



## Aegis Protocol

\*\*Alpha King Draven POV\*\*

"Let the motherfuckers try me."

The second my phone buzzed on the war room table, I knew something was wrong.

Not a regular kind of wrong....not the "some dumbass pup got caught sneaking out" or "Vaela threw another tantrum over Elowen" kind of wrong. No. This buzz came with a chill down my spine that made my inner wolf rise, ears sharp and teeth bared.

Aelira was at my side in an instant, her Luna senses tingling. "What is it?"

Before I could answer, the war room doors slammed open and two scouts barreled in, reeking of panic and smoke.

"Alpha!" the first one choked, eyes wide. "The wards, they've been breached. They've attacked the Highschool."

I stood so fast my chair nearly shattered behind me. "What the fuck?"

The second scout swallowed hard. "Aegis Protocol. We caught their scent. Vampires. Highly ranked. Maybe even nobles."

Fucking vampires. Of course, it was them. Of course, those soulless, pale-faced parasites would crawl out of their crypts the day my son mates with the most powerful wolf this pack has seen in centuries.

Aelira's hand clutched my arm, her face like carved marble. "The school. Draven, the kids!"

"I know." My voice came out in a growl so thick it vibrated the fucking walls.

I barked orders to the nearest warriors. "Get every available enforcer armed and mobile. Intercept the bastards before they hit the perimeter. I want silver rounds, blessed blades, holy water, fuck it, bring the flame throwers if we have to. I want their ashes on my doorstep."

The enforcer squad saluted and bolted. I turned to my gamma. "Send a strike team to the school. Now. Secure the bunkers. My son is in there, and so is Elowen. We cannot afford to lose them."

"Yes, Alpha!"

I snatched up my phone and hit the FaceTime button, thumb shaking with adrenaline as it rang.

"Come on, Daxon," I muttered. "Pick up. Pick up, dammit."

Aelira moved beside me, clutching the edge of the table as the tension mounted. "You think they're after her, don't you?"

"I know they are," I snapped. "They've been sniffing around the borders for weeks. I should've known they were tracking her. She's too powerful. Too important."

The phone clicked. My son's face appeared, sweaty, red faced, his pupils blown. Behind him was chaos: students running, alarms blaring, Taya

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screaming something about a shift.

"Daxon!" I barked. "Are you alright? Is Elowen with you?"

"She's here!" he shouted back. "She half shifted in class, scared the hell out of everyone, and then the fucking alarm hit. It's Aegis, isn't it?"

"Yeah. Vampires. Protocol elite. I've got warriors en route to you now."

His jaw clenched. "We'll hold them if they try anything."

"That's not your job right now," I growled. "Your job is to protect Elowen and every damn student you can get your hands on. Keep your mate safe."

I didn't flinch. "Get to the bunker. Keep her breathing. Reinforcements will be there in minutes."

"I've got her," he promised. "No one touches what's mine."

The call ended. I turned back to my Luna Queen.

"Time to show Aegis what happens when they fuck with Stormclaw blood."

Aelira's eyes burned gold. "Let's make them bleed."

**\*\*Elowen POV\*\***

The hallway was chaos. Screams. Running footsteps. The scent of fear so thick it choked me. Daxon was at my side, commanding like the Alpha he was born to be, his voice cutting through the panic like a blade.

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"Everyone, MOVE! Get to the bunkers! Seniors first, then help the younger ones!"

Taya was already dragging a trembling sophomore behind her, barking at a group of boys to get their shit together and stop crying. Rylen and Jace were sprinting toward the west wing, trying to round up stragglers.

My heart was beating so fast I could barely hear myself think. But Lyssira? She was dead silent. Focused. "To the left. Bathroom stall. There's someone hiding."

I didn't hesitate. I tore down the corridor, skidding past broken lockers and overturned desks until I hit the girls' bathroom. The door creaked when I pushed it open.

"Hey!" I called, stepping inside. "It's okay, I'm not gonna hurt you. We've gotta go, NOW."

Nothing. I stalked forward, pushing open the last stall, and there she was. Curled up with her knees to her chest, was a freshman girl with tear tracks streaking her cheeks and wide, terrified eyes.

"Come on," I said gently, crouching down. "I've got you."

She shook her head. "They said there's monsters.."

"I know, sweetheart," I said, my voice soft but firm. "But you're not alone. I'm one of the strongest monsters on your side."

I offered my hand. She took it. Her fingers were ice cold. And that's when

Lyssira growled.

"Vampire. CLOSE."

I froze and slowly turned my head toward the cracked window. The air had gone deadly still. Every instinct in me flared, primal and vicious.

"Daxon," I whispered through our new bond. "We've got company. Vampire. Close. Bathroom wing."

"I'm coming. Don't move."

Too late. A cold breath danced across the back of my neck. The freshman girl whimpered. I spun just as the thing stepped from the shadows. It was tall, pale, had eyes like pools of oil, its lips curled back to reveal dripping fangs.

"Well," it purred, its voice like poison silk, "what a delicious surprise."

"Oh fuck off, Dracula," I snarled, stepping in front of the girl. Lyssira surged, silver power crackling in my veins, my hands glowing as my nails began to shift into claws.

"You've no idea who you're fucking with," I said.

The vampire lunged. And I met it. Fist to jaw. Bone cracked under my knuckles. Lyssira howled in my mind and I let go, the partial shift slamming into place as I slammed the creature into the sink with a snarl. Porcelain shattered. The vampire shrieked.

Then Daxon exploded through the door.

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Talon was feral, his growl rattling the tiles as Daxon's claws tore through the vampire's side. It tried to escape, but Jace and Rylen were right behind him, flanking it and slamming it back into the wall.

"We got her!" Rylen shouted, grabbing the girl and hauling her out.

Daxon pinned the vampire down, his eyes fully silver, his teeth bared. "You picked the wrong school, leech."

"Send him back in a box," I spat.

The vampire's scream was cut short as Daxon's claws ripped through his throat, spraying dark, foul smelling blood across the tiles, as the vampire's head rolled.

And just like that, it was over. I was shaking. Daxon reached for me. I fell into him, both of us panting, bloodied, and buzzing with adrenaline.

"Are you okay?" he murmured.

"I am now," I whispered. "But that was just the beginning, wasn't it?"

He looked down at me, grim. "Yeah. But I'm here. Always."

The air turned cold. Too cold. Not "fall breeze" cold, but graveyard breath, sunless crypt, something wicked this way comes kind of cold.

We were barely halfway to the bunker when four figures stepped from the shadows at once. Long coats. Pale skin. Black fucking eyes. Noble vampires.

Daxon skidded to a stop in front of me, his chest heaving, his body already

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shifting slightly, claws extending from his fingertips. Talon was snarling in his mind. Taya gasped behind me. Jace and Rylen flanked us without needing a command.

The tallest vampire stepped forward, his voice lazy and laced with arrogance. "We come on behalf of The Aegis Protocol."

I felt my stomach drop.

"The hybrid is to be executed," he said smoothly. "By order of.."

"Over my dead body." Daxon's voice was a thunderclap, sharp and final. His power surged outward in a dominant wave, and even the vampires took a slight step back.

Then the strange part happened. The one on the left, slender, dark haired, eyes like void, tilted his head. He inhaled sharply, as if catching a scent on the wind. His expression faltered.

He sniffed again. His perfect brows furrowed. Then his eyes locked onto mine. And something...shifted.

The tension. The air. The bond.

His lips parted. His eyes widened like he'd just been punched in the soul. "No," he whispered, stepping forward.

The others hissed and began to move...And that's when the dark haired one snapped. With a vicious snarl, he lunged, not at me, but at his own kind.

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"MINE!"

The declaration echoed through the clearing like a war cry. He shoved the nearest vampire away from me, his claws out, fangs bared. The noble bastard looked utterly feral now, standing between me and death like some deranged, undead guardian.

Daxon roared in disbelief. "The fuck!? a gods damned vampire?!"

My knees nearly buckled. Mate. Oh, goddess. Not a wolf. Not a bear. Not a fae. A fucking vampire. Lyssira was panting in my head, stunned. "This can't be real. This can't!"

I blinked at the vampire, my mouth bone dry, my heart thundering. His chest heaved. "I don't know how, but I can't hurt you. I won't let them hurt you."

Daxon snarled. "You touch her, I'll rip your fucking throat out."

The vampire slowly turned his head toward Daxon, eyes still glowing...but he didn't attack.

"She's mine too, dog," he growled. "Get in line."

Oh.

Fucking.

Hell.