Not ominous at all," I muttered.

Ash looked over. "What?"

"Nothing," I said. "Just a gut feeling."

I had no idea that in less than ten minutes, I was going to meet the next piece of my soul.

The bell above the door jingled as we stepped into the coziest little coffee shop I'd ever seen, soft yellow lighting, rustic wood beams, and the scent of cinnamon and dark roast that nearly made me moan out loud. I was halfway through dragging Daxon toward the counter when.....BOOM.

Not a literal explosion, but Lyssira in my mind suddenly detonated.

"MATE! MATE MATE MATE!"

I stopped dead. My whole body seized up like I'd just been tasered through the ovaries.

What the fuck?! Lyssira was screaming now, clawing at my consciousness like she was trying to rip her way out of my skin. My pulse skyrocketed. My ears rang. And my whole damn soul felt like it was getting vacuum sealed and hurled through the cosmos.

I whipped my head around, scanning the room with wild eyes, searching for whoever just broke the damn laws of physics by existing.

And then...He appeared. Like a scene from a slow motion rom com sponsored by the Moon Goddess herself, a tall, golden haired man came running out of the back room like someone had just hit him with the exact same soul snatching lightning bolt.

He skidded to a stop in the doorway, his chest rising and falling in sharp breaths, his eyes wide, bluer than the damn sky, framed by lashes that were a federal offense. His shirt clung to his lean, muscular torso like it wanted to be ripped off. His aura was pure magic, so thick it made the air crackle, and his scent...

Oh my god his scent. Fresh rain. Crushed pine. A hint of something old and powerful and warm like lightning in a bottle. Our eyes met. And everything stopped. The room disappeared. My mates vanished. The coffee shop faded to black.

All that remained was the thunder in my chest and the way his breath hitched as he took a single step forward. He whispered something under his breath in a language I didn't know, but Lyssira did.

"Mine."

I blinked, my lips parting, my heart stuttering in my chest. Because even though I had two bonded mates already... that man? That fucking Abercrombie looking spell caster? He was mine, too.

The park near the coffee shop, Inverness about ten minutes later....

My heart was fucking pounding.

I don't even know how we got to the park, honestly. One second I was frozen in that cozy ass café like a deer in headlights, and the next, my feet were moving without permission, dragging me out the damn door like I didn't have two alphas already sniffing around my soul.

The second we stepped into the green space, he followed like he was tethered to my goddamn heartbeat.

And when I finally turned to face him under the canopy of an old Highland trees, everything just... stopped. The wind died. The world hushed. Even Daxon and Ash stood still, tense but silent, like the entire realm was holding its breath.

He was tall, with broad shoulders, a cocky tilt to his full lips, and a jawline that looked carved from the goddamn cliffs of Moher. Sunlight caught in his thick blond hair, and his blue eyes?

They didn't just glow. They blazed. Like ancient skyfire. Like the kind of eyes that saw through centuries and didn't give a fuck if you bled for them.

"Mo ghrá," he breathed, his voice like velvet whiskey over gravel, thick with a Scottish burr that made my stomach flip. "I fuckin' knew it. I felt ye across the fuckin' veil, lass."

Ashrian's brow twitched. "The veil?"

The mage didn't even blink at the vampire's tone. He was focused entirely on me.

"Name's Lachlan," he said, stepping forward like he belonged beside me. "Lachlan MacCrae. Born of the old covens of Alba. Element wielder, truth binder.. and apparently," his lips quirked, "the lucky bastard fate finally decided ta stop teasin'."

"I... I'm Elowen," I said, because what the hell else could I say?

He took my hand without asking. My entire body lit the fuck up like someone dropped a match on a fireworks factory. Lyssira roared in my mind, howling like she'd finally found the last piece of our puzzle.

"Yer pulse sings like it's made o' stars," he whispered. "And yer scent... gods above, I've walked through storms softer than this need."

Daxon cleared his throat. Ashrian didn't even try to hide his eye roll.

"You gonna keep fondling her hand like a schoolboy," Ash drawled, "or



are you gonna explain what the fuck you are?"

"Boys," I said, lifting one finger, "let the man talk before I throw hands."

Lachlan chuckled, his blue eyes still locked on me. "I'm an elemental," he said finally. "But nae just one. I wield earth, water, fire, and air. That ain't common. It's fuckin' near extinct."

Daxon blinked. "You're a quad binder?"

Lachlan nodded. "Aye. My mother said I was born durin' a solar eclipse and the last thunder moon. Some prophecy shit, if ye believe in that kinda thing."

I snorted. "I'm a walking prophecy, babe. Welcome to the fuckin' club."

Ash's voice was dry. "So now we have a werewolf, a vampire, and an elemental. What's next, a phoenix and a fucking centaur?"

Lachlan smirked. "If they smell as good as she does, I'll help ye recruit 'em."

Taya snorted behind us, whispering something to Rylen that made them both cackle. Jace just muttered something about not having enough coffee for this level of soulmate chaos.

But I didn't care. Because Lachlan MacCrae had stepped into my universe like he'd always been meant to. And when I looked into his eyes, I knew this wasn't just fate. It was war magic. It was soul bonding. It was mine.

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"Alright, Highlander," I said, stepping into him like I had every right.

"Let's see what kind of storm we make together."



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