

The Clock Strikes Fate

Elowen POV

12:00 AM. The clock clicked over, and my eyes snapped open like someone had dumped ice water straight into my soul. My skin tingled, and the air shifted.

I sat up in bed, my heart thudding loud and fast, and then the dream slammed into me like a freight train. Flashes of needles. Cages lined in silver. Blood. That symbol again...white mask. Black blade. Silver cage. The screams weren't strangers this time. They were mine. And then...Moonlight. Soft, warm, and calling to me. My breath caught in my throat as the glow intensified in the corner of the room. Something shimmered and slowly took shape. And there..glowing like the night sky wrapped in stardust, her silver eyes ancient and burning with knowledge..stood a woman cloaked in lunar light.

Selene. The Moon Goddess. My goddess.

"Oh," I whispered. "Shit."

She smiled softly, and somehow it made everything worse. "Elowen," she said, her voice like velvet and thunder. "My vessel. My wild one. You were born for more than this pack. More than this forest."

I couldn't move. Couldn't breathe. "I don't understand," I whispered. "Why me?"

Her eyes glowed. "Because you are both Fae and Wolf. Moon and Magic. You are the balance they tried to erase."

I blinked. "Who's they?"

Her face hardened. "The Aegis Protocol. They've hunted your kind for centuries. They believe power like yours should not exist."

My stomach dropped. "But.. I'm just a wolf."

"No," she said gently. "You are the last hybrid born of a true union. A child of love, not experimentation. That makes you the most dangerous creature in existence to them. And the only hope for everyone else."

I couldn't speak. Couldn't think. "You must prepare. You must awaken."

And then she was gone, and the moonlight faded. Silence fell. And all that remained was the chest in the corner, glowing softly with silver runes. I didn't hesitate. I slid out of bed and crawled to the chest like it was a damn altar. The lock clicked open with a pulse of warm magic, and inside, were two envelopes rested on top of folded cloth and ancient scrolls. One from my father. One from my mother. My hands shook as I opened the first.

My Dearest Elowen,

*If you're reading this, it means you're eighteen. It means I didn't make it to tell you the truth in person. I'm sorry for that. Your mother and I... we weren't supposed to be together. Fae and wolves are forbidden to bond. But we did. And we made you. You are more than a girl with a strong wolf. You are

the Moon's Chosen. The balance. The key to ending the war that's coming. You've been spelled to keep your fae side dormant. Not to harm you...but to protect you. When the time comes, find the witch in Scotland. Her name is Morrigan. She will remove the spell and awaken who you truly are. They will come for you, Elowen. But you are not alone. Trust your instincts. And when the time comes... trust your mates. I love you more than all the stars in the sky.*

\Caelan- Your Father

I didn't even realize I was crying until the second letter blurred. This one was written in flowing, delicate script, perfumed faintly with something wild and floral and ancient.

My darling daughter,

Forgive me. For the silence. For the spell. For every day I wasn't able to hold you. The fae realm imprisoned me for choosing love. For choosing your father. For choosing you. But you are not a mistake. You are a miracle. I named you Elowen for the elm tree..strong, graceful, and enduring. But you are also Skye..the storm, the moonlight, the power. Seek the witch. Awaken your magic. And never forget; your bloodline was made to unite what others fear. I am always with you.

\Your mother, Aerilaya of the Starborn Court

The third held a sheet of paper with only a name...Morrigan Lairch. And an address in Scotland. Scotland!? Wtf!? I stared at the chest until I couldn't anymore. My whole body buzzed like lightning lived under my skin. And

then everything faded to black.

When I woke up, the sun was rising. My blankets were tangled, my chest was tight, my head was pounding with too much truth. I stumbled to the mirror..and froze. Holy fuck. My hair. It was no longer just black. It was half shimmering silver and icy blue, glowing faintly like moonlight caught in ink. My tits felt bigger. My muscles and body were definitely more defined and firmer. My senses were way sharper than they should be. I could hear the crickets in the grass for fucks sakes. "LYSSI?!" She didn't answer. She was too stunned.

I threw on a hoodie, yanked a cap over my head, and flew out the door in my truck. I got to school by the skin of my fangs. The second I stepped into the hallway, I knew something was off. I kept my head down. Made it all the way to my locker before....."Nice hat, Thorne," Vaela purred behind me.

I didn't acknowledge her, which pissed her off, and in one swift motion, she ripped the cap off my head. My hair tumbled down, dark, silver and blue tipped, glowing faintly in the morning light. The hallway went silent, Vaela and Soria's sneers could curdle milk.

There were gasps, whispers, and wide eyes. One girl dropped her hydroflask. I stood there frozen. No more hiding. No more pretending. The whole pack was staring, and for the first time in my whole life...I felt like myself. Even if I had no idea what the hell that me was about to become.

"Keep walking. Don't look back. Keep walking," Taya muttered as she yanked me through the hall like I was a grenade she had to smuggle out of

enemy territory.

People were still staring. Phones were out. Whispers followed like smoke on my heels.

"Is it dyed?"

"Is that moonlight?"

"She looks like a damn slut fae." Soria snorted in laughter.

"I heard she killed someone." Vaela shouted.

"I should kill someone," I hissed under my breath.

"Not before third period," Taya snapped. "Come on."

We slid into our seats in Wolf Pack Politics just before the bell. I could still feel eyes burning into the back of my head. Vaela glared like she was going to manifest a murder charge. Mr. Halden hadn't looked up from his tablet. Out of nowhere....it hit me. A scent. Not just any scent. Something insanely intoxicating. Warm, sharp, and heady, like the woods after a thunderstorm. Like... I don't even know. My whole body froze. "What the hell is that?" I whispered, my eyes wide.

Taya turned. "What's what?"

"That smell."

She sniffed the air. "You mean cafeteria reheat beef stew? Gross, right?"

"No. Not that. It's..." I trailed off, completely overwhelmed. Because the scent wasn't fading. It was getting stronger. I twisted in my chair, scanning the hallway, the classroom, everywhere. No one new had walked in. No one obvious. So why did I feel like I was about to combust?

"Elowen?" Taya leaned in, her eyes narrowing. "You look like you're about to either pass out or hump a chair. What's happening?"

I couldn't answer. Because that's when it happened.

Lyssira, who had been dead silent since the goddess dream, exploded in my head with the force of a hundred moons. "MATE."

My breath caught. "MATE. MATE. MATE. FIND HIM. MINE."

"Lyssi..what the fuck?!"

My heart slammed against my ribs. My skin flushed hot and cold. I could feel her rising...like she wanted to tear through me and run. Right now. Toward that scent. Toward whoever was giving off that energy. I clutched the desk like it was the only thing anchoring me to reality. Taya's eyes went wide. "Oh my gods."

I could barely speak. "I...something's wrong. Something's wrong."

"No, bitch," she whispered, eyes sparkling with panic and excitement. "Something is so fcking right. I think you just smelled your mate."

My entire body trembled. "No. Nope. Not ready. I just got my hair cursed and a divine dump of trauma. I'm not adding a fated mate to my to-do list."

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 +25 Coins

Lyssira howled again. "MINE."

And I swear to the moon, I was this close to shifting in the middle of Wolf Pack Politics.

Moots Kemp



Im really loving this story, I'm gonna binge read it, because I literally can't put it dow...

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