

Evacuated

Daxon POV

Ashrian's place wasn't what I expected. I thought vampire lairs would be dark crypts or blood stained dungeons full of cloaks and caskets and fuck all else.

Instead, I found books. So many damn books.

Shelves towered from floor to ceiling, filled with hand written journals, ancient scrolls, maps marked with blood trails and sigils I didn't understand. A massive desk dominated the center of the space, littered with papers, feathers, glass vials, and black and silver daggers so old they looked like they belonged in a damn museum.

"This is... your house?" I asked slowly, stepping over a runed circle etched into the stone floor. "I figured you'd be sleeping in a coffin or something cliché."

Ashrian gave a dry chuckle, tossing a thick leather satchel onto the desk and beginning to fill it with documents. "I did that once, for the aesthetic. Got a kink in my back for a century."

Despite myself, I smirked. I wasn't here to like the guy. And yet... everything in this place screamed protector. Not predator.

He moved through the space with purpose, grabbing specific books, tucking in rolled maps, and checking a locked cabinet where I caught the

glint of fae charms and protective talismans.

"This one," he said quietly, holding up a worn journal bound in silver threaded leather. "It's a record of every hybrid I've helped hide. Nearly four hundred over the last 150 years."

I froze. "Four hundred?"

He nodded, tucking it carefully into the satchel. "Most were children. Some were born in labs, bred like livestock. I got them out. Or I tried."

Talon stirred in my chest, his ears perked. "He's not lying."

I watched Ashrian move, fast but graceful, the edge of urgency in every motion. He wasn't packing to run, he was evacuating. Strategic and efficient. Like a soldier who knew this safehouse was compromised and time was short.

On a wall beside the hearth, I spotted something that stopped me cold, a painting. Faded but beautiful, a fae woman with a baby in her arms. She had Elowen's hair. Her eyes.

Ash caught me looking. "That's her mother. She gave it to me... years ago.

Swore to me that her daughter would save them all. I didn't believe in prophecies back then."

"And now?" I asked, my voice quieter than I meant it to be. He looked straight at me. "Now I've touched her magic. Now I feel the pull."

Evacuated



Talon huffed, not in warning, but in understanding. "He's one of us." I grabbed the photo to give to Elowen. She'll appreciate seeing her mother.

He nodded. I helped him gather the rest of his stuff. Weapons. Rations. Crystals and coded scrolls.

Before we left, he paused by the doorway. He looked back once, his shoulders sagging. "This place was my peace," he said softly. "But she's worth more than peace."

Something inside me shifted. I'd hated him. For being a vampire. For touching what was mine. But the truth was... he was fighting the same damn war I was. And he'd been fighting it alone.

I clapped him on the shoulder. "Come on, bloodsucker. Let's go home."

His eyes gleamed with something almost like relief.

And for the first time since he showed up, I didn't hate him for it.

Elowen POV

The portal shimmered like someone had sliced open the air with a silver blade. I barely had time to toss the throw blanket over my legs and shove my empty cupcake wrapper under the couch cushion when they stepped through.

Daxon first, grim and gorgeous as ever, his jaw clenched and hair tousled from the wind. His golden eyes swept the room like a goddamn searchlight until they landed on me, and softened instantly.

And then Ashrian followed, cool as night, carrying a worn satchel that definitely screamed classified shit inside. His obsidian eyes flicked to mine, and something in my chest thumped so hard I swear the air vibrated.

Lyssira was going wild like a damn pup in our mind link. "Mate. Mate's back. Our tall, broody, bitey one. I want to lick his fangs."

I snorted and Ashrian grinned wickedly, showing off those sexy fangs. My thighs quivered as my arousal spiked and I snapped, "You're not helping, Lyssi."

"I am absolutely helping. Bite the tall one, ride the growly one. We are WINNING."

Talon (grumbling into the link) "She's not wrong."

I laughed. "Oh my goddess, you're both feral."

Talon cackled, "No, we're both mated to a walking orgasm and a shadow prince. You're just late to acceptance, sweetheart."

The boys grinned and nodded their agreement because everyone could hear this mind conversation and my cheeks flamed red.

Ash set his bag down and straightened, brushing off invisible dust like a literal vampire runway model. Daxon dropped onto the couch beside me and wrapped an arm around my shoulders like it was his full time job... which honestly, it kinda was now.

"Miss me?" he murmured into my hair.

Before I could answer, Ash was suddenly in front of me too, holding out a crystal with ancient sigils glowing along the edge. "This holds everything I couldn't carry. Names. Safe houses. If I die, it goes to you."

I blinked. "Well, damn. Hello to you too."

Lyssira sighed in our mind link, "Ugh. He's noble. I hate how wet that makes me." Ashrian's huge grin made me giggle.

Talon mumbled, "I swear to the moons, if she ever calls me noble, I'm yeeting myself off a cliff."

Ash tilted his head. "You're blushing."

"I'm overstimulated," I hissed under my breath.

Daxon grunted and laughed, pulling me tighter. "You'll be bent over something soon if you keep looking at him like that."

Ash just smirked. "Jealousy looks good on you, Alpha."

Lyssira purred, "Let them fight. Winner gets to knot us."

My cheeks burned as the boys laughed. "LYSSI STOP."

The banter spiraled in my head as they unpacked, coordinated with the Alpha's staff, and briefed the Luna. I was supposed to be listening to strategic updates about Scotland and danger and mission prep. But

Evacuated



honestly? All I could think about was that damn prophecy.

Fated mates: Plural. And judging by the way my body reacted just being near these two?

I was so very screwed.

And not nearly enough.



10

Comments



Error Collection



Share Chapter