

Potion Time

****Elowen POV****

The moon was already stretching her pale fingers across the treetops when I stepped into the clearing.

I had my blanket, a lantern, a bottle of water, my blade, and a stupidly large thermos of coffee that Daxon insisted I bring "just in case the goddess forgot to caffeinate me." I also had the little velvet pouch with Morrigan's potion tucked safely against my chest. It pulsed faintly with magic, like a heartbeat that wasn't mine.

The clearing was perfect. Silent, round, ringed with silver barked trees and soft mossy ground. The moonlight poured in like she'd been waiting just for me. Honestly? It was kinda romantic. If I wasn't about to potentially set my entire fucking soul on fire, I might've appreciated it more.

I spread my blanket, plopped down cross legged, and arranged my supplies like a one woman ritual survival picnic. I even brought snacks. Nobody's having a damn spiritual awakening on an empty stomach.

I took a breath. Deep. Slow. Lyssira was pacing in my head, her white paws crunching imaginary snow as she whispered, "You don't have to do this alone."

"I do," I murmured aloud. "We've been over this."

"Still hate it."

"Same."

My hands trembled as I unstopped the bottle. The liquid inside shimmered like melted moonstone, silver, violet, and deep blue, swirling like a galaxy caught in a vial. It smelled faintly of jasmine and something older, like wet earth after a lightning storm.

I raised it to my lips. "Bottoms up, bitch."

The taste hit me like cold fire and warm honey, sharp and soft all at once, and it lit me up from the inside. I gasped as it slid down my throat, every nerve ending sparking like a fuse had been lit. For a terrifying second, I couldn't move. Couldn't breathe. Couldn't think.

And then it passed.

A warm, humming heat settled in my belly. My skin prickled, my magic buzzed behind my ribs, and I could feel the spell starting to unravel. Not all at once. Slowly. Patiently. Like it knew it had six hours to work and was planning to stretch it out just to mess with me.

"Alright," I exhaled, flopping back onto the blanket with a groan. "Let the cosmic spa treatment begin."

I tugged my hoodie up, kicked off my boots, and curled under the blanket. The moon bathed me in light like she was watching, guarding. I let my eyes close.

Let the wind rustle the trees. Let the magic work. And for the first time in a

long ass time.....I let myself just be.

Me. Elowen Skye Thorne. Half wolf. Half fae. Whole damn storm in human skin. And tonight, I was one step closer to becoming exactly who I was born to be.

Even if it fucking hurt.

Lachlan POV

I'd known the lass for less than a day and somehow, my whole goddamn soul was clawing to get to her.

We were all spread out like restless ghosts on the grass just beyond the tree line, staring at the silver lit patch where we could barely see her silhouette curled under that blanket. It was torture. Holy fuck, it was worse than torture. At least torture had a purpose. This? This was just helpless waiting.

Ashrian was pacing like a damn panther, muttering calculations and magical theory under his breath like it would fix the fact that we weren't allowed to touch her. Daxon sat on a log, his fists clenched so tight I swore his veins were about to explode, his eyes never leaving the trees. Rylen was sharpening his damn knife for the hundredth time, and Jace was on his third energy drink and talking absolute nonsense to nobody.

And then there was Taya, curled up like a pissed off kitten on Rylen's lap, teeth clenched and eyes glassy with worry. And me? I was fucking

vibrating.

"Mo ghrá," I whispered, barely audible. My love.

And she was out there...alone. Bathed in moonlight, full of potions and fate, trusting that we'd keep our distance while the magic did its work. Trusting us not to fuck it up.

"She's glowing," Taya whispered suddenly, pointing.

We all froze. A soft shimmer of silver started pulsing from Elowen's body, faint at first, then growing. My heart stopped. Ash sucked in a breath. "It's starting. The spell's unraveling."

Daxon swore under his breath and shot to his feet. "I hate this. I fucking hate this."

"I know," I said, my voice low. "But she's doing what she has to do. For all of us."

"She's a damn baby," he snapped. "She shouldn't have to."

"Aye, but she does. And she's the strongest one here for doing it anyway."

Silence fell again, heavy and loud. The air crackled with power. The moon was high, casting the whole clearing in silver fire, and every instinct in me screamed to go to her. But I didn't move. None of us did.

We sat. We waited. We suffered. Because that woman out there? She was the beginning of the end.

And we'd burn the whole fucking world down before we let her fall.

****Elowen POV****

The moon was too fucking bright.

Everything around me was glowing, trees, rocks, my damn fingernails. I was high. Not weed high. Not mushroom high. Not even spiritual "talking to a fae deer while astral projecting" high.

No, this was cosmic, holy fuck she touched the goddess high. My veins buzzed like lightning. My skin pulsed with waves of heat and chills. I couldn't sit still, but moving felt like wading through honey and starlight. I was laid out on the blanket, eyes wide, clutching the empty potion vial like it might bite me if I let go. I had snacks. A comfy chair. A hoodie. I had a plan.

And now I was glowing like a bioluminescent jellyfish with a vendetta. "Lyssira," I groaned aloud, "this shit is WILD."

Her voice echoed inside me, louder than usual, sharper, like she'd been juiced up too.

"You think? You just drank ancient moon witch juice brewed in an enchanted forest by a woman named Morrigan. This isn't a fucking spa treatment."

I rolled my eyes and tried to sit up, but my bones were not currently taking requests. "I feel like my soul's unraveling. Like... little pieces of me are

being peeled back."

"That's because they are, dipshit."

"Not helping."

"I'm not here to help. I'm here to witness the rebirth of the Moon Vessel and make sarcastic commentary while we shed layers like an emotional onion."

I snorted. Then I cried. Then I laughed. Then I hiccupped and immediately barfed silver mist into the grass beside me. It smelled like vanilla and ozone.

"Oh, what the actual fuck."

I wiped my mouth and looked up at the moon. She was huge...massive, hanging in the sky like a pearl filled with secrets. I swore I saw something move inside it. Eyes. A silhouette. A flicker of wings.

"I'm fine," I whispered to no one, rocking slightly.

"You're lying." Lysirra chimed in.

"Yeah. I know."

Everything in me felt cracked open. My heart. My memories. The thing binding my magic...it wasn't just dissolving. It was screaming. Burning. I saw flashes. Not full memories. Not yet. But hints.

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A man with silver eyes whispering my name. A woman weeping as she handed me to a cloaked figure. Blood on stone. A wolf and a fae, their hands touching for the last time. I screamed without sound.

The magic roared in my ears, and I curled forward, arms wrapped around my knees, heart pounding. But I didn't run. I didn't call out. I stayed. Because this was mine. My story. My magic. My fate.

The prophecy didn't say "if she's ready." It said "if she survives."

So fuck it.

I would.



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