

Mind Speak

Daxon POV

I woke up to the scent of wildflowers and moonlight tangled in my sheets. Her. Elowen. Her legs were wrapped around mine like she belonged there, and fuck me, maybe she did. Her soft breathing tickled my chest as her face rested against me, hair spilling like dark silk down her back, the silver and blue tips glinting in the early light.

And those perfect tits were pressed against me, begging for attention. I couldn't not look. Couldn't not want. My cock throbbed just from breathing the same damn air as her. I needed her again.

I slid down slowly, careful not to wake her as I settled between her thighs and kissed the inside of her knee. She murmured something in her sleep, but didn't stir. I pressed another kiss higher. Then another. My hands eased her thighs apart, reverently, like I was unveiling something sacred.

Because I was.

I licked a slow stripe up her pussy and nearly lost my fucking mind. She gasped awake the moment my mouth found her clit and I sucked, gently at first, then rougher when she moaned and bucked.

"Daxon!" she panted, but her hips were already riding my face. "Oh fuck!"

She came with a cry, her thighs trembling around my head, her hands buried in my hair as I drank every drop of her release like the fucking addict.

I already was.

Mine. All mine. I crawled back up, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand and smirking like the cocky bastard I was. She was breathless and flushed, her hair wild, eyes shining.

"Good morning," I murmured, kissing her temple.

She just laughed and smacked my chest. We got dressed, her in jeans and a hoodie, me in my usual black tee and sweats, and headed to breakfast. She looked...right in my world. Like my universe had been tilted all this time and only just now corrected itself.

We walked into the great hall together, hand in hand, like we were daring the entire pack to say something.

Alpha Draven raised a brow, then broke into a grin.

Luna Aelira gasped, clutching her heart. "Oh my stars.."

I pulled out a chair for Elowen and kissed her knuckles before sitting beside her.

"Guess we're doing this," I muttered under my breath.

"Damn right we are," she replied, nudging me under the table. My parents joined us, and after a few bites of eggs and bacon, I cleared my throat.

"I need to tell you both something. About Elowen. And where we need to go."
"

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They listened. No interruptions. No judgment. I told them about her letters. Her real parentage. The spell. The witch in Scotland. The prophecy. The Aegis Protocol. Draven's face darkened. "So they're back," he muttered.

Luna Aelira reached across and squeezed Elowen's hand. "We'll protect you. Both of you. Whatever you need."

"And after graduation?" Elowen asked, her voice quieter.

"I'll handle the travel," my father promised. "You finish school. Then we get you to that witch and figure this out."

I nodded, pride swelling in my chest. Then Elowen stiffened next to me and blinked. "Did you just hear that?"

I frowned. "Hear what?"

"You said 'I'm proud of you.' But...you didn't say it out loud."

I stared at her.

Can you hear me now? I thought at her, on purpose this time. She gasped, nearly dropping her fork.

Holy shit.

Mind link, I replied in thought, grinning. *Looks like we're really fucking bonded now.*

She smacked me again, laughing under her breath, her cheeks pink.

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Yeah. She was mine. All fucking mine.

****Elowen POV****

My phone was having a full on meltdown. Ping. Ping. Buzz. Another ping. Taya was blowing me the hell up like I'd run off and married a rogue without telling her.

Which, to be fair, wasn't that far off.

"Do you think if I fake my death, she'll calm down?" I muttered as Daxon pulled into my driveway.

He just laughed, eyes still full of that smug alpha energy from last night. "You mated the alpha heir and didn't even give your best friend the play by play. You're lucky she hasn't summoned a search party."

"Honestly, she probably has."

He killed the engine, and we both just stared at the house for a second. My house. My home for the last five years. The one place I should feel grounded. So why did my stomach twist like I'd swallowed a live snake?

Maria and Eron were already on the porch, standing stiff as statues, coffee cups in hand, like they'd been waiting. Which was weird. They never waited for me. Usually, I came and went with a grunt and a wave.

Maria was the first to speak, a tight smile on her face. "Good morning, Elowen. Daxon."

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"Morning," I replied, slinging my bag over my shoulder.

"Alpha Draven filled us in after the ceremony," Eron said, nodding toward Daxon. "Congratulations to you both. The mate bond is a powerful thing."

"Thank you," Daxon said, polite and cool. But I could tell...he was clocking the vibe too. They weren't surprised. Or even happy. Just... neutral. Flat. Like they'd been expecting it.

Which was bullshit. Nobody expected me to end up mated to the future alpha. Especially not with my baggage.

"Come in," Maria offered, stepping aside, but I shook my head.

"Just grabbing my stuff. Daxon's giving me a ride to school."

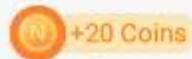
Their eyes narrowed for half a second...just a flicker...but it was enough. "Of course," Eron said. "We'll see you tonight. Be safe."

Safe? That word rang wrong in my ears. I walked past them and into the house, ignoring the prickling on the back of my neck. My room felt like a sanctuary and a cage at the same time.

I shoved books into my backpack, grabbed my hoodie, and stood there for a second, staring at the chest in the corner. The chest my real parents left me. The chest that changed everything. They didn't ask about it. Not once.

No curiosity. No concern. No "are you okay?" They knew. They knew... about the prophecy. About my magic. About who I really was. And they said nothing.

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I bolted back downstairs, kissed Maria on the cheek, hugged Eron with a mumbled goodbye, and practically ran to Daxon's truck. He opened the door for me and watched my face like a hawk.

"Everything okay?"

"Totally," I said with a too big smile. "Everything's totally fine."

Lie. He scowled. "I can literally smell your lie now Elowen."

I growled at him. "Not cool mate bond."

We backed out of the driveway and I swore I saw Maria watching from the kitchen window, her face unreadable.

Lyssira was tense. "They're hiding something."

"I know," I whispered, my heart thudding as Daxon reached over to squeeze my hand.

"They raised you," he said quietly, "but they're not your blood. We'll find out the truth. Whatever it is."

I nodded, my lips pressed tight. Because the truth?

It was already clawing its way to the surface.

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