



Feral Hearts

Daxon POV

My paws skidded in the dirt as Talon surged toward her again, toward Elowen, but I wrestled the reins back hard.

NO.

We weren't going to do this. Not now. Not like this. Not because some ancient magic said so. I shifted mid run, fur melting into flesh, claws giving way to callused fingers as I stumbled forward and hit the ground hard.

I barely caught my breath before she shifted too, just as sudden, just as brutal. Her long, black and blue and silver hair stuck to her skin like ink, and moonlight traced every curve like it was fucking blessed. She landed on her knees in the grass, panting, her wild eyes glowing.

And Gods help me, she was naked. We both were. Of course we fucking were. She looked like a vengeful Goddess. Absolute perfection.

And Talon was in the back of my mind screaming *Mine* like a rabid animal while I tried not to look at her gorgeous tits or her luscious thighs, or the way the rain just started to fall like the fucking world was climaxing for us.

"Are you kidding me?!" she shouted, scrambling to her feet and flinging her arms out like I was a goddamn disease.

"Don't act like this was my fault!" I snapped back, standing and brushing off

dirt that did nothing to hide the very obvious situation I was dealing with between my legs. "Your wolf launched herself at me!"

"Because your bitch wolf wouldn't stop sniffing me like I was your next fucking meal!"

I growled. She bared her teeth. Lightning cracked overhead like the heavens were refereeing. And then silence. Talon howled in my mind. Not calm. Just... the kind of silence before a storm splits the earth.

I broke first. Who was I to deny the gift the Gods had given us. I hit my knees so fast the earth shook, Talon panting and yipping excitedly.

"I, Alpha Daxon Stormclaw of the Stormclaw Pack, and my wolf Talon" I said, my voice raw and steady, "accept you, Elowen Skye Thorne, as my fated mate."

Her breath caught. Her arms dropped. And then, like all her walls cracked at once, she collapsed too. Tears fell down her cheeks as she crawled forward.

"I... I am Elowen Skye Thorne," she whispered, "the last hybrid fae wolf... daughter of Alpha Caelan... and I accept you as my fate."

Time. Stopped. Holy hell. She's a hybrid!? Even the goddamn rain held its breath. I stared at her, my mouth parted, every cell in my body fucking screaming.

Hybrid. That's what the hell had been scratching at my brain. That's why her

scent was unlike anything I'd ever known. Talon howled in triumph.

Her fingers reached for mine, and I didn't hesitate, I grabbed her like my soul was starving.

****Elowen POV****

The rain pelted my skin like a thousand icy needles, but I didn't feel cold. Not with him in front of me, soaked to the bone, his chest heaving, those eyes glowing molten silver in the storm. Daxon Stormclaw. My fated mate. The boy I swore I hated, who was now kneeling in the mud like he'd just ripped his own soul out to hand it to me.

He reached for me. I met him halfway. And then the world ceased to fucking exist.

His hands slid into my hair like he owned it, like he'd waited lifetimes to touch me. Our lips crashed together, all teeth and tongues and fury. His hands gripped my waist, yanking me against him, slick skin to slick skin. I moaned into his mouth as he lifted me like I weighed nothing and laid me back in the grass.

He was beautiful. An absolute God in his own right. I couldn't believe this was happening. I had dreamed of this moment.

He kissed his way down my neck, tracing every line with his mouth, his breath hot against the storm chilled air. I moaned his name and he groaned in response. My back arched as his lips found my collarbone, then lower. My breasts ached for him, nipples hard and sensitive, and when his mouth

closed around one, I nearly screamed.

"Mine," he growled against my skin. "Every inch of you, Elowen. Mine."

I dragged my nails down his back, leaving angry red lines he barely noticed. He shifted lower, kissing over my stomach, his fingers sliding down until he found the heat between my thighs. Lyssi cackled with glee in my mind.

"Fuck," he groaned. "You're soaked." He circled my swollen clit with his finger and thumb, making me ache with need.

"You're not helping," I gasped.

His mouth dipped lower. I broke. I screamed his name.

His tongue was skilled, merciless and worshipful. He feasted upon me like he was starving. My hips bucked against his face, one hand gripping his hair, the other clawing at the wet grass. And when I came, it hit like a goddamn hurricane, my vision going white, my whole body trembling.

He kissed his way back up, his lips slick with my release, his eyes glowing like the storm itself lived inside him.

"Now," I begged. "Please, Daxon. Now, but you need to know, you're my first."

His eyes widened in awe, but he didn't make me ask twice.

He entered me in one hard but slow thrust, and I cried out as we became one. We sat panting, holding each other while I adjusted to the huge size of

him, and the pain quickly gave way to pleasure. His body covered mine. It was warm despite the rain, every movement deep and perfect and primal. He moved with purpose, hips grinding against mine, dragging every sound from my lips like a symphony.

I met every thrust, wrapped my legs around him, and felt something building. Something old. Divine. Cosmic. "I need... I have to..." I panted as my fangs descended of their own volition.

"Do it," he growled. We bit down on each other's necks at the same time.

The second our teeth broke skin, the bond exploded.

Silver light burst out from between us like lightning, arching across the sky, lighting the woods like midday. Magic flared and seared into our skin above our hearts. I looked down and gasped.

A glowing silver tattoo burned into existence, a crescent moon wrapped in a storm of runes and flames.

Daxon stared at his chest, then at mine. "You're real," he whispered.

Tears slipped down my cheeks again, but this time, they weren't from pain. They were from knowing I was no longer alone.

"Yeah," I whispered back. "And now we both are fucked."

We laughed and collapsed together in the rain, bonded by blood, by magic, and by the storm.