

## Fate Bitch Slap

\*\*Daxon POV\*\*

The alpha training wing was quiet. Too quiet.

Everyone else was out drilling or breaking shit in the field, but I'd stayed back. Probably the first time I ever listened to my old man when he said, "Take the heir role seriously." Whatever. I was bored as hell and halfway through carving a dagger into the desk when it happened.

I smelled her. Wildflowers. Fresh rain on scorched earth. Sweet cinnamon and heat. It hit me like a sucker punch to the gut. My wolf, Talon, let out a deafening roar in my head, so loud I actually staggered.

"MATE!"

His voice exploded through me like a lightning strike.

"What the..." I swore out loud, my eyes wide, my whole body going rigid. I stood so fast my chair crashed backward. My heart was racing, my vision tunneling, blood was pounding in my ears like war drums. That scent was everywhere, on the walls, the floor, in me.

Talon went feral instantly.

"SHE'S HERE. SHE'S OURS."

"Shut the hell up," I growled, storming to the classroom door and yanking it open. Across the hall, I saw a glimpse. Silver and blue tipped black hair

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disappearing into the classroom. Elowen.

Fucking Elowen. It was like someone threw a match into a tank of gasoline. Talon lost his damn mind.

"CLAIM HER. MARK HER. NOW."

"I swear to the gods, I will muzzle your ass," I hissed, pacing like a caged beast. This couldn't be real. Not her. Not the girl who never bowed. Never submitted.

Who snapped back when I growled and stared me down like she had nothing to lose.

The one I couldn't stop thinking about even when I wanted to. And now the scent was so thick around me I could taste it. The bond had snapped into place, clear and vicious and undeniable.

Elowen. Skye was mine. And I wanted to puke. Or scream. Or tear something in half. Talon rumbled again, his voice deeper, almost purring now. "Perfect. Strong. Ours. Touch her and see.."

"I will punch us both in the throat," I snarled, slamming my hand into the locker beside me hard enough to dent the steel. This wasn't supposed to happen. Not to me. Not like this.

I was the alpha heir. I had a plan. I had control. And now fate had just bitch slapped me with the one girl I couldn't handle.

Talon? He was drooling like a lunatic. Me? I was one breath away from

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losing my entire damn mind.

And this was only the beginning.

\*\*Elowen POV\*\*

The bell screamed through the halls like it knew I was about to lose my damn mind. My legs moved on autopilot. My backpack was slung over one shoulder as I shoved through the door of Wolf Pack Politica like I was escaping a warzone. And then...BAM.

The air shifted. Thickened. Crackled like lightning. I stopped dead in my tracks. So did he.

Daxon Stormclaw.

There he was, stepping out of Alpha Training like the universe had planned it this way just to mess with me.

His golden wolf eyes met mine. Locked. Loaded. Lethal. It was like the world just stopped breathing.

The hallway blurred. The noise faded. All I could hear was the thunderous roar of Lyssira in my skull, screaming:

"MATE. MATE. MINE. Ours. Claim. Now. Bite. Bite him NOW."

My breath hitched. My whole body buzzed, heat pooling in places I had no business feeling anything for that smug, royal prick.

He wasn't doing any better. His jaw clenched, his fists balled at his sides.

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chest heaving like he was holding back a beast. I could feel his wolf. My wolf clawed at my ribs, practically foaming at the mouth.

"He's perfect! The moon made him for us!"

"Absolutely... fucking... not," I growled under my breath. Daxon flinched like I'd slapped him, then snarled, deep and low and entirely too primal. He took one step toward me.

I stepped back. We stood there, two alphas, the mate bond sizzling in the air between us like an electrical fire. Then, at the same time, like we'd rehearsed it in a past life, we turned on our heels and stormed in opposite directions without another word.

The bond screamed in protest.

"Holy shit," Taya gasped, catching up beside me. "You and Daxon? You two just... wait. Wait." She grabbed my arm. "He's your mate? El, that was mate energy."

"I don't wanna talk about it."

"Bitch."

"I said.."

"Bitch."

I stopped halfway down the steps and turned to face her. My voice was low and shaky. "He can't be."

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Taya blinked. "Can't? Girl, you're glowing."

I groaned, burying my face in my hands. "He's a dick."

"He's hot."

"He's a dick, Taya."

"You say that like it's not fixable."

I gave her the death glare of the century. She threw her hands up and backed off with a teasing smirk. "Alright, alright, just saying...maybe the moon goddess knows your type better than you do."

I shoved her playfully, but inside? I was spiraling. Because as much as I wanted to deny it, I'd felt it.

The bond. The craving. The pull. And then, like a dagger sliding between my ribs, I remembered something from the letter from my dad. "Trust your mates."

I stopped walking. I choked on air. I was frozen. Mates. Plural. Oh, moon above. What the actual fuck.

Taya and I beelined straight to the cafeteria, skipping the usual chaos and sliding into our table in the back corner. The spot we'd claimed since sophomore year, half shaded, half ignored, and far enough from the royal asshats to avoid another spitball incident.

We grabbed our trays, loaded them up with our usual nachos piled high

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with shredded beef, jalapeños, and enough cheese to drown a toddler. I grabbed two Dr. Peppers and slammed them on the table like we were settling in for war.

Taya narrowed her eyes. "Okay. Spill. You've been weird since the chest. And now the hair? You can't drop that 'glowing mate bond stare down with Daxon fucking Stormclaw' and pretend you're fine."

I stared down at the table for a long second. Then I sighed. "I opened the chest."

She stopped mid chip bite. "Wait. The chest?"

I nodded.

"The one your foster dad brought up the other night?"

"Yep. That one."

"And?"

I looked her dead in the face. "Taya... I'm not just a werewolf."

Her mouth dropped open like her jaw lost the will to live. "Wha..what the hell does that mean? You're..what? A hybrid?"

"Half fae. My mom is a royal fae warrior. My dad was an alpha wolf. Their bond was forbidden. She's locked up in the fae realm for breaking some sacred law."

Taya's green eyes went wide as hell. "Dude. That's like... the plot of an epic

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fantasy romance.”

“This is my life, Taya.”

“And you’re just casually telling me this while I’m trying to not drop nacho cheese on my boobs?!”

I chuckled. “There’s more.”

“Oh my goddess, of course there is.”

“There’s a prophecy. My dad said I’m... chosen. By the Moon Goddess.”

She blinked. “Like, chosen chosen?”

I nodded, biting my bottom lip. “Apparently, I’m supposed to unite the creature races. End some ancient war. Stop a group called the Aegis Protocol that’s been hunting hybrids and powerful bloodlines to experiment on and wipe out.”

Taya just... blinked. Like her brain blue screened. I shoved a nacho in my mouth to keep from saying something else insane. Then she finally muttered, “Holy mother of moon magic, El.”

I laughed nervously. “Yeah. And there’s more.”

She groaned. “Is this the part where you tell me you’re also secretly a dragon?”

“Not quite. But my dad’s letter said I’d have... mates.”

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Taya leaned forward. "You mean mate. Daxon, right?"

I shook my head slowly. "No. Mates. Plural."

She gasped. "You lucky bitch!"

"No! No, I'm not lucky. I just found out I'm a hunted magical hybrid wolf fae freak who's bonded to the guy I hate most in the entire pack and apparently destined to be in some magical polyamorous monster rebellion."

There was a pause. And then Taya grinned like the absolute gremlin she is. "So when do I get to meet your harem?"

"Taya."

She laughed so hard she nearly choked on a chip.

Amanda Carrico

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entrapped in the story

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