

The Trip Home

Elowen POV

The jet was sleek, silent, and sexier than sin. Leather seats, crystal lighting, and a stocked drink bar? Alpha Draven did not skimp on travel accommodations. We were barely in the air when everyone spread out like wild animals who just discovered sofas.

Taya immediately threw herself into Rylen's lap with a dramatic sigh. "That was the most eventful coffee run I've ever had."

Rylen grunted. "Vampires. Again. What the hell is this? Weekly specials?"

"I'll kill the next one with a spoon," Jace muttered, rubbing his temples. "Swear to Luna, if they keep interrupting my me-time, I'm gonna start throwing hands first and asking names never."

Lachlan, wide eyed and barefoot now, because apparently "boots off, full comfort mode" was his vibe, sank into the seat next to me and looked around with the wonder of a kid at his first amusement park.

"This thing is a bloody castle in the sky," he said, that sexy accent thick and warm. "How does it stay up? There's nae wings big enough!"

I snorted. "It's called jet propulsion, Gandalf. Science."

"Witchcraft," he muttered seriously. "Aye, I trust the fae, but this metal bird? No' so sure."

Daxon laughed from across the aisle. "This coming from the guy who shoots lightning out of his hands like a Marvel villain."

"That's natural," Lachlan argued, pointing to himself. "This?" He gestured around wildly. "A flying tin can powered by combusting fire in a steel gut? Absolutely nae."

"Welcome to America," Ash said dryly, sipping some imported black coffee like a moody vampire prince. "Land of flame powered death machines and stress induced IBS."

"You're a fuckin' mood," I said, nudging his thigh with my foot.

Lachlan turned to Ash with a curious squint. "Ye're the blood mage, aye? Daxon said ye were, what was the word?...an edgy bastard."

Ash looked unimpressed. "He say that before or after I saved his life?"

"Elowen told me she almost died without yer magic," Lachlan said, his smile softening. "So thank ye for nae letting my mate become vamp snack food."

Ash blinked in surprise. "You're welcome. Also, 'edgy bastard' is fair."

Taya leaned forward and smirked at Lachlan. "So, what do you know about the States, Lach?"

He looked thoughtful. "I know there's tae many guns, nae enough healthcare, and yer sweet tea tastes like syrup and regret."

Jace howled. "I love this man."

Lachlan grinned. "Also, why does yer bacon look like it's been cursed? It's floppy. Bacon shouldnae be floppy. That's a war crime."

Rylen nodded solemnly. "Thank you. I've been saying this for years."

I grinned, curled up next to Lachlan with my head on his shoulder. "You're gonna hate a lot of our food, babe. But I'll make sure you survive. And we're definitely introducing you to hot wings."

"Hot wings?" he echoed, in a suspicious tone.

"Spicy chicken limbs that'll light your soul on fire," I said proudly. "They come with ranch."

"America's weird," he murmured. "But I love yer accent when ye say 'ranch.'"

"I'll say it naked if it helps," I said with a wink.

Daxon coughed. "Okay, no more horny comments until we land. I can't take another in flight boner. These pants are thin."

"You started it, wolf boy," Taya teased.

"You moaned when you bit Rylen's neck at breakfast," Dax shot back. "There were witnesses. I was trying to eat."

"You were trying to eavesdrop," she said sweetly.

"Oh my gods," I groaned, burying my face in Lachlan's shoulder. "I love us, but I also hate us."

The strike team, gods bless 'em, sat like statues near the back, pretending not to hear a damn word even though they totally were.

"Any more vampire pitstops on the schedule?" Jace asked.

"No," I said, sighing loudly. "Just back home, straight to training, maybe some prophecy shit, and a pack wide fuckin' soulmate rave."

Lachlan blinked. "...Did ye say rave?"

"I did," I grinned. "We call it a mate ball. There's dancing, declarations, possibly nakedness, and if we're lucky, zero stabbings."

He leaned close, his voice a husky whisper near my ear. "Will I get tae dance with ye in front of the whole realm, mo ghrá?"

I bit my lip. "Only if you wear that sexy Highlander outfit I just pictured."

Ash groaned. "This flight is too long for you two to start roleplaying."

Jace raised a brow. "Speak for yourself. I want him in a kilt."

"Same," said Taya.

"Jesus," Dax muttered.

"Do they even have Jesus here?" Rylen added.

And that's how we spent the next four hours: snacking, laughing, bullying each other with affection, and letting the tension finally bleed out after one hell of a whirlwind.

Home was calling. And we were returning stronger than ever.

Fourteen hours later....

I was out. Like my mouth was hanging open, drooling on Lachlan's shirt kind of out.

Wrapped between my literal three lovers, one leg draped over Ash's thigh, my arm curled across Dax's chest, and my cheek stuck to Lachlan's bare collarbone, like a damn feral cuddle octopus.

We were all conked the fuck out in various positions of tangled limbs, blissful post-battle exhaustion, and zero shame.

And then....."WHERE IS SHE?!"

The sound of a very pissed off Alpha King exploding into the cabin at full volume nearly made me astral project. "FUCK!" I shrieked, sitting bolt upright and elbowing Ash right in the face.

Lachlan let out a confused Gaelic curse.

Dax snarled. "THE FUCK IS HAPPENING?"

Jace dove for something under his seat like he was ready to throw hands.

Taya screamed, "ARE WE CRASHING?!"

Rylen launched off his seat like someone had hit the eject button.

And Alpha Draven? Storming down the aisle like a pissed off wolf god in black tactical gear, his eyes glowing gold, his voice shaking the windows.

"VAMPIRES? ON ALLIE LAND? NO ONE CALLED ME?!"

Ash, blinking sleep from his eyes, grunted, "We handled it. Mostly. Magic innkeeper Isobel. Big boom shield. Jet got airborne. The usual."

"We were already in the fucking air," I muttered, rubbing my eyes. "And also? Did you HAVE to scream like a banshee mid dream? I was dreaming about highland sex and breakfast."

Lachlan grinned sleepily. "Aye, same dream, mo ghrá."

Taya looked around blearily. "Are we... on the ground?"

"Yes," Rylen grumbled, "and apparently the welcoming committee is trauma."

Draven's energy didn't drop an inch. "You should've called. If one of you had been bitten..."

"None of us were," Jace cut in. "Strike team handled it like pros. We got on the jet and peaced out while the innkeeper turned into a magical

badass and banished the vamps with a Celtic exorcism or something.”

“Her chant slapped,” Ash agreed, still rubbing his bruised nose. “Ten outta ten would hire her again.”

Draven’s jaw clenched. “Still. If the Aegis Protocol opened a portal that close to one of our allies..”

“We know,” I said softly, meeting his eyes. “It’s a problem. We’ll debrief after caffeine.”

There was a long beat where he stared at all of us, wild haired and disheveled, wrapped in each other like a damn cuddle cult. And then he huffed, shoulders dropping. “Fine. I’m glad you’re back.”

“We’re glad to be back,” Dax muttered. “Now can we not get alpha screamed at during REM next time?”

Ash raised a hand. “Also, I’m hungry. And I think Elowen broke my nose.”

“I think your face broke my elbow,” I grumbled, stretching. “Where’s Luna Aelira? Does she have muffins?”

“Gods,” Taya groaned, flopping dramatically into Rylen’s lap again. “I need a bath, a bacon sandwich, and ten years of therapy.”

Jace snorted. “We’ll get to that after we tell the entire pack how we collected another mate on this trip.”

All eyes turned to Lachlan.

The Trip Home



Who just grinned like the charming troublemaker he was and waved. "Ello. First time leavin' Scotland. Nearly died twice. Found my soulmate. This normal fer ye lot?"

"Yes," we all said in chaotic unison.

Alpha Draven pinched the bridge of his nose. "I need a drink."

And with that, the doors opened, sunlight poured in, and we were finally... fucking finally...home.

But rest?

Yeah. That wasn't coming anytime soon.



Comments



Error Collection