



Long Ass Flight

Elowen POV

I woke up warm, tangled in limbs and the scent of pure fucking heaven. Ashrian was on my left, arm wrapped around my waist, chest pressed to my back. Daxon had my legs tangled with his, his face buried in my neck. Their warmth, their presence, it grounded me. Made me forget, for just a second, that we were about to dive headfirst into whatever chaos Scotland held.

My body ached in that delicious, just been fucked way, and when I shifted, both men stirred with low groans that lit a fire in my belly. "You dream loud," Daxon murmured, his voice rough with sleep as he nuzzled my neck.

"You talk in your sleep," Ash said into my shoulder, amusement thick in his voice. "Something about moon magic and punching fate in the face."

I groaned. "That tracks."

Lyssira purred in my head, smug as ever. "We needed that. Still do. Shower now. Screw them in the water."

I cackled, "Goddess, you're a menace."

Lyssira lifted her nose stubbornly, "And you love me for it."

"Shower," I muttered, peeling myself away from the tangle of muscle and

possessiveness. I didn't make it far before strong hands grabbed my hips and two deliciously different growls echoed behind me.

"Not without us," Daxon rumbled. Ash grinned, already rising. "Team bonding." I giggled like a maniac, my thighs already quivering with anticipation.

The water was hot, the steam thick, and my heart was already thudding by the time we stepped under the spray. Ash pinned me against the slick wall, kissing me like he needed to mark my soul, while Daxon dropped to his knees behind me.

His hands gripped my thighs as his mouth found the spot that had me seeing stars in seconds. Ash whispered praise against my lips, his hands worshipping every inch of skin they could touch.

"You're ours," Daxon growled against my skin. "Say it, baby."

"Yours," I gasped. "Always."

We moved together like we'd done this forever. Like there was no awkwardness, no doubt. Just need and heat and love. Every thrust, every touch, every breath, it all felt perfectly, divinely aligned.

When it was over, we slumped into each other, laughing and breathless, letting the water wash away the sweat and tension.

"We really should leave the room at some point," Ash said with a smirk.

"Eventually," I replied, my lips still tingling. "But maybe not just yet."

Because for one blissful moment, everything felt right.

Even if the world outside was waiting to burn.

After round two in the shower with both my ridiculously hot mates, and way too much soap in places it had no business being, I was sore in the best way possible. I slipped into a pale lavender hoodie dress and boots, tousled curls still damp, and padded down the hall with Daxon and Ashrian flanking me like the sexy guards of honor they were.

Taya was already in the hall when we met up with the rest of the crew, her cheeks pink, hair mussed in wild waves, and a look on her face that screamed just been ruined in the best way. Rylen was behind her, looking far too proud of himself.

"Morning, slut," I grinned.

"Morning, whore," she chirped back, linking arms with me as we both giggled like we were still in high school.

"Shit, you smell like sin and man," I said.

"Right back at you," she winked.

The boys rolled their eyes, but we didn't care. We linked arms and walked ahead, gossiping about who bit what and how many orgasms counted as a sleep aid.

Once inside the Alpha and Luna's private solar, we smashed an obscene breakfast of scrambled eggs, maple bacon, crispy hash browns, fluffy pancakes, and a mountain of toast. Jace moaned dramatically over the sausage links like he hadn't eaten in a week. Daxon stole bites off my plate, which I let slide only because his post sex glow made him impossible to fight.

While we ate, the staff whisked away our overnight bags and loaded them onto the pack's private jet. Yes. Private jet. I was living a new life.

We were escorted outside shortly after, where the sleek black jet gleamed on the private airstrip behind the keep. Our pilot, an older wolf named Thoron, introduced himself with a firm handshake and a flirty grin, and behind him stood six intimidating warriors in matching black tactical gear, our strike team.

"Ma'am," the leader, a grizzled beta named Myka, nodded at me. "We've been briefed. We stay on you at all times, no exceptions."

That's when it hit me. The dream. The Moon Goddess. Her voice, her eyes... the warning. "They're watching," I whispered.

Ash was immediately at my side, his brows drawn. "What did you say?"

"I had a vision last night," I said, louder this time. "Selene The Moon Goddess came to me. She said they're watching. She didn't say who, but... it felt big." I sighed. "She also said to be wary of Morrigan and she may not offer help free or be alone."

Daxon tensed. "Aegis?"

Taya scowled. "Bitchy witch."

"Probably. Maybe more."

Myka nodded once. "Then we're doubling security. Two on each side at all times. We'll rotate shifts. You don't step foot anywhere without us."

"Not even the bathroom?" Jace teased.

"If she's in danger, you'll hold it," Myka shot back.

With that final declaration, we boarded the jet with confidence, and just enough fear to keep things interesting. The engine hummed as we settled in, luxury leather seats and champagne trays giving me major "rich bitch energy."

Taya plopped down beside me, clutching a bag of gummy bears and a giant hoodie. "Let's go meet a bitchy witch," she grinned.

I took her hand, my heart thudding almost painfully. Fourteen fucking hours.

I don't care how fancy this plane is, velvet seats, gourmet snacks, and a fully stocked espresso bar can only do so much when you're hurtling across the ocean in a floating tin can with six tight ass bodyguards and a group of magical degenerates who don't know how to sit still.

Daxon was snoring with his mouth open, sprawled out like a golden

retriever, while Ashrian sat like a goddamn vampire prince, reading War & Peace or some shit with one hand and sipping tea like we weren't on a top secret mission.

Lyssira stirred in my head, her voice groggy and annoyed. "We've been flying for 900 years. I'm going to eat one of the guards just to feel something."

"Same," I muttered.

"You good?" Taya plopped down beside me, her cheeks pink, lips swollen, and wearing Ryien's hoodie.

My eyebrows shot up. "Tell me you didn't."

She grinned. "We absolutely did."

"In the bathroom?!"

She nodded, unashamed. "Jetlagged? Nah. Just jet laid."

I snorted so hard one of the stone faced strike team looked up like he was considering tranquilizing us both.

These guys hadn't said more than five words total since we boarded. Dead serious. Chiseled jaws. Tactical gear. I'd seen friendlier expressions on statues.

"You think they ever blink?" I whispered, side eyeing one who looked like he'd been carved from granite and bad decisions.

"Only when someone disrespects the chain of command," Taya whispered back.

We both broke into silent giggles.

Meanwhile, Rylen and Jace were sitting across the aisle playing some game with silver coins and biting commentary. At one point, Jace accused Rylen of cheating and Rylen growled at him like they were back in the Stone Age.

Gods, we were all going fucking stir crazy.

Ash closed his book. "If anyone breathes near me before I get six hours of sleep and a double espresso, I will set this plane on fire."

Daxon stirred and cracked one eye. "Don't threaten me with a good time."

"I will use blood magic on your nuts."

"That's it. I'm switching seats."

"No, you're not," I said, grabbing Dax's arm and dragging him back down. "You're my pillow now. Deal with it."

Eventually, the plane quieted down again. The guards sat at attention like they were waiting for someone to drop from the ceiling. The rest of us curled into whatever half comfortable position we could find.

Taya laid across Rylen's lap. Jace passed out on his own shoulder. Ash stretched out like a cat in a sunbeam. Dax pulled me into his arms, burying

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his face in my hair.

"Weird little found family," Lyssira whispered in my head. "Yeah," I whispered back. "And I wouldn't trade a single one of them."

Not even the grumpy mannequin soldiers glaring at me like I farted.



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