

## Not Today Filth

Elowen POV

The room was dim. It was lit only by the soft amber glow of a single lamp on the bedside table. The door clicked shut behind Lachlan, and the sound echoed like a heartbeat in my ears.

Ash and Daxon had kissed my forehead, given me a smirk and a "don't be too loud, babe," before slipping into the other room to give us space. I was too raw to be embarrassed. I needed this. I needed him.

Lachlan turned to face me, the firelight dancing off his golden hair, his blue eyes soft and searing all at once.

"Ye sure, mo ghrá?" he asked, his voice a thick murmur soaked in his Highland drawl, rough as aged whiskey and twice as potent. "After all that, do ye want this?"

I nodded slowly, walking toward him like gravity was pulling me. "I don't want it, Lachlan. I ache for it. I need to feel something that isn't duty or prophecy or fucking bone cracking magic. I need you."

That was all it took.

He crossed the space between us in a breath, one hand cradling the back of my head as his lips met mine reverently, like a prayer whispered through flesh. His other hand slipped around my waist, pulling me flush to his body, and I moaned into his mouth as the heat between us ignited.

Clothes came off slowly, like unwrapping a gift neither of us deserved but had waited lifetimes for.

My shirt slid up and over my head, his large hands mapping the new terrain of my body like I was sacred. He cupped my breasts gently, his thumbs circling over my nipples until I was whimpering, my breath stuttering in my throat.

"Ye're so fuckin' beautiful," he whispered, kneeling in front of me like I was something holy. His lips grazed over my belly, up to the underside of my breasts, then lower, worshipping me with every kiss.

When his tongue finally found my swollen clit, I nearly came apart. He groaned at the taste of me, holding my thighs open as if he could drink every drop of my pleasure and still be thirsty. I was trembling, and moaning, my hands tangled in his hair, begging without shame.

"Lachlan, please..."

He rose then, his eyes molten with want, his cock thick and hard and flushed. He lined himself up against my already dripping folds, his lips brushing mine as he asked one more time, "Truly ready, mo ghrá?"

"Take me," I breathed. "Make me yours."

And he did.

The first push was slow, and deep, as if the bond itself was dragging him into me. I gasped, digging my nails into his back, and he held still,

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whispering words in Gaelic against my cheek that I didn't understand but felt in my bones.

He began to move with long slow thrusts that drove me insane. Every roll of his hips struck something deep inside me that made me keen. Our bodies fit like they were made for this. Like fate had carved us from the same fire.

He kissed me through it, murmured praises, and held me like I was precious, until I shattered. My orgasm hit like a tidal wave, stars behind my eyes, his name on my tongue.

He followed with a guttural growl, burying himself deep as the mate bond lit up between us like a fucking supernova.

I screamed. He groaned. And then it happened.

Twin glowing tattoos burst into life across our chests, his a moon marked tree with roots buried deep in the earth. Mine a constellation swirling into a heart. Silver light glowed between us, pulsing like a heartbeat until it faded into skin.

We collapsed in a tangle of limbs and breathless wonder, his arms locked tight around me as I finally, finally...felt safe.

"Ye're mine now," he whispered, his lips brushing my forehead. "Forever, mo ghrá."

I didn't answer. I didn't have to. I just smiled and let sleep take me,

wrapped in love, magic, and the strongest arms I'd ever known.

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The next morning ....

The morning air was crisp as fuck and smelled like dew, coffee, and maybe a little leftover sex. I stretched like a satisfied cat, tangled in Lachlan's arms, and groaned as he kissed my bare shoulder. Daxon and Ash were already thumping around in the hallway, being loud and obnoxious like the feral man children they were.

"Rise and shine, beautiful," Daxon hollered through the door. "Planes don't wait for pretty girls who oversleep!"

I rolled my eyes. "Bite me, wolf boy."

"You liked it last time," he shot back, laughing.

Breakfast was chaotic in the best way. Taya had crumbs in her hair. Rylen looked smug and was shirtless for some reason. Lachlan couldn't stop smirking at me across the table, and Ash just looked dangerously hot and sleepy. The strike team was posted by the exits, doing that thing where they look calm but could kill twenty people in three seconds.

After shoving down my fourth piece of toast, I wiped my mouth and stood. "Alright, nerds. Let's fly."

The private jet gleamed ahead of us on the tarmac like something out of a

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dream. But just as we stepped onto the pavement...The air shifted. Thick. Heavy. Electric.

"Oh fuck," Lyssira snarled in my head. "Move. Now."

A shrieking crack split the air beside the trees as a swirling portal burst open, purple lightning lashing the edges like a beast unchained.

Vampires.

Five of them. Aegis protocol. Fanged, feral, and armed to the damn teeth. Their eyes were glowing with that sick and hungry red.

"Targets acquired," one growled. "Hand over Elowen Skye Thorne. Now."

Daxon stepped in front of me instantly, his body vibrating with the shift just beneath the surface. "How about you hand over your own fucking head?"

"Bold for something already dead," Ash muttered, summoning blood magic with a flick of his fingers, a jagged crimson blade sparking to life in his palm.

The strike team formed a perfect perimeter, guns out, magic prepped, jaws tight. I felt Lachlan beside me, already calling the wind to circle us, his hand gripping mine so tight it burned.

The lead vamp hissed and lunged...But then. A soft voice behind us: "Not today, filth."

Isobel, the sweet woman with a crooked smile and an apron covered in

flour, walked out from behind the SUV like a goddamn force of nature. Her eyes had turned pitch black. Her fingers sparkled with ancient sigils as she chanted in a tongue older than time.

The ground shook. A dome of shimmering gold erupted around us like a giant bubble. The vampires slammed into it, and fucking bounced back, snarling and screeching.

"What the fuck," Jace breathed.

"She's a fucking witch," Taya whispered, wide eyed.

"A powerful one," Rylen added, cracking his knuckles. "And clearly on our side."

The vampires went ballistic. They clawed, kicked, threw spells and blades, but nothing broke through.

The witch didn't even blink. "Get on the jet, children. I'll handle this mess."

"I'm sending you a fucking pie, lady," I called as the team shoved us toward the stairs.

She smiled. "Make it cherry."

We ran.

We boarded fast, the jet door sealing behind us as we buckled in. The strike team gave the all clear and contacted Alpha Draven mid air.

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As we lifted off, I looked out the window just in time to see the innkeeper witch standing there like a damn legend, her arms raised, her protection shield holding firm while the Aegis bastards shrieked in rage.

Holy shit.

"Next time," I muttered to Lachlan, who was grinning wide, "we're staying somewhere less eventful."

He laughed. "I dinnae think we do uneventful, mo ghrá."

Touché.



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