

Accidental Surrogate for Alpha

Chapter 199

Ella

"Before the world existed, before there were planets or stars or even dust, there was only darkness, The darkness was ruled by a god of creation, an all-powerful celestial being the universe dreamed up to rule the heavens. He existed in quiet solitude for millennia, exploring the farthest reaches of his domain, never tiring, never asking for more." The strange woman began.

"But didn't he want things, like friends? Or a puppy?" I ask excitedly, feeling uncommonly bold.

I'm leaning back against my visitor's chest, running my small hands through her shiny hair and wondering at the way it makes my fingers glow and zing with electricity.

"Well that's a good question. If you didn't know that friends or puppies existed, would you long for them?" She asks, not the least bit bothered by my interruption.

I scrunch my face up in confusion, trying to work out this puzzle. "I guess not. You can't want something if you don't know that it exists. But I think I'd feel lonely"

"And so did he. she confirms, "though he didn't realize it at the time. But the universe knew, it had willed this God into being so that he might create but he wasn't creating anything at all He needed a partner inspiration. So the universe dreamed up another magic, one that would be the perfect balance to his own powers, and one that would need someone to watch over it too"

"What was it?" I ask eagerly

"Can you guess?" The woman asks, "What is the opposite of darkness"

"Light!" I exclaim, with barely a thought. I've moved past her hair to toy with the fabric of her dress, but my hands seem to move right through it like fog.

"Very good." She praises, filling me with warmth.

So one daylight appeared, and it shattered the God's endless darkness. He didn't know what was happening, only that everything was suddenly different... more magical. He went searching, and he came upon a goddess of light. When he saw her, he realized what he'd been missing for so long, and he instantly fell in love." Emotion is heavy in her voice, though I don't understand why. "She loved him too, and together they created entire worlds: galaxies full of bursting with life, every one different and special in its own way."

"Galaxies like in space?" I inquire, wanting to make sure I've got the information right.

"Galaxies like in space." She confirms, "like this planet we're on right now, it's part of a galaxy, and it was one of their creations one of their favorites. Because you see, creating worlds takes practice. Each had its own magic, but some were more special than others. And on this one they learned to create animals and people and even a few beings in between. Now, these gods never asked to be worshiped, but their Creations could feel their magic coursing through their veins, and so they gave them names."

"I like naming things." I offer, running my fingers over her glimmering skin.

"So do I." The woman expresses fondly. "The humans called the gods of creations by many different names, but wolves, they had sharper senses. They could feel the source of magic in the world, and so they named the Goddess of light after their moon."

"What about the dark god?" I ask curiously, pausing in my explorations to look up at her glorious face.

"Well you see, that's the trouble... they couldn't feel his power as strongly. They thought the darkness was a curse broken by the light, when really they were two halves of the same whole. So the wolves didn't give him a name, they forgot to worship him. Instead they feared and reviled him. Over time he became jealous of the one they called the Moon Goddess. He began to punish their creations, to haunt and torment them, to make them frightened and do things they shouldn't." She explains sorrowfully.

"That's naughty." I decide, not liking the sounds of this at all.

"It is." She agrees, "and the more time that passed, the worse things became. Eventually the humans did find a name for him, but it was no relief, for they called him a devil. It wasn't fair. He'd given everything to their creations, and they despised him. So his heart grew shriveled and cold, until the only thing he had left was his other half, but he sensed her slipping away too. You see, after so long being alone, he'd finally felt the joy of love, of sharing his immortal life with another. But she didn't like what he was doing, and the more their creations called on her, the lonelier he felt. He began to fear that eventually she might forget him in favor of her worshippers

"It wasn't her fault she was busy." I defend, "I don't think she would've forgotten."

"She wouldn't." The woman responds decisively. "

Not ever. But the damage was done. Fear and loneliness are powerful forces, and one day he decided it would be better to destroy their greatest creation. I do not know if he meant it as a punishment or a test, or a desperate plea, but he put the events in motion to make it happen."

"How?" I question, deeply upset by the thought of losing this story world.

"Well, these Gods decided not to interfere directly with their creations – so that they'd be free. At most they could send messages and signs, try to steer their beings in one direction or another.

And for centuries he'd been spreading discord between the humans and shifters, instilling them with so much of his own fear and anger, that he made it impossible for them to live side by side. It wasn't always this way, you see. Once they lived in harmony, but before long the wolves went into hiding, building secret societies alongside the human ones. Still the god of darkness continued to sew rage and despair, such that it became clear that if the humans were to find out about the wolves, such a terrible war would be unleashed, that they would all perish."

"That's terrible." I object. "I don't think I like this story."

"Just hang in there little one, there's hope." She encourages, petting my hair and making me sigh with delight. "Because the light Goddess saw what he was up to, and she knew she had to act. She knew that she needed help, a source of her own magic on earth, someone who could bring together the humans and wolves, a bridge to connect them in harmony."

"Who's that?" I question in wonder.

"Well, it had to be someone very strong, someone who could survive a lot of very hard things in order to become the person they needed to be."

She shares, sounding almost sad now. "And one day not so long ago, there was a King from a very long and powerful bloodline, but he was struggling to make an heir with his queen. He wanted to continue his royal line, but she just wanted a child to love. She had a heart even more powerful than his magic, and one night she prayed to the Moon Goddess to grant her a babe. And can you imagine her surprise when the Goddess appeared herself?"

"That would be... a lot." I assess, nodding.

"She was shocked." The woman laughs. "But she bowed down and offered her tributes and blessings, and only then did she make her request.

At first, when the Goddess told her she would have a child – a daughter- she broke down into joyous tears. But as hard as it was, the Goddess had to tell her the truth, that the child would not be entirely hers. It would share the courageous blood of her husband the king, the loving heart of her mother, and the celestial power of the Goddess herself.

Worst yet, she would have to give her up."

"But why?" I demand, feeling strangely near tears. "I -if she wanted her, then why she have to give her up?

"Because to unite humans and wolves this child had to be part of both worlds. She had to grow up knowing what it meant to be a human. To feel powerless and afraid, and like there wasn't magic in the world. But she also had to find her own magic when the time was right so she could be accepted by the wolves."

But she should be with her Mommy and Daddy." I say again, my own longing for parents outraging me for this imaginary child.

"She should." The woman agrees, "if she were not so important, she should have grown up with all three of her parents. King, she-wolf, and Goddess.

But she was. She was important, and so sacrifices had to be made."

"I thought you said this was a nice story." I sniffle, outraged.

"I said there was hope." She corrects me. "And there is. That hope is you Ella."

"Me?" I hiccup.

"Yes, little one," She confirms. "Because one day, you'll grow up, and you'll fall in love and have a baby of your own. And you'll remember this. You'll remember that you have parents who love you and wanted you, and that everything you've been through had a purpose."

"I won't member it now? Tomorrow?" I ask. "I wanna tell Cora."

"You won't, dearheart." She sighs. "But one day."

"When" I inquire grumpily.

"When the time is right."