

*Miniature
Rose*

C. A. Salo



Scarlet Rose



DESTINED
to Mate

Destined To Mate
by C.A. Salo

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales, is entirely coincidental.

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Dedication

Thank you to all my family and friends
for sticking with me through my process
of creative imaginary output.

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Reviews

"Ms. Salo certainly took my breath away in this book filled with white-hot sex, Chimeras, Vampires, Guardians, and Lykans! Boy does the fur fly in this fantastic book that I had trouble putting down until it was finished ... one of those rare books that you know will be good throughout after seeing how wonderful it is from the first page. And boy is it ever!

This book is a must read and a keeper. Perhaps with a little encouragement from more fans maybe there will be a sequel. What do you say Ms. Salo?"

~Alisha, Two Lips Review

"C. A. Salo has out done herself..."

~Indy, Joyfully Reviewed

"I'm looking forward to more of her stories..."

~Donna, Fallen Angel Reviews

"Love this book! Want to be on the edge till the very last word? Want MORE? I do! Great Job, C.A. Hope to see more of these characters asap."

~Michelle, Reader

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Chapter One

"Are you sure she's the one?" Morgan LeVey watched the petite brunette walk out of the brownstone house from across the street.

"She's the only woman who's entered the house all week," Rafael answered. "Are you sure you were told correctly?"

Morgan inhaled deeply. "Positive. Although she smells of vamps, it's not strong." Frowning, he picked up another unusual scent as he followed, liking the golden highlights shining in the long brown hair that flowed down her slender back.

"I noticed that also. Plus a scent I cannot place. It's almost feline, but it's not ... could she be a guardian?"

"A guardian's scent is usually more predominate."

"Maybe the blood sucker hasn't bitten her yet."

"Guardian in training? It's a possibility."

"She knows his current guardian, an old man. A granddaughter training to take his place?" Rafe shrugged as they slipped through the park's gate.

Morgan frowned at her leisurely walk, as though the oncoming darkness was no concern. Most humans didn't walk the park alone at night unless they were courting trouble. Why he was here and what he had to do with this woman was a mystery. He'd received specific information on where to find this little human, but the *what* and *why* of it was still unknown.

Snorting, he met Rafe's glance. "This is a waste of my time." He was a Lykan Alpha for love of the Gods, not a soldier to go running after a quarry in the night. Now, if it was a hunt that ended with a sexual encounter or a meal, that might be different. The corners of his lips lifted as he pictured the dainty brunette running while he gave chase. A rush of blood flooded the tip of his cock.

"What are you smiling at?"

"Her on the run."

"I do believe I know how this ends."

"Hey, we all have our erotic fantasies."

"Then I'd put her in a little red leather number. Now, that would be fucking hot."

"I think you're on to something there my friend." Morgan grinned, knowing he'd be between her shapely thighs soon enough.

* * * *

Alexis glanced around the park. The hairs on the back of her neck stood up, yet she heard nothing. No footsteps, no twigs snapping, nothing but the darkness and the wind. Keeping her head lowered and ears open, she held her books to her chest like a lifeline, a weapon in case she had to throw them at someone.

The shadows up ahead shifted, and Alexis lifted her head as the shape of a woman's figure appeared in front of her. Tension eased from her body until the woman stepped under the streetlight, revealing an angry face and the deadliest looking sword Alexis had ever seen gripped in her hand.

Gasping, Alexis stumbled back as the woman charged.

"What, are you nuts?"

"Where is he?"

"Where's who?" Stomach churning, she kept her gaze on the other woman and enough distance between them to keep her safe from that sword.

"Your master."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Alexis shouted.

The woman advanced on her, and she scooted back, only to trip on the uneven concrete. Crying out as she went down, natural instinct took over. She twisted mid-air to catch herself, clamping her teeth together as her palms scraped against the gritty stone surface. Her books scattered over the sidewalk.

"Your master, guardian. Where is he?" the woman yelled as she stepped forward towering over her.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I don't have a damn master." Alexis struggled to get up as the woman dressed in black leather snarled at her with menace. A black boot kicked her shin, pain shattering as the familiar numbing tingles swept throughout her body. Her sign to leave and quickly.

"I can smell him on you. Answer me or die!"

Smell him on me? Guardian?

Alexis knew who the screaming Amazon was looking for, but she'd be damned if she gave him up. Especially to this whack job of a huntress, for that was exactly what this sword-wielding woman was. Nor would Alexis's life end like this, by a madwoman brandishing a sword. Never had one of

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the hunters approached her and, by the way this woman acted, she had no idea what capabilities Alexis possessed.

Moving at a snail's pace, she pulled the can of pepper spray from her pocket. If she could get out of this without the huntress finding out who she was, the better. Aiming the spray at her assailant, she hit the nozzle, but the woman jumped out of the way and swung her sword. It slammed into the back of Alexis's hand, and the canister went flying. Alexis screamed. Her irises narrowed, and a low growl formed at the back of her throat. Her skin tingled, and the need to survive kicked in.

* * * *

Morgan lifted a hand to stop their progression, his ears honing in as his nostrils flared. "Quickly."

He took off at a run, the little brunette's scream echoing in his ear. With excellent speed, he ran through the trees and drew his sword, Rafael close at his heels. He held it high as the huntress sword poised to strike the woman they'd been following. His blade caught the downward swing of his adversary's before it hit his prey.

"You will leave this female unharmed." He smiled calmly, liking the shock on the huntress's face as they separated to square off. Motioning for Rafe to help his little human on the ground, he swung his sword around stepped fully in front of them.

The huntress lunged backward then readied to attack. "She's a guardian."

"I don't care what she is, you'll leave her be." Morgan growled, defending himself from her sword.

"What is a Lykan doing, protecting a vamp guardian?" she sneered as they clashed steel repeatedly.

"She's not a guardian, yet. Are your senses not able to pick up on that, huntress?"

"My senses are fine, Lykan. She smells of him, and I want him. Now." The huntress lifted her sword in another attack.

"That may be, but your revenge will not be on her," Morgan snarled as he pushed her back.

"I'll be back, werewolf." Withdrawing, she lowered her sword.

"Not for this female."

"Maybe you, for getting in my way."

"Any time, any place, sweetheart." Morgan's gaze followed her until she disappeared through the trees. He turned to his second, and his gaze lowered to the petite woman. "Are you well?"

* * * *

Alexis had suppressed the transformation that threatened—which wasn't easy—as soon as the warrior jumped in front of her. Her entire body trembled from the strain. Lips parted and panting, she followed his graceful movements, intrigued by how well he wielded the Katana with expertise.

What a powerful sight he is.

As she brushed the last of the dirt from her butt, he came to stand in front of her, his shadow covering her entirely. Not

sure exactly who he was or what he would demand in return for saving her, she replied, "Am I well, you ask? You mean beside the fact that some whack-o just tried to make sushi out of me with a sword, and you jump in with one of your own? Oh, hell yeah, I'm doing just fucking dandy."

"Well, as long as you're fucking dandy." He smiled and sheathed the sword under his black leather trench coat.

"Who the hell are you, Indiana Jones or something?"

"Not quite, sweetheart, so let's get you taken care of."

"And they say *New York* is full of weirdoes." But she didn't argue as he took her hands and turned them over to examine them. She winced at the burning pressure on her palms and lowered her gaze. Blood oozed from the scrapes.

"Oh shit," she mumbled as the edge of blackness engulfed her.

* * * *

Morgan caught the human as she went down. "Rafe, gather her items." He nodded to the books on the ground.

Rafe arched a brow as he picked up the pepper spray canister. "A guardian who can't stand the sight of blood?"

"An oxymoron isn't it?" Morgan chuckled as he swung her into his arms.

"Think the huntress will come after her again?" Rafe asked before sneezing.

"She better not."

"From the smell coming off your little human, I'd say she's hanging with the one and only Master Val, High Lord of the bloodsuckers."

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Morgan glanced down at the ashen-faced woman in his arms. He knew Val and had even seen him a few times. Fortunately, for both of them, their passing had been amicable. It wouldn't do to get in an all-out battle in front of humans.

Val was an older vamp so his powers were superior to a younger one. Not that Morgan was bothered. If it came down to a battle, he'd hold his own with the bloodsucker. He was confident of that.

But where this woman came into the picture was most intriguing, and he loved intrigue as well as a challenge.

* * * *

Alexis gasped as her eyes flew open. Sitting up, she looked around, disoriented until she remembered why she passed out. Lifting her hands, Alexis noticed clean white gauze wrapped around them. Then she scanned the elegant room. Definitely masculine, adorned in deep rich colors of reds, purples and blues. As she took in the velvet drapes, her hand ran over the silk comforter covering her and she realized she wore only her bra and underwear.

The wooden door opened, and she jumped, pulling the comforter up just as the dark haired warrior who had helped her in the park walked in. Her nipples hardened against the soft material at the sight of him. "Where am I?"

"My house," he answered as he lifted her hands to examine them. "Not too fond of blood are you?"

"Not my own." Alexis's pussy muscles contracted at his touch, and his dark eyebrow shot up, as if he knew. She

tugged her hand back and gripped the comforter to her chest. Uneasy with the way her body reacted so quickly to this man, she wanted away from him. "Um, may I have my clothes please?"

"They're being cleaned. Where were you coming from?"

"I was visiting my grandfather." Alexis would give him as close to the truth as she could so she wouldn't have to remember what story she told him.

He widened his stance and crossed his arms in front of his chest. "Didn't he ever teach you not to walk in the park at night?"

"It was just getting dark, and my home is just on the other side."

"That doesn't keep the criminals from leaving you alone."

Gods, she had to get out of here, this man's energies were off the chart. "I'd like my clothes please."

"When they're done."

Alexis didn't know what to think of this guy. He seemed in no rush to get rid of her. "I, um, I have to get going," she whispered, shifting her legs over the side of the bed.

His gaze traveled from her feet to her calves and up her thighs. His nostrils flared. The front of his black jeans became tight with his erection. And what an erection.

Covering her limbs with the comforter, she whipped her gaze away. Obviously, he had caught scent of her arousal. Her own nose twitched with the strong scent of Lukos energies, and a jolt of excitement vibrated her pussy while her shoulders shivered with uncontrollable tremors.

"To where, Alexis Xanthis?" he asked as her gaze lifted.

Alexis gulped when he put his hands behind his back and stood there, feet braced apart. His long, black hair swayed with his movement, and not only were his eyes the greenest she'd ever seen, but his pheromones were interestingly strong. His intense gaze rested on her. Too masculine, too sexy. She'd been without a man for way too long.

"How do you know my name?"

"Your license was in your jeans pocket."

"Oh," Alexis breathed.

"Alexis the Fair, quite the surname you have, sweet. Old Greek if I'm correct."

"Very." Her stomach clenched and her eyes blurred, indicating the beginnings of transformation. She quickly lowered her gaze and tried to control the rapid rise and fall of her chest.

Oh shit. I don't need this now.

But the pain only got worse. "Bathroom?" she squeaked as she tossed the cover aside.

"Through there." He pointed to a door.

She stumbled out of his rumpled bed, tripping over her feet, and staggered into the bathroom.

"Are you all right?"

Ignoring his question, Alexis slammed the door and grabbed the counter just as her irises slimmed. "No, stop it," she whispered, trying to make the progression stop. "Please stop."

"Now why would I do that?" a female voice asked.

"Mother?" Alexis gulped, looking into the mirror to see her mother's reflection. "What do you want?"

"Why do you try to stop the change?" Cleo asked, her eyes narrowed. "And why do I smell ... lukanthropos?"

"Lukos?"

"By the Gods, Alexis, you're surrounded by them."

"No." Alexis shook her head. She couldn't deny the trouble she was in, but no way in hell was she going to admit it to her mother.

"Yes, how do you get yourself into these predicaments?" Cleo snorted. "And you call yourself a daughter of mine? If you don't get out of there, you'll change in front of them, and then what? Little kitty's going to have a tough time getting away from all those big beastly canines. See what happens when you shove back who you are? You can't even detect danger when it's all around you," she gloated with a depraved smile. "Maybe I should just help your transformation along, hmm?"

A knock sounded at the door. "Alexis, are you all right?"

"Y-yes," Alexis called out. "Why are you doing this to me?" she whispered to her mother. "The only time you come around is to cause trouble, and don't you dare bring my change about."

"Alexis, if you need a doctor, I'll get one for you."

"N-no, I'm fine," she stammered as he turned the knob. Her narrowed eyes whipped to her mother. "Go away," she hissed. "And leave me alone."

"Have it your way then." Cleo smirked as she waved a hand and left the mirror.

Morgan opened the door as Alexis collapsed against the counter. "Damn it, you shouldn't have gotten out of bed."

She breathed heavily as she glanced into the mirror to see her amber eyes normal again. "I'm fine, I'm fine."

"The hell you are." He swung her into his arms but stopped short of leaving the bathroom. His nostrils flared again, and his gaze narrowed as he surveyed the enclosed area.

"W-what?" Heart pounding, body shaking, Alexis knew her unusual scent weighed heavily in the bathroom.

"Nothing." He stepped out of the bathroom.

"I need my clothes please."

"You're not going anywhere until I'm satisfied that you're all right."

"I'm fine."

"I'll be the judge of that." He set her on the bed, and his gaze roamed over her. Hers dropped to the bulge under the zipper of his jeans.

A quick rap on the door drew his attention, and Alexis's gaze flew there just as it opened. A tall, athletic, good-looking guy stepped in.

"My lord, your presence is needed ... oh, look, it's up," the new arrival said with a sarcastic smile as Alexis hugged the covers to her body.

"It?" her rescuer asked with a raised brow.

"My lord?" she asked in response.

"Oh shit," Rafe growled as he sneezed and then sneezed again. "Gods, do you have a cat, woman?" He sneezed over and over again.

"Her clothing has been removed. You would have sneezed like this before hand," the warrior beside her suggested as the other lifted a hand to his nose.

"Crap," he groaned as he sneezed again.

The feline in her wanted to scatter when a narrowed green gaze turned to her way. Her heart battered the inside her chest, making it difficult to breath. Her mother had been right. Damn. What the hell was she going to do in a house full of werewolves?

"I'm telling you, Morgan, there's something not right about that one." The allergic one said in their ancient language as he sneezed again, then backed up quickly and exited the room.

"Is there something you want to tell me?" he asked calmly.

Alexis trembled and her mouth went completely dry as she shook her head. There was no way in hell she could have spit out any kind of an answer. She recognized the language they'd spoken a moment ago and could no longer deny that she was surrounded by Lukos. Oh Gods, if she told him who she was, or rather what she was, he'd tear her apart or offer her to his pack.

She knew now, he was the Alpha and she was in a whole lot of trouble.

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Chapter Two

Clearing her throat, Alexis held Morgan's gaze. "Do you know when my clothing might be ready please?"

"I'll have my housekeeper check. Excuse me. I need to attend to some matters."

"Oh, um, okay." Alexis lowered her gaze from his direct one.

The moment the door shut behind him, she jumped up and began looking through armoires and drawers for clothing. She found her books, which was good because she didn't want to leave them behind. Grabbing a pair of his black jeans, she stepped into them, adding a belt to make sure they stayed around her tiny waist and folding the hem.

To take a look at the outside of the house, she unlocked the window next to the armoire and smiled when the latch opened beneath her hand. She stuck her head out and breathed in the night air laced with the scent of lukanthropos, then quickly judged the second-story distance to the ground. The beast within bristled, but she controlled it as she turned to continue her search for a shirt. She opened another armoire and stepped back as her gaze swept over dozens of sex toys and everything needed to go with them.

"Wow, talk about knowing how to play." She tilted her head at what looked like a rock climbing harness. "I wonder what that's for."

Checking above his bed, Alexis smiled, and a naughty giggle left her lips. With a shake of her head, she shut the

door and went to the next one. Finding a variety of black T-shirts, she chose one. Her eyelids fluttered as his scent drifted to her sensitive nose, and she caught herself moaning.

"Shit." She tossed the cotton tee on and grabbed a pair of black socks. *My God, everything the man owns is black.*

She found her sneakers and slipped them on, then stuffed her books in the pack she'd found during her search.

"Why is nothing ever easy for me?" She sighed as she opened the window wider. "Just once, that's all I ask." Her foot was on the ledge when her conscience struck. Rushing back to a small writing table, Alexis wrote Morgan an apology for taking his clothes and promised that she'd return them.

A smile lined her lips as she climbed out the window onto the ledge. Nose flaring with a deep breath, she glanced to the left and right. There was no other way down. Damn, didn't werewolves believe in fire escapes?

With another long drawn out sigh, she jumped. The tumbling of her stomach sent adrenaline coursing through her veins. Her lips parted from the euphoric feeling as she landed on the balls of her feet, one knee down, barely touching the ground, fingers arched on the soft grass. Alexis looked up, her altered gaze narrowed, and frowned as rain started to fall.

"It figures." She grumbled before jumping up and taking off across the lawn.

* * * *

Morgan strode to the command center, his cock finally settling down from Alexis's nearness. He knew they were

connected, but he hadn't expected the rush of lust. And her behavior was odd to say the least. Why would she want to leave a safe environment so quickly after the incident in the park?

Stopping in front of a closed door, he pressed his hand against the cold surface of the palm reader while a retinal scanner passed over his eye. The door slid open silently, and he stepped inside. "She's being tight lipped about something."

"Figured that out did you?" Rafe, his second in command, chuckled then started sneezing. "Man, please step away from the Alpha."

Morgan glowered at him. "Are you catching my meaning? You're allergic to felines, and we both know there is no cat around this house or these grounds."

"So our little guest has some kitty in her? That's ridiculous," Rafe said as the house alarm sounded.

Always one to consider the safety of his pack, Morgan had the alarm activated on all entrances to the manor so they would sound off in the control room only. The panel lighted up to show where the breach occurred. His room.

Punching his code into the main system, Rafe blinked at the monitor. "Holy shit, did you see that?"

Yes, I did. His pulsed raced as Alexis landed gracefully on his lawn. "She's not a vamp. We know that for damn sure."

"Well, she's not Lykan, fae, draco, nor a renegade huntress. Who else could make a jump like that?"

"I'm not sure." Morgan watched as she turned toward the sound of dogs howling their release then back to the stonewall surrounding his property. She grabbed a vine and

vaulted to the top. Then she was gone. "Her eyes. Get me feedback and zoom in on them."

"Morgan," Rafe said as he brought the picture up. "They look like ... cat's eyes."

"Impossible." Morgan looked closer at the frame on the computer. "How the hell can that be?"

"I've never heard of cat people."

"Neither have I," he whispered. "But I'm going to find out."

Turning from the room, Morgan strode outside, his nostrils flaring, sniffing the air. He caught her scent and took off after her, amazed at the speed she was traveling. Faster than his own accelerated run. Another enigma surrounding his beautiful damsel.

* * * *

Alexis didn't breathe normally again until she was in her apartment with the door bolted. Leaning against the heavy wood, her gaze locked on the three-story window and she slid down the door.

"Oh Gods." She hated when she had to let the beast in her come out. Then again, better to let her out when she needed the extra strength than be caught in a bad position.

Sighing heavily, Alexis crawled across the bathroom and started the water for a hot bath. With the steam, his scent floated to her nostrils again. She took off the shirt and brought it to her nose, inhaling deeply. Her pussy creamed and her nipples tightened. How wonderful he smelled. She didn't care if he was a lukos. When he was near, all her senses went wacky and her body ached for release.

Her mother's presence jolted her back to reality. "Go away, Mother!" Alexis snapped.

"You fight who you are. You should have sensed him and his kind the minute you met. He is the Alpha of his pack, Alexis. You cannot be with him, I forbid it!" Cleo snarled.

Alexis clutched the shirt to her chest. "What the hell are you talking about? We just met. The man protected me in the park from a damn huntress."

Her mother rolled her eyes.

"Wait a minute. Mother, what have you seen?"

"I've seen nothing."

"I know you better than that. What have the Fates decreed?"

"Ask them yourself," Cleo snapped, her wavy blonde hair sliding over a shoulder, her brown eyes sparkling with discord.

"I will."

Cleo laughed cruelly. "You can't, you stupid child. Not until the Gods allow you to take a mate. Which hasn't happened yet, has it?"

"If the Fates decreed something to you, you're supposed to tell me. If you don't, you'll suffer the repercussions."

"The Fates couldn't give two shits about me. After all, I'm not their little chosen one."

Sarcasm and jealousy dripped from her mother's words. Cleo never liked the fact that when Alexis was born, all the attention of the Gods had gone to her daughter. Alexis had no control over what the Gods did, but she knew her mother was

hiding something important and it had to do with the man she'd just left.

"I'll be with whomever I want so leave me alone." Alexis buried her face in his shirt.

"Alexis, you cannot. You are to be the next guardian after your grandfather."

"I'm not meant to be a guardian," she cried as she rose. "I never have. I don't even want what I have."

"You should be proud to come from such a noble line."

"Don't talk with such certainty, Mother. I have more pride in my line than you."

"You are speaking out of turn," Cleo snapped.

"No, I'm speaking the truth, and you don't want to hear it because you know it's the truth." Her chest heaving, Alexis met her mother's gaze. "You promised yourself as the next guardian, not I. If you didn't want the job, then you shouldn't have said you'd do it. But you thought it would be an easy way out of your punishment from the Gods, didn't you?"

Her mother rolled her eyes again.

"It's no one's fault but your own that you got into trouble." Alexis shook her head. "By the Gods, Mother, Val doesn't even want you. The only way he can let you out is if he takes a mate. Why do you have to be such a bitch to everyone? Step up to the plate, Mother, because I am not doing it for your selfish reasons, and Val knows this."

"You little bitch. You think you're so much better than us just because Hera blessed you at birth. How quickly you forget who birthed you. Don't fool yourself, Alexis. You would have started the change the minute more than three lukos

neared you. Their levels of testosterone are higher than a mere human male."

"I'm aware of that Mother, and I am better than you. The great Goddess knew this. Do not bother me again. I don't have the strength to keep arguing with you." Alexis swiped a hand across the mirror, making her mother's image disappear, then slid back to the floor. She brought Morgan's shirt to her face again, inhaling his scent. Her eyes fluttered shut.

For some reason, the man's smell calmed her, and after dealing with her mother, a good calming was just what she needed. A smile lined her lips, how strange that an Alpha of the lukanthropos would have such an affect on her libido.

* * * *

From outside on the fire escape, Morgan's gaze followed Alexis as she swiped her mother away and sank to the floor. His nostrils flared with a strange scent that lingered long after the image of the woman disappeared. Well, they knew who and what *he* was. It was time for him to find out the same about *her*.

Taking off, he headed back to his manor where he hoped his historians had answers.

* * * *

"What the hell do you mean you don't know?" Morgan yelled as he paced his den the next morning.

His junior historian, Ned, stood still as Morgan worked out his anger. "There's nothing in the journals that describes what you've seen and heard, my lord."

"What about the elder's journals?"

"I cannot access them, and Viktor is out of state."

Morgan growled as he turned to look at the man. "Not good enough."

"My lord, I am sorry, but there is nothing else I can do. I have heard of something outside the journals, though ... a mythical creature."

"Ned, *you* are a damn mythical creature."

"No, I mean mythical, old, before us even, or close to it. If what you said is true about Hera blessing her after her birth, then we are in way over our heads. There may be no records of her kind at all. They may have been destroyed, like Atlantis."

"Tell me what you're thinking." Morgan's patience was growing thin.

"She could be a few entities. Let me go research it," Ned answered as he ran out of the den.

"Damn, why does he do that?" Morgan snapped, his eyes burning slightly as his vision became electromagnetic and tinted his sight red.

"Because it's geeky and exciting to him, and he needs to research to make sure," Rafe tossed in from his seat on the black leather sofa.

"It pisses me off."

"He's probably getting all worked up over nothing. The woman was most likely used in one of the human's genetic experiments they like doing so much."

"Then how do you explain her mother's face in the mirror?"

Shrugging a shoulder, he replied, "Technology?"

"It's not technology, Rafe. It's ancient, primordial even."

He could sense the essence of beginnings within her. This was more powerful than he'd been led to believe.

* * * *

Jolted from a deep sleep when something touched his leg, Morgan jumped naked out of his bed, claws out for defense. "What the hell?" he bellowed. "What the fuck are you doing, Kasha?"

The slender female smiled at him seductively from the foot of his bed. "I want you, my lord."

Retracting his claws, he stood there as she slinked around to his side of the bed to run her fingers down his naked chest. Grasping her wrists when she went to handle his cock, he met her gaze steadily. "You need to leave."

Morgan knew she wanted to mate. She was in heat. But he did not mate with females in heat, not vaginally anyway. He wanted no pups running around until he mated for life. Any other time, he would have taken her anally as she was happy to offer. Of course, that was before he had met Alexis. The little kitty not only piqued his interest, but she had his dick standing at attention with only a glimpse of her beautiful golden eyes and hot body.

The door burst open, admitting Ned who bouncing on his toes.

"I have it, my lord. I found out who, or rather what, she is."

"It's three in the morning, whelp boy," Kasha growled.

"I am an historian, madam. That's more than you can say for being the pack bitch."

"Why you—"

Morgan grabbed her as she leapt at Ned. "Leave, Kasha," he roared. "As historian, he outranks you within the pack. You know this." Letting her go, he gave her a nudge, and she turned in a huff. "If you don't want to be the pack bitch, then stop fucking everyone when you're in heat and out, and don't appear in my rooms again, unless you're invited."

Kasha stormed past Ned, and Morgan shook his head to silence Ned until Kasha left and the door shut behind her.

"She's a Chimera."

"A what?" Morgan asked as he reached for boxer briefs.

"An ancient creature of Greece, a hybrid lion type of creature, female. There are several different images, some with lion's heads, manes and bodies, some having a snake's tail. Sometimes, she will look human to draw young men into her lair and then change fully to lion state—or a Griffin type being with wings—for the kill. The Greek hero Bellerophon was said to have slain one of these Chimera creatures while riding on Pegasus."

Morgan could have smacked him. The boy bounced when he talked, all giddy, like a pup just learning how to transform. Putting a hand on his shoulder, Morgan stopped him. "Too

much coffee, Ned. Why do you think my little pretty is this Chimera?"

"It's the only creature I've found besides the Peruvian myths that make any sense. There is one way to tell."

Morgan looked at him, waiting. "Well?" he bellowed, impatient for the answer.

"She's a female, of course. Too much male testosterone near her, or canine, lukos if you will, can encourage the transformation in her, like a defense mechanism that just pops up."

"The kitty surrounded by the wolves." Morgan smiled as a plan formed in his head.

"Exactly. But we have to be careful with her when she does change. She'll be volatile, especially if the transformation happens for defensive purposes. She'll want to strike out at anything she recognizes as a threat, and she's an ancient, my lord. There's no telling what she can do or if she'll keep memories of you or anyone she knows when she's in her full state."

"She's fighting the use of her abilities. She didn't use them in the park when the huntress attacked, and here, as soon as she found out who I was, she took off like the pack was on her sweet little ass."

"Yes, and it's said that Chimeras only eat male flesh."

Morgan grunted. "Yeah, and we're only supposed to transform with a full moon."

* * * *

Morgan grinned as Alexis groaned on the other side of the door.

"Hold on," she called out. "Who's there?"

"Morgan."

"Morgan? Morgan who?" she asked sleepily.

"The Morgan whose clothes you borrowed." The door opened slowly, and he smiled when he saw his shirt on her sweet little body.

"I was going to return them," Alexis whispered, shoving a wave of caramel colored hair out of her face. The shirt hem lifted high on her thigh. His cock began to thicken, and he shifted to relieve the discomfort.

"I know. I read the note you left."

"Then why are you knocking on my door at four-thirty in the morning?"

Morgan turned his head, calling out to Rafe, who handed him a box before going back around the corner with a sneeze. Morgan held the box out. "To invite you."

"Invite me where?"

"My house. Tonight. Six sharp. I'll send a limo to get you."

"I ... I don't know."

"Don't forget to bring my clothes." He smiled, his gaze traveling down her form, his cock hardening painfully. "You can keep the shirt. I like seeing it on you."

Leaning in, he kissed her softly, sensuously. His arm wrapped around her waist, pulling her close. Alexis's pulse pounded in her ears as he claimed her mouth, nudging her lips open with his tongue, exploring and caressing her with its

velvety softness. His other hand trailed down her back to the flare of her hip.

Nipping her bottom lip with his canine, he marked her with his scent, then suckled until the small wound stopped smarting.

"Wear your hair down for me."

Alexis opened heavy eyes as his broad back rounded the corner. Lifting her hand, she touched the spot on her lips where he'd nipped her. The muscles of her pussy tightened with want, and her panties dampened. "Ah, crap."

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Chapter Three

"There's no reason you can't go," Patty said as she helped sort the books from the order that came in that morning to Alexis's bookstore.

Alexis poked her head up from behind the counter. "I don't even know his last name," she muttered, handing Patty a next stack. Her pussy clenched just from the thought of Morgan and that damn kiss early this morning. Tired and sexually frustrated, she kept working, hoping it would take the edge off.

"So what? He helped you in the park. He took you to his home, took care of you, and showed up at your door with a designer gown. For Christ's sake, Alexis, be Cinderella for once."

"You don't understand he's ... he's a lukanthropos and an Alpha."

"By the Gods." Patty sighed dramatically and lifted her hand to cover her heart. "No way. Not a hot stud muffin piece of male flesh. Strike us down where we stand, oh great ones!"

Alexis picked up a paperback and tossed it up at her friend's head. "Asshole, it's a bit more complicated than that, as you well know. So shut-up, fairy girl."

"Well, come on Alex. He's hot, he's rich, he's a damn hero, he's an *Alpha*, and he's rich."

"You already said that."

"Yeah, he's *rich*."

"Money doesn't make people happy."

"No, but money comes in handy in this realm, and so does him being an Alpha." She snorted. "Come on. You know how long it's been since we've both had a good fuck. By the Gods, woman. There's nothing like taking an Alpha to bed."

Alexis shook her head, a smile lining her mouth as she thought about Morgan. Her lips parted with a soft moan as a hot flash of lust streamed through her body. The wind chimes twinkled over the door, drawing her gaze, and she glimpsed a distinguished gray haired man.

"Hi, may I help you?" Patty asked.

"I'm looking for Miss Alexis."

"She's right here." Patty pointed down.

"Jerk," Alexis muttered as she rose. "Yes?"

"Miss, my name is Robert. I am Master Morgan's personal assistant."

Alexis tuned in her senses on him but received nothing that suggested he was a lukos. "Okay."

"He sends this as a gift to go with the dress for the evening's events. He apologizes that it wasn't delivered with the dress, but unlike the dress shop, the owner was out of town last night. Thus, he had to wait for the store to open this morning." Setting a large-sized jewelry box on the counter, he backed up awaiting her acceptance.

"Open it," Patty said excitedly, fairy dust scattering as she clapped her hands.

Alexis slowly opened the lid to see a teardrop-shaped diamond the exact shade of her golden eyes set in the center of a beautiful diamond choker.

"By the Gods, that must be at least three carats," Patty choked.

"Four point five total weight; the earrings are one a piece."

Alexis snapped the lid closed, and her hands covered the soft velvet top to still their shaking. "I'm sorry, but I can't accept this," she whispered.

"But, this is a gift from Master Morgan," Robert exclaimed.

"I understand that, but I cannot in good conscience accept such a gift as this." Alexis shoved the box across the counter in his direction and shot Patty a keep-your-mouth-shut look. "Tell him thank you and I appreciate the gesture, but I just can't."

"Oh my."

"Patty, go check the order that's sitting out back." She waited as Patty slowly walked to the back before facing the man again. "Will he punish you if I don't accept the gift?"

"No, but he will not be happy. Master Morgan has never issued a gift of such to any woman, so I'm unsure about what his reaction will be." Picking up the box, he lifted his gaze. "The limo will be at your apartment by five-thirty."

Her heart beat frantically as he left the store. What did Morgan want? Why send her expensive gifts? He was an Alpha, which made him aggressive, and Alphas didn't like it when events did not go their way.

"Patty, I need to talk to Val." She grabbed her purse and took off out the door before her friend could ask a multitude of questions she didn't want to answer.

* * * *

"You shouldn't have come here, Allie." Jack shut the kitchen door to the house of his master. "The huntress has been sighted."

"Yes, we met," Alexis snorted as her grandfather turned to meet her gaze and set her purse on the counter. "She came after me in the park the other night after I left here."

"She didn't harm you, did she?" he asked with a ferocity one wouldn't expect from an eighty-year-old man. Then again, Jack was no ordinary eighty-year-old. He was a guardian to a vampire.

After a vampire bit a guardian to be, the guardian's life span slowed considerably. So, how old they were when they were bitten by their master determined their life span. The bite didn't stop the aging process, just delayed the inevitable. Her grandfather, who was actually a distant relative—a human from her father's side—became a guardian late in life. He'd probably live another ten to twenty years.

"No ... I had some assistance." Clearing her throat, Alexis caught him staring at her intently. He knew she was hiding something from him. "I didn't know at the time, but, um, a lukanthropos Alpha stopped her when she would have killed me. Or at least tried."

"A what?" he shouted, fist raised and shaking in the air. "his cock twitching as she quickly stripped."

* * * *

Morgan glanced up when the alarm went off. "What's going on?" he asked into his earpiece.

"Not sure," Rafe answered. "The sensors picked up an intruder on the grounds, and then it was gone."

"How could it just be gone?"

"Not sure. I'm on my way to you."

Morgan glanced around as the computerized voice of the inner perimeter being breached came on. "Rafe?"

"It's moving too fast to get a lock."

"Vamps?" Rising from his seat, Morgan grabbed the gun from his back, disengaged the safety as he motioned for the others at the table to rise as well.

"We don't know. It's not holding still long enough to catch a good scent," Rafe answered as he walked into the boardroom. The men behind him piled into the room and went immediately to protect the ambassadors. "Go infrared, Morgan."

"Lord LeVey, how is it that something can breach your defenses?" Ambassador Ludlow asked.

"Lights going out," Rafe called.

"Should we change?"

"No," Morgan answered as his night vision took over. "There," he said when a fast moving form flashed outside the French doors. His men gave chase, some in wolf form, some human.

"They have a scent," Rafe said just as red lights started blaring with the computerized voice, signaling an intruder alert. "The manor's breached. Everyone in now," he ordered and he pulled his gun. "They came in through a top room."

Morgan turned, his gaze swept the boardroom. "Get the ambassadors in the safe room and to the tunnel," he ordered

and turned when one of the ambassadors whispered "by the ancients" and a woman's form appeared against the red lights.

"Huntress," Rafe yelled and then sneezed.

"No!" Morgan lifted his gun to stop his men. "She's not a huntress." His eyes narrowed and his nostrils flared as he caught the familiar scent just as she disappeared.

* * * *

Alexis was in half transformation. She didn't need any more.

Smiling when the alarms sounded in the house, she jumped from the wall to the ground. Going to a tree and then vaulting off, nose in the air, she tried to track him. Catching his scent wasn't hard, for it was all over the place.

Closing her eyes, she concentrated on the strongest and took off past the doors in the back of the manor. Turning her head, nose flaring, she found him. A low growl escaped when the guards noticed her, and she climbed up the house to an open window.

She ran along the ceiling faster than the guards could see—if they had bothered to look—until she was outside the door where his scent was strongest. When the lights went out and the alarm started blaring, she winced at the sound. Opening the door, she stood there listening as he issued orders, gun in hand, until one of them spotted her. She jumped straight to the ceiling while they looked for her below, then let go to land on her feet right in front of Morgan.

"Alexis," Morgan breathed.

Alexis heard the question in his voice as she growled at him low in her throat. Turning her head, she roared at two men rushing forward.

"No, stand down." Morgan lifted a hand to his men. "Rafe, stand down."

She took a slight step back. His gaze widened at her choice of clothing as the lights came back on.

"Glorious," one of the men whispered.

"The Chimera," another said as Alexis gauged them before turning her attention back to Morgan.

His gaze zeroed in on her lips then rose to meet her gaze. "Why do you have human blood on your mouth?"

"Needed easement." Her voice was husky and deep, and parting her lips, she licked the blood off them. Leaning forward, she pressed her lips to his, hard. Her fingers slid up to grab him by the back of the head. "Cannot ... cancel when ... I'm expecting a mating."

Alexis breathed heavily, her ears perking to the sounds around them. Turning, she narrowed her gaze at the men staring at them. With a growl, she grabbed hold of Morgan and took off at her excellent speed. She moved past his men before they knew she was there and sprinted to his room where she tossed him on the bed. She stood there, looking down at him, her chest heaving with need as the door finally slammed shut.

* * * *

"He's fine," Rafe stated as he held up his hand, Morgan's signature flashing on the hand held monitor. "They're in his

rooms. Everyone calm down. Ambassadors and Elder Ulse, I apologize for the interruption."

"That was the Chimera, was it not?" Ulse asked.

"Yes, sir. Lord Morgan had to break off seeing her tonight when he received the call you were coming. She's in heat, so I'm assuming if she's promised a mating, it damn well better take place." He smiled. "I'll have Lord Morgan contact you on the morn. Your escorts will see you to your cars. Have a nice eve, gentlemen."

* * * *

Morgan gazed up at Alexis from the bed as she stood over him, breathing heavily, eyes closed. Never had anyone been able to take him on such a run. No vamp would ever dare, and he was faster than some of the other Alphas from different packs.

"Alexis?" he asked as she stripped. Her turgid nipples stood at attention as cold air hit their sensitive peaks. Slender hips, toned thighs, Gods, he could see the wetness already glistening her pubic hair as she dropped her pants. His cock jumped, hard and ready, straining to get out of his slacks.

Opening her amber eyes to look at him, she extended her fingers until her claws emerged. She grabbed a hold of his ankles and pulled him closer. With one swipe, his shirt fell to his sides.

"You told me tonight." Her voice was thick with arousal. "Cannot control." Pain distorted her face, and turning her head, she gulped for air. "Need to mate."

Morgan quickly discarded the rest of his clothing as she transformed completely. Kneeling on the edge of the bed, his eyes heated with lust, and a low purr escaped her throat.

She leaned into him, her nose and tongue sliding along his neck, her teeth nipping him under the jaw. "Will you mate me?" Her voice was low and guttural with the change as she turned to rub her head against the crook of his neck.

"Yes."

Sliding down his body, she stopped at his cock. When her tongue darted out across the head of his erection, her gaze lifted to his. She licked up his length. Morgan's teeth gritted as fire shot from his balls to the tip of his dick. They tightened painfully, drawing up closer to his body, wanting to expel the seed within. Panting, she went down onto all fours, taking the submissive position for him to mount her.

Morgan groaned when her upper body went down and she left her ass in the air. Her mewling told of her need. Stepping off the bed, he lowered his nose to her pussy, her sweet cream encouraging his cock to twitch. Her hips swayed back and forth to fill the air with her scent.

His cock hurt badly from wanting her, but his mouth watered with the want to taste. Morgan moaned as he ran his tongue up one side of her pussy to the other. Closing his eyes, he savored the taste of her juices.

When his canines lengthened, he opened his eyes and grabbed her hip with one hand, his thick cock with the other. He brought the tip to her opening, wetting it with her essence then he thrust in. Listening to her squeal of pleasure, he grunted his own and began riding her hard.

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The animal within took over as he plunged repeatedly into her creamy pussy. His fingers gripped the soft flesh of her hips, the tips of his claws biting into her as fur started to grow and cover his body. This had never happened to him when he'd mated before. He'd never started the change.

Growling, he picked up his pace. There was no need for talk. The animal in both of them made this mating as primal as the first mating that ever took place. Sliding his hand down her side, he retracted his claws and found her clit.

Alexis couldn't think as he sent her body tumbling out of control. She'd never mated like this. So animalistic, so primal, so right. She heard his grunts of satisfaction as he impaled her with his huge cock, banging into her so hard his sack hit her labia and her knees lifted slightly. She loved it.

The mind-numbing tingles floated around the top of her head as his claws dug into her hips. Releasing a cry that sounded as she was, between human and cat, her body began to shake, her pussy convulsed around him, and she tumbled over the edge into the welcome oblivion of pleasure.

Morgan gripped her hips and thrust harder, faster, feeling his orgasm coming as his balls tightened. His grunts became a snarl. He thrust deep, his muscles tensed, and hot cum poured into her sheath. Hips jerking, he pumped aggressively until the last of his seed deposited inside her warmth.

Breathing heavily, he spread his legs slightly and rested across her back. Her legs quivered as he wrapped an arm around her waist to keep her up, his other arm holding them up off the floor. When she tried to turn her head, a growl erupted from him and he gripped her by the back of the neck

with his mouth. His teeth sank into her flesh. He did not break the skin, but bit hard enough to warn her to stay as she was.

Alexis didn't know how long they stayed upright. She did know without his support she'd be on her face. She'd changed back into her human form, the beast within calm after the much-needed mating. It had been so long since she'd been with a man.

His mouth had let go of her neck, and she wasn't sure if she should risk moving until he did. Having never mated with a lukanthropos, never mind an Alpha, she wasn't sure of the rituals. She'd felt his fur disappear a little bit ago and his breathing return to normal.

His warm breath ruffled the back of her neck where his mouth rested on its side. She turned her head a little and met his gaze. They were human now. Lifting her body forward, she gasped at the sensation of his cock widening within her, making her hold position.

"It's not time yet," he muttered as he kissed her neck. "Another few minutes, sweet."

"I don't understand"

"After we—lukos—mate, if the female's in heat, we stay together for a half hour. That way we're certain our seed takes root instead of another's." Moving his hand, he caressed her arm. "You're in heat so my body's reacting to you."

"And when I'm not?"

"Then we can separate if we want."

"So ... you've mated with females in heat?"

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Morgan smiled at the twinge of envy in her voice and nipped her neck. "No, I have not so do not be jealous."

"I'm not," she said defensively, listening to him chuckle.

"Yes, sweet. You are." He kissed the side of her neck again, and her body trembled. "I've never wanted pups with anyone not my mate."

"I'm not your mate."

"Hmm," he groaned as he nipped her again. "On that we will see."

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Chapter Six

After removing his semi-hardness from her warmth, Morgan picked her up and laid her on his bed. "Tell me why you lost control," he said, brushing the hair off her forehead.

"You said we'd be mating so I let being in heat take control. It's very hard to stop after I give the urge rein. In fact, it's damn near impossible. I went out to the club to see Val and drank a couple shots of blood, hoping that would quench my thirst. It didn't, so he told me to take control of what should have been."

"I should have known the vamp would encourage you to try and take control of me." Morgan snorted.

"No, what you should have known was not to get me excited and then just ... break off." Alexis sat up, giving him full view of her lithe frame and swaying breasts. His dick pulsed to life. "I know what happens when a lukos goes into a rut. When you catch the one you want to mate with, you just keep pounding her until the urge goes away. Oh sure, you give her breaks, but a rut can last for days. So don't you tell me I'm acting out of control, mister."

Morgan grinned as she crawled to the end of the bed still mumbling. "Tell me we're going to mate and then have your *assistant* call me. I don't think so."

Sitting up, he caught her by the arms and tossed her back on the bed to loom over her. "Stop your mumbling, woman." Lowering his mouth to hers hungrily, he explored the warm depth, tangling with her tongue, until she trembled beneath

him. "Now, I didn't know you'd rut like that, or else I would have figured something else out."

"I do not rut. I'm in heat, damn it."

"Horny cat." He laughed when her chest arched up. "You're mine, Alexis." Lowering his mouth, Morgan nipped her bare shoulder. "Mine. I better not find you catting around on me."

She grunted as her hand ran over his shoulder. "I better not find you with any bitches." He grimaced as she dug a claw into his shoulder and drew blood. "You're mine," she purred and lapped up the red liquid from the pinprick hole. "I'm older and I'm stronger." Shoving him back, she sat up to her knees and shifted into position for him to mount her again.

"How much older?" Morgan knelt behind her and ran his hand over her ass cheek, his cock hard and ready to go.

"I can't tell you." She gasped as his thick head slowly invaded her slick pussy. "Not until, the Great Goddess gives me right ... oh." Sighing, she moved back on his aching length, her pussy twitching around him. "Oh," she moaned again, taking a deep breath and changing to cat form. "Push my head down to the mattress."

"What?" Morgan asked for clarification, amazed at how beautiful she was.

"Do it," she snarled. "Show me you're my dominant, my Alpha, as you mount me. That you alone have that right."

Morgan moved his hand to the back of her head as his teeth lengthened. Gripping her hair near her skull, he pushed her head down, turning it so her cheek hit the mattress. His cock jumped as pleasure swam over her features, and with a

growl and a quick powerful thrust, he shoved his cock deeper into her warmth.

"By the Gods," Alexis cried. "Make me yours, Morgan." She moaned as he lunged into her over and over again. "Oh yes, Morgan, harder, harder." She panted, listening to his grunts, feeling his hot breath on her back. His hand gripped her hair almost painfully.

"You're mine, Alexis. I claim you as my mate,"

"Yes," she rasped. It felt wonderful to be taken by a mate like this, her mate, finally. "Oh Gods, Morgan."

She breathed erratically as her body tensed, tingles ricocheting over her with her orgasm. Screaming his name, she bucked under him.

Morgan loved her hot pussy convulsing against his shaft, gripping him tightly as he thrust in and out of her heat. Lifting her head by the grip on her hair, he pressed his nose against the hot damp skin on her neck. He inhaled her arousal as she came all over his cock, a sweet musky aroma marking him as hers. No matter what she said now, she'd marked him, accepting him as her dominant, her lover, her mate, forever.

He returned the favor and roared as he thrust into her deep, his body tensing as his cum shot from his cock in hot spurts that gushed forth. Gripping her neck within his mouth and holding her still, he plunged repeatedly until the last of his seed filled her womb.

Morgan barely noticed the knock on the door and snapped out a growl to whoever stood on the other side. Lowering his nose to nuzzle Alexis, he laid his head between her shoulder blades for a few moments, breathing heavily. Wrapping his

arm around her waist, he slowly sat back on his heels, bring her with him. He leaned back until he was reclining on his pillows with her back against his chest, his hardness still impaling her tightness. "Are you all right?"

She laid her head on his shoulder and turned her face toward him, her breath coming heavily. "Mmm, tired," she whispered, smiling softly. "That was ... mind-blowing."

Kissing her softly, he noticed they'd both changed back to their human forms. As he pulled the silk sheets over them, a knock came again. His nudity didn't matter, but he didn't want anyone seeing her in all her naked glory.

"Enter," Morgan called out, nuzzling her neck and hair.

"Did you trim the kitty's claws?" Rafe entered the room, holding his nose as he sneezed.

Morgan chuckled. "Serves you right."

"For Christ's sake," he sneezed again, "you didn't kill her did you?" Rafe pointed to where she lay unmoving.

"No, moron. She's sleeping." He nuzzled her neck again.

"The elder and ambassadors would like a call in the morning, and Robert wanted to know if the kit would be here come morning."

"Yes, she will. Tell him it's not a good idea to knock in the middle of mating next time."

"I believe he understood the snarl." Smiling, Rafe snorted as her head lolled. "Are you sure she's just sleeping?"

Morgan glanced down at her and noticed her breathing had slowed considerably and her features had paled. Lifting his hand, he tapped her cheek. "Alexis ... baby, wake up." Her

head lolled to the other side as if she had no muscle. "Alexis." He glanced up as Rafe came closer. "Her heartbeat is to low."

"What's wrong with her?"

"I don't know." Shaking her gently, Morgan's heart skipped a beat as she flopped like a rag doll. "Alexis, baby, come on."

"She doesn't look good. Should I get Ned?"

"What the hell's Ned going to do?" Morgan asked, irritated as he met his second's gaze.

"He's been researching her kind. He may know what's happening."

Morgan shook his head as he tightened his arm around her waist. "No, go get Val. She left him not to long ago. He should be at the vamp club on East Gryphon Ave."

"I'm on it."

"Go alone and go fast," he ordered, resituating Alexis against him as Rafe took off out the door. "Come on, baby, wake up."

Never had fear gripped his gut as it did now. He never showed outward emotion. As Alpha, his people looked to him for support and stability. The need to take care and protect was imbedded into him the moment the Gods sparked life into his being. Why were they doing this? Making him powerless to help the woman they sent him to look after. Could this be a test of some sort?

"Son of a bitch." His gaze rose toward the ceiling. "If I can't move, I can't help her. What the hell am I supposed to do? She had better be all right, damn it, or I won't be happy. Don't you bring her into my life and then do this."

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Lips curled, Morgan glanced back at Alexis, his hand gently positioning her head onto his shoulder better. Okay, maybe he shouldn't piss off the Gods by reaming them out. But damn it, he was helpless, and that pissed him off. Watch over her, yes. Lust after her, yes. Dominate her and make her his, defiantly a yes. Ready for the emotions spiking throughout his entire body at her weakened condition, no.

Never had a woman evoked such passion within him, and that left him a bit shaken. He'd deliberated the affect she had on him from the moment he'd set eyes on her and thought he'd come to terms with them. Obviously, he'd been wrong. Without realizing what had happened, she'd become his mate before he even took her, in heat or not.

His muscles tensed with the want to jump into action, to take care of the problem. His fist pounded the mattress next to him. "I'm fucking helpless as a new born pup." Anger replaced his vulnerability, and he wished Rafe would hurry the hell up.

Laying the side of his head against hers, his anger fled. "Alexis please wake up for me." He turned his head, and his lips graced her temple as two flashes entered his room.

"What's happening?" Val strode toward them.

Morgan's gaze followed the vamp as he reached out to take Alexis's vital signs. "After our second mating, she just ... I thought she fell asleep, but it's too deep. She said she was tired, and now I can't wake her up."

"Are you attached?"

"Yes."

"How much longer?"

"Fifteen minutes." Morgan's senses honed in on the vamp. He didn't think Val would hurt her, but then again, he didn't know what kind of relationship they had. What if he was jealous that they'd mated and refused to help? The vamp's slow beating heart never changed rhythm as he turned to Rafe.

"I need blood. Fresh. Human if possible."

"And where the hell am I going to get that?" Rafe barked.

"I don't care. Go snap someone off the fucking street. I also need ground up unicorn horn from a discard of a growth spurt and honey boiled with mead

"What do I look like, a naturopath?"

Val whipped around to face Morgan. "Are you telling me you have no healer here?"

"She's not here," he answered, fear filling him again as he held on to Alexis's cooling body.

"For the love of all Gods, must I do everything myself?" Val yelled.

Morgan's heart raced frantically as a cold sweat broke out over his body. "Damn it, Rafe, run!"

Val caught Rafe by the arm and broke into laughter. "She's fine. Just resting."

"What?" Stunned, Morgan stared at the vamp. His body twitched with relief while his mind slowly wrapped around what Val had said. Then anger took over.

"She's fine, LeVey," the vamp said, letting go of Rafe.

"What the fuck do you mean fine? What the hell's wrong with her?" he bellowed as Val strolled over to sit by them on

the bed. "Val?" he barked, angry the vamp wasn't taking this seriously.

"She's fine. Aren't you, kitten?" Val put his hand under her chin and registered her breathing. "She's never taken a mate. The release of her scent took a little more out of her than usual. Her body needs to rest before another mating. You rushed the second mating session, LeVey. Just keep her warm and let her sleep for as long as she wants."

"You ass!" Morgan swung at him.

Val dodged him with a smile. "Uh-uh, she won't like you hitting me, LeVey."

"You gave me a fucking heart attack, vamp."

"Good," Val said as he rose. "Shows me she's not just another fuck for you, lukos. Tell her I said 'hi.'"

Morgan snarled, glaring as Val stepped over to the window.

"She'll most likely sleep through the night."

"This isn't finished."

"Sure it is. She's fine, you're fine and will be moving in about five minutes, and I'll be out of the wolf's den."

Rafe started toward Val, but he opened the window and shot Morgan a grin, then jumped out into the air.

"Don't bother," Morgan mumbled when Rafe went to go after him. "He's not liable to trespass unless he thinks she's in danger."

"So does that mean he's allowed on the grounds?"

"For now, with shadows," he said, as his body released Alexis's, encouraging a barely audible gasp from her parted lips. "I need to care for her, now. I'll call if I need anything."

"Of course."

Nodding his head in response to Rafe's bow, he waited until the door closed before sliding her off him onto the mattress. "You, my sweet, just played havoc with my emotions." Leaning over her, he brushed his lips softly against hers. "What are we going to do about that?"

His fingers caressed the side of her face to her hairline as he lay down, pulled the covers up, and wrapped his body around hers, shielding and protecting his mate.

* * * *

Alexis smiled as she rolled over, stretching out in the warm sunshine that spilled in through the windows, a sound of utter contentment leaving her lips.

"Well, look who finally woke up."

The sound of his voice had her nipples hardening. "I'm up."

"You had me scared last night."

Opening sleepy eyes, she met his gaze as he sat beside her on the soft bed, already dressed and looking entirely too handsome.

"So frightened, I sent Rafe into the vamp club to get Val."

"You what?" She bolted upright. "By the Gods, is he all right?"

"Val?"

"Rafe," she screeched.

"Yeah, he's fine. He called Val a bloodsucker to get his attention."

Alexis's face paled as Morgan grinned.

"Val left a message for you ... 'hi.'"

"That twerp."

His gaze lowered to her nipples. "Hmm, twerp's just the beginning."

She glared at him. "Is that to mean, something else happened?"

"Nothing but two Alpha's tossing some testosterone around."

"So you're both well?"

Sliding a finger over her breast and around her nipple, the corner of his mouth tugged up with a sadistic smile. "Very."

"You didn't get into it with Val, did you?"

"No ... although at one point last night, I wanted to knock the shit out of him for playing games with me."

"But you didn't?"

Morgan's gaze went to her lips as she started nibbling on her bottom one. "No sweet, he left unharmed by me."

Sighing with relief, her body trembled as he drew close.

"What time is it?"

"Three." He leaned to take a nipple into his mouth, suckling heavily.

"Oh ... okay." Her eyes fluttered to his caresses, and then flew open as she gasped. "Three?" Pushing him off, she scrambled up and shot out of bed, looking for her clothes.

"What's the rush?"

Alexis sighed impatiently as he stretched out on the bed, his gaze following her everywhere. "I have an appointment at ... where are my clothes?"

"And you're going to wear leather pants, a bustier, and heeled boots to this appointment?"

She hissed as she turned toward the window. "Damn it, are you going to help me or not?"

"They're with the cleaner."

"What is it with you and cleaning my clothes? Damn it, Morgan."

"The kitty in you makes Rafe sneeze."

"I need to go." She jumped out the window naked and heard his yell of "Christ, Alexis!" just before she vaulted over the wall.

* * * *

Morgan didn't even bother to ask for permission to enter the house he knew to be Val's and stopped two feet from Alexis. "What the hell were you thinking?"

He tore his shirt off, shoving it over her head as she looked up at him in surprise. "You don't just jump out the fucking window *naked* and take the hell off like that. Christ, woman."

"Get out of this house, lukos," Jack hollered as he held up his fist.

"Jack, no." Alexis went to stop her grandfather.

"Don't you dare cuss at my granddaughter, you no-good, flea ridden—"

"Jack," she scolded as she held him back. "Val!"

Morgan was ready to step between them when Val showed up to stop his guardian.

"Jack!" Val barked. "That will be enough,"

Stepping back, Morgan grabbed the back of his shirt, pulling Alexis to him.

Val held up his hand when Jack started to protest. "If he meant to harm her, he would have done so instead of covering up her naked little body. So, if you'd please go steep some tea for our guest, I'd appreciate it."

Morgan met the older man's scathing gaze before turning to Val.

"LeVey, what brings you to my humble home this afternoon? And please close the door, you're letting the sun in, and I've already been for my morning walk."

"He followed me," Alexis answered as Morgan turned to shut the door.

"Feeling better, kitten?" Val smirked.

"Yes."

Morgan's lip curled with a snarl, irked at the vamps teasing attitude with his mate as she narrowed hers at Val playfully and took his hand when he held it out to her. His nostrils flared and fangs lengthened, prepared for a challenge, but Val only gave him an irritating smile.

"Good. Come with me then. You can sit on the divan, LeVey. She'll be right down."

"From where?"

"Getting dressed upstairs."

"Val." He growled as the vamp's hand lowered to the low of her back.

"Your scent's all over her man. She's just going to get dressed, so relax."

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Chapter Seven

"He followed you?" Val asked through the wooden door of his bathroom.

"Yes. He has a habit of washing my clothing. So, when I had none and found out what time it was, I took off. I knew no one would see me. Obviously, he wasn't so certain." Opening the bathroom door, Alexis lifted her head, nostrils flared at a familiar, but implacable scent, coming from behind the closed door of Val's bedroom.

"Obviously," he stated dryly as she walked out of the bathroom in jeans and a form fitting shirt. "Beautiful as always."

"I can't believe Morgan sent for you, and that he'd send Rafe into a vamp club by himself." Shaking her head, she turned her attention to Val who was lounging against the wall.

"Must say how much he cares for my little kitten." Taking her hand, he kissed her knuckles before leading her downstairs. "He was worried about you last night. Not that he could, but I doubt he would have left your side unless an atomic explosion blew between you."

Alexis grinned when he chuckled.

"I take it you were ... satisfied?"

"No offense, Val, but I've never experienced anything like that in my life," Alexis whispered as she stopped on the steps and looked up at him. "I tried to control her, Val, I really did. But as soon as I had him alone..." Closing her eyes, her chest lifted with a deep breath. "I couldn't help myself. I had to

mate with him, and my Gods, it was fabulous." Her entire body shook, and her pussy grew wet.

After taking another deep breath, she opened her eyes to see him smiling down at her.

"I would never take offense kitten. I may have taken your virginity, but I knew we were not intended for each other."

"As did I, and I thank you for all the love you've given me."

"Same here, kitten."

Alexis drew him into a hug. "You're my best friend, Val."

"As you're mine, sweet kit. Now, your mate is waiting to find out why you ran out on him naked after such a glorious experience."

He lifted her against him, and Alexis wrapped her legs around his waist. In her ear, he whispered so low she could barely hear him. "There's one other item you should know about the lukos variety, kitten."

"What's that?" she asked in the same barely there whisper.

"They have exceptional hearing ... isn't that true, LeVey?"

"Yep," Morgan answered from the living room. "So get your hands off her ass, vamp, before I bite them off."

Val chuckled as he carried Alexis into the living room to Morgan. "Don't be so territorial, man."

"She's my mate," Morgan replied as he rose off the sofa.

"We haven't talked about that officially yet," Alexis said as she slid down Val's form.

"Yes, we did ... last night." Morgan stated as he crossed his arms over his chest, his feet widening with his stance.

She stomped her foot. "That was in the heat of ... heat."

"So, I can go fuck a bitch?" Morgan asked with a raised brow as Val grinned.

"You damn well better not," Alexis snapped.

"Did you let me dominate you?"

"Yes," she muttered and then sighed as she brushed her long hair off her shoulder.

"Did I mate with you in heat?"

"Yes."

"Did I claim you as my mate?"

"Yes."

"Did you mark me with your sweet scent?"

"Yes."

"And I marked you back?"

"Yes," she grumbled, shooting Val a narrowed gaze at his chuckle.

"Then we're mated. You're mine; don't forget it, kitty, or I'll trim those claws while I've got you tied to my bed."

Val snickered.

"Same goes for you, wolf man," Alexis bit out, her arms folding over her breasts as she stared him down.

"Now, children. Let's not quibble." Val smirked.

"Good. Now, what appointment had you running naked from my bedroom? Because I'm ready to put you over my knee and spank your little ass before I take you again."

Alexis's entire body trembled, her canines lengthened, and her panties grew wet. She stepped toward him, ready to take him upstairs, when a woman's voice screeched. "I'm here!"

"That one," both Val and Alexis groaned with a wince.

"Well, where the hell is everyone? I'm not ... lukos," she hissed, transforming in front of them.

"No!" Alexis yelled as she stepped in front of Morgan. Transforming fully on her own, she grabbed her mother's hands when Cleo attacked.

Val vamped up. "Back off, Cleo."

Alexis held her mother off until Val grabbed Cleo by the back of her shirt and tossed her.

"Morgan is a guest in *my* house."

Alexis released a breath she didn't realize she'd been holding as Cleo rose. Ready to pounce, her nostrils flared, Alexis emitted a warning growl from low in her throat as her mother gazed at her disdainfully.

"You've mated with him, with a lukanthropos?" Cleo screeched scornfully. "I told you to stay away from him."

"He's my mate," Alexis snarled, hissing at her mother.

"Never!"

Her muscles tensed for the attack as Cleo jumped toward her. Hands up, Alexis released her claws and roared a challenge just as Val grabbed Cleo again.

"You will cease!" he ordered.

"Look at *it* just standing there, behind a woman." Cleo screamed, squirming for freedom.

"You don't want him to transform, Cleo." Val stood over her. "His beast form would kill you in a heartbeat."

"I'm Chimera!"

"You're an old bitch who's had her powers diminished by the Gods. You know Alpha strength when angered, especially

if they sense danger near their mates. They'll go from lukos to werelukos as well you know."

Alexis's heart pounded as Val leaned down, meeting her mother's gaze. "Do not make him or your daughter kill you. If you haven't noticed, Alexis changed without a thought to protect her mate. Now, whether you accept what's to be or not, you will change back and behave yourself in my home."

Alexis waited until her mother transformed to do so herself. Turning, she saw Morgan's jaw tense, eyes glowing as he stared at her mother. Slowly, she wrapped her arms around him, lifting on her toes. His arm lowered around her waist.

"It's all right," Alexis whispered. "Over, calm down."

Moving her hands up, she caressed him from his head to mid-back, listening to his throaty growl. "Morgan." She slid one hand to his jaw and turned it until he finally looked at her. His eyes slowly returned to normal. "Better now?"

Morgan grunted as he leaned down to kiss her. "Mine."

"Yes, I'm yours."

"Don't open your mouth." Val pointed at Cleo.

"He's a damn lukos," Cleo snapped.

"And I've been just a damn vamp for the past ten centuries," he replied sarcastically.

Alexis caught the sardonic smile Val tossed her mother as he pressed her toward the kitchen.

"So I said also," Jack said as he came to the doorway.

"And, no, I do not agree with anything you have to say Cleo, so get that out of your head. Master Val, the tea is ready."

"Here's your shirt." Alexis breathed a bit easier as everyone else went to the kitchen. "Not that I mind," she added, running her nail down the center of his bare chest.

"Why does everyone use the old words for my kind instead of Lykan?" Morgan asked as straightened his shirt out.

"I'm an ancient being remember?" She lifted up on her tip toes to grab his bottom lip between her teeth.

"Come on, kitten. Let's get this over with," Val called out. "You can fuck him afterward."

Her teeth sank into her bottom lip as Morgan drew his shirt on over his taut abs. Wild sensations streaked through her body when she caught his smile. "Oh brother, let's hurry this up." Alexis turned, walking into the kitchen.

"You are not going to be my next guardian, Cleo. I release you," Val stated.

"Thank the Gods," Cleo said as she rose from her seat and turned to Alexis. "Finally seeing your place?"

"Alexis will not be my guardian either ... my mate will be."

Alexis turned to congratulate Val and lost her smile when she saw who stood beside him. "You. You attacked me!" Stepping forward, she stopped when Morgan snaked an arm out, grabbed her around the waist, and hauled her back to his chest.

"Let me go," she snarled.

"I'm sorry," the huntress whispered.

Alexis stopped her fight to get free. "What?"

"I'm sorry you were hurt when I went after you. I wouldn't have killed you. I just wanted to frighten you into finding Val."

At the time, however, I didn't know you don't frighten so easily. And then LeVey showed up."

Alexis tilted her head to the side as Val moved behind the huntress and slid his arms around her waist. She burst out laughing. "Holy shit, what a hell of a day."

"It sure has been." Val smiled. "You can leave now, Cleo, and good riddance."

Morgan lifted a brow as the other woman took off without another word. "That's my mother-in-law?"

"Yeah, good fucking luck, man," Val snickered. "I pity your pack when that one comes to visit."

"Oh, don't worry, she won't." Alexis chuckled. "All holidays at my house." Lurching forward with a sudden mewl, showing her in-heat condition, she turned to Morgan. "How fast can you get us home?"

Morgan smiled, lifted his hand in a wave, and then they were gone.

* * * *

Alexis sat on Morgan's lap, tilting her head back as his fingers threaded through her long hair. "Remember how I told you I had to wait to get a sign from the Goddess to answer all your questions?"

"Yes."

"I have it," she whispered. "Do you love me, Morgan? Do you think it's too early for such?"

"No, it's not too early, and yes, I love you." He lifted her chin so he could kiss her softly. "I thought you knew that when I claimed you as my mate in public."

"A woman likes to hear the words, you know."

"Do they now?"

"Hmm, and not as they're being run up the stairs to the bedroom."

"I have yet to hear you say those words, woman."

"I love you, Morgan LeVey," Alexis whispered.

He kissed her again, then asked, "What sign do you speak of, sweet?"

"Remember our bout of horniness from last night?"

"I sure as hell hope so." He grinned, wiggling his brows.

"Tell me again why the male stays in the female for half an hour."

"To make sure his female becomes impregnated with his sperm." He nuzzled her neck, stopping when he caught a barely-there new scent. Lifting his head, he looked at her. "You're pregnant?"

"Yes," Alexis smiled as she laid her hands with tenderness on her stomach.

Morgan let out a whoop then kissed her hard. The door burst open, and Rafe stood there armed, with Robert behind him. Morgan grabbed the sheets to cover her.

"What's going on?" Rafe approached the bed. "She's not ill again, is she? I refuse to go back into that den of vamps."

Morgan grinned. "She, my friend, is pregnant."

"What?"

"Pregnant ... tell the pack their heir is on the way." He lifted his head to howl.

"Hot damn." Smiling, Rafe looked down at Alexis and then sneezed. "Damn it."

Alexis giggled as he backed out, mumbling about needing his little fae. After he shut the door, she turned to Morgan.

"You're happy then?"

"Happy? By the Gods, woman, I'm thrilled." He lowered his head to kiss her again. "Now, my sweet kit, tell me your age."

"I'm as old as you are." She reached up for a kiss as his pulsing shaft drove forward, stretching and filling her to the core. His cock jumped inside her, and he moaned.

"Technically speaking," she said, gasping as he moved slowly.

"I'm ... mmm, Gods it's hard to think when you do that."

Grunting, Morgan suckled her nipple hard. "Age?"

"Three ... three thousand, two hundred and twenty-eight."

Morgan looked up. "Are you kidding?"

"No. We age slowly until a mate's taken, and then ours coordinates with their lifespan. Now, fuck me."

"Well, when you put it like that." He grinned as he rolled them both so she was on her back with him between her legs. He thrust deeply, his grunts mixing with her moans and mewls. Laying his head next to her jugular, he plunged hard and deep, bringing them to orgasm, first Alexis and then himself. He roared with the loss of his seed into her warm womb where his child now lay.

Lying on top of her, he smiled against her hot flesh and listened to his pack send up howls of joy as they heard the good news. "They are happy for our child."

Alexis breathed deeply as he kissed her neck. "I am happy for our child, and the Goddess for sending you to my aid."

"I was following you that night. Hera's peacock showed up and said I needed to watch over you, for you were my destiny."

Turning her head, she kissed the tip of his nose. "As you are mine."

"Alexis?"

"Hmm?"

"What exactly will our child look like?" he asked as she looked up at him. "I'm a Lykan and you're a kitty."

Alexis ran her fingers over his biceps. "Chimera's are rare because when we birth, we usually birth male cubs. Male cubs will take the species of their sires."

"Is that why Hera blessed you, because you were born female?"

"Yes, I was the first female cub born in four thousand years."

"So female cubs are Chimeras no matter what?"

"Yes, and upon an even rarer occasion, a male cub will be Chimera."

"Even rarer, say the cub of one blessed by Hera?" His fingers skimmed over her bare abdomen, the sensitive tips identifying the soft thumping sound of his child's heart.

"If it so pleases the Gods." Bringing his fingers up to her mouth, she kissed them before he lowered his head for a soft sensual kiss of his own.

"I love you, Alexis."

"As I love you." she whispered, holding the secret Hera blessed her with—that of her child's gender—close to her heart as she lay content and safe within his arms.

Destined To Mate
by C.A. Salo

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About the author...

C.A. Salo is a mom, writer, and sister, living off Florida's Gulf Coast with her son and several pets. She likes to write anything from sweet to hot, hot, hot with a happy ending. When not writing, she tutors children with dyslexia, as well as home schools. Exploring interesting ideas and places has become a norm for C.A. Traveling, reading, photography, coffee, and wines are also a favorite for this diversified Gemini.

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Chapter One

The hairs on the back of her neck prickled. Stomach clenched. Heartbeat escalated. Her nerves tripped, sending an intuitive message to her brain, the instinctive need to do whatever was necessary to survive danger.

The whispers echoing in her mind forced her to turn on every light. Put a match to white candles. Her hand trembled as she smudged the room, burning sage, cedar and sweetgrass to dispel negative influences. In a practice as innate as breathing, she protected herself because once again she was the hunted.

Outside the windows of her metaphysical book and gift shop, dusk had settled. With the night came her anxiety. This was *their* time. Physically and mentally powerful men not of her world, men her instincts told her were deadly under the canopy of an inky black sky.

Standing in her shop, Audra Quinn closed her eyes and visualized white light emerging from the *crown* chakra—the energy point located at the top of her head—engulfing her to the *root* chakra—the heart of her femininity.

He was coming, and she didn't have the fortitude to resist. He wasn't the first, yet he was different. As long as she could remember, she'd been their fixation. Only never before had she wanted to succumb.

Audra's gift of empathic abilities protected her from men like the one whose imminent arrival loomed closer. She had the sensation of his heavy breath on her skin. Heard his

beating heart. Sensed the darkness dwelling within him. Audra had always been afraid of the dark.

Her breathing became shallow. This man was more powerful than the few who had come before. She couldn't remember her awareness ever being so palpable. Nerves quickening into frenzy, her heightened senses told her to flee. No! She didn't run anymore. She was strong enough to withstand his influence.

Yet, tonight the darkness seemed more relentless. And never before had it made her blood pump through her veins like the raging rapids of a wild river.

He was different.

She didn't need to turn around to know that he was there. He had come for her.

Standing just inside the door, he could not disguise the darkness that lurked within, not from her. Audra's powers remained focused. They had to be. Showing him weakness would increase his strength.

Hypnotic, ice-blue eyes locked onto hers, and the impact hit her in the *solar* plexus, the spiritual center. He took a step closer, and the energy moved into her *root*. The heat dampened her panties and engorged her clit. She tightened her thighs to quell the ache. Hardening into tight buds beneath her shirt, her nipples strained for the touch of his hands. She closed her eyes only to visualize with perfect clarity how it would be for his long blunt fingers to touch her heated flesh and part the swollen lips of her pussy.

A moan broke from her lips. She leaned against the counter. Blood pounded in her ears. Sweat beaded on her

brow. Her legs spread of their own volition. He was there, and yet he wasn't. She could feel him pressing into her. His thrusting cock stretched her, pushed past the barrier of her innocence and claimed her as his own.

Audra's eyes flew open. *This was his intent.*

At her body's responses, she questioned her ability to shield herself. More disturbing was her uncertainty that she wanted to. Attempting composure, she cleared her throat.

"Can I help you?" It was the wrong thing to say because it was clear in her mind that he intended to help himself. To her.

The light in her small shop couldn't penetrate his aura. He moved in shadow amid the incense, crystals and new age books. He passed Egyptian statuary, Indian incense burners and tarot cards on his way toward her. He neared the back wall with shelves stocked with Kama Sutra creams, oils and powders. The candles she'd lit burned brightly, flickered, and then extinguished, smoldering in his wake.

Her chest constricted as he stepped around the counter. Nothing between them but sexually charged kinetic energy.

His desire spiked her arousal, and her arousal increased his desire. Always before, she had been able to remain steadfast in her determination not to succumb to the temptation of the men who came from the night. Tonight she wouldn't. Every cell in her body cried out to this man ... to the darkness in him.

Large and statuesque, he stood well over six feet tall. Her eyes raked up his long legs, past his thick muscled thighs

encased in black denim, and rested on the swelling evidence of his hunger behind the faded fly.

Shoulder length hair, dark as the shadows from where he came, brushed the collar of his open leather jacket. He wore a tight T-shirt that made her hands twitch with the need to run over the contours of his broad, powerful shoulders. His deliciously disturbing scent, masculine and spicy, hit her senses with the impact of a tidal wave.

Butterflies filled her stomach as his hand reached out to touch her. She weakened, and her knees buckled. His blatant desire hammered into her thoughts in relentless telepathic images. Erotic images wreaking havoc on her will. She'd never encountered such a virile man. Only he wasn't just any man.

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