

Cerberus

Chapter 7: The Three Sisters

Flynn was standing in a shower, the big brass tub tinkling with the droplets of water. He was washing himself clean from the fuck fest with Cerberus. It was odd showering with Damian's red tinted glasses, but it was that or the muzzle and he needed a break from that.

The room was filled with dark woods and emerald greens. The bathroom wasn't large, but it also wasn't small. A brass bath shower combo was against the far wall, the wall made of frosted glass bricks as a window to the outside world, several shelves had been fastened to them to house various oils, hair products, and shampoos.

Flynn was never into those fancy body washes. His four in one was always good enough, but that hare lady had said she picked out some stuff just for him. Cerberus didn't seem to trust her, but that meant he was more than willing to trust the giggly hare. He was currently lathering up his body with oil that smelled of pine and lavender, and something else florally. It was strong, but as it washed away it left his fur smelling nice and fresh. He washed away the suds, the bubbles accenting his muscles, the flowing water dripping down over his pecs and six pack then dribbling down over his pussy.

The wolf's foot paws splashed in the shallow puddles of the shower as he adjusted his stance. The man a broad beast by anyone's standards, but next to Cerberus he looked like a little pup. Flynn finished and pulled himself from the shower, drying off with some of the nicest towels he had ever felt. He wrapped the towel around his waist and looked himself in the mirror, swiping a paw over the fog and revealing his weathered face.

“You look like shit,” Flynn said to his own reflection. He sighed, the rings of exhaustion around his eyes making it very apparent how little sleep he actually had over the past couple days. He ran his hand over the bite mark, the smell of burning cedar and brimstone kissed the air, adding a sweet sourness to the oils he had just bathed in.

Flynn found some clothes set out for him on the counter. It wasn't his style at all, but he also didn't have anything else. He donned the shirt that was more of a long flowing top. The rust colored shirt had almost a black mesh over it that made it shimmer and waft in the slightest breeze. He felt like this was some shirt for the guru of a sex cult. The pants were capris, only going down just below the knee and leaving the rest of his legs exposed.

“All I need is some crazy medallion and some rings and I'll be a regular wiccan,” Flynn rolled his eyes at his own reflection before bringing his hands together as though he were praying, the baggy sleeves rolling down to expose his forearms. “Namaste,” the wolf mocked himself with a bow.

Flynn didn't want to complain so he figured this was the best he was going to get and he went to join Tiahna outside. The Hare was sitting there in a crop top and shorts, so many necklaces and charms, bracelets and rings that it made up for her lack of clothing.

“Oh, you do look cute,” the Hare smirked. “You know, if you weren't my brother, I'd make you a very happy man.”

“I...thanks?” Flynn blushed, his shoulders tensing up. “But...are we really related?”

“In the only way that matters,” Tiahna giggled and took Flynn's hands, guiding him along by the wrists. “Come on. Your sisters are dying to meet you.”

“Y-You didn’t answer my question though,” Flynn felt like a quark being thrown down the river. Even if Tiahna was gentle, he felt like he was being swept up in some rapids and about to be dashed against some rocks.

“I’m never good at explaining it. Our older sisters are so much better at it than I am. Come on,” Tiahna urged. Flynn pulled the shirt closed with one hand while she guided him with his other.

They came downstairs into a parlor that had been renovated into some sort of crystal magic shop. It was the kind of place that Flynn scoffed at for selling fake magic crap that the non-magically gifted couldn’t hope to achieve. Sure, certain crystals and rocks had innate magic in them, but it’s simply because they channel magic, not create it. Not like you’re going to find a storm focus that can channel hurricanes at a shop the sells mixed bags of crystals.

Aaron would love this place, the wolf thought of the little sand owl.

Flynn was brushed past the display cases, the front desk, and back around into the house built off the back. There was a sunken living room and an old TV set with bookshelves overflowing with old VHS tapes and DVD’s. There was even an old, faded, Block Buster Video poster that read “Be Kind, Rewind,” plastered to the side of the bookshelf. The mossy green carpet had treads in it, trenches where years of people had walked, almost like it were a forest path. Along the one wall was a four legged credenza, one of the sliding doors open to show various records filed away neatly. A record player and an old-time radio set atop it along with a glass bowl of peanut M&M’s.

“Just through here,” Tiahna paused for just a moment before grabbing a fist full of the candy and tossing them into her mouth. “They’re waiting in the breakfast nook.”

“Breakfast nook?” Flynn echoed Tiahna and felt a strange sense of calm wash over him as he passed through the bead divider to the kitchen. Flynn didn’t know what to expect, but he had never felt so...at home?

The kitchen had terracotta tile that was worn and well used, the counters made of a similar tile and overflowing with brass pots and pans, mismatched dishware, and freshly made cookies. The window behind the brass tub sink had a small trough filled with herbs and spices that practically blocked out the sunlight filtering through their leaves, but a duo of sliding doors in the back revealed a garden and a plastic greenhouse outback, letting in enough natural light. The room smelled of fresh baked bread and sweet sugars. On the table was a stack of steaming pancakes, one of the women at the table was using a butter knife to scoop a healthy dollop of it atop the stack to let it melt and weep into the layers while a small silver pitcher was steaming with warm syrup and a glass pot with a honey stick glowed with amber honey in the sunlight.

“Oh good, you’re up and ready,” the woman with the butter spoke in a sing song voice, a slight British accent peeking through her peppy tone. She was a petite little thing, brown feathers and yellow colored beak with dark kind eyes. She was a nightingale, her feathers atop her head pruned into a tight pixy cut. She wore an apron covered in cherries with a yellow sundress. She almost reminded Flynn of a sixty’s house wife, despite her various tattoos and nose ring. “I made some pancakes for you. Just a little something to welcome you into the family. Go on, sit, sit!”

“Don’t mind Hemala,” Tiahna said plopping down onto the seat next to where the pancakes were stacked. “She bakes when she’s nervous.”

“Oh hush you,” She said throwing a hot pad at her sister, the thing smacking the hare square in her giggling face. She then turned to Flynn. “Yes, I’m Hemala. I’m so glad we finally get to meet you!”

"I...You finally get to meet me? Were you expecting me?"

"Oh, where are my manners," Hemala pulled out the chair for Flynn, the wolf scooped up by that oak chair and seated in front of the pancakes. "I'm Hemala, as my sister said," the nightingale paused before walking back to the kitchen and grabbing a plate. Just as she did, the toaster popped and she caught the bread on the plate and brought it over with a tray of freshly baked cookies. "And I'm the middle of our sisters. The eldest will be back shortly."

"The eldest?" Flynn felt overwhelmed immediately, he was hugging his shirt closed over his chest. "I'm sorry, um...I um...what am I supposed to do here?"

"I mean, if you won't eat them, I will," Tiahna smirked, taking a fork and going in to stab the top hot cake. She was countered by a spatula, Hemala not even taking her eyes away from Flynn.

"Come now sister, let our brother enjoy his meal," Hemala perked back up, as she sat down, scooting in her seat with a beaming smile. "I've always wanted a brother to talk about girls with."

"I'm actually into guys...um...shouldn't we wait until we're all here or something?"

"No, go ahead and eat," Hemala waived him on.

"If you don't like her cooking, I pray that our mother saves you," Tiahna smirked, snagging the toast and spreading some jam on it.

"Never mind her, try a bite," Hemala urged him. "This kind of stuff always goes over better on a full stomach."

"I...okay," Flynn picked up his silverware and pressed his knife at the pancake before blinking and putting them back down. "Sorry," he smirked and gripped the syrup first and poured a little drizzle to be sure there was plenty for everyone else.

“Don’t worry about the amount you use, it’s bottomless,” Hemala smirked. “Go on, I know you’ll like it with more homemade syrup.”

“Homemade?”

“Yeah, everything is from scratch. Except the flower, that’s store bought. Don’t have the fields to grow grain and grind it myself.”

“Oh...Okay...um...” Flynn typed the syrup again, the pancakes soaking it up. Sure enough, the silver pitcher was still full when he finished. He then took the knife and fork again and got to cutting. The perfectly browned stack bended around that fork, the fluffy cakes pending down, syrup welling up around that knife, before parting and fluffing outward with a puff of steam. Flynn’s mouth was already watering before he took his first bite.

Nothing had ever felt so soft and tender against his tongue. The sweetness of the syrup welled out of those cakes, the fluffy, spongy pancakes unfolding like buttery clouds. But there was something else in there, it was something so flavorful and yet it was more of a feeling that danced in his chest.

“Oh my god,” Flynn had to put his fork and knife down, his fingers going to his lips as though he needed to anchor his senses in reality and not on cloud nine where they wanted to go and above.

“I threw in a little essence of motherly love too,” Hemala smiled. “Just a pinch goes a long way.”

“Motherly what now?” Flynn spoke, a bit of pancake flying out and smacking his fingers before he blushed and swallowed before continuing. “What now?”

“It’s extracted from dried afterbirth,” Tiahna smirked as she bit onto her toast.

“Excuse me?” Flynn was about to take another bite when he felt his tongue recoil.

“Oh shut it you absolute heathen,” Hemala threw a blueberry at her sister. “Motherly love is extracted from pink carnations.”

“Pink carnations that were brushed on afterbirth fresh from the womb,” Tiahna added.

“Seriously, not at the dinner table,” Hemala held up a wooden spoon.

“Whatever it is, it’s amazing,” Flynn decided that Tiahna was fucking with him and just kept eating his pancakes.

“I knew you’d love it,” Hemala smiled. “Like something you’ve never had and yet still so familiar.”

“I...yeah. You took the words right out of my mouth,” Flynn paused.

“You’re doing it again,” Tiahna smirked at her sister as she took another bite of her toast.

“Sorry, Love,” Hemala bopped her forehead with the butt of her palm. “I usually try not to divine the future so willy-nilly, but I’m so excited that I can’t really contain it. I’ve been putting all that energy into my baking and sometimes it just sort of happens.”

“So you...can see the future?”

“The near future,” Hemala put a hand on the table in Flynn’s direction, like she wanted to put it on his hand, but she didn’t want to disturb his meal.

“Very near future,” Tiahna added.

“Yes, sister,” Hemala sighed. “I can divine further, but there is so much that is unwritten until after it happens. Think of it like those Star Wars word scrollers but in reverse. You can see it coming in

the distance, but the further you look, the less it makes sense. Now imagine there were hundreds of other words overlapping, different possibilities that bundle into a sea of realities. It's like that."

Flynn had paused mid bite, a mouth full of pancake as he listened to that explanation. He gave a hard swallow before continuing.

"Is...Is that why you said you were kind of expecting me or something?"

"Of course dear," Hemala smiled. "We were destined to find you. Our little blue moon brother."

"So you've been waiting for me for how long?"

"Just a couple centuries or so," Hemala shrugged. "Oh yeah, sorry, didn't mean to spoil the surprise, but you'll live a much longer life than anyone you know."

"What?" Flynn decided to put his fork and knife down.

"Yes," Hemala smiled. "We don't age much after a while."

This bitch was saying she's hundreds of years old without batting an eye!

"How...How old are you?"

"Don't you know it's uncouth to ask a lady's age," Tiahna flicked the last bit of toast into her maw.

"Age is just a number," Hemala shrugged. "Let's just say my most famous work was immortalized as a carving on a fort somewhere."

"I still haven't gotten her to tell me what Croatoan means," Tiahna shrugged.

“Wait...I know that word,” Flynn didn’t have to think long as a chilling realization hit him. Croatoan was the word carved into the palisade walls of a fort back in colonial times. The place was a settlement that just vanished with no explanation. He looked at the cute nightingale with whole new light. He imagined her setting out a Thanksgiving dinner and carving it with a chainsaw.

“Don’t you worry your pretty head about that,” Hemala smiled warmly. “Just eat up, and enjoy yourself. We have much to talk about.”

“I...I think I’m full,” Flynn lied and Hemala shook her head.

“You’re our brother, I assure you this is the safest place in the world for you,” Hemala smiled. “Now eat, you’re a growing boy.”

“I’m twenty five,” Flynn furrowed his brow.

“Oh, you have plenty of growing yet to do. You’ve barely the strength to open your eyes.”

Flynn didn’t quite understand what she meant by that, but it struck him in his soul. He knew someone said that to him. But who?

“I’m back,” the door to the backyard slid open, a woman with long braided silvery hair walked in. Her large face was framed with wind whipped hair, her cane a knotted old oak branch, and in her other hand was a basket full of herbs. Despite the cane, she walked with a grace that made Flynn think the cane was more for show. Sure enough he was proven true. She arched her back, cracking it into place as her shawl flew to the ground.

She was a barn owl, tall and majestic, yet silver with age. Her glorious markings looked like the spackling of light through a forest canopy, her face was like a glowing moon with its pale beauty and her

brown feathers swept down her form. She walked in with a dignified gait like she was royalty, her head tilting out of the way of several terrariums as she strode forward.

Her shawl was in a heap by the floor, but it fluttered up and hung itself. It was covered in feathers and beads, but was very different from the simple top and jeans she wore beneath. She was older than her sisters, for sure, but she still had a powerful gleam in her brown eyes. She was almost more beast than woman, but still her feathers flowed into a figure befitting a goddess. Curves and gentle wafting lines, frills on her feathers that accentuated her curves.

“I got the herbs for the tea—oh, you’re awake,” the barn owl said as though it were an accusation rather than an observation, her head tilting inquisitively. “Kamila of the three sisters.” She bowed before straitening up again. “I’ll get a pot going and we can get down to business.”

She snapped her fingers, the oven coming alight as she went to the sink and filled a black-iron kettle with water.

“I...I’m sorry, should I have bowed back?” Flynn asked the two at the table. The two simply giggled.

“Heaven’s no,” Hemala answered. “She’s reached that age where she doesn’t care much for pleasantries anymore.”

“Don’t talk like I’m not in the room,” Kamila said as she set the kettle down. “As for you,” she motioned to Flynn. “We have much to discuss my young brother.”

“I didn’t mean to offend you or anything,” Flynn started, but Kamila waived him off.

“Don’t apologize, we’re family,” Kamila said.

“She always sounds like that,” Tiahna shrugged. “She’s just got resting bitch face...and voice.”

“Better than simply being one,” Kamila said without missing a beat, filling a teapot with her herbs and something from a tin.

“Is...is that some special magic tea or something?”

“It’s mint,” Kamila answered flatly.

“Oh...” Flynn blushed before he furrowed his brow. “Wait, you didn’t answer my question.”

“Ah,” Kamila smiled, rubbing her feathery fingers together over the pot, a bit of glittering granules falling into it. “Very astute of you. You caught on quicker than your sisters did.”

“Showoff,” Tiahna joked and popped a candy in her mouth.

“Hey, something smells great,” someone said from the other side door of the Kitchen. Flynn rolled his eyes.

“Cerberus, what do you...” Flynn trailed off. The massive hellhound was standing in the archway, his head resting above it while he leaned into the kitchen, his arms resting behind the arch way and exposing his pits. He was wearing nothing but a pair of jeans, and he appeared to be going commando.

“Ah, the traitorous mutt,” Kamila sighed. “Witch of my sisters did you make a whore out of this time.”

“You already know,” Cerberus smirked, his gold tooth gleaming as he kissed the air in Flynn’s direction, his golden pendent bouncing from one pec to the other.

“Ah, a man whore then,” Kamila shrugged as though this were a perfectly normal conversation. “I swear, if our mother were here she’d reprimand you all for laying with dogs.”

“Oh come off it sister,” Tiahna leaned back, pressing her perky tits out to show off to Cerby.
“Like she would give to shits about who we commune with.”

“Commune is a very loose term,” Hemala smirked.

“Oh please, like you haven’t been the one going around lesbian bars throwing the joke about pasta being straight until it’s wet.”

“Enough,” Kamila sighed as she brought the kettle over, hot steam rolling from its whistle yet it hadn’t made a sound. “Cerberus, if you want to be in our mother’s presence, by all means, sign your own one way ticket back to hades yourself. We have much to discuss.”

“You don’t have to tell me twice,” Cerberus swaggered into the kitchen, his hand snagging a plate and one of Flynn’s pancakes, piling on a few cookies. “Just let me get some breakfast and I’ll be on my way.” He was going to snatch another hot cake from Flynn’s plate when Hemala’s hand snatched out and gripped his wrist.

“No,” Hemala’s eyes were milky and miles away, her voice strained and short of breath. “You stay. Mother wants a word.” Hemala’s eyes returned to normal and she gasped before letting go of Cerberus’ hand. “I...I haven’t had a premonition like that in years.”

“Shit, Bitch, were you trying to break my wrist?” Cerberus snarled.

“Believe me,” Hemala put a hand up to stop her other sisters from stepping in. “If I wanted to break your wrist, it would be fucking broken, mutt.”

That’s when Flynn saw something he never had on the big hellhound. Fear. His ears flipped back and Flynn swore he heard a whimper. He almost felt bad for the big guy...almost...maybe if he hadn’t stolen his pancake.

“I guess we’ll need another seat,” Kamila shrugged and started pouring the hot water into the tea. “Tiahna, could you go grab one of the folding chairs for the big guy.”

“Just sit on the floor,” Tiahna rolled her eyes. “You’d be bending over if you were in a chair.”

“You little...” Cerberus held his tongue, his eyes glancing to Hemala and Kamila for a brief moment before sitting down and shoving Flynn further over so he could make a spot at the table for himself. Flynn managed to correct himself before the beast started munching on his plate.

“So,” Kamila pulled her chair in and sat down to wait for the tea to steep. “I’m sure you have questions, go on.”

Flynn blinked. He had a strange sense that this was a test, but he didn’t know much about what was going on or where to even start. He had a sudden feeling like he was the new, inexperienced, not-skinny girl in that Devil Wears Prada movie and he was looking into the lethal eyes of that bitch executive. Inquisitive with waning interest.

“Well...” Flynn swallowed a bite of pancake before continuing. “I...I don’t really know why I’m here, or why you’re calling me your brother. I mean...clearly we’re not related by blood.”

“An understandable question,” Kamila nodded, her voice almost tired as though she were expecting more. “You see Flynn, we are all children of different blood, but we all have one mother. Her power exceeds that of most mortals and is a goddess true. Sisters?”

Kamila went for a cookie in the center of the table and the other’s did the same. Both Hemala and Tiahna took a bite of their cookie and handed them to Kamila where she put them on a tea saucer. In the center of the plate was the full cookie and the other two framed it. The symbol it formed looked familiar, but he couldn’t quite place it.

“The three in one,” Kamila answered. “We are all children of the moon, the mother of magic, the mistress of sorcery and night. I speak of course of—”

“Hekate!” Hemala blurted out while clapping her hands together, her eyes glittering with excitement as she looked at her sisters. “Wait, aren’t we supposed to say that together?”

Tiahna slapped her face while Kamila couldn’t help but try and stifle a giggling coo.

“Not until after the tea,” Tiahna sighed. “Don’t you remember how it worked with me?”

“Oh yeah,” Hemala scratched the back of her head. “Sorry, my bad everyone.”

“Wait, hold up,” Flynn put his hands on the table, feeling the need to steady himself. “You mean to tell me that I’m the son of...a goddess?”

“In spirit, yes,” Kamila answered. “Your flesh and bone were birthed from the flesh of man, but your soul is that of divine origin. How about you explain Hamela, since spirits are your specialty, and you’re so excited to speak.”

“Oh, yeah, I can do that,” Hemala was blushing, but her eyes still held a knowing gleam. “You see, Hekate is the goddess of magic and ghosts, or, in other words, spirits. She may not have been the womb that bore your body, but she bore your soul. Forged it in the caress of her love and divine womb. Your spirit has been forged over generations, millennia of souls working together to form the perfect and only son.”

“Your soul is male, but your body is female,” Tiahna spoke up, her green eyes glowing powerfully. Flynn knew that magic, it was what the examination doctors used to inspect their patients. “As Hemala would attest, our mother bore your soul into a strong womb, and because of the moon of your birth, you weren’t stillborn.”

“What?” Flynn was more concerned than before. “How would that even be possible?”

“Let Hemala explain it dear,” Kamila patted the hare’s arm.

“You see,” Hemala started. “Our mother can only interact during the time her domain is strongest, at night. We were each destined to be stillborn, all of us,” Hemala gestured to her sisters. “Bodies without a soul destined to be born dead, but our saving grace was that we were born under her loving eye. She sent us out into the world to inhabit a body born in death, a body that bore destined death, and yet lived, cannot die normally for we have already passed through death’s doors. This in turn stitches new weaves of fate into the world and splits the Fates’ design.”

“All in an attempt to fight off a terrible destiny,” Kamila continued. “The fate of the entire world hangs in the balance.”

“Oh, come off it,” Cerberus rolled his eyes. “You bitches have been crying the sky is falling for as long as I can remember. Your mother was sealed away for defying Hades and you know it.”

“You know it was because Hades was afraid of her power,” Kamila shot back.

“Yeah, afraid she would bring upon the end of the natural order,” Cerberus huffed before turning to Flynn. “You want to know why she’s the goddess of magic and ghosts?”

“Don’t you dare,” Kamila hissed.

“Because she hadn’t mastered necromancy yet,” Cerberus said with a cocky grin. “She was working on a ritual that would have brought the dead back to life, officially obliterating the natural order and tearing apart the Fates’ design.”

“That was one of the sisters who went astray,” Kamila shook her head. “We are still imbued with free will.”

“Yes, a will that is totally free of the Fates’ design,” Cerberus smirked. “If your mother wouldn’t have meddled in the affairs of humans by making her own, then there wouldn’t have ever been necromancy to begin with. She was sealed away for her hubris and evil magic.”

“Magic doesn’t have morality,” Kamila snapped back at him. “It is a tool that can heal or hurt. It’s all in the way it’s used.”

“Oh Please! You bitches are always so liberal when it comes to everything, but as soon as the conversation turns to magic you dig in your burkes and pull the ol’ conservative mantra out your twats with a ‘guns don’t kill people, people kill people’ bullshit. Oh sorry, ‘magic doesn’t kill people—’” Suddenly Cerberus’ mouth stopped moving, unable to speak.

“We get it,” Tiahna smirked, dangling a tooth pendant around her neck. “Now how about you quiet down. The humans are talking.” Cerberus snarled, but a look from Hemala had him fold his ears back and simply pout.

“So...You’re trying to tell me that you’re...demigods?”

“Demigod would be a loose term,” Kamila shrugged. “You don’t have the blood of gods, only the soul of one.”

“Riiiiight...” Flynn pushed himself away from the table. “I’m...I’m going to go.”

“Have you heard her yet?” Kamila asked.

Flynn paused, his ears twitching.

“Heard who?”

“So you have heard her,” Kamila smiled. It was a warm and inviting smile, like that of a mother proud of her child. “I’m sure it’s simply bits and pieces, but she speaks to you. She has favored you with not only her voice, but her power. That hellhound bite is trying to burn on something infinite, is it not? How else do you explain something like that without invoking the divine?”

“I...” Flynn shook his head. “What you’re saying is impossible. I didn’t even believe in a god, let alone the many gods of the dead faith of ancient Greece.”

“We know it’s a lot to ask,” Kamila nodded in agreement. “We have a cure for a hellhound bite if you truly wish to have it, but what if I said that the bite you have would be the key to freeing our mother?”

Both Hemala and Tiahna looked at their sister with confusion. Flynn wasn’t sure if this was a lie, but he at least knew now that Kamila kept secrets from her sisters. Even Cerberus looked surprised.

“Do you really want to go back to your old life, your old life where you were alive and dead at the same time?” Kamila asked. “Do you really want to return to that life? To deny yourself your birthright only to stitch people back together who you know in your heart truly don’t deserve your skills. Wouldn’t you rather come with us to see your mother?”

“You can see her?” Flynn asked.

“Yes,” Kamila answered as she started pouring the tea into five different cups. Each one swirled with a bright green brew, shimmering with a galaxy of reds, greens, and yellows. “Simply drink the tea, and we can speak with her.”

“Five?” Flynn counted the cups.

“Cerberus will be joining us too. If our mother wishes something of him, then her treacherous patron hound owes her that much for sealing her away.”

“Whatever,” Cerberus huffed, his voice given back to him.

“Okay sisters and brother, are you ready?” Kamila sat back down, each one taking their cup of tea. Cerberus looked like he was going to do it, but then his large paw came to delicately pick up the teacup.

“You start Cerberus,” Kamila instructed. “Simply say the incantation that comes to mind after you drink.”

“Why me first, for all I know it’s poisoned,” Cerberus complained.

“Tiahna, can you make him?”

“I can only keep us protected and shut him up, I can’t make him do anything he doesn’t want.”

“Drink the damn tea,” Flynn ordered, his voice on edge. He was fed up with all this nonsense, and he wanted to know what was going on.

“Fuck,” Cerberus’ collar of runes glowed bright before he brought the cup to his lips. He slurped it noisily before slamming the empty cup on the table. Nothing happened for a moment before he let out a belch and his eyes flashed milky white. “Mother of hounds and matron of the dark, your headless son calls to you for your guidance.”

Then he stayed there in stasis, his back arched and his eyes looking up. Hemala simply nodded and sipped her tea, leaving only a little in the cup. She gave a light gasp, a smile playing on her face as her eyes glossed over as well.

“I am Hemala, the one in three, the daughter of the waxing moon. The daughter of growth, intention, hope, and roots. Your loyal daughter calls to you for your guidance.”

Without waiting, Kamila drank her tea, her eyes going milky almost instantly.

“I am Kamila, the one in three, the daughter of the full moon. The daughter of reflection, completion, and release of those that do not serve. Your loyal daughter calls to you for your guidance.”

Like clockwork, Tiahna sipped her tea.

“See you on the other side,” she gave a wink to Flynn as her eyes started to glaze over. “I am Tiahna, the one in three, the daughter of the waning moon. The daughter of inner peace, regeneration, and surrender. Your loyal daughter calls to you for your guidance.”

Then it was Flynn’s turn. He looked in his cup and around him. He could walk away now, leave the kitchen while they were all having their little trip, but something in Flynn knew this was important. This wasn’t some trick, this wasn’t some ruse, as much as his heart wanted it to be, he knew deep down, there was a grain of truth in that tea that he was looking for. Even if it was just mushroom tea in the end, he needed to know. He took the handle and a series of blue sparks flashed up inside the cup, coupling in with the other colors to make a swirling galaxy. He took a deep breath and drank it.

It was warm, soft, and...comforting. Like that first sip of coffee in the morning or a warm blanket from the dryer on a cold winter day. It bloomed in his heart and spread up through his fingers. He gave a deep sigh, his back arching as though he were waking up from a deep sleep as words started to form on his lips.

No turning back now!

“I am Flynn, the son of the blue moon, the three in one. I am a father of fertility, a mother of magic, and a vessel of luck. I am our mothers’ only son, the hope of a future never written, the mender of broken fates, and the man in the moon. Your unclaimed son calls to you for his destiny.”