

Vampire Mate

Ashrian Vale POV

I'd seen a lot of castles in my time. Burned a few, bled in a few, fucked in a few. But this one? Stormclaw Keep had power humming in the goddamn walls.

Alpha Draven led us through winding corridors of enchanted stone, each step echoing with the weight of legacy and dominance. Daxon flanked Elowen like a wolf shaped wall, and I trailed just behind, watching them both. Learning and calculating...and silently trying not to lose my shit every time her scent caught on the air.

She was radiant. And so fucking mine.

"I've had a wing prepared," Alpha Draven said, stopping at a pair of heavy oak doors engraved with the Stormclaw crest. "Security wards have been doubled. No one gets in or out without my say-so."

He looked right at me when he said that. I inclined my head respectfully, though part of me bristled. I'd kept her safe from the inside of hell itself. But this wasn't my house. Not yet. He pushed the doors open.

And Elowen gasped. "Oh. My. Moon."

The suite was obscene. A massive vaulted ceiling. A bed big enough to host a supernatural orgy...ten people easy. Soft gray and silver bedding. Built in bookshelves, a hearth, and a wardrobe the size of a department

store.

And the bathroom? I could smell the lavender steam and goddess grade soap from the door. Six sinks.

Two massive walk-in showers with runes carved into the tile. A hot tub the size of a small pond.

Elowen twirled, her hair flashing like midnight and moonlight. "This is the best thing that's happened since I found out I wasn't just a regular wolf."

She turned to Alpha Draven, bouncing slightly on her toes. "You're seriously letting me stay here?"

"I'm not letting you," he said gruffly. "I'm insisting. You're under my roof now. You're pack. That means protected."

Daxon stepped forward, jaw tight. "And I don't trust Maria or Eron."

Elowen froze. "ME EITHER."

He looked at her, his eyes blazing. "Something's off about them. I don't like it. They were too quiet. Too careful. And when we left this morning, they were watching us like they were memorizing details for someone else."
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My chest rumbled. Not a full growl...but close.

"Agreed," I said simply. "They knew too much and said too little. That's a dangerous mix."

Alpha Draven nodded. "We'll investigate. Quietly. But for now, this is where you stay. You're my guest. And my responsibility."

Elowen blinked rapidly, emotion brimming behind those bright eyes. She wasn't used to people fighting for her. But gods, she'd better get used to it.

Because now she had two mates.

And the war hadn't even started yet.

Elowen POV

Daxon cupped my face with both hands, his thumb gently brushing along my cheekbone like I was made of something fragile and sacred.

"You good, baby?" he murmured, his eyes locked on mine, his voice low and thick with emotion.

I nodded, still breathless and flushed from everything that had just gone down, literally and figuratively. He pressed a kiss to my forehead, then another to my lips, lingering just long enough to make my toes curl.

"I'm gonna go grab your stuff from Maria and Eron's," he said, pulling back slowly. "You shouldn't go back there, not after everything. Not alone. Not ever."

His jaw ticked, and then, he looked past me. Right at Ashrian. The stare wasn't hostile, but it sure as hell wasn't soft. It was layered. Possessive.

Protective. Alpha. She's mine too, that look said. Ash met his gaze and gave a single, respectful nod. A silent acknowledgment.

I know. I'll protect her like she's mine. Daxon kissed me once more, hard and fast. "Lock the damn door behind me," he muttered, then turned and disappeared down the hall without another word.

My heart thudded like a drum. Two mates. And both already willing to go to war for me. Holy. Shit. The second the door shut behind Daxon, the entire room shifted.

The air grew thicker and hotter. Ash didn't say a word. He just stared at me with those glowing onyx eyes, like I was the only thing keeping him tethered to this realm.

Then he moved. Fast. Silent. Lethal. One second I was standing near the bed, the next I was pinned to it...flat on my back with a vampire on top of me, his scent wrapping around me like smoke and sin.

"You're mine now, moon girl," he growled against my neck, his voice like velvet blades. "And I've waited too long to taste what's mine."

I shivered. Fuck. I moaned. I lay there panting like a bitch in heat as he quickly undressed me, not bothering to take his time. My nipples hardened as the cool air kissed my skin and goosebumps broke out all over my body.

Ash kissed me like he had literally invented the art. Worshipped with his

mouth like it was his sacred duty. His lips brushed over my collarbone, down the valley between my breasts, pausing to suck my nipples with slow, lazy strokes of his tongue that had me arching off the bed like I'd been lit on fire.

"Look at you," he rasped, his voice thick with need as he slid lower. "Already shaking, little wolf."

I didn't even try to deny it. I was a goddamn puddle. He licked a path down my stomach, leaving a trail of fire. My thighs fell open like they knew they belonged to him. And then his fingers found my slick heat.

"Fuck, Elowen," he hissed. "You're soaked for me."

Two fingers slipped inside my soaked pussy, curved just right, like he knew every inch of my body by heart. His thumb worked my clit in slow circles that drove me out of my goddamn mind. I bucked against him, panting, needy and trembling..

And then he flicked his tongue across that aching bundle of nerves while curling his fingers just right..

My world shattered.

I came with a cry, my hips jerking, my hands buried in his thick dark hair. But he didn't stop. Oh no. He kept going, coaxing wave after wave from me until I was boneless and gasping, my thighs trembling like leaves in a storm.

"Can't..," I whimpered. "I can't..,"

"Yes," he growled, rising over me again. "You can. And you will. Until you're marked. Until you're mine in every way."

His fangs grazed my throat. My hips lifted on instinct. My soul howled for him. "Do it," I gasped. "Bite me. Now."

His eyes glowed like twin eclipses. And then, he dropped his fangs into my neck just as I arched up and he sunk his thick, hard cock into my pussy. I screamed. He groaned.

The bond snapped to life like a supernova. Silver fire. Moonlight. Blood magic. It burned between us, a rush of shared memories, desire, emotion, every fucking thing. I sank my teeth into his shoulder just as he thrust deeper, claiming him right back.

And then...His voice in my head. I shattered again.

And this time, I dragged him with me. Stars exploded behind my eyes as my tattoo flared to life and I felt more being added. A sword with blood droplets. Interesting. I can dig it.

I smiled at Ashrian as he inspected his own glowing tattoo, running my hands up and down his chest. Lyssi was purring with contentment in my head and my vampire purred back at her.

She was absolutely delighted, feral creature she is.