

## Mate Ball Announcement

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

By some miracle, the day off had been mostly calm. No attacks, no magical disasters, no jealous alpha hole bickering. Just rest. Sweet, delicious rest. And now? I was done being scared. Fuck fear. Fear hadn't saved me, but power might. And I had a shit ton of it now.

We gathered in the great hall for the nightly pack dinner. The room buzzed with chatter and energy. There were long tables full of wolves laughing, flirting, and shoving food in their faces like they hadn't eaten in a week. I sat between Daxon and Ash, my fingers laced through theirs under the table. Taya and Rylee were across from us, practically glowing.

Alpha Draven stood and clapped his hands once, silencing the crowd. "Stormclaw Pack, and honored guests, we have an announcement."

Luna Aelira stepped beside him, a proud smile on her face. "One week after our travel party returns from Scotland, we'll be hosting a seven day event open to all unmated wolves from the five major packs."

Gasps. Cheers. Whistles. Draven held up a hand. "There will be sparring events, training exchanges, moon market trade booths, speed dating rounds.."

"..and on Friday night, a formal banquet and mate ball," Aelira finished. "Any newly bonded fated mates will be honored in front of the whole pack."

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Saturday is for fun, mingling, and informal events. Then everyone returns to their packs on Sunday."

The entire great hall exploded. Plates clattered. People howled. A nearby omega actually dropped to their knees in glee. Apparently mate balls were a thing.

Lyssira quipped, "I want a dress that makes Daxon feral."

I grinned in amusement. "You want everything to make Daxon feral."

She licked her chops. "Not wrong." She wagged her tail ferociously. After the crowd finished celebrating and filed out, buzzing with plans for outfits, fighting brackets, and mate sniffing, Alpha Draven waved us toward the head table.

"You six.." he motioned to me, Daxon, Ashrian, Rylen, Taya, and Jace, "... will leave tomorrow morning. We're sending you to Scotland on the pack's private jet."

Ash raised a brow. "Your what now?"

Aelira laughed softly. "Draven believes in options. We've booked you three luxury suites at a vetted bed and breakfast near Morrigan Lairch's home. She's agreed to see Elowen in person."

"She won't remove the spell unless she can see you face to face," Draven added. "And we've beefed up the jet's security team. No one's getting near you."



I exhaled slowly. My heart thumped like a drum. Daxon's hand slid up my back. "You okay?"

I nodded. "Yeah. I'm ready. I think I've been ready for a while. I just didn't know it."

Ash gave me a rare smile, and Rylen's hand curled around Taya's. We stood as a unit, our mismatched, chaotic, powerful little found family. Tomorrow we fly. And nothing would ever be the same again.

Later in our chambers.....

The bedroom door closed with a soft thud, sealing the three of us inside a moment we'd all been skirting around for days.

Ashrian was the first to move, always the bold one. He crossed the room like a predator in silk, his obsidian eyes fixed on me with that quiet intensity that made my thighs clench and my wolf practically howl. Daxon stood behind me, heat radiating off his body like a furnace, his hand sliding down my spine as if he already knew every dip and curve by heart.

"I want both of you," I said, breathlessly, my voice low. "I'm done pretending I don't."

Ash's lips curved. "Finally." Daxon growled, low and possessive. "Fuck yes."

Ash reached me first, his cool fingers tilting my chin up before his lips claimed mine, velvet heat and iron control. It was slow, exploring, tasting,

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until I moaned into his mouth. Behind me, Daxon's hands roamed my sides, gripping my hips, pulling me back into him so I could feel every hard inch of him pressing against me.

"Take this off," Daxon growled, yanking at the oversized tee I was wearing. It hit the floor in seconds. Ash's mouth moved to my throat, trailing kisses down my collarbone while Daxon spun me around to devour my mouth, fingers tangling in my hair.

I was dizzy. Drunk on them. Surrounded. Lyssira purred in the back of my mind: "About time. Let them worship us."

Clothes disappeared like magic. Lips and hands and teeth explored every inch of me. Daxon's mouth was on my breast, his teeth grazing my nipple until I gasped. Ash was behind me now, his hands smoothing down my back and gripping my ass with sinful intent.

"You're so fucking beautiful," Ash murmured against my shoulder. "Ours."

I moaned like a bitch in heat.

They guided me to the bed. Daxon laid back, his cock already hard and waiting, and I didn't even hesitate before straddling him. The stretch was perfect. Full. My head fell back with a moan as Ash leaned over me, kissing me upside down, his hand playing with my clit until I was shaking.

"That's it, baby," Daxon growled, thrusting up. "Ride me. Just like that." Ash kissed down my spine, his fingers still working magic, his voice velvet



heat in my ear. "Let go. We've got you."

Everything blurred after that. Moans and gasps and praise tangled in the air. Ash eventually joined us, sliding behind me, his cock nudging between my cheeks, asking permission without words. I gave it with a whimper and a nod, and when he pressed his cock into my ass slowly, I shattered around them both.

Every nerve was on fire. Every sense lit. I'd never felt so full. So seen. So safe. Two fated mates, two souls wrapped in mine. It wasn't chaos, it was completion.

They moved in sync, like they were made to love me together. One would kiss me while the other fucked me, or hold me still while the other drove me wild. I came again and again, my voice raw, my body trembling, until I collapsed between them, boneless and blissed out.

Ash wrapped an arm around my waist, Daxon tangled his legs with mine, and the last thing I heard was one of them whispering, "Mine."

I didn't know who said it. But I belonged to both.

I was nestled between Daxon and Ashrian, finally drifted into sleep, my body deliciously sore and my heart wrapped in their warmth. But as my mind slipped into unconsciousness, I was tugged through a veil of silver mist and moonlight.

The forest around me shimmered with an ethereal glow, and above, the



moon pulsed like a living heart. From the trees stepped a tall figure cloaked in starlight. Her eyes were the color of galaxies, her hair a cascade of lunar silk. The Moon Goddess.

"Elowen Skye," she said, voice like the night wind across still water. "You are awakening. But danger coils like a serpent in your path. They are watching. The Aegis knows you'll seek Morrigan. The witch is powerful, but not alone. Be wary. Not all who offer help do so without price."

I tried to speak, to ask what the hell she meant, but my damn mouth wouldn't move. The goddess reached forward and brushed her fingers across my forehead. "Stay sharp, child of the moon. Trust your instincts. And trust your mates. Even the ones yet to come."

The silver world bled into black, and I fell back into dreamless sleep, my heart pounding softly against the chest of the alphas wrapped around me.

The journey ahead would not be easy. But destiny never is.



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