

A digital illustration of two characters in a romantic pose. On the left, a man with short reddish-brown hair, wearing a long black trench coat, holds a woman. The woman, on the right, has long black hair and is wearing a white lace-trimmed crop top and blue jeans. They are standing in front of a dark, gothic-style building with a large full moon in the background.

T. S.  
Walker

**Dark Guardian**  
**Rosezzettea**  
**and Javon**

JAVON & ROSEZZETTEA:

DARK GUARDIAN

BY

T. S. WALKER

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*For my children, friends who understood why I wanted to write these types of stories and to my husband. Thank all of you so much for standing beside me during my long hours of writing.*

## CHAPTER ONE

Rose threaded her fingers in his thick, silky hair, drawing him closer, thrusting her tongue in his mouth. He made a low growling sound when she moved her hips against his, causing an almost unbearable friction. She shivered when his knuckles brushed against her mound as he moved to unbutton his pants. She had to have him, right then and there. She never wanted a man as much as she wanted him. Her body had a mind of its own right now. Wet and throbbing with need.

He gripped her underwear, the only clothing she wore, and with another low growl ripped them away from her body.

Her sex ached in answer to his savage need. Never in her life had she wanted a man as much as she needed him.

Rose wrapped her arms around his neck. Her heart pounded as he grasped her bare buttocks and effortlessly lifted her, lowering her over his cock.

Inch by luscious inch he filled her body. He felt

so damn good... Correction, he seemed good, now that she was being pulled away from her lover and tossed into another world.

\* \* \* \*

Rosezzettea Norton stirred in her sleep, her lashes fluttering. A subtle groan slipped from her lips, sounding of grief and torment.

"No!" her voice filled with horror. Her eyes opened wide for a brief moment before closing once again, and darkness engulfed her, pulling her into another nightmare.

Her head thrashed from side—to—side on her pillow as darkness rapidly filled her dreamless sleep, pulling her in deeper. In an attempt to awaken, she pushed through the endless darkness, reaching out for something, anything, to anchor her soul to her body, but she knew she wouldn't wake until she went through the entire dream—nightmare. The more she resisted the force, the more her mind clouded with darkness. The more it pulled her into another world, a world full of darkness and evil.

She shivered at the ice water, or at least what felt like ice water, pulsing through her veins. A burst of cool wind brushed against her skin, causing her to shake from the cold surrounding her. The cold was everywhere. It was in the air, in

her life and now in her soul.

Rose closed her eyes from the cold wind biting into her flesh as she flew through miles and miles of endless darkness, traveling from her world into another.

Her entire body jerked, shaking the bed from the force of her movement, when a loud noise erupted around her sounding like two cars crashing head-on into each other. Opening her eyes for a brief moment, she saw that where she now stood. She could see no more than two feet in any direction, so she decided that moving wasn't a good idea. There was no telling where the dreams placed her this time.

She again closed her eyes when the familiar but unwanted chill zigzagged through her body. She knew the moment she reopened her eyes she would be in the dream. No, she wouldn't be in a dream—it felt too real to be a dream. Rose knew when she again opened her eyes she would be in someone else's body.

Trying to calm her nerves she took a deep breath and the faint smell of blood, burned wood, and for some reason, the fresh scent of pine filled her senses.

Frowning, she wondered where she'd ended up now. What pain would she have to endure this time, before she woke scared to death and sweating? Before she could stop it, pain, the same

pain she always experienced, swept through her body, locking every muscle until she thought this time, she would die from it. Her chest tightened, her lungs pleading for the much-needed air that would not come.

"God, no," she rasped, trying to hold onto her sanity. "Not again!"

Immediately she went down hard onto the wet ground. Her fingers dug briefly into the grass and soil before she pushed herself upwards and stood again.

She looked around the pitch-black space until miles and miles of trees focused in her clouded mind. The sun slowly rose in the distance, bringing a deep orange ray with it. Shaking her head, she took another deep breath before taking off into the slowly arriving dawn.

Rose had to run until she got away from him. If he caught her, he would kill her. She knew he would. No matter how much she wanted to try to find out what was happening to her life and why she ended up here she knew if she didn't run for her life, this day would be her last.

The last thought of why she was running traveled through Rose's mind, before she was no longer Rosezzettea Norton, but a woman named Irene, who was fleeing for her life.

\* \* \* \*



Irene inhaled deeply. Every muscle in her sore and abused body screamed out in agony when the first breath of clean air in days filled her starving lungs. Her legs wobbled briefly, she staggered, going face first to the ground.

Raising her hands quickly to keep from plowing into the grass, she planted them firmly onto the ground in front of her to regain her composure. Standing upright, she pushed the pain of her aching muscles to the back of her mind before taking off again in a wild sprint through the woods. She didn't know how to get out or where she was going, she only knew she needed to run for her life.

Her heartbeat raced so rapidly that dizziness quickly absorbed her. Perspiration broke out on her forehead and body. Her usually clean and well-maintained long jet-black hair, now messy, flew in the gentle breeze.

She gasped, seeking the one road that would lead her out of the forest.

Sweat and blood ran heavily from the open wounds on her neck, arms, and legs. Never in her life had she experienced this much pain at once. Her body wanted to shut down, but her brain and her fear of what would happen kept her moving down the long, dusty path.

Dropping her head, she ducked a tree limb as

she ran by it. She changed directions to keep from running into a large branch hanging down from another tree.

*Gotta find a hospital!* Her thoughts were cut short by a distant, low, and dangerous growl echoing in the night, from what had to be a wolf. *Later, I'll find one later.*

She breathed out at the feeling of her warm blood dripping from every bite wound they had inflicted, weakening her, but she did not care. She would get away, and nothing in this world would stop her from running. After days of non-stop torture, she would walk barefoot over red-hot coals before returning to that place. Prison had nothing on what she experienced in just a few days at that place. The nights were the worst time. They all woke at night, hungry, and wanting. And what could she do against hundreds of them? Nothing. They took and took, and gave, but not as much as they took. They never gave more than they took from her. When they finished with her, they left her weak and half dead. Not that they cared, because the next night, if she was ready or not, they made her get up and tend to their needs. After the last time they tortured her she knew she had to come up with a plan to get out of that place alive. It had taken too long to escape, but after five days, she eventually got a chance to sneak out of the prison while they tormented the newcomers.

God had given her another opportunity to live, and when she escaped Dark Town, she would thank Him every day of her life.

Her eyes strained to see through the thick fog that cascaded over the valley, obscuring her view even further. She barely saw two feet in front of her but she knew if she kept up her current speed, she would be safe. Running happened to be her only means of escape. Going back wasn't a choice. If they caught her, they would kill her or worse – inflict more pain and humiliation. Nevertheless, if she stayed outside long enough and kept her body moving, while praying to the Gods above to rush the sunrise, they would burn from the sun's harsh rays. At least she hoped they would.

*Come back, Irene. Please help me! Please! I thought I was your best friend.*

Irene's body tensed at the sound of her friend's mental call. Closing her eyelids tightly, she pushed the thought of stopping far from her mind. God knew she wanted to go back and aid them, but she knew they had tortured and murdered all of her friends days ago. Anyway, her friends had never been able speak to her mentally before, which meant the voice she had just heard couldn't have come from them. The voice had come from the one chasing her.

The vampire.

He wanted to get her off balance, to believe that

her friends where still alive, and when she stopped to turn around he would catch her then take her back. Once back, he would torture her for running away from him. He would probably make her play the game, like her friends, so she would die like them.

Days ago, the main vampire, Xavier, had forced her best friends to play the game, a dangerous game he had designed just for humans, for his entertainment.

Xavier observed her friends and directed as if he were producing some sort of horror movie, but he did not watch them alone. No, he wasn't the only one who enjoyed watching humans suffer before they eliminated themselves. Other vampires watched as her friends battled for their lives, only to have them end painfully.

Now guess who was next on their agenda of pain. Her! Not just in pain, but also dying slowly and in the worst possible way their minds could devise. And that was not in any way a part of her agenda. Matter of fact, dying in pain hadn't been on her agenda at all.

She would never die the way her friends had; would never suffer as they had. She would live! Her main goal was to live to expose Xavier and the rest of them for what they really were — bloodthirsty vampires who loved to watch humans suffer.

Just the mere thought of what Xavier had done to her friends made her eyes water from the grief of losing them to a murderer. Despite her pain, she wouldn't cry for them—not again, not yet. Right now, she had to escape from the vampire that had to be on her tail. Stopping now, even for a short breather, would get her killed. If they ever caught her again, they would take her back to that god-awful place, and she did not want to go back there—EVER! No humans would ever want to go back to Dark Town, not without an army of soldiers, and even that probably wouldn't help a person survive in that town. Xavier would assassinate them all in one weekend, just as he had killed all of her friends.

In only five days, Xavier had changed their fun-filled weekend into a bloody massacre. One man—vampire — had destroyed her life, turning it upside down. Now, she could do nothing to help them or help herself. If she made it out, she would make sure that no one else would die in that town. She would let everyone know to never go there. She only wished that someone had warned her and her friends before they planned to go there. Spending a week in Montana for the first time had seemed like a great idea. When Irene and her friends arrived, they did not discover anything out of the ordinary.

The sun shone brightly. The birds chirped

happily as they flew in the blue cloudless sky. Nothing seemed wronged with the place. The first night there had been unforgettable. They had so much fun that her and her friends thought about coming back in a couple of weeks just to do it again.

Everything was good at first, but no one knew when they went hiking they would end up in forbidden territory. Who knew that once the sun went down, villainous, dangerous, hungry and even some horny vampires woke from their rest, and when they recognized human beings on their land, it drove them crazy with wicked desire to make them obey. A sixteen-person group orgy had nothing on what she had experienced this past weekend.

None of them would have thought that their week long getaway at the best camping spot in Yellowstone Park would turn into murder. They had come for adventure with a slight hint of mystery and they got it, alone with hungry vampires that believed playing dangerous games would be fun.

Shaking the thoughts from her mind, Irene proceeded to run in an effort to get out of the park. At the same time, she clenched her teeth to keep them from clattering against each other in the cold. The morning air here was a lot colder and thinner which made it harder for her to breathe in

the air she needed. Air happened to be the last thing on her mind right now. She had to survive long enough for the sunlight to force the vampires back into their graves. If she gave up now, she would give up her soul.

Again, the thought of how two of her best friends had perished sent a chill running down her spine. In spite of everything, the memory of losing her friends haunted her. Or, maybe the vampire chasing her made her think about them. The short time she spent with them she noticed that they could make you see, hear, and believe whatever they wanted you to. They could project pictures in the minds of humans.

More pictures flashed in her mind, back to the point where she'd pleaded with Xavier. The one thing she would never forget that after she had pleaded with Xavier not to take her friends away from her, his vampire followers still took them down into the dungeon where they had prepared a place where trapdoors and different types of living creatures waited their next meal. The vampires not a slave to Xavier, waited in the upper room as if their life was some game to play with. A game that did not last long...a game that wasn't a game at all. When they played, they played for their lives and the lives of others. One wrong move from anyone could cost another person's life.

Closing her eyes, even as she ran for her life, her mind replayed the event when Xavier had told her that her friends were dead.



## CHAPTER TWO

The door to her prison burst open and her gaze went up to Xavier Aguirre, owner of Dark Town, as he moved gracefully into her room with the most evil of all smiles on his face. The man moved as no human man could. Maybe because he wasn't a human, never had been a human. Xavier began as one of the good ones of the guys. He battled side-by-side with other Dark Guardians for years. That was until he gave up his soul, turning into the evil, underhanded, no good man that walked the earth today.

Swallowing the lump that rose in her throat, she jumped up from the bed. With each step he took towards her, she took one of her own backwards. They played this little game until her back pressed against the dark green wall of her badly decorated room. Never in her life would she have thought that they would go through so much trouble to make them comfortable only to kill the visitor later in a stupid game.

Xavier stopped so close to her that the smell of his tangy male scent wafted into her nose. Her eyes widened in alarm when his arm moved up, reaching, she believed, for her, but instead Xavier ripped his dark glasses from his face. Like the other vampire, Virgil, his silver eyes flared in her darkened room, staring deeply into hers. The urge to grab him around the neck and kiss him grew stronger with each passing moment. The man had looks that would stop a woman in her tracks and made her want to just stare at him for hours at a time. He looked good but deep within lived an evil, cold-hearted killer who needed little provocation.

"Your friends are dead." Just like that, he blurted it out.

It took a minute for his words to register in her mind. Irene shook her head in disbelief at what he had said. He was lying. He had to be lying. Her friends were not dead. She would not believe they were dead.

"Yes," he said, reading her mind. "They are dead."

"No, you bastard. I don't believe you." Some unknown force made Irene lift her hands to his chest and with all her might, she pushed him back from her to give her some room, but her effort got her barely a millimeter, if that much.

A low and dangerous hiss erupted from his

lips. His eyes went from friendly and nice to a deep blood red color, and scary. Rule number one: Do not touch the vampire. Yeah, gotta remember that.

Xavier's hand shot out toward her and clutched her wrist in a painful grip. His large fingers wrapped around it. She winced in pain, almost going to her knees when he squeezed.

"Fine," he spat, darkness now in his voice. "You disbelieve me, that's your problem, but if you ever, I mean *ever*, touch me again and without my consent, I will break your neck."

His grip tightened once more, her knees buckling again from the pain that shot through her right arm.

Why had she done that? She would never know.

He irately yanked her out of her room and down to her friends.

"No, let me go. Let me go."

"Shut up before you lose your teeth."

Her mouth snapped closed tightly, knowing he meant it and that he would enjoy it as he did it. Quietly and still half dragging her feet on the carpet, she followed him to wherever he led her.

They passed through several doors, proceeding deeper underground until the air thinned. She coughed just to try to get enough air into her lungs.

She looked at Xavier, noticing the thinning air did not seem to bother the vampire. He continued walking at a fast pace, dragging her along with him.

As they made their way through the maze, Irene wanted to cry, not believing her friends were dead. She did not believe him, would not believe him. But now they stood inside a dark room that resembled a torture chamber—mold and stale air filled the tiny room, stealing her breath away until she wanted to gag from the foul smell.

A candle hanging from the cave wall lit the dim dungeon. Dirt lined the floor. A large rat scurried across the room, almost running over Irene's feet. She gasped but refused to touch Xavier again.

Once they stood in the middle of the floor, he released her arm.

Snatching back, she rubbed her wrist, knowing his painful grip would leave a bruise on her skin in the morning.

A harsh push in the middle of her back sent her toward a small opening in the room's floor.

Turning, she looked back at Xavier who stared at her without saying a word. He raised his hand and pointed toward the hole in the ground, and she knew that he wanted her to look.

Not going to happen.

Irene shook her head. He growled as his already red eyes intensified to a point where they

looked like embers in a fireplace.

*Damn this madness. I'm not looking.*

Only when he moved, and it looked as though he would strike her, did Irene turn back to the hole and ease up to it slowly, not knowing if he planned to kill her now or later.

Irene's eyes widened at what she saw down in the hole. Both hands rose to her mouth to stifle a strangled cry that threatened to leave her lips.

Reality hit her harder than two trains running into each other. When she laid eyes on her friends' lifeless bodies, with metallic spikes protruding from them, she knew she had to get the hell out of Dark Town, and fast.

Looking at them, she fell to the ground, tears falling from her eyes, her voice wailing through the dark cave.

Tears slid down her cheek. She took her hands from her mouth and covered her eyes. She could not let Xavier see her cry. "No. Not them," she whispered.

Just thinking of dying in such a horrible fashion compelled her to take extreme measures and come up with an escape plan before her time expired. She had only to wait for her one chance to flee.

Irene refused to die the way they had.

"Get up," Virgil ordered, after letting her cry for a few minutes.

Dropping her hands from her bloodshot eyes,

she looked up, frowning, not knowing when Xavier had left, and Virgil had come in.

Wiping the tears from her face, she squared her shoulders, refusing to let them see her as a weak human. "What are you going to do to me?"

Virgil smiled, only smiled, and she understood what he had in store for her.

\* \* \* \*

After taking her back to her room, they made her perform sexual acts that she never would have imagined doing. The way they had taken pleasure from her body without giving her any rest for days made her want to sob now. Not only did they sexually assault her, they fed from her. Worse, the vampires had forced her to beg them to draw her blood, adding another humiliating and painful memory.

Irene had been simultaneously grateful and hurt for being happy when new humans found their way to Dark Town. The second the new humans arrived the vampires ignored her, leaving her to starve to death. That would have been fine with her, because they had taken away everything she ever had, or lived for. Now she did not know what had happened to the other three people and did not really care. Escaping and getting back to her family was the only thing on her mind right

now. Once she made it out of this land, she would get the police force—maybe the United States Army—to rescue the remainder of them. Getting them out would be her mission, regardless of what she did or whom she got to help, but she couldn't leave them there to die as so many others probably had. At any cost, the vampires would see the sunlight before they died a fiery death.

The vampires had taken away her friends, stripped her of her dignity, something she thought she would never lose, and made her into a sex slave. Irene had everything before coming here. She had money, a life with a boyfriend, who she cherished dearly, and a lovely two-month-old daughter, a child she believed she would never see again. The thought of never seeing her daughter's little face, or holding her close to her heart while she fed, pushed Irene harder to escape. Her child was the one single most important reason she had needed to get out alive, and she had. Soon she would hold her daughter in her arms again. Oh, she couldn't overlook Charles! They loved each other and they were deciding to get a home together, but that came later in her plan. Right now, her mind was on getting back to her child.

Thinking of her child only made her run faster. Tree limbs snagged on her ripped blue jeans, tearing them more as she went by. Her white t-

shirt, was now drenched red with her blood, blood she couldn't afford to lose.

In the distance, the sound of flowing water made her eyes widen. Her left foot slid, and dirt flew up in the breeze around her. No way! There's no way she had done a U-turn.

A U-turn that took her back to the place she did not want to see ever again.

"No — no — no — no — no!"

Getting her second wind, she turned, pushing her body more, knowing it had no more to offer, but she had to get away. Again, Irene shot off in a different direction. The sounds of the dry woods and leaves crackled under her now sore feet as she ran. Not even the soreness would be able to slow her down. Nothing!

"Gotcha," a dark voice said, as strong arms wrapped around her waist, stopping her escape.

Nothing except that. Dammit!

If her world had never been cold, it was now. Blood drained from her face leaving her colder inside. Her heart raced to a dangerous speed until she felt faint. Her body stiffened, teeth digging into her bottom lip when her back pressed up to a solid, immovable object. For a split second, no sound, not even a whimper, left her lips. Her world crumbled under her, and she descended deeper into her world of despair. She knew she would die, or worse, be taken back to that place



where they would use her until they decided to kill her.

"You thought you would escape, didn't you?" his voice said seductively, as his arm tightened around her waist. His spicy male scent surrounded her and she recognized it was her angel of death holding her close to him, not Xavier but Virgil. Without waiting for a response, strong hands pushed her head to the side, his warm tongue licking the blood that gushed from the wound on her neck. Not just any wound but *his* wound. The one that he said would take longer to heal because he had marked her as his play toy.

"Please let me go," she begged, without fighting.

Why fight? Fighting would only make him angrier than he already was and further angering a vampire wasn't an intelligent thing to do. Xavier taught her that. He must be three times as strong and faster than she would ever be. Running, screaming, fighting or even biting wouldn't help. However, she knew he would like her to bite him. He had told her that before.

Never mind the biting part; she had to hold out just a little longer. If she did, she could take his life as he took hers. The sunlight would kill him while he drained the blood from her, and that would suit her fine. As long as she knew she took one of these bastards out, death would be okay with her.

She only hoped that she could see her family one last time before he killed her. She would do anything to hold her baby in her arms or even kiss her boyfriend.

The feel of his human teeth biting down so delicately onto the soft curve of her neck made her shiver. She knew what he was doing. He was taunting her. Virgil enjoyed making her want him to take her blood. They both knew that it took only time, a couple more love bites, before she begged him to do it.

His warm lips pressed into the curve of her neck, savoring her skin again. Warmth spread through her body. Starting at the point where his lips connected with her skin, all the way down to her toes. Irene closed her eyes, embarrassed when her body reacted to his touch.

The slight pinch from the tip of his fangs brought her back to the predicament at hand. If she didn't fight, she would die. Immediately, she twisted her body, trying to move away from his. She did not desire him nor did she want him to take her body.

"Why do you want to be free? I already smell your arousal." His warm breath against her neck made her fine hairs stand up. "Your blood and your body were the best we have had in a longtime."

Her body quivered in disgust at his comment.

Sure, she had orgasms when they were together, lots of them. Some like she'd never felt before, but what respectable woman would agree that she had had a good time with a group of vampires? Pushing the erotic image from her mind, her gaze rested on the skyline again. The orange and yellow rays rose gradually from behind the trees, letting her know she needed to stall for a couple more seconds so the sunlight could take his life.

"I don't want to go back there. Pl...please let me go. I swear not to tell anyone about you or that place. Please..."

His laughter killed her plea on her lips, letting her know he wouldn't let her go.

Ever.

"No, lovely, you can't go. I would turn you into a Squire or a Triane."

"What?" she asked, not knowing what he spoke about.

"A Squire is a human who has sampled his master's blood. Not enough to turn them, just enough to make them obey and do all the work that needs to be done during daytime. A Triane is a bit different from a Squire. Trianes are fully transformed humans. They only have the life span of about five hundred years." He snorted. "Who needs them after five hundred years anyhow? I would love to keep you around but you are too weak, and you probably wouldn't make it through

the transition stage. The transition stage is the most dangerous stage of the human transformion into a vampire. If you are not strong enough, you would die during the process. Anyway, I have other plans for you, and they end in death. Xavier wants you dead because you tried to escape”

Not waiting for an answer, with a low snarl he plunged his blood teeth into her neck. The feel of his fangs deep in her neck, pulling harder with every mouthful he engulfed, taking her life’s essence, made her body immediately tingle as it always did when they fed from her. As he dragged her into a world of ecstasy she wondered if he was doing something to her mind to make her body respond the way it did, or if it was just her wanting him. He must have, because she didn’t want him. Not all women would want him to keep feeding from her like she did. Immediately, unwanted need spread through her entire body, causing her to respond to his feeding just like he wanted. She hissed in revulsion, already just short of a hard orgasm.

For goodness sake, he wasn’t even touching her sexually, and already she wanted him to make her feel the way she knew he could. If the sun hadn’t been rising, she knew he would have thrown her to the ground and had his way with her. Several times, at that. The bulge poking her in the back was sufficient proof that feeding from her turned

him on also.

Dizziness soon replaced her sexual haze. Her eyelids drifted down, her body went limp in his arms. Weakly, with the one last bit of fight left in her, she reached up to his thick, dark hair, trying to draw him away from her neck. Her struggle only resulted in him pulling her closer to him with a harsher growl. He thrust his fangs deeper into her neck, causing her to moan loudly with pleasure. Instead of releasing her like they always had, she felt him sucking the life from her body. Then she knew this was how she would die, with Virgil's teeth in her neck and no release in sight. The image of her baby flashed into her mind before her eyelids grew heavy and darkness threatened to envelope her.

Her hands fell from his hair, her heartbeat weak, too weak for her to survive. Finally, he released her neck. With no strength left in her, she slid to the ground with a hard thump.

Still fighting for her life, Irene wrenched her eyelids open and looked up at her smiling killer. Silver eyes looked down at her, his thick, long, black hair hiding part of his handsome face. She blinked her eyes and reopened them to nothing. He had disappeared into the woods before the sun's beams touched her now cool clammy skin, and she knew the sunlight had forced him back into the woods.

With her final breath, she glared up at the darkened skies to talk to the heavens, "God, please help those who go into Dark Town to escape."

\* \* \* \*

The nightmare ended as Rose opened her eyes. A small cry for help escaped her lips, and at the same time she looked intently around her darkened room. She reached up, pushing away the invisible teeth latched onto her neck. Feeling nothing there, she lowered her hands, pondering why she believed someone had bitten her — not just someone, but a vampire.

Her chest rose fast, and fell just as quickly. Tiny beads of sweat covered her entire body. Her mind once more tried to recall her dream, but came up empty.

"Not again!" she shouted, to an empty room.

With a sigh, Rose took a deep breath, again not remembering her dreams.

Every single night she awakened from a terrible nightmare only to remember nothing about it. At first, they began as dreams. Now, they were nightmares of running for her life from vampires and other creatures she only knew from the movies. People did not have fangs and drink people's blood so she knew vampires did not exist.

For a brief moment, she heard piercing cries and experienced heartbreaking pain, pain she wouldn't wish on anyone. Grabbing her stomach, she doubled over. Her head pounded from pressure. It intensified for several moments before she relaxed and her mind went completely blank, unable to recall the pain.

"Hell, why can't I remember?"

The only time she awoke and recalled her dreams was when she dreamed about a dark stranger taking her in ways one could do only in a dream. The man in her dreams was nothing like the men in her nightmare. Every now and then, she dreamed of a tall, handsome, strong, and desirable man that every woman wanted, but who only wanted her and her alone. Nothing in the world made a woman feel more desired than having a man who only wanted to please her until they were both sweating, so tired that neither wanted to move.

Arrrg! Why couldn't she find a man who could satisfy her the way the man in her dream did? At least find a man that could make her finally want to have sex with him. Being a virgin for so long had not been part of the plan, but what could she do when a man looked at her and she went as cold as ice? None of her boyfriends were able to spark that fire inside of her that so many women speak of. Maybe she didn't have a fire to be sparked.

Maybe she was destined to die an old, gray, virgin.

She looked at the red lights on her alarm clock to see what time her dream had awakened her this time. Just after midnight, which meant she had time to sleep, but she did not know if that was what she wanted. Sleeping would take her back to her dark world and then she would wake again to nothing.

Dropping back into the bed, shutting her eyes, Rose prayed like any woman would, that her lover, instead of another nightmare, would come to her in her dreams.

The sound of twisting metal from two vehicles crashing into one another outside made her jump up from the bed. Rose reached over, grabbed the phone, and dialed a familiar number.

The phone rang, once, twice, three times before someone picked up.

"Look, I know it's late, but could you come over for awhile? I can't sleep."

Rose twisted the cord in her hand, knowing her friend would come. Her friend would help her through this night, as she had so many others.



## CHAPTER THREE

*Two Hours Later*

“**R**ose, are you certain you are going to be fine sleeping here alone tonight—I mean, this morning? It is morning, isn’t it?”

Rosezzettea’s gaze averted from the dark screen on her television set, which she had been blankly staring at for at least five minutes now, then up to her best friend, Veronica, who sat patiently on the sofa alongside her.

Out of all of her friends, Veronica and she were the closest. She just couldn’t tell her other best friends, Rita and Faith, they would go crazy.

Veronica had to love her. Why else would she leave her bed at midnight, drive ten miles to the home of a friend who freaked out when she heard a car crash? Rose still did not know why the crash frightened her. The sound seemed to bring some bad part of her memories to her. Nightmares she couldn’t remember. Crazy wasn’t it?

\* \* \* \*

When Veronica arrived, she looked as though she had immediately jumped in her car and hurried over.

Veronica's blond hair was still up in a ponytail, traces of night cream still lined her blue eyes, and she was wearing a blue robe and slippers. She had jumped up, put on her robe and shoes, and then grabbed her keys as soon as Rose had phoned her.

Rose's attire was just as dreadful. She wore a nightshirt that hung all the way to her knees, but had on no shoes or underclothing, nor did she worry about how she looked at this moment.

"Vern, this is my home," Rose teased, smiling as best she could. "Why wouldn't I be all right sleeping here?"

Veronica watched her friend nervously twirling her fingers in her long jet-black hair. Something disturbed Rose more than just the eerie feeling she kept telling her about. Rose had been acting unusual for about a month now. While at work, Rose barely spoke anymore. She only sat there looking at everyone, putting on a fake smile every now and then when someone said something funny. Whenever Veronica spoke to Rose, hoping that she would open up about what was on her mind Rose assured her that she just did not feel

well. It was a lie and Veronica knew it, but she also knew that Rose would tell her when she got ready. Whatever it was, she prayed it would end after this weekend.

After Rose became more distant from the others, Faith came up with the idea for a girls' weekend getaway. At first Rose had been hesitant, but with some pushing and begging she agreed to come along.

Now watching her friend becoming more nervous every day, Veronica wondered if leaving for the weekend was a good idea. Rose had no one else in her life, no one besides her, and she wanted her best friend back. Not this new Rose, but the Rose she had grown up with and loved.

"I know this is your home, silly." Veronica smiled. "If you want me to stay, I will. I don't mind sleeping on the couch."

\* \* \* \*

Rose couldn't ask that of her friend. She knew Veronica would stay, but why ask her to stay? Why had she even called her in the first place? They were only dreams. Dreams and nightmares she couldn't remember. Dreams that freaked her out, true, but they were still dreams, after all.

Come to think of it, who wouldn't freak out if every night they awoke in a cold sweat, knowing that in the dream they were running from

someone they couldn't see, only to be caught, adding more terror. Hell, she remembered the running part...that was different.

Why could she remember running from someone? Strange. Not once could she remember anything. Now she could. Maybe what was happening to her was about to change.

"I'll be fine," she assured Veronica. She noticed Veronica staring at her nervously while twisting her hair. She stopped and placed her hands on her hip. "It's just the medicine they put me on. You understand, I don't have to go to chemotherapy anymore and—" She drew in, then quickly released her breath, not knowing what else to she. "I—I'm fine; trust me."

Sure, she was about as fine as a baby deer entertaining a lion in the same room.

"Are you certain?" Veronica's sleepy voice whispered, followed by a loud yawn. The moment Rose saw that she knew she had to let her friend go home so she could rest. They both needed rest. "I can stay, I know how much pain you can be in and I don't want you to be alone if you are hurting."

"Trust me," Rose said, as she rose from the seat, "I will be okay. Now go and get some rest so we can leave on time in the morning. Remember hiking, men, swimming, more men, and did I remember to tell you about the men part?"

"You have been hanging around Rita too much. You are beginning to think like her."

"Really?" Rose smiled. "I thought you would like the fact that I speak of men. Isn't that on your agenda of things to do? Get Rose laid before the new millennium?"

"Funny."

"I try to be, but trust me, you can go. I will be fine."

Veronica tilted her head and then looked at Rose taking in her appearance. Maybe her friend spoke the truth about feeling all right.

After the doctors had diagnosed Rose with cervical cancer, she had paled from her chemotherapy. Under her eyes were dark circles, and she lost a lot of weight. Now she appeared healthy. Her brown eyes were sparkling with a hint of something she did not want Veronica to know about. Her hair had grown back, doubled in length, and now touched the middle of her back. To top it off she joked about men. Something only Rita usually joked about.

Maybe Rose did feel okay.

Rising from the sofa, Veronica looked at her friend, smiling.

"All right. I'll go, but you call me if you need me."

"I will, I promise."

Rose watched her friend move to the door.

When she opened it, she turned, looking back at Rose.

"Are you sure, because once I walk out this door it will take some time to get back here if you call. I can sleep on the couch if you need me here."

"Vern." Rose grabbed the door. "I'm fine now go and get some rest."

Veronica lifted her eyebrows giving Rose once last chance to change her mind about her staying with her.

"I'm fine, Veronica, now go."

With a quick nod, Veronica walked out of the door. Rose closed the door behind Veronica when she walked out, then leaned up against the door, happy the third degree was over.

Friends are good to have but a pain when you need to get rid of them. That was wrong to think. Veronica wasn't a pain; she was only concerned about her health. Hell, everyone worried about her health.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Javon My'ari kicked the empty trashed can in the alley; it flew upwards, slamming against the concrete wall as he walked by. Turning, he stormed out of the dark alley, heading into the streets. Nothing could calm him down now. The need to punch a hole in the wall overpowered him.

He did not care what he would accomplish by returning to that dreadful town. No one wanted to go to Montana and that's why his Nodoro chose him to journey there for the weekend to look for it. He and other Dark Guardians had traveled to Dark Town at least three times in the past six months, and he knew the town did exist, but where was a mystery to all. He was a Dark Guardian, he made an oath to serve and protect those who could not protect themselves. That included humans, demons, and other vampires. Dark Town had a high death rate. They needed to find this place and soon but going back now just

seemed like a waste of time to him.

The Trianes and the Dark Guardians who gave up their souls, or Dementras as they called them, that knew of the town and visited the town often kept the location so deep in their minds that neither he nor any Dark Guardians could reach the information. With proper practice, a vampire could protect his memories and prevent anyone from reading them if they wanted. Some are good enough that they could erase the memory from their minds completely. You had to be very good at mind control to complete a task as great as erasing your own memories. If done wrong, you could erase everything from your mind.

Javon knew they could hide the existence of Dark Town. However, he had heard the sickening tales and read in vampire publications of the torture of humans. It made him both sick and ashamed that his kind would, just for enjoyment, force their captives to fight to the death then kill the survivor. There was no doubt this evil place called Dark Town did exist.

Slipping his hands into his jacket pockets he walked among the human population unnoticed. As he walked, laughter came from most of the humans standing in the roads. Some were sitting together on the wood benches talking amongst themselves. Others were loitering doing nothing in particular. In reality, they were being humans.



They had no worries whatsoever.

Humans would never know that vampires walked among them as he did. They never knew how frequently a Dark Guardian had rescued their wasted lives. Javon sadly shook his head. Their people would never know how much pain and suffering the Dark Guardians had saved them from. They only knew the sun rose in the morning and set in the evening.

Javon's eyes went narrow with suspicion when he noticed a young woman leaning against the wall in the dark alley he passed. Turning back, he headed into the alley. The instant he stepped into the alley, his stomach churned, rolling from the appalling sickness coming off this woman. He immediately realized she had been given the wrong type of blood. Whoever gave her the blood wanted her dead. The vampire who gave her his blood knew they were not compatible. When two blood types are not compatible, a vampire knows not to give a human their blood. The end result is death. He had never heard of anyone surviving this sort of blood exchange but she might.

Slowly, he made his way to the woman, stopping when she went to her knees. She shoved two fingers into her mouth so she could vomit up the blood she swallowed. Her body shook from the force of the food she brought up with no trace of blood. He smirked. This woman thought she

could bring the blood back up. Humans did not know that once they swallowed vampire's blood it was absorbed the instant it makes it to their delicate stomachs.

Her painful grunt brought him back to her problem. He watched as she rose on weak legs, leaning against the wall for support.

"Are you okay?" he inquired, already knowing she wasn't. The Transition Stage had already begun and if she made it through, she would be a full-blooded Triane. What a disgrace. He would have to kill her the moment she made it over.

Finally, taking a good look at her, he noted that she had lengthy beautiful legs hidden under her long black skirt that had hiked up when she went to the ground. Her smooth black hair reminded him of the woman in his dreams. His dream woman was not just any woman but his Truelove, his mate, and his savior. She had come to him almost every night this week. When they met in the dream world, she would take him to a different height of pleasure. His mate had to be the most beautiful woman in this world, and he had yet to meet her personally. But he knew the way of their people, and he had to wait. Fate would bring them together when their time had come and not a moment sooner. Just knowing his Truelove lived gave him something to live for. His usual cold world felt a lot warmer and his future

looked a lot brighter than it had in all his years of walking on this earth.

There would be a time and place when he and his mate would meet, and when they did he would make all of their dreams come true. Every single last one of them. Just thinking back Javon noticed that it has been a very long time since he allowed himself to touch a woman the way he touched his mate in his dreams. Like any typical male when his cravings got to a point where his hand could not take care of his demands he bedded a woman. Like it or not he was a typical over-sexed male but instead of bedding a woman this past week he settled for being with his dream woman. To Javon it did not appear fair to go out and sleep with another woman when he knew his mate lived. Until he found her, he should pay attention to the woman in front of him so he could find the plans of the one who turned her. Death, he knew. He wanted to know why this person wanted her dead. What did this woman do or say to make him want to kill her?

The moment his gaze met to hers again, hers widened for a brief moment. The way she looked at him did not shock him. He always got some sort of reaction when people looked at him. Either, he received a shocked expression from his size or from his looks. In his life, women have called him cute, handsome, and even scary looking. He, along

with every other Dark Guardian, could stop a woman in her tracks with looks alone. At six feet two inches tall, muscular with nice but not too long chestnut colored hair, the women went crazy for him. Some women even offered him their bodies after only passing him on the streets. And as he thought before about being a typical male he took many of their offers.

"No..." she finally shouted, getting his attention again.

A little blood trickled from her mouth as she spoke. Blood pouring from the mouth was the first sign that she wouldn't make it through the Transition Stage. Her body was rejecting the blood. Now the infected blood was breaking down her blood cells, eating at every organ in her body and it would continue to do this until her body could do nothing else but stop functioning.

Javon watched her turn and spit out the blood. When she turned back to him, he saw that in only a matter of seconds her complexion had paled, and even in the darkness of the night, her face had a green tint to it.

"No," she said again. "I am not okay. Some bastard gave me his blood. I think he thought he was a vampire or something. Do you know how many diseases there are out there?"

Javon nodded, agreeing, then watched when she moaned out loud from pain as the contractions

started in her lower stomach. He knew he could end her pain but he had to kill her to do that. If he killed her, his punishment would be great. He would suffer great pain from his Brothers now, then from his God, Yateichaa, after his death. Rule number one: They did not kill humans. Dark Guardians are here to protect and serve.

Javon probably could not kill her but he could kill the bastard that did this to her and he would when he found him. No human deserved to die and especially die from infected blood. Dying in such a way is a short process but very painful.

“Do you think that guy had something? Is that why he gave me his blood?” she asked, and then spit again.

What could he say? If he said ‘yes’, she would probably start screaming and yelling at him and a woman screaming in a dark alley present with a man wasn’t something he needed right now. If he said ‘no’, it would be a lie. Something he did not do unless he had to.

When she turned looking at him again, he pushed through the layers of her mind, going deep, looking for what happened in this woman’s life. He wouldn’t kill her. He couldn’t, no matter how much she would suffer.

“Come here,” his dark voice commanded.

As she advanced, he pondered why her creator left her. The one that took her blood knew that

they were not of the same blood type but he gave her his blood anyhow. Every vampire knew what to do if you took the blood from a human then found out the bloods were not compatible. As a Dark Guardian, you erased their mind of the encounter. A Dementra or Triane would kill them. Therefore, when the individual gave this woman his blood, he knew precisely what would occur to her. Javon suspected he wanted her to suffer and he wanted to know why.

He focused on the woman standing in front of him, waiting on his order. He made sure she stood in one place before probing even deeper in her mind. They were standing so close to each other that if anyone went by they would believe they were kissing. When the place Dark Town came from her mind, he took in a deep breath, almost releasing her mind in shock. This woman had been to Dark Town! Her name was Irene, and she had escaped a vampire's death bite but did not remember anything about Dark Town, not in her present state of mind. As he drove deeper, passing her present memories and soaring deeper into the locked memories, he saw her running for her life. Irene had run until someone caught her from behind, not someone, but a vampire named Virgil. She did not see his face as he spoke to her from behind but she knew of him. When the vampire bit her, she had become aroused, something that

always happens from a vampire's bite. Going deeper, Javon came to a barrier, a thick one, one he had never run into before. It made him have to look back in her memories to find another way around the barrier.

He went back to when she recalled waking up later that day, weak and hungry.

\* \* \* \*

Irene woke with a start. She glanced up at the sun shining down on her. Groaning, she sat up on the grass, looking around wondering what had occurred.

"Virgil," she murmured, looking around the park.

Now she remembered. Virgil had caught her and killed her, or at least he tried. Blinking from the sun's harsh rays, she pushed herself off the hard ground.

For what had to be hours, she staggered, catching the trees when she threatened to topple over, as she tried to find a way out.

"Miss, are you all right?"

Irene turned, leaned up against the tree, and looked at the tall man dressed in a Park Ranger's uniform.

"Do you need a hospital?"

Irene only caught a quick glance into his

worried blue eyes before she lost consciousness again.

Hours, maybe days later, she awakened to see a doctor standing over her, observing her with a clipboard in his hand. She looked around when all sorts of devices beeped, several cables attached to various parts of her naked body, and she knew she lay in a hospital bed. Strangely, she did not know who the hell she was.

"What is your name?" The doctor in the white coat asked her.

Frowning Irene thought long and hard. She couldn't remember her name nor could she remember what had happened to make her end up in a hospital.

\* \* \* \*

Her lack of memory let Javon know the vampire had tried to erase her mind and halfway succeeded.

Irene went by Tracy now. Sadly, he thought, the poor thing has not yet seen her child, the reason she tried to hard to escape from Dark Town. She lived in a small apartment downtown, worked as a waitress at night, and slept all day.

Tonight happened to be the first night she decided to go out since the accident. Now some vampire had attacked her again; this time she



would die and there was nothing he would be able to do to stop it. His blood was not compatible to hers. Even if it had been compatible, he doubted it would work if he gave it to her.

Javon had a strange feeling that someone knew she would remember something about Dark Town and wanted her dead. Her brain held crucial information and if he had more time he could break down all the barriers the vampire had put up. Then he would know the exact location of Dark Town. Sad to say, he did not have any more time. The woman had only an hour at the most to live. Javon could only lessen her pain and do as much as possible to make sure her death was not an unpleasant one.

Not surviving this stage was hell on humans. First, it was the blood from the mouth, then she would start to have seizures, followed by unconsciousness, then more pain, until she eventually died. That had to be the worst way to die but when humans drink a tainted vampire's blood, they suffered before death.

When he made it to the vampire's barrier again, Javon made sure Irene wouldn't feel that much pain during this transaction. After that, he made sure to erase the part about the vampire giving her blood. There was no need having her in the hospital screaming about a vampire giving her blood. That would raise too much suspicion and

that would be bad for them. Finally, he made sure she understood that she needed to check herself into a hospital before the pain got worse.

The young woman smiled at him before shaking her head a few times.

"I'm sorry, what did you say?" Her voice sounded steadier now. Her body was less stressed and he knew his job had been completed.

Javon almost smiled at his work. "I asked, were you feeling okay, and you were going to say..."

"I am..." She frowned in bewilderment at her response because she actually did not know if she felt okay or not. "I cannot remember why I came this way." As she spoke, he watched her eyes take in his dark form. Unaware of what she was doing, she took a step back, almost as if she feared for her life now.

Javon comprehended her fear of him. Tonight, like all other nights, he wore all black. He was dressed in black from head to toe, including his leather coat.

He had let his hair hang, and it cascaded over his broad shoulders with a few strands covering his face. The fact that he had on dark glasses in the middle of the night did not help his appearance either.

Javon wore sunglasses all the time because his eyes were a tad lighter than the other Dark Guardians' eyes. Instead of the dark silver, almost

light gray color of most of their eyes his sparkled as if they had glitter in them. Many women loved his unusual colored eyes but they also drew a lot of unnecessary attention. Therefore, he began covering them with dark shades to hide his identity. Other vampires knew each other. Dark Hunters or Human Hunters knew them by their eye colors. Since humans hunted during the day he knew it would dangerous if one found out that he was a Dark Guardian.

“You are handsome.” She squinted at him. “Even if I can’t see the color of your eyes behind those dark glasses.”

Cocking his head to the side, he looked at her. “Thanks. Shouldn’t you be off to wherever you were heading?”

\* \* \* \*

Irene thought hard. She remembered she had to check herself into the hospital because she felt sick earlier. Needless to say, the man standing in front of her, god in human form was all she could say about him, made her forget where she had been heading. She did not know why, but even in her sickened stage, she felt incredibly turned on by him. What women wouldn’t this man turn on? They had to be made of stone if they didn’t find him sexy. Tall men had always been her passion

and this guy had it all. Tallness, built, sexy, and handsome, are all girl's fantasies.

"Ummm...yes. Sorry, but I have to go," Irene said, turned quickly and headed out of the alley and out into the streets before she said or did something that would make her despise herself in the morning.

\* \* \* \*

What a wasteful night, Javon thought as the woman left him in the alley. Tonight had begun badly when he received a call about returning to Montana. Now his only clue to finding the town headed to the nearest hospital to die. When he found this Virgil fellow who did this to her he would make sure he suffered a hell of a lot more than she would this night. Pulling his black coat around his body, he jumped up three stories and landed on top of an abandoned building so he could look down at the people walking in the streets below. Crouching he took a deep breath smelling for any scent of terror in the air. When he uncovered none he relaxed as the breeze blew his long chestnut hair feeling like a lover's touch. He watched the streets making sure that no other human came to any harm this night. All evil vampires had better beware this night because Javon had one thing on his mind and it had death

written all over it.

## CHAPTER FIVE

“Is she dead?” Xavier’s words traveled through the dining room down the hallway and straight up Virgil’s spine. It tingled from the threatening sound of his boss’ words. If he hadn’t heard news of Irene’s death, he would have turned around and walked—no run—out of Dark Town. He knew if he answered ‘no’ he would be one less vampire Dark Guardians had to worry about killing.

“She died in a hospital a couple of hours ago,” Virgil said, the corner of his lips curved upwards. Slowly he made his way to the table, not knowing if that answer would please Xavier. The man had the hot and cold thing going for him to a point that he did not know how to approach him. Which is what Xavier wanted anyhow. If anyone predicted his every move then no one would be afraid of him and that would get him killed faster than anything. “They gave her a different kind of

blood and she suffered before she died. My favorite Triane assured me that she is dead."

Virgil sat at the large mahogany table. Several other people sat around talking among each other. Tonight, instead of wine, blood filled the glass in front of him.

From behind his glasses, Xavier's silver eyes looked around the room before going back to Virgil. His favorite, young Virgil, who had lost his soul so long ago. At the tender age of seventy-five, he had to be the youngest Dark Guardian to lose his soul. Virgil's youth gave Xavier the upper hand. He'd had time to mold Virgil into the evil man he was today. If only the rest of his followers were as faithful to him as Virgil was.

"Good, good. I did not want her spreading the word about this place. I don't need some Dark Guardian picking into her mind." Xavier's eyes narrowed in annoyance after he spoke. "You should have killed her in the first place. I am upset with you."

Virgil's body shook in fright at his penetrating stare. He couldn't see Xavier's eyes directly but he knew of his anger. It radiated off Xavier in large tidal waves, washing over him. "I thought I had. I did not know the woman had lived. I left her just as the sun rose. I heard her weak heartbeat. I don't know how she survived."

A snarl coming from Xavier got the attention of

the other vampires who sat around the round table waiting on their meal. They looked at Xavier then Virgil. Once they saw that Xavier did not want their attention, they began to speak privately.

“You thought wrong. If she had been in the presence of a Dark Guardian long enough, he could have stripped her brain of information on finding this place. I hope that it hasn’t happened.”

Virgil knew that Xavier never worried about anything, but today he could feel the worry vibes coming from him. His boss had to be one of the most powerful Dementra in the world.

Xavier took possession of Dark Town after it closed over two hundred years ago when his followers used it to torture and kill humans for fun.

Over the years, Xavier turned abandoned Dark Town into a playground for his minions. Underground, he had dug several stories and set up different types of games. From trapdoors to exploding walls that re-cemented themselves, just like in an action video game with lots of killing. He had an assortment of creatures he created from other vampires and even dead humans, or undead humans, as he called them.

Xavier generally let two humans start together on the bottom floor. As they battled for their lives, vampires gambled on different types of events,

such as how long it would take before they died or how many creatures the humans would kill. It sounded childish, but it wasn't childish for those humans playing the game fighting for their very lives.

"Your secret is safe, boss. If they had that information, I promise you they would be here by now. Dark Guardians take action much faster than the police," Virgil said.

Xavier grinned when several humans in white clothing staggered into the room ushered by several of his servants. The group of vampires all stopped their conversations as the crying, begging humans were led into the room. There were three females and two males, all had to be in their early thirties. Two of the females had long gold colored hair and the other had red short hair. The men bore shaved heads.

All five of them were scared to death, wondering what would happen to them when the captors released them. They only came to Montana for a fun getaway, now they were being held hostage and did not know what their fates were. They didn't but the group of hungry vampires did.

Virgil saw Xavier scowl a bit then smile as the servants took all five of them to the end of the table so he could give his approval. The last thing a vampire wanted was to sink his teeth in a sickly



human. Even though human diseases wouldn't harm a vampire, feeding off someone with AIDS or anemia did not fulfill them. Their blood was not strong enough to satisfy the hunger most evil vampires have. If a vampire got a diabetic, it was known as sweet candy. Diabetics were the individuals vampires didn't feed off often because it could become addictive and dangerous.

"Gentlemen, your dinner has arrived, but remember at Dark Town, we don't kill servants."

The group of humans cried through the gags when the vampires pushed one of them in front of another hungry snarling vampire.

Virgil smiled as a young blonde stood in front of him, her fake boobs almost breaking free from her ripped shirt. Black mascara ran down the sides of her white face, leaving dark lines on her skin.

"Don't worry, sweetheart." Virgil stood, his hand brushed her hair from her face. She tried to flinch away, but he caught a handful of her hair, keeping her where he wanted her. The fear that rolled off this woman could give a vampire an instant high.

"Don't cry," he said smoothly. "This won't hurt— much."

He snarled, letting his fangs descend in his mouth so she could see exactly what he prepared to do to her. The woman went wide-eyed before she screamed through the gag. The smell of her

fear only made his hunger more intense.

Only muffled screams and the pop of fangs breaking into human flesh traveled through the dining hall and over the entire building. Even resting vampires heard the call of blood and they rose, wanting to feed.

The humans screeched but they did not know how fortunate they were. They were only a food source. Some had to play the game, some humans served as sex slaves. Thus, they should be happy their punishment was easier than that of the other humans.

## CHAPTER SIX

The door to her room opened, Rose jumped up from the bed in alarm. Since last night, the slightest sound made her want to leap out of her skin in fear. She had never before lived thinking that someone wanted to harm her but she was not prepared to take that chance.

With a smile firmly in place she looked at Veronica, who walked into the room looking much better than she did last night. Instead of letting her hair hang down her back, she had pinned it up in a leather thong, revealing her long, slender neck. She had replaced the robe with hiking shorts and a black tee that hugged her every curve. No hiking outfit was complete without the brown walking boots Veronica wore.

“Come on, Rosezzettea. Our flight departs in three hours and you have not finished packing yet.”

Rose snarled at her best friend for calling her by that god-awful name her mother gave her. She

constantly believed her mom did it on purpose just to make her life more miserable than it already was. Whose life could be good when they are were a thirty-two year old virgin? Being a virgin was her personal choice, but only because when she attended high school her mom had her in every after school activity offered. Boys were not something she had time to think about.

After the school day, she had to go to chess club, band, and then debate club. After she graduated high school, her parents made her go to college to take up medicine, so she could become a doctor. Funny thing about her becoming a doctor, every time she saw blood, she felt faint. Actually, she did faint a few times. So becoming a doctor was not something she would be good at. Rose didn't think her patients would want their doctor fainting on them while they were on the operating table.

No matter how sick she got, her mother and father pushed her more, made her continue to attend college, and even took her to a hospital and made her go inside the blood room. Rose forgot how many times she had to stand there and stare at the blood packages before she got over her fear of blood. Now she worked as a clerk at Delaware General, but that was not good enough for her parents. "You should be a doctor, not a clerk at the front desk," her mom would repeatedly point out

to her, and they made sure she knew that they wouldn't be proud of her until she became a doctor.

Tough, she wasn't going back to college yet. She made enough money to get by as a clerk and that's all she would be until she wanted to move on.

"Rosezzzzzeettteaaaa." Her friend sung her name, at the same time tapping the watch on her arm to signify that they needed to leave. "We have to get going and you are sitting on the bed, staring off into space, again."

Rose looked up at her friend smiling as she hovered over her. Tilting her head Rose put on her best smile. "You call me that again and I..."

"I know, I know, you'll kill me," Veronica finished her statement, waving her hand at her. "That's an everyday threat and I am not afraid of it. Now come on and get dressed. It's not often that we girls get to go out alone. Alvin is letting me go, Tom is letting Faith go, Craig is letting Rita go, and you can just pack up your vibrator if you want. I don't think the girls would mind if you brought your man with you."

"Screw you," Rose told her, before giving her the middle finger.

"What did I say?" Veronica questioned in a childlike voice. "Does your man get upset when we talk about him?"

Before Rose knew it, she hurled her pillow at her friend, which she caught before it touched her face.

"Cut it out, Veronica. I am not with a man because I don't want to be with one," Rose reminded her, then closed her suitcase hard. "Having a man in my life isn't what I need right now."

Rose watched as Veronica laid the pillow back on the bed then sat beside her.

Their gaze met, and she knew her friend comprehended about not wanting a man in her life right now. The problem with Veronica was she did not grasp why she had preferred to be a virgin, not the other way around. It wasn't as if she had never gotten any offers. She wasn't she ugly or overweight — men didn't just run away. Rose probably got more offers than the average woman did. While at work, doctors, and even some women asked her out but she declined. She especially turned down the women who tried to take her to bed.

"Having a man in your bed doesn't mean you have to have one in your life. Come on, have a one-night stand with a tall, dark, and handsome man. What harm could that be? I mean, come on, you are a virgin for goodness sake!"

"I am not going to sleep with a man because you say so. I don't need it."

It was partly true. She did not need a man, not now. Unlike other women, she never got horny and never needed to masturbate. Not once had she lain in her bed at night and masturbated. She thought about it but never actually did it. That's why she believed something was wrong with her libido. She did not arouse easily.

Oh, she got horny, but only when her dream man came to her at night, then she had many orgasms. Sometimes she awoke, naked, sweating, and very satisfied. Long after she awakened, the scent from him would be all over her bed and she could do nothing other than roll over and inhale it before it faded.

At night, while Rose slept she had fantastic, heart racing, blood plumping, I want this to never stop until I die of pleasure dreams. The only part of her dreams that bugged her was his face. She could never see him clearly. Come to think about it, she and her dream lover never spoke to each other, so she did not even know his name, which was irrelevant in a dream. Sexual dreams did not require knowing his name. And until today she never told any of her friends about it, if she did, they would push her more to sleep around. They would try to convince her that her dreams were a sign that she needed to sleep around. Not true. Not true at all. Rose did not need a man and would never need one in her life. Not now. Not

later. Her life was too short to worry about a man.

"I am sorry to snap at you but you know I have cervical cancer..."

"And that has nothing to do with fucking, excuse my language." Veronica looked away from her just for a moment and took a calming breath. Rose always used her sickness as an excuse and this time she wouldn't let her get away with it. "You are taking pills that aid your condition. You don't have pain anymore and you have all of your hair again. The doctor said that you can quit taking them in a year."

Rosezzettea looked away quickly, a dead give away that she wasn't telling her friend something substantial.

Veronica's eyes narrowed at her friend's sudden movement. "You don't have pain, do you?" Veronica's voice went to a mere whisper.

To tell or not to tell, that question plagued Rose's mind. If she told Veronica then she'd worry. If she did not tell Veronica then she would feel bad for lying to her friend. And we all know if you tell one lie, you have to tell ten more to cover that one.

"Rose," Veronica called out softly.

"It started after you left last night. I thought it was menstrual cramps but it hurt more. I also felt a little light-headed."

The tears that formed in Veronica's eyes were



the reason she did not want to tell her. The doctors said they had caught the cancer early but she did not think so. They kept her on meds longer than normal. The more she took the medicine the worse she felt. The only time she did not feel sick was when she did not take them. In a short research, she decided to miss a day or two and she felt great. She wasn't tired or sick but when the pain returned, she started taking them again, knowing that she would hurt herself in the long run.

Squaring her shoulders, Rose looked Veronica in the eyes. "Don't look at me like that and don't start with the speech again. I am fine. I don't feel any pain now and if you say anything to the others to make them worry, I will be so upset with you."

Rose saw Veronica bite her lip, a sure sign she did not want to come to an agreement with her. Veronica and Rose had been best friends since high school and the moment Rose told her friend about the cancer, they both cried. Repeatedly, they cried, until they had no more tears to shed. After they cried themselves out, they made sure she went to the best doctor they had in their town. Doctor Hamilton took the cancer out, so he said, and she had to take chemo for a while. After chemo, they put her on some new medicines developed for people with her type of cancer. If taken properly it should filter out the blood like

chemotherapy but with fewer side effects. Actually, the only side effect she suffered was sickness when she took them.

"Okay, Rose, but you make sure you bring your medicine. We are going to be out in the wild and I don't want anything to happen to you."

"It won't." Rose smiled but Veronica didn't seem to buy that look. "I swear the second I feel badly, I will let you know."

Veronica dropped her shoulders and laid against the headboard. Rose knew her words soothed some of her anxiety she experienced. Rose realized her friends worried about her. She worried about herself, half the time. Therefore, having a man in her already complicated life wasn't what she needed right now. Right now she required friends, which she had. Friends that stood by her side at any cost. And when the time came for her to meet her Mr. Right, she would. If Mr. Right happened to be anything like the man in her dreams, he'd better hurry because her biological clock only had a few more years before it ticked out.

"Are you certain that you are up for this weekend trip?" Veronica voice shivered just a little as she spoke.

"I have been working for eight years at the hospital, eighteen hour shifts, six days per week. I have not had a break, a real one, in years and you

think that I am not ready to get away from this town of Delaware?" Rose snorted. "Please, if you don't get me out of here quickly enough, I will leave you behind."

Veronica smiled and got up from the bed. "Then what are we waiting for? The girls said they would meet us at the airport in two hours."

Rose picked up her bag. "Let's go then."

Rosezzettea checked to make sure that all the lights in her apartment were off, before setting the alarm. Then she followed Veronica outside where they loaded Veronica's dark blue Mitsubishi Eclipse.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### *Delaware Airport*

“Rosez...” Faith Riley began to call her name. Rose stopped her with a deadly look.

“Say my full name and I swear you won’t make it on the plane alive,” Rosezzettea snarled, with a smile on her face that none of her friends sensed was real.

Faith’s eyes looked at her pal Rita Gilbert then her gaze traveled up to Veronica, who shrugged her shoulders and smiled. Finally, her gaze went back to Rose who had stopped grinning all together.

“Aren’t we a tad bit touchy,” Faith replied. “Oops, I forgot you have never had anyone to touch you. At all.”

Rose snarled again at her green-eyed friend before sitting beside her on the bench. “Don’t you start with the ‘I need a man to be happy’ speech. I am not going to have sex until I am ready. Got it?”

Rita playfully lifted her hands as if to ask for consent to converse but Rose did not pay any attention, knowing that she was trying to be a nuisance. "And no, Rita, I am not ready, so don't ask." Rita dropped her hand then listened as she proceeded. "Not if you three want your weekend to go without any poison ivy being placed in your food. In addition, I know no one would want to have honey spread on their bodies while they slept. What a misfortune that would be, if someone tossed a hive full of bees in their tent also. So you better not start with me today or those things might happen."

Rose watched as the three women looked at each other. Rose made plenty of threats in the past and she knew that they believed that she would not do it...on purpose. They all thought that she was the type of woman who would make it seem like a dreadful accident and probably would get away with it. They always told her that she had techniques like no other and knew how to utilize them,

"Change of discussion," Veronica spoke. "Did you hear about that woman who checked herself into the hospital in California? The nurses were going to send her home because they couldn't find anything wrong with her."

"I recall reading that in the newspaper," Rose said.

Rose had heard of the unusual story in the newspaper. The woman did not appear to be sick at all but the moment she stepped out of the hospital doors she began to have seizures. The next thing anyone knew, she died for no apparent reason. Well, none the doctors could find.

"Yeah and she passed hours later. I wonder what occurred." Rita inquired. "One minute you are healthy, the next you are sick as a dog. Then you die only hours later. That's not a disease I have ever heard of."

"Me either," Rose agreed. "When I heard about it I looked through every one of my medical books and the symptoms didn't add up. When they made a statement she had chest pain also, I thought it could be angina pectoris but the bleeding from the mouth doesn't come from that."

"Nor do seizures," Veronica added.

Rose looked down as an idea came to her. The look must have caught Veronica's attention because she spoke first. "What is it, Rose?"

"Glioblastoma multiforme," Rose told her.

Rita and Faith frowned at each other. That told Rose they did not understand what she said. Faith had more money than they all had together but she never acted like a snob to them. Rita, only twenty-two, still went to law school while Faith lived off Mommy and Daddy. Not that anything was wrong with someone staying with their

parents. It was Rita's wild lifestyle. She wanted to live the dangerous life and her parents did not approve of it at all. They wanted their daughter to grow up to be the perfect woman. Rita's parents thought that Rita could do no wrong. It's too bad they never hung out with Rita like Rose had. Rita happened to be the opposite of what her parents wanted. Wild and uncontrollable.

"Rose, that could be it," Veronica spoke, after thinking back to college when she first heard about Glioblastoma multiforme. "Her symptoms adds up with what happens when a person, usually a man is diagnosed with Glioblastoma Multiforme."

"Um...Two un-med students over here," Faith said. "One can't say golo...multiform...to save her life."

They all giggled at Faith's mispronunciation of the words.

"It's pronounced, Glioblastoma multiforme," Rose said again. "And it is a rapid growing cancer that could result in seizures, and abnormal reflexes."

Both girls nodded their heads in understanding. Not really. They understood what it meant but why were they having this conversation? It was all Veronica's fault for bringing it up.

Now she and Rose would go at it for hours trying to figure out what caused the death of a

woman they had never met.

"But," Veronica jumped in. "That should only occur in men, between the ages of fifty and sixty years old. Don't you think so, Rose?"

Rose thought long and hard about the disease. Veronica had made a good point but she did always have a come back. "True but like AIDS and hemorrhoids, it doesn't have its picks. It goes after whomever, whenever. Therefore, because doctors only found the cancer in some men, what does that prove? Does that prove the cancer only likes men? From another point of view, might that symbolize women that had it passed away quicker and doctors never did an autopsy on the older women? When she was found in her bed. Did they just label it as a natural death?" Veronica opened her mouth to speak but Rose continued. "And the fact that these women were only in their thirties or forties doesn't disprove that my assumption is wrong."

"Good point," Veronica said. "You have made a point I cannot argue with. You see, you should become a doctor like you parents wanted. You have the brains and beauty. That is a combination you do not generally see in female doctors."

Rosezzettea shook her head in disagreement. Doctors had too many responsibilities and she did not want the lives of others in her hands. To have patients die at your hands could become



unbearable. Therefore, the closet thing to a doctor she cared to become was a clerk. This would keep her from having to be in an operating room assisting a doctor. Her job would be to see that no one other than the correct people were in the hospital rooms and patient records were correctly maintained.

"Thanks, but no thanks, Vern." Rose smiled. "I am happy to only be a clerk and that's it. Now you can be all that you can be."

Veronica had the urge to say, "In the army" but the woman calling their plane for loading cut her off.

"That's our flight," Rita said, with joy in her voice. "No men for the entire weeke..." she stopped speaking to grinned when two nice looking men smiled at her as they walked pass her to get on the same plane.

The others laughed at Rita as the men also smiled and waved at her. Only when the men were out of sight did Rose speak. "No men, yeah right."

Smiling as she picked up her luggage, Rita looked at the girls. "Craig is lucky I love him but just in case they are single and looking, I get the blond one. Rose, you can have the other one."

The women's giggles traveled all the way through the airport. If they knew Rita and they did, she was about to make this an interesting trip.

If those men were not single, they would be when  
Rita Gilbert finished with them.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Her warm tongue trailed a heated path down the side of his neck, leaving a wet path to his chest. He hissed, not ever feeling anything so wonderful before. Her teasing compelled his body to come to life and she hadn't really touched him yet. His head fell back to the bed when she drew his nipple into her mouth. Heat curled in his belly then spread throughout. A dream. That he knew, but at this moment in time, he did not care. When his mate touched him, nothing else mattered.

His eyes opened to see the woman on top of him, her breasts firmly against his stomach. Her heated center pressed intimately, rubbing up and down his thigh. It was warm, wet, and waiting for him. Only him. Her eyes were closed as if she savored the taste of his skin.

His lips formed into a dreamy smile, glad that this woman enjoyed touching and tasting him as much as he enjoyed doing it to her. His back

arched off the bed from the slightly painful—pleasure, when she bit him lightly. He looked up to see her smiling at catching him off guard like she had.

Reaching up, he grabbed his mate around the arm, drew her down so her body could brand itself to his. They both moaned at the much needed contact.

*It's just a dream.* Her voice whispered in his mind but she wasn't speaking to him but to herself. In the dream, he could hear what she thought. I need him, need this, just once.

Javon pushed her hair away from her face. Not giving her a chance to protest, his lips connected to hers in a tender kiss. If she needed him, she could have him. Not just once but for all time. He would never deny her him or his love.

His mate melted into him as she always did when he kissed her. His hands slid down her back and grasped her backside, pulling her up more until her wetness coated his hard desire when she made contact with it. God, she was hot! Almost too hot.

Her gasp allowed him to slide his tongue inside her mouth and he no longer wanted to take this slow. She tasted so good to him. Like spices and mints, as always, and he needed her right now.

Javon groaned and pulled her closer to him so he could intensify the kiss. He took over her mind,

replacing it with thoughts of what he needed to do to her.

His mate growled and rubbed herself back and forward, coating him more. God, she only had to move and he wanted to come. Swallowing her moans in his mouth, he pulled her nearer, sensing that she was on the threshold of losing all of her control.

Their tongues continued to duel for dominance but he knew he would win. He always won.

Without warning, she broke the kiss, sitting up on top of him. Her eyes, which for the first time he saw were brown, looked down at him, her breathing labored, her heart pushing her blood through her veins. She opened her mouth to speak or say something aloud but when she opened her mouth, she groaned in annoyance when no words left her lips.

They did not need words.

Without warning, he flipped her over, the second her back touched the bed he slid deep within her. His mate moaned ...

\* \* \* \*

Javon woke in an empty room. At first, he couldn't remember where he was until he looked around the room, remembering he was in a hotel room in Montana. His body was hard and now he was

frustrated as hell. Never had he woke before they finished. Something had to have made her wake before time. No use crying over it now. He wouldn't get back to sleep any time soon.

Swinging his legs to the side of the bed, he noticed he had an hour or two left before the sun would set. That gave him sufficient time to go and take a cool shower. His hand wouldn't help the way his body felt at this moment. The only person who could put out this fire was his Truelove.

Growling he stood then made his way to the bathroom. One thing he had to do was get his libido and passion under control before he departed the room. If he did not, that could get him killed faster than anything else would.

The other Dark Guardians who were supposed to be with him this weekend had other things to do which left him alone to look for the exclusive town. Looking for Dark Town alone did not bother him. What did was that if he found it and his focus wasn't in the right place, the vampires of Dark Town would eat him alive. Literally.

\* \* \* \*

"Rose!" Veronica shouting her name, made her body jump and she swung her hands, grabbing for the man fading on the bed.

Both her brain and her body shouted 'no', as

her body floated back from her dreamlike stage and back to reality. She wasn't ready to go, he had just begun to make her toes curl when he eventually slid home. Every time they were together, he knew just how long to wait before giving her what she desired and when he did she would have to fight her body's reaction because the moment she came he did also and then she would wake. But as long as she held out, they would make love for what had to be hours before she finally let herself go.

"What?" Rose said, in a hateful tone.

"Sooooorrrrry," Veronica said, softly. "Did I wake you from a good dream or something?"

Boy, did she ever. Good dreams were nothing compared to the dreams she had been having recently. They were perfect dreams, not good.

"No," Rose lied, and then looked away from her friend who sat beside her. "I'm sorry to snap at you."

"It's okay."

Rose looked up to spot Faith standing behind her seat and Rita still giggling in front of her, between the two men from the airport. It did not surprise her that she had found them. Rita was an attractive young woman who loved to flirt. Flirtation happened to be the farthest she has ever seen Rita go. Rita never gave men her real name, as she said. Nor had she ever told them that she

had sex with any of the men. She always said she loved Craig and from Rose's point, she believed she did.

Funny though, the men must have been waiting for Rita because the second she stepped on the plane the men invited her to sit. Rita asked Rose and she declined before sitting in her own assigned seat.

Before the plane lifted off Rose decided to take a nap. The second sleep overtook her, her dream lover pulled her in a dream world, as always.

"Are you okay, Rosy?" Faith asked, from above her.

Rosezzettea looked up, smiling as best she could. No one needed to know that her body trembled on the inside. No one needed to know that one touch from her hand would send her to an instant orgasm. She clamped her legs together in an attempt to lessen some of the tension from the aching throbbing there. Her panties were really soaked. She couldn't get up to go to the bathroom because her jelly legs wouldn't take her that far. If there was ever a time when she wished that she were home, this was the time. At home, she did not have to worry about her friends hovering over her, asking her all sorts of questions. She could just lie back down and return to the dream world instead of talking about something that she did not want to talk about.



“Why do you ask, Faith?”

Both her friends exchanged a concerned look. If Veronica had told them anything, she would kill her.

“Well, Rose,” Faith started speaking. “You were groaning in your sleep.”

Rosezzettea bit her lip. Oh no, she never knew if she moaned out while she slept. At home she did not care. No one lived with her and if she screamed the paint off the walls it was her business.

“I was?”

“Yeah,” Faith said. “You used to groan a lot before they discovered your cancer. We were just wondering were you hurting again.”

A sigh of relief left her lips. They thought she had groaned out in pain like she had done in the past. Only thing, this time she groaned out because she wanted to ask her dark lover his name. She needed to know the name of the man she slept with almost every night. If you could consider what they do sleeping.

Feeling her cheeks burning, Rose looked up to see Rita had stood up in her seat, waiting on her response.

Rosezzettea looked around the plane and to her knowledge, only her friends had heard her groan. Most of the other people were looking at the movie with headphones on while others chatted

among themselves.

"No, I am not in pain." Rose shot Veronica a quick glance that made her friend shake her head no. That let her knew that she hadn't said a word to them while she slept. "I think I groaned out because I was having a dream..."

"A sexual one," Rita said, "absolutely too flamboyant for her."

Rose slapped her hands to her forehead in embarrassment as a couple of people stopped talking and glared at her. Rose lowered her hands and scowled at her friend. She had said it so loudly that the men sitting next to her sent an amusing glimpse back at her to see who Rita was talking to, before turning their attention back to each other.

"No, Rita," she said, through clenched teeth. "It wasn't anything like that. I was trying to speak in my dreams and couldn't."

The people watching her seemed to turn away at her statement. Obviously, they did not want to hear about her trying to talk in her dreams. They wanted to hear the truth about how this man had her...

Okay, Rose. No thinking about the man or you will never make it to the restroom.

Rita eased back down in her seat to attend to the two men. Faith also sat down and Veronica cocked her head at her as if she did not believe her

story. Instead of saying something, Veronica placed the headphones on to pay attention to the in-flight movie. Rose also sat back, not falling asleep this time. She did not want them to know what type of dreams she had and if she would have come, she knew they would know then.

It would be hard when they were out camping. Lucky for her it was only for two nights, maybe she wouldn't have those types of dreams while there. God, she hoped not.

## CHAPTER NINE

The instant they stepped out of the plane the colder air made them all shiver. They may have to rethink camping out in the woods.

"Where to now, guide goddess?" Rita joked at Veronica, knowing she would have any and everything they required for this weekend. The girl had an organizer for her organizer.

"There." She pointed towards the west wing of the airport. "We pick up our vehicle there and they also have a map that should be highlighted to help us get to our destination."

"Lead the way," Rita said.

Camping out had always been fun. With no men around they would have the time of their lives. They had camped out everywhere but Yellowstone Park. At Yellowstone, you could lease a cabin for as long as you needed or lease a unit of the park to camp out, like they had. Where they were going to stay, Veronica said that warm streams were all around them, along with miles

and miles of trees and the one item Rose did not believe she could utilize, an outhouse. Besides that, they did not have to worry about baths or finding a restroom. If they were like her, Rose guessed that driving a couple of miles to a real rest area wouldn't be so bad. One thing she knew, she would have to be on the brink of bursting before she placed one foot in the outhouse.

Once they got in the car Veronica drove through for miles, following the trail up to their campsite. Rose watched as trees whipped by. Her mind went back, only for a moment, to her dream and her dream lover. Shaking her head, she thought of herself as pathetic. Instead of getting a real man she settled for her dream lover. Why? She would never know the answer to that question. It's not as if he could take her out or she could take him home to mother and father. So why was she so infatuated with him?

"There it is," Rose said, pointing to the poster. "Campsite one hundred, fifty-five, this is it."

Veronica stopped the jeep.

Rose jumped out of the vehicle first, looking around, instantly falling in love with the area. The guide had given them their own private little stream and Rose loved it. The blue water sparkled from the sun's rays. A small waterfall fell on the other end of the stream. Mile after mile of trees and bushes stood tall and wide giving them their

much-needed privacy.

"I am going directly into the water for a nice long swim the second I have camp set up," Rita said. She happily jumped off the back of the jeep, landing easily on the ground.

Veronica shut off the jeep before getting out and taking a good look around. "I must say that I have outdone myself. This place is breathtaking and the warm water is making this entire area warmer."

"Time for some fun." Faith made a statement.

"After we set up camp," Rose advised.

She grinned when she overheard Faith saying something about a party pooper before unpacking her luggage.

\* \* \* \*

Javon did not know which he despised more, the woods, or the forest. Yeah, he understood they were both one and the same so that implied he disliked both. Pushing another tree limb out of the way, his growl died on his lips when he saw a fire roaring in the distance. Probably some humans thinking that going camping was fun. He never believed living in the woods like an animal could be fun. That's why he leased a cabin several miles from here. However, the thought of feeding made his fangs harden in his mouth. Slowly, they slid

down, pressing against his bottom lip. He hadn't properly fed in about two days. Human food only satisfied him for a while. Blood happened to be the only thing to keep him healthy and powerful.

Taking a deep breath, he stopped just outside the campsite. He caught the scent of two females and two males. Piece of cake, he thought. With a slow graceful gliding motion he moved noiselessly through the underbrush and trees, all the way to the toasty fire. A feat no human could duplicate.

The group sat around the blaze, drinking, and smoking. They were typical everyday teenagers, doing typical everyday things in the middle of nowhere. Their parents probably believed they were at some pajama party at the other's home.

They all looked up at the dark hunter making his approach to their campsite. The males rose, waiting to see what the dark man in the sunglasses would do.

They stood still but Javon heard their hearts beating in fear. The women were not as frightened as the men. More of the honey scent of their arousal assaulted his nose and the moment he caught their scent he had to restrain his impetus not to draw in a deep breath to take in the scent. Angrily he swore at his body for responding to the smell of adolescents. He distinguished the motive, but it did not make it right.

"Can we help you, man?" the black male

questioned, his voice shaking a little. In his hand he clutched a glass bottle leaving no doubt in Javon's mind that the boy would hit him with it if he had to. The other man moved more towards the women, trying to guard them from him.

Javon smiled but not enough to show his fangs. Running down his meal happened to be the last thing he needed to do tonight. Slipping off his glasses, the humans, all four of them, gasped as his eyes shone like a silver bullet in the darkness. The campfire only brightened his eyes, making them lighter than they already were. Making him look deadlier than he wanted to seem.

"Yes. I need your help," he said, with a wicked smile on his face.

When he knew all four of them were looking directly into his eyes, he took control of their minds. It did not take long before Javon had taken control of their minds and now they would do anything he wanted.

Looking at the males, he smiled, this time not hiding the fangs. *Sit down.*

Without a word, the males walked back and sat on the wood log where they were sitting before he appeared.

Weak-minded humans.

"Come here, Carla," he called, to the first woman with the long black hair.

He saw her resistance on her face. She frowned,



and then scowled, her hands in a tight fist, as if she did not want to do as he instructed but her body would not listen to her. Finally, she stood, not able to fight his call. The two-piece, practically non-existent bathing suit she had on only made him more sexually frustrated. He had never thought about a woman's body so much, not until he awakened earlier with a hard-on like no other. Carla's legs were shapely and toned, her breasts just the right size for a man's mouth. As she moved, she moved with perfect grace. Her hips tempted him more and more as they swayed from one side to the other. The way she moved could put any strong willed man in a trance. Carla happened to be the type of woman he shouldn't be thinking about. Shaking his head, he once more growled.

Maybe feeding off the women wasn't the best idea for tonight. If he allowed his need to get the best of him as he fed, he would end up taking the women without their consent, which he knew he could receive.

He seized her arm, shifting the woman away from him. He yanked her back to his body, so he could assure himself that he wouldn't go any further than feeding. Pushing her hair from her neck, he concentrated on her veins, carrying the valuable blood through her body instead of her body itself. The call was on him now; he growled,

his fangs penetrated her skin in a slight hint of resentment.

The woman whimpered out in pleasure instead of pain. Her arousal filled his senses, surrounding him in a whirlwind of nothing but a guarantee of pleasure. Wild with nothing but the obligation to be satisfied, he roared, and drew her back against his body.

His first mistake.

So trapped in her desire, the woman started grinding herself on him, increasing his need. He did not fall, nor crumble into his desire. He fought his body before it began to react. With his craving sedated, he released her neck. Quickly as he could, he sealed the wounds afterwards and backed away from the woman's tempting body.

Javon turned, looked up at the stars, and let out a piercing howl, as if his entire being hurt. Any other time before now, he would have taken her. Now he had to be faithful to his mate. If she even caught a whiff of another woman after he changed her he felt sorry for what could happen to the young lady when his mate caught her. Then he felt sorry for himself when his mated turned on him.

Carla stood there waiting. Her body humming for him to take her to the ground and give her the release he knew that he could. Closing his eyes, he slid the sunglasses back on his face.

First, he erased their minds of him before

releasing them from his spell.

Looking at them once more, he turned and headed back to the cabin. Tonight definitely couldn't be a good time to hunt. Even though something pulled at his mind to proceed he knew better. Hunting in his current state would get him killed.

\* \* \* \*

"Did you hear that?" Faith questioned, jumping next to Rita. "Do you think there are wolves out here?"

Veronica quickly thumbed through her guidebook looking for an answer. "Not any that I know of. If there are, the park has made sure that they are nowhere close to here."

"I hope so." Faith looked at the darkened forest with concern. The only light came from their campfire and nothing but dark surrounded them.

Rosezzettea had the sensation that the sound was not made by an animal or by a human. When the piercing cry broke through the skies her body did not shake from alarm, it hummed to life with pleasure. Her blood moved faster through her body, keeping up with her heart that had kicked up two notches. Her lower stomach tensed and for the first time in years, she sensed the need to get herself off. Not a need but a demand. She had to.

Every spot on her body came to life, craving to be touched, demanding pleasure. Her heart advanced, if possible, to a speed that she had to take long steady breaths to try to calm herself.

Looking down, she opened her mouth, taking in big gulps of air but her body continued to elevate. If she hadn't been a human she would have sworn she had just come into heat like a dog.

Every muscle in her body tightened more and more with each second. Winding tighter and tighter until the ache between her legs increased to a point that she had to rub her thighs together to ease some of the pressure. Another warm wave of desire shot through her body and she moaned softly before allowing her body to fall back to the cot. Thank God, the tent did not cast a shadow inside because her friends would think that someone was in the tent with her. Like they would rescue her if a dark and handsome man were to walk into her tent right now and have his wicked way with her. They would probably be cheering from the outside screaming, "Go, Rose, Go!"

God, what's happening to me?

Never in her life had she felt like this. The clothing on her body felt like a lover touching her from head to toe. Her nipples strained to be touched through her lace bra. The only thing she could think about was having a man plunge deep into her wet and welcoming body. Thinking

things had gone too far Rosezzettea tried to move so she could leave her tent but her body wouldn't respond. The only thing it craved right now was a touch. With extreme embarrassment, she slid her hand down the front of her pants, not even going underneath them just rubbing the top lightly. The second her fingers touched the oversensitive nub she erupted. White lights flashed behind her eyelids. Her body floated higher and higher in the world of bliss that she feared would not let her find her way back to reality. Biting her lips to keep from crying out in pleasure she proceeded to rub in a place that made her body react more, desire more, crave more. Damn it, she needed more!

Only when her back touched the cot again did she think about what she had just done. Her body did not care; actually it felt as if it wanted to go another round or ten. It heated again as if she hadn't just given herself temporary relief. Maybe her body did know and it did not want temporary relief. It wanted more.

God, not here, not now. Please stop the sensation.

Pushing the passion to the back of her mind, she grabbed a towel and some changing clothes before darting out of her tent. Her face turned the shade of a red apple as she ran past her friends as she thought of what she just did, with them only a couple of yards away. As she rushed down to the

lake without a word, she did not catch a glance from one of her friends.

Rose stopped once she stood at the edge of the lake. Her body called, or least that's what it felt like, it called for someone to come and put out the flames. She doubted that this water could put out the flames burning all over her body. Shaking from the cool air, her nipples hardened to a point of pain. Her desire running down the inside of her thighs, only made her moan out loud at the thought of having someone take her now. If she did take on a lover at this very moment, he wouldn't have to wonder if she wanted him or not. Her need practically poured from her in tremendous waves.

Thinking she had lost her mind, she jumped into the water and just as she thought, her body only flared more. Another moan came loudly, more from pleasure than she wanted. Her body was already tightening, the muscles in her groin trembling, needing to erupt in an explosive passion.

Why couldn't she get sex off her mind? What had this night air done to her to make her want the individual who made the unearthly sound to come over and do things to her that had never been done to her before?

"What the hell's wrong with me?"

"Yes, Rose, what is wrong with you?"

Veronica's voice made her shout out in fear.

## CHAPTER TEN

Rose did not notice her friend had come up to her. Veronica moved her blond hair out of her face. Her eyes squinted, telling her she didn't want to hear a lie.

"What do you mean?" Rose asked. She needed to think of a lie but she couldn't lie anymore. She could tell her friend was concerned for her.

"The way you just ran out of your tent. I thought that you had a bear or something behind you. Since the plane trip you have been acting weirder." Veronica sat on the rock just beside her. "So, tell me what's wrong."

Breathing heavily, Rose sunk down into the water until only her head floated above the water. "I have dreams."

The way Veronica's eyes squinted again and her right eyebrow lifted, told Rose that she had confused her.

"What do you mean by, 'you have dreams?'"

Rose wished she could disappear. The thought of sinking in the water passed through her mind



but she couldn't hold her breath that long and Veronica would wait until she came back up.

"I dream...I dream," she stumbled, over her words. "Promise me you won't say anything to anyone else. I don't want them to know."

"But..."

"Promise me, Veronica. You are my best friend. I love Rita and Faith but they have not been through what we have. Please don't say anything."

Rose looked over to her friend on the rock as she debated on agreeing or not.

"I promise this is between me and you."

"I think I am losing my mind, Veronica. Every night this man comes to me."

Veronica smiling wide made Rose shake her head.

"I know you think it's good but I don't. Every night he comes to me and I swear to God that he is real. The dreams feel so real I can smell him on my sheets hours later. I go to bed dressed and wake up naked." Rose let a tear fall from her eyes, not knowing why she felt like crying. "Today on the plane, I dreamed about him again. This time I tried to ask him his name but I couldn't speak. That's why I groaned out loud in frustration. Just a little while ago I felt that sound that came from the woods came from him."

Veronica blinked rapidly.

"I know you think I am crazy but I do think it was him. I don't know why but I do. After that, I felt heat go through me. You know what patients feel like when they drink too much caffeine and their hearts speed up. But this heat not only sped up my heart it made me felt like I was in heat or something. You know I told you that I never masturbated and for the first time, I had to. I only touched myself and...well, you know what happened next. It's weird and it's scaring me to death."

Now her secret was out. She knew Veronica thought that a white jacket and a trip to the loony house was what she needed.

"You think I am crazy, don't you?"

"No," Veronica quickly answered. "But I am worried. Did you stop taking any of your meds or anything like that?"

Stop taking my meds? What's that got to do with it? Rose thought about what her friend asked. Her blood! Her blood level changed when she stopped taking her pills. Could that be the answer to her problems? She had stopped taking them and that's when she began having the dreams. Could the medicine cause her to become unbalanced, hence starting the dreams? Maybe it could.

"Yes, do you think that did it? I did stop taking them for a couple of days. Almost a month ago."

Veronica nodded her head. "And that's when the dreams started. The heat could be your blood thinning out at a rapid pace. You know you need to keep your blood level up in order to fight off any infections and other things like that."

Thank God, she wasn't going crazy! Her friend had solved her problems. If she had mentioned this earlier she wouldn't have been having the dreams. She only needed to take her medicine on time and then her body wouldn't be off balance. Then she would stop having dreams about Mr. Dark and Incredible, if that's what she really wanted. Then she could get back to her non-sexual related life.

"I think you are correct. It could come from that." Rose sighed in relief. "I bet you in a couple of days I'll be okay."

"I bet you would," Veronica agreed. "I would give you a hug but you don't have on any clothes and that's not on my agenda of things I want to do."

Rose splashed water at her friend, who squealed from the warm water when it touched her.

"I'm going to get you for that!" Veronica shook the water from her hair. "So what's he like?"

Rose stopped laughing and stared at her friend, not understanding the change of conversation.

"Don't look at me like that. I want to know

what he looks like. The man in your dreams."

What was the harm in telling her? That's what friends are for, isn't it? Have fun and talk about men, even if the men weren't real.

"I really can't see his face and we've never spoken to each other but I do know he had the longest most beautiful chestnut hair you would ever lay your eyes on. He's tall, with a body like a Greek God. He's the type of man every woman dreams of."

"Go on."

"You really want to hear this?" Rose asked.

"Yes, every embarrassing detail. I thought for a minute you were a lesbian."

"Funny." Rose chuckled also. "I do not do women."

"Good. So tell me about this man you have been doing."

Veronica listened to her as she told her about her dreams. Veronica only left when she told her that she had to get out of the water.

\* \* \* \*

"What took you guys so long?" Rita asked, from beside the warm fire as Veronica and Rose made their way back up to them.

"We were talking," Veronica said.

"About what?" Faith asked, from a lying

position beside the warm fire.

Rose tensed, not wanting to flat-out lie to her friends. She had done too much to lie now.

"Men and the type of men women dream about," Veronica immediately spoke up.

"And you left us out?" Rita said.

"Well," Veronica grabbed a beer out the cooler before sitting beside Rita. "We never finished the conversation. We came here with only his hair made out."

"Let me put these up." Rose smiled before going to place her clothes in her tent.

Veronica didn't actually lie. Rose had told her friend about how her dark lover looked. How nice he looked and what he did to her. They never got into details about other girly stuff. Maybe they could make it out of a midnight conversation.

After zipping up her bag, Rose walked back out of her tent. Her foot kicked something under the leaves. She looked down spotting an old dirty book. Bending down she knocked the dirt off before picking it up. Then opened the book seeing, what had to be notes, written down. Most of the words were in another language she didn't understand. She closed the book then brushed the dirt off the top until golden letters came into view.

"Dark Town," she read the front of the book. "Town of Nonexistent, by Michael Savage, DG."

DG? What the hell does DG mean? She looked

over the book for a couple more seconds before taking it back to the campfire.

When Rose made it to the fire, her friends were smiling and speaking amongst themselves. Walking up to Veronica, Rose placed the book in Veronica's hands.

"What's this?" Veronica asked, before looking at the dirty book. "Dark Town? Where the hell is Dark Town?"

"I found it in the dirt near my tent. I thought it would be a good read since you like to collect old books. Maybe it's worth something," Rose explained. "And it's in a language I don't understand."

Rita and Faith took a glance at the book before laying back into their original positions. Neither of them cared about art and antiques like Veronica.

Taking another glance at the book, Veronica flipped through a couple of pages. "It looks like someone's journal rather than a book. Maybe Dark Town is around here somewhere. And the language is Greek...I think. I haven't studied too much Greek but I do understand some of the words."

"Dark Town," Rita repeated. "You think there would be dark and very attractive men there?"

Rose rolled her eyes at her friend's comment. Faith moved from her lying position to look over Veronica's shoulder.

"From what this says," Veronica spoke, while still reading the dusty pages. "This Michael person believed that Dark Town was near here. He came here to find it and destroy the 'evil fiends', as he called them."

"'Evil fiends'?" Rose repeated.

"I think it's all a joke," Faith said, from behind Veronica. "I mean a place called Dark Town, really, people. I've never heard of a city named Dark Town and I am pretty sure that if it was around, the park ranger would have told us."

Faith went back to her spot in front of the fire.

"I agree," Veronica said. "I pulled up a map of this entire state and there is nothing in it about Dark Town." She shut the book, handing it back to Rosezzettea. "It might be someone trying to make up a story while they camped out here. It apparently didn't go the way he wanted, since he left his book."

Rose nodded but didn't agree with her friends. For some reason she believed the town did exist, no matter what they said.

Placing the book on the ground she made a mental note to pack it when they left. She grabbed a beer out of the cooler and sat beside Veronica.

Before the night was over, the girls had roasted marshmallows, eaten the sandwiches they packed as they drank until they couldn't drink and talk anymore. Tomorrow they would go back to town

and get some real food to cook on the new gas portable grill they brought with them.



## CHAPTER ELEVEN

The smell of cooked bacon over an open fire was what woke Rose's friends from their sleep. Rose flipped the meat then let it cook for a few moments more before taking it off the grill and sitting it on the plate. She had been to town hours ago to get the food. The gas grill worked great. Rose had been able to cook a full course meal on it.

"That smells great," Veronica said, from beside her. "Where did you get it?"

"I went to town this morning," Rose smiled. "Unlike the rest of you, I didn't drink that much."

"Love you too," Veronica teased her.

"Good morning sleepy heads." Rose saw her friends Rita and Faith moving in slow motion.

"Morning," Faith mumbled. Rita only waved her hand before grabbing a cup to pour herself a big cup of coffee. Unlike Veronica, Faith and Rita's hair stood on their heads going in all different directions. Their eyes were red and they moved

slower with each second. A sure sign of a hangover.

"You two okay?" Veronica asked.

"Yeah, just a little too much to drink." Faith stumbled to the now burned wood in the campfire and sat down on the ground.

"I'm okay." Rita yawned. "You two know I am not a morning person."

"We know." Faith teased. "So what's on the agenda for today?"

"How about hiking?" Rose suggested. "I think that would do us all some good."

"Sounds good to me," Veronica agreed. "What do you say, Faith?"

Faith looked up at the sky. "It's still kind of early but it wouldn't get too much warmer. Short pants and a t-shirt would be nice to wear for the hike. I'm in." She looked at her friend. "Rita?"

"Of course. Just let me get a couple more cups of coffee in me and I am ready."

They all laughed before preparing to eat breakfast.

After breakfast, they grabbed their backpacks and headed into the wooded area.

"Guys," Veronica called out. "Where the hell are we? We have been walking for at least four or five hours"

Rose did not have a clue .They were following the leader Rita whom claimed that she knew how

to read a map, which they were now having second thoughts about. They had walked around this forest for too long and not even a squirrel had crossed their path. Though they were not looking for anyone, they just wanted to explore, but they needed to know that they were still in the park.

"I know exactly where we are," Rita proclaimed.

"And that would be where?" Faith said, out of breath.

The group stopped and waited for Rita's answer. Rose slipped the backpack off her shoulders and to the ground in front of her. Unzipping it, she reached in, grabbing her container of water. While the water quenched her thirst, she wondered why her dream lover hadn't come to her last night. She knew she should be glad the medicine worked again and that she didn't have hot flashes, or whatever they were. Just like any woman, who wouldn't want to have dream after dream about a man giving them pleasure?

Rita speaking brought her back to reality. "We are in the middle of the woods," Rita said jokily.

"We're lost, aren't we?" Faith asked, dryly.

"No, we are not. I just don't know where we are, but I do know how to get back. "

"Isn't that the same thing?" Rose asked.

"No. There's a difference in being lost and not

knowing where we are. If we were lost, I wouldn't know how to get back. We just don't know where we are. You get the difference?"

The women groaned. Letting Rita guide them hadn't been a good idea thirty minutes ago and now that they are officially lost...sorry, they didn't know where they were but Rita knew how to get back. To be honest it had been a horrible idea to let her lead. They had been on the hiking trail until Rita suggested they go off. Why had they listened? Why does anyone listen when a friend makes a crazy suggestion? Rose did not understand it. You follow along even when you know it's wrong. That's the power of friendship. You do not care how dumb and stupid it may be you do it anyhow.

Rose grabbed her cell out of her bag. There was nothing like having the good ole cell phone to get you out of trouble.

"Damn it."

There was nothing like having a cell phone to get you out of trouble if the thing worked. No signal meant no calls would be made.

"What's wrong, Rosy?" Faith asked.

Rose shook her phone, like that would make it work, trying to get a signal. "No signal, nothing, not even a half bar so I can get out. What about your phone, Faith?"

Faith grabbed hers off her belt. She looked at it

and saw that she didn't have any service either. "Nothing."

"Nothing here, either," Rita told them.

Veronica just shook her head when they looked over at her.

"Well then we have..." Rose looked at her watch. "We have a lot of time before the sun sets. Now if we go back the way we came, we should make it to..." She stopped speaking; her eyes squinted as she looked past a bunch of bushes on the other side of the river.

The others looked in the same direction as Rose but they did not see anything.

Veronica asked, "What is it?"

"I don't know. Do you hear that? It sounds like someone calling out. Don't you hear it?"

Veronica and the others shook their heads, not hearing what Rose thought she heard.

Rose had not lost her mind. She heard it. It sounded like a female crying out for help. It was a mere whisper in the wind but she heard it.

Rose waited. Again, a soft cry sent a shiver down her back.

Turning she looked at her friends, who were staring directly at her.

"You tell me you guys don't hear that?"

"No," Veronica said. "What is it that we are suppose to hear but don't?"

"I swear I heard a woman crying out for help."

Without waiting, Rose picked up her bag and headed towards the sound. Maybe there was someone out there who needed help and just thinking about a person being trapped in the woods without any help made Rose want to help that person more.

The other women walked behind Rosezzettea. They would see if Rose suffered from heat stroke or if she really heard someone crying out for help. Either way they weren't going to follow Rita any longer. Rose couldn't get them any more lost than they already were.

Rose stopped in front of a small stream of running water. A nice little swimming hole if it had enough water in it. As the girls looked down, they saw rocks at the bottom of the stream. Even small fish of different shape, sizes, and colors swam by every now and then.

Rita watched Rose as she stopped still, lifted her head, and listened for something they could not hear.

Rose turned around to her friends. "What do you think? Should we cross?" Rose asked. "I don't hear the cry anymore but there no telling what's on the other side."

What harm could going to the other side do? They wanted fun and they weren't going to find fun standing in one spot.

"I'm all for adventure," Veronica said.

"Me too," Faith spoke.

"Me three," Rita joked.

Rose stepped on the first rock and then hopped over to the next. She followed all of them until she made it to the other side of the stream. Once on the other side, she saw that a steel fence lined the property. Grass and vines had grown in, making it impossible to see what was on the other side.

Rose looked down a little further until she saw a small opening between the thick bushes. Not consulting with her friends. She moved down to the opening.

"Let's go in," Rose suggested, when she stood in front of the opening.

Veronica caught her arm before Rose went through the opening.

"What if this is someone's private property?"

"Well," Rose said with a smile. "Then we would tell them that they need to put up signs. For now I am going in and if you are too chicken to follow I suggest you stay here."

Veronica let her arm go and snarled at her. "When did you become so adventurous? I recall someone not even going on the walk through scary houses when we were teenagers."

When did she become bold? Rose didn't know but she knew one thing. She wanted to see what was behind those bushes.

"I don't know, Vern. People change. So are you

coming or not?"

Veronica nodded.

When they stepped over and into the small city, they all looked at each other as they looked at the rundown homes and department stores. The place looked like something from the forties. Roads were made from dirt instead of pavement. The homes all looked as if someone built them with old wood and nothing more. There, in the middle of the street, sat an older model car.

No one walked around. Not even the wind blew around them.

None of the women paid any attention when the sound of the forest and the water from the river had stopped. Nothing but the sounds of their hearts beating filled their ears.

"This is...gloomy," Faith spoke first.

"I have to agree with her, Rose. I don't think anyone is here," Rita told her.

Rose didn't listen instead she moved more into the small town. She looked for anything or anyone that could explain where they were.

"I think you are right," Rose finally answered, not seeing anyone. "Let's get out of here." When she turned to go back out the way they came in, a building caught her eye. She quickly turned back to what had to be a mansion. How could they not have seen that?

The huge building had to be about five stories



tall but that didn't make it look any different from any other building she had seen. Well, maybe it did look different. The building formed into the shape of an 'L' or something. Unlike the rest of the town, it looked as if it was still new, except for the windows, it had none. Strange, a building without any windows. Now you don't see that everyday. Nor do you see a building that someone painted all black, another unusual thing to do to a house, but what could she say, everyone had different taste.

"Look, guys." She pointed to the building.

The women turned to look at the building that seemed to appear from out of nowhere. "Forget what I said before about this town being gloomy, Rose, that building is downright depressing." The women laughed at Faith's joke.

"Do we go and see if there is anyone home?" Rita asked.

"What harm could it be?" Rose looked at her watch again. They still had hours of daylight and if it did get dark and this was a hotel then she knew they could rest here until tomorrow or at least she hoped.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

Rose knocked on the large redwood door. Her knocks echoing down the hallway.

After five minutes of waiting, she bit her lip before turning back to her friends.

"I don't think anyone's here," Rose said. "The place sounds empty."

"Try the knob," Rita suggested.

"Are you crazy," Rose whispered, as if someone had heard her friend's crazy idea. "That's considered breaking in. I don't need to go to jail in this godforsaken town."

Rita shrugged her shoulder, as if to say she didn't care if they went in or not. This place seemed to give her the creeps for some reason.

"Just a thought."

"Well, that's not a good one. Come on, let's go."

The second the words left her lips the front door swung open. The women jumped down the steps when a large, very large, man with jet-black hair and black eyes came to the door. The women

all stood with their mouths opened when he stepped out the door.

“May I help you?” His dark, rich, and somewhat seductive voice could melt a woman’s heart.

They knew they were staring, more like gawking. Who wouldn’t? He stood a good five feet nine inches. His dark hair, shoulder length and curly, gave him a boyish look. Even though nothing about this man said boy.

He smiled when they did not say anything. Rose noticed that all thirty-two of his teeth were pearly white and sparkly. Until this moment Rose never knew someone’s teeth could look so clean. He must go to the dentist a lot.

“Are you ladies lost?” He spoke again, and once again they stared. “Would you like to come in and rest a while?”

Rosezzettea didn’t know what made her nod. Maybe it was him. Maybe it was the way his dark eyes sparkled mischievously when he looked at them looking at him. Maybe she was just horny and had been spending too much time with Rita. Yeah, that had to be it.

Rose didn’t look back to see if her friends had nodded also. She guessed they had when the man moved from the door to let them pass.

Whoever decorated the place was a mastermind in decorating. She wanted to meet the mastermind

in person. The owner laid blood red carpet. The walls were painted black. A color she never thought would look good in a home. There were stone lion statues lining the walls and carved into the furniture. No lights were on. Only candles led them through the hallway and into another room.

"My name is Leonardo," he spoke again, when he brought them into a large living area.

There, in the large room had to be at least ten, twenty-inch television screens mounted onto the wall. In front of the television, row after row of chairs lined up so whoever sat in the chairs could view the screens. On the right side, a toasty fire flared making them feel more at home than in their own homes.

"I am Veronica Hall, this is Faith Riley." Veronica said the pointed at her friend Faith who also waved. "My friend Rita Gilbert." Veronica pointed towards Rita. "And my friend Rosezzettea Norton."

Leonardo's eyebrows arched in shock at her name. "You can call me Rose. I usually kill people for calling me that."

"A very unusual name but very lovely."

"Thanks," she smiled, her face flushed to a bright red color. "Could you tell us where we are?"

The giant man moved towards them and Rose had to stop herself from walking backwards. "You

are in Dark Town.” His gaze rested on another tall man making his way into the room. “And here is my boss, Xavier Aguirre.”

“Good evening, ladies.” Xavier’s voice made Rose feel sick to the stomach all of a sudden. There was something about Xavier Aguirre she didn’t like. Maybe because he had on dark sunglasses in the already dark home or maybe it was the evil vibes pushing at her insides, screaming at her to run from this man and never stop until she had put at least a hundred miles between them.

“Hi,” Rita said first, obviously liking what she saw in Xavier. “I’m Rita.”

Xavier stopped in front of Rita, took her hand, and kissed the back of it. “Such beauty.”

Rita turned redder than Rose had as he moved away and went up to Faith. “And you are, my dear?”

“Faith Riley.”

He repeated his actions then moved to Veronica.

“Your name, my dear.”

Veronica had watched as this tall, dangerous, and extremely handsome man kissed her friend’s hands and she wanted nothing more than for him to do the same thing to her. No, she didn’t want the same thing, she wanted more. Turning her eyes away from him looking at her through his glasses, she spoke, “Veronica Hall.”

"Ahh." He kissed her hand also but for some reason he lingered there for a moment. "Very lovely."

When he let go of her friend's hand and moved towards Rose, she felt the bile rise and she didn't know why. When his pale hands clamped down on top of hers, she almost pulled away. What did the others see that she did not see in this man? Just him being close to her made her want to throw up all over his expensive furniture.

"You are very lovely, my dear," he told her. "What is your name?"

Rose bit her lip not wanting to deal with this man but she would since her friends liked him. "Rose Norton," she said dryly.

He cocked his head to her then gave her a smile that should have melted her but it made her want to remove her hand from his.

"Is that your real name?" he asked, as if already knowing. "Or are you keeping secrets? If you are we want to let you know that we don't keep secrets in Dark Town."

Swallowing the lump in her throat, she spoke again. "My real name is Rosezzettea but I don't go by that name."

"Such a lovely name. There is no reason to dislike that name at all." Xavier let go of her hand without kissing her then looked at Leonardo.

"Vada ottengono l'altri!" Go get the others!

Leonardo turned and left the room after Xavier spoke.

\* \* \* \*

Rose wondered what Xavier had said. He spoke in a language she never heard before and for some reason she did not trust him. Xavier looked as though he could snap her into pieces without any effort at all and would get away with the murder.

“Well, ladies,” Xavier’s voice smoothed more as he spoke to them. “What can I do for you?”

“Nothing,” Rose snarled. “We were just leaving.”

Okay, they came, now they needed to leave. The longer Rose stayed here the more she wanted to leave. When that was the case it was time to leave. Rose turned to move. Her arms and her legs became heavy. Her feet felt like they had been cemented to the floor. The door opened down the hall and several other men came through it.

“What did you do?” Rose snarled at Xavier, knowing he had done this.

Rose looked over to her friends to see they were also struggling to move. The large door to the right of the television sets opened. Leonardo stepped through the door first. Then another man dressed in all black followed by two other men dressed in gray tailored suits. All of them looked

dangerous and mean. None of them seemed to be more dangerous than Xavier.

Xavier laughed, not paying attention to Rose's outburst as the men stopped in front of her. He had plans for all of them. Especially Veronica. She did not know it yet, she feared him now. In a couple of hours she would desire him.

"What do we have here?" Virgil, one of the men following Leonardo, said as he walked in front of them. His light gray eyes shone down at Rose.

Damn he's big. Rose looked at all the men in the room. No, they were all big.

"Vern, can you move?" Faith's voice crackled from fear.

"No, what about you, Faith?"

"No, Rita?"

"Stuck like the rest of you. Rose?"

Rose licked her now dry lips. She watched Xavier walk back up to her then took a deep breath. The urge to move back and slap him plague strongly in her mind. But she was trapped like a rat in a trap.

Whimpering she snatched her right leg hard which only resulted in a pulled muscle. God damn it.

This couldn't be happening to them. Rose had only wanted a weekend getaway to forget about the man of her dreams...well, in her dreams and probably get back to her old self again. Maybe



even start dating again. Her friends would be so proud of her if she went out on at least one date again. That was the plan for this weekend to get away not what looked like her first time would be by rape.

“Rose,” Veronica whispered.

“I can’t move either.” Rose’s teeth chattered loudly against each other and she closed her mouth to stop it. Fear. That was fear that traveled through her body. She feared what these men could and would do to them. They did not look like rapists but what rapist looked like they raped people. Rose took a long look at Virgil.

Nope, nothing about Virgil said he would rape someone. The man, like the rest of them, screamed sexy. They were not just handsome or cute but sexy with a capital ‘S’.

Rose wondered if the others were just as afraid as she was. Looking at their now frightened faces, she knew they were.

\*

“È ammalata.” She is sick. Virgil spoke the same language Xavier had before. “È un virgin inoltre.” She is a virgin also.

“I know.” Xavier said with a creepy smile on his face. “Ma, è ammalata con cancro. Possiamo usarli più successivamente nei giochi.

But, she is sick with cancer. We can use her in the games later.

Rose listened, tensing again when she heard the one word she understood. Cancro, Italian for cancer. They knew she had it but how. How did they know about it? No one knew she had cancer until she told them about her sickness.

"In case you are wondering what we are going to do to you..." Xavier smiled. "Well, there is no fun telling you lovely ladies. However, if you must know the three of you will die here before the week is out. The other one, if she plays her cards right, might be able to have eternal life."

Rose didn't know but she had a feeling that he spoke about her. Did he just say eternal life? What did he mean by that?

"That means, Rose," Xavier now stood in front of her. When he snarled, she could see his teeth were straight one second then two at the top began to slide from his gums.

She closed her eyes not going to believe that just happened. Tricky, trick, it's a trick.

Xavier firmly gripped her face, making her open her eyes. Her body swayed back almost falling but she was still stuck in one spot.

"Leave her alone, you son of a bitch!" Veronica's voice screamed at him.

"Silence," Xavier said in one word and with that one word, Rose knew that Veronica couldn't speak again. Could Xavier be some type of hypnotist? He had to be. Nothing else could

explain what was happening to them other than being under some sort of mind control. Nothing could explain why they couldn't move, even with nothing holding them in place. Nothing could explain why one minute Vern could speak and the next minute she could not even whimper. This could only be mind control. One thing she would not go for was Xavier being a vampire.

Xavier chuckled then turned his attention back to Rose. "My dear, I am what you think I am. A vampire. We are all vampires and you came here uninvited. You will play the game, but later. Look at your friends and say goodbye because this might be the last time you will see them."

Xavier smiled again at the way her body trembled and the scent of fear. Her scent filled his bottom floor in a matter of seconds. Her scent mixed with her friends fear adding more to his success in scaring the crap out of them.

Xavier touched Rose's cheek once more and grinned when she snatched away. Too bad, she might die a virgin. He unlike so many others didn't get a thrill at bedding a shy virgin. If Rose stayed here too long and no new visitors came in a week or two he would release her to the others. They would have fun with her. Anyhow, he had his eyes on her best friend. Veronica could be someone to take up some of his time.

Rose's whimpering brought his attention back

to her strong smell of fear. "Is there something you want to say?"

Rose nodded. At first Rose thought that only Veronica couldn't speak but the moment he said they would die she tried to scream but couldn't.

He waved his hand in front of her. "Speak quickly. We have to prepare your friends for tonight's run."

"Please let us go. We never meant to trespass."

Xavier shook his head. "If that's all I knew you were going to say, I wouldn't have allowed you to speak. I do not have feelings. I do not want to hear you beg for your life. I have heard it enough. If all you are going to do is beg then do not speak at all." He released her then winked at her. "Don't get me wrong, I love for a woman to beg, in the bedroom that is."

The group of vampires laughed at his joke, which Rose did not find funny at all.

"Faith and Rita will begin tonight. Veronica is entertainment and if she is worthy, a Triane. Now for our little virgin," he said, making her struggle against the invisible restraints when he grabbed her arm. "She is going to stay here until we get her a partner." He smiled at her when she whimpered at what he said. Rose did not want a partner. She did not care what they did to her. She would not give up her virginity to a group of vampires, as they called themselves. "Not like that, honey. I do

not think you could handle being a vampire's lover. You might not make it out alive if you did. I am talking about a partner to play the game. You are strong, very strong minded, and bright. I need someone to team up with you that will be as strong as you are. We are tired of seeing humans getting killed on only their second round. We want entertainment and you will give it."

"Screw you." Rose snarled.

"No, sweetheart, I do not wish to fuck you. But if you keep offering I will take it. Several times if you would like."

Rose managed to move a little and she snatched her arm away from him.

"If you touch me, I will kill you."

"Do not wish for something, Rose, that you are not ready for. You will get it and you will not like it. No, you would love it, especially if someone gave you the right pleasure." Xavier turned away from Rose. "Take them away."

The men moved at Xavier's command. The women screamed or at least tried to when the men pulled them in different directions. Two of them pulled Veronica down one path, Rita and Faith down another, and Leonardo pulled Rose with him.

If Rose knew this was how she would die, she would have been with someone, at least once. Her eyes teared up when she looked at her friends

struggling as vampires pulled them in different directions.

Why, oh, why did she want to come here? Why didn't she just go back to the campsite?

God help us!

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

With an angry growl, Javon sprung from his bed landing on his feet with grace. His primal instinct to protect his mate ate at his soul. Her fear, which he sensed, had awakened him before his time to rise. Something had frightened her that made her mind reach out and surprisingly find his, awaking him from his rest. With his eyes seeing only the color of red, his teeth extended in his mouth, ready to kill whatever had frightened her. He grabbed his pants, pulling them up his legs. Before he had the button secured, he reached for his shirt and shoes. He had to find his mate tonight.

The moment his hand touched the doorknob on the bathroom door his body stiffened at her fear again. This time her fear stuck him far more painfully than before. He understood that linking with her without taking her blood would be impossible. But since she could link with him, he had to continue to try, and he would try again and

again until he succeeded.

Lacing up his boots, he grabbed his cell, which hadn't worked since he made it to this place, and then headed out the room. The last of the sun's rays touched his skin. It burned his skin a little but the leather protected most of his body. The sun could have been all the way up in the sky, he would not have cared. He only cared to find his Truelove and he would, no matter what.

Javon walked for what had to be hours before making it to a campsite. When he neared he saw a black rent-a-jEEP parked there with no signs of humans anywhere. He drew a deep breath, taking in the scent of four women. His heart, if possible, stopped when he caught a whiff of what had to be his mate. With his eyes seeking her, he kept breathing in the honey scent of the woman that was destined to be his mate.

So close.

Strangely, he did not notice any fear. Even if something had taken place earlier today, it would be faint but he would be able to pick it up. He took out his cell, growling when he still had no service. The place did not have any towers, so getting a good signal would be impossible. Placing the phone back in his jacket, he took in the scent again, this time following it out of the campsite.

Maybe his mate and her friends went hiking and found themselves up against a wild animal.



Hopefully, whatever occurred she had made it out safe and sound. He couldn't lose his mate before he has even found her.

The thought of his mate lying in the woods dying made him track her faster.

Javon came to a stream and took in a long deep breath. Her scent of fear came from behind the bushes. His fangs burst through his gums with a deadly hiss when he noticed the other women's fear also, but his mate's fear controlled his body; it trembled with unbelievable anger. Never in his life had Javon reached the point of wanting to kill anyone or anything who would cause harm to his mate, even though at this point she was only a dream.

Jumping across the river with a low snarl, he landed gracefully on the other side. He did not waver. He leaped over the ten-foot bushes without a problem.

The second his feet touched the other side he noticed a scent that stopped him in his tracks. The scent of Dementras and Trianes filled his nostrils. Along with the scent of blood, sweat, tears, and fear, which were so powerful on this side, it surprised him that it did not linger over the forest, as it was supposed to.

Then an idea came to him. The place had to have some sort of force around it that kept the aroma from escaping so no Dark Guardians could

find the place.

Worrying about whom had a spell over this place came later, now he had to find his mate. He looked around knowing no one occupied the rundown homes in the city. He looked down to the other end of the street, knowing the scent came from the big mansion at the end of the roadway.

\* \* \* \*

“Let me go. Let me go!” Rosezzettea’s frantic screams left her lips, while Leonardo pulled her down the hallway. It surprised her that she could talk again. It did not matter to her that she could talk. She wanted to get away.

Rose knew she could never overpower Leonardo but she could give him one hell of a headache with her screams. Swinging her arms she landed a blow on Leonardo. Rose only succeeded in hurting her hand. He was solid muscle. That would be a turn on if she didn’t fear her life.

That was useless.

Not knowing what else to do she dragged her foot in the carpet. Leonardo pulled her arm and she went flying into him. Okay, that did not work. The best thing she could do was scream. Talking in a deep breath Rose let out a banshee scream that traveled down the hallway and through the

entire building. It was so loud and powerful she knew that someone outside heard her cry for help.

“Hush with your screaming, woman,” he snarled, before tossing her in the room. “If you wake the others before time you will be in trouble.”

Rose staggered backwards into the room. She scowled, looking around, not expecting to see what she saw. Instead of standing in a cold cell with metal bars, there in the middle of the floor sat a large king-sized bed. Deep, dark red carpet went nicely with the white walls. Again, lion statues filled the room and even a rug with a lion’s picture in the middle of it lay in the middle of the floor. Nope, this place definitely didn’t qualify as a prison cell. If they weren’t going to put her in a cell, what were they up to?

Her gaze returned to Leonardo, who hadn’t moved from his position in the doorway.

“Where are my friends?” Her voice shook with every word.

He did not respond, only stared at her. It made her want to tear his eyes out of their sockets.

Kicking the dresser in the room with her foot, she snarled at him, “Where the fuck are my friends?”

He pushed himself off the wall and into her room. The anger she felt earlier quickly departed and fear rose in her. She did not mean to make the

bad vampire upset, she just wanted to know where her friends were.

“Look, Rose, you and your friends are here for one thing. You don’t have time to worry about them and they don’t have time to worry about you. None of you will make it out of here alive. They are right down the hall if you want to see them. So, you better hush and enjoy your time here, little virgin, or I swear to God I will leave your door unlocked when the others wake and you will not make it out of this room alive.”

Her eyes went narrow at him. Bastard thought he could threaten her virginity like that. He didn’t know her or what she could do to him but he would find out soon enough. Not caring about what they would do to her, she stepped forward prepared to take out all of her frustration on him. That included, fear, anger, sexual, and any others she could come up with. This vampire had pushed her too far and he had one quick beat-down coming to him. Rose drew back ready to land the first and only punch she would probably get out of the fight.

“That’s not a nice thing to say,” Xavier said from behind Leonardo, making her stop what she had planned on doing to him. Leonardo she possibly could beat, Xavier, well, that was an entirely different category of men. “Maybe fun to watch, though,” Xavier added. “A female taking

on a Triane; what a good fight that would be. You had better be careful, Leonardo, Rose looks as if she could take you down.

Leonardo laughed.

Bastard! Rose could take him down. She knew she could.

"You are funny today, sir, but our little virgin has nothing on me." Turning he looked at Rose. "Now if she wants, I can take care of that virgin problem she has."

"Fuck you!" Rose moved back another step when Leonardo growled. "I wouldn't let you touch me with a ten-foot pole."

Leonardo shrugged his shoulders. "Very well. That was my last offer."

"Good. I don't want you or anyone."

"I think she would be tiger in the bed, don't you think, Leonardo?" Xavier asked. "She hot right now. Mad at the world. A good fight then a hard fuck would settle her down."

Leonardo approached her. She could tell from the smile on his face that what Xavier had said did not upset Leonardo one bit. He actually thought about letting Leonardo do it so they could get some sort of entertainment out of it.

"It does sound like a good idea," Leonardo teased, still looking at her as if she was lying on a buffet table, ready for them to eat her alive.

This time when he spoke, her body trembled

before she could stop it. Just thinking about having vampires coming here at night to get their rocks off did not sound like a great idea. To have Leonardo as her first lover felt downright sickening. Being here in the first place wasn't good and the first chance she got, she would go to her friends, and they were out of here, pronto.

"But we know that you would kill her." Xavier lifted his hand to touch Rose but she moved back making him smile. "I would kill her if I tasted her untainted blood. I wouldn't be able to control myself, just like the others." Xavier lowered his hand. "But we have enough slaves to fulfill our every desire. Some of them are our favorites so Rose here has to be a player. Now, if she wanted to lose it before her time to play, I would be glad to help her out by letting her choose her partner."

Rose scowled at Xavier. She would tell him what to do with his offer but she did want to live another day.

Xavier's gaze roamed up and down her body making her feel as if he undressed her right there. Crossing her arms over her breasts to hide the way her nipples hardened, which from the way Xavier smiled told her she did too late, she yelled, "Go to hell, you bastards! Both of you!"

Later she would have to ask herself where she got all this courage to mouth off at the evil vampires.

“Such a mouth on you,” he spoke. “But I must warn you that if you don’t keep your voice to a minimum, others can come in here without a key and if they are irritated because you woke them then—you get what would happen next. There are hundreds of sex-starved vampires here. As long as I tell them not to come in they won’t, but waking them out of a deep sleep would make them disobey me.”

Not moving from where he stood, he observed her as she eased towards the door, no doubt ready to run the minute she got out.

“Escaping won’t help,” he said, unfazed at her attempt to escape. “You won’t get far from this room. Probably run into some of my guests and I know you don’t want that. Anyhow, the last person that tried to escape died in a very horrible way.”

Growling, Rose stepped back to her original spot.

“I thought so. Now, I know you were not anticipating your prison to be so nicely decorated but I believe everyone deserves a little luxury, even in their last days. The house is monitored by camera, except for the bedrooms. For some reason, watching humans fucking isn’t something that I enjoy watching. Your friends, who you are so concerned about, are right down the hall, everyone but Veronica. She is going to be a new

addition to our slave group. I can taste her already." Rose scowled at him for talking about her friend like he was. "But don't worry, we will feed you properly because we have to keep your strength up or you won't be any good when you fight. If you need anything or you're feeling a little cabin fever settling in, you can leave your room at night. During the day, we lock it for your safety. Now, like I said, my guests will not harm you, if you don't piss them off by waking them up. I have to go and get my plans for tonight's events. Don't try to escape because you won't make it to the front door. If you go downstairs, you will enter the ring and you will have to fight for your life. There are creatures down there that are not too friendly. Have fun while you are here." He turned to walk away but stopped. Not turning towards her, he spoke, "Oh, I forgot to tell you, you can lock your door from the inside. For your safety, I would. Don't worry about me; I can get in anytime I want."

The moment the door closed Rosezzettea slid down to the floor. Tears flowed down her face and onto the carpet. Never in her life had she expected something like this would happen to her.



## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Javon stood in front of the door. He inhaled deeply. The sweet smell of what had to be his Truelove lingered in his senses. His Truelove was just beyond this door, he knew it, and he would get her out of this place. The hard part would be doing it without going into a blistering rage, which now stood at the raw edge of his emotions. The smell of vampires in the hotel kept him calm. He had to think of a different approach for getting them out alive.

He did the rational thing; he knocked.

\* \* \* \*

Moments later Leonardo opened the door. The older Triane's eyes widened when he saw a Dark Guardian standing there instead of more humans.

Immediately, Leonardo concentrated by covering the honey scent of the women left on the land, along with the scent of death, blood, and

sweat. Soon the woodsy outdoor smell of the forest replaced its scent.

"Where are the women you have here?" Javon snarled, not in the mood for games or any other tricks this Triane might have in store for him.

"Girls?" Leonardo smiled. "We have all types. It depends on what you are looking for. A good time or feeding? Which one?"

"I am not talking about hookers, you asshole. I am talking about the four women that just came in here not too long ago. Now, where are they?"

"I don't..."

Javon reached up, grabbed Leonardo's tie and with all his might pulled it tight. The tie tightened around the vampire's neck locking in place. Vampires were lucky they did not have to breathe as often as humans. They might not have to breathe but Javon knew that it hurt.

Leonardo pulled back but the Dark Guardian holding him made it impossible to get out of his grip. He might be two hundred years older than the Dark Guardian but age in their different worlds did not matter. He, being only a Triane, once a human, did not possess the strength and the abilities of a Dark Guardian or Dementras such as Xavier. They were born stronger and faster than humans were.

A hard tug from the tie and his breath leaving his body painfully brought his attention back to

what was happening to him.

“Don’t patronize me, you worm. I know they came here and I know you know what women I am talking of. I smelled them the moment I walked into your little town here. You covered up the smell but it was too late. Now, tell me before I break your neck with this tie.”

When he finished speaking, Leonardo dropped to his knees trying to stop the pain going through his body. His eyes changed to bloodshot red from the lack of oxygen. His teeth slid out of his gums ready to latch on to Javon’s wrist the first opportunity.

“Dark Guardian, Javon. How nice of you to join us,” Xavier’s voice said from down the hall behind Leonardo.

For a split moment, the moment that changed his life, Javon looked up at Xavier.

Leonardo reached into his back pocket, pulled out a thin silver bracelet and snapped it around Javon’s right wrist.

“Now!” Xavier yelled out to no one in particular when he saw that Leonardo had understood what to do when he distracted the Dark Guardian.

The bracelet vibrated on Javon’s wrist. A spark of power flowed through him, traveling from his arm, going through every vein in his body. Javon hissed, falling to his knees feeling weaker than he

had ever been in his life. He released the tie and reached over to the bracelet to tear it from his wrist.

Leonardo took a deep breath, standing after Javon let go of the tie.

Javon reached up trying to pull the bracelet off but to no avail. The more the bracelet vibrated, the more power drained from his body. The weaker he became.

Javon slowly lifted his head when two shiny black shoes stopped in front of him. "Dark Guardian. How nice of you to find us. I haven't had one here in ages. I think the last one was named Michael or something like that."

"Where are they?" Javon's voice strained to speak those three little words.

"The girls?" Xavier said in a teasing voice. "They are fine. You will get your chance to meet one very soon. Rose is her name. She is so sweet and very pure. I almost took her and became her first lover but you know how I am. I do not like virgins. I love women that know what to do in the bedroom."

Javon's chest expanded with much needed air as he spoke, "I will kill you."

"I don't think you could."

Xavier bent down and gripped Javon's arm tightly before snatching him up to his feet. Javon could do nothing other than follow, too weak to

do anything else. Xavier pushed him towards Leonardo, who caught him, holding him upright. "This is a special bracelet Leonardo came up with, isn't it? We could drain your powers to a point of near death. Or I can give them back to you, which I will do only when you are playing the game. I know you've heard of it. It's amazing how secrets get out when the only thing I am trying to do is make a living."

"I am not playing any games," Javon told him weakly.

"Oh, yes, you are, because those women that you followed here already are. And if you don't help the little virgin that we are going to lock you up with, she will play alone and trust me, she will die."

"Never!"

Xavier took a deep breath. "You know that each time we drain your powers then give them back, just a little; your blood will be low. We will feed you on my own terms. And I will tell you this; I don't think my little prisoner we are going to lock you up with would appreciate the help from a vampire. No matter how good you are. She hates us and our kind and you know how much she will hate you the moment she finds out that you are the same thing we are. In other words, if you do not cooperate, we will tell her what you are and if we do, you'd better not go to sleep because she

might stake you while you rest and you could not do anything about it. But don't worry, we won't tell." Xavier pulled up his glasses, looking Javon in his eyes. Silver eyes clashed with silver. "If you play the game, we won't tell. If you don't, she will kill you, I know it."

Javon had no other choice. He had to play this 'game' as he called it, to find his mate and to help the women that were trapped here. If he did not he would be killed and she would too. When he did find his Truelove, getting her out would be hard.

Javon nodded, making Xavier smile as he put back on his glasses.

"Great." He looked at Leonardo. "Up his strength to human. We wouldn't want him escaping."

Javon held back a snarl. The power traveled through his body once more, this time replenishing him, giving him back most of his strength. When he could stand on his own again he pulled away from Leonardo's grip. He did not want any help from the first Triane he would kill when he got his chance.

Javon's gaze traveled to the Triane, who had a smile on his face.

"What's wrong, Dark Guardian?" Leonardo teased. "Don't like being touched?"

Javon smiled. He did not know why but he did.

"No," he snarled. "I see that you are trying to exacerbate me by trying to run your face into my fist. But to tell you the truth, I would not mind at all. Even in my weakened stage I can kick your ass."

Leonardo advanced towards Javon. "I will kick..."

"Enough!" Xavier ordered, stopping Leonardo in his tracks.

"Don't let him bait you, Leonardo."

"I wasn't," Leonardo snarled. He might have been talking to Xavier but his gaze was fully focused on Javon.

Just to piss him off more, Javon smiled and winked at the Triane.

"Come on." Xavier told Javon, seeing that the Dark Guardian wanted to start a fight with one of his best men. Right now, even in his weakened state he could beat Leonardo. It wasn't strength Dark Guardians possessed that helped them beat their enemies; it was their well-trained minds and patience. "Let's go meet your new playmate."

\* \* \* \*

Rosezzettea peeked out of her room, her eyes scanning, seeking to see if anyone stood outside her door. She looked left, then right, and then left again. Seeing no one, she stepped into the

hallway.

She remembered what Xavier said about her friends being right down the hallway from her, but where? There were plenty of doors on both sides of the hallway. Checking them would take her forever. And if she understood what was going on here, forever wasn't what she had.

The eerie sound of a door creaking as it opened made Rose stop walking. Her heart hammered against her chest, her breathing harsh as she waited to see who or what would come out of the room. When nothing came out, Rose took a step back, getting ready to run back into her room, just in case it was a vampire or something else. While she had to stay here it did not mean she trusted anything. After seeing and now knowing vampires really existed, she would not take any chance with being pulled into a room with a hungry vampire. The little martial arts she knew would not make it against a vampire who was stronger and faster than she would ever be.

Rose stopped her retreat when her friend's head poked out of the room. The terror in her friend's gaze met hers, and her heart sank. They were here because of her and if she had anything to do with it, she would get them out, even if it meant giving up her life for theirs.

"Rita!" Rose yelled, before running towards her friend.



“Rose!”

Rose grabbed Rita in a hug. “Rita, I am so glad you are safe.”

Rose felt Faith grabbing both of them from behind in a big bear hug.

“We were so worried about you,” Faith said from behind. “We didn’t know where they had taken you.”

They stayed in that position for several moments, crying, happy that no harm came to the other.

“Where is Veronica?” Rose asked, when they let go.

“I don’t know,” Faith answered. “We thought they put her in the same room with you.”

“No, we have to get out of here.”

“I know, but how? That Leonardo fellow said that we could get out but only on this floor. This is where they keep all the people playing this stupid game they are talking about,” Faith said.

“Okay, okay.” Rose thought, trying to come up with a plan. “Let me look around first, since I know where you two are, I will go look for Veronica.”

“No, Rose,” Faith said. “It’s too dangerous to walk around this place.”

“I know but I have to.”

“No, you don’t. But we do have to find Veronica and if you are going to go, we are

going."

"Damn right," Rita agreed. "We will not let you go alone."

Rose shook her head. Her friends had the right idea; if they all went together they had a better chance of finding Veronica. But if they all went it would look suspicious. Xavier, as she knew, could see everywhere they went. If they all were searching doors to find Veronica, Xavier might stop them from leaving their rooms. If he did they would never find Veronica.

With a stern look on her face she spoke, "No, you two are not coming with me."

Faith and Rita both looked at her.

"Why," Rita asked.

"Yeah, why not?"

They did not understand and she did not want them to think she did not want them to tag along with her. God knew she did not want search this place alone. Walking around by herself was the last thing she would ever want to do. To keep Xavier off her back and give her the time she needed to search for Veronica, she would go alone.

"Because it will be..."

"Rosezzettea!" The words died on her lips when Xavier's voice called her name from the doorway. "I know you are down there with your little friends but get back to your room, now. I

want you to meet your new roomie."

"I'll be back," Rose said.

"But..."

"No Faith. I...will...be...back. Do not go looking on your own."

"Rose..."

"I mean it, Faith. You two stay here until I get back."

Both Faith and Rita nodded.

Before her friends could say anything Rose headed back to her room to meet yet another person she had to help get out of this place. Or, at least she thought she had to help.

"There you are," Xavier said, when she walked through the door. "This is your new roommate, Javon."

He stepped out of her view to let her see a huge man lying on the bed. Her eyes opened wide when a tingling began in the pit of her stomach. The same tingle that began last night after the cry filled the night.

"What..." She froze. She looked up at Xavier when she noticed the man must be unconscious.

"Don't worry about him, he will be fine in a moment," Xavier explained. "He and Leonardo don't like each other and they got into a little scuffle on the way to the room. I had to knock him out."

"So," Rose snapped, pretending not to be

uninterested in the newcomer lying in the bed. Interested? She was interested, more like infatuated. Rose wanted to laugh, she had become infatuated with a man in less than a minute, something that had never before happened, and she had yet to see his eyes or even hear him speak.

Yep, I have to get laid soon. Infatuated with a half-dead guy is not something I want to admit to.

“Since that’s all you have to say, have fun.”

Rose waited until they left the room before running up to the man on the bed. She couldn’t leave him here to die, especially not die on the only bed she might have to sleep on for the next couple of days.

“Mister, Javon.” Cute name. “Sir...are you all right?”

Rose stopped short of touching the bed. It appeared to her that the closer she got to this man the more she felt like—no, she wouldn’t have sex with him, she did not even know this man. Closing her eyes, she concentrated on helping him instead of raping him.

We have to get out of here.

That was her motto, no matter how good his thighs looked in those tight leather pants. Or the way his shirt clung to his, oh so yummy looking, chest. She bet, if she lifted his shirt, a nice six-pack would be what she found. Nope, she did not care—her mouth opened when she actually

looked at his face. Beautiful. Wait, can guys be considered beautiful? Well, regardless, this man is. His chestnut colored hair fell over one eye, his features hard, but handsome, even in his sleep. A nice straight nose coupled with high cheekbones complemented the sexiest set of soft looking lips she had ever laid eyes on. Yeah, this would be a piece of cake. Rolling her eyes at her body that had already become moist, she couldn't stop thinking about what his lips would feel like tasting...Rose stop it now! This man might need your help.

Easing one knee onto the bed slowly, she looked down at him.

"Javon," she said again, and this time his eyes opened. She yelped then jumped off the bed. Standing on the side of the bed, she watched when he turned his head towards her.

Christ! The man had the most incredible colored eyes she had ever seen. They weren't gray. They were bright silver. His eyes were closer to the color of a quarter when the light from the lamp hit them. Man, she would give anything to have eyes like that.

Javon sat up. Wow, this man is huge. He moved his hair out of his face and for the love of God she wished he'd let her do it—no she didn't. The only thing she wanted to do was get out of here and hopefully bribe him to help her get her friends out also. He looked the part of a warrior, now she

needed to know if he could help. If he could, would he help her? Humans had to come together in times like this. They needed to work together and take down this man, Xavier.

"Sorry to startle you," he said, entirely too incredibly sexy for her.

Did he just speak or light a fire in the pit of her stomach? His words traveled throughout her body to land in a spot she hadn't felt before.

"You...you did not. It's just..." He moved from the bed and she forgot what she wanted to say.

Rose considered Leonardo tall but not wide and Javon was both. When Javon stood, she seemed smaller beside him. His massive size only made her want to do nothing other than lay him back onto the bed—she shook her head in disbelief at the way she was thinking about a stranger. Okay. No more sexual thoughts about the large man. Yeah, easier said than done. Maybe she would have to get her friends out herself. Javon would be too much of a distraction to her.

"You were saying?" His white teeth sparkled like teeth in a toothpaste commercial.

\* \* \* \*

Javon looked at the woman taking small steps away from him. His mate. His soon to be lover. Javon never knew how others felt when they were

in the presence of their mate, now he understood why his mother and father acted the way they did when they were in the same room with each other. Right now, he wanted to do nothing more than to do all the things her little mind projected them doing. He watched as her brown eyes widened with desire when he stood from the bed. The smell of her arousal quickly filled the room, wrapping around his shaft, squeezing it until it stood hard and ready underneath his pants. He had to resist taking in a deep breath to take in the honey scent of her. If he did, he wouldn't be able to fight the need to take her right then and there. At least, he needed to know her name before he took her body.

Cocking his head to the side, he noticed something about her. Inhaling just a little, the scent of her illness came to him. She had some form of cancer and she did not know it had come back stronger than before. His mate only had weeks, at most, to live. But he would not let that happen to her. He would have to gain some trust from her first then give her only a few drops of blood. That's all it would take. He wouldn't turn her here, if he did, Xavier would use her if he knew she was his Truelove. The few drops would kill off the cancer and once they were out, if they got out, he would do what all mates do, love her for the rest of their lives.

"What is your name?" he asked.

The way she held her mouth opened and her eyes glossy with desire he knew she felt something towards him but was too confused and scared to embrace the feeling. Giving him time to actually look at her. His eyes finally took in her looks. She had on shorts, almost too short, khaki short pants that showed her long legs. The white t-shirt outlined her nice firm breasts. To keep from grabbing her breasts Javon lowered his gaze, first to her nice firm thighs then to her long, well formed legs where he did not mind looking. He saw she was wearing boots. His eye traveled back up to meet hers. He caught the redness of her face before she smiled and the color faded.

"My friends call me Rose."

Rose, what a lovely name for what she was. "Okay, Rose, as your friends call you, what is your real name?"

He watched as her smile widened. Then she looked away from him for a moment, as if debating if she should tell him or not. When she looked at him again, she spoke. "My real name is Rosezzettea Norton." She scowled at him. "And I promise to hurt anyone who calls me by that name."

A little spitfire and all. He loved it. Any other time or place he would challenge her. Make her furious by teasing her with her name before



kissing her and making it all better.

He wanted to growl out when his pants became tight again. He grabbed his jacket, wrapped it around him before sitting back onto the bed.

"Okay, Rose," he said with a sexy voice. "I am Javon My'ari."

"My'ara?"

"No, M-y-apostrophe-a-r-i."

She nodded. "Nice name."

"Thanks."

"So how did you end up getting caught? You are a big man...I forgot, they are vampires. Did they tell you what they were?"

Javon nodded, wondering if he could ever tell her that he happened to be the same creatures they were.

"If I ever get out of here alive I will kill them, all of them. My friends and I came to ask for directions on getting back to our campsite and we become part of a game." His eyes followed her pacing angrily back and forth in front of him. He reached down to the bracelet they put on him, grabbed it, and pulled. A tiny shock went through him and he stopped before it hurt more.

She stopped pacing, her gaze resting on the bracelet. "What is that?"

Javon looked up at her, Rose now stood too close to him. "It's something they put on my arm. I think it drains energy." Time for a small lie.

"They said that they don't take blood from men unless they have to. So instead of letting me get stronger they like to keep me weakened with this."

Rose reached out touching the silver object. Javon held his breath when her delicate fingers turned his hand around to see if she could take it off. A non-sexual act turned sexual in only seconds.

When once again she got aroused from touching him, he wanted to pull her into his arms, kiss her until he made her come just from having his tongue in her mouth. He watched her shift her weight from one foot to the other, a sign that her touching him aroused her also.

"I don't see a way to get it off. It looks as if it has been welded together." He watched as Rose took a cautious step back when she felt her body react to his. She wanted him, that he knew. But he could since that she wanted her want for him to stop.

"I know. I'll eventually get it off and get us out of here."

She smiled but deep down he knew she did not believe him. The waves of sorrow almost made him pull her to the bed with him and try to make her understand what they were and why they were right for each other. Time, he needed time to explain to her what he was and why she wanted

him. If he did tell her now she would reject what he was because of what Xavier and Leonardo had done to her so far. If she did reject him, there's no telling what she might do to him when he slept. He would work on one problem at a time. First, getting them out of here; second, her illness, and third, claiming her as his mate. Those were the plans, however if she kept looking at him the way she was looking, item number three could rapidly become item number one. Not all bad, Javon thought.

"Thanks," she said and sat down on the bed beside him. "My friends are down the hall. They said they were going to make them play tonight. I can't leave without them or my best friend, Veronica. They took her off, saying that she would be a slave."

The word sex slave came to his mind but he wouldn't tell Rose. How do you tell someone that their friend would be raped? Several times and by all types of vampires. She would enjoy it though. No doubt about it. Vampires loved it when their partners screamed their passion out instead of pain. It made the victory so much sweeter when they fought until they gave in to their passion.

"I promised to help them, if I could."

With another smile, she stood from up.

"Where are you going?" Javon asked.

"To check to make sure my friends are fine.

When I do, I am going searching for my best friend Veronica.” With that said, she hurried out of the room.

Javon let her go, needing a little break from her himself. Once he calmed he would go to her and help find her friend. The way she spoke of Veronica and the vibes that came off her when she mentioned her name, Veronica had to be someone she dearly loved which meant he would do anything to help Rose find her.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

*Los Angeles*

“Dylan, have you heard from Javon since he made it to Montana?”

Dylan looked up from his microscope. His eyelids threatened to close down on him. Quickly, he took in a deep breath, opening his eyes again.

The weight of trying to come up with something to help them survive the harsh sun's rays really had taken a toll on his body. He hadn't slept or properly fed in days, wanting to work out the formula that would allow his people to walk under the sun's rays without burning to death. He was doing a good thing for his people but his body could not keep up with his hellish hours any longer.

“No, Kris. I have not heard from him in a while.” Dylan looked over to his younger brother standing closely behind him.

Kris Tisnoro had cut his long blond hair down

to a shorter style.

"Kris, did you cut your hair?"

The young Dark Guardian smiled, turning to give his brother a good look at his hair.

"Yes, brother," he answered. "Do you like?"

"No, why did you cut your hair so short?"

Kris shrugged. "New style, I guess. Also because Human Hunters mostly look for Dark Guardians with long hair, it's a dead giveaway."

"I don't think having long hair lets hunters know who we are. Remember, all of us have gray to silver colored eyes that are different from human colors. It's in our blood and we cannot hide that."

"We all do not have long hair. Most do but not all."

"Well, I'll work on wearing contacts next. Maybe you could cut your hair an inch or two."

"No," Dylan quickly answered. "As far as contacts go, we have to have them special made before they can up the color of our eyes."

"Well, that's something we can work on next. How about starting with that dreadful long hair of yours?"

"No," Dylan quickly replied.

He loved his hair long. He would never think about cutting it shorter. Now Kris had ruined the special effect they had going. Since Kris was born, they looked like twins, except for their hair. Kris

had blond hair. Dylan had more of a silver look than blond. Their mother had light blond hair, their father's hair almost white. The colors seemed to have mixed on Dylan, giving him an odd but attractive dark silvery shade. It did not make him look old, just different. Not many Dark Guardians had white hair but his father did. He was sure that if he ever found his Truelove and mated with her, his son would have a light silver colored hair. The key word was 'if' he found her. But in reality Dylan never wanted to find her. He was a loner and loved being by himself. A Truelove would only slow him down.

Dark Guardians were all different but in some ways very much alike. When Kris was born, he couldn't wait for his brother to be old enough so he could teach him things. With Dylan well over seven hundred and since his mother and father hadn't been together long when they had him, he thought a younger brother would be exciting and new. They would go places together and do things brothers do. When the time was right, he taught Kris how to defend himself. He and his father trained with Kris and knew Kris had developed some special powers, which he did not want to think about now.

Anyhow, he had not found his mate, but unlike his brother he was not actively looking for one and usually stayed away from humans. Staying away

from humans helped him avoid finding his Truelove. Regardless of how much he stayed away from humans Dylan loved his brother Kris. When Kris asked to move to Los Angeles with him, he let him. Boy, he did not know how much energy fledglings had. Kris woke before the sun had set. He stayed up to unearthly hours of the morning talking about nothing. When Dylan came to the lab Kris always followed him. His brother did not know how close he came to nailing him to a wall so the sun would toast his butt.

"I am getting worried."

"Why?" Dylan took off his gloves. "Javon is a well trained Guardian."

"But he is younger than you," Kris responded.

"Yes." Dylan sat the gloves on the counter. "I am four hundred years older than Javon but he is strong and he knows what to do when he is in danger. Javon knows how to send out a call when he needs help and most importantly, he is a Dark Guardian, well trained, and that's all that matters."

"Dark Guardians make mistakes." Kris leaned up against one of the counters in the lab. The place smelled like toxic chemicals, which mixed with the fresh pine sent of cleaners that Dylan usually used to clean his ruined experiments. "I know Javon knows how to do his job but something has happened. I would not come to you otherwise."



Kris knew things sometimes. He would get feelings or perhaps see things in his sleep. When these things occurred his reaction would be to go out and find out what was bothering him. Usually it was someone in trouble or a human that would be of importance to their species, trapped by a Dementra or Triane. Therefore, if his younger brother had a bad feeling about Javon something must have happened to the Dark Guardian.

Dylan had trailed Javon as much as he trailed Dylan. He could pick up any bad vibes coming from him if Javon had fallen into some type of trouble.

Javon. Dylan called out then waited on the other Dark Guardian to answer.

*Javon, are you in need of help?*

"I have already tried to call to him, brother. Just like yours, my call also goes unanswered. Not because he would not answer, I believe that Javon's trapped and he cannot get my signal. He is trapped behind a force field or something. I know he is. A moment ago, I felt pain, his pain, but when it stopped I was unable to connect with him. I thought maybe he was in a fight and did not want me to feel his pain. But when I waited and could not connect with him later, I knew something had happened to him."

Dylan looked at his younger brother, seeing the worry in his eyes and he knew what his brother

was about to ask him to do. Taking a deep breath he said, "I'll go to Montana."

Kris smiled knowing that was all it took to get his brother to go and check for him. He knew his big brother did not like going out in public and being around people but he knew when a Dark Guardian was in trouble, he must help.

Unbuttoning his white coat Dylan hung it on the wall. "I'll be back in a few days. Do not do any hunting without Joaquin or someone else going with you."

"Joaquin?"

"Yes, Joaquin. He is the only Dark Guardian that I trust to watch you closely."

Kris snarled at his brother. "I don't need a babysitter. I am almost a hundred."

Dylan chuckled. "Almost doesn't count. Either you go with him or you do not go at all."

"You know, big brother," Kris hissed. "If I had known I would be treated in this fashion with an around the clock babysitter I would have found my own place."

"No, you would not. You came because you knew that I would help and train you better than anyone else."

"True." Kris agreed. "We can argue about this later. Thanks for going, Dylan."

"Yeah, yeah, you owe me for doing this. Big time," Dylan told him before storming out of the

room.

\* \* \* \*

“Man oh man,” Rosezzettea said as she reentered her friend’s room.

“What’s wrong, Rose?” Faith asked.

Rose dropped down on their bed beside Faith. “The man in my room is the problem.”

Okay, so she did not say he resembled the man in her dreams and she did not need to either. He was just so...so, what’s the word? Rose couldn’t come up with as single one word that would describe Javon. To describe his voice alone would take up three pages

“Let’s just say that if our lives weren’t in danger, I would be all over him.”

Both of her friends’ eyes went wide in shock. What a good time for Rose to start wanting to date. For the first time in years Rose wanted to get with a man when their lives were in danger. She had perfect timing.

“What? Don’t look at me like that. I look, I notice. And God, have I noticed him.”

Both girls looked at each other then smiled.

“Not lately,” Rita told her. “So what’s his name?”

“Javon My’ari.” A male’s voice spoke from the door.

All three women stood from the bed ready to scream, fight, and bite if necessary.

Rose did not know if she should smile, laugh, or be shamefaced. She guessed it depended on how much he heard her say.

"Wow," Rita said to Rose as this giant of a man made his way into the room. "I know what you mean."

The room they put Rose in had to be twice as big as this one so when Javon moved into the small room, he made it seem smaller.

"Hi, I'm Faith Riley and this is..."

"Rita Gilbert," she answered for herself.

\*

Javon smiled at both of the women but he did not shake their hands nor did he touch them because Rose, at the time, did not understand that if he touched them or any other women she would go mad with jealousy. It had always been that way, especially before a male brought over his mate.

That jealousy of rage and wanting to kill the women their mates touched was what made the women come to realize that they were in love with the man and had loved them before they met and would love them forever more.

"Nice to meet you also." He turned to Rose. "Have you found your other friend?"

Rose shook her head, as if afraid her words

would give her away.

The door flew open and two men dressed all in white walked into the room. The newcomers froze when they saw Javon standing in the room. Javon immediately noticed the Trianes and they knew of him.

They looked at each other, debating a course of action. Should they do what they came for, or go and find Xavier to go around the Dark Guardian? Either way, Javon knew they did not want to do it.

Finally, the shorter man spoke. "We have come for them."

"No," Rose said first.

"Rose!" Faith grabbed her friend. Rose felt her friend hugging her so she could whisper in her ear. "Find a way out. Help Veronica."

"No, I will not..." Rose stopped speaking before she said something wrong.

"Do it." Faith let her go. "We will be all right."

That was the first lie Faith had ever told Rose and Rose knew it. When her friends walked out of the door, it was a slim almost nonexistent chance that they would come back alive. Rose understood they were going to play some game of Xavier's and they would not live to see another day once they had played.

Rose released Faith then stood in front of her and the other men.

"Take me instead," Rose suggested.

"Rose, no," Faith yelled.

The men looked at each other and smiled. The shorter one walked towards Rose.

"Listen..." the shorter one began to speak again but when Javon snarled and moved between him and Rose, he quieted.

"Be careful what you say and how you say it to her Tri..." Javon paused. "I will not tolerate you speaking to her in any manner other than one that she deserves."

"Well tell your roomie to get out of the way. We have a job to do and Xavier wants these girls down and prepared to play the game in five minutes, two of which she has burned with her 'take me instead' speech. If she doesn't know, we only do as Xavier says and he wants them, not her."

Javon reached up but slowly put his hands back to his sides. His present strength was not sufficient to beat both of them. One alone would not be a problem.

"Javon," Rose whispered. "Don't let them take them, please."

Her plea broke his heart. Javon wanted to and he would fight for her friends right now if she said so. He would lose but knowing that he tried would be good enough for him.

\* \* \* \*

"No," Rita said. "Don't, Rose. Don't make him fight for us. We are going freely."

"No," Rose said, as tears rolled down her cheeks. "Please."

Rose looked down, swallowing the tears when Faith walked out the door. Rita came up giving her a hug before following Faith out the door.

Rose stumbled a little when the room began to spin. Never in her life had she fainted but she felt it coming on strong. Her body went limp and she knew she would hit the floor hard.

\* \* \* \*

In a blink of an eye, Javon moved and caught her before she touched the floor.

Slowly, he lifted her into his arms, pulling her closer to his chest.

Growling in anger that he couldn't get them out of Dark Town, he carried her back to the room.

"Looks like you got a fainter," Leonardo said, while posing beside the door. "She will surely get you two killed if she does that down below."

Ignoring Leonardo, Javon walked past him. With his foot he kicked the door and it slammed in Leonardo's face with a loud bang.

Javon laid Rose on the bed. She had passed out because of the cancer not from becoming overexcited like Leonardo believed.

He hated to do this without her consent but he had to. If she got weak down below, she would faint again and that would get them killed. No matter how much he hated to admit it, Leonardo spoke the truth.

Javon sat beside her head, moving her long black hair out of her face.

Beautiful woman.

Never in his life had he seen a more beautiful woman than Rose and he doubted that any woman would ever compare to her. After they got out of this, they would live their lives together in peace. In time, she would come to terms with their love and love him just as strongly as he loved her. The fear of him he saw in her eyes would be no more. When he looked at her, he would only see passion and her need to be with him. He would give her that passion, along with any and everything he could possible give to her.

Javon let his fangs come down in his mouth. Taking her face in one hand, he squeezed the sides of her face, forcing her mouth open.

Javon bit down on the pad of his finger, then held it over her mouth and let only three drops of blood fall on her tongue. A few drops should be enough to track down whatever cancer she had in her body at the same time not enough that Xavier and the others could tell she was a Truelove. There was on thing he knew. He must ever let them find



out that Rose was his Truelove, no matter what. If they did find out there was no telling what plans Xavier might have for them.

After Rose swallowed, he could hear the blood rushing through her veins faster. His blood sought out the infection she had in her body.

With each passing second, her blood cells tripled, becoming stronger. He knew his blood would find the cancer, killing it off, then repairing any damage it caused.

Rose would wake stronger than she had felt in days. If they got out alive, he would personally let her kick his butt for not telling her what he did. Right now, his secret had to be his and his alone.

Laying her head on the pillow, he watched her chest rise then fall. Then again, it rose then fell. Soon she would go into a deep sleep that would help her body repair itself faster.

Javon moved the strands of hair out of her face; she moaned at his touch. Her sound only fueled the passion that he tried to contain since he opened his eyes and saw her leaning over him. Her breath quickened and he saw through her shirt that her nipples stood hard, erect, and ready to be touched. A hint of arousal quickly filled the room.

Moving away from the bed, he went into the bathroom to take a nice, cold shower. Rose did not need him gawking at her while she slept.

\* \* \* \*

Rose's body ached when he took her oversensitive nipple into his mouth. She had let him kiss and lick every inch of her body and she could feel he still wanted more from her.

"You're killing me," she moaned when he switched breasts, giving it the same attention, licking it, before taking the hard nub into his mouth, tasting her skin as if he couldn't get enough of her.

She loved it when he teased her like this, torturing her more, making her want him to stop, at the same time making her never want him to stop. He pressed down on top of her, letting her feel his desire against her wet mound as he pulled her pink nipple with his teeth, making her arch from the painful pleasure.

She looked up at his chestnut colored hair, grabbing it, trying to make him stop his torture and give her what she needed. Her pulling only resulted in his breath skipping across her warm skin as he laughed when he released her nipple.

"Please, I can't take anymore."

He grabbed her breast in his warm hand, caressing it.

"I love it when you beg," his dark voice finally spoke. "Tell me what you want."

She went quiet. She did not know what she wanted but she knew he knew what she needed. He released her breast with a sigh. "Tell me, Rose. I cannot fulfill your dreams if I do not know what they are."

Closing her eyes, she moaned again when he bit down on her neck then moved up until she could smell his spicy male scent in her nose.

"Tell me," he demanded, against her lips. His erection pressed against her wetness and her body vibrated, knowing he only had to press down and he would be inside her.

Moving her hips upwards, she smiled when he hissed as the head threatened to slip inside her. He moved back making her groan from the loss of his heated flesh against hers.

"Tell me, Rose," he pleaded. "I cannot give you what you want until you tell me."

Rose shook her head from side-to-side. If she told him, she would be giving in to the desire, giving in to her need, and she would be lost in this world, lost everywhere. If she told him, she would give up her soul to him and that's what he wanted. He did not only want her for sex but he wanted her soul.

"I want you inside me."

Her answer must have pleased him because the second she felt him smile against her lips he pushed deep inside her, at the same time thrusting

his tongue inside her warm mouth.

The slight pain she felt only lasted a moment.

He moaned. His tongue mated with hers as he stilled inside of her. Rose thought when he moved it would hurt only this time she felt nothing but pleasure as he moved. Thrusting deeper and harder than the last, faster then slower, her body reacting just as he wanted. Her body wound tighter and tighter, growing hot and wetter with each thrust from his body until she felt that she would burn in the fire they were creating.

Finally, he pulled away from her lips. "You are so tight. You make me lose control each time I am with you."

Her nails dug into his back. Her hips met his every thrust. She moaned when her walls begin to flutter, grabbing him, holding him until she felt her body could not longer hold back the feeling he created deep within her.

"I want you to come hard for me, Rose."

He ordered and she could do no other than obey. "Javon!" she called out. Every fiber in her soul locked tight, tighter than it had ever been before.

Rose woke and jumped from the bed disorientated, still half in her dream world, half awake. Why in the hell would she be dreaming about Javon?

\* \* \* \*

“Rose, are you okay?” Javon asked, as he walked out of the bathroom, freezing when he saw her leaning up against the wall. Her fingernails dug into the walls behind her while she stood there with an animalistic look on her face. Her chest rapidly rose and fell with each breath she took.

He thought he had caught a whiff of her arousal while he showered. Now he knew what was wrong with him.

While in the shower he felt sleep overtaking him. Instead of doing the reasonable thing and turning off the water and going to lie down, he leaned against the wall trying to fight the sleep. Rose must have pulled him into her dream because he knew why she cried out his name and he now knew why she got aroused before she went into a deep sleep.

His Truelove was going through her Fervor Period. A time that all Trueloves went through when they were ready to mate. It happened every five-hundred years. It was the only time when females could conceive. Not many humans went through it, but it happened. To go through this wouldn't be a big deal if they were somewhere, anywhere else, but here. Also, if she was turned, he wouldn't be standing here, she would have literally taken what she needed. If she had been a

vampire, her need to mate would be three times as strong as it was now.

He watched her, watching him with a hungry look in her eyes. He knew what she needed but she was a virgin for goodness sake and she did not need this here. She needed to be somewhere safe where he could show her everything he knew.

\* \* \* \*

Rose could hear his heartbeat at the same time smell his scent mixed with the soap he used from his bath. Her mouth went dry as she watched a single drop of water run down his chest disappearing into the black towel he had wrapped around his slim waist. Her body still vibrated everywhere, letting her know that from Javon's look he knew what she needed. From the look in his eyes, the desire that mirrored hers, she knew she only had to say it and he would do it.

Running her hand through her hair, she counted to five before dashing into the bathroom. Shower, cold shower, that was what she needed, not sex with a man she didn't know.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Javon shook his head, almost laughing aloud at Rose. The woman did not recognize what had happened to her but he did. The wild, unstoppable need to mate that flowed through Rosezzettea would only grow until she could not handle it on her own and eventually she would give in to her pleasure. With him or by herself it did not matter. She would need to relieve that pressure.

The sound of the shower water blasting from the bathroom did not catch his attention but her crying did. Without thinking, he rushed into the bathroom. Inside he saw her form on the floor of the shower. He went up to the glass door, opening it.

He expected her to scream at him or at least cover herself more but she did not move, only cried more. Looking at her no one would understand the reason for her tears but he did. Her body demanded his more fiercely than just a

second ago. The scent of her arousal lingered all over even on him at this moment. For a person who did not know what was happening, it must be frightening. No humans had that animalistic element in their make-up. Only Trueloves had it and with her still being human, she was not able to restrain the animalistic part of this.

"Go away!" Her demand came low and warning, as if she did not trust herself with him close to her.

Rose did not trust herself. She did not want him to get close, afraid of what she might do. The animal part of her wanted to throw him down on the floor and take what she believed was hers and she would do this until neither of them could move for days. The rational part of her brain wanted Javon as far away from her as humanly possible.

His silver gaze rested on her face. "Rose, what do you need right now?"

When she did not respond, it did not upset him. He did not expect her to say, "I want to fuck you until we are sore and can't move."

Slowly, he moved in front of her, stopping the water from hitting her body.

"I said go away, Javon." She wrapped her arms around her legs more drawing them closer to her body because the closer he got to her the more she wanted him.



“Look at me,” he ordered then bent down in front of her. “Rose, look at me now.”

Her red eyes met his, almost breaking his heart. “What...do...you...want, Rose?”

She wanted out of here, she wanted freedom, she wanted...wanted...looking at his silver eyes she bit her lip. She wanted him. God knew she did. Javon happened to be the man of her dreams and she wanted him to give her the unbelievable pleasure, or more, for the rest of her life. Starting right now.

Her gaze went to his lips, tracing them with lustful glaze, wanting nothing more than to feel them on her lips. Her mind pictured him pushing her back to the shower floor, taking her, making her feel just as he did in her dreams. She wanted to scream out in pleasure as he went down on her, tasting her, licking her, making her want more. Yes, she wanted it all but it frightened her. Before yesterday, the last thing on her mind while she was awake had been sex, now it was all she seemed to be able to think of, and he wanted to know what she had on her mind. It was sex, lots of it. Not sex with anyone, sex with him. But, she wouldn't have sex with him no matter what. The man probably had a girlfriend or a wife at home that he wanted to get back with and here she was, sex pervert, trying to break up a happy home.

Pulling her legs again, she looked away from

him and lied, "Nothing but to get out of here alive."

Rose never expected the shiver that overpowered her body when Javon touched her shoulder. Her body flooded with moisture at the feel of his hand on her bare skin. "You are lying to me."

He couldn't tell her that he smelled her arousal. Or that he could hear her heart pounding a mile a minute. That would give him away.

"How do you know if I am lying?" Her voice had begun to crack from agony.

The thought of him on top of her kept replaying over and over in her mind making her believe she had lost her mind or become a nymphomaniac in a couple of hours. If Javon did not leave the bathroom soon she would ask him to make love to her. Not sex, not fuck, but love. Something two people did when they had been together for months, maybe even years and developed a relationship. How could she ask him for that? They did not know each other and she doubted that Javon even found her remotely interesting. He probably preferred women that worked out more, ate right, and had bigger breasts than she had.

"I know when a woman becomes aroused, Rose. I knew it the moment I walked out of the bathroom and saw it in your eyes." Her gaze returned to his just in time to see his darkened

with his own arousal. "I could please you, Rose." His hand moved down her back making her suppress a moan. Just his hands on her felt good. "If you want me too, but I will not kiss you, not yet."

Her gaze met his, wondering why not. "Because when we get out of here it will be special then. I do not want our first kiss remembered in this place. Making love is more important than a kiss and we will remember it also but that's what you need. A kiss would not please you now. It would still lead to me taking you back to bed where I can make love to you all day and night. So I will not kiss you until we are free then we will have something to remember besides here."

Okay, he knew he lied. A small lie to tell but he couldn't tell her the truth. If he kissed her now it would bring forth the symbol of their love. On her right wrist, and his left, hurting like hell when it appeared. He couldn't do that to her, not yet.

"I can ease the pain that you feel, Rose. I could make love to you for hours on end. Is that what you desire? Need? Is it?"

Rose closed her eyes. The painful—pleasurable ache in her body only intensified from his words. Didn't he know he could not say things such as those to a woman who wanted him?

He rose, taking her with him. His towel was soaked so he let it fall to the floor. Rose gasped,

never having seen a man naked personally. Her gaze traveled over his chest, down his torso then to his—her eyes widened in shock at his size. No man on television looked as big as he was.

“What do you say?” Javon asked.

Just looking at him she wanted to say, “hell no” because they would never fit together but her gaze met his once more. Not able to refuse his offer she nodded. He moved his hand to the nape of her neck, the other to the small of her back and pulled her up to him. She thought he was going to kiss her but he moved to her neck and placed a small kiss on her skin. He slowly kissed his way down to her chest, placing warm promising kisses on her skin as he worked his way over to her already hardened nipples. She moaned as he drew one into the warmth of his mouth, suckled on one while he caressed the other breast with his hand.

A whimper left her lips when his teeth scraped her nipple before taking it back into his mouth.

Rose’s body liquefied between her legs. Her sex seemed to throb from wanting him and he only sucked on her breast.

He trailed his tongue over to her other nipple, attacking it the same way.

Oh it was on, her head tilted back, her fingers gripped his hair, and a low moan of pleasure left her lips. “Javon.”

Javon smiled, knowing she did not need this

sort of prepping. The smell alone let him know how aroused she had become and how wet she already was. No matter how much he wanted to take her fast and hard he would restrain his passion and for the first time in his life and make love to a woman.

His hand trailed down and parted her thighs letting his fingers brush over her wet mound teasing her until pleasure shot through both of them. Her hips thrust forward, wanting more, needing more.

No longer in control of his cravings, Javon licked his way down over her stomach to the top of her mound. He went to his knees then looked up to see that Rose had her eyes shut and her head thrown back. To a virgin it would make them timid but he understood she had passed desire minutes ago and she only wanted to be pleased. She needed a release and she did not care how she got it.

Rose felt him drop to his knees and she knew what would happen next because he had done it in her dreams so many times to a point in real life it did not bother her. Right now, she needed to come and soon.

Her knees went weak when his tongue flicked out to lap at her juices. Her hands flew to his shoulders to keep from falling as he spread her thighs more and began feasting on her. His tongue

played over her driving her insane with each pass. She felt he couldn't get enough of her. The more she gave the more he wanted. Slowly, he thrust his tongue deep inside her, giving her what she wanted.

"Javon," she moaned again. Her body trembled so close to a release.

He did not speed up his ministration. Instead, he kept his movements slow and torturing.

From above he felt her tossing her head from side—to—side and he knew if he touched her in the right place she would come apart, but he did not want that. Not yet. Her first time with him would be with them joined together.

"Please," she pleaded with him. "I can't take anymore of this."

Her plea was all he could take. Rose went down to the smooth, wet floor of the shower when he pulled her down. The moment she settled to the floor, he lowered his mouth to her sex once again, licking at her with mind-numbing strokes that drove her to begging again. Javon wouldn't give her the release she wanted. He only took her to the edge, holding her there, teasing her until she thought she would die from it all.

"I need you, Javon, please!"

Not able to handle her begging anymore, he lifted his head, smiled, and then lapped her sex once more before shifting his weight until he lay

on top of her. With both of his strong arms on the side of her head, he looked down at her waiting until she opened her eyes and looked at him. His eyes, if possible, darkened with lust as he looked down at her. "You want me to make you come?" She felt the head of his shaft pressed against her wet mound. The rational part of her mind came screaming, reminding her it would hurt and about them using protection. When she looked at him the thought perished as quickly as it appeared. She blanked a couple of times not remembering anything about protection or pain.

With one long, hard thrust, he impaled her to the hilt. She did not expect his entering her to make her erupt the way she did. Her entire body shook, moisture poured from her body; it simultaneously tightened to a point where she could do nothing other than scream out her pleasure. Her wails vibrated off the walls and traveled down his spine.

Javon growled. His teeth exploded in his mouth, cutting deep in his lower lip until his blood flooded his mouth.

Javon closed his eyes, dropped his head to her shoulder, shaking his head at the same time, fighting through her orgasm.

"What's wrong, Javon?" she questioned, when her body stopped trembling.

He wanted to look at her, look at her while her

passion unfolded but the second she cried out, his fangs descended in his mouth as her blood called out to him. Never in his life had he lain with a woman, without using protection, nor had he ever felt this way with anyone before. With other women, he never had to control his fangs because if he wanted to bite, he did, and then erased their minds of it. If he did not want to bite, he did not, no problem. However, with Rose it felt different. He wanted to taste her blood and feel her fangs in him at the same time but if he took her blood and gave her his, they would know about them and would take her away from him. In addition, he did not want to erase her mind of their experience. He wanted her to recall everything that happened between them.

“You feel so good. I wanted to be gentle with you this time but I couldn’t. I can’t,” his voice rasped.

It made her smile knowing he could not control himself with her.

Rose had thought something was wrong or that she had done something wrong. Instead, she hadn’t done anything wrong he just couldn’t control himself around her and she loved it. Raising her hand, she ran her fingers through his wet hair pushing it away from his face.

“Don’t be gentle. I need this, I need you.”

With her permission, he withdrew and impaled



her again, setting the pace hard and fast, just as she needed. Moaning anew, she threw her head back, her body taking each powerful thrust. Soon, another climax took her hard and fast but he did not stop, he rode her, thrusting in her until her body trembled, ready for yet another release, which he still did not stop until stop until he had on the edge of not the third but her fourth release.

“Oh, yes,” she hissed.

This time when she pulsed around him, he came also. His thrust slowed as he released himself into her.

Rose breathed hard and rubbed his back when he collapsed on top of her. The water from the shower only added pleasure, causing her to close her eyes enjoying the feeling. She knew this may be the only time she would ever feel this relaxed and satisfied.

Javon did not want to move. The gods made Rose’s body especially for his and he never wanted, or would let her out of his life, never. Quickly, he withdrew from her, gathering her next to him. The only reason he withdrew from her faster than he wanted was her blood rushing through her veins called out to him to taste her. His teeth had once again exploded out of his gums and he almost took her blood.

When he moved to carry her out of the shower, for the first time in years, he staggered a little.

Damn bracelet was still in human strength. And with it in that low setting it made him incapable of breaking them out of this prison.

After turning off the water, he carried her back into the room and laid her on the bed. She had already fallen asleep in his arms. He hoped that her Fervor Period had finished. It only lasted a couple of days, two days tops, some males were lucky when the female went five days. If she had gone through this while the others were around, they would have known and would have taken advantage of her.

"Rest, my love. We will be free sooner than you think."

The sun would be up soon and he knew she would sleep during the day. Her body had been through something humans did not go through. One thing that made him happy was the cancer in her depleted with each passing moment.

By tomorrow, it should be gone.

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Dylan tried to call his brother since he arrived here. Damn phones didn't work. Closing his eyes, he concentrated.

*Kris.*

*I can hear you, brother.*

*I have found where Javon stayed. I followed his scent up to a campsite. After that, I cannot follow him. It must have rained on this part of the forest.*

*Did you try to link with him mentally?*

*On several occasions. I know he wouldn't just leave. The problem that I am facing now is what happened to the human females that were here.*

*What do you mean?*

*I smell them, four of them, but the scent is so weak that I don't think they have been here since Javon has.*

*And that is a problem why?*

*Because, brother, they left their vehicle, tent, food and water. No one would just leave something here.*

*Do you think Javon?*

Dylan perished the thought of Javon turning on

them. He was only five hundred years old. He, himself was nine hundred and four years old, and he did not feel the need to turn, not yet. Maybe his brother in his life kept him anchored. On the other hand, Javon did not have any siblings, not yet. He was the first of his family and...God, he hoped he did not change or those women would be in trouble.

Javon would be a big treat to many humans if he turned dark. When a well-trained, highly qualified male turned dark, everyone worried. Those males had abilities and talents that made it hard for anyone to track them. Harder for anyone to kill them and worse, easier for them to kill the one hunting them.

*No, Kris, I don't think Javon has turned. When he stood here, I smell more concern coming from him than anger. I don't know if he felt the same thing about these women or what.*

*Okay. What are you going to do now?*

*Look some more. For anything, any clues. If I find something, I will contact you.*

*What about Dark Town?*

Dylan tensed at his brother's words. He forgot about Dark Town. The thought of female women going through the torture he had heard went on in that town, made him shudder.

*I will say this, brother, if those women or even Javon has found Dark Town then my search is useless. Only one person ever survived getting away from Dark*

*Town and that scumbag Triane killed her because he knew she would remember.*

*True. Be careful and make sure you let me know of your every step, just in case I have to track you.*

*I will do that.*

Dylan broke communication, crouched down and picked up a book.

It was Michael's book. The lost book in which Michael wrote down everything he found out about Dark Town. Michael, as they say, happened to be the last and only Dark Guardian to find the town that he knew of. However, since no one had seen or heard from him since, it was not certain he ever found the town. Michael wasn't ready for Dark Town. Nor was he trained enough to fight. Michael and Kris were of the same background. Young, wild, hardheaded, and not wanting to listen to those who know best. Dylan would never think about sending his brother to find the town, not for another four hundred or so years. Yes, he was protective of Kris and yes it might not be reasonable. But more Dark Guardians were dying each year. Some turned dark, others died while trying to fight off Dark Ones. That would not be so bad but their God, Yateichaa, must have had other things on her mind because she was bringing back less and less of the Dark Guardians' souls. Nairapha, once a God of peace, was getting his wish. He was torturing their Trueloves. His was

having the ones with special powers killed before they meet their Dark Guardians. Others were being turned into Chosen Ones, becoming evil, just as evil as the ones turning them. In terms of reality, Nairapha was getting his wish. He wanted to rid to earth of Dark Guardians and once he had, he would destroy earth.

Dylan dropped the book to the ground and stood. Someone was close to him. Too close. They had covered their scent, which meant they did not want to be recognized. Ready to fight, he looked around for any clue to where this unknown person was hiding. A small crackle came from above; Dylan knew the person who tracked him hid in the trees.

He looked up but saw nothing. Not even the clothing. Then for a brief moment the person up above must have lost his balance or something happened that made him unable to cover up his scent and it leaked out, giving him away.

Dylan relaxed knowing this person would not try to harm him.

"Donavon Morganti," Dylan said, dryly. "To what do I owe this visit?"

He heard a deep chuckle before a tall figure touched down beside him. He looked up, since Donavon stood a foot or two taller than him. He watched him fling his honey colored hair over his shoulders before meeting his eyes.

"Never could sneak up on you, old man."

"Old?" Dylan said, with a smile on his face. "Better watch it, fledgling."

"Or you will what, grandpa? You are going to bite me with your old fangs. You should be careful whom you sink those things down into or you might chip a tooth at your age. My skin is a lot tougher than it looks and I don't think our new dentist has perfected replacing teeth yet."

"One more word, Donavon, and I will make sure that you are the first I test my formula on."

The two men laughed before giving each other a hug. They always pretended to argue but they were close friends.

"What are you doing out here, Dylan? This isn't your week."

"Javon is missing. My brother has a feeling that something dreadful has occurred to him. Were you here when he vanished?"

Donavon looked around the location. "No. I had a run-in with my twin and he led me here. He is mad at me because I happened to be the good son and everyone thought of him as the evil one. You know the same thing. Unfortunately, he doesn't understand that I did not lock him away for all those years, my parents did. But he still takes it out on me."

"Are you okay?" Donavan could hear the worry in Dylan's voice. No doubt they worried

when a younger vampire ran into a Dementra. The likelihood of a fledging killing a Dementra, even though he was over a hundred is slim.

"Yeah, he came, we argued, he left. I don't know what his plan is. I do know I have to stay up and ready to fight when he does come back." He ran his hands through his hair again. "Enough about me, let's find Javon."

"I don't know. This is where his trail stopped. Maybe it rained just beyond the river. That's why I cannot pick up his scent."

"Maybe," Donavon looked around. "I followed it here also. I hoped to run into him here but the only thing I pick up is women." He lifted his eyebrow as he spoke. "There were four of them. One was having a very good time in her tent."

Dylan shook his head at the youngling.

True, he caught the arousal coming from one of the women's tents. Smelling it made his body tingle a little, something it hadn't done in a while. Instead of reacting to it, he had shoved the thought back to what she had been doing the last time she laid in there.

"That's not what we are concentrating on."

"I know. I just wanted to see if you noticed at your age. How about going this way?" Donavan pointed to the other side of the river. "Maybe we will be able to pick up his scent from there or at least to find this Dark Town everyone is looking



for.”

Donavan stopped walking when he felt Dylan grabbing his arm. “Who sent you to look for Dark Town?”

“My Nodoro did. Now you know that’s the only reason I would come.” His Nodoro? Why would his Nodoro, as they called their leaders, send just a fledgling to hunt for Dark Town when there were so many other Hunters to do the job?

“Because he knows that I can do it. Would you guard your mind, it’s like an open book.” He frowned at the elder after noticing something in his mind. “Man, when was the last time you got any? A decade or two ago?”

Donavon did not always joke a lot, however, since his brother’s attacks, he felt the need to let go of his darker side and enjoy life more. At least if he joked around other Dark Guardians maybe they would begin to loosen up a bit.

The barrier quickly went up in Dylan’s mind. He forgot to do it because his brother had been the only person he had been around in months and he had nothing to hide from his brother.

“Thank you.”

“Donavon, do me a favor, stay out of my memories.”

Donavon looked at Dylan when he snarled at him.

“No need to snarl at me, I have had sex in the

last day or two. You, on the other hand haven't had any in a very long, long time and I am worried how you can keep your soul when you are not around people."

Dylan averted his eyes as he began walking off.

"I don't know. Maybe my brother helps keep my soul intact. Without him bugging the hell out of me I don't think I would have survived the last fifty or so years."

"Brotherly love. Wish I knew what that felt like. Anyhow, should we go hunting for a Hunter?"

Dylan nodded.

"Give it time, Donovan. We are trying to get our god to go and retrieve your brother's soul."

Donovan snorting stopped Dylan in his tracks.

"Look, Dylan, thanks for the helpful prayer but my brother never had a soul. He was born into this world without a soul. Inside my mother's womb he was evil and he wants to destroy everyone around him."

Shaking his head Dylan moved forward. There would be time later to discuss his brother's issues as well as come up with a plan to get Dorivil or Eli, as he called himself, a soul. Their god would do it if Eli was worth a soul.

"We will talk about this later, now we need to find our lost Dark Guardian."

Donavan did not speak but followed Dylan through the wooded area.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Rose's eyelids fluttered quickly before opening. For the first time in years, she felt wonderful. She felt no pain, no sorrow, nothing.

Stretching her arms high above her head, she immediately winced at the soreness in her joints. Besides the little soreness between Rose's legs and her stomach rumbling there was no usual pain she usually experienced. She felt great because she had fantastic sex with a stranger—oh God! She would not believe that she had sex with a complete stranger. Sex that made her tingle from the inside out. Wrong thought, Rose. He was a stranger.

Looking down she frowned at the arm wrapped around her body. An arm that shouldn't be around her body at all.

Rose squealed and jumped from the bed.

Javon jumped up to a sitting position in the bed, apparently thinking that something had happened to Rose. His nicely shaped arms and

tight six-pack abs caught her attention only for a moment. Thank God, he still had his lower part of his body covered. She did not know what she would do if she saw him naked again.

"Calm down, Rose."

Shaking her head, she whispered, "We had sex."

The way he looked at her, his eyes hooded with a hint of lust behind them let her know she stood naked in front of him. She quickly grabbed the blanket off the bed, wrapping it around her body.

Javon chuckled. "I would have been hurt if you hadn't remembered, Rose. To tell you the truth..."

"No! Don't tell me what you are going to say," she interrupted, knowing she did not want to hear how good she had been in the bed. Any other man, any other time, it would be acceptable. "That just didn't happen."

"It's hard to just not remember the best sex I have had in a very long time," he teased.

Rose snarled as her face turning to color of a cherry. "I mean, I thought about it then it vanished but what about protection? Diseases? You know I never had sex before last night."

Those words hit Javon hard. He felt a little guilty about taking that thought away from her but he had to. He did not want her first time to be spent worrying about diseases he did not have. Or worrying about getting pregnant, which she could

have but he doubted in her human state that she had.

"I knew you were a virgin." She looked at him strangely and he continued. "After I took you I knew. I wanted to be gentle but I couldn't and you did not want it either."

*It's ten in the morning, woman, come back and go to bed.* He watched her shake her head, avoiding his mental command.

"I...we...don't you have a girlfriend? A wife? When did you have a check up? Do you have any children? Because I don't want any. I don't want children right now." Her eyes widened in panic. "I could be pregnant or I could have something."

"Woman, how could you be this frantic so quickly? Sit down and we can talk."

"No! We are talking. I don't need to sit to do that."

Javon's eyes narrowed, he poured all his energy into breaking down the strong mental barrier she had. *Rose, come and sit down.*

He watched Rose as she shook her head. For a moment he thought that she had resisted his call until she grabbed the blanket tighter around her body and sat on the far side of the bed.

Rose did not know what forced her to sit down when she did not want to. She only knew that her legs carried her closer to the one man she did not want to touch.

Rose crossed her legs then she stared at the wall to keep from looking at the man sitting on the bed. She might not be looking at him but she felt his penetrating stare. She felt his presence and no matter how hard she tried to forget that Javon was in the room, her body and soul knew he was there. It sprang to life just thinking about what happened earlier in the shower. Every living cell vibrated, wanting to feel the moment of sheer pleasure just once more.

Rose pushed the thought to the back of her mind. She didn't want to think about it and she would not look at him. If she did, she knew what would happen next. Sex and lots of it. The sexual vibe not only vibrated off her but it did him also.

"I don't have a girlfriend, a wife, or any children because I did not want any. I do not have any diseases. I never had any type of virus. To make you further understand, until last night I always, always, used protection when I was with a woman. No matter what. If I did not have it, I did not do it."

He watched her nod in understanding. "What made last night different from any other times?"

"Because, Rose, you made me crazy with passion. The same passion I want to explore again and again. The same fire and passion you want to explore with me over and over again. You can try to deny it and you can tell me you do not want to

be with me but I can tell you this..." He stopped speaking, grabbed her face, and forced her to look at him. "I know you want me now. I want you just as much. Maybe even more. I did want to wait until we got out of here before I let you know that, but I feel something in you and I know you feel the same way about me. When you are near me, like now, your body tingles." His word struck home. The tingle, as he called it, flared and burned until she was on the verge of begging him to put out that flame.

Rose felt the bed shift behind her. His warm hands gripped her shoulders making her shiver. "I feel it also. I felt it the moment I woke to find you staring at me. But unlike a lot of things that bring me pleasure I wanted to stay away from you."

Rose wondered why what he said bothered her. It shouldn't but it did. "Why?"

"I can't explain why. It's funny but I have been with women but I never said that I cared for any of them. I care for you and I will get you out of here."

The door flew opened and Leonardo walked in, smiling at Javon as if he knew what occurred between them last night.

Obviously, Rose had a feeling that he knew. Her face flush when Leonardo looked at her.

Rose quickly turned from Leonardo. Her body flushing more at the mere thought of what

happened between her and Javon. Last night she had been wild and demanding. She even begged him to give her sex, lots of hard, heart racing sex, and he had. If being with him was so great, why did Rose want to crawl under a rock and die? What happened between them was wrong on the highest level and it would never happen again if she had anything to do to with it.

"Breakfast is ready for you, Rose. Get dressed, I'll be waiting in the hallway."

"But I don't have anything to wear."

He let out a loud sigh. "There is clothing in the closet. You should find your size in there. All of them are new. I suggest you dress and meet me in two minutes."

"But..."

"One minute fifty nine seconds," he said, and then closed the door.

"Jerk!" she said to the door.

Grabbing the blanket, she went over to the wardrobe. Opening the closet she gasped not expecting to find the clothing in there stylish. Going through the piles of clothing she did find her size. As she went through them she noted that all the clothing was either long pants or shorts and tees. Her favorite. Grabbing a pair of dark blue jeans and a black t-shirt, typical, she went to the drawer to find brand new underwear.

She glanced back to Javon who hadn't moved



from the bed. If her stomach did not feel so empty, she would jump back in the bed with him.

Rose did not linger long. She grabbed a pair of underwear before heading into the bathroom. After dressing, she found a new toothbrush in the cabinet.

Stepping back from the glass mirror Rose looked at the woman in the mirror. Closing her eyes she wanted to cry but didn't. The woman that stared back at her looked hurt, pained, as if she was living her last days. Which she felt she was. Xavier planned on killing her and God knows what he has done with her friends. Rather than crying again, she grabbed a brush, brushed her hair, and then grabbed the boots she took off last night when she ran from Javon. After lacing them on, she walked out of the bathroom.

"Aren't you coming?"

Javon shook his head.

"Why not?"

"I'm not hungry at the moment. I'll be here when you return."

Before she could say anything else, the door flew open again. "Let's go, human."

Rose's scorching look did not bother Leonardo one bit. In fact he did not look at her at all. He was staring directly at Javon.

*Men!* she growled to herself.

\* \* \* \*

Javon watched Leonardo smile at him before he closed the door. It hurt him to let them drag Rose off like that but the moment he made eye contact with the Triane he told him mentally, if he went with her they would kill Rose. Javon would never jeopardize Rose's health. Xavier wanted him to stay, so he would stay and wait until his meal arrived.

Javon knew Rose would be safe for now. They wouldn't do anything to her, not yet. Not with his scent all over her. Not when Xavier had plans for the two of them.

\* \* \* \*

Xavier smiled before Rosezzettea could enter the room. *Looks like my little virgin did not stay a little virgin long.* He could tell Javon had taken pleasure from her body while giving her pleasure. The scent always lingered on the human body after sex. Javon was not the type to sleep with a woman just to do it and Rose was not the type of woman that would beg a man to have sex with her. Trueloves usually carried a different scent on them. Some of them did. Rose did not appear to be the Truelove type. She held a lot of their traits. Beautiful, smart, and strong, in body and mind. But she did not hold any powers. The magic that

Trueloves possessed, Rose did not have. There must be a reason that drew Javon to Rose and he was going to figure out what.

“Did you enjoy your night, Rosezzettea?”

He saw her grind her teeth at the call of the name he knew she hated. Rose stood at the end of the table waiting on him to tell her where to sit and ignoring the question that he asked.

“Right here,” he demanded, right beside him.

The snarl that threatened to leave her lips stopped when she noticed that her friends were not around.

“Where are my friends?” she asked, sitting.

Xavier looked at her, or at least she thought he was since once again he wore his dark glasses. She wondered if it was too bright in here for him or something? Or did he want to look cool?

“You never answered my question, Rose. I do not like when people ignore me.”

*Get used to it because I do it a lot.*

“It was okay,” she spat.

“Just okay?” he smiled, as he spoke.

“Yes!”

“Very well, you don’t have to tell me what you did last night. I already know.”

Rose flinched, but did not look up at him. Oh God, he knew. *They all know I am a slut.*

“As for your friends, they had an unfortunate accident.”

"What?" she yelled. "Where are they?"

His eyebrows arched behind his glasses. "They got themselves killed."

"No!" Her hand went to her mouth, not believing what she just heard. Taking her hand down from her mouth, she looked at the vampire. "You're lying."

He sighed. "Why do you humans never believe me when I tell you the truth? Your friends did not make it past my minions, as I call them. They are dead. All of them, except your friend Veronica."

He licked his fangs remembering the young woman's taste. Veronica would make a fine Chosen, if he wanted that sort of thing. Having a Chosen was almost like having a Truelove. You became dependent and after a while the woman was controlling your life. As a Dementra he would never want that sort of life. But nothing in his book said that he couldn't have fun with her. "She was delightful. She fought me with all her might. That was until I made her want me. Your friend is quite the screamer when someone takes her body."

No, she would not sit here and listen to him talk about Veronica. Xavier was lying. Veronica loved Alvin and she would never have sex with anyone, especially a nasty vampire.

"Fuck you."

The Dementra shook his head. "Thanks for the

invitation but no thanks. I can smell your little boyfriend all over you. If I had known you wanted sex so badly I would have taken you instead of your friend. Now sit down and eat. You will need your strength for tonight."

"No!"

Xavier stood snarling at her, showing his fangs as he did. "Sit down and eat before I force you to do something that would upset you boyfriend."

Not wanting him to hurt Javon for her stupidity as he had probably done to Veronica, she snapped her mouth shut and dropped down in her seat. "And he's not my boyfriend," she said underneath her breath but she knew he heard her.

"Sure, he is not, sweetheart." Xavier laughed, and watched her as she ate some of her food.

The entire time she ate, she thought about her friends and them being dead. It couldn't be true but it had to be. Xavier did not seem like the type of man that would joke about life or death. If he spoke the truth about Veronica, that meant that her friend still lived and if she could get to her, maybe they could get out of here alive.

Scraping the fork on the plate, she picked up a piece of the pancake, noting how good it tasted when she placed it in her mouth before she wondered about her and Javon. Would they have to fight and probably die the same way her friends had? She could not die. Not without finding

Veronica.

Looking over at Xavier, who winked at her, she scowled then looked back down at her plate.

*Jerk!*

"Can I see Veronica?" When his smiled turned into a snarl the hairs on the back of her neck stirred and stood up. For no apparent reason her legs shook uncontrollably under the table. Her hands began to sweat. She licked her dry lips as Xavier stared at her.

"No," he said, before looking away from her.

Blood pulsed through her. Rose stood. "Sit down, Rose. I said no and mean no. Veronica needs to stay away from you for reasons you do not know and would never understand. Unless you have a death wish for her, I suggest you sit down and eat."

Rose's fingers dug into the wood table. She clamped and unclamped her teeth repeatedly.

"Do not make me say it again or I'll put you in that chair myself."

*Bastard!*

Not wanting any harm to come to Veronica she dropped back down in the chair.

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

Javon smelled fear long before his door opened and someone shoved a woman into his room. He looked past the frightened woman and up to the red-haired Triane standing at the doorway. "Hurry up and feed. Your girlfriend will be back soon."

The man left the room but Javon knew he stood by the door waiting on him to finish.

Javon could feel his hunger rising but he couldn't take her, not like this. Forcing the beast down, he watched as the women turned from the door and stared up at him.

At once, the woman's fear faded as if she only pretended to be frightened for the other man's sake.

The woman's blue eyes turned to him. "You are him, aren't you?"

Javon walked up to the woman, expecting her to take a step back from him as so many others had. She didn't move. The woman only smiled at

him, a reaction he never received from anyone before. Not even Rose had smiled at him.

"Who am I supposed to be? Who are you?"

"I am Veronica, Rose's best friend and Xavier said that they had teamed Rose with a Dark Guardian. You are Javon, aren't you?"

"Yes." He looked at the woman opening the top of her black gown. "Hold on, Veronica..."

"Pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?" she said with a snort. "I am not undressing for you. You are irresistible. Handsome as you are, I would never move in on my friend's man. As I overheard last night, you finally had sex with my friend. Good for her." She reached under her bra taking out a small metal rod and passed it to him. "Last night they...you know...Xavier took me down to some lab of his. He showed me these. There were a lot of them. He told me that they use these to unlock the iron cuffs. Cuffs they use on guys like you."

"Guys?"

"Vampires. That's what you are, a vampire." Veronica buttoned back up her shirt. "I thought it might be wise for me to steal one when he turned his back to me."

Javon looked at it then turned to look at the bracelet. On the other side of the bracelet was a tiny hole, practically invisible, but small enough for the piece of metal she gave him to fit. He lifted



the metal piece up to open the bracelet. "No," she murmured, clasping her hand over his. "The moment you take it off they will know. They have all of these marked so they could trace them."

"Thanks," he said, placing the small metal piece in his pocket. "How did you get them to send you here?"

"I begged him to let me see the man that finally took my friend's virginity. That man is all about sex, blood, and torture. He would only let me come if I let you feed from me, thinking it would hurt Rose in a long run." Veronica pushed her blond hair away from her neck. "You have to do it or they will not believe that's what I came here for."

Javon tried to go deep in her mind to see if she lied but a barrier in her mind stopped him. "How could you block your mind?"

"I don't know. Last night I kept feeling something deep in my mind and I pushed it back. Xavier told me that I blocked my mind to him and he didn't like it. I lied, saying I didn't know I was doing it. Since I could do it, I knew I could block this out. Now come on before they think we are doing something else. You can bite me but Xavier said if I let you have sex with me he would kill me, you, and then Rose, but not in that order."

Javon could feel the man getting impatient by his door. He pulled her towards him but not too

close. He let his fangs come down only moments before allowing them to slide into her neck. The woman whimpered, her arousal filling his room. He had to make her enjoy it, at least to fool the guard outside his door. Just feeding off another woman disgusted him. The blood flowing down his throat made him forget for a second.

Feeling his hunger fulfilled he pulled away from her after he sealed the wounds.

Veronica grinned up at the Dark Guardian. She reached up touching his face. "I promise not to tell Rose what you are but please get her out of here."

"What about you?" He felt sorry for her and for what she had to go through with Xavier. No doubt in his mind Xavier had her in group orgies and giving sexual pleasure to each and every one of them. The red that lined her light blue colored eyes let him know she hadn't slept. Her lips were swollen, as if she had kissed or she had been sucking Xavier off for the past ten hours. He looked closely at her neckline and he spotted several bite marks over her skin. Marks that he knew Xavier could heal but did not.

Xavier marked her? Not something a guy like Xavier would do. He must have other plans for Veronica and if Xavier did, Javon had to get her out of her soon.

"I'll be fine," she finally said, unsure if she believed it herself.

The door to his room opened. The guard smiled when he saw Veronica touching his face. "Come on, Veronica. You had sufficient time. The boss said only teasing, no fucking."

Veronica swallowed hard. Her breathing laboring from fear and Javon knew she did it on purpose to fool the guard. Looking back at him, she smiled once more.

Help her, she mouthed to him, removing her hand from his face.

"I am coming," she snarled, before following the guard out the door.

"Hurry up then. You know what Xavier needs from you." The man pulled her out the door.

Javon swore he heard her calling him a 'son of a bitch' before their footsteps faded and the room became quiet again.

Javon had to make sure when they got out of here he would not leave Veronica with Xavier. No one deserved to stay with a beast like Xavier.

\* \* \* \*

Alvin Moning, Veronica's boyfriend rapped on Tom Hamilton's door. He waited impatiently as Tom opened the door.

Faith's boyfriend, Craig, looked at him. "Come in."

Alvin moved inside to see Craig McKnight

sitting on the sofa with the same look of worry in his eyes as the rest of them. They had a right to be worried. The girls hadn't called since they left two nights ago. They were scheduled to return this morning. But they got no calls, no text messaging, nothing and that frightened the hell out of Alvin. When he spoke to the others and they said they hadn't heard from them either, they decided to meet at Tom's home to see if they could figure out what to do.

Alvin knew Veronica wouldn't just leave him without saying anything so that meant something had gone wrong on the trip. He hoped not, he really hoped the girls were okay.

Alvin waved before sitting beside Craig.

"Have you heard from them at all?" Craig's voice did not sound happy. His hazel eyes were red and teary looked over to Alvin then back to the floor in front of him. He reached up running his hand through his light brown hair. Alvin watched his grip tighten. He exhaled then let go of his hair.

"No," Alvin answered. "I phoned and left hundreds of messages. Even the park supervisor promised me he would go to the site to see if everything is okay."

Tom leaned against the kitchen counter, took a long drink from his beer, and said, "We can't just sit here. We shouldn't have allowed them go by

themselves in the beginning."

Deep down Alvin had a feeling that something had happened to them but he prayed it hadn't. He didn't know what he would do if he lost Veronica.

He planned on asking her to marry him the second she stepped through the door. He was prepared to get down on one knee in front of her and all her friends and ask her to be his one and only. After that, whisk her away for a two-week honeymoon anywhere she wanted to go. When they got back, they would move in together and start on a family.

"They are grown women. How were we going to stop them?" Alvin stated. "Anyhow, I trust Veronica to go anywhere."

"It's not that I don't trust Rita...I do, in a way. She's wild sometimes and I know that guys hit on her but what if something happened to them? Rita would call."

"I don't care about what ifs," Craig yelled, then stood. "I am going to Montana to find them. We can't sit here waiting and worrying ourselves to death. You can wait but I won't."

"He's right." Alvin looked at Tom's glossy green eyes. "I can get a few days off. What about you, Tom?"

Tom looked at the calendar on the wall. "It has been over a year since I have taken one sick day. I know I can get a couple of days off."

"I am off for two weeks," Craig stated. "Let's get going."

"How are we going to get there? It could take a day by car." Alvin questioned Craig.

"I know. We're going to the airport and get on the first thing going to Montana."

"Sounds like a plan to me." Alvin stood up.

Not wasting any time to pack, the three men bolted to the door in anticipation of finding their women.

## CHAPTER TWENTY

Anger radiated from his woman. Javon could feel it as Rose turned down the corridor. He could feel it at the front of the door as she stood there waiting on the Triane to open it.

Javon looked up from the bed when Rose walked back inside. Her eyes pooled but held back tears he knew she wanted to shed.

“What happened?”

Rose looked at him, a hint of anger shining behind the pain.

“He said they are dead, all of them.” Her voice was raspy, hurt clearly. “I can’t believe that he would kill my friends.”

She allowed the tears fall, her body shaking from anger. Feeling weightless, she went down to the ground. Before she touched the ground, strong arms wrapped around her waist, pulling her to his hard body. Unlike last night, this time him touching her did not turn her on, it comforted her.

“Don’t cry, Rose,” he whispered in her ear. “It

shatters my core to see you hurt."

Rose couldn't help it, the tears flowed more, and the more he held her the more she cried.

Javon lifted her in his arms then walked over to the bed. He sat on the bed and placed her in his lap. He allowed her to cry until she couldn't anymore. At the same time he rubbed her back while whispering comforting words in her ear.

In an instant she refrained from crying, stopped shaking, and her head came up from his chest. In a dark voice, she said, "I will kill him."

Javon wanted to smile but knew she said those words from her heart. Pushing her brown hair away from her face, he looked down into her bloodshot eyes. "I couldn't allow you do that. Your heart is too good to carry something as bad as killing someone. I will get revenge on him. I swear."

"I wouldn't want you to do that. They were my friends, not yours."

"And whatever gets to you gets to me as well." He adjusted her in his lap, removing the piece of metal. "Your friend Veronica brought this to me earlier. She stole it last night."

"Veronica was here? Where is she?"

"She told Xavier she wanted to see me and to get to know me because I had had an impact in your life. Obviously, the vampires can smell sex."

"Obviously," she echoed.



“This will help get the bracelet off and give me back some of my strength but it has a tracer on it and the moment I take it off they will know. So my point is; I have to take it off at the right time.”

“I want to see my friend,” she said, pressing her head back on his chest.

She inhaled, taking in his scent, one she would never get tired of smelling.

“You will, I just need to see her once more. Have her be at a certain place at a particular time. Until then you need to rest because I have a premonition that tonight will be our night to fight.”

The thought of battling for her life scared her only hours ago, now she did not care. Let Xavier bring on his worst, and if his worst were not his best, she would try to kill them this night.

She allowed him to lay her in the bed and he slid next to her. The smell of his leather made her smile before she drifted off to sleep.

\* \* \* \*

Once her breathing became steady, Javon knew she had fallen asleep and it made him happy that she trusted him enough to sleep next to him. As he watched her sleep, he knew he had to come up with a plan to get her out.

\* \* \* \*

"Nothing!" Dylan yelled to himself.

His gaze turned to the smaller vampire leaning up against a tree. They had been here all night looking for any trail leading to Javon and until now, they...rephrase that, he, only he was looking, did not find any trails that led to the missing Dark Guardian.

"A hand would be nice," Dylan growled at Donovan.

Donavan shrugged his shoulders then began clapping. Dylan scowled, smartass fledging. If he did not like him so much, he would beat the crap out of him.

"You are really trying my patience." Dylan mumbled. "I thought my brother was a pain in the ass but you take the cake."

"What can I say?"

"Nothing if you want to keep all of your teeth."

The fledgling pushed himself off the tree. "I am just as worried about Javon as you are but..." He raised his hands motioning around the campsite they had come back to, again. "I don't think checking the same spot over and over is going to find him. His scent fades at the campsite. Like you, I think that it rained and washed his scent away."

Seeing his point Dylan stood and called on the

most reliable person he knew.

*Kris.*

*I'm here, brother.*

*I think we need your mind here ASAP. Finding Javon is harder than I believed.*

*What troubles are you running into?*

*I cannot say. Javon is near but we have no leads on where he has disappeared.*

*I'll be there by the next rising.*

*See you soon and be careful.*

*I am always careful, brother.*

Dylan turned back to the other Dark Guardian.

"What?" Donavon asked not liking the way Dylan's entire demeanor had changed. He knew he was linked and speaking to someone mentally. What happened in the conversation was what he wanted to know.

"My brother is coming," Dylan told him unhappily.

He never liked his brother to be out in the field like this but they had to do what they had to do and if they needed to save a Dark Guardian, they would.

"That's good. I heard your brother has a gift and he is better than the rest of us." Donavan looked down as he walked over more broken tree limbs. "My guess, from the sound of your voice, you don't want him here."

Dylan snarled out in annoyance. No, he did not want his younger brother in this sort of thing. He

did not want him anywhere near danger. He knew Kris was not that five-year-old boy who wanted to follow him everywhere anymore but he loved him still. He never wanted him to get hurt. Just look at Donavon and Dorivil or Eli, whatever Dorivil went by. They were broken up before birth. They never knew each other, never did the things he had been able to do with Kris because darkness had taken one brother away. Eli still lived. His parents should have killed him at birth. His parents loved him so much that they couldn't kill him. What a misfortune it was when Donavon learned Eli had killed his parents out of rage.

"I don't want him around danger."

Donavon looked at him with understanding in his eyes. "I understand, really I do, but he is a Dark Guardian, just like you, just like the rest of us. Until Nairapha ceases his evil ways, we will constantly need Dark Guardians and if you guard your brother too much, he will not be ready. At his age, he already should be fighting not walking in your shadows. If you proceed to do that to him, he will not make it in this world. An untrained Guardian is not a live Guardian."

For once, Dylan knew that another had spoken the truth. If he did not let go of his brother and allow him be the Guardian he was required to be, then his death would be quick.

"You are correct."

The younger vampire smiled.

“Don’t let it go to your head. Let’s return to the hotel. I don’t think we are going to find anything until my brother arrives.”

## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Javon watched his Truelove's chest rise and fall with each breath she took as she slept. For the first time in his life, he knew what love felt like. He would do anything to help her escape even if that meant him staying here. He needed to come up with a plan that would get her and her friend Veronica out safe and sound. But how? It was his duty to see that no harm came to his mate. He would die before he let anything happen to her.

Her heart rate increased and he knew that she had wakened but refused to look up at him.

After several moments, Rose's bloodshot eyes looked up at him. For the first time in years, she felt good, hurting from the loss of her friends but in good in health. She hadn't taken one of those god-awful pills since she been here. The fact that they took her backpack made it hard to take them.

Anyhow, she would rather die of cancer than spend her days locked in this room. Slowly she rolled over to look at Javon, rethinking that last

thought. It wouldn't be so bad if they locked her up with him forever.

It took just one look from Javon to bring her body to life when he looked at her as he was doing now. There was no doubt about what he wanted to do to her.

His warm hand reached up, touching her face. She closed her eyes drowning in a world of feelings, passion and...she couldn't think of what else she felt. She only knew it pulled at her heart each time she looked at him. Slowly she felt his head dip, he would finally kiss her! She would do anything to feel his soft lips against hers.

The door opened, like that was anything unusual, and Leonardo, Xavier's pet, walked into the room.

Rose's body trembled from the cool air but she didn't move, she waited on his kiss but he pulled away.

"Let's go," Leonardo said. "It's your turn to play the game."

The way his eyes held pain and suffering in them, she wondered what he had on his mind. He told her he didn't want to kiss her until they got out. Did he think he couldn't get them out of here? Is that why he wanted to kiss her then?

"Get up now!"

Rose moved away from his warm body, frowning that she had fallen asleep in her clothes.

She looked back when Javon moved from the bed. He had changed into a pair of not too loose but not too tight black pants and a black sweater. On him, it looked so delicious. He looked so damn sexy it made her want to jump on him, make him fall back to the bed and do what they did in the shower. Plus more.

Rose watched his entire body tense up as if he understood her sexual thoughts. It made her wonder, did he know?

Javon put on a sexy smile before gesturing for her to go out.

Rose and Javon followed Leonardo to an elevator. Javon watched as Leonardo pressed the button on the elevator. The elevator doors shut and they proceeded down. Rosezzettea looked over to Javon. He did not seem anxious at all, unlike her. She felt she would shatter the moment the doors opened. Again as if reading her thoughts, he placed his hand on her shoulder for support.

Javon had overheard what she thought in the bedroom, which hadn't been a bad idea. The first time he made love to her she needed it; otherwise every vampire in the entire building would have been after her. He couldn't help his need for her. It had grown out of control. Thank heavens Leonardo came into the room or he would have done something he did not need to do. Her lips



looked wonderfully soft and inviting He bet they would taste even sweeter than the rest of her body. The woman had him spiraling down a world of emotion he had never felt in the past, yet, he couldn't show her that passion until he had them out of here unharmed.

Javon also felt her fear of what was about to happen. He knew she was not aware. He was somewhat relieved to know she had taken martial arts for six years during her childhood. Her parents insisted on it. There were a lot of kidnappers and murderers in the world and they wanted her safe. He just hoped that she had not forgotten anything because he had the feeling once they made it to the bottom of this building she would need to use every bit of it.

The elevator halted and so did his mate's heart. The dry musty air and smut filled his nose when the doors opened.

"Welcome to hell," Leonardo told them. "Out!"

Rose turned back at Leonardo with a 'you are stupid if you think I am getting out' look. Javon moved his hand lower to her back leading her out of the elevator before she did or said anything to the Triane.

Javon knew that he did not need to try to fight because he did not have the strength to overpower Leonardo in his condition.

"Have fun. We'll be watching." The door shut,

locking them together.

"I hate him," she said to Javon.

"Hate is such an ugly word but I do have to agree with you."

Javon took a good look around the place where Leonardo left them. Candles burned around the room giving it a sinister glow. Red dirt laced the entire floor, nothing much to look at, nothing really to do, not even a chair to sit in. He looked to see two passageways, one veering off to the left one to the right. On the middle wall in between the passageways, a large dusty television was mounded in the middle of a wall covered with dust.

"A television without any chairs," she mumbled, trying to make a joke. "And no popcorn? What a load of crap."

Javon smiled. "I think sitting is the last thing they want us to do."

"Javon," her voice quavered slightly, a little freaked out this time.

"Yes, Rose?"

"You recall when he said we had to play the game?" Rose caught his mumbled 'yes' from behind her. "Do you believe this is it?"

"Without a doubt."

Rose's head turned as she took in the room. "Do you think fighting will be a part of getting out of here alive?"

"If I said 'no' would you believe me?"

"No."

"Then yes."

Rose shook her head, understanding what she had to do. She grabbed her thick black hair, taking the rubber band she had in it and pulled it up into a ponytail away from her neck. "Only thing I can say is that I took martial arts a while back and I don't know how good I am but I'll try."

He did not like that one bit. "No, you can't."

Javon knew she took the classes but thinking about his mate fighting did not please him right now. His job was to protect her and he would do it with his life. By letting Rose fight now he was not doing his job.

Rose turned, facing him. "Do you think I am going to sit here while you go by yourself? Not a chance. I am here to help. Don't worry about me. I can take care of myself."

Easier said than done. He couldn't help but worry about her. Javon was sure that Rose could take care of herself when it came to humans but against vampires and God knows what type of demons Xavier had down here, she did not have a chance.

"Rose..." he began speaking but the television came on when he was about to protest her request.

Rose turned, looking at the color television. Her throat went dry; she swallowed, not wanting to

believe that she saw Veronica lying next to Xavier on what had to be his huge bed. If she did not know any better she could have sworn her friend did not have on any clothing underneath the covers. Her friend's nakedness did not bother her. It was the way her friend looked as if she wanted to cry and that made Rose's heart want to shatter. They were here because of her. Faith and Rita were dead because of her and she could not take it anymore.

Taking a closer look at her friend Rose noticed Veronica's eyes were swollen and red, her lips swollen, as if she had been kissing heavily in the heat of passion.

Xavier, the soon to be dead man, sat on the edge of the bed with a pair of black pants that must be part of an expensive suit.

"Welcome to level one," Xavier said to them. "Your friends disappointed me and my guest on this level, Rose. It was so upsetting that I had to pull you early. This is an opportunity to show us that not all humans are as weak as your friends were."

A tremble overcame her body before she spoke. "Fuck you."

Xavier shook his hand making a tscking sound. "I told you at breakfast that if you wanted me that badly you should have told me. I don't think I want to trade your friend here." He looked back at

Veronica who hadn't looked up yet. "She has a magnificent mouth on her. Great for deep throating."

Rose watched her friend's body twitch at his words in disgust. No doubt doing it was bad enough. Hearing it spoken aloud made a person feel downright degraded.

"Now if you want, you can trade with her. If you survive this floor I'll come get you and maybe see what your boyfriend has taught you. If you please me better than your friend you may stay with me."

"You will not touch her," Javon spoke up forcing Rose behind him. "If you do I promise you this..." Javon showed him the bracelet as he continued to speak, "would not keep me from killing you in a long painful death."

His threat only made Xavier smile more. He leaned closer to the screen.

*Now you wouldn't want me to tell your friend your dirty little secret, would you?*

Javon bit his words. He knew that if she found out too soon he wouldn't get the chance he needed with her. Not a lot of women took the news about becoming a bloodsucker, as they called them, well.

*I thought so. How about we give you your powers back until you complete this floor? At least you could protect your girlfriend.*

*That sounds like a good idea.* Javon words came

out sarcastically.

Javon saw Xavier look off into another direction, obviously talking to the person controlling the bracelet. One second he felt weak the next like his old self again. Too damn bad he couldn't use the key to get himself out of this thing.

Xavier then proceeded, speaking to Rose.

Rose wondered what had occurred to make Javon quiet as Xavier looked at him. "As I was saying, Rose, if you want to trade I would be glad..." He stopped speaking again and looked at Veronica. "What did you say?"

Rose tried to hear what she said but couldn't. Moments later Xavier laughed then turned back to the camera. "If you really want me and you don't want me to have your little friend, then show me how much, Veronica."

Veronica must have told him she wanted him to be with her only. Rose knew being with him made Veronica's stomach turn. The look on her face showed hurt as she moved, keeping the sheet with her as she knelt in front of Xavier on the floor. Rosezzettea watched as Veronica swallowed the lump in her throat before reaching up and unzipping Xavier's pants.

At that sound of the zipper, Rose turned away from the television. No doubt, her friend would do this on television in an effort to keep him away

from her. Tears bubbled inside Rose but she refused to cry. When she stepped away, Javon grabbed her, holding her to him. Her body tensed at the first sound of Xavier's pleasurable moan. She could tell he enjoyed human suffering more than anything.

"If you don't kill him, I will," Rose whispered to him.

Javon could hear a dark promise in Rose's voice. Never had he felt so many emotions flowing from one person before. There inside his mate blazed hurt, pain, loneliness from the loss of her friends, her only family. Deep within her burned a rage of fire for revenge. It came to him in big bright bloody letters. The woman had one thing on her mind and it all ended with her killing Xavier.

He pulled her closer whispering back to her. "I promise, I will."

"Don't just stand there hugging. My guests wants to see more. Find the jewel to open the door and your first journey of the night is over." The television shut off after Xavier told them the rules.

Her brown eyes met his and for some reason Rose smiled. Maybe she had finally lost her mind, maybe she had something on her mind she did not want Javon to know about.

"Ready?" he asked with a smile in place.

On her nod, he let go of her.

"Which way?" she asked, looking at the two tunnels.

"I don't know, maybe we should try the one of the left first."

"It's worth a try."

As she moved to go in first, she felt strong fingers gripping her arm. "Behind me."

She almost told him what he could do for her but instead she moved behind him with a strong urge to kick him right in his nice firm ass. Never had she thought a man's butt could be sexy but damn he looked good all around. Once again, his body tensed and she had the feeling he knew what she thought.

*Gotta stop thinking about sex.*



## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Rose slowly followed Javon down the mucky tunnel, her lungs expanding and exhaling faster than she wanted. Fear was definitely settling in now. No one knew what would take place at the end of the hallway. Xavier had many things up his sleeve. She doubted a bunch of roses and a container of expensive wine sat at the end of the passage for them. Unless the wine had poison in it, then she would believe he left it so they could kill themselves.

She overheard a sound and stopped but Javon had her hand and pulled her with him. Her hand squeezed until it hurt but he kept walking unfazed. When they got deeper into the darkness, candles lit on their own. That really freaked her out. This time she pulled, making him come to a complete stop.

“I can’t do this,” she murmured to him.

Her heart was beating so fast she felt she could pass out at that moment. She looked up at Javon;

he still looked unperturbed by this. Didn't anything get to him? If this did not freak him out, she felt freaked out enough for both of them.

"You have to go in there, there's no other way out."

Her head went up and down, challenging him. "Yes there is."

"How?"

"I pass out and you let whatever it is kill me, and I'm out."

Javon smiled, pulling her up to him. He placed a kiss on the top of her forehead. "I understand you are scared."

"Scared!" she whimpered. "You actually got your understatements down pat. I am seriously freaking out here. If something jumps out I think I am going to have a heart attack."

"I will handle anything that jumps out at us."

"Kinda cocky, aren't you? You might be big, strong, and handsome but I don't think you can match the strength of a vampire. From what I felt in the lobby Leonardo is strong."

"Leonardo is a Triane not a vampire."

Shit, he let it go. Sort of.

"What did you say?"

"Let's discuss it later. Right now we have to get whatever jewel Xavier speaks of."

Taking her hand in his big warm ones, he dragged her behind him. As she walked behind

him, her mind started to ponder. What did Javon know about vampires? Did he know more than he had told her? Actually, he hadn't told her much at all. She only knew his last name and that he was an incredible lover who knew something about Xavier he did not want to tell her. She did not know where he lived, what he did for a living. She remembered he said nothing about a girlfriend, wife, or children. But what man wouldn't disown a family to get some when he knew he would die? She doubted he told her the truth.

So deep in her thoughts Rose bumped into him when he stopped. She peeked around him to see what made him stop. Rose saw the biggest ruby diamond she had ever seen in her life. It sat on a large stone podium, with nothing around it but candles, making it sparkle more in the dark cave.

"It can't be that easy," Rose told him.

Javon had his senses on high alert. No other animal, person, or creature was down here, as far as he could tell. He looked back at her, not detecting anything behind her.

When her gaze met his, he said, "Reach for it." He taunted her with a sexy smile on his face.

"No. I saw Dracula 2000, and I know what occurred when they moved the coffin and I know you know."

Javon's eyes narrowed, not understanding what she spoke of. He knew of the stereotypical movies

where crosses and garlic played a very big part in scaring away vampires. Nonsense. He never died and when they brought over their Trueloves, they didn't completely die. They took just enough blood to weaken them so the transition could take over. Then the Dark Guardians generally compelled them to sleep. It was not only a dangerous time for a Truelove and a Triane, but it was very painful.

"No, my dear, I don't know what you are referring to."

"Well, some people broke into Van Helsing's safe where he kept Dracula trapped. When they moved the coffin, bam..." She crashed her hands together. "Spikes descended from the ceiling killing the man."

A smirk spread across his face. "Well then, I insist you grab it."

It took a lot for her not to deck him for that right then and there but he looked so adorable when he grinned at her.

\* \* \* \*

Above ground, the vampires spoke to each other about Rose and Javon. They all knew this would be the boring part of the game. Xavier had a way to make it seem like this part of the game wasn't dangerous. They only had to grab the stone and

run to the other cave then the entertainment and the wagering began.

“How far have they made it?” Xavier walked in, buttoning up his shirt with his new toy Veronica behind him.

Virgil looked up from the crowd of vampires. His laptop in his lap was ready to take bets—watching the new online site, taking bets as people watched and waited for the real fun to begin. Unlike casinos, this was much more fun to play.

“They’re debating on who will grab the stone.”

“Any bets?” Xavier sat in the recliner beside Virgil, leaving Veronica standing behind him.

\* \* \* \*

Her body shook from the cold air. She hardly had on anything, thanks to Xavier. He made her put on a baby blue silk nightgown that barely touched the top of her thighs. Oh, but it got worse. She had on tall fuzzy blue sandals and no underwear. If the wind blew, every vampire in this room would see all of her glory.

“A couple. Not many.” Virgil’s fingers flew across the board. “I thought you were going to be late.”

Xavier laughed. “My new concubine loves to have me down her throat. She took a little longer than expected. Not that I love to rush but I

promised her she'd be rewarded for her efforts later." He looked over at her, snapping his fingers for her to join him in his chair.

Veronica bit her lip, almost making it bleed, before moving to sit in his lap. She had told him that lie about her wanting him all to herself just to save her friend from going through this type of torture. When he told her to show him she knew what he wanted, she did it knowing that everyone in this room saw her on the television giving Xavier head.

"We saw that," Virgil said, looking at Veronica sitting in his boss' lap. "We thought we would see more."

The guest grunted loudly in agreement with Virgil about wanting to see more.

"I understand your concern, Virgil. Maybe a little teaser for now." He turned Veronica in his lap so she faced away from him. His hands went down to her thighs, spreading them wide so they could all see her.

Feeling the tears that wanted to flow, she wanted to close her eyes but couldn't. If anyone told Xavier that she had shut her eyes, he would discipline her later for it.

His hand moved up and all the vampires looked at her as if she were a piece of meat. All of their gazes going to her mound as one of his hands moved up to her breast caressing it through

the silk while the other moved between her legs. She hadn't been surprised when he found her dry as the Sahara. Did he think she was an exhibitionist?

*You had better respond to my touch, Veronica, or your friend dies.*

Closing her eyes this time she leaned back into his touch moaning as she pictured Alvin's hands on her instead of this...this vampire. She loved Alvin so much. He knew precisely what she needed to make her body come to life with his touch. Remembering the way his hands felt on her and the way his mouth used to tease her, her body began to respond.

"Ah, she is so responsive," he groaned against her neck when her juices covered his fingers.

Veronica moaned, not caring that others watched her. She knew if she did not react, she would be a dead woman and so would her friend.

His fingers drove deeper, harder than the last time, her body giving him the show he meant to put on.

"You like when I touch you and other's watch, don't you, Veronica?" he growled against her neck.

"Yes," she hissed then ground her hips down on his hardened desire until he moaned out from the friction. She braced her hands on his thighs her body feeling the beginning of her orgasm as his

fingers moved in and out. Faster and harder than the last. Taking her body to the edge where she wanted to jump off.

*I want to hear you when you come.*

"God!" She pressed back until she felt his chest against her back. Her body pulsed around his fingers. "Xavier!" She closed her eyes. She shouted his name so loudly she could still hear it echoing down the long hallway when he pulled his fingers away.

Xavier continued to please her until her heart began beating at a normal pace. Veronica opened her mouth when he touched her lips with the fingers that were deep inside her. She sucked on them tasting her desire, giving the other vampires the show Xavier wanted to put on.

"Very nice," she heard a male's voice speak and she almost called him a name but knew better than to speak without being spoken to.

"Is she for sharing?" another one asked.

Veronica almost flinched away from Xavier, pulling her hair away from her face. "No, she's mine—for now. It's not very often I find one that has so much passion. You know there are other women available to you?"

"Yes," the dark hair man spoke.

Veronica looked around the room. Was she the only human female here? If he spoke about others then that meant that other humans were around.



She had to get back to Javon to tell him about this also. The more people he got out the better.

Xavier pushed her legs together, signifying he wanted her off him. "Go back to my room. When your little friends stop arguing and get on with the show I will be there to finish."

The impetus to call him a bastard was on the tip of her tongue. She knew he would beat her half to death if she did say it. Instead she put on her best 'I can't wait' smile before leaning over and kissing him on the cheek before walking off.

*You have a nice ass.*

She growled to herself hearing his statement.

\* \* \* \*

"Look, Javon, we are not getting anywhere by standing here. Either you grab the damn thing or I will."

"Okay." He walked up to it, his hands circling the ruby. He took a deep breath before moving it off the stone off of the platform it sat on.

They waited. Nothing. They waited some more. Nothing.

"I must say again, it can't be that easy."

"I guess so."

"So now what do we do with it?"

"I am guessing there is a way out in the other passage."

Javon placed the ruby in one hand, grabbing her with the other hand before pulling her back the way they came out.

Once again, she ran into him when he suddenly stopped as they made it back into the main room.

"Wh...what did you stop for?"

"You don't want to know," he said calmly.

It couldn't be that bad...her own thoughts came to a halt when she looked around Javon.

"Well, there's something you don't see everyday," she said jokily, but there was nothing to joke about. They were in deep trouble.

Her eyes widened at the small army of skeletons standing in front of them. Okay, so she saw 'only' a small army, there were only five of them, but even five was five too many. All of them were covered in dirt as if they came from the ground. Their clothing ripped to shreds, Rose could see straight through them. That proved to her they were real. No cords, no puppeteers handling them, making them move. Nope, real live skeletons.

Four males and one female, by the clothes, but she wasn't a specialist in bones. Thank God, she knew how to clean up wounds because after this she would need to.

The skeletons hadn't moved since she and Javon came out of the passageway. The one in the front, the only one with a very big sword, smiled.

Freaky.

"I hope that you can remember your fighting because it's about to be tested," he said to her before placing the ruby in his pocket. "I will attack the one with the sword first. I need to take him out, I want you to look the other way just in case some more of these things come up."

"Javon..."

"No," he told her. "I need you do to it."

"Tuez-les!" Kill them.

The leader shouted and Rose had a good idea he didn't just say 'hi' to them. The other skeletons snarled then they ran around the leader at them. She watched as Javon did a roundhouse kick, hitting one in the head knocking it off.

The smallest one, the one that had to be the female came directly to Rose, yelling in a language Rose couldn't understand. What could she do beside scream? But Rose refrained from screaming and thought hard. Remembering her positions from her training, when the skeleton got within arms' reach, she moved to her right, extending her arm, catching it in the neck.

The head flew off the woman, the lower half of the body stopped dead in its tracks, before falling to the ground, becoming dust.

Rose cheered for a split moment before another came her way. This time she kicked upwards, this time taking out the middle part. It disintegrated

just like the others. She looked up to see that Javon had taken out his two and now he and the leader stood face-to-face. The leader smiled at Javon, which again gave her the creeps again.

"Tuez-les maintenant!" Kill them now.

Rose and Javon looked around the room. Who in the hell was he talking to? The dirt stirred all around and then one after another the creatures reformed. Instead of five of those things now, ten of them stood in front of them.

"Holy shit!" she breathed out.

"I've got to get to him," he told her and then lunged at the leader. The creature swung at Javon, hitting him in the chest.

Javon hissed when the sword cut into his chest.

"No!" she ran but one of the things caught her around her waist.

Calming herself, she swung her head back, crying from the painful connection her head made with the skull of the skeleton that held her from behind. The head came off. The lower half let her go, falling back to the earth from which it came.

Her gaze went to Javon who had somehow taken the blade from the leader. He swung hard, breaking bones as he went through its stomach. The leader looked down before it combusted. The others stopped fighting, looked at each other before screaming loudly and going back into the ground from which they came.

"Are you okay?" Javon was by her side before she could blink. He got nervous when she continued to look off into space. "Rose." He shook her a little. "Are you hurt?"

He watched her blink a couple of times before she looked at him smiling as best she could. "I'm fine. Just shocked, I never in my life thought I would have to go through something like that."

Seeing that no harm had come to her he gave her a hug. "I see you remembered something."

"Yeah, but I am going to be sore later."

"Let's go and hope Xavier doesn't have any more of these things around."

Pulling the ruby out of his pocket, he laced his fingers with hers. She immediately noticed that she had begun to sweat during the fight. He hadn't broken a sweat. Not even his black pants were dirty. Hers, on the other hand, looked like she had been in a sandstorm. His breathing wasn't even heavy like hers. Man she had to get back in shape.

He only released her when they made it down the other dark hallway. They saw a spot in the wall where the ruby could be placed.

"Don't even say it." She could hear the humor in his voice as he spoke from in front of her.

"Say what?"

"You know what you always say, 'It can't be that easy.'"

"Oh, put the thing in so the door can open." She laughed. "Smart ass."

"That I am, my dear."

He slid the ruby in place; it made a clicking sound. The door behind it slid open. Both of them cocked an eyebrow at each other.

"Don't you dare offer me the opportunity to go in first, mister," she growled.

Javon chuckled.

"Congratulations!"

Rosezzettea jumped and screamed at the sound of Virgil's voice as he moved into the light.

"You son of a..." Rose moved to hit him. Only Javon's arms around her waist stopped her from hitting the Triane.

"Feisty little thing, isn't she?" Virgil said with a smile. "You better be careful, little girl, or you will end up like your friend, getting fingered in front of the entire population, where everyone will get a peek at you."

Rose's lips formed to curse him but Javon removed one of his hands from around her waist to cover her mouth. At the same time Javon felt his body weakening as his energy was sucked back into the bracelet.

"Let's get you back to your room. You need your rest because the next level isn't so easy."

Only when Virgil went to the elevator did he let go of his mad-as-hell mate.

Rose stomped her foot as she walked behind Virgil. With her hair looking wild, her hip swaying back and forth she was looking very sexy. When they got out, he would take her slowly for hours and hours until both of them were exhausted.

\* \* \* \*

"Why did you stop me?" Rose asked him when they were back in the room.

"Because," he said softly, "I don't want you to get hurt." He sat on the bed, removing his boots. "I don't know what they have planned but if it's more difficult than that, I have to get you out of here."

"I am not leaving without you."

"Look, Rose..." He looked up into her eyes. "I have to get you and your friend out of here."

"And I said that I am not leaving you."

The woman had a stubborn streak like no other. If he had a chance to get her out of here and she didn't take it worrying about him, it would get both of them killed.

"Why are you being so stubborn?"

"Why are you acting as if you want to get rid of me?" Pressing her lips together, she cursed herself for saying that. She didn't mean it the way it sounded. What did she think would happen when

they made it out, if they made it out of here alive? They would have the perfect life with the perfect kids, living in the perfect house with the white fence and all.

That stuff only happened in movies and romance books. This was her life, nothing romantic about this. The man gave her an orgasm her first time and she acted as though she was in love with him. There was no love here. All they had to do was work together to get out alive.

\* \* \* \*

"Is that what you think," he said, before standing from the bed. "Do you think that I want to get rid of you?"

When she looked away from his beautiful eyes, he grabbed her chin, making her look back at him.

"Talk to me, Rose. Is that what you think?"

Once again, her gaze focused on the walls as if they were more interesting than their conversation. "Rose." She trembled when his thumb rubbed across her lower lip. "I know how you feel. You think that we have taken things too fast and you don't know what to do. You controlled your world and your life ever since you could remember. Now they throw you in here with me and you don't have control, and it's killing you. Well, Rosezzettea...ouch!" he yelled



when she bit him on the thumb for calling her by her real name.

He pulled back his thumb looking at the mark. "Call me that again and I will bite you harder."

Did she not know that vampires loved it when their Trueloves bit them?

"Sorry," he told her smiling at the same time. "Virgil was right, you are feisty but I am truthful about what I am saying to you. I care for you more than I have cared for anyone. There's nothing on this earth that I would rather do than throw you on that bed and make love to you until we pass out from exhaustion. Only to wake hours later to do it again, until you understand that I speak the truth. There's nothing I want to do more than to kiss you until your lips are swollen from my kisses and you are begging for me as we make love." He watched her blush and turn away. "But..." He grabbed her hand pulling her to the bed. He pulled her down before sitting down himself. "Once in this place is enough. I don't want to make too many memories here and your body is not the only thing I want from you. There is so much we must discuss before you understand what happened to you in the bathroom and what will happen to us in the future."

His words were beautiful but it didn't answer her question about him. They still knew nothing about each other.

He grunted feeling the wound closing on his chest.

"Are you okay?" she said, trying to open his shirt but his warm hands stopped her.

"It's just a scratch. I am more concerned about you."

"I know but there's a lot of blood on your shirt."

To make her feel better he opened his shirt to show her a red mark on his chest that had stopped bleeding. "It's okay. So tell me what is on your mind."

"I know nothing about you and vice versa."

He took her hands in his. "Ask me anything."

"How did you know Leonardo was a Triane or whatever you called him?"

Why did he know that would be her first question? Now here came the hard part. How could he come up with an answer without lying, at the same time, leaving out that he was a vampire also?

"I know you never heard of us but I am what you consider a Dark Guardian."

Her eyes widened at his words. "Dark Guardian?"

"Yes, my life, my job is to hunt vampires, demons, and other creatures that set out to destroy the earth." He stopped making sure she understood him.

He watched her chest expand taking in air before exhaling. "You know, if you would have told me that a week ago, I would have laughed you under the table, but from what have I seen I believe you."

"I am glad you do."

"How long have you been doing this? Do you have like a secret society you go to like area 51?"

"There is so much to Dark Guardians, so much that this time we have here won't even break the top layer." He knew he hadn't answered her question yet. "I have been doing this a very long time, longer than you think. As a Dark Guardian, we are born from other Dark Guardians. My mother and father brought me up as a warrior. The first thing I learned, as I was told, was hold a sword. Don't get me wrong, I don't kill vampires or Dementra and or Trianes unless I have to."

"What are those?"

"Dementra are evil vampires. They were born evil, they grew up evil," he told her. So, he didn't tell her that their parents were supposed to kill them or that Dementra were Dark Guardians that had lost their souls. That was a story for when he could tie her down and make her listen.

"Vampires can have babies?" Her voice trembled from shock.

"Yes and when they're are born evil, Dementra are what you get."

Her brow lifted. "But...but I thought vampires were made?"

"They are."

Again, she looked at him dumbfounded.

"Don't worry about being lost in this, I told you it's a lot to take in on one sitting but I will try to answer what you needed answered. Trianes are vampires, half-breeds; they come to life when their sire takes their blood to near death and then gives them back the blood. That is what turns them. They go into what is called a Transition Stage, a dangerous and painful thing if you are not compelled to sleep."

"But..." She let go of his hand. "That can't be true. Leonardo answered the door in the sunlight. Don't vampires die from sunlight?"

"Yes but they don't combust the moment the light hits them. It's like getting very bad sunburn in less than the time it takes to sit on the beach all day. If a vampire doesn't get inside in a minute or so, the sun will drain his energy. Then the blood will work overtime to try to heal them, which will overwork it and eventually they die. I give it, twenty minutes tops. Now for Leonardo, he is a Triane and can go into the sun and stay there as long as he wants. He does have a need for blood like a vampire. A problem with bringing over a Triane is they sometimes can come over insane. If they do, the creature has to kill them because they

can't be controlled. There is another way to control someone but it requires blood every couple of days. That would make it hard to send them on long-term jobs and away from the one giving them the blood. So many of them take their chances with trying to turn them."

Rose sat there quietly for a couple of moments, taking in what he said.

"You said you only kill if you have to?"

"Yes, I prefer not to kill them. There is no way to bring an evil vampire back without getting their souls back, which is a story for next time but we have a big prison in England. That's where we take them so the Nodoro can judge them. Well, the Nodoro of that city or town takes them there. Once they are judged, if there is no way to recover their souls, after a period of time they are destroyed."

"So it's like death row?"

"Pretty much. Like I said, there is so much more to this life of mine but I don't want to spend the next fifteen hours speaking of it." He stood taking her by the hand again. "A nice shower should do you fine. I would love to join you but I know where that would lead. No more memories will be made in this place."

He released her hand and she walked in but stopped at the doorway turned around looking into his eyes. "Why aren't you married? Or even

have a girlfriend?"

"Well, love," he began speaking. "Have you ever heard of the word, Truelove?"

"You mean finding out you truly love someone?"

"No, Truelove, capital 'T' and the words connected," he explained to her.

"No, I haven't," she said, shaking her head.

"For a long time I looked for mine. We, the Dark Guardians, label a woman that can do nothing but bring undying love, joy, and happiness in our lives. As you may not know, hunting vampires could break a man's spirit. He becomes lonely and soon his heart and soul dies. When we meet that special woman, we would do anything to make her happy, anything. When I woke in this godforsaken place, I found that my Truelove stood over me. For now, that's all I am going to say about that. As for your question, we do not marry unless we find our Trueloves. We do not breed with women unless we are certain of who they are. We fall in love once in our lives. Now go have a bath and later you will tell me about *your* life."

Rosezzettea smiled at him before heading in the bathroom. He did answer her question, now she needed to find out more about him and his life.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Both Dylan and Donovan looked up as the door to the room opened. Neither of them moved from their spots in front of the television. Dylan knew he had locked the door but only one person he knew could open the door from the outside.

“Cutting it close aren’t you, Kris,” he said from his seat.

“I like to play dangerously.” Kris closed the door mentally locking it.

“You keep playing dangerously and your butt will become toast.” Dylan stood from his seat.

“What is that?”

“What is what?” Kris asked, looking down at his clothes.

Kris knew it would shock his brother to see him like this. He had on a black tuxedo with a white shirt and black tie that went well with his black shoes. He had even slicked his short hair back, giving him a divine look.

After attending the yearly ball last night, Kris

had to speak with his Nodoro about some things and the only way in meant he had to dress. By the time he left, he didn't have time to change before boarding the plane.

"Your tux, what's up with wearing that? I don't think hiking in a tux is great combat clothing."

Donavon spun around in the chair to get a good look at the other male.

"Hey, Don," Kris spoke before placing his bag on the bed.

"Tisnoro," Donavon greeted, him as he always did before turning back to the television.

"As for this, you remember the annual ball that you didn't attend again this year, brother."

The annual ball had been last night and as always he missed it not that he minded missing it. The only thing that's really for was for mates to meet. All the single Daognas were there. They come from around the world, females born from Trueloves and Dark Guardians. Females born to them were not immortals like males when they were born. He never knew why that happened. Anyhow, every year they threw this big party, always in a different place. Just to keep Dementras and Trianes confused. Hundreds and sometimes thousands of Dark Guardians along with their female children attend this event. It was an excellent opportunity for single Dark Guardians to find their Trueloves.



Dylan did go two years ago but he had no luck in Boston. Not that he really wanted to find her. He loved being alone and by himself. It kept him safe and with people being far away from him, it kept them safe.

"Trying to find your mate already," Dylan teased.

Kris smiled. "It would be nice to find her. Unlike you, my brother, I don't enjoy different women in my bed every single night."

"What can I say? They love me."

"No." Kris sat down, toeing off his shoes. "You make them love you. You put that whammy on them and they can't do anything but jump in the bed with you."

The three men laughed.

"My brother, I don't know why you don't do it. Do you know what I would do if I could do some of the things you do? I mean, come on, you can do things with your mind. You can open a lock, move things, and you can touch without actually putting your hands on it. Do you know what I would give to have that power?"

"Yeah." Kris laughed. "What better way for you to arouse a woman by touching her without even doing it."

They heard Donavon laughing at the comment.

"What I can't understand is why you don't. You tell me that you never thought about running your

tongue over a woman's breast from across the room, making her think that her mind has just snapped out of control. What about touching her in intimate places?"

Dylan looked up in his brother's eyes. "I never said I never did that, I just said that's not all I think about."

"I knew you were a real Dark Guardian. If you had said you never thought about it, I think I would have kicked you out for good."

"I knew you would." He lay out on the bed. "Could you cut that television off? I need to rest before I can pick up on Javon tonight." He waited and when they didn't turn it off, he did it by mind.

"Hey, I was watching that!" Donavon yelled when the television when off. He reached up with the remote but it wouldn't come back on.

"He is so spoiled," Dylan told Kris.

"Too spoiled," Kris said, with his eyes closed. "This isn't going to be an easy rest for me. I am not used to sleeping above ground like this. The maid could just open the door and fry our asses."

"I know but we have it locked from the inside. There's nothing to worry about," Dylan comforted, "Also, how about getting out of my bed and onto the couch?"

"Nope," he hissed. "You called me here to a room with only two beds. I didn't want to smell Don all night so I'm taking your bed. Either you

two can sleep in the same bed or you can hit the couch."

Red eyes looked down at his brother, who hadn't opened his. "And you can stop looking at me, changing the color does not frighten me."

Donavan looked at Dylan, confused. How did he know what Dylan was doing without even seeing it? He could feel a slight anger but not much radiating off Dylan, nothing else. He wouldn't have known he had changed his eye color without looking.

"Because, Donavan, I can get inside his mind and right through the barriers and all. As for you, Donavan, I can see through your eyes, see what you see, and know where you are, if you have been in my presence in the past twenty-four hours. Your mind is like an open book, a real page turner, I must add."

"Smartass." Dylan said pulled Donavan into the connecting room where another bed and television sat.

"What's up with your brother and the spooky powers? We can get into each others' minds but never could see through another's eyes."

Dylan ran his hand through his silver hair. He turned on the television before flopping down on the couch. "My brother received powers that we never really investigated. My mother was playing with powers, dark magic, and other things. She

didn't know she was pregnant at a time when something went wrong with one of the spells. Since my brother was born, he has been able to get inside your mind no matter what. He could smell evil on a person. We don't have to wait until they kill before we know. I am a loner but I am afraid he will become one too. He is beginning to withdraw from people because he says it's tiresome knowing everyone's thoughts. Half of us don't know he is there. He can pass emotions and everything. I love him but I am afraid for him."

"Love you too, brother." Kris yelled to them.

Dylan smiled when his brother's voice traveled into the room.

"I understand but don't you think you should find out what happened to him?"

Dylan shook his head. "No, we are actually hoping that he finds his mate to see if his powers can be passed along. Maybe we are about to evolve and if that's the case, we could track evil better."

"So that's why you brought him?"

"Yes, if he can track Javon, maybe he can track Dark Town. I just hope my Nodoro will forgive me for it. You know how touchy they can be."

"Don't I know it."

Dylan lay back on the couch letting his body become calm. Soon darkness took over his body and he went into a deep sleep.

\* \* \* \*

Veronica opened her eyes as the last pleasurable shudder subsided. Her body was coated with tiny beads of sweat, her breathing labored, but she felt nothing but unexplainable pleasure. She looked down at his thick short blond hair seeing a male smile on his lips as her blood dripped from his fangs. His eyes were bright red but lust shone clearly in them. He wanted her crazed with desire and he got that. She wanted nothing more than for him to take her but she knew he wouldn't until he wanted. So begging wouldn't help her at all.

"My dear," Xavier whispered, before running his tongue over his marks closing them before continuing. "I so want to make you my Chosen. It is rare for a Dementra to find a woman who makes it impossible for him to get enough of her body or blood. I seem to have found this in you. However, I cannot bring you over into my world. I know you would be lovely and as evil as me, your soul would be taken and your every desire that you now hold onto, would be mine, but you would be different."

Veronica whimpered when he moved up her body. She had to admit this man knew what to do to please her. Only seconds ago, he had her calling out his name in sheer pleasure as he took her

blood from her thigh. In all her life she had never imagined that having someone bite her there would make her come without even touching her clit.

The thought of what he had done now made her sick at her stomach. She couldn't help but react towards him, either wanting or fighting him. She did not doubt he would beat her to death if she just laid there and did nothing. From the first day, when she did fight him with all her might, he still made her want him. Just as she wanted him now. If he wasn't evil, maybe, but her love for her boyfriend, who would never take her back after this, kept her going.

"Don't whimper now," he teased and laughed. His warm breath skimmed across her breast before he took her pink hard nipple into his mouth. His tongue teased her until she closed her eyes and her back arched off the bed, pushing more into his mouth. He only teased her for a moment or two before he let go with a loud popping sound. The pain of his teeth scraping across her nipple caused her to ache for more. "I know how much you want me in you right now. You fight me with all your might and I like that. If you had given me your soul freely, I wouldn't be amused right now. Your boyfriend didn't know what he had, did he?" He laid some of his weight on her, pushing his shaft against her wet flesh

making her wish he would move to thrust into her. "Did he know, Veronica?"

Xavier bit down with his human teeth on her neck. It hurt. God knows it did. But he knew the right amount of pleasure to mix with the pain to make her body go into overdrive.

"No," she moaned. "He didn't."

"Do you think he will take you back after you tell him what I did to you? Would he take you back after you tell him how I pleased you or how you pleased me?"

Veronica looked away from him for a brief moment. Xavier could not be allowed to see tears in her eyes; she knew the punishment for that. He made it clear that she would not think about Alvin and if she did he would kill him and make her suffer with the memory of losing him.

"N...no," Veronica voice was so low she hoped that he didn't hear her.

She inhaled; a whimper flew from her lips as he pushed into her slick folds. No matter how wet she got for him or the many times he entered her it hurt like hell. The man needed to mate with a horse instead of a human female.

"Never can get used to a man filling you until you can't take anymore, can you?" Her head went from side to side, her body slicking more so he could push into her. The pain she felt only fueled her passion. She never thought pain could feel so

good.

"So wet," he whispered against her neck, "and so tight."

With one hard thrust, he impaled her, drawing another breath from her.

Not able to stand it her hands came down grabbing his shoulders. Her first mistake. Xavier told her before they began tonight that her hands where to stay above her head and no matter what she wasn't to move them until he instructed her to move them.

"I didn't tell you to move," he growled at her. "You know the punishment for moving, don't you?" His silver gaze went to hers. His eyes changed to that deep red color she hated and she knew what she had gotten herself into. Trouble and lots of it. "Don't you?"

"Ye...yes, I know." Oh, she knew but she didn't care. Her body had already begun to tremble, ready for the release he could give her. Her walls gripped him more, pulling him deeper if possible. She heard a hiss escape his lips.

No! Her mind screamed at him when he pulled away from her body.

"Unlike the other times when I threatened you, you didn't really get it properly because you wore me out. Right then you didn't care about being punished, you just wanted to come." Xavier sat on the bed, shaking his head. "Not this time, my



beauty. You will not come so soon. You will please me in every way and I will determine when you get a release. Now get down on your knees. We don't have much time; my guests become rowdy quickly and don't want to wait for me. I know they will understand that my attention has been elsewhere lately."

Veronica moved as he ordered. Her legs trembling, her body aching but for some reason she was glad he denied her this. It did not make her feel bad then. Only when she came, screaming the devil's name, did it make her feel low. She knew that he made a good point. Alvin wouldn't touch her with a ten-foot pole, let alone talk to her once she told him what happened. That may be true but that still didn't mean she had to enjoy this.

Without waiting, she grabbed his cock taking him into her mouth in disgust. Maybe if she made him come he wouldn't bother her for a couple of hours. The man had to be running on batteries. No man could want a woman this much. Every couple of hours he wanted her, then demanded she give herself to him.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

**A**fter showering Rose and Javon spoke some more. Mostly she spoke this time. She told him about what her parents made her do in high school. How they made her take up medicine when she wanted to be a poet. Her abilities to come up with words sometimes amazed her, especially when he made her recite a poem for him.

The time flew by as they laughed and talked. As they spoke, she could tell it took a lot of restraint for him to not take her and kiss her like he wanted. She wanted nothing more than to pull him down, kiss his wonderful looking lips and at the same time make love to him. Doing that would be wrong. She still didn't know him and she would not go jumping in the sheets with a man on a first 'date'. Again. Instead of making love, they rested for the rest of the day.

What time it was when she fell asleep, Rose did not know. Only that Javon held her as she slept

and for the first time in years she felt safe.

\* \* \* \*

The door opened. "Get up!" Virgil's harsh words traveled through the room, waking her out of a peaceful sleep. That was another reason they didn't make love. Someone was always barging into the room. With a snarl on her face, Rose looked up to see Virgil standing at the door. His eyes were red and that told her he did not want to play with her right now.

Javon removed his hand from around her waist. He insisted on sleeping like that.

Rose yawned and sat up in the bed. She stretched before reaching down and grabbing her boots. On the other side of the bed, Javon was lacing up his.

"We don't have all day." Virgil smiled.

"And we are only human." Rose snarled to him.

Rose watched at Virgil looked at Javon. He didn't speak just started at Javon as if they were speaking among each other. She quickly vanished the crazy thought and continued to dress.

Tying her laces together, Rose stood from the bed. With a low hiss she passed Virgil and went into the hallway.

"This way." He pointed to the elevator.

They all boarded the elevator and went down. It felt as if they were going the same way but when the elevator doors opened, they opened behind them.

They turned and were looking into a room a lot smaller than the first one. It only consisted of one long hallway, one to the right and one to the left. Candles were the only source of light. No one in his or her right mind would get out of the elevator.

"After..."

"You will be reporting to the dentist if you say it, Javon," her words were followed by a deadly hiss.

"You got a live one, Javon. There are no televisions here for reasons you will understand later. To get out you must make it to the upper level." Virgil said, and then pressed the button for it to close. When the doors of the elevator closed another door made of rock the same as the rest of the place slid into place.

"I don't like where this is going," Rose told him.

Javon looked to his right. "Let's go this way."

Rose followed him down the creepy tunnel. The air was so dry it made her lungs hurt when she breathed it in.

"You okay?" he asked hearing her labored breathing.

“Yeah. The air is a little dry here.”

Javon nodded and continued down the hallway. They made it to a room that opened just a tad. There in the middle of the floor sat a wooden board on top of some empty barriers.

Javon leaned over looking up to see room to go up. It looked high, too high for him to jump. If he did try, it would give his secret away.

“What’s with all of this?”

“I have no idea.” He stood back looking at her. “We can go up that way, the point is getting there.”

“I guess we go the other way to find a way out. I hope we don’t run into anymore of the skeleton bunch.”

“I seriously doubt we will.”

They took each other’s hand before walking back to the other end where they met another wall. “No way out this way,” she said, leaning up against the wall.

“I guess not.”

Her boots slipped in some water on the ground. Her arm reached out grabbing for the candleholder before she fell. For once, she felt relief that no candle was in it or she would be burned right now. The candleholder went down with a click from her weight opening a secret door. The rocks slid back and there crouched down crying in a small room was a little girl in

torn clothing.

When Rose regained her balance, she looked at the tiny female, balled up with her feet tucked under her.

"What's wrong," she said, going up to the girl.

Javon stopped her before she could touch the girl. Rose looked at him confused. "Trick."

"But she is crying, Javon. Xavier probably kidnapped her."

Once again, he said, "It's a trick."

"Let go." She snatched her arm away from him not believing him. Xavier probably kidnapped the little girl and she was going to get her out alive also.

The second Rose walked up to the girl, the girl snarled at them. Teeth slid from her gums in anger.

"She's a vampire," Rose screamed, falling backwards as she moved away from the girl.

"I told you it was a trick."

Rose fell back to the ground when she saw what the little girl had in her hand. A small box labeled TNT.

"Bye bye now," she said, in a little girl voice. As she pushed down on the box, her door turned back, trapping them inside the room again.

Rose frowned hearing a loud boom from behind the walls followed by a splashing noise, then the floor began to shake.

Rose stood looking around. "What is that?"

"Sounds like..." Javon didn't get his words out before the wall behind them collapsed and water began flooding the room.

"Run!" he yelled at her.

Rose did not need to be told twice. As the water filled the cave they ran, only seconds in front of the water.

Rose's heart hammered hard against her chest. It felt as if it would break her ribs. The water kept coming. When they walked down the hallway a moment ago it didn't seem to be this long. When she felt sprinkles of water on her neck, she knew this would be how she died.

"On top of the barriers," Javon said, out of breath.

Rose ran up to the platform. Javon helped her up and before he could get up the water splashed around them pulling him under.

"Javon!" her frantic scream wailed through the cave as the water lifted her up, taking her to the next level. "Javon!"

God, he couldn't be dead but no one could survive that. The water stopped rising. She made it to a hallway that looked the same as the one below.

Rose didn't move, only sat there on the barriers, tears flowing down her face.

"Fresh meat," a dark voice spoke from behind

her startling her.

Rose turned just in time to see a man grabbing at her. She yelled, kicking and screaming as they fell to the muddy ground, the man landing on top of her.

"Stop squirming," he said, his teeth extending in his mouth, letting her know he was a vampire. He looked dirty and skinny. She could see hunger in those red eyes. "That's because I haven't fed in months," he said, apparently reading her mind.

Rose grabbed the muddy water in one hand then hit him in the face with it. He moved just enough so she could squirm from under him.

He yelled obscenities at her but she didn't care.

"Oh god," she yelled. Trying to run in the muddy waters she wasn't getting far at all. Now she knew how those women in the scary movies felt. The wet floor kept sucking her down, making it impossible for her to get up and run. So, she crawled for her life. Only a couple more steps to dry land and she could get up and run for her life.

She would kill this thing then come back to find Javon. She hoped she would.

"Where do you think you are going?" the man said, just before grabbing her ankle.

"Let go of me. Let go," she said, over and over. The vampire flipped her onto her back.

Three times stronger than her, he pulled her back to him, trapping both feet under his body.



This time he grabbed her hands, pulling them over her head.

He inhaled. "So sweet, so pure."

The musky and stale smell of someone that hadn't bathed in months over took her. Doesn't this thing know what a bath is?

Again, his teeth slid down in his gums. Saliva dripped from them like a starving animal. When she knew of his intentions, Rose began fighting with all her might, which only earned her another chuckle from the vampire.

"Fight all you want, you are mine." His fangs entered her neck painfully.

Rose screamed, eyelids slamming shut as tears flowing down her cheek. It hurt like hell, nothing felt good about this bite at all. Until now, all those books about vampires lied to her. She stopped struggling and she knew why. Javon had drowned, her friends were dead, she had nothing to live for.

The vampire let go of her neck with a growl. Rose opened her eyes when his entire body jerked up then backwards. He had a look of pure shock on his face as he looked down at the hole in his chest where his heart should be. Blood ran down out of his mouth as he fell on top of her.

What the hell?

When the man landed on top her of her hard she saw what had happened to him. Javon stood

there his hair and clothing dripping with water, his eyes red like fire. In his right hand a beating heart and in his mouth...she gasped...fangs!

"Shit, you are vampire," she screamed, trying to move but her body felt like a ton in the mucky waters.

Javon had a guilty look on his face as he dropped the heart to the ground. Quickly he pulled the dead man off her then offered his clean hand but she refused, pushing herself out of the water and back against the wall.

Her eyes narrowed in pain when she felt a pain in her neck. She slapped her hand down over the bleeding holes.

"I have to seal it or you will die."

Let another vampire feed off her then die or bleed out then die. She chose bleed to death then die. Never in her life had she seen hurt in a man's eyes as she did now.

"I'd rather die."

"Don't be crazy." His eyes were back to the unusual silver color. They flashed red again and she heard, deep in her mind, his command.

*Come here.*

Her legs moved to obey even though her mind wasn't ready. He sighed in frustration when she stood in front of him shaking like a leaf. He grabbed her closer bent his lips to her not tasting the blood that poured from the wound God knew

he wanted to but that would alter his blood and they could tell she was a Truelove. Instead, he ran his tongue over the pinpricks, closing the holes. His body shook at the small taste of her and he knew from that taste, it wouldn't be enough.

\* \* \* \*

"Give me my money," one of the vampires spoke looking at the rest of them. "I told you by the second floor she would find out he was a Dark Guardian."

The others grunted, passing him piles of money.

Veronica, on the other hand, shook her head, not understanding what they got out of watching them. She really hoped that Javon would have held out much longer. She knew when he made it to the top and saw that vampire with his fangs in Rose's throat he would go crazy. Vampires were very possessive of their women. Like Xavier and her. For once, he let her wear clothing, pants, and a t-shirt. That was for being such a good girl in the bedroom, as Xavier said. Xavier might have said it but for some reason she had a deep feeling that Xavier did not want the others looking at her in a sexual way. Xavier wanted her all to himself now.

"Here you are, sir." A woman held a tray out in front of Veronica and Xavier with two wine

glasses. Veronica really hoped that was wine not blood.

Xavier grabbed both glasses and the woman left. He passed one to her and he kept the other. "Trust me, it's not blood. If I ever gave you blood it would be mine."

Reluctant to taste it, she sniffed a couple of times before drinking it, making Xavier chuckle at her lack of trust in him.

"Now, my dear, how do you think your friend is going to react to fucking a vampire?"

Probably react like she did the first night. She fought with all of her might, only to fall into a bag of emotions when he touched her.

"I don't know."

Xavier chuckled then brought his glass up to his lips again.

"I can't wait to see if she would try to kill him now or later."

Veronica looked back to the screen. She prayed that Rose had the common sense to go with Javon and not run off by herself. If Rose did there was no telling what creatures Xavier had down there that would kill her without thought.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

“I’m rested and ready.” Kris walked out of the bathroom and into the other room where his brother and the other Dark Guardian sat.

“Easy for you to say, dear brother,” Dylan said, with a major crook in his neck.

If he didn’t learn anything else in his life, he learned something during the day. A five-foot-nine inch Dark Guardian did not fit well on a three-foot chair.

“Let’s begin this search. I didn’t tell you last night but I know exactly where Dark Town is.”

Both Donavon and Dylan looked at Kris.

“You do?” Donavon asked.

“Yes, I spoke with my Nodoro about it and he gave me some things that I needed.”

“How did you find out?”

“I ran into a vamp a couple hours after you called me and when I read his mind I knew where we were going. He had just left Dark Town. I instructed him to stand in that spot until the sun

rose."

"Great! So what did you ask for?" Dylan asked.

Kris opened the door and they walked out to see at least fifty or sixty Dark Guardians of all shape and sizes standing outside. A lot of them Dylan didn't know personally, hell, he didn't know any one of them by name. They must have come from other parts of the world.

Donavon stepped outside, looking at the group of people and said, "Damn, I am glad that I'm not the one being hunted."

The Dark Guardians that heard them smiled at his comment.

"Shall we," Kris said before heading toward the direction he remembered.

The group of Guardians walked behind him, each equipped with different weapons, each ready for anything. Even death.

They must have sensed them coming because the moment they stepped on the land Trianes came from all different parts of the town. Their search turned quickly into an all-out war.

Kris quickly beheaded the first Triane just before he heard the approaching footsteps from behind. He reached into his pocket for his dagger just in case another Triane came at him.

Kris heard a shot before feeling pain searing through his right shoulder.

"God damn it. You Trianes know that bullets

won't kill me," he yelled, when he saw glowing hazel eyes staring at him from the shadows.

Kris turned to see the Triane coming out of hiding. He considered him tall since he looked about three or four inches taller than him. Scary looking because the man looked like he had been through some hard times lately. His face was cut in several different places, from the way his nose sat, Kris swore he had run into a couple of Dark Guardians lately and had it broken. He looked up at his thinning black hair, wanting to laugh at that and his bad taste in clothing.

Dylan ran up to help his brother but Donavan caught his arm halting him.

"Let him do this, Dylan."

"That's my brother."

"I know but there are only two of them. We are watching to make sure no one else jumps in. Kris needs to do this to understand what he needs to become."

Dylan looked at Donavan then to the others who had stopped to watch his brother fight. When he nodded, Donavan let go of his arm.

Kris felt the bullet had traveled through his shoulder and out the back and his skin had already started to heal which meant this Triane was in a shitload of trouble.

"Yeah, I know, Dark Guardian, but it is fun to see you in pain."

"Oh, I am going to enjoy killing you." He raised the sword he had in his hands.

"What's wrong, gunslinger? You used to like it, now what's the problem with a little gun violence? No big brother to help you out of a jam this time."

"That was almost twenty years ago. I have moved on to swords and don't worry about my brother. He is right where he needs to be."

Kris watched as the Triane held the gun up again. He concentrated. When he heard the click from the trigger, Kris smiled when nothing came out.

"I think it's broken."

Before the Triane could run and warn the others Kris had swung the sword in one smooth motion, cutting off his head.

The Triane didn't have a chance to scream before he exploded into dust particles.

"Next time take the safety off."

Kris put the sword back into his holder then took off his jacket.

He hissed from the pain when he moved his shoulder.

"Damn it," he growled when he saw the bullet hole in his favorite leather jacket.

No biggie. He'd do some major shopping later. He tossed the jacket over his shoulders.

"Shall we proceed?" he asked, looking back at the shocked expression on his brother's face.



His brother always protected him from everything. Showing his brother that he could defend himself and kill without a second thought would probably help him understand that he wasn't a little boy any longer.

\* \* \* \*

"Stop that!" Rose shoved Javon away from her when he let go of her mind.

Her hands shot up to her neck feeling the holes he had healed. Her neck did not hurt anymore but that did not alter the fact that Javon was a vampire.

Javon, the man she had sex with, was a real live vampire. A vampire that could have bitten her several times and drained her dry. No wonder he knew so much about Xavier and the others. The bastard was a vampire and he had to do something to her mind to make her have sex with him. Didn't vampires do mind control over humans? He had to. When she got out of here she was going to kill all of them, including Javon.

"Let's go, Rose." His voice sounded hurt but she did not care. She wasn't going anywhere with him.

"I am not going anywhere with you, vampire."

\* \* \* \*

The impulse to growl and pull her with him was powerful but he did not want to scare her any more than he already had. The woman was going to get them killed if she did not stop acting crazy.

Rose leaned up against the wall of the cavern, watching to see what Javon would do. The exit opened from behind Rose and she slipped almost falling inside. It took her a couple of seconds for her eyes to adjust to the darkness before she noticed what the pathway was.

The servant entrance! Thank God!

Without a word, Rose turned running up the long flight of steps.

Javon only growled, following her.

\* \* \* \*

"What the fuck!" Xavier yelled, seeing Rose and Javon going into a door that was never meant to be found. "Who in the hell left that opened?"

Veronica wanted to smile when she saw her friend escaping. She just hoped that Rose gave Javon a chance because he didn't hurt her and Veronica was sure if he had sex with her he liked Rose in one way or another.

"Virgil!" Xavier stood. "Get them back there..." When the words left his lips, the front door to his home burst open, shattering it into tiny pieces.

"What the hell is going on now?"

All eyes widened when the men walked into the room, one after another. All were armed and ready to fight.

Veronica stood to run to go find Rose but a man grabbed her around the waist, pulling her towards the door.

"Please let me go," she yelled. "I have to find my friend, I have to."

"Sorry, lady. My job is to get the humans out alive."

Veronica stopped struggling when Xavier growled over the noise, standing from the chair and moved towards them with his fangs out ready to kill the man. Or her. She did not know which one.

"Let her go, Ian," Xavier snarled. "You know that if you don't I will kill you."

Ian, if that was his name, pulled Veronica until he stood between her and Xavier.

"I cannot do that, Xavier." He took a step back taking her with him.

"Veronica, if you come to me on your own, you will not be punished for this, he will." Xavier snarled again, taking a step towards them. Veronica gripped the golden haired man in front of her. She knew she had her nails in his back but she did not care. The need to go to him pulled at her heart but she knew if she let Xavier take her

away from here, she would never see her friend again.

*Don't worry, I will not let him harm you again.*

Veronica heard it in her mind and she was sure that it sounded like Ian.

"Veronica!" Xavier whipped off the glasses tossing them to the floor.

She trembled at the deadly sound of his voice. Not able to do anything else she moved from behind Ian and started walking towards Xavier.

Ian caught her hand pushing her back behind him.

*No, don't go to him.*

"I have to or he will kill me," she whispered.

One second Xavier stood in front of her the next he laid on the ground and a taller man mostly dressed like the rest of them stood over Xavier's body.

"Thanks, Donavon," Ian said, before pulling Veronica out the door and into the safety of the other Dark Guardians.

\* \* \* \*

"Rose!" Javon yelled, going up the spiral steps behind her. She thought that he called her so she would stop and talk to him when in fact she happened to be going too slow. "Rose!" he said

again, this time she thought he snarled at her.

"What Javon?" she yelled, but didn't stop walking to get away from him.

"Go faster," he told her.

"Why?" She looked behind her regretting the minute she did because there behind Javon stood a large looking dog, with glowing golden eyes. That cannot be right. Dogs are not that big or scary looking.

"Werewolf," Javon said, with his back to her as he still moved up the stairs. "Run!"

The beast growled and lunged at Rose but Javon stopped it in midair. Rose screamed running up the stairs two at a time. By the time, she made it to the top she opened the door, stopping when she saw a room full of men that reminded her of Javon. Most of them dressed in black. All of them looked dangerous. Then she noticed something, their eyes, silver, were looking at her. She looked down to see several men laying on the floor, their hands behind their back, not handcuffs but something like what Javon had on locked on his wrist.

A loud growl from behind her made her move from the secret passageway.

"Are you okay?" Dylan asked her, coming beside her.

Rose looked back down the dark stairs. "Javon's down there."

She didn't know why she said it, for some reason she didn't want him to get hurt, no matter what she felt. The man didn't think before running down the hall.

"Come on." Another man took her by the hand. "I am Kris," he said with a sexy smile.

"I'm, Rose," she whispered.

"Nice to meet you. We are here to help."

The man led her outside. When the cool night air hit her, she breathed in, closing her eyes, as the man left her with another group of women.

"Rose!"

Her eyelids popped opened as her best friend ran up to her. "Veronica! Oh my god, you're okay."

Arms wrapped around her as Rose wrapped hers around her friend. They began crying on each other's shoulder.

They stood there holding each other for a long time before finally letting go. "Are you okay? Where is Javon?"

Rose stiffened at her words remembering she had left him to fight that beast.

"I don't know and I don't want to know."

"Why not?"

"Because he's...he's a vampire."

Veronica held her again as she let the tears roll down her cheek.

"I know, I saw him. I even gave him a key to

get the bracelet off."

"You knew!" she asked, her mouth still hung open after the question.

Veronica looked away. "Yes, I knew. He is one of the good guys though. All those men in there are Dark Guardians. Xavier told me a lot when he wasn't fucking my brains out."

Rose walked off, she had to get home, and get away from here.

"Where are you going?" Veronica followed her. "It's too dark to walk in the woods."

"I don't care. I want to get my things from the site and I am outta here!"

"You can't go alone," Alvin's voice made Rose stop in her tracks.

"Alvin," Veronica said, with tears in her eyes.

No-no-no-no-no. Not Alvin. Not now. Anybody but Alvin. Veronica frowned to hold back to tears. Her body trembled knowing that he would never touch her again after she told him what happened.

"Hey, baby." Veronica didn't wait before she ran up in his arms.

"How did you get here?" Veronica asked but didn't let go of her boyfriend.

Veronica trembling in his arms. She felt him hold her tighter. Something that she needed.

"We heard fighting and we came this way. What happened to you guys? Where were you?"

"God, Alvin," Veronica cried, hugging him

even tighter. "You don't know. You don't know...I missed you so much."

"I missed you too, baby."

Rose saw Tom and Craig walking up to the site. Rose smiled. At least Alvin and Veronica were going to be okay.

What would Tom and Craig do when they found out their girlfriends were killed by vampires? They would not believe her, that's for damn sure. No one would believe her. She didn't even believe it and she had been through it.

"Rose, what happened? You look like you have been through hell," Craig said to her. "Where are the others?"

What was she supposed to say? Rose did not know how to explain to someone that vampires killed their girlfriends.

"Craig...Tom..." Rose whispered. Tears flowing down her cheek. "I..."

"What's wrong, Rose?" Tom asked. "Is something wrong with Rita and Faith?"

Rose wiped the tears from her eyes, looked at the two men concerned for their women, and shook her head. She couldn't tell them that.

"Let me explain." A tall man walked up to them, scaring the crap out of Rose. "I am Dylan and this is my brother, Kris."

The other man waved. "We can explain everything."



The men followed Kris.

"Where are you going?" Dylan asked when Rose turned to walk off again.

"Home."

"But Javon wants...needs to see you. He is a little beat up."

Rose turned to the man that reminded her so much of Javon. "Screw Javon! He lied to me. He was the same thing the others are, just like you. So if you don't mind I'm leaving."

"You need to...he told me everything." Dylan told her. "Even about what you are, his Truelove."

Rose looked at the tall man. She walked up to him and looked into his eyes. "Tell Javon if he comes near me again I will kill him and anyone that is one of you. Your trademark is your eyes, isn't it? All of you have those silver eyes. Come near me again..." Rose let her words hang and stormed away from a very shocked Dylan.

Dylan moved to follow Rose but Alvin grabbed his arm. "I'll go with her," Alvin said, grabbing his girlfriend and following Rose out of the town.

Rose walked through the brushes and for some reason she knew how to get back to the site. Rose did not speak to Veronica or Alvin as they all cleaned up at the site.

Veronica watched her friend as she tore down her tent. She wrapped it up and stuffed in into another bag.

Rose dropped the tent to the ground, looked up at the sky and screamed at the top of her lungs.

"Rose." Veronica grabbed her friend as she slumped to the ground weeping.

"Vern, what's going on? What happened back there?" Alvin asked standing above them. "Where are the others?"

"Dead," Rose said from her friends shoulders. "They're are dead. Those people back there killed them."

"What! How?"

"I'll explain later, Alvin. You will never guess what happened and after what I've been through I wouldn't blame you for leaving me." The hurt of her words made Rose want to cry more. "Pack up the things over there please. We are out of here." After Alvin nodded and walked off Veronica pulled away from Rose.

"Rose," Veronica whispered.

"It was my fault." Rose looked at her friend. "All my fault. I led them there. If I had stayed out none of this would have happened." Rose shook her head. "Javon, you and Xavier...none of it. Now, Alvin may never..." Again, Rose started to cry.

"Rose. Listen to me damn it." Veronica waited until her friend looked at her. "You did nothing wrong. I don't blame you and I'm sure that Faith and Rita don't either. So you better not beat

yourself up for that. Xavier killed them, not you. Do you understand?" Rose nodded. "Good."

"But what about you and Alvin?"

Veronica looked at Alvin loading the jeep then back to Rose. "I will tell him and if he leaves me, well, there are more fish in the sea and you better not blame yourself for whatever happens between us."

"What about the others?" Alvin asked walking back up to the girls who were whispering among themselves.

Veronica let go of Rose. "They will find their way back. Those guys will get them home safe and sound. For now, let's go and once we are home I'll explain everything to you."

"Okay." He looked at Rose. "You going to be okay, Rose?"

Rose looked at Veronica who lifted her eyebrow at her challenging her then nodded.

"Get," Veronica said with a smile. "Let's get going."

After they were packed, they got into the jeep and drove back to return it. As they moved through the airport, Rose felt a tingling deep down in her gut. Veronica said do not worry about her and Alvin but what about her and Javon?

Javon is a vampire! It kept playing in her mind over and over. Time and time again Rose burst

into uncontrollable tears. How could she have made love to a vampire? No wonder he knew what was going on. Bastard probably took her virginity on purpose.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Rosezzettea had insisted on going home so Veronica and Alvin decided to do the same. It did not take long to get a plane ticket for Alvin. On the plane, he and Veronica whispered about what happened to her. Veronica even cried as she told the story about how Xavier was a vampire and how he raped her repeatedly.

It made her heart jump with joy when Alvin told her he believed her and he would never let her go. He even told her that they would be getting married as soon as they got back. Good for them on their new life. At the same time, Rose's world had come to the end. The entire time on the plane, she looked out the window wishing that she could get away from them just for a little while so she could think.

She no longer felt bad about Alvin leaving Veronica but deep down in her gut she still felt responsible for Faith and Rita's death. She also couldn't get that bastard Javon out of her mind.

The more she moved away from Dark Town the more she wanted to go back to be with him.

Now she sat in her front room looking off into space while Veronica and Alvin sat on her love seat talking. Having two rooms had an advantage right now. She knew they would want some privacy from the way Veronica kept stroking his leg and Alvin kept caressing Veronica's neck. Rose knew it wouldn't be long before they went running off together.

What she wouldn't give to have a man in her life who loved her the way they loved each other. A man, not a vampire. She didn't care how much she craved Javon's touch right now. She didn't care how much she wanted to talk to him and be swept off her feet by that dark, handsome man. Sure she fantasized, what woman did not fantasize about having a tall dark and handsome man sweeping her off her feet in the world of passion?

*And God, when I said that I wanted a strong alpha male, I didn't mean a vampire. How descriptive do we have to be anyhow?*

In the future, Rose would have to be very descriptive about the things she asked God. She now knew that if you leave too much open, he would improvise on the rest.

A knock on her door brought her back to reality.

"I'll get it," Rose said, standing.

Rose didn't know why but opening her door didn't go right with her. When she looked outside to see daylight, she was okay. Vampires couldn't walk in the daylight. With sweaty hands, she opened the door.

"Rose." Craig walked in, tears in his eyes. "Are you okay?"

"Yes." She breathed hard in his grip. "How are you?"

When Craig let go, Tom took his place. "I am so sorry."

Why were they sorry? She got their women killed.

"Ummm...thanks, guys but...what about you?"

They walked in making Alvin and Veronica stop their little fumbling.

"We're fine," Craig said, again. "It hurts us about Rita and Faith. I mean being in a car accident while going to the store is a tragedy."

Frowning, Rose sat down in her chair, she looked over to Veronica's and Alvin's confused face then she looked back up to Tom and Craig.

"The policeman told us that their bodies were so badly burnt they had to cremate them before the funeral," Tom repeated what they implanted in his mind. "We are happy that you two were not in the car. It would kill us if all of you were dead." He took in a deep breath. "When their bodies

arrive we will have a small funeral. If you need anything we are here for you, Rose."

"We love you and we will still be in touch," Craig said. "Sorry to run but we have to go. A lot of details have to be worked out."

"Okay." Rose did not know what else to say.

"You two all right?" Tom asked Veronica and Alvin.

"Yes. We are fine." Alvin answered for the both of them.

"That's good." Tom said, shaking his head. Rose still looked at them, confused, her head tilted to the side slightly as she watched them. "Rose," Tom looked at her and she stood straight. "Make sure you call if you need someone. We are here for you."

"I will."

When Tom and Craig walked out the threesome looked at each other. All still had frowns on their faces. "Did that sound like a pre-rehearsed or implanted speech to you guys?" Rose finally asked, after a long moment.

"Yes, it did." Veronica looked at Alvin. "Do you think the Dark Guardians did it?"

"I am sure."

"But I don't want them to do that to me," Veronica said. "It's not like I want to remember the bad parts but I don't want to be lied to about my friends."



"Me either." Rose said.

"Maybe you could speak with Javon," Alvin suggested.

Rose shook her head back and forth. "I can't, guys. I can't. I don't want to talk to him ever."

"I understand," Veronica said. "We will stay here as long as you need us to."

"You don't have to do that, Vern. You two have a life. I don't. I will be fine once I get through my head that my best friends are dead and I lost my virginity to a vampire. I'll be ready to take on a new situation after than. Trust me. My life couldn't be any worse than it is at this very moment."

"I told you not to worry about that, Rose," Veronica said with a hint of anger in her voice at her friend's stubbornness.

"But..."

"No buts, Rose," Alvin jumped in. "I forgave Veronica. She could do nothing that could take my love away from her. I am going to be her husband soon and she will be my wife. I would never blame you for anything that happened in Dark Town. I want to see you happy and I want you to be happy. Javon made you happy."

"How do you know that?" Rose turned to the couple.

"Because every time we say his name you get this glow in your eyes, like now." Alvin's teasing

made Rose turn away. She did get a tingling sensation whenever they spoke his name. She didn't know it showed in her eyes also.

"So, what?"

"So." Alvin continued. "If he makes you happy then you should at least talk to him."

"I don't think I can. Not yet."

Alvin nodded. "When you are ready then you will. Until then, don't worry yourself to death."

Rose smiled and looked at her friends. "I won't. I promise."

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

*Three Weeks Later*

“Write her name here,” the nurse told Veronica.

Veronica scrambled down Rose’s name.

“What is this, Ros...Ro sess a tea ya”

“It’s Rosezzettea Norton and I don’t have time to play this game,” Veronica growled at the nurse. “My friend is pale, she can’t keep anything on her stomach, and she feels dizzy. Please help her.”

The nurse picked up the telephone and called for assistance. Moments later a male in white uniform rolled down the hallway with a wheelchair in front of him.

“Ms. Norton?” He looked at Veronica.

“No,” she snapped and pointed to her friend slumped over in the chair beside her. “She is the one sick.”

He reached down picking Rose up out of the chair. Rose doubled over in pain as he placed her

in the chair.

"Get her to room four zero two." The nurse said. "Doctor Mills will be there in a few minutes."

The man nodded then rolled her away. "Not you, sweetie," the nurse told Veronica who was following the man. "Family members only."

Veronica walked up to the desk. "I am like family. Her mom and dad are in Brazil. She doesn't have any other family. So I am the only family she has."

"Oh really, what are you?" The nurse looked at her.

Veronica bit her lip not believing she was going to say it. "I am...I'm her lover."

Alvin head came up from his book. "You are her what?" Alvin and the nurse said in unison.

"I'm her lover...I love her and I want to go in with her. I..."

The nurse laughed stopping Veronica's lie. "Sweetie, you are no lover to that girl. That girl is nothing more than pregnant and if you did that to her then we have a new case of research on our hands."

The elderly woman laughed again at Veronica when her eyes widened and she thought they would pop right out of her head.

"She's pregnant?"

"I wouldn't start buying pampers now but it is a typical case of not eating properly or getting the

right amount of fluids in her. She will be fine, trust me. But, if you are willing to lie to go in with her, she must mean something to you. So..." The woman handed her a pass. "Room 402."

"Thanks," she said, and grabbed the pass out of the woman's hand. She clipped it to her shirt, then raced down the hallway and into the elevator.

When Veronica got to the room, an older man stood in the room with a pad in his hand.

"Where's Rose?"

The doctor turned to her, his blue eyes sparkling at her as he sat the pad down. "Ms. Norton couldn't hold the fluids I gave her. The second I finished taking her blood she ran into the restroom."

Veronica didn't wait and dashed into the bathroom to see her friend lying with her head on the toilet.

"Come on, Rose."

"Let me die," she mumbled. "This cancer is going to kill me this time."

"Come on, stop talking like that." When they were in an upright position, she helped Rose back into bed.

Veronica was getting a little pissed at the hospital and their concern for the sick. The doctor had left the room without a word. What if Rose had fallen and bumped her head or something worse than that? He had left the room and not

even bothered waiting to see how she was. Later she would write a long letter. Now she had to make sure Rose was okay.

"Veronica, you know I love..."

"Stop that," Veronica snapped. "No last will and testaments today."

"But I feel it," Rose said, smiling. "I am so happy that you and Alvin are married and that you love each other so much. I love you two so much."

"Love you too."

Veronica looked up when a nurse came in with an IV. "Hello, Ms. Norton. How are you?"

"Give it to me straight," Rose said weakly. "Am I dying?"

The black haired nurse laughed. "Honey, no. No one's dying in this room. You probably have a stomach virus or something. That's why the doctor ordered this IV so you can get the proper fluids in you."

The woman walked to the end of the bed and grabbed Rose's chart. She wrote in it, put it back, then reached behind her. She took two bags filled with clear fluid from the trolley and hung them on an IV pole. She took out some cotton and a couple of strips of clear tape. "Okay, give me your arm."

Rose extended her right arm. The nurse's cool hands wrapped around Rose's arm then she wiped down her arm before sliding the needle

into her vein.

Rose flinched but it didn't hurt too much. After taping the IV down to her arm, she pressed the machine and the liquids began to flow.

"Here you are," the nurse said, placing a small trashcan beside her. "If you feel sick you can use this."

"Thanks," Rose said.

"You're welcome."

The nurse grabbed the chart and walked out of the room while writing on it.

\* \* \* \*

"You can't just keep sitting there looking like a little lost dog, Javon," Dylan told him. "You dragged me from California the moment you were well enough to follow this woman of yours. Now we both are sitting here looking like lost dogs."

"And your point is?" Javon said, from the driver's seat of the rent-a-car.

"That was two weeks ago. My God, man, go to her, at least show her you still care. Put the whammy on her for all I care. I want to go home."

"I can tell she doesn't want me around."

Dylan looked at the Javon. "Did you ask her?"

"No."

"Has she closed the door in your face when you attempted to ask her?"

"No." Javon ground his teeth together knowing where this would lead.

"So how do you know?"

"Because..." He hit the breaks at the red light. "She told me when she found out I was a vampire."

"So what, I know you are a vampire and I don't like you but you still make me hang around you. Why should she be treated special because she doesn't like you?"

Javon hit the gas, before he strangled this man sitting beside him. Instead of saying anything else, Javon drove back to his spot right outside of Rose's home.

Her shift should be over soon and she should be coming home. Tonight would be the night he would go to her. He prayed to his God that she would at least listen to him tonight.

"I'll go to her when she comes home," he said softly.

"Thank God," Dylan teased. "I don't think I can take a couple more nights of sitting out here with you, talking about nothing at all."

Javon smiled when Dylan got out of the car and walked down the street.

"Where are you going?" he asked, looking out the window.

"To find someone to fight," he told him not looking back. "There has to be a Triane or



something running around here I can beat up on. Or at least a woman that gives good head."

Javon sat back, smiling at Dylan.

Javon knew that Dylan wasn't and would not look for a woman tonight. The Dark Guardian was slowly drifting in a world where most Dark Guardians go and eventually lose their souls. With no women, no fun, no happiness, and seeing that they were going nowhere fast, Dark Guardians usually gave up their soul to find some sort of joy. Javon only hoped that Dylan found his Truelove before it was too late. Dylan and Kris as a Dementra was something he never wanted to see. Ever.

\* \* \* \*

*An hour later*

"Rosezzettea Norton," Doctor Mills called out when he came into the room. "I have your blood work back."

Veronica began biting her nails, apparently more afraid of finding out what was wrong with Rose than Rose was.

"How am I doing? Is my cancer worse?"

"Cancer," he repeated looking through his chart. "Ms. Norton, you don't have cancer."

"What!" She jumped up in the bed.

"I said you don't have any cancer. You are pregnant but no cancer."

Rose fell back to the bed relieved that the cancer was gone. Thank you Go...What did he just say?

Again, she sat up frowning at the doctor. "What did you say, doctor?"

"I said that you are pregnant and I can release you now." He looked up at the bags. "You should be feeling better. I am going to prescribe some prenatal pills and I suggest you eat low sodium foods until you can stand more. Besides that, you are fine. The nurse will come and release you." He placed a paper in front of her. "Sign here and here and you can go."

Rose took the pen, signing the papers in a daze. The doctor said something before walking out but she didn't hear him because the words "you are pregnant" kept rolling around over and over in her mind.

The fact that Veronica was jumping up and down did not dawn on her until later. "You are pregnant, you are pregnant...wait! Who is the daddy? You haven't been sneaking around on me and haven't been telling me?"

"No," Rose screamed at her. "I haven't. You know whose damn baby this is."

Veronica sat down in the chair beside Rose looking at her as if she tried to think. Her eyes widened and she smiled at Rose. "Javon?"

Rose nodded, still not believing that she was carrying a vampire's baby.

"I remember you telling me about vampires being born..." Veronica stopped speaking when the nurse came back into the room.

The nurse put on some gloves before removing the IV and cleaning her arm. Rose gathered her clothing went into the bathroom and changed. When she walked out not caring about anything right now except how she got pregnant. Well, she knew how but...how? She gestured for Veronica who stood and followed Rose to the elevator.

"What are you going to do?" Veronica asked from the elevator.

Good question, if she knew the answer.

"I don't know. I've never had a vampire's baby before." She rubbed the lower part of her stomach. "I mean, what do I need to feed the baby...blood or food...I don't know, Vern, to tell you the truth."

"To tell you the truth, you need to call Javon."

Rose pressed her lips together. She was not going to do it. She would not run to a vampire for help. Anyhow, she didn't know how to get in contact with Javon. To this day, she had not heard or seen him and she assumed that he didn't want anything to do with her. Just like she wanted. Or thought she wanted. Right now, she did not know what she wanted. One fact she understood was that she was pregnant with a vampire's baby and

didn't know one thing about a vampire or taking care of a vampire's baby. "And what am I going to do, travel to San Diego yelling down the streets for him and hope he comes out?"

"Sounds like a plan, you need a bull horn?"

Rose shook her head. "You are such a crappy friend."

"I know and that's why you love me"

The doors to the elevator opened and Alvin was still seated below reading the book.

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Veronica smiled at her loving husband who she could not love any more if she tried.

He looked up and smiled, happy to see Rose walking by herself. "You look much better." He stood up giving her a hug. "What was wrong?"

"Oh nothing much. No cancer, no diseases, just a little pregnant though."

Alvin pulled back, his mouth opened but no words came out.

"Did she just say?" Alvin asked Veronica.

Veronica nodded with a huge smile on her face. "Yes and guess who's the daddy?"

"Who," he sounded excited as he walked behind Rose.

"Javon."

"Javon the vampire?"

"Yes." Veronica laughed making Alvin laugh

They both looked at Rose walking behind them with a scowl on her face and both of them began laughing again.

"Shouldn't you sit in the front, expecting and all," Alvin's voice teasing her.

"Ouch," he said, sitting in the car.

[illegible]

\* \* \* \*

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night, they left. Now she could contemplate the questions in her mind. What would she do now? She was pregnant with a vampire's baby and the baby wouldn't know who his or her father was because she didn't know where he lived.

Trying to find him would be a problem because she seriously doubted that he would be listed anywhere. Vampires were known for their abilities to disappear. Just like he had done in her life. She told him to stay away and he had. Why did she feel so crappy about it?

A nice shower and a long nights rest. After that, she would think about what to do about this baby.

"Damn it!" she yelled, when she walked into her bedroom.

"Mad at anyone I know?" His voice was smooth as velvet as he spoke to her.

Rose clicked on her lights to see Javon standing in her room. She knew he must have come through her balcony.

"You son of a bitch!" she yelled and then pounced on him like a lion does when it catches a meal.

Javon watched his mate run up to him. She swung but he caught her hand before she could connect with his face. Another swing with the other hand and he stopped her again.

"Why did you do this to me," she yelled, tears running down her face. Her body trembled in his

arms. "Why, Javon?"

He picked up his mate before she fell and walked her back to her bed, sitting down first then placing her in his lap. He could feel the rage pouring through her body. She was so mad at him. Just because he didn't tell her what he was? If he had, there was no telling what she would have done.

Her tears wet his shirt but he didn't care, she needed this. She needed to cry. If that's what it took to calm her then he would let her.

It felt so damn good to hold his mate in his arms after three long weeks. After she left him hurt and wounded he thought that they would still share dreams but they hadn't, not one.

"Rose," he said, smoothing her hair away from her wet face. She moved away from his touch, breaking his already shattered heart. "What have I done to make you hate me this much? Back in Dark Town, I never hurt you, not once, and I never could. You are my Truelove, my savior, and my heart. I love you and I know you care for me. No one could ever love you as much as I do. If being a vampire scares you then I am sorry but I am what I am. I hope that you choose to come to my world with me. If you don't I will accept the same fate as you and die when you die. I love you that much."

Rose had stopped crying to listen to him speak.

She knew he loved her because, in some way, she loved him. Him, just holding her the way he did now made her feel complete. His spicy scent, his strong broad shoulders sheltering her and his blood running through his veins smelled delightful.

What the—She pushed back falling to the floor. The move had been unexpected and he couldn't catch her in time.

"Rose, what's wrong?"

He tried to help her up but she slapped away his hand, standing on her own.

"You," she said, with a snarl. "You did this to me and now I want blood. I don't want to go around sucking on people's necks. It's inhuman. How could you do this to me?"

He was completely lost. He didn't understand what she was talking about. She shouldn't want blood, not now, not yet. They hadn't kissed yet so the bonding process hadn't begun at all.

His gaze turned to his angry mate passing back and forth. Her nice butt showed in her jeans. Her black hair touched the middle of her back, wild and untamed. Boy, she looked hot and he needed her. The problem going on in her mind ate at him but he wanted her to tell him the problem, not pick it from her mind.

"Slow down and explain to me what's got you so upset? Is it because I am a Dark Guardian?"



Rose shook her head but didn't stop pacing. The thought of what he would do when she told him she carried his child frightened her. Would he kill her when he found out? Was he the type of man that did not want any children?

"Rose!"

"I'm pregnant, okay!" The words rolled off her tongue.

She stopped dead in her tracks, looking at him as his brows arched in confusion at what she said.

Surely, Rose hadn't slept around on him. He would have known it the second he walked into the room. No other man besides that Alvin fellow had ever been here. During the day, his Triane watched her and he never reported her being with a man. So, if what she said was true the baby was his.

"You are pregnant?"

"Yes," she whispered. "It's yours. I haven't been with anyone since you. I know you don't have to believe me."

A relief washed over him, he went up gathering her in his arms again. "I believe you. God, I do. Is that why you are so upset with me?"

She wiped the tears away with her hand. "Yes, I don't know anything about raising a vampire's baby. I thought that I had to do this all on my own."

"Never," he said, running his fingers through

her hair.

“Rose,” Veronica’s voice called out as she walked into her bedroom. Veronica stopped, smiling when she saw the display in front of her.

Javon had come back to Rose and she was letting him touch her. A good sign. At least he wasn’t lying on the floor in a pool of blood.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

*England...*

**I***have to get out of here!* Xavier knew if he did not escape, the Dark Guardians were going to kill him. He and everyone in this town knew Nairapha, who was known as the God of Destruction. Nairapha would not give his soul back to him, no matter how many Juevamas they sent down to his hell dimension to get it. Juevamas may have had power and controlled Dark Guardians but they did not have any control over Nairapha. Xavier did not want his damn soul back anyhow. He had lived to long, wanting and waiting for a woman who did not exist. Waiting for a woman who never came to him. No Truelove came to him when he sat alone during the day. The Dark Guardians who had found their lovers did not waste time with those who did not find love. No. He was alone. Always had been alone and always would be alone. Fuck a Truelove, he

did not need her.

Over a thousand years and they thought that he would keep his soul for that long. Hell no! He wanted fun without those damn rules and he got it by running Dark Town. No matter what it took, he would escape.

Pacing in the small escape-proof cell Xavier tilted his head back and let out a wail that he knew would shake the soul of the guards. A sound that only a person with a black heart and soul could produce.

He would not sit here and let them kill him. Looking down he saw a rock. That might work. Xavier bent down grabbed the rock and walked up to the nearest wall. First, he drew a triangle on the wall then stood back thinking. He needed to remember how to contact Nairapha before the Juevamas got to him and destroyed his life.

He would escape and when he did that Dark Guardian, Javon, and his little slut, Rose, were dead. After that, he would go after his Chosen, Veronica. He would be with her soon. Very soon and they would see the powers that he really held.

Laughing to himself, he stood back chanting in Greek. "Καλὼ σε σας, Nairapha!" I call to you, Nairapha!

\* \* \* \*

"Sorry to interrupt but I had to come back to make sure my friend was okay." Veronica smiled, looking at the Dark Guardian holding her friend in his arms. Knowing she did not need to stay now and her friend would be safe, she could sleep well tonight. "Hello, Javon," Veronica greeted.

"Veronica. Nice to see that you are doing well."

"Thanks. Seeing that things are okay here, I'm leaving." Veronica turned quickly and walked out of the room.

"Veronica!" Rose yelled, pulling out of his embrace knowing what her friend thought.

Rose knew what would happen if they kept hugging for a few more minutes. Her body had not been touched but ached for him every hour on the hour since they left Dark Town. Every minute that passed she wanted him, no matter how many times she told her friends he wasn't on her mind.

"Don't need to explain," Veronica said, with a smile on her face as they stopped in front of the door. "I am glad you are at least talking to him."

"And that's all we are going to do," she whispered. "Don't leave me, please."

"Wait a second; didn't you just beg me to leave you? And now that he is here you want me to stay?"

"I know what I said and I meant it but listen to what I am saying now. Don't leave me here with him, alone."

"Why not, he's cute, handsome, and very attractive. I told you I remembered him and what happened between us. If a man comes to find a woman, he has to have some type of feelings for you. So, go and have fun. I'll call in for you from work."

"No...you better not."

"I will, have fun, Rose."

"Vern, you better not leave me here with this man," Rose whispered, but she knew her friend could hear her.

"Bye, Rose."

When her door clicked shut, Rose stood looking, trying her best to come up with a plan on how she was going to kill her best friend when she saw her again. The hairs on the back of her neck stood and she knew that he had to be in the room with her.

"Your friend is very nice," he said from behind her.

"Yeah," she snarled.

Javon grabbed her hand, pulling her to the chair beside him. "So, Rose, ask me anything."

Rosezzettea looked at the blank screen on the television, then back into his sparkling silver eyes. In the darkness of the living room, they sparkled more from the moon.

"Do you drink blood? What a dumb question...Vern told me you had to take hers so

she could give you the thing to get the bracelet off."

Javon nodded.

"How old are you?" Typical question to ask a vampire.

"I will be exactly five hundred this year."

Rose's mouth dropped open. "No, you're kidding me, right?"

Javon shook his head. "We don't have birth certificates because it gives our identity away but I assure you that I am that age."

"You look good."

"Thank you, my dear."

The way he said that made her shiver.

"Okay...what about the baby?"

Javon cocked his head to the side. "What about the baby?"

"Am I safe carrying it? I have been so sick lately."

Javon sat back on her black leather couch taking her back to him so that she lay in his arms. Her thought was to move away from him but when he rubbed her stomach through her shirt, it made her sigh and sit back.

"When you were in the shower you wondered why I knew what was happening to you." She nodded, closing her eyes as he continued his massage. "Trueloves go through a Fervor Period or into heat as we call it, every five hundred or so

years. It usually goes from two to five days and it is the only time a Truelove can get pregnant, not that she does every time. As a human, you mostly go through just a mild needing. Not like you would go through when you are a vampire. As a vampire, the male has no complaints with his mate because she becomes wild and hungry for nothing but her mate's body. During this time, if, but it has never happened, if a female goes to another male that male cannot impregnate her. As you can tell I am the only one that you will be able to have a baby with."

He smiled when she sighed again. In all his life, he had never before just cuddled with a female. He had to admit he loved the feeling.

"I understand what you are saying, not that I agree with it, but it's understandable. So am I destined to become a vampire?"

"Truelove," he said. "The baby is proof of what you are. It's not known for us to have a baby with a human but we always should protect ourselves, just in case. If I kissed you now a mark would appear on your wrist. It's the first sign of mating. We have completed one stage. Which is sex. Usually the first is a kiss but I have never kissed you. The third thing we have to do is make love while the symbols are touching. As a human or vampire this mating would work. We will be bonded to each other but trust me, you will crave



blood and soon you will ask to be changed."

"Is that why I could hear your blood a moment ago?"

Javon shook his head. "I don't think that's your cravings. I think it's the baby's."

"Does the baby want blood?"

"It's a strong possibility. That's why during this time you will only take blood from me."

Rose jumped up in his lap. "Wait a minute, are you telling me that my baby can't go into the light? What about school and taking the baby to the playground?"

He looked into her nervous eyes. "There is much for you to learn. Our baby, if it is a boy, will be as I am. Once he reaches the age of eighteen, he will become immortal, and he will not age. He will learn to hunt and he will be paid from our God each month. He will crave blood but I will teach him the way of pushing back his hunger until he is with you or me. He will only feed from us until he is old enough to go out and hunt. If the baby is a girl, she will be human. She can go into the light and do all things humans do. In either case, the baby will be extremely smart because our brains develop a lot quicker. Don't be surprised if the baby can write and speak properly at the age of two. Now, you can hire like others do. You can hire a private teacher to teach the baby while we rest. I have Trianes and maids that will take care

of the baby while you sleep."

Too much information at once. Way too much. Rose could not take all of this in so quickly. Her child, if it were a boy, would be like Javon. If the baby was a girl then she would be human and to top it off, either would be smarter than her.

"So you hunt and my son will hunt also, when he is of age? What happens to the girl?"

"There are more boys being born than females, which is why our race has been taking human females as Trueloves. It's the same with a human female. She will be the mate of a Dark Guardian. Every year they have a ball in different places where all females and males meet. That is where most mates meet. There is no fun in it but it's our nature."

Rose bit her lip taking all of this in.

"As of right now, I have found you and my need to hunt is limited. I only intervene in battles if I have no choice. When we have our mates we don't put our lives at risk."

"Is that all you do; hunt?"

"No, we are hunted also. A great deal of DPS or Department of Paranormal Studies, are Human Hunters, trained to kill us on sight. As I said before I only kill if I have to. Now, I have two reasons to kill. If anyone threatens you or my child I promise you I will kill them."

Rose looked at his lips feeling she had to kiss

him just once. Not waiting for an invitation she wound her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to his.

Her muscles relaxed against him as they explored each other's mouth.

Rose felt him. Javon seemed to walk right into her mind, taking over until she could do nothing other than surrender to him and all that he offered. He was everywhere. In her mind and in her soul. His heat surrounded her, making her surrender to the call. His hand circled her waist pulling her on top of his covered erection. When her already wet mound pressed against him, she felt that the kiss affected him just as much as it affected her. She moaned into his mouth, feeling the need to sink down on it.

Nothing else mattered right now but him and her. She let go of his neck and her hands pushed off his leather jacket.

"Before you two begin the party..." A voice came her bedroom and broke them up.

Rose jumped back with a squeal of someone else in her home.

"What do you want?" Javon hissed out when his hand began to burn.

"Ouch—ouch—ouch." Rose jumped up, rushed to the sink, and turned on the cold water letting it run over her burning skin. Javon stood beside her in a split second aiding her.

"Ah, that's so sweet. You branded each other," the newcomer said in a teasing voice.

"What do you want?" Javon growled at him, at the same time holding both his and Rose's arms under the cool water.

"I wanted to know if I could go home. Seeing that you two were about to get down to business I decided to stop you beforehand."

Rose watched Dylan looking at her.

"You could have done that mentally."

"I tried, lover boy. You were so busy with your tongue down her throat that you didn't hear me." Dylan walked up to her. "By the way, since he is so rude, I am Dylan Tisnoro and if I had known were such a beautiful young lady I would have left him bleeding to death in that tunnel so I could move in."

Rose didn't know if she should say hi or not because even with the smile on Dylan's face she couldn't tell if he was or wasn't joking. The low menacing growl Javon produced every now and then did let her know that he did not like this guy giving her comments. The irritable feeling that had to be Javon swept through her.

"Thanks, Tisnoro," Javon spoke for Rose. "But you can go. I haven't discussed a lot of things with Rose as of yet."

The man smiled. "I see, you had other things on your mind besides talking."

With a loud grunt, Javon turned off the water then grabbed a towel. He wrapped it around her arm. He would have soothed that pain by using his saliva but he did not think Rose would be ready to experience that sort of bonding.

"No, we have plenty of things to discuss. Rose is pregnant."

"Really! Who's the father?"

Rose heard Javon growling at Dylan's teasing. She knew Dylan was teasing because he winked at her when Javon turned to get the towel.

"Javon's the father," she answered for him then followed Javon back to the couch.

Dylan shook his head, tsking at the same time. "Too bad, now not only do you have him as a mate, you have a constant reminder of him. Man, a woman could do better."

"Dylan, if you don't stop that I am going to pound you into the ground like the worm you are," Javon told him. "There is going to be a lonely Truelove running around this world if you don't leave, now."

"Testy, isn't he? Well, back to the situation at hand. I am leaving and you can catch a cab home for all I care. For you, lovely Rose, I will come back for you if you want, just give me a call. Your guardian knows the number."

Rose blinked and Dylan disappeared when Javon moved to grab at him.

Rose frowned. She looked around her room wondering if he was still there. "Where did he go?"

"He's just showing off."

"Can you disappear like that?"

Javon chuckled. "No I can't and he didn't. He only took off at a speed that your eyes could not follow. To you it looked as though he disappeared."

"I see." She held up her hand inspecting the red skin. There on her wrist, was a gold colored almost invisible chain wrapping around it. It resembled a bracelet.

Javon grabbed her hand, without waiting for permission he ran his tongue over the top first. She might not be ready for it but he would not let her feel any pain if he couldn't help it.

Rose held her breath at the feeling. She never thought that someone healing you with their tongue could feel so heavenly.

She watched his tongue slide over her flesh and she imagined it on other parts of her body. Sliding deep inside her like he did too long ago. On its own, her body heated, blazing into an inferno. Her body was slick with her juices, waiting for him to fill her the only way she knew how.

Javon stopped. He looked at her. His eyes were hooded and ringed with a lining of red. At this moment Javon resembled a wild beast. A beast

that wanted her. She knew he would have her.

*Just touching you excites me, love. I want to do all those things to you I did in our dreams. I want to taste your blood while I make love to you. I need you so much right now. Would you accept me for what I am and for what our baby would be and what you would soon become?*

Rose pulled her hand away, freaked at what she just heard. Not at what he said but how she heard him say it. Not even the part about him taking her blood bothered her as much as his speaking in her mind. That literally freaked her out.

“You were talking to me by mind.”

He put on that sexy smile she loved. “Yes, we can speak by mind. You can answer me the same way. I want so badly to bring you over to my world but I cannot.”

“Why not?”

Javon placed his hand over her stomach to remind her of their baby growing inside her. “It’s not safe to bring you over while you are with child. It’s not so dangerous for you but we do not know what will happen to our child. So I will have to only take your blood and help you take mine, to provide for the baby. To keep our baby safe.”

Rose shook her head no. “I work in a hospital and I have studied on how the stomach works. The stomach cannot digest blood. It will make me sick again and I will throw it back up. I have done

enough vomiting for the past two weeks and have no interest in going through that again since I am now finally feeling better."

"You won't throw it back up. In fact, if you drank anyone else's blood, it probably would make you sick. That's until you have changed. When you take from me, my blood will be absorbed before it touches your stomach. In that case the baby will get most of it."

"But doesn't it taste nasty?"

"No, it does not. I promise. Trust me when I tell you that you will not get sick."



## CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

Rose stood from the couch. “Come on,” she said seductively, grabbing his hand.

Javon followed her into her bedroom. He heard his mate’s heart beating wildly and out of control against her chest. Her breathing was labored and the scent of her arousal surrounding him. She wanted him! Not only wanted, needed. Rose needed to be with him just as much as he wanted and needed to be with her.

Rose didn’t get a chance to say anything before Javon’s mouth came down on hers, hard and hungry. His hands slid down to her buttocks, pulling her closer to him, not giving her a chance to change her mind if she wanted to. And she didn’t. Nothing would stop them. Nothing.

Rose gasped at his aggressive actions. Before she knew he held back the beast and the emotions, now she knew he wouldn’t. The more he gave the more she wanted.

His tongue slid sensually against hers at first

then became more aggressive and demanding. Jolts of electricity zigzagged through her entire body, causing warm moisture to pool between her legs.

Too much, too fast. He made her feel things only from a kiss.

Javon must have sensed her overload because he slowed his kisses. His hand went to the back of her head, changing the kiss to a less demanding more intimate one. She had been kissed before — males swapping spit with her didn't do a thing for her but the way his mouth mated with hers told her he did not lack in anything. He seemed to savor her taste from every touch of their tongues.

Needing to touch him, she slid her hands to his shoulders, sliding the leather coat off. It fell to the floor with a loud thump. Losing the coat gave her the opportunity to explore his body. She ran her hand under his silk shirt, around his back, feeling his muscles flexing under her touch. She had seen him naked but feeling him felt so much better.

Without breaking the kiss, she began unbuttoning each button of his shirt. Once every button was free, she pushed it off like his coat and let it drop to the floor.

Javon pulled her against him, letting her feel just how much he wanted her. His hand gripped the bottom of her shirt; he broke their kiss, making her whimper at the loss of his lips on hers.

Meeting his hungry gaze with one of her own he lifted her shirt over her head then tossed it to join the rest of the clothing on the floor. Too bad for her bra, it met its last wear when he grabbed it and tore it away from her body.

Rose arched into the hand that palmed her breast. His lips kissed her neck then followed a downward path, leaving a trail of fire behind. He went to his knees, still kissing her skin as he did. His hand going to the front of her pants, she tensed, not knowing if her pants would meet the same fate as her bra.

They didn't but her silk underwear did when he tore it into two pieces.

Javon's gaze skimmed over her body, stopping in certain areas, remembering, appreciating her every curve. "You are beautiful." His tone was low and seductive.

Her body flushed as he looked at her. Until three weeks ago, no man had ever seen her naked. She was too modest when it came down to being seen naked. But with Javon, she had nothing to hide and nothing to fear. In his eyes, she was perfect. His look alone made her heart jerk and thighs tremble, waiting to feel what he would do next.

He unlaced his boots, at the same time he placed a small kiss on her stomach. His soft but brief touch against her drew a moan from her.

Javon stood. He began unbuttoning his pants. Rose waited. He was teasing her by going slow. The more he teased the more she wanted. Her body only responding to him. She knew he smelled her arousal, for some reason she could smell the scent all over the room. If her lustful scent wasn't enough proof, her wet, torn in half panties lying on the floor should let him know how much she missed him. God, she needed him and he took his sweet time undressing. His gaze locked with hers as he stepped out of his shoes then pants.

Thank God!

She couldn't stop the gasp that escaped her lip. God! Had she taken all of him before? If she did, shouldn't she still be sore as hell right now?

Not thinking about that now, well, she couldn't when he grabbed her and helped her back onto her bed, then followed her. His eyes glowed brighter than she had ever seemed them before. For a moment, she thought of herself as the prey of a hungry lion.

His fangs were long in his mouth. He reached down testing her wetness for him.

Why had he doubted her feelings?

"My love, I want to taste every inch of you tonight, make you beg me to take you but I cannot wait to have you. Your smell alone is driving me wild with need."

"Don't wait," she said, already on a brink of a climax and he hadn't touched her yet.

She closed her eyes when he moved over her.

"Don't close your eyes," Javon demanded.

Fighting the haze of lust, Rose reopened her eyes as he thrust inside her, touching her cervix, filling her completely.

"Oh God." Her voice was low from passion. He felt so good to her and him being inside made her lose control.

He withdrew and thrust back into her. His breathing becoming just as uneven as hers.

Her hands went to his shoulders. She dug her nails into his flesh.

"You are so damn tight. I can feel you already, you are so close."

He didn't lie, there. Her body tightened around his as the first tremors of her orgasm begin. No need for foreplay in this situation, she would come no matter what he did.

With their gaze still locked on each other, he pressed his lips to her but did not give her an openmouthed kiss because of his fangs.

Quickly, he released her lips then kissed her throat when the first tremor of her orgasm started.

His teeth easily slid into her skin, making her arch her body to his.

The first taste of her blood made him thrust harder and faster into her. Taking her higher,

drawing her into the world of passion that she knew he would always put her in when they were together.

*Come with me, Rose.*

Waves of ecstasy rolled through her body. She never thought she would be a screamer during sex but she couldn't help yelling his name as it left her lips.

The world moved. She felt it. It moved, leaving only him, them, in a world of ecstasy that neither wanted to leave. It took both of them, before they calmed down.

*One of these times, we are going to have to take this slowly or I will never get a chance to touch and lick you everywhere.*

Rose smiled, enjoying the feeling of his tongue sliding over the pinpricks before moving up to her jaw where he laid another kiss and then he kissed her mouth. The bed shifted when he braced himself on one arm. He let his teeth extend once more then bit down on his wrist.

Her stomach rumbled when she sensed the smell of his blood. Never in her life had she wanted to taste it as much as she did at this very moment. When he held out his arm to her, her mouth clamped down on it as he pressed his wrist against her lips. She smiled against his flesh when she heard his low intake as his body stirred inside of her.

His blood was liquid fire. It flowed through her body heating each part it filled. His blood was addictive and she wanted more.

All too fast he moved his wrist only to replace it with his mouth. An erotic moan left her lips when his tongue pushed inside her mouth.

Rose's eyelids fluttered and before she realized, she fell asleep.

\* \* \* \*

Rose didn't know how long she had been out but she woke to the feel of kisses being planted all over her body. Warm hands touched her exploring her in ways that made her body once again go up in flames.

"How long was I out?"

"Only a couple of seconds. It was the blood that caused it. I did give you more than I wanted and you took it too fast. It overtook your body but did not change you."

"It tasted wonderful," Rose murmured, loving the feel of him on top of her.

She curled her hand in his thick chestnut hair as he took her breast in her mouth. Her body soared and rippled with pleasure. His thick shaft pushed against her wet channel, at the same time his hands were touching every inch of her hot skin. He was touching every part but the part she

needed him to touch. His body hardened and tightened more when her body bathed his.

She felt hands becoming more aggressive with each pull of his mouth.

"Make love to me, Javon," she almost yelled, overcome with the power this man had over her.

She felt his hands move to her heat.

"You are so wet," he said against her flesh, "so ready for me."

"Yes, Javon."

His teeth grazed her breast lightly then he kissed his way to her neck. She was gasping for air by the time his mouth covered hers.

Rose pressed closer, wanting to take him inside her.

Their hunger for each other was raw and aching. Their mouths moved in a frenzy, craving, wanting to please each other.

His hand touching her made her want more, need more.

*Javon.*

*What do you need, Rose?*

*I—I need...*

*What?*

*I need you inside me, now.*

*Are you going to come when I fill you?*

*Yes, god, yes! I am about to come right now!*

Thrusting himself deep within her, Rose released his mouth and screamed. Doing exactly



what he wanted. Giving him what he wanted, control of her. Javon wanted to control her and he got to. Javon wanted her to come and he got that also. Anything this man wanted she would give him and she knew he would do the same for her.

White light flashed behind her eyelids with each plunge.

"That's it, Rose, come for me."

He didn't have to say it, she was already climaxing and on the verge of climaxing again.

His deep groans and unearthly moans only fueled her passion for him. His hand grabbed her hair and pulled her mouth back to his.

She went wilder with each thrust from his body.

Javon gripped her waist holding her so he could move deeper into her.

She could feel the hunger, the wildness that he was struggling with inside.

The beast.

Now it was at the surface. Not only on him but her also. A beast that she had held inside for so long was coming out in waves of passion. She belonged with Javon. They were made to be together.

Opening her eyes, she met red ones instead of the usual silver.

His body felt thick and hard, ready to explode. Wave after wave of pleasure ripped through her

body but he didn't stop. He kept going, keeping her pleasure heightened to a point where she didn't know where one orgasm stopped and the other started.

The only thing she knew was what he was doing, he was taking her completely.

Her body.

Her heart.

And her soul.

Javon knew they wouldn't be like this for a while and he wanted her to remember. He needed her to remember everything about him. He wanted to remember everything about her.

Her heat.

Her tightness.

He wanted it all. He was staking a claim for his Truelove.

Their world spiraled out of control. The beast was completely at the surface now. He could not control it because it did not want to be nor could it be controlled. It wanted her and now that it had her, it would never let her go.

Javon did not know he had pierced her skin with his fangs until she cried out.

Javon!

The beast was trying to dominate her. No, he had dominated her. She knew it and could do nothing to stop it.

Javon wanted to give her his blood again. He

wanted to complete this but couldn't, not now, not yet.

Javon didn't hear her, more like, felt her body spasm around his as he poured his seed into her.

He closed up the pin holes on her neck when the beast had finally calmed.

Both of their bodies still rippled from pleasure.

"I hope I wasn't too rough for you?" He spoke against the skin on her neck.

"No," she said, moving his hair from his face. "I loved it."

"I am glad because I think I am out of commission for the next century."

"I don't think so." She giggled then stopped when he groaned as her walls gripped him. "See, I told you."

Her fingers tangled in his hair, pulling him closer to her. Their kisses only made his body harden once more inside her, stretching her.

With a low growl, he stopped kissing her when his cell rang.

Rose did not want to stop; it felt so good to have him inside her again. "Let it ring."

"Sorry, love, but I have to take this," he said with a smile on his face.

Reluctantly she let go of his hair.

He slowly eased from her body, stood from the bed in search for his jacket.

Rose leaned on her elbows to look at him. Lord,

the man didn't have an ounce of fat on him anywhere.

"Hello," she heard him say then he listened to what the other person had to say. "What the hell did you say?"

## CHAPTER THIRTY

“You heard what I said,” Dylan told him over the phone. “Kris read the thoughts of a Triane. They are planning on getting Xavier out of jail. His first target is your woman.”

“Okay, what you have to do is to make sure that no weak minded person is guarding him. Watch to make sure that no Trianes are around at all. He can control their minds over Dark Guardians. I’ll see that she is taken somewhere safe.”

“That would be best. Do you think she would go?”

Javon looked at the woman lying in the bed, looking so damn sexy.

“I don’t know.” He didn’t know if she would go but he knew what she wanted. Him. But right now they needed to leave, not spend the rest of the night in bed. Taking a deep breath, he turned away from his tempting mate. “But I will find out soon enough. Talk to you in a few.”

He closed the phone then looked back at his goddess on the bed.

"What's wrong?" she asked then sat up.

"You won't remember, this but back at Dark Town, before we were together I gave you my blood. You were worried about your cancer in the hospital and they couldn't find it, right?"

Where did this come from?

"I am telling you this because I don't want any secrets between us and before I forget to tell you about it... I cured your cancer because I knew the problems that you were having. Now, since my blood travels through your body you are an easy target, especially as a human."

Rose got up and walked up to him. She wrapped her arms around his neck without a word. Did he really think she would be mad at him for giving her his blood to cure her? He had to be nuts.

"No, I know that you don't care about that. The problem is that Xavier is planning to escape the prison in England. His powers are very strong and they grow stronger everyday. If he gets out, I know he will come for you. There is no doubt in my mind about that. I know you have a life here and you want to stay but you cannot. I have to take you somewhere safe for you and our child. Once you have been converted you can come back...we can come back together."

Rose looked at Javon then released his neck. Rose went back to her bed and sat down. Javon was asking her to do something that she did not want to do. She had a job. A life. A job with lots of friends. Her best friend, Veronica, and Alvin were here. She could not run off and leave them.

“What about my job? My only two friends I have left in this world. I...I care for you, love you even, but I can't just go off like that. I have a life here, Javon. My life is with my friends and my job. My mom and dad live here. What would they say?”

Javon turned to her looking at her, wanting to compel her to come with him by controlling her mind but he wanted this decision to be of her own. He had to convince her to come.

“Do you not understand the seriousness of this situation?”

“I do.”

“No, I don't think you know. I know you worry about your job but trust me I make more money in one month than some people make in three lifetimes. Our God see that we can take care of ourselves. The only reason I didn't erase your friends' Veronica and Alvin's minds is because they really didn't want to forget and I could tell you didn't either. Unfortunately, if I leave them to remember then they have to go also. I don't think Alvin will like being taken care of. Once there,

they will have to stay inside just like you. That's until you have the baby. After that it will be okay to leave for a while."

Rose smiled, knowing Veronica wouldn't care about going. Alvin may be a little reluctant to leave his job as an accountant.

"I could offer him a job as my personal accountant," he said, reading her mind. "I never kept up with my accounts on any of my buildings or restaurants. He might be busy trying to catch up on four hundred years of unfilled work."

"Are you serious?" Rose smiled at him.

Javon sat down beside her. "Yes. Anything that can bring a smile to your face the way it just did."

"I'll call them over. Where are we going and when do we have to leave?"

"Tonight."

"Tonight! I can't just..."

He grabbed her hand making her stop talking. "You have to. Grab only the things that mean something to you. I will buy you anything you need, anything you want. We have to go because if I know Xavier and I do. He will be sending out people to try to find us."

Rose gasped.

"What's wrong?"

"Veronica," she called her friend's name. "What is being a Chosen?"

"Where did you hear that, Rose?"



“Veronica told me that Xavier said that he wanted to make her his Chosen but he couldn’t ruin his reputation.”

“Being a Chosen is nothing like being a Truelove. It’s the same in some odd way. I think that Dementra see something in the woman, the same thing we see in Trueloves. They can bring them over as equals, as you will be to me one day. Trianes and Squires are not equal to us but we try to make them see that they are. The only part different when it comes down to it is that a Chosen has no soul, just like her mate. She will be the same but she will feed to kill and kill for fun. She wouldn’t be able to help it and then she will hunt like so many others.”

“No.” Rose released his hand. “Can you change her back?”

“We haven’t succeeded in getting a soul back from the God of Destruction. Our Gods would be back and forth to hell every hour on the hour rescuing souls if that was the case. When it comes down to a soul, it depends on that soul. Our God judges that person while they are on Earth. If that person had evil in them from the beginning then there is no getting the soul back for a human. It could be dangerous to place a soul back in a former human body. If the soul were stripped away from the person without the person’s consent then the Yateichaa would retrieve it.

When a woman becomes a Chosen, just like you, it's by choice. Trust me, Xavier would be able to make a woman do as he pleases. In the midst of lovemaking a lot of decisions are made without them knowing."

"Can you keep her safe from him? I don't think she wants to be evil."

"For you, I promise to keep you and your friends as safe as I can. Now call them. I have to arrange for a flight to leave at least by four a.m., which gives you five hours to pack. Remember to tell them to be here by three. I don't want them going to the airport alone."

After explaining to her a couple more details he felt she should know they both dressed.

It didn't take long for her to convince Veronica and Alvin that leaving was safer than staying here. After she explained to Alvin about what Javon needed he quickly took the challenge. Four hundred years of paperwork happened to be the challenge he needed.

Rose finished packing then went to find Javon sitting in her living room on her couch.

"They are on their way."

"It's good to know that your friends are intelligent."

Rose smiled sitting down beside him. As soon as she sat down, he grabbed her around the waist pulling her back to his chest. His warm hands

lifted her shirt so he could rub her stomach. The sickness that had begun again instantly went away to his touch.

“You knew I felt sick, didn’t you?”

“I did,” he confessed.

“What did you do?”

“Nothing really, other than make you believe you were not sick. A little mind trick.”

She snuggled more into his arms. “I know it’s early but can you tell what it is or anything like that?”

“I can tell you that the baby is healthier than a couple of hours ago. The sex is still unknown.”

Nodding she closed her eyes letting him put her to sleep with his touch.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

Rose jumped up at the sound of someone knocking at her door. She looked up at Javon, his eyes wide and bright.

"Have you been to sleep?" she asked.

"No."

"Why didn't you wake me? I could have gone to bed."

"Because I enjoyed holding you while you rested."

Ahh, so sweet of him. He waited until she stood before he answered the door.

"Hey," Veronica said from the doorway. "We are here ready to go...where are we going?"

"The place is a little getaway of mine. No one knows about it, which makes it the perfect hideaway."

He moved letting Veronica and Alvin into the room.

"Hey, Rose." Veronica sat her bags beside the door. "You look..."

Rose frowned at her daring her to say it.

"Rested." Veronica smiled. "I was only going to say rested."

"You are such a liar." Rose looked up at Alvin. "Hey, Al."

"How's it going, Rose?" Alvin sat on the couch next to her and Veronica.

"I felt bad earlier but now I feel much better."

"That's good."

Veronica gazed followed Javon when he went into the kitchen and opened Rose's refrigerator. "Javon, is Rose going to be okay out there alone? What will happen when the baby is ready for delivery?"

Rose hadn't thought of that. Having a baby outside of the hospital didn't seem like a great idea. Vampire baby or not, she didn't want anything to go wrong.

Javon poured some apple juice in a cup for Rose. She should have known he would know everything she had in her fridge and anything about her. He didn't answer until he handed Rose the glass and sat in the recliner beside her.

"You don't have to worry about that. One of my Trianes is a nursemaid. She has been delivering babies for Dark Guardians for a long time. Our mates don't go to hospitals because they test the baby's blood and when they find something different, something humans don't

understand, they can't take it and start panicking." He sat back looking so sexy. "Rose and I have discussed the many possibilities of what will happen when our baby is born and I think we still have a few more things to discuss after the baby is born. As for while you are there, you don't have to do anything but relax and enjoy yourselves. I have people that I trust to be able to guard their minds when they are in the real world. They will do all the shopping, cleaning, laundry, everything."

Veronica looked at Rose. "You know what, Rose; this place keeps getting better and better. Once you have that baby I will regret coming back."

"You don't have to. I don't know where we are going from there but, I am happy for you to come alone with us, anywhere we go. If you decide that you want to become part of my world, I can tell that both of you will make great Trianes. The decision is yours and yours alone to make. I will not change you but I do know others who would."

"Does that mean we will live forever also?"

"Yes, just as I have lived five hundred years and I intend to live an eternity with Rose by my side."

Both Alvin and Veronica nodded.

"We will discuss this later, as for now, our ride has arrived." As soon as the words left Javon's lips, there was a knock on the door. He stood from

his seat to answer the door. When he opened it there stood two men dressed in black uniforms.

"Mr. My'ari?" One man spoke.

"Yes. These are the bags." Javon pointed to the bags Veronica and Alvin left by the door. "There are a couple in the bedroom also."

"Yes sir," both men said together, then began picking up the bags.

"Let's go," Dylan said, as he walked into the room.

"What are you doing here, Dylan?" Javon asked, from the doorway.

Dylan never volunteered to help anyone. He enjoyed being alone and away from the human population.

"I am here to escort you to the airport."

"Why?"

Dylan turned back to Javon, a playful, maybe it was a playful, scowl on his face. Rose couldn't tell. "I am here because my Nodoro ordered me to do it."

Javon rolled his eyes, knowing that Dylan wouldn't do this out of the kindness of his heart. "That figures."

"Let's get going, ladies and gentlemen. The quicker I get you on this plane the quicker I can get back home."

Veronica and Alvin headed out the door. Rose stood but had a quick change of mind about

going. She didn't want to leave her home. This was her home. Her place! Now it would be nothing but a memory. She knew when she locked the door that would be the last time she would be inside her home. Her mind went back, for just a second, to the last time when everyone had come here to have a party right before their trip. She remembered Rita telling her that she had a friend who would come over right now and have sex with her. Yeah, they were playing truth or dare like teenagers and she almost went with it until Rita said the man was only twenty-two. Ten years younger than her. Faith, her red haired friend, made her laugh all the time. She had packed every picture of them she had. They may be gone but she would remember them for all times.

A hand on her shoulder made her look up into silver, compassionate eyes. "Are you going to be all right?"

Rose smiled at him. At least she hoped it looked like a smile. "I will be all right. I was just remembering some things."

Rose let him lace his fingers with hers then followed him out the door. Outside she saw a limousine parked in front of her house. Behind the limo sat a small moving van.

She could hear Alvin and Veronica laughing together from the inside. Blond hair shot through the sunroof before her friend looked at them.



"It's huge in here, Rose," Veronica told her.

"If she acts like that at the airport we are leaving her," Rose told Javon, making him smile.

"Your wish is my command," he whispered, to her. "Your limo awaits."

"That is so lovable," Dylan said from behind him. "I traveled halfway around the world and he has never toured me in a limousine."

"That's because I love her, you on the other hand I don't like."

"Feeling is mutual."

Javon chuckled as Dylan continued arguing while he headed to the limo.

Javon stopped her from getting in the limo to give her a kiss on the lips. "I do love you."

His warm breath on her made her body kick into second gear. She wanted him before they even began packing and now she had to wait.

"I..." Javon place his index finger over her lips before she could finish her statement.

"You say those words to me only if you mean it. Not because I said it, not because someone made you say them."

He pressed the small of her back, pulling her against his desire before kissing her again. His length pressed against her stomach making her moan. He took this opportunity to slip his tongue in her mouth.

"And you two can keep your desire outside the

limo."

Breaking the kiss Javon looked down in her lust-filled eyes. "Dylan is a pest but the best Dark Guardian around," Javon told her. "If he wasn't I would stake him to your home for the sun to toast him."

Rose giggled at him then stepped down into the limo and slid beside Veronica.

The drivers finished packing their bags while the limo driver drove off.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

The process at the airport didn't take long, since it was three thirty in the morning. Rose couldn't take a nap on the drive over because Veronica and Alvin kept talking and laughing. Dylan did what he did best, complained about everything.

Now they sat waiting on Javon's private pilot to get his butt out of bed and get there in five minutes. Well, that's what Javon yelled over the cell phone. That happened to be fifteen minutes ago.

They were all sitting in front of the loading docks waiting for the pilot. The place actually had people there whose flight had been cancelled and they were waiting on a flight to get out. Some people lay on the benches, some sat up in the chairs, mouths opened wide, while they tried their best to get some rest. Also, a couple of children were sleeping in the chairs. There wasn't anyone in their area because no one but them was getting

on this plane.

A couple of seconds later the half-dressed pilot ran up to them.

"I'm here, give me five minutes and I will be ready to take off."

"About time you showed up," Dylan mumbled. "You know if I get stuck in this airport until tonight, you will regret it."

Without responding to Dylan's threat, the pilot ran on, going through the tunnel and out to the plane to get it started.

"I have to go to the bathroom," Rose said.

"I'll go with you," Veronica stood also.

"I'll be right back, Javon."

Javon watched his mate head down the hallway and into the bathroom.

"You do love her, don't you?" Alvin asked.

"I love her more than anything in this world," Javon said, without looking at Alvin.

"That's how I feel about Vern. I don't care what happened in that town. I love her. That's why I married her and I hope that one day we can have children."

Javon looked at Alvin. "You know if you choose to be a Triane you will not be able to have children. Unlike Dark Guardians and Trueloves you two will not be able to reproduce."

That was something to think about and something he had to talk about with Veronica.

They spoke about children a couple of months ago and they both agreed that the timing wasn't right so Veronica took birth control pills just in case. She did say that children wouldn't be on her agenda any time soon.

"We'll talk first."

"That's best. You have to know the advantages and the disadvantages of it."

\* \* \* \*

Rose flushed the toilet and walked out of the stall. She went to the sink beside her friend and washed her hands.

"So, Rose, are you and the baby going to be okay?"

Rose looked down at her stomach; she couldn't wait to see the baby she and Javon had created. The baby was only a couple of weeks old but she loved it already. At first, she thought her world had exploded, not just crumbled under her feet but had been blown up into a million pieces. The thought of raising a child by herself was something she never planned on doing. She thought about having a child in a year or two anyhow. That was after she was married. She could always get married to Javon later. If vampires believed in marriage. That was something she would ask Javon.

"Yeah, we will be fine." Rose turned off the water before grabbing a towel to dry her hands. "Javon is so sweet."

"He seems like a nice man...er...vamp."

They both looked up when a beautiful tall blond wearing all black walked into the bathroom.

"Yes, he is a nice man. I just never thought I would be pregnant on my first go round."

"It happens. At least he is around; some men would just run for the hills. Do you love him?"

Veronica leaned against the sink waiting on a reply.

Before Rose's mouth opened, the stall door opened and the woman came out with a gun pointed at her face.

"Scream and I will shoot you both," the woman told them. The woman's other hand reached for the microphone on her shirt. "Rosezzettea Norton is in custody."

A man's voice replied. "Check."

"What are you doing, lady?" Veronica asked.

"Don't move," the woman almost yelled, when Veronica moved in front of Rosezzettea.

"This woman has been infected by a vampire and as I heard she is carrying his child. We found out the moment she left the hospital. When we found out that the vampire did not change her into a bloodsucker yet, we wanted to find out how she got pregnant and what makes her special?"

"She got pregnant by fucking, you should try it," Veronica snapped.

"Vern, don't piss off the woman with the gun," Rose whispered to her.

The woman lifted the gun as if she would shoot Veronica. Rose pulled her friend closer to her. "Who are you?" Rose asked. She was glad that she had gone to the bathroom or she would have wet herself.

"My name is no concern to you. I work for D.P.S and we are going to head out of this restroom and go the opposite way. If you scream, I promise you I will shoot you. I don't know what this tranquilizer will do to the baby so if you want to keep it I suggest you keep quiet."

Rose body quaked with fear. Never had she been so afraid in her life. Staring at the woman with the gun, she prayed that she could contact Javon. Thinking of him she reached out with her mind to the man she loved. *Javon! God, I hope you can hear me because there is a mad woman holding a gun to my face.*

*I felt your fear and I hear you. You do as she says. Let Dylan and I handle the rest.*

"Let's go," the woman yelled.

"But..."

"Do as the woman asks, Veronica."

"But Rose, the baby."

"Go now before I shoot."

Rose grabbed Veronica's hand then headed out the bathroom door. The second they walked out the door they heard what had to be a fist connecting to flesh. Neither of them saw what happened, only heard the gun go off and the tranquilizer hit Rose in the arm.

"Rose!" Her friend screaming her name was all Rose heard before she blacked out.

Veronica saw Rose falling to the ground when the dart went into her arm. Javon had moved so quickly it was a blur but he caught Rose before she hit the ground.

"Go!" Dylan told them.

"But," Javon said.

"Go, God damn it. I'll hold them back as long as I can. Get her and go, Javon. You know they are coming."

Javon held his mate close to him and took off towards their tunnel. He heard Alvin and Veronica's footsteps behind him.

Dylan heard the blond woman's microphone go off and when she didn't respond the men's bathroom door flew open. Three males dressed in black walked out.

Dylan looked down at the unconscious woman with a sexy smirk on his face. His fangs extended, his eyes glowed red with fury. "What can I say, she wouldn't take no for an answer."

"Get him!" he heard a man yell.



The three of them charged Dylan.

Dylan dodged the first man, easily moving out of his way as he ran by. He hit him in the back of the head making him fall to the floor. The second man took a little more to get him down. He punched the man in the face and when he flew backwards to the ground, the third man didn't charge, he pulled out a gun.

"You know those are illegal in the airport." Dylan smiled and raised his hands above his head.

"Trust me, vampire, this isn't a tranquillizer gun. I am going to kill you just like I am going to kill all of you." The man reached for his radio on his shoulder. "Need backup at rest area. One vampire in custody. The others are getting away; repeat the others are getting away."

There was only one way he would get out of here alive. The man blinked giving Dylan the chance he needed. Moving fast, Dylan took the gun away from the man's hand, turning back, he pointed it at the man face.

A loud thunder of feet could be heard all around letting Dylan know backup was on there way. The man smiled at him. "No way out, vampire."

"There's always a way out." Dylan hit him between the shoulder blades with the gun, rendering him unconscious.

Dylan hoped the others had enough time to get

away because he was so outta here. Going back into the men's bathroom, he looked up at the vent. No time to unscrew it. He jumped up, gripped the vent with both hands, and tore it from the ceiling drywall. He dropped the metal to the ground with a loud thump. Growling, he jumped up through the hole only seconds before the door opened.

Bullets flew through the vents after him. One bullet scraped his side as he crawled through the vents. The wound did not stop him. He continued to crawl. He crawled until he made as far away from the bathroom as he could. He wasn't free because he did hear movement in the vents that meant some of the men was in the air vents with him.

Dylan looked down through the vent spotting more of the men dressed in black walking up and down the hallway. They were trying to control the people who were panicking from the gunfire.

"Don't panic," one of the women told another person. "Everything is fine."

"What happened?" An older guy asked.

"Classified," the women told the guy. "You can leave." She reached for her microphone after she looked around the area when the guy walked off. "Area two is clear."

When the lady walked off, Dylan opened the vent and jumped down. A little boy turned to see him. A man, who had to be the boy's father, who

held the little boy's hand, was looking at the television on the wall.

The little boy opened his mouth. Dylan brought a finger to his mouth, shushing the boy. The boy smiled and he took off towards the elevator.

"There he is!" someone yelled.

"Damn it." Dylan took off running for the opened elevator. Again, guns fired. He slid into the elevator and pressed the button for the elevator to go down. Several bullets came through the small opening. He had to duck the bullets that made in through as the door slammed shut.

"Damn they're good," Dylan said, looking at his wound on his arm.

Before the elevator made it to the bottom floor, Dylan punched the control box pulling out the wires. The elevator came to a stop. Lights and the alarm went off at the same time. He placed his foot on the metal bar lifting up so he could push the door to the top open. He looked up the dark passage before climbing out and closed the door behind him.

Grabbing the metal wires that held the elevator, he climbed up the next floor. He could hear their hearts beating right outside the door. Five or six of them.

"They say the elevator stopped at the last level." One man shouted. "Let's go, cars are there. He could get away."

Dylan stood there on the edge of the door until the footsteps faded. He grabbed the elevator door. Using his strength, he opened it.

His head went out first looking.

Nobody.

He ran out and the first car he saw was a red tinted Lamborghini at his service. He went to the driver's side grabbing the door but he knew it wouldn't be open. To his advantage, the idiot driving forgot to lock his door. He jumped in ready to hotwire it.

Damn what luck, they left the keys in it. First lesson, never leave your keys in your car.

"Hey that's my car!" a man yelled, as he pulled off.

"I'm just borrowing it." Dylan laughed to himself.

He knew the man couldn't hear him.

Dylan sped down the tunnels as he followed the red signs that had exit on them. He came to the gate and he floored it through the gate, breaking the thing in half.

"Hey you didn't pay!" a woman voice yelled at him

Dylan sped into the street, in a hurry to get lost in the crowd.

He sent a mental call out to Javon. They were safe on the plane, and it had taken off without a problem.

A sigh of relief left his lips because he didn't want to have to go back there to rescue them.

Hitting the gas, the car hummed as it picked up speed. He needed to get home before the sun rose.

\* \* \* \*

"Rose, baby, you have to wake up." Javon called to his mate. He had her cradled in his lap. She hadn't moved or stirred since she was hit.

Javon went into her mind checking her to make sure she was there but he couldn't find her. The dart had put her to sleep; thank God, it didn't hurt the baby.

When Dylan spoke to him by mind, telling him he had made it out safe, he felt relieved. He knew Dylan would survive.

"Is the other guy okay?" Veronica walked over to Javon.

"Yes, he is safe."

"That's good," Alvin added. "Who were they?"

"DPS. Hunters for our kind. They don't understand us so they want to destroy us instead."

"But why?"

"That's a good question. Maybe because they think we are just like Dementra. Maybe they don't care and just want us dead. I will promise this, the woman who hurt Rose will know what pain feels like."

Javon saw Veronica flinch when his gaze moved to her. He knew he had frightened her with his look. He knew the beast sat right on the edge and his eyes were probably the color of blood right now. He didn't want to scare her or anybody but when Rose's life was in danger he couldn't help getting upset.

"How did they find her?" Alvin asked.

Javon turned his attention to Alvin who sat in the far corner of the room.

"I don't know. Did the woman say anything to you, Veronica?"

"Yeah, the woman said they had been looking for her since she left the hospital," Veronica said.

Javon moved Rose's hair from her face. "Of course. They have Hunters working everywhere. They work at hospitals, blood banks, and anywhere blood is taken. They have someone working there. Rose may not have taken enough of my blood to show up, but the baby is of my blood, it altered her, making hers abnormal. If they find something wrong in the blood, just a hint of something, they go after that person. Once they find vampire's blood running through their veins, they do painful experiments on the person to find out if they are a Squire or Triane. Since Trianes can stay out in the light, just letting them sit in the sun isn't an option. After they finish they kill us, no questions asked."

"That is so barbaric," Veronica said, looking at her friend.

"Yes. So, if they knew she was pregnant with my child, the experiments they would have done on her and the baby would have been inhuman. Both on Rose and the baby. They would have probably let her go full term, let her have the baby then killed them both."

Veronica shook her head. "That's just wrong."

"Wrong, but that's life, our life."

"Do you think she'll wake soon?"

"Yes," he breathed out. "I hope. The tranquilizer they used was made for humans. Thank God. If it were for one of us, she wouldn't wake up. What they use on us could take down two elephants. There's no need to worry; you two can rest now. Rose will be fine."

Javon said it but he didn't know how long it would take before she woke. One thing he said and he meant was that the woman that shot Rose would feel a truckload of pain.

Once the plane landed, Javon stood, still cradling Rose in his arms.

Veronica became concerned because her friend hadn't moved since they left the airport. Instead of worrying, she followed Javon to the limo.

Veronica looked at Rose when she moved her head.

"Is she awake?"

Javon looked down shaking his head. "No, not yet."

They rode in silence.

When they pulled up in front of the home Veronica took in the place. Huge would be an understatement for the home. She would tour later, now she had to go to her room and wait to see if Rose would be okay.

"The maids knew you were coming and will settle you two in. If Rose doesn't wake soon, I will call a doctor," Javon told her and Alvin before carrying Rose up the stairs and disappearing in the large home.

Veronica watched as he carried Rose away.

\* \* \* \*

Only minutes later, she blinked then opened her eyes all the way, before closing them again. Her brain felt too big for her skull, giving her a massive headache. Opening her mouth to yawn, her throat felt like sandpaper. What the hell happened?

Prying her eyelids open again, she spotted a nice, big screen television, with black and silver swirls in it. Rolling onto her back, she looked up to see herself in a mirror above the bed. Her reflection showed she lay on a large bed, which had to be bigger than a king size. Rose saw her



pale skin shone nicely against the black silk comforter on the bed. Looking the other way she saw two doors. One must lead out because she could see a nicely tiled bathroom through the other door.

Long dark heavy drapes hung at the windows. Pictures of all types hung on the walls. She had never been here in her life. Thinking back, the last thing she remembered...Rose jumped up from the bed. "I'm going to kill that bitch if she touches my baby."

"Glad you feel that way," Javon said, with a sexy smile on his face.

"Javon." She ran up to him, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him.

Javon tried to pull away but Rose would not let him. He felt her clawing at the back of his shirt, wanting to feel his skin.

Lifting her off her feet Javon walked her backwards to the bed.

Desire no longer controlled them. This was raw need. The need to have his mate panting for him as he took them to the next level. Masterfully he slid his tongue in her mouth at the same time reaching down and unbuttoning her pants. When he had undone them he lifted her up letting her legs wrap around his waist. He went to his knees on the bed, taking her with him.

The kiss broke when she lay back on the bed,

staring up at her mate. He reached down...

"Javon, you have to come right now!" Angela, Rosezzettea's nursemaid ran into the room. Breathing deep he looked down into the eyes of a woman wanting to be pleased.

"That's what I was trying to do," he said, childlike.

"I am so sorry." The woman stopped at the door. "I didn't know your mate had awakened."

Rose could see the other woman clearly. She was dressed in jeans and a white t-shirt but she had on an apron. Her long black hair tied in a tight braid hung down her back. The woman was about five feet six inches tall and from her accent, she had to be Hispanic.

Rose stopped staring when the woman smiled at her. Rose sighed. If it weren't a life or death situation, it would be for breaking her up from the best sex she would have probably ever have.

Javon kissed Rose once again before moving off her. "What is it?"

"There is a werewolf close to the house. He somehow got through the gates."

"Shit! Rose, you stay here and whatever you do, don't go outside."

"What..."

"Do as I say, Rose."

Rose nodded before he left behind Angela.

If it's true that a werewolf was on grounds, it's

because he was after Rose's scent. He never knew why werewolves were so attracted to babies. Javon knew this wolf did not know was it was a Dark Guardian's child he smelled.

Running down the hallway, he stopped to grab a tranquilizer gun from his collection.

"Where are the others, Angela?"

"Oh, they came in running and screaming. The girl said she saw a man walking down the path. They were still on grounds minding their own business when the man growled and changed into a wolf, running them into the house."

"Great, just great. You have been here for several months, have you seen one before now?"

"No," she said, walking behind him.

That confirmed his current thought about why the wolf had come there. He came for Rose.

"Stay here." He closed the door, walking out into the grass.

\* \* \* \*

If it wasn't one thing, it was another. First, it was Xavier, then the DPS, now he had a hungry werewolf on his hands, what next? A low growl from behind made Javon turn but not fast enough. A large beast pushed him to the ground, snarling as he went.

Upon impact, the gun rolled out of his hand.

The beast growled above him, Javon could feel the saliva running from its teeth and onto its neck. He had to wait until it leaned down.

The beast leaned down, but Javon stopped his counterattack when it licked his neck instead of biting.

The beast pushed off him, a growl turned into laughter from behind. Javon rolled over mad at himself for letting something like that happen. Never in his life had he let his guard down.

"Kasson Zavala, you dirty little mutt." Javon meant it, literally.

There stood a tall man with long jet-black hair and eyes. His clothing shredded to pieces from his transformation. The smile on his face was pure satisfaction from getting the drop on him.

"Why so hard on me? Your mind was on some woman and you think I wasn't going to take the opportunity to jump on you?"

Javon dusted himself off which didn't help his white t-shirt, before bending to pick up his gun. Angrily, he cocked the gun pointing at the man.

"Wait a second. Hold on there, friend." Javon could hear the emphasis on the word friend.

"I am your friend but that doesn't mean I can't shoot you. Now why were you attacking the humans?"

Kasson held his hands up. He wanted to shape shift into the wolf and have some fun with Javon

but he could tell his friend was not in the mood to play.

"Just to get you out the door," Kasson said with a smile. "I covered my scent so you wouldn't track me. I wouldn't hurt them and you know that. I didn't even get close enough to touch them. When I smelled your scent I wanted to play with them a bit so I could get you to come outside like the hero you want to be."

"You know Angela is going to kick your butt."

"My honey, Angela, isn't going to do any such thing. Now could you lower the gun there because bad vibes are really pumping and getting shot is not on my 'to do' list today."

Javon lowered the gun smiling now at his friend.

"So what's going on, old friend?" Kasson walked with him as Javon turned to go back into the house. "I smell a mate on you. Is she cute? I bet she is cute to have your eyes."

The moment Javon stepped into his home, mutt as he called him, on his tail, he saw his mate and friends had made it to the sitting room.

"Kasson!" Angela's voice bellowed down the hall at the werewolf. "If that was you I am going to kill you."

"Angela, love, I've missed you."

The Hispanic woman walked up to Kasson and punched him in the stomach instead of stepping

into his open arms. He went to the ground whining from pain and holding his stomach. The woman always had a punch, that's why he loved her so much, even though they could never be lovers. "Scaring my guests half to death, you deserve worse."

Rose ran up to Javon, taking in his appearance. "What happened?"

He circled his arm around Rose's waist kissing her first. "My friend thought it would be fun to scare them to get me to come out. Sometimes I wonder why I sided with a werewolf."

"Because," Kasson grunted out before standing. "I am a great hunter."

Kasson walked up to the couple. "Kasson Zavala. It's nice to meet you."

"Rose Norton," she said with her head resting against her mate's chest.

When Javon told her to stay, she didn't know what to expect. A werewolf! Man, she found out that vampires were real, now she had to find a place in her mind to accept werewolves. What was next the Loch Ness Monster or maybe Big Foot?

"Well, Rose, you are very beautiful. I can see why he loves you already. I can also tell that you two didn't waste any time showing it."

The handsome man smiled at her but she kept her arms around Javon, not caring what he was talking about. Okay, he was cute. His long

beautiful black hair hung over his shoulders. He was toned under those tattered clothes. And he was hairy. Something Rose never liked in a man. His face had little hair but his arms and legs and the part of his chest that was showing were full of black hair.

"She went through the Fervor Period in her human state," Javon told Kasson.

"And you were happy to help her through it."

"Being that I am a gentleman, if you aren't nice while you are here I will put Angela on you again."

"So mean, lately. Is that the type of man you want, Rose?"

Rose looked up at her lover smiling as she answered, "Yes."

"I see and you are?" Kasson said, as the other two humans walked up to him.

"Very pissed and Mrs. Mad-as-hell," Veronica answered.

When Kasson smiled at her it only fueled her anger.

"I ask for your forgiveness, beautiful one, from you and your mate. My intentions were not of pain. I knew it would get him out here and off balance. Sorry if I frightened you."

Veronica looked at his sparkling black eyes smiling because she really couldn't stay mad at him for some reason. Why couldn't she stay mad?

She wasn't the forgiving person like her husband.

"Hey! You went into my mind, didn't you?" Veronica said, moving behind Alvin.

"Sorry, my dear, but I hate for a woman to be mad at me. It breaks my heart."

Javon shook his head looking down at his mate who hadn't let go of him since he hugged her. "Want to go take a bath?"

"Sure but you are not coming, right?" Kasson answered for Rose. "I'm not into men but I would gladly bathe your mate if she let me."

"Not with a ten foot pole," Rose snarled at him making everyone in the room laugh.

"Another bullet to the chest I see."

"Serves you right," Angela said. "Unless you have a reason for being here, I suggest you leave. Mr. My'ari and his mate need time to relax. This type of stress she does not need on the baby."

"Okay. I'm leaving, but call me later, Javon. Nice meeting you all."

The second Kasson walked out the door he shifted into a werewolf before running off into the woods.

"I see no introductions are needed here," Javon said.

"No, we have all met. The others will come in tomorrow night as always to clean and I will get a full time cook here since hu...others are here also."



“That would be great, Angela. We are going to take a bath and rest for a while, if you need us, let Angela know and she will get us.”

## CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

Javon had her upstairs, undressed and into the warm water in a matter of minutes. When she first woke, she didn't get a chance to look at the bathroom. The theme here was snow white. The tile, walls, toilet, and small Jacuzzi were snow white.

Javon sat on the other side of the tub looking at her. After hitting the button turning on the jets, he reached down grabbing her feet, rubbing them, causing a moan to escape her lip. Why when this man touched her did she turn to Jell-O? Her head lay back on the towel enjoying the smell of the lavender scented soap he used on her skin. Her hair fell back into the water but she didn't care. It felt so damn good with his hands on her.

Javon made her forget everything that had happened to her in the past couple of weeks. He made her want to discover and explore the passion she had been hiding from everyone for so long. She wasn't hiding it. She had been waiting

for a man like Javon. Not just any man, but a man whose kiss alone made her ache for him the moment their lips touched. She needed a man who could arouse her to a point where she couldn't deny his every wish.

Strong hands brushed against her thighs, causing her to gasp. She jerked. Her eyes opened to see a dark expression on his face. Without any effort he pulled her up and over to him so she sat in his lap. The water gushed around them. Her body shook with need when she felt the hard evidence of his desire pressing against her wet mound.

Her hand slowly dipped under the water to grab him and guide him to her. She wanted him. Foreplay would come later.

Javon's hand stopped hers. "Not this time, love. No need to rush."

"But I need you," she begged.

"I need you but we will both suffer this night. You will have to beg better than that."

Her heart jerked in excitement at the thought of begging. "I hear your heart, Rose, and smell your arousal. The thought of making you beg turns you on more than you thought."

Okay so she liked the idea of begging him but she wasn't about to admit it. She shook her head.

"Little liar." He took in a deep breath. "I can smell your arousal, remember? But if you want to

play, I love to play.”

Releasing her hands, he lightly moved his finger across her breast. Her eyes closed, her teeth bit into her bottom lip. There was no way she would beg from one touch.

Rose arched as his fingers trailed down into the water and to her belly. She arched her back, unable to keep the moan from escaping her lips at his touch.

Instead of going lower, his fingers slid up her rib cage and cupped her breast. Her body heated, liquid flowed as an ache throbbed within her very core. One hand pulled at her hard pebble, his mouth came down, sucking the other into his mouth.

“Javon!” her moan came out hoarsely.

Her hands flew to his shoulder, her head falling back as he suckled her breast. The feel of his fangs against her skin only excited her more. His hand circled her waist as he switched to the other breast, giving it the same attention.

His tongue licked at her hard nub one last time before trailing to the valley between her breasts. Her body soared with pleasure when he murmured softly from the friction of her moving on top of him.

He stopped.

Rose looked down at him wondering why.

“Just relax. I have plans for you and it’s not

going to happen in here.”

Rose felt him lifting them out of the water. He grabbed the towel, dried her off and himself before laying her down on the bed. She barely had time to adjust herself on the bed before he lowered his head to her body and his warm tongue swiped across her sex.

Rose’s body arched closer to his face. Her fingers moved to tangle in his hair. His fresh earthy scent assaulted her senses as she pulled him closer to her. His tongue thrust deep into her core, giving her what she wanted but not what she needed to come.

Rose stiffened when his tongue ran along her clitoris. His hands grabbed both of her thighs pulling them further apart if possible.

His movement slowed. His tongue circled her nub again. He bathed her throbbing flesh with his tongue until she tried to rock against him to release the tension that had built inside her but his firm grip kept her in place.

Rose’s body jerked when he slid two large fingers into her aching core, at the same time sucking harder on her flesh.

Rose muttered from the painful—pleasurable torture. His blood! She could smell it. Hear it running through his veins, calling out to her.

A wave of desire went through her but he knew how to keep her exactly on the edge of insanity.

"Javon, please." She could form no other words but those two. Her hands gripped the sheets, twisting them as she held on to her sanity.

*Please, what, love?*

His tongue savored the juices that flowed from just hearing him speak in her mind.

*I need to know what you need, what you want.*

"I..." she breathed in, when he thrust his finger back into her body. "I need to come, please, Javon. I need to. I cannot hold out for much longer."

He didn't answer her. She whimpered at the sensation when he circled her with his tongue, his fingers touching her g-spot, causing a wreck that overcame her body.

"Javon!" Her voice was louder than she wanted, filling the room as her body trembled around his thrusting fingers.

A low sound left his lips at her release. He withdrew his fingers, replacing them with his tongue. He drove deep inside her seeking more of her essence.

Javon didn't stop bathing at her sex with his tongue until her heart rate picked up once more and she was on the verge of another release.

As he moved up her body, savoring every inch, he nipped at her stomach, one breast then the other, before letting his warm tongue bathe her neck. She lifted her hands, running them down his chest, smiling when his muscled flexed under her

palms.

The heat of his body moved over hers. She took in a breath when his shaft pressed against her entrance.

His mouth covered hers— his tongue sought out hers in her mouth.

Javon thrust inside her, a guttural groan passed his lips, and she swallowed the sound. At first he moved within her slowly, savoring the feel of her, feeling thing warming and tight even more than he remembered.

*I love you, Rose.*

Pulling back from his kiss, she looked up into his silver eyes. It was right. Them here together. Them together forever. They were meant to be. “I love you,” she ground out at the same time he picked up his pace.

Her entire body shook, ready to climax.

He pushed deeper, harder with each stroke as if he couldn't get deep enough. Her nails dug into his shoulder as her body wound tighter until it exploded.

“God, Javon!” Her body clenched in a satisfying orgasm.

He pistoned into her, his mouth going to her neck, kissing her once before letting his fangs slide into her neck. His aggressive behavior caused another orgasm to hit her harder and stronger than the last. His warm seed filled her womb.

Rose moaned when he pulled back, then slid his tongue over the wound closing it.

Both their hearts raced.

Both of their bodies were sedated.

Javon lifted his head, kissing her lips before withdrawing from her body.

Her body already felt a loss without him deep inside her.

"I feel the same way," he told her, reading her mind again.

Rose felt him settle beside her then pulled her over so she could lay her head on his chest.

"Am I always going to feel like this every time you withdraw from me?" Her fingers brushed against his stomach before dipping lower.

She couldn't get enough of him and from the hard flesh she gripped, she could tell he couldn't get enough of her.

"Rose, you need rest," he said, through clenched teeth. "You haven't properly slept and if you keep that up you won't be getting any sleep today."

"I am too wound up to sleep."

"I am also but I can't keep taking your blood and if I have you I have to have your blood. Now once the baby is here, I will make sure that you are properly satisfied."

Murmuring at him, she got out of the bed and headed into the bathroom.



One thing this baby made her do was go to the bathroom a lot.

After using the toilet, Rose grabbed Javon's robe and put it on. Since he wouldn't give her any more sex, she might as well go down and get something to eat.

When she opened the door, she gasped at Javon standing there with a look of desire on his face and she knew she mirrored his look. After looking down seeing that he had put on clothing, she sighed and decided to go ahead and eat.

Javon grabbed her as she walked by and pulled her tightly against his body.

"What are you doing?" she asked, looking up into his eyes.

"Did I tell you how good you look in my robe?"

He kissed her lips softly then looked back into those beautiful brown eyes.

"No." She groaned when he kissed the side of her neck. With quick hands, he untied the material and let it fall from her body. "No, you ha...." Before the words could escape her mouth, she felt the fur of the rug on her back.

She shook hard when she looked up into his eyes to see nothing but love for her. She was sure that he saw the same in her eyes.

He smiled when her body moved restlessly against his hand when he touched her.

"I love it when you get wet so quickly. It turns

me on more than anything."

She was so beautiful to him.

He bent his head to the warmth of Rose's body, his tongue teasing her breast. He felt her body respond and tighten then clench and her blood heated.

This wasn't the plan. She needed to eat first before they made love again.

Javon hand moved over her slowly, teasing every inch of her. He would never forget her taste or the way her body felt.

He felt her body arch when his mouth took possession of her breast.

He suckled there, his hands sliding along her body and across her flat stomach. He lingered there before his hand drifted lower. He released her breast and groaned when he found her hot and moist center again.

"Oh, Javon."

Her body arched against his hand wanting him deep inside her.

Rose closed her eyes at the sensation. She never thought that a man could arouse a body like he could.

His hands, his warm mouth, and his body could make her go wild with need. His mouth was everywhere, kissing and caressing every inch of her. She burned for him, needed him, needed his body buried deep inside hers.

She opened her eyes to look at him.

He was so powerful.

So...she couldn't think of a word right now.

His long brown hair swept across her aching breast as his tongue swirled across her belly. His tongue eased the ache her body felt.

Strong hands opened her thighs wider so his fingers could feel her hot core.

\*

He almost lost control when liquid fire bathed his hand.

He pushed deeper and deeper into her body, teasing her with his fingers.

Javon glanced up to see her head turning from side to side and a soft sound escaped her throat. He could feel her body ready to shatter into a million pieces.

"Do you want to come, Rose?"

Rose could only moan out her answer.

He continued tantalizing her with strokes of his fingers.

"Feel it, Rose," he murmured. "Don't fight what you feel."

Urged by the passion in his voice she felt her body welling up, ready to explode any moment.

"Now," he whispered, against her stomach.

He withdrew his fingers, replacing them with his mouth. His tongue probed deep into her, making her cry out, from the unexpected feeling.

When she tried to ease away from him, he clamped his arm over her hips, holding her in place.

She thrashed beneath him, unable to tamp down on the fire racing through her body.

She couldn't breathe, couldn't think clearly.

All she was about to do was grab a hand full of hair, pulling him closer to her aching body as she soared higher with each pass of his tongue. She cried out again when she felt his tongue delve deeper, teasing and tasting her.

She murmured his name softly making Javon's body harden and thicken until he groaned loudly. She smiled knowing she had him right where she wanted. She knew he would not tease her any longer.

"Stop teasing me, Javon," she gasped.

Rose was losing herself in the hurricane of pleasure rushing through her.

She heard him chuckle which only fueled her frustration.

A low cry of passion escaped her when his tongue picked up the rhythm and pushed deeper into her body.

Her body twisted to his will. It buckled as he brought her to another blissful orgasm.

Her moans vibrated off the walls and went straight to his groin.

Rose never pictured herself as a loud lover but

there was something about Javon that made her wild and primitive from passion. She couldn't hold back when it happened.

Her body went limp but Javon didn't stop his torture until she shook and cried out from another climax.

Before her body stopped shaking, he rose above her and moved her thighs apart to accommodate him.

She looked down to his covered body.

"I don't think it is going to work that way."

He reached down unzipping his pants freeing himself as much as he could.

His erection was thick and hard with need.

"I have to have you now."

He pressed into her slick entrance.

She threw her head back when Javon thrust hard, driving deep into her in one long hard stroke. She reached up to touch him but he caught her wrists and pinned them about her head.

His mouth took hers, his tongue driving deep as his hips thrust harder, needing more and taking more.

Heat started from the point where their wrists touched. Not knowing what was happening, Rose went with the heat of her body. At this point, she didn't want it to stop.

The need to taste her grew stronger and more demanding.

He released her mouth as she moaned from pleasure.

His Truelove, he needed her more than life itself.

She was making gasping noises and he could feel her muscles tightening and clenching as he pounded into her.

He couldn't stop what was happening, didn't want to stop, and he knew she didn't either.

His body trembled with need and was drenched with sweat. With a groan, Javon gave in to the call, sinking his teeth deep into her neck.

Rose moaned loudly as white-hot pleasure flowed from the spot he was latched onto.

She felt his hands holding her in place and his body plunging deep and wildly into hers.

Spicy honey flowed down his throat.

He never wanted to stop the hunger or the beast rising inside of him.

For the first time in five-hundred years, he felt the demon roar for more blood and he could not control it. Before when the demon rose, he had control. Now he did not. Javon quickly subdued the beast and swept his tongue across the pinpricks on her breast.

He lowered his body until her mouth was against his chest. He slashed a wound across his chest and pressed her mouth to the wound. Javon shuddered the moment her warm lips touched his

skin.

The couple didn't see the bright light that had consumed their bodies. Completing the next step, the only thing left was one more blood exchange.

"Stop the bleeding with your tongue," he ordered hoarsely.

Rose could do no other than follow the order. She slid her tongue over the cut, smiling to herself as he shuddered.

\* \* \* \*

With a loud shout, she came again when he surged deeper and harder into her body.

He was tearing her apart with pleasure.

Drowning her in pleasure.

She almost screamed again when his hands gripped her tighter and his hips thrust into her slick folds.

He moaned and erupted deep into her body when she bathed him as she trembled from another orgasm.

Javon lay over her, his body numb from pleasure. Her body also numb from it.

Rose touched her swollen lips with her tongue. She knew he wanted her again but did not take her.

She trembled when he kissed her neck then looked back at her.

"That wasn't the way I planned that." His voice was low and husky from passion.

"Planned what?"

Her body arched when he grabbed her breast. Touching her would be something he would never get tired of.

"I ran down to get you something to eat. I wanted to feed you then make sure you got some rest, then maybe tire you out just a little more."

"What's stopping you now?"

"You are a little minx, you know that?"

"I haven't been told until now."

Bending down he caught her lips with his.

\* \* \* \*

"Where is my meal?" Xavier's voice bellowed through the prison. "A vampire does deserve to eat every now and then."

His hunger had nothing to do with his aggravation. He wanted someone here whom he could control to let him out of this hellhole.

\* \* \* \*

"You go," Michael said to James.

"I fed him last time and he nearly killed me."

"Why can't he have blood like the rest of them? We give them bagged blood but he has to have



this.”

“Unlike the rest of them, Xavier has been evil for a very long time. If we take away the blood just like that, he will become weak and probably die.”

“And that would be bad, why? You heard what he did back in Dark Town, James. They are probably going to kill him anyhow. You know Nairapha isn’t going to up a Dementra’s soul. Yateichaa doesn’t have the control of that God like she used to.”

“True but you go feed him. The others have already been fed.”

“You get all the easy jobs.” Pushing himself from the chair, he hissed at the other guard as he made his way down the hallway.

“It’s about freaking time!” Xavier’s fangs lengthened in his mouth trying to scare the young guardian. By the way the man paled a little, he knew he had succeeded a little.

“If you try to drain me, Xavier, we will put you on the bag and I know how much you Dementra hate bagged blood.”

Xavier looked at the Triane, his black eyes shining with fear, his body trembling in fright that he might just drain him. Running his hand through his short blond hair, he stared at the guard.

“I promise,” he said with a smile that would make a baby cry.

The man rolled up his sleeve then slid his arm in between the bars. Xavier grabbed his arm and let his fangs slid down into his veins. The slight pain made the man grunt. Xavier didn't waste any time, he grabbed the back of the man's head, tightened his hand in his hair. The man tried to pull away but it was too late. Xavier pulled back from his wrist and looked at the man with a smile before pulling his head forward and banging it against the metal bars.

A loud gong followed the impact of the man's head. The man fell to the ground. Xavier bent down grabbing the man, pulling him closer to the cell. He reached in his pockets, grabbing the lock for the bracelet. Once he freed his arm, he opened the gate smiling as he stepped over the guard.

Getting out was easy. He knew they didn't keep many guards here. They didn't need many because the bracelet kept them in check.

"Xavier!" Virgil called from the next cell.

No time for keys, he pulled the gate popping it open under his strength. One by one, he went to each cell freeing the prisoners.

"Michael, what's taking you so long?" The guard walked down into the cell area and stopped dead in his tracks when he came face to face with a few dozen vampires.

"I bet you never expected this," Virgil told the man.

He turned to run but Xavier was there knocking him unconscious with one punch to the back of the head.

They all walked out of the prison.

"What do you want to do now?" Virgil asked, once they stood outside.

Xavier stood, waiting, wondering, before a thought came to him. "I want my Chosen back. When I find her, I will find Rosezzettea and Javon. For some reason I feel that he hasn't let the little human go." Xavier turned to the group waiting for him. "Go, find them, and bring them to me. I'll let you know of my location."

All the men nodded before running off in different directions.

"You will be with me again my Chosen, sooner than you think." Xavier took off when he heard the sounds of the alarm coming from the prison. He knew that it wouldn't be long before the guards woke.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

*Seven Months Later*

“Happy Birthday, Rose!”  
Eyes wide, a smile on her face, Rose heard her friends yelling as she made her way into the ballroom. Javon grabbed her around her waist, helping her since her back began to hurt from the baby. Different colored balloons hung around the room. A big beautiful cake sat at the end of the table and tons of presents aligned the wall; there was even a white baby crib with a yellow liner sitting by the window.

“Thanks, guys.”

Javon helped her into the seat in front of the cake.

“Happy birthday, love,” Javon said, kissing her cheek before stepping back.

“I thought I told you I didn’t want anything.”

“Well, love, I didn’t do this. Your friends did it and Veronica even threatened to do bodily harm if

I told you what she wanted to do.”

“How did you guys get all of this when you couldn’t leave the house?” Rose looked at them waiting on a reply.

“Well,” Veronica began. “We told Angela what we wanted and she picked it up.”

Rose looked at the maid who nodded in approval of the story.

“Thanks, you guys.”

“Blow out the candles, I want cake,” Alvin whined, childlike.

Rose’s gaze rested on the cake before looking back at her mate; he stood there, his usual black leather pants hugging his thighs. The silk black shirt was open just enough to give her the perfect view of his silky white chest. God what she wouldn’t do to run her tongue over his chest until he beg...

*Love, all that can happen but you have to blow out the candles first.*

Rose stuck her tongue out at him before turning to blow out the candles on the cake.

“What did you wish for?” her friend asked.

“If I told you then it wouldn’t come true.”

“Superstitious,” Alvin added.

“Here.” Rose watched as Javon placed a small box in her hand. “You know since the moment I saw you, I knew I had found my mate.” His eyes intensified as he spoke. “You are my savior, my

lover, and my wife. From the moment I saw you I knew you were my savior, from then you became my lover and from the first kiss, you became my wife. I know that humans sometimes hold on to human mentalities, so this is to let every man know that you are my wife."

Gasps filled the room from her and her friends, when she opened the box. Did he expect her to wear that thing and someone not trying to break her arm off for it?

Her gaze went to Javon, not knowing what to say about the priceless ring.

"I can't...this must have cost a...a lot."

Her hands slid to the top of the case, closing it. The gesture only made him smile before grabbing it from her hand. He opened it pulling the ring out of the box. "My love, this is something that I had built before I even knew what my mate looked like. At that time, the jeweler that made it called me mad. I told him that I wanted my mate to have it and when I found her she would."

Grabbing her trembling hand, he slipped on the silver band. Rose held it up; it sparkled from the light in the room. Hell the thing was its own light.

"That is so beautiful," Veronica said, as she looked at it.

"That it is," Angela agreed.

"How much did it cost to get it built?" A typical male question flew from Alvin's mouth.

"Price is not an issue."

"What type is it? I never saw anything like this before."

Javon sat in the seat beside her. "This is an eight point eighty-eight carat diamond with the brilliance of a star within the band. The near colorless princess-cut diamond is prong-set and accented by eleven additional diamonds. Perfect for my mate, estimated price back then, seven hundred and fifty three thousand dollars, price now, well over five million. One thing you can never put a price on is love."

Rose leaned over, touching her lips to his. As always, when they kissed she felt like she wanted more. Needed more. His hands slid to the nape of her neck, pulling her closer to him so he could deepen the kiss.

"Here they go again," Veronica teased. "If you two aren't going to stop, at least let us get some cake before you roll around on it." She paused and then added. "That's how you got that in front of you now, Rose!"

They continued kissing, only because they knew it got on Veronica's nerve sometimes.

"Get a room!" Dylan said, from the doorway.

Javon broke away from his mate. He let his hand fall from her head before standing. "I'll be right back."

Rose grabbed his hand, knowing what they

were about to discuss. Xavier had escaped seven months ago and no one had heard from him since. Rumors went around about him trying to find her but he especially wanted her best friend. When they found out he had escaped, Javon put every Dark Guardian he could on the case. He didn't want anyone to know where they were so he told Veronica and Alvin to get rid of their phones. They didn't go anywhere, they didn't call, didn't write anyone. She could only go for a walk if Javon walked with her. Besides that, he had her on lockdown and half of the time in the bed. Thank heavens she couldn't get pregnant for another five hundred years or there would be a lot of Javon juniors running around.

Being locked down sounded worse than it really was. He did it for her protection. He loved her and the baby more than life itself and he promised he would protect them with his life.

"I love you," she said, not knowing what else to say.

When Dylan came to visit there had to be something wrong somewhere. Xavier might be in hiding but he lived through others. The recent murders of humans had tripled in Delaware when Xavier discovered Veronica was missing in action. He killed out of anger more than anything. When Dark Guardians closed in on him, he disappeared, fell off the face of the Earth. The man hadn't been



seen in months but his threats were clearly heard. He wanted Javon, he wanted her, but he needed Veronica.

Alvin told them if that bloodsucker, with an apology to Javon, came near Veronica again, he would kill him, no questions asked.

That was brave coming from a man. Alvin didn't know what he faced when it came down to Xavier. He wouldn't take pity on someone because he or she begged him to. He wouldn't stop his torture because you were in pain, a lot of pain, and he wouldn't stop until the ones that stood in his way of Veronica were dead.

"I love you also." He kissed her on the forehead before following Dylan into the study hall.

Alvin didn't stay still, he went behind Javon and Dylan. Once they were out Angela spoke in Spanish to the other maids and housekeepers and they all turned and walked out.

"Rose," Veronica spoke first. "I know you are worried. I am also worried about your life. You and the baby come first, even in my life. If keeping you two alive meant I have to go then I would."

"No," Rose answered before she could even ask. "I am not going to let you go to that beast in order to protect me and the baby. I am not going to agree with that."

"But, Rose." Her friend sat beside her. "If I do he won't be after you anymore. I can talk him out

of it. Let his mind focus on me. He will not kill me, I know it."

Rose's brown eyes filled with anger and went to her friend. Her teeth ground together as she tried to keep from screaming. "You are married and even if you weren't, I would not let you go to Xavier for me. You love Alvin and he loves you. I would feel bad knowing that my friend was being sexually assaulted by a vampire. I trust Javon and the others to find him soon. They have nearly caught all of his followers. It is only a matter of time before they catch him." Her voice went to a whisper. "If Alvin hears you talk about going back to Xavier, you know he will go crazy."

Veronica's hands went to her friend's stomach, she rubbed it until the baby moved, kicking at her hand.

"My godchild is going to be something when she gets out. She is going to drive Javon crazy when she is old enough to date."

Rose's hand went on top her hers.

"Yes, she is, but she has to have you here to know you." A smile crossed her face. "And you know Javon said that she cannot date until she hits forty or fifty. He said that if any teenager came near his daughter, they would regret the moment they ever met Javon My'ari."

The girls giggled.

"Overreact much?" Veronica sat back in the

chair.

“All the time.” Rose became serious again. “I don’t want you to go anywhere near Xavier. There’s nothing stopping him from turning you into a Chosen and if you are changed then you will be hunted just like he is being hunted.”

Veronica inhaled a large amount of air before exhaling. “Okay. Let’s eat cake and open your presents. You know they are going to be there for a while.”

Grabbing the knife off the table Rose sliced the cake.

\* \* \* \*

Javon sat in the large leather chair behind the mahogany desk. Both Alvin and Dylan sat in the seats in front of him.

“What have you heard to bring you all this way?” Javon wasted no time. He wanted answers and he wanted them now.

“They are getting closer.”

“Closer is not good enough.” Javon snarled, sitting up in his chair. “Do you know what would happen if Xavier found out that my mate is pregnant? Beside that, do you know what he would do to her friend, Veronica, if he got his hands on her?”

“I know but that’s not the problem right now.”

"It's not?"

Dylan shook his head.

"They want you to become a Nodoro."

Javon let out an angry snarl. "Who wants that?"

"You know when a vote is made; you don't have to reveal the identity. It goes to a local Juevema that takes it to Darsiq, God of peace. If he believes that you would be a good choice, then you know the rest."

Alvin smiled.

"What is so funny, Alvin?" Dylan asked.

"If I had sat here listening to this a couple of months ago, I would think you all had lost your minds. Now that I have seen vampires, werewolves, and other things happening lately, I knew things outside my human world existed."

"And it makes you smile?" Dylan said harshly.

"No," he answered. "It's not funny but it makes me think."

Javon's hands came down on the desk hard interrupting their conversation. This was about him, not about Alvin and what he thought about their world. "Do you not know what they are trying to do?"

"I know exactly what they are trying to do, Javon." Dylan didn't flinch at Javon's anger like Alvin had. "Xavier has gotten someone still good or pretending to be good to flush you out. Making you a Nodoro is the only way. They know as a

Nodoro you have to have your mate, which you do, then you will have to come out of hiding because you have to judge those of the place in which you watch over. More and more vampires will come to you for guidance, leaving you in the open. Although you will have twenty-four hour protection it will make you an easy target.”

Javon shook his head, his fangs biting into his lower lips. His eyes turned red as fire as they did when he did not like something.

“How long will it take before a decision will be made?” Alvin asked.

Javon watched as Dylan rubbed his hand across his forehead, not wanting to answer the question.

“A decision could take up to five months, six at the most. The Juevama that has been contacted has to go through his own process before meeting with the God. Gods are not swift when it comes down to meetings. Then Darsiq makes a decision from there. I don’t know what goes on before our God comes to a decision.”

“Okay...okay, I understand that,” Alvin said. “But what about talking to the Juevama about letting him know what’s going on here? I know if he or she knew what was happening, surely they wouldn’t go to the Gods when they know Xavier is trying to flush him out. What is so great about being a Nodoro anyhow?”

“Power,” Javon answered. “Your voice is

power. Whatever I say goes, no matter if I am wrong or not. A Nodoro's decision's final. You don't know how many vampires would kill to be one."

Alvin nodded.

"I have a little time, Dylan. I suggest you go out to find the Guevara who has my application. If you find them, explain. If that person doesn't understand, explain some more. If I have to bypass them, I will and go to the God, if I find a gate opener. Let me know..." Javon stopped when Dylan's head went from side to side.

"What?"

"You can't do that. A couple months ago, before your mate, I would send you to the Juevama then to the gods to be extra crispy. I like Rose and regardless of anything else, you are her mate. That means I have to make sure you stay alive. I will try to find a Nodoro to go to a Juevama to speak with them. You, on the other hand, stay away from gate openers. You know how Dark Guardians are about using their mates to open portals before they even have a chance to meet."

Dylan was right, no matter how much he hated to admit it.

"Fine! Go, do as you can. I am not going to sit here and let him set me up to be gunned down. Either you guys find him or I will."

Dylan and Alvin watched Javon as he walked out of the room.

\* \* \* \*

Javon stopped at the doorway watching his mate as she held up a small pink dress. He smiled when she bit her bottom lip, looking at the clothing, loving it. The vibes coming from her were of pure excitement and happiness about their child, but deep down he knew she worried about her friend Veronica. Many nights they spoke about her friend and what she had asked Rosezzettea to let her do that night. Veronica did not want to go to Xavier and he would make sure that she never did. Or at least try.

Rose already felt bad enough that Veronica had given up her body, probably part of her soul to Xavier just to keep her safe.

Javon had to hold Rose close to him many nights while she cried and wished she could take away what happened. Rose blamed herself for the death of her friends. For him being caught. And pretty much everything bad that had happened to them.

Javon explained to her that even if she wouldn't have dragged them across that river, Xavier would have found Veronica in time. Xavier might not have been Veronica's Truelove but something

about Veronica drew her to him. Vampires that have lost their souls didn't like to be tied down with a mate. They liked freedom and their ability to manipulate and torture humans mentally and sexually. A mate would slow them down...well, depending on the mate. Some mates would enjoy watching their mate sexually abuse a human. It's part of the desire to be evil.

Javon didn't know why but he felt that if Xavier ever turned Veronica she would still be Veronica, soul intact.

He looked at the blond as she grabbed another gift and handed it to Rose.

"Open this one," Veronica pushed. "I know it's going to look cute on the baby."

Rose felt him the moment he got close to her. The hairs on her neck stood up, letting her know something bothered him. That she knew. Something he spoke of with Dylan. His mind was worrying about Xavier. She knew that when he worried about her, her night would be special. Javon would take out his aggressions on her, not hurting her, just making sure that he was satiated and she can't move until the next morning. Turning to her lover, she smiled holding up the gift. "What do you think?" she asked Javon.

"I think," he said, with a smile on his face, "that you are going to spoil her rotten."

"That's what I am supposed to do," Rose



retorted. "I am to spoil her, give her everything she always wanted and then when I can't handle her anymore let you take over until you are gray with worry."

Everyone in the room laughed at her comment.

"Ouch," Rose grunted and grabbed her stomach as a wave of pain went through her.

In a flash, Javon stood beside her.

"What's wrong?" Veronica asked, concerned.

Alvin and Dylan were by her side also. Alvin didn't know what had happened, but Javon and Dylan clearly felt pain going through her.

"Are you okay?" Javon asked her, at the same time he placed his hand over her belly looking for the cause of the pain.

With her still being a human, having a vampire's baby was dangerous. He moved her back to the nearest chair sitting her down before squatting in front of her.

Rosezzettea took in a deep breath, exhaled, then repeated it several more times before the pain subsided. Her brown gaze met his worried silver ones, and she smiled. He could be overprotective sometimes. If he acted this way from a little pain, how could he take it when the real pain came?

The door to the kitchen opened only seconds before Angela walked into the room, her gaze immediately seeking out Rose. She felt the pain from the human and she worried that the time had

come too soon and the baby would be born prematurely. "I'm fine," Rose spoke so everyone could hear. "I think she just kicked me a little harder than expected."

"Are you sure?" Dylan asked.

"Yes," Rose spoke after another long breath.

"You had a labor pain, did you not?" Angela said over asking. "Are you sure you will be fine?"

"Again, yes. It has stopped. I guess I got a little excited but trust me, she is not ready to come yet."

Angela felt for her pain once again. Not finding any, she headed back into the kitchen to finish cooking dinner.

"Seeing that you are okay, Rose, I will take my leave," Dylan said. "I will contact you as soon as possible about our situation, Javon."

Focusing on Rose, he spoke. "You do that."

Dylan left out of the room.

Rose looked at Javon, her hand going up to touch the side of his face. "I am okay, really."

Just her touch and her gentle words calmed him inside and out. The worry in his eyes faded as a smile came to his face once again.

"I know you are." Javon rose from his kneeling position, kissed her on her lips before speaking again. "You have a lot more gifts to open and cake to eat."

Nodding her head, she looked over to the large cake. "Aren't you going to have some?"

Javon shook his head. "Not this time. I have eaten enough ice cream, candy, and other junk food to last me a lifetime. You, on the other hand can eat all you want."

For the longest time Rose just looked at him. "Don't mind me, you two, but that crud, as he called it, has my name all over a large piece." Veronica broke their eye contact. "And if you two want to be alone, by all means take it up to your room."

Rose snarled at Veronica but quickly forgot the thought that came through her mind when she saw Javon move away from her.

"Where are you going?"

Javon turned back to his mate. "To our room for a moment."

She watched him walk away and out of the room.

"Let's open the rest," Veronica suggested, with a large piece of cake stuffed in her mouth.

Smiling as best she could, Rose looked at the door Javon had vanished into before looking back at her friends.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

“So you are telling me that no one can find out where they are?” Xavier’s evil tone vibrated off the walls before wrapping around the spines of everyone at the table.

Several vampires sat around at table. Most of them were former Dark Guardians and some of them Trianes.

Xavier had called the best of the best weeks ago to help locate Veronica Hall, a human woman that Virgil just couldn’t understand why he had become so attached to.

Yes, Veronica had the looks that any dark vampire would want by his side, her passion deeper than she would ever imagine. She just needed the right person to bring it out of her. Xavier did bring it out of her, she didn’t want it, didn’t even know she had it, but once Xavier showed her a side she never could imagine, it frightened her. Making Xavier’s victory more when she gave in to that passion. Maybe he did

know why Xavier chased this human.

"We have looked everywhere," a light haired man spoke before the room went quiet again.

A whistling noise broke the silence of the room, followed by the sound of flesh being torn apart.

Virgil looked at the man who sat next to him, a surprised look on his face, pain radiating from him. The man opened his mouth to speak but no words emerged. Blood poured from his mouth. His neck began to bleed, a large silver knife in the wall behind him. Then and only then did Virgil know what happened.

The head fell from the body and they all looked at the body when it dropped from the chair and onto the floor. Virgil wanted to reach up to make sure he hadn't been cut. The man sat next to him. Too closely. Xavier had killed the man from the other side of the table.

"Now, let me ask that again," Xavier said, unfazed by what he just did. "It's been months and no one can find them? Javon, Alvin, Rose, or Veronica? They have fallen off the face of this Earth?"

Virgil opened his mouth and quickly closed it, not knowing if he should speak. He knew he had the upper hand on the rest of the group, him being Xavier's favorite but that didn't mean that Xavier couldn't get another one.

The smile that spread across Xavier's face told

Virgil that Xavier knew he feared to speak because of what happened to the other guy.

"Speak, Virgil," Xavier's smooth voice spoke. "Unlike the others that surround me you don't have anything to worry about."

Taking a calming breath Virgil looked at the six men that sat around the table. "Ian Salvage is a Dark Guardian that is on the edge of losing it all," Virgil said with a smile on his face.

"Continue," Xavier ordered.

"He is two hundred and seventy six, well mannered, very good hunter with nothing in his life. His lover and her child were killed years ago. Since then he has had an evil streak in him. Doing things that helped me out when needed. He just would not let go of that annoying soul, which right now is a good thing. He lives in California, same city as Javon, same Nodoro as him. I spoke with him a couple of days ago and we came up with a plan. A plan to flush Javon out. Ian insisted that San Diego needed their own Nodoro and Javon would be the perfect candidate. Since no one really knows that he and his mate are in hiding and our Gods—correction— their Gods, are so busy that they don't see what's going on down here. So, the note has been delivered. The Juevama should make a decision very soon."

The group all turned to look at Xavier. He didn't speak at first, he sat there taking in the

information, trying to find any loopholes that could come up.

“And...” was all he said.

“And,” Virgil gulped. “We—we have to give the plan time to work. In the meantime, I think we need to start working on a plan to find another town, get things rolling again. This time we will make sure that no Dark Guardians are allowed in. They come, we kill, no excuses, no questions.

Another smile and Xavier spoke, “I like the way you think, Virgil. See,” he said, looking around at the others. “You all could learn a lot from him. He comes up with a plan and goes through with it. I don’t want to wait but I have to let time take its course and soon she will be back in my arms. Veronica is special. I can tell because not only can she block me out the way she has, she can block you all out. When we do find them no harm will come to her, not a hair on her head, do you all understand?”

They nodded.

“Good,” he growled and pointed at the three men sitting closest to him. They jumped but didn’t move. “Find me a town, any town that is abandoned. Away from everyone. Somewhere we wouldn’t be found this time. You two, go out spread the word that we will be up and running soon. At the same time look for them and the one that finds them first will be the one to kill the

Truelove." The men smiled, liking that agreement. "And you." He pointed to the last man. "Clean this mess up. Virgil, walk with me."

Virgil didn't waste any time. He followed Xavier out of the room and down the hallway.

\* \* \* \*

"What's going on with you?" Rosezzettea's voice brought Javon fully awake.

He hadn't planned to sleep when he came into the room but his body had other plans than his mind. The past few months had been hell on him. Trying to sleep at night with Rose and stay up during the daytime really had kept him off balance. That didn't matter to him. Doing this was only a small sacrifice. When the baby was born, he could finally bring Rose over to his world. His child would be brought over by her Truelove, no matter how much he wanted to turn her he couldn't. The baby would be on his time. Sleep during the day, up all night, just like any human baby would. Once the child got old enough for school, if that's what Rose wanted, they had special, unmarked schools that their children went to at night or like most of them, used a private teacher. It was easier with less worry.

"Nothing," he said sleepily.

"You are lying," she said, before getting in the



bed beside him. "What did you and Dylan talk about?"

Javon rolled onto his side, grabbing her closer to him. He bent and kissed her neck softly at first, before applying more pressure as his fangs ached to penetrate.

He wouldn't take her blood this time if they made love. He had already taken some this morning and he only took a few drops, not enough to stabilize him. He didn't want to hurt the baby so he paced himself with her. Until she had the baby, he would live off her and bag blood again.

"Stop that!" she yelled, before rolling away from the hand that had found her breast. Kneading her nipple through the fabric of her shirt until her back had arched from pleasure.

Rose knew if she let him continue touching her, her question would be long forgotten in the frenzy of their lovemaking.

Muttering he moved his hand over her stomach and pulled up her dress as he did. "You don't want me to stop," he whispered in her ear. "I can smell your arousal, Rose."

"Well," her voice trembled, as it always did when he touched her but that didn't mean she would let him get away with not answering her. Closing her eyes, she bit her lip to keep from groaning when his hand made contact with the

front of her overly wet underwear. Damn him and his abilities to make her horny from just a kiss on her neck, not just a kiss but she could feel that he wanted to bite her, needed to take her body and her blood again. His fangs pressed heavily against the side of her neck and she knew he wouldn't bite because of the baby.

Finding enough strength to roll away from him took a great deal of force but she managed as she stood up from the bed looking at him. He might be covered from head to toe but she knew his pants felt two sizes too small at this moment. The way his brightly colored eyes looked at her as if she had been dipped in the finest of wines and he wanted to lick every inch of it off her body.

Rose shuddered when her gaze met Javon's. His eyes were hooded, lust shining brightly, telling her the one thing, the only thing on his mind. She watched as his heated path began on her face before dipping down slowly. Her heated skin now burned from his gaze.

"Stop that and talk to me." She finally got enough willpower to speak. "Every time I ask you about Xavier you sidetrack me with sex and hours later I forget what I asked you."

Anger flashed behind her eyes . She placed her hands on her hips and waited for him to answer her.

*Come back to bed. You look so sexy when you are*

upset.

No! She answered his mental call. *We are going to talk for once. No mind blowing sex, no kissing, no touching, nothing. Nothing!*

*I could get rid of that frustration you feel, it's not good for the baby.*

Arrg, she could just strangle him and his calm attitude. Just looking at him — no — she wouldn't look at him, or she would fall prey to his demand.

"We are going to talk," she sternly told him.

His face hardened just a bit before going back to its soft, lustful look. "Fine."

Rose didn't know how to take that. Never had he given up so easily. He usually would have jumped up, dragged her kicking and screaming, before throwing her on the bed where he would make her scream for him to keep going. The thought of why he would stop now made her wonder.

"It's because you are so stubborn sometimes and we do need to talk about it."

Javon sat up in the bed, patted the side of the bed where he wanted her to sit. The way he smiled told her she couldn't trust him. He looked like a snake and she was the mouse.

"I am not going to do anything to you." He smiled again. "Yet."

"Confident, aren't we?"

"Always." He patted the bed again.

Taking a deep breath, she moved to sit beside him. Once she was comfortable on the bed, she looked into his eyes.

"You wanted to know what happened," he began the conversation, "Xavier is going to the extreme to flush us out. He has had someone to go and present to a Juevama to make me a Nodoro."

"That's great," Rose spoke too fast, well, from the way he lifted his eyebrow at her it let her know it wasn't good. "Not great?"

"If you and your friend's life weren't in jeopardy, then yes I would love to become a Nodoro, but because of our current situation, no. I would never put your life in danger but if you were changed, brought over to our world then I could take that chance of leaving you alone. You would be able to defend yourself better, contact with me more and even bond with me easier. Right now, I don't want to risk you or our unborn child's safety."

Javon took his mate's hand, rubbing his thumb across the symbol on her wrist. "You are my world and I can't and won't lose you to this world, you know that Rose. But if I don't do my duty as a Nodoro and not stand up for my beliefs then my God would do great punishment to me. He might not kill me because but he probably would take away your love for me and fill you with hate for me. If they do that then you would not miss me,

probably would not even think about me for years. But I would remember you every day. Only then when I am released from my prison will they return your love to you."

Just the thought of losing him made her heart feel pain; she couldn't lose Javon when her life had finally begun. If he had to be a leader, then a leader he shall be. If that meant she had to put her life in danger along with him, she would.

"No!" he told her. "You will not do it."

"But I love you."

His face once again softened. "I love you also, always will, but I will not ask you nor will I put you in danger because of my duties. Let's not worry about that right now. The term alone could take six to eight months to come to a decision. Right now let's worry about getting little Alexxa My'ari into the picture."

"I promise as long as you know that I love you."

"I know you do."

## CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

### *Alexxa's Birth*

“Javon! You will never touch me again! I hate you and I hate what you did to me!”

Rose wasn't exaggerating, the pains were hitting her every two minutes, and her pain medicine had worn off an hour ago. Javon and Alvin left an hour and a half ago to go to the local hospital and hadn't made it back yet.

“How long does it take to steal some painkillers?” Veronica nearly screamed at Angela before wiping her friend's forehead with a damp cloth. “Is she coming out yet, Angela?”

Angela looked up from her position. They had moved Rosezzettea out of the tub and onto one of the beds in the guestroom. She had prepared for this. Rose complained that the water only made the pain worse. The fact that she was having a vampire's baby and not converted was what made the pain worse. As a vampire she wouldn't have

had this much pain, she would be comfortable with some pressure here and there but the pain wouldn't be as bad as it was now. If she had to measure the pain, a human pain from birth was a ten. Rose had tilted the scale at twenty, thirty minutes ago.

The pain medicine Javon and Alvin went to get would only lessen it some, probably to a normal birth pain but nothing more.

"Veronica, screaming will not help the situation. Javon should be back any minute."

"But she is in so much pain," her friend sounded worried but she couldn't tend to her right now because Alexxa felt like she was ripping the insides of her body to shreds.

"That's normal for her because of what Javon is. If she had another one once she was converted it wouldn't be as bad."

"Another one!" Rose heard that. "Javon will never touch me again! Ever! If he even gets an erection around me I will kill him!" She arched upwards, beads of sweat on her brow as another pain began.

"That's a little harsh, dear." Javon walked into the room, and handed Angela the pain medication before going to her side.

Quickly Angela drew some into a needle then inserted into the IV she had in Rose's arm. Only when the pain eased to a point where Rose didn't

feel like killing him did she open her eyes to a worried mate. Sure, she said she would kill him but she didn't mean it, the pain would make anyone go crazy and say things they didn't mean.

"I am sorry, Rose. I didn't know it would be so hard on you."

And he did not.

Rose had paled to a point she looked ghostly. It was hard for her to breath, and her blood ran through her veins at dangerous speeds.

"I..." she coughed at her scratchy throat. " I'm sorry; I didn't mean it."

Javon pushed her wet hair from her face. "I know, it should be better now."

Better. Yes. She felt a hundred percent better. Even for someone who had been in labor for twelve hours.

"Yes, I am, but I am so tired." Rose grunted, holding her stomach when she felt another pain.

"You are dilated, Rose, push down for me."

Rose heard the Hispanic woman's voice and did as she instructed. The pressure, she felt it low in her belly.

"Push, baby," Javon's voice said from beside her.

It only made her push more.

"Just a little more," Angela ordered. "That's it. Push, Rose."

Rose took a deep breath then pushed down



again. Javon helped by pushing on her back a little.

“There!” Angela’s voice said, with excitement. “The head is out. On the next contraction push again.”

The pain came again and she pushed.

\* \* \* \*

“Well I’ll be damned,” Ian said, from the window he looked in. “She was pregnant.”

Smiling to himself, he moved from the window before someone saw him.

When he stood at the hospital’s entrance, he saw Javon, the very vampire he had been looking for, running with some human. The Dark Guardian had been so distracted that he hadn’t noticed he had followed him back to his home.

What luck he was in when Javon didn’t jump into a car with the human but kept running. Ian followed him to the home and never had he expected to look in on the Dark Guardian’s mate giving birth.

Ian took out his phone but then placed it back in his pocket. He shouldn’t be doing this, being evil, but being evil felt so good.

His body had his soul but it had nothing to do with how he felt. He didn’t feel the need to hunt and kill those evil, he wanted to run with them,

play in the night as they did. He wanted to be free of rules, be free to do as he pleased. Be free of everything.

He might be able to lose his soul soon, for now he would make Xavier a happy vampire. He would bring Veronica Hall to him, himself.

The beautiful blond that stood over Rose would be his target and once he brought her in, gave her to a soulless vampire, then he knew his soul would be taken away from him.

\* \* \* \*

Javon's senses went on high alert but soon calmed when he felt his car pulling into his yard. It had to be Alvin. He held his baby girl, their first child in his arms as Angela finished working on a passed out Rose.

Funny, Rose took one look at the baby, kissed her, and then went into a deep rest. Something he knew she needed. Once Angela took the baby, he would move her to his room, give her his blood and by morning, her body would have healed. The wound from the child, the blood she had lost, everything.

"Alexxa," Veronica called out, just before Javon handed the baby to her. "God, she is so beautiful."

A thin layer of jet-black hair crowned her head. When Alexxa opened her eyes, Veronica didn't

expect to see the dark gray color looking back at her. Javon had explained to her about Dark Guardians having silver eyes like his and that females were born human. Without the silver colored eyes.

Oh! She forgot, Rose's mom had light gray eyes and her great grandmother did. That could be the reason for Alexxa's color.

"All finished." Angela stood. Her clothing was stained in blood. "I will go wash up and you can take your mate to your room to heal. If I am right, she should be good as new by morning."

"What?" Veronica said, as her tired husband came through the door. She smiled, forgetting to ask Javon where he had left him.

"Did I miss the birth?" Alvin said, out of breath. "And how did you get here so fast?"

"Vampire, remember," Javon reminded him.

"Javon, what did Angela mean by Rose should be good as new?"

"She will, once I convert her."

"So she doesn't have to go to the doctor or anything like that for a check up?"

Javon looked at his daughter as she yawned. "No, she doesn't. Tomorrow she will be completely healed."

"But if she's healing what about breastfeeding and things like that?" Veronica needed to know these things.

"It hurts me to say that my child wouldn't be able to breastfeed. I have to heal Rose now, even though she has stopped bleeding she is in a fragile stage. The milk we have for our babies is very healthy."

"Wait..."

"No, Alexxa doesn't need blood, Veronica." He smiled when she sighed in relief. "A male doesn't really become overwhelmed to feed until he is of age. Some parents do feed the child blood in a glass after he is ten or eleven. It helps ease him into that stage so he doesn't kill his first meal. As for little Alexxa here, Angela has all the things needed for her."

Once again Angela came back into the room, followed by several of his staff who wanted to look at the baby.

Javon wrapped Rose in a blanket before picking her up from the bed and carrying her back to their room. He sat down on the bed with her in his lap. She groaned from pain when he laid her head on his shoulders.

"I know, love."

Slowly, he brought her neck over to him, his teeth slid into her throat. For the first time he let his beast take over, drinking her until he could hear her weak heartbeat.

He retracted his fangs from her neck, brought his wrist up to his mouth, and bit down. He

placed his wrist to her mouth, went deep in her mind so she could hear him.

“Drink, Rose.”

And she did as he ordered. Her mouth moved and she latched on, taking his blood into her body as he had wanted for so long. To take his mind off the pleasure of his mate feeding off him, he cleaned up the blood that seeped from his wound and closed up the holes.

“Enough,” he ordered, and she let go as he knew she would.

He laid her down on the bed waiting, knowing that when she woke she would be his Truelove for now and forever.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

Veronica knew she should stay close to the house. She knew she shouldn't be out and about, especially since Javon and Alvin left hours ago. With them gone, Rose asleep, and Angela taking care of the baby, being out and about left her open for anything to attack.

The thought of someone attacking her frightened her but her feet wouldn't stop moving. They acted as if they had a mind of their own, taking her where they wanted to go.

Earlier, while she sat and waited, Javon had come down telling them that Rose would be out for a while. He said that he was going out to look around because he felt someone on his land that shouldn't be. Before she could speak, Alvin volunteered to go. The moment they closed the front door, she felt something deep in her mind and as always, she pushed it away, feeling that it had to be Angela or one of the others trying to test her willpower again. The feeling didn't go away,

not this time. The person in her mind stayed there, more like implanted themselves in her mind.

After the presence finally left her mind, she felt a need to walk, a need to take in the early morning air. It was almost four o'clock and where they lived, vampires had nowhere to hide and didn't have enough time to find shelter, especially if they were walking. So, she didn't have to worry about being attacked. Simon and Alvin should be somewhere on the grounds and if anyone was around, they would be here right now.

Veronica had to lean against a tree for support when another wave of dizziness overtook her. Squeezing her eyelids tightly when the ground under her felt like it moved, trying to make her fall over.

*God, what's happening to me?*

*"Nothing!"*

That one word, one promise made, every bone in her body locked, her head spinning more until she let go of the tree, swaying back then forward until her legs grew weak and the world went dark.

Veronica could have sworn through her darkened state that she could hear a male laughing.

\* \* \* \*

Javon knew his senses weren't off, he knew he

detected someone on his land. The male vampire had just been here, alone with...his body froze, he stopped at the edge of his property.

"What is it?" Alvin asked, from behind.

They had patrolled the entire place, all the while Javon kept saying that someone had been here not too long ago. The scent of the male he couldn't recognize, but no matter who it was, they needed to leave this town soon.

Javon explained to Alvin that since Rosezzettea had the baby she would be in shape to leave tomorrow. They would pack up, take Angela, and move somewhere else for a while. He spoke that having another know of their location could put them all in danger. Alvin didn't mind moving, in fact, he enjoyed this new life. He and Veronica had spoken about changing to a Triane soon. Veronica said she wanted to wait until after she knew Rose would make it over safely. The thought of drinking blood made his stomach turn but to be with his wife for all eternity, he would drink a gallon a day if that's what it took to be with her.

"I told you someone had been here," Javon's voice didn't comfort Alvin at all. When the silver eyed guardian turned to him, Alvin knew that something had happened.

"What's wrong, Javon?"

"I smell fear."

From the way his voice strained, Alvin knew



Javon didn't want to tell him whose fear he smelled.

Licking his now extremely dry lips, Alvin looked around the dark ground. "It's Veronica, isn't it?"

"Yes. I can't pick up on the male but it's not Xavier. Whoever it was had a powerful mind and made her come out here. No struggling, nothing. She didn't go freely but I am willing to bet you that she didn't go awake. I know if she had been awake, we could have heard her screaming for miles."

"Damn it, Veronica!" Alvin screamed into the night, turning away from Javon, as he knew he would begin to cry for his wife.

Alvin's stomach clenched as he thought about what would happen when Xavier got his hands on Veronica again. He forgave her the first time, probably could forgive her for this, but he didn't want anything to happen to her. She had told him that she had done things with Xavier that made her break down and cry as she told her story. But she had to, for her friend, she had to do those things to protect Rose.

"Don't get upset with her, the forces that we are up against are very strong." Javon lifted the cell from his pocket. "I know you don't want to wait but morning is near and I cannot trace her, not now, but I promise that my best will be on her

trail."

Alvin turned around, angry at the fact that if someone had kidnapped Rose, Javon would be running through the woods after her. Nothing would be able to stop him, nothing. The decision had been made, Alvin turned and began walking off.

"Alvin." Strong hands on his shoulders stopped him. "Going off like that would only get you killed."

Pulling away from the vampire's grip, Alvin turned back to him, his brown eyes glossy with anger. "I know you are going to help but I can't sit around all day while you rest and Veronica is being raped or worse, turned. I know it's suicide but it is worth it to save my wife. I don't know where to start or where I am going but I have to try. I know you will be able to find me when you wake."

Javon understood his pain and knew right now if Rose had been the one in Veronica's place, he would be off and no one would be able to stop him. He did wish that Alvin would reconsider and understand that Xavier wasn't the type of vampire to go up against alone and as a human. That had suicide written all over it.

Stepping back, Javon looked down at the young man. "I wish I could change your mind knowing what you're up against. Xavier is not a joke, nor is

the vampire that has taken Veronica. I know you cannot sit while I rest but if you must go, then you must, but I don't approve of it."

Alvin smiled, or attempted to smile before he walked off without another word.

"Dylan, someone has Veronica," Javon finally spoke to the person who had been screaming at him over the cell phone for the past couple of moments.

\* \* \* \*

A groan from pain came from her lips. Her face twisted in anguish as she moved—at least tried to move her body.

What the hell?

Her eyelids flew open, noting the darkness. She couldn't tell where she was. Only a single candle flickered in the distance, not giving her a lot to see.

Okay, what happened? I went walking, why, I would never know. Someone went into my mind and the next thing I know I am here in the bed.

"I am so glad you are awake. Now the fun can begin."

Veronica's eyelids shut. A shudder from fear went straight to her spine. Not a single muscle in her body could move. His voice seemed to paralyze her to a point of no return.

No-no-no, it can't be him. I know it can't be him.

"Yes, Veronica it's me." Xavier moved into the light as he spoke. "And I have missed you so much."

There in the doorway stood Satan in the flesh. Veronica looked into his gray, no, now red eyes, looking at her. His face, for the first time, was hard as stone, just like the rest of his body. Slowly, her gaze traveled downward to notice that he wore no shirt which gave her the perfect view of his oh so lovely chest. On its own, her body responded to his closeness, knowing what he could do to her, knowing how he could make her feel. What she wouldn't do to have him just touch her, just once and relieve the aching pulsing between her thighs. Frustrated at her thought, Veronica pulled hard on the restraints that kept her hands tied above her head. Kicking her legs, she struggled to get away and Xavier only stood there smiling when the sheet on top of her moved downward. The struggling stopped when the thin sheet moved and she discovered she had no clothing underneath. Fear poured from her like a river. Her chest rose, burning from the intake of air. Being naked in Xavier's bed meant one thing, sex, and lots of it. No, she wouldn't do this again. Not now, not ever. Xavier would have a fight on his hands if he thought he could just take her body again and again without her approval.

"So you ran from me, my lovely," he said, with

that same smile on his face.

Xavier moved into the room. Did it just get hot in here all of a sudden or did he just turn on the heater? Xavier had to have done something to the heat. Tiny beads of sweat formed all over her body. The sheet irritated her skin and she wanted to throw it off her body but she knew what would happen if she did.

He sat on the edge of the bed his silver eyes shining brightly from the candles. Veronica inched over on the bed to make sure he did not touch her.

His hand moved quickly, she did not see him but she felt when he touched her. A strangled cry of pain left her lips when he pinched her nipples hard through the sheet.

"I asked you a question. I know it has been long since I took you, but not long enough that you would have forgotten the rules. Tell me, why did you leave me for that Dark Guardian's mate?"

Her teeth bit into her lower lip but she knew if she didn't answer, he would inflict pain on her before pleasure.

"Rose is my friend."

He laughed at her answer not believing her.

"Friend, she is your friend?"

"Yes, Xavier."

"You blocked me out when I called to you. You stayed with that Dark Guardian and his pregnant wife for months, and for months, I looked for you.

Do you know how upset I am at this very moment? Do you even know what pain I have planned for you and your friends?"

Veronica turned away when hot tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Don't cry just yet," he said and then stood from the bed. Veronica watched him close his eyes before he whispered something in a language she had never heard. A low moan from the wind filled the room making her shiver. Several more candles lit on their own giving her more light so she could see. "Nice little trick I learned, isn't it? I wanted you to get a good view of this. Bring him in."

Veronica looked at Xavier quietly. Whom had Xavier kidnapped? She spotted his long brown hair before anything. Alvin.

"No!" she yelled, when two men dragged a half-conscious Alvin into the room.

The two men dropped Alvin on the couch then stood beside him waiting on Xavier's next order.

"Yes!" Xavier taunted. "Has Javon ever told you what happens when a human is given blood that doesn't match up?" His eyebrow lifted, waiting on her response.

Slowly she nodded. Javon had explained a lot of things to her and Alvin, since they considered converting into Trianes. If she remembered correctly, if a human was given the wrong type of blood that human would suffer before dying. No,

Alvin couldn't die on her. He promised they would live together forever.

"Then you know what has happened to your husband? His blood and Virgil's didn't match up. This means he will die."

Veronica didn't care that Xavier would punish her, she had to talk to Alvin. Turning away from Xavier she looked over to her husband. "Alvin. Why did you come here? Why didn't you wait for Javon? Why?"

"If one tear leaves your eyes, I will break his neck right now."

Swallowing the lump in her throat, she had to hold back the tears for Alvin's sake. Xavier would hurt him more for her crying.

"I..." Alvin groaned in pain. "I had to find you. I love you and I did not want you to be hurt by him."

"But you have taken another's blood, tainted blood and you will not live long. You should have stayed with Javon, you should have waited."

"Cut the crap," Xavier snarled. "You don't have much longer to live so you better make it a happy goodbye."

Shaking her head from side to side, she watched as Alvin began to shake uncontrollably. Blood poured from his mouth, at the same time, his eyes rolled into the back of his head.

"Alvin!" Veronica moved to try to comfort

Alvin but she knew Xavier would never let her touch him.

"Too late," Xavier said, with no sympathy what so ever. "Get him out of here!"

The two men grabbed Alvin around the arms, pulled him up and took him out of the room just as he ordered.

Veronica shook her head, her gaze directly on Xavier. She could hear her heart beating faster and faster. The blood in her veins moved at a pace she knew should be giving her heart attack right now. She did not care, the man that stood in front of her, she wanted dead.

"Bastard," she whispered, in anger. "I am going to kill you."

Something wasn't right, she felt it deep down in her soul, something had happened to her and from the smile on Xavier's face he knew it.

"Say that again, without the lisp this time."

Calming down or as best she could, she ran her tongue over her lips. Her tongue met two long teeth instead of normal sized teeth. *The bastard changed me! The bastard changed me!*

*God no, no, he didn't.*

Again, she ran her tongue over her teeth, pushing it against her teeth and when the first drop of her blood touched her tongue she jerked from the taste.

"Overtaking isn't it? Your first taste of blood,



your own. In a million years you would never thought you tasted so sweet. It was like a rush, a drug rush and right now you want more, you need it more than life itself." His voice went to a whisper, "More than worrying about your husband who is going to die anyhow, you would do anything to get one...more...taste. A taste that isn't yours. A taste is all you need."

He spoke the truth and it killed her. She could feel that one taste wasn't going to be enough. She craved more, a lot more. Her entire being trembled in hunger at the thought of tasting Xavier, drinking his blood...her eyes narrowed, killing him.

"No, my lovely," he said moving a little closer, letting her smell his scent knowing that it would drive her crazy. "Your first meal won't be of me. Why," he stood back when she snapped her teeth at him, desperate to clamp down on him, "you will kill me if I do that. When we finally mate, only then will you be able to control that hunger."

Her eyes rolled and she groaned in pain as if her very soul was being ripped from her body. It hurt. It hurt like hell, the craving, the want, the need, all of it, ten times as strong as before and the longer she did not get it the more she hurt.

"It's taking effect isn't it?" He touched the nipple on her right breast that had peeked from under the sheet. Veronica snarled, her back

arching trying to get him to touch her more, feed her at the same time fuck her. Xavier teased her, rubbing her nipple with gentle and provocative strokes. Touching it, pulling it softly, driving her crazy with desire. "You thought being a Chosen would be easy? The effects have started and you cannot control them. You are so wet right now; I can smell it all over this room. You want me to take your blood, at the same time take your body over and over again until we are too drained to move. But that's not it, no, you don't just want sex, you want me to let you feed from me as I do from you."

His warm hand cupped her breast. Pleasure shot through her driving her wild with need. A snarl rose before the words left her lips. "Yes." Veronica's eyes were red with anger at him for making her suffer this much. "I need it all!" she yelled to the ceiling, her body moving to get closer to his hand, wanting the hand on her body to move or pinch her or do something before she went crazy. Not only hold her breast in his hand but also give her the pleasure she needed. "Give me." Her teeth were all the way out, her sanity gone, now replaced with a force she never felt before. Evil. It flowed through her now, stronger than anything in the world and she wanted it, no matter how she got it. "I want blood."

"How badly do you want it, Veronica?" His

eyes narrowed at her as he removed his hand, turning away from her when she did not answer him quickly enough.

“No!”

He turned back to her, eyes red in dominance, looking into her soul as he spoke. “Watch what you say or how you speak to me. You have no say so right now. You will feed when I say you do. You are to have me and me alone. Do you understand?”

Closing her eyes in fear she nodded but quickly spoke knowing he liked to hear her speak when he asked something. “Yes.”

“Good.” He seemed pleased with her answer. “Bring him back in.”

Once again, they dragged her husband back into the room, stopping at the edge of the bed.

“He is no longer your husband, Veronica. I am. You are not a Hall or a Moning, your last name is Aguirre. You are my Chosen and we will live forever as one. This is only a human to you now, they all are. They are only for food and fucking.” He smiled at the thought. “Though you will only play with a human in my presence and if I am pleased I will let you take a lover every now and then. Until then you are mine, do you understand?”

Her attention might have been on Xavier but she wanted the blood running through the veins

of Alvin. The pain her body felt only could be stopped when she fed.

"Yes." Her voice held more evil to it. "I need..." she stopped speaking, thinking about what she was about to do.

Veronica seemed to have done a one eighty in less than five seconds. One moment she wanted to cry for her husband, now she wanted to feed from him, kill him to be exact.

"Yes you will kill him," Xavier said, looking at the men. "I will not take you as my lover yet, Veronica. You will suffer for what you have done. I do need you strong for the trip back to Dark Town, the only place I know where they wouldn't look for us. Feed him to her and once he is dead, leave. We leave here tonight."

With that instruction, he left the room.

The two men dragged Alvin over to her, with her not thinking straight. The call for blood was in her now. Her teeth slid into his throat, the blood wasn't as fulfilling as she wanted but she didn't care. She clamped down more as they pushed him closer, taking more blood into her. His unconscious groan only made her feed faster, drawing more of his elixir down.

"No!" she yelled when they pulled him away. "More!"

The restraints stopped her from getting up.

"He is dry," one of them said.

"More!" she yelled again, thrashing back and forth on the bed. The sheet moved more off her body as she kicked and screamed, giving the men a perfect view of her body.

Their smell of arousal stopped her movement. She smiled, her teeth aching to latch on to the dark one's neck. "I want you." She said, seductively. "What's your name?"

As she spoke, she moved her body over the mattress, grinding as if she were making love to someone.

"Eric," he spoke, his gaze going to her body taking in his fill as he held her now dead husband.

"Well, Eric, I need more blood and yours smells wonderful. The other smells like he still has a soul, weak, but he still has it." She frowned at him. "I can't be with him, but you I can. I know you want me. I can smell it. Drop him and take from me."

Eric let go of Alvin and Ian had to hold him by himself.

"Eric, what are you doing?" Ian whispered.

Veronica looked over at the man and gave him a smile. She knew that they underestimated her powers but she was strong, stronger than he thought. In a short amount of time she had learned to hypnotize already and she planned on using it to get more blood.

Eric's leg touched the bed. "Eric, don't," Ian called out.

Veronica smiled widened as he moved closer to her. She heard the blood moving through his vein. It called for her.

“Let...him...go...now!”

Veronica jerked, her gaze going to the door where a now fully clothed Xavier stood with an angry look on his face.

Eric jerked back, his eyes wide in panic at what just happened.

Veronica snarled out in frustration when Eric moved away from her, almost falling out of the bed.

“I...” she said, but Xavier growled at her to be quiet.

“Eric, take the body out,” Xavier ordered, when he knew she had fully released him. “I know you thought that I would kill you but I only left you here to see how strong she already was. Seeing that performance made my heart swell because I knew I have picked the perfect strong mate.”

Eric quickly grabbed Alvin’s body and took it out the door.

Veronica could only look at Xavier in fear of what he might do to her. She knew he had said no feeding except for Alvin but with him being sick, the blood didn’t sustain her. She needed his, she needed his body, and she knew he wouldn’t give in to his desire to take her until he was ready.

“I see my little Chosen doesn’t listen well does

she?"

He might have a smile on his face but his body gave off an angry vibe. When he sat on the edge of the bed she tensed, waiting on the hit she knew was coming.

"I am sorry."

Xavier laughed. "No you are not. You knew what you were doing and you would have succeeded, if I hadn't stopped you. You used your body to get him off balance and you took over his mind, made him want you more than before. I like it, don't you know the rules? I say no and I mean no."

"But..."

The pain, she couldn't take it. Everywhere hurt. Her nipples needed to be touched, her stomach from the hunger, in between her legs where it throbbed the most, and the one that could give her a release sat there, not touching her. He wanted her, she knew that from his smell of desire, but she knew he wanted to punish her also.

"No buts. Learn this, Veronica," he said, while unshackling her arms. "You will listen and you will not feed until I tell you. This is the second and last time I am telling you this. You have clothing in the closet, get dressed. Apparently, I can't rest with you naked and beside me all day. Tonight we leave here and if you are a good girl I may let you have a release when you wake."

The thought that he couldn't control his urges made her want to smile. Now she knew what Javon and Rose felt like. A pull of desire to have Xavier constantly eating at her soul, making her want to go deep into his mind as she did with Eric and make him take her. She knew once he had her, he would never let her go and that thought only made liquid run down her thighs.

A low sound came from Xavier. She turned to see him lying on his stomach to relieve some of the pressure he felt in his pants.

Turning back to the closet she knew that he wouldn't be able to hold out much longer.



## CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

Rosezzettea woke with a start. It came back to her, all of her dreams. The one before she met Javon; it was about the woman Irene running, the other women that Xavier tortured, all of it. All the pain, all the suffering came to her in one big blur.

That didn't bother her as much as the last one, her friend, Veronica. No way, had Xavier changed Veronica. There was no way Xavier had killed her husband.

"No!"

Strong arms wrapped around her waist, pulling her back to him.

"What's wrong, Rose?"

Her body shook in his arms, she didn't want to believe it was true but it was. She knew it was. All of the people she dreamed about she had seen once in her life. Even if they had only passed in the streets.

Irene, the woman that died in the hospital, she remembered seeing her walking with a man. At

the time, she was pregnant and Irene had been to Dark Town last. The golden haired woman she nursed at the hospital had suffered at that town. They all had suffered there and she knew it because she had met them.

Her mind had somehow in its human stage formed a bond with them because she knew they were in danger but she couldn't do anything about it because she didn't know them personally.

"Rose," Javon called out again.

Instead of answering, she pulled away from his grip and jumped out of her bed. She felt stronger than before, her mind opened, taking in everything. She heard the maids and everyone downstairs. Her baby; she heard the steady heartbeat while she slept in the next room.

Grabbing her robe, she went out the room and over to where her baby was sleeping. Slowly she walked over to the crib smiling down at her beautiful baby girl.

"She is beautiful, isn't she?"

Rose turned around to see Javon standing behind her. His brown hair rustled for the first time and he had on the black silk bottoms to the pajama top she had on.

"Yes," she said, with a smile. "Where are Veronica and Alvin? I can't feel them here."

Javon moved into the room, looking at his lovely mate. "Veronica was kidnapped and Alvin

went after her. I told him to wait. Dylan is on the case but...I don't know..."

"She is turned." Rose said, in a calm tone.

"What!" he whispered.

Rubbing her baby's face once more she walked out of the room.

"I said that Xavier turned Veronica. Alvin is dead and Veronica killed him."

Javon grabbed her arm stopping her by the railings. "What do you mean? How do you know that?"

Her eyes glossed with water. "I don't know if you heard about a woman checking herself into a hospital and in hours died of something they couldn't figure out."

"Irene," he said, remembering the woman's name.

Her eyes narrowed but she didn't go into his mind. "How did you know?"

"I ran into Irene before coming to Dark Town. She had been given blood from a Dark Guardian or Dementra to be precise. I looked into her mind, trying to find the location but they had a barrier so thick it would have taken days and several of us together to break through. I told her to check herself into the hospital."

Rose nodded. "Well, I dreamed about what happened before she died. I saw her running in the forest. I remember everything now, the fear,

the torture and..." Rose turned from him looking down the flight of stairs. "I used to have nightmares and woke not remembering what they were about until you fully brought me over. I dreamed of over ten or more women and men. Each being tortured but Irene had been the only one to escape the house." Rose frowned. "But I don't know why I dreamed about it."

Javon rubbed her shoulders trying to ease the tension. "All of us are psychic. You, me, all the Dark Guardians, Dementra, Trianes, even Alexxa. Some stronger than others, one so strong, Kris, he can use his mind to touch things. All Trueloves have it, some weak until they are changed. Some only come out once they are over. We mostly have dreams of each other before we meet. I considered it a pre-meeting to let us know we are about to meet our life partners."

"I understand and since I know it was real, Veronica has changed and I know what you have to do but I don't think I can stand losing her, Javon." Tears formed in her eyes. "She didn't know, she couldn't think straight, I felt it. She needed blood, wanted it and Xavier made Alvin her first meal."

Javon pulled her closer smoothing her black hair back. "I know but I can't let her kill and live. I have a job."

Angrily, she pushed away from him. "And she

is my best friend. I cannot let you kill her.”

Javon understood her pain but Rose didn't know that if he let Veronica live as a killer he would be sentenced and she would lose him.

“I understand your anger Rose, but I cannot let your friend walk as a killer. Now, if it makes you feel better I can send her to a Nodoro to be judged and I won't be the one that has to do it.”

Rose turned to him, snarling, before storming back into the room.

“Has she fed?” Angela asked, as she walked up beside with a tray. A bottle for the baby and a mug full of blood for Rose. “You know that when a human is turned the first feeding could be difficult. I found that if they take their first feeding in a cup, when they finally feed from a live person, it won't be overwhelming.” Taking the cup from the tray, she handed it to him. “I didn't mean to overhear but I will say that I understand her pain. She has lost so many in only a year. Remember her other two friends, Faith and Rita? She felt bad but she had Veronica. She loves you, Javon, really does but to hear that her one and only friend is about to be murdered by her lover...” Angela frowned. “That's not the way to start a new life. Now, before you say anything about your rules, I understand that also. I think it would be best to send Veronica to be judged. Maybe try to get her soul back. I doubt Nairapha would let it go but

what's the harm?"

With that thought, she left him and went into the baby's room.

Javon sighed before walking back into his room.

\* \* \* \*

Javon closed the door to see that she had changed into a pair of jeans and a white tank top.

"Where do you think you are going?"

Her eyes narrowed in anger at the tone of his voice.

"To see if I can find my friend and talk to her."

"You can't do that, Rose," he said, while placing the cup on the dresser. "You cannot help a person that has lost their soul. You might as well talk to a wall."

"I know she won't hurt me."

"How do you know that when you said you saw her kill Alvin in your dreams and what she felt?"

"She wasn't in her right mind. I can help her!"

"How do you know she will be in her right mind when you go to her? What makes you think that she wouldn't try to kill you? Your friend Veronica is long gone, Rose."

"No..." Rose grabbed her head, a sudden dizziness over taking her.

“Rose!” Javon caught her before she touched the floor.

He took her back to the bed, laid her down before going back to the dresser and grabbing the cup of blood. Javon wanted to feed her through him but Angela was right. Rose didn’t grow up as he had and she might not take to feeding from him. He was glad of that, even with her being healed; he knew she would want him sexually and he could take her but her human mind would wonder about it.

“Drink this,” he ordered.

Rose turned her head away from the substance but her stomach rumbled at the smell of the blood, it smelled damn good but she couldn’t drink it. It was blood for Pete’s sake!

“No I don’t want it.”

Grabbing her up, he pulled her in his lap. “You have to, Rose. You are not strong enough to be walking around in your condition. I gave you a lot, but you must feed now or you will become ill. You have made it through the Transition Stage well, better than a lot of people.”

Once again, she pushed the cup away from her lips.

“Please, Rose, I promise you it is not gross at all.”

Rose let him press the cup all the way to her lips this time. Her stomach rumbled again and she

knew food would not stop it. She opened her mouth when the red liquid touched her lips. From the first sip she knew she would gag but didn't. It tasted good, actually it tasted great. She grabbed the cup from him, downing the rest of it.

He watched, obviously happy that she was doing it on her own.

"Thanks," she told him, handing him back the cup. "But I am still mad at you."

Quickly she jumped off his lap and grabbed her shoes lacing them.

"You cannot go alone," he said quietly.

Growling, something she seemed to enjoy doing now, she looked up at him. "Why not?"

"Because it an hour before the sun sets and you cannot go out in the sun anymore, remember? If you do, you will get a life threatening sunburn. I love you, Rose, and I want to help but running out of here like Alvin is not a smart thing to do. Now if you want we can wait until dark and we will go out together, or you can try to go now and I will tie you to the bed and go alone. The choice is yours."

The darkness of his voice made her shiver. She turned to him, looking into his silver eyes, thinking...

"And you can't seduce me to go alone. Your choice, you wait or you get tied to the bed. I really wish you would choose tied to the bed. What fun I



could have with you when I returned to my mate, bound to the bed ready and waiting for me."

She felt her teeth lengthen in her mouth, stretching her gums for the first time. "You wouldn't dare."

Javon snorted. "Try me. I do love you but I will not let any harm come to you and if making you upset with me for the next century keeps you safe then I am prepared to take that chance." He smiled. "And you look cute with your fangs out like that. Do you want a bite?"

Concentrating she retracted her teeth. "Screw...you." Then she left the room and went into the baby's room again.

Javon didn't move this time knowing that she wasn't going to leave the house without him. The thought of him binding her to the bed made her hot and ashamed at the same time.

He would have to teach her a lot of things and soon. Running his tongue over his fangs, he thought...very soon.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

Javon never knew how relieved he felt until he followed Rose outside and the sun had already set. To think about it he did not know how she had gotten out of the house so quickly. One minute she laced her shoes, the next she had made it out the door before he could put on his own clothing.

"Rose, you cannot go running out in the middle of nowhere by yourself." Javon grabbed her arm stopping her from walking.

"Go away, Javon."

"Why are you so upset with me, Rose, why?"

Talking loudly she looked up in his eyes, her eyes red as fire, she told him again. "You are going to kill my best friend."

"But..."

"No buts," she snapped, then she continued, "Even if you send her away to be judged, you are the one killing her. I have no one in my old life anymore. I got them killed back at Dark Town. I

was the one that suggested we go there and I am the one that will avenge my friend's death." Looking down she tried to calm her heart pounding against her chest. "I know you love me, Javon, I love you, but I will not let Xavier get away with this. If Veronica has to die then he will also die. By my hands or yours, but this will be it. He made my friend kill her husband. Do you know how badly she feels right now? I do. I know what she felt in my dreams. Veronica is still Veronica. Her soul may be weak but she is my friend."

Rose tried to snatch her arm away from him but he held onto her firmly. He knew how upset she felt but that still did not mean he would let her go off looking for Xavier.

"Leave me alone, Javon! I know what I am..." Rosezzettea stopped talking, listening, remembering what Xavier had told Veronica in her dreams.

"What is it, Rose?"

"Dark Town," she whispered. "Dark Town," she repeated. "The bastard said that he would take her back to Dark Town because no one would look for them there. I have to get back to Dark Town. Veronica is there and...and if I don't make it in time, she will be lost to me. If Xavier gets there with her, he will teach her things that would mold her into the evil Chosen he wants. Javon, we have to go there, now."

"We will, Rose, but we cannot walk there. First, we need to get Angela and the baby out of here and to a secret location. Until I know they are out of here, I will not leave the baby unprotected. I will send them somewhere and have Kris watch over them. Kris is the only one I know who will be able to sense evil coming days before it arrives."

Rosezzettea nodded. "Do that but hurry. I feel that I have time to save my friend."

"If it is true you feel that your friend came over with her soul still intact then you do not have to fear her having to go away or having a Dark Guardian kill her. If you are right other Dark Guardians will know this, I will know this the second that I am in her presence. The problem is if Xavier notices then I fear for your friend. If it is true that Xavier is taking her back to Dark Town, I know that he has something in that lab of his to help her lose her soul."

Still holding her arm, Javon pulled her back towards the house. Rose may be right about Veronica but he had to get there fast just to see if he could help Veronica before she did turn into a dangerous killer. If he had to sentence Veronica, he did not know if he could live with Rose being upset with him and with her temper she might not be easily pleased.

"Angela," Javon called, from the front door.

Angela came down the long spiral steps

carrying Alexxa in her arms. Without a word, she handed Rose the baby and went up to Javon.

“Yes, sir?”

Rosezzettea walked away with the baby and Javon knew she wouldn't try to leave with the baby so he exhaled looking back at Angela.

“Angela, I need you to go to my other home in Higgins Lake, Michigan. Once there you and the others stay inside and make sure the baby is safe.” Javon took a breath, looking down the hallway where Rose and the baby had disappeared. “I wish I could get her to stay also.”

When Angela smiled Javon went deep into her mind. She thought that in all her years of knowing him, she never knew him to care about anyone besides himself. He never treated her or any of his workers badly; he just never showed any affection towards any woman before. Human or not, he did not let them know what he felt no matter what. And she was correct. He never knew what loves was until he meet Rosezzettea.

“Trust in her judgment, Javon. Your mate is strong and you have to understand that she doesn't want to lose another person close to her.”

“I know but what will happen when we get back to Dark Town – if they are even there – and Veronica is not the same person anymore? Do you know how hurt Rose is going to be?”

Angela nodded her head. “Veronica has a

strong heart and soul. I believed that if she killed her husband she had good reasons..."

"Yeah, she had turned evil," he interrupted.

"No," she said shaking her head. "No, don't ever think like that. I do not think Veronica killed because she had evil in her. I believed something happened to Alvin, something made her have to do it. Maybe Xavier made her do it, maybe another force, I don't know. But believe in me when I say this, Veronica did not do it of her own free will."

"I hope you are correct, Angela. Now, go take the baby and when you and the others get there, you let me know. I will contact Kris and see if he will watch over the baby until..."

Javon stopped speaking when his cell rang. He reached into his pocket pulling it out. In the little screen the name Kris appeared in bright blue letters.

He couldn't have known I wanted him. Javon said to himself before answering the cell.

"Hello," he said, unsure how to approach the unexpected call.

"I will be in Michigan before they even get there," Kris said, over the phone.

"You know, Kris, that is a little scary, even for me. Boy what I wouldn't do to have your powers."

The other Dark Guardian laughed.

"I know, I know. Just tell that sweet maid of yours that I am still available when she is ready."

Javon smiled down at Angela and she must have known that Kris said something about her.

"What did he say?" she asked.

"I do not know what you have done to Kasson or Kris, but you have those two eating out the palm of your hands."

A low snort issued from her lips. "Tell Kris that I am not into Dark Guardians. I will take a werewolf any day of the week. Just don't tell Kasson I said that." Angela smiled at Javon when he frowned, before walking off to do as he said.

Javon turned his attention back to his cell. "She said..."

"I heard what she said and believe me, when I see that flea bag I am going to beat the crap out of him."

Javon head flew back as he laughed. "I want to see that and make sure you stay away from Angela, you know how she is."

"Yeah right. Me, stay away from those long sexy legs and tight little butt, never. I will have her right where I want her and I will make sure I get at least one kiss from her this time."

"And how, may I ask, are you going to do that?"

"She is trapped in a home with only me and me alone. From there I will wine and dine her until

she falls under my spell.”

“I have to go, Kris, not that I haven’t enjoyed your little plan for seducing my workers but I am sure that it will take more than that to get Angela.”

Javon ended the call, hoping that this time Kris behaved and did not end up with a black eye or something worse from Angela.

*Rose, are you ready to leave?* Javon asked mentally.

*Yes. I just fed the baby and before you ask me, I am still going with you, not Angela.*

What was going on with him and people reading his mind? Did he have it open for the entire world to look through? He had done this so long that it did not feel like he did. Maybe he did. Hell, he did not know anymore.

*I only thought that you would want to leave with the baby.*

“If I say ‘no’ I would be lying,” she said, standing behind him. “I just know I need to be with my friend. She needs me.”

Javon reached out, relieved that she didn’t pull back from him. “I know, my love, you love her, she loves you, but I love you more and I do not want to lose you.”

Rose leaned against his chest, and inhaled. “I know,” she whispered. “I really do understand but you have to promise me one thing.”



Javon released her when she pulled back.  
“What is it, Rose?”

“No matter what happens between me and Veronica, let it. Don’t intervene if you don’t have to. I will kill her if I have to.”

Javon shook his head in disagreement.

“Yes,” she smiled. “Let me.”

“We’ll talk about it on the plane, for now, let’s go.”

## CHAPTER FORTY

“**A**nd we are going back to Dark Town, why?” Virgil asked from beside Xavier and Veronica.

“Because,” Xavier snarled. “I know they will come back looking for her.” He stroked her hair, moving it away from her face. Veronica moaned in her sleep and moved closer to him.

He had awakened hours before her, dressed and carried her to the airport and then onto the plane. He knew how tiresome this transaction would make her.

His Chosen had to be tired because she hadn’t stirred or opened her eyes since they left.

“So we go back where hundreds of Dark Guardians can find us then throw us back in jail?”

“Think, Virgil. They have used all their men earlier and they will not do it again. Not this time. Especially, not for a woman who is losing her soul.”

“Losing?” Virgil repeated. “But...I...thought?”

"You thought wrong." Xavier teased him. "Veronica still has her soul but it's very weak, just as Ian's is. Ian is a little disappointed that he did not lose it when he kidnapped Veronica but it's okay. He just has to give it more time. Veronica, on the other hand, is holding onto hers. Why, I cannot tell you why or how, but I do know that Rosezzettea will come with Javon to rescue her, or at least try to save her friend." Veronica moaned low in her sleep and Xavier had a thought, only for a brief moment, to take her right then and there. It has been a painful couple of hours without having her knowing he could always take her when he wanted but refused to reward her so soon. "Rose has been through hell and back. She lost her first two friends at Dark Town, then her virginity, and then she will lose Veronica. Well, my plan will be for you and myself to keep Javon back while I let Veronica kill Rose."

Virgil smiled, nodding as he listened to his boss' plan. "That sounds like a great idea."

"Yes, it is. Afterwards she will have lost her soul and then we can live and will do it by taking over this city. Killing will be priority number one. Per, Nairapha's orders, he wants Dark Guardians' souls, all of them, and once they are down there he will make sure they suffer for all eternity. As you should know, I will be over all of this. When this is all over, Veronica will be your queen. She will be

our queen and me, your king."

\* \* \* \*

Javon walked up to Rose, placing what looked like a gun into her hand. "What is this?"

"That is a gun." He smiled.

Rose scowled at him, looking cute as she did. "I know it is a gun, smartass vampire. What is in it should be a more appropriate question then?"

"Have you ever shot a gun before?"

"No, but I am a fast learner."

"First things first, do not shoot yourself with it. It has nitroglycerin, along with other chemicals that will kill you the moment it touches your internal organs."

Rose flipped it a couple of times before looking up at Javon again. "You want me to use it on Veronica if I have to."

"Correct, only if you cannot control her," He reached down pulling her up until she stood in front of him. "I don't know how much I have to stress how much I love you and I will not lose you. Not here, not now."

He leaned down touching his lips to hers before she could say anything. Rose opened her mouth to protest but he slipped his tongue into her mouth, tasting her, as she so loved.

Javon slid his hands around and cupped her

backside, pulling her fully against his erection.

Rose drew in a breath at his aggressive behavior while at the same time pleasure shot through both of them. Moist heat pooled between her legs as he slid his hands down to her thigh then back up to her backside, groaning when she moaned into his mouth.

"You two..." Dylan said, as he sat down in the seat. "Get a room."

Rose smiled when Javon released her lips with a growl. He turned growling at the other man.

"Why are you back here, shouldn't you be up front with the pilots? Why did I let you come in the first place?"

Rose pushed at Javon's chest, silently telling him to be nice. When he finally released her, she sat down beside Dylan.

"I got bored listening to them talk about nothing..."

"So you came back here to..." Javon said.

"Stop you two from fucking."

Javon growled, reaching for Dylan but Rosezzettea stood, and his hands circled her waist instead of Dylan's neck.

"Be nice, we will have time," she told him, before she nibbled at his bottom lip with her teeth. Javon did not answer or respond to her at first, not until she teased him with her tongue, sliding it over his mouth.

He looked back at her, the red in his eyes fading quickly.

*You are playing a dangerous game, little girl.*

*Yeah, I know.*

Rose kissed him once more before moving back in her seat but Javon still stood looking at Dylan who had a great big smile on his face, challenging Javon to do anything to him while Rose sat beside him.

"You know, Rose, I have someone you can practice shooting on."

"Really?" Dylan spoke first.

"Yes. It might be small but I don't think Dylan would mind you shooting at him while he moves back and forth like one of the targets at a fair."

Rose chuckled at them. Even with them arguing half the time...correction...all the time, they did really like each other.

"No thanks, I don't think I am going to use it."

Dylan stood, feeling that these two had to get something off their chest.

"I'm leaving."

Javon waited until Dylan had gone and walked back to Rose.

She smiled, sat up in the chair and began to unfasten his pants.

She pushed them down his muscular legs.

Once out of them she looked at his hard body then up to his eyes questionably.

"You have to open your mind up to me again," he answered her unspoken question. "Only then would you know what I want and how to."

Rose concentrated for a moment then her walls faded away.

The moment she felt him in her mind she felt fire.

Liquid fire rushed flowed through her veins.

"Touch me, Rose."

She hesitated then grabbed his erection. She let go when it moved. She thought she had hurt him or something.

His laughter brought her gaze back to his.

"No, Rose, you did not hurt me. I am just a little more excited than I thought."

She cupped him again then moistened her lips before licking the tip. He groaned but kept still so she could explore him all she wanted.

Rose followed the instructions in his mind.

She took the tip in her mouth first before pulling back until only the head remained then repeated it.

Javon knew his body couldn't take more of her touching. She was following his instruction but she was killing him already. Her warm mouth moved over his tip, then released, when she did it the second time, she took as much of him as she could.

His beast roared and tried to rise but he held it

down. He wanted to thrust deep into her mouth but he knew it would take time for that. He muttered as her tongue teased the tip.

Rose smiled when Javon shuddered. It made her feel like a woman in control.

She took another inch into her mouth while one hand went to his sac and the other stroking the back of his erection that she couldn't fit in her mouth.

That was it. She would have time to explore later.

The taste wasn't as bad as she thought it would be.

She felt it pulse and grew harder, if possible, when her tongue teased the tip before she took him back in her mouth.

He hissed and drew in a deep breath.

"Rose," he moaned. "Faster."

Rose moved faster, her head bobbed and she applied more pressure as she did.

Her body was getting wetter by the second and he wasn't even touching her.

*Yes, god, that feels wonderful.*

His hand grabbed her hair when she let her teeth scrape his sensitive tip.

Her eyelids drifted shut and she worked harder and faster to satisfy him.

*Sweetheart, if you don't stop you are going to make me come.*



That's what she wanted.

Even though she heard his pleas she felt his urgency for her to continue.

With another groan, she felt him throb and suddenly he filled her mouth with his seed.

She thought about pulling back but instead she swallowed.

When he finished and some of his strength returned, he gripped her arm, pulling her out of the chair.

"This isn't the most comfortable spot, but I promise to be gentle," he told her as he laid her on the small couch in the corner of the plane. Slowly, he crawled over her heated body.

They were now eye to eye, soul looking into soul.

"I love you so much, Rose."

"I love you."

His tongue traced her lips before driving deep within her mouth.

His hand moved over her body.

This was what she wanted, his hands on her body, his tongue in her mouth.

When he released her to get some much needed air, her body was already trembling.

He reached down testing her readiness as he took a rosy nipple in his mouth.

When he found her wet, he never knew why he doubted her want for him.

*I need you now, Javon. Please don't tease me.*

Slowly he pushed two fingers into her.

*Javon! Please.*

*Aren't I pleasing you, love?*

*I need you, Javon.*

*And I need you.*

Releasing her breast, he moved back over her, staring into her eyes, going into her soul.

*I can never deny you anything, Rose. Never.*

He guided himself inside her. Her felt her body hotter and tighter with ever inch he went.

Rose felt dizzy all of a sudden.

She closed her eyes at the feeling of his body stretching hers.

He felt warm, different...

No, it wasn't her feelings she felt, it was Javon's.

Her body felt what he felt.

When she opened her eyes, she saw her body. She was still herself but she was in Javon's mind also.

She never felt anything as amazing as she did with each thrust from Javon's body.

Her body was so hot, so welcoming, with each tremble she felt herself getting wetter, which made if feel so much better.

She had to close her eyes at the sensation.

*No, Rose, look at yourself. See what I see, feel what I feel.*

*What's happened, Javon?*

*I will explain later for now feel what I feel.*

*Javon, I am going to burn up.*

*You are not. This, what you feel, what we feel, it is beyond bonding. You feel the pleasure your body gives me. I feel the pleasure I give you. I never want this feeling to end.*

*God, Javon!*

*No keep them open, I don't want to lose this.*

Her eyelids threatened to close again. There was no way she could keep feeling like this.

The emotion was so strong between them.

He grabbed her body to still her and he moved into her with hard, swift strokes.

Both their desires intensified beyond control.

With each fierce thrust her slick hot muscles clenched him, bring his own pleasure.

*Feel it, Rose, I can feel your climax coming at the same time.*

She threw her head back and screamed loudly when the orgasm started. She didn't know if it was hers or his or when it started or ended.

All she knew was the feeling.

Her long black hair whipped around wildly as she twisted under him. Her body muscles clenched him so tightly he was forced to stop moving.

Javon had to close his eyes to keep from coming. Her release was strong and powerful like nothing before. It was so powerful that she had almost broken their link.

The pleasure she was feeling wasn't just her own it was his also.

Javon wanted to give her everything she always wanted. He wanted to pour all of his emotions, all his love that he couldn't express to her with his lovemaking. The fire raged in him like a forest fire, he felt his fangs pushing up against his mouth.

No! Not now!

He wouldn't take her blood. He wasn't an animal that needed it. He could control that lust.

For centuries he had.

*Do it, Javon.*

No.

His strokes were becoming more animalistic and urgent. His body wanted her blood and wanted more from her but he was denying himself that because he thought of himself as an animal if he kept taking her blood.

His body urgent for a release the beast wouldn't let him have without blood.

Her blood.

Instead of arguing with him she pulled her down to her neck.

He almost pulled away until her heard the blood running through her veins.

*You are not an animal, Javon. You want me and you can have all of me, anything you want.*

No, Rose.

*Yes, Javon. I want you to I need you to. I accept your*

*cravings.*

*I will take from you, I want all of you.*

*Yes! You have all of me, Javon.*

\* \* \* \*

Rose gasped; her body shook when his tongue slid over her pulse. Her body tightened before it fell over the edge again.

She felt the vibrations over his growl before his teeth sank down into her waiting flesh.

The second her blood touched his tongue he erupted inside of her.

Javon forced himself to stop feeding and close up the pinpricks. He wanted to give her his blood. He needed her with him and safe.

"That was wonderful," she said against his neck.

"Yes it was," he told her before giving her a kiss. "Thank you for accepting all of me, Rose."

"I knew what you were afraid of. You thought that if you kept taking my blood I wouldn't accept you." She moved his hair away from her face. "I accept you, all of you."

"But I never wanted blood before."

"Didn't you tell me that my blood is the only one you would crave?"

"Yes, but I never knew it would be like that..."

That was all he could say because she was

moving the lower part of her body. His body had hardened again.

"We can talk tomorrow," she whispered then moaned when he rocked the lower part of his body. "Right now, I want you to make love to me as many times as you can."

He moaned at how wet her body was already.

"You are insatiable."

"And so are you."

Feeling him thick Rose cried out, her body arched helplessly, demanding more.

*And you shall receive more.*

*Yes, Javon!*

## CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

“Xavier, please,” Veronica begged for the hundredth time, knowing that Xavier would not give her what she wanted until he knew she had suffered enough. She had already suffered too much. She needed him and his blood. Her stomach rolled followed by cramps deep in her womb that seemed three times worse than having menstrual cramps.

Taking a deep painful breath, she looked up at his silver glaze. His lips formed into a smile but she knew how upset he really was at her. He hated her leaving him and going away with Javon and Rose. He hated that he couldn’t contact her for almost nine months. Most of all he hated her trust of Javon over him. He moved the lower part of his body and she groaned, feeling her slick walls grabbing at the flesh buried deep in her body.

For goodness sake, how long could he keep doing this to her? When they made it back to the town he had rushed her off to their old room,

made her scream her head off. At least five times so far but her last orgasm seemed dull because he wouldn't let her bite him as he had done so many times.

"Do it," he said, leaning down to let her take the blood from his neck.

He reached around, grabbing the back of her head, holding her tightly just in case he had to pull her back from him.

"Now, damn it," he snarled, and thrust so deeply into her she thought she felt him in her stomach.

Again, Veronica's body quaked as the orgasm came out of nowhere and moved back and forth through her body. Damn the orgasm, she did not care about that, she needed his blood. Not wasting anytime to prep his neck she sunk down deep.

His hoarse cry was only faintly heard as his warm seed filled her sex and she did not care what went on. She only cared about the blood flowing over her tongue and down her throat. The rich, creamy, intoxicating taste captured her senses. Xavier's blood tasted stronger, more powerful than Alvin's blood. She wanted more of it, needed more and she would take more until she had her fill. Growling she pushed her fangs deeper until a gush of blood poured down her throat. More of his addictive blood filled her yet she still craved more. Veronica did not know if he spoke, but



suddenly she felt a tight grip on her head pulling her away from him.

"I said enough," he snarled. "Do that again and you will not get to taste me again, ever."

Veronica whimpered from the painful grip tightening on her hair. More afraid from the hit she knew would follow than his words. She waited but the hit never came. Instead, his lips came down on her and for the first time, their first time, Xavier kissed her.

Her arms wrapped around his neck, pulling him closer to her, as his tongue dueled with her tongue. He snarled, tasting his blood in her mouth. He pulled back smiling at her, his teeth long in his mouth as she wondered why he smiled.

"Because," he said, moving away from her body. "Your friends are here and guess what, they came to kill you."

Veronica's eyes widened, her mouth opened but no words came.

*Rose? Here? Please don't let Rose be here, please God. I don't know if I can resist fighting her.*

"It's time," he said. "Get dressed, now. If you spare your little friend I will kill her and I promise you will never have another good day as long as you live."

Veronica nodded, getting out of the bed to redress herself. *Rose, please go away. I don't know if I*

*can do this with you right now. Please go away.*

The prayer went unheard. Veronica knew it because she heard the heartbeat of three other people in the home.

"It's show time," Xavier smiled. "Don't disappoint me."

"I will not."

\* \* \* \*

They entered the entertainment room.

"Javon," Dylan said, from behind Javon and Rose behind them. "I have a bad feeling about this."

"Why?" Javon asked.

"Javon!" Rose yelled as she fell through a trapdoor that closed before they had a chance to turn around.

"That's why," Dylan said.

Javon stood over the trapdoor, stomping hard but it did not budge.

From in front of them, the televisions came on. "Welcome," Xavier said, with a smile on his face."

"Where is Rose?" Javon roared, walking up to the screens.

"Temper, temper, watch and see and you shall find your little Rose. She will be entering the room in five, four, three, two, one..." The screens flipped to another room and there coming through

the trapdoor from the far side of the room, Rose slid down, landing on the hard floor.

*That's going to leave a mark in the morning.*

Standing from the hard floor, Rose knocked the dust off, taking in the room. Frowning, she remembered this room. It was the room Xavier had Veronica in when he made her...

"Rose." A deadly hiss followed her words.

"Shit!" Rose yelled, turning to see Veronica standing behind her, red eyes blazing and all.

Rose gulped stepping back and running right into Xavier. "Holy shit," she yelled, turning to look at him.

"Hello, my sweet. I see that you were a Truelove, man, if I had known that, I would have killed you."

Rose stepped backwards, cocked her head, smiling at him. "Well I do know you are an asshole and I am going to kill you."

Xavier shook his head. "Try her first. She hasn't been properly fed."

"Rose," Veronica called again.

Rose watched Xavier take a step back to let them fight.

"Vern, remember me?"

Veronica shook her head.

"Veronica, you remember me. I know you do." Veronica took a step and Rose backed up. "You have to."

"I want to feed," Veronica hissed.

"Well," Rose smiled, or at least tried to. "Feed off him." She pointed behind Veronica to Xavier who had leaned up against the wall smiling.

Veronica looked at Xavier then back to Rose, her red eyes turning back to the blue color only for a matter of moments, shocking Rose.

"No, he is my Chosen. I want your blood."

"Okay, Vern, I really hate to do this but..." Rose drew her right hand back and swung, punching Veronica directly in the nose.

Veronica's head did not move from the blow. If her nose hadn't bled a little Rose would think the pain in her hand was for nothing.

Wiping her nose Veronica cocked her head, looking at the blood on her hand. With a snarl, she pushed Rose in the chest with her other hand. Surprisingly, Rose lifted off the ground. She flew hard into the concrete walls, shattering the concrete she made contact with.

Rose grunted, falling helplessly to the ground.

"Good girl," Xavier said. "Go finish her off. She knows her lover can see this, up close and personal."

"Damn, she is a lot stronger than me," Rose said to herself when she woke.

"Right, I am," Veronica said, and then she bent down grabbing her face in a painful grip. "And I am going to kill you quickly."

Rose looked into Veronica's eyes and once again they flashed blue and she couldn't understand it.

"Veronica, don't make me do this."

Rose reached down grabbing the gun from the strap on her leg. Her gaze still locked with Veronica to distract her.

"I am going to enjoy killing you." With a smile, Veronica let her teeth extend in her mouth.

"Vern, do not make me have to kill you, please. What about Alexxa, she will never know you if I kill you? You are her godmother and you need to be there in her life."

"Not this time, Rose." Veronica winked at her and this time Rose knew she had lost it. Or that she hit the wall harder than she thought. "Time to die."

Xavier stood closer. His eyes widened when Veronica stood up, a gun pointed directly at him.

"Veroni..." A bullet flew through him, going into his heart and out his back. Veronica watched in fright as Xavier looked down, mouth opened as blood gushed through the hole in his chest. A sure sign she had caught him off guard, just like she wanted.

"I am sorry, Xavier," Veronica said, then dropped the gun to the ground.

"I will kill you." The moment the words left his lips, his heart stopped and he fell to the ground,

face first.

\* \* \* \*

Veronica turned back to Rose, her eyes now the blue color she remembered. Tears streaming down her face as she swallowed the lump in her throat.

"I'm sorry," Veronica finally said. "I did not want to hit you but..." Veronica shook her head, more tears flowing down her face. Rose stood up to hug Veronica, and she growled at her. "No, Rose, stay away from me, please. I don't know what I would do to you if you hugged me. I feel trapped between both worlds. I don't know what to do."

Rose couldn't believe what she heard. Her friend spoke those words as if she wouldn't come home with her.

"I cannot come back with you," Veronica spoke, reading her mind.

"No, Vern. I cannot lose you in my life. I was honest when I said that I want you in Alexxa's life."

Veronica closed her eyes, a painful feeling hit her body at the thought of never being around her goddaughter. "I am not stable right now. Go to Javon and your home. I will be fine."

"Why, Veronica?" Rose eased closer to her friend. "Why are you walking away from me

now? We can work through this together. Get through this together. We always have and will always make it."

"I don't think I could. I killed Alvin," Veronica said as Dylan and Javon burst into the room. They looked at Xavier's dead body, all of them wondering why he hadn't exploded into dust as of yet.

"I know about Alvin..."

"No, you don't," Veronica snapped, looking back at Xavier, wanting to cry but not knowing why. "I killed him because Virgil gave him his blood and it didn't match up. I had to or he would have suffered."

"All the more reason I know that you are not evil."

Veronica smiled, watching Javon step behind Rose, hugging her and she knew then that she didn't belong in their family.

They loved each other, would always love each other. The only man she ever love died at her hands and she would never love again. No matter what.

"I do not belong with you and Javon. You have a family to live for."

"Veronica," Rose stopped speaking, not knowing what she could say to make her friend change her mind.

"What Rose is trying to say is you are always

welcomed with us. At first, I thought you were pure evil but you are not and that is enough to make me trust you to be around my daughter. I know deep down you love Alexxa just as much as much as we do."

Veronica nodded. "I do, but I am not ready for a family."

"Please." Rose walked up still not touching her but stopping her friend's retreat. "Don't leave me like this. Not now."

Veronica dropped her head before turning back with a smile on her face. "I am not leaving you. I can find you whenever I want. Right now, I have to leave to get myself together. You and Javon have only known each other for a little while and you two need to get to know each other also. I promise you as your best friend, I will be back."

Shocked, Rose felt her friend's go round her for a brief moment before she let go and she walked out of the room. "If I see Virgil on the way out, I am going to kick his ass." Veronica's voice echoed down the hallway.

Javon and Dylan stood beside her. He pushed her hand from her face, hurt that she felt this type of pain.

"She needed to go and find herself," he said when Rose went into his arms and began to cry.

"I know," she said. "I know."

"Come on let's go. I don't know what's up with



Xavier's body. He's dead maybe because he was so old it's taking a little longer for him to decompose."

"Maybe," Dylan said, from the side. "Since all of this is over, I am going home. Nice to meet you, Rose. Thanks for the fun but now I am going home. See ya!" Dylan turned and walked out of the room.

Rose looked up at him. "Where are we going?"

"To Michigan where Angela and Alexxa should be about now."

"Good. I need to go away for a while."

Javon grabbed her hand, pulling her with him. Rose looked back at the blackened body; the skin had stretched until she could see his bones. Shaking her head, she remembered him just the way he laid, dead.

## EPILOGUE

*Six Months Later*

Rosezzettea sat on the white couch, the heat from the fire warmed her cool skin. Her gaze traveled to the window when a bolt of lightning lit up the nighttime skies. The side of her lips curved upwards at the sight of Javon standing outside the home waiting and watching for any threat that may be around. The second he felt someone around their home he dashed outside in search for that person. One thing Rose knew, regardless how small a threat appeared, without a word he would take off to look for anyone that came too closely to their home and she always feared for the individual Javon found. There was no doubt Javon would provide a boatload of pain to that person.

Rose looked over to Angela and Alexxa who sat on the floor near the fire. Alexxa sat rocking back and forth giggling as she always did.

“Peek-a-boo.” Angela dropped her hands and

Alexxa laughed again then Angela covered her eyes again. "Where did I go, Alexxa? Where did I go?"

Alexxa crawled up to Angela, hauled herself up in front of the woman, and then pulled Angela's hands down from her face.

"You found me?" Angela cheered.

Alexxa sat in front of her giggling again.

"Momma," Alexxa yelled for Rose. Once her gray eyes, like her father's, found Rose sitting on the sofa, she turned her attention back to Angela.

Rose noticed that Alexxa did not like her or Javon being out of her sight for too long.

"Can you say mother?" Angela asked.

The baby waved her hands bouncing up and down on the floor.

"Come on, say mother," Angela pressed.

"Momma," Alexxa said, softly.

Rose smiled at Angela's attempt to make Alexxa call her mother. Angela had been trying to do this for days and Alexxa knew what she wanted to call her and Rose believed that she wouldn't stop until she wanted to stop.

"No, Alexxa, say mother."

"No," Alexxa repeated, and then she stopped all playfulness and sat still. Her eyes fastened on Angela in what had to be a challenge, her adorable little lips tightened together, virtually making Rose smile. "Momma! Daddy!" she shrieked

loudly, before beginning to play again.

Angela shook her head, smiling at the same time. "Rose, I don't know what you are going to do with her when she is a teenager."

"Give her to her father," Rose told her.

"I don't think so," Javon said, as he made his way back into the room. He sat on the couch next to Rose, kissed her on the lips briefly before giving her an envelope. "Here."

Alexxa stood on her weak legs. She wobbled at first, almost falling, before making her way up to Javon.

He held his arms out and picked her up, placing her in his lap.

"What's this?" Rose asked.

"I found it in the mailbox with your name on it." He stood Alexxa in his lap.

"Daddy, daddy, daddy," she repeated over and over for him to let her jump in his lap but he didn't. He made her sit still.

Angela rose from the floor and headed out of the room to give them some much needed privacy.

Rose turned her attention back to the letter. She took in a deep breath catching the familiar scent. It smelled like Veronica. No, it did not smell like her, it was Veronica. Her pulse roared in her ears and she knew Javon heard it also. Quickly, she tore open the letter to see what her friend had written to her.

\* \* \* \*

*Dearest Rose,*

*I know it has been several months too long since I walked out of your life. It hurts me every night when I go to sleep not talking to you or holding the baby in my arms. She is beautiful, I must say. From what I see, she has hair like you, black long and beautiful. When she is older I know Javon will have to fight off the men because like you she will have them eating out of her hands. God, I miss her so much. Well, about me, I'm stable, barely, that's the reason for this letter and me not coming to see you personally, but I will, I promise, soon. When I know that I am fully ready to return to the real world you will be the first I am coming to see.*

*Just an update for you, I went back to Dark Town, why, I know you are asking but I had to. After we left Virgil must have come back or Xavier had finally disintegrated, because in his spot lay ashes where he fell to the ground. I stood there wanting to cry but I did not know why I felt tears for a man that only hurt you, hurt our friends, and hurt me. I wondered if that's what I wanted in a man. Do I want a man to make me desire him so*

*badly, at the same time, despise him for making me want him? I don't know. It's not an issue right now. Anyhow, to make sure Dark Town never took another soul, human or not, I burned it down to the ground. As it burned, I sat there watching it until the place had become a pile of ashes. Nothing good came out of Dark Town...well, I lied, you found Javon and vice versa. That is good, isn't it?*

*To see you two together gives me hope that someday I would be able to love again. I am not ready for that yet but there's always hope.*

*Oh! I forgot. Tell Javon don't worry because I have not killed one human since I've been on my own. If my cravings get to a point I have to feed more, I drink bagged blood...trust me it's nasty when warmed but I do what I have to do.*

*To get my mind off the pain of losing Alvin, I train everyday, wishing to become a better fighter and one day locate Virgil's sorry behind and kick his butt all over the place. I do not only want to become a fighter, but I also want to learn to fight my cravings...well, I have written too much already. I hope that you are doing well. I am, as much as I can. The town is gone, Xavier is dead, and I am a free spirit person, just as you are. We have years, maybe a decade or two, but soon I will come to you. Best believe me when I write this. I will always be*

*watching you.*

*Love,*

*Your best friend, Vern.*

Her lips curved upwards, Rose refolded the letter and stuffed it back into the envelope.

*My girl, Veronica. I wouldn't be here with Javon and Alexxa if it weren't for you.*

Just thinking and knowing that somewhere outside her very home Veronica sat and watched them. Mostly, Veronica was waiting on a time when she felt whole again and no longer had evil flowing through her veins. The thought of having her old friend back excited her more than ever but deep down Rose knew her best friend would never be the same again. The evil blood from Xavier that flowed through her turned her into a Chosen and nothing would be able to change that. Veronica would be know evil for now and until she took her last breath.

"What are you smiling about?" Javon questioned, breaking her train of thought.

The smile on her face faded. Her gaze shifted up to look at the only man she had and would ever love.

"Nothing but thinking about how much I love you and whenever I think about what brought us

together, I smile."

Rose watched as he gave her one of drop dead gorgeous smiles.

"Ahhh, yes, I recall, you were in heat."

A low growl left Rose's lips at his comment. She knew what brought them together and she would never do anything to change it. She just didn't want to think about it. "You know how to wreck a wonderful moment don't you?"

"I have wrecked a few every now and then."

"So, do you want to know what Veronica wrote?"

"No, I think I already know." And he did. He knew that in that letter her friend explained her current condition. He felt her when he stood outside. Even though Veronica was long gone when he found the letter her scent stilled lingered and it told him everything about her. Veronica had evil in her. More than he wanted to admit to Rose. The power to fight was deep down in Veronica and he knew that she would never give into the evil Chosen that Xavier wanted her to be.

Javon could only hope and pray that Veronica had enough strength to hold onto the good left in her. If not, when a Dark Guardian got even a small whiff of it, they would do nothing other than hunt her down and kill her.

"Down, daddy," Alexxa told him.

Javon placed a small kiss on her forehead then



eased Alexxa down to the dark carpet on the floor.

Alexxa didn't waste any time; she crawled over to her toy box. Pulled herself up and rummaged through it to find something to play with.

Rose sat back in Javon's arms, waiting on the return of her friend, and so once more, her life would be normal again. Well, as normal as being a vampire could be.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I've been a writer all of my life. As a young girl I remember reading books and writing my own short stories. I have an active imagination and over the years learned to bring those emotions, characters, and pictures, to life. I read everything while growing up. I love all types of books but my favorites are paranormal romance books.