

MIA AND DOMINIC



Dark Guardian
Book 2

T. S.
Walker

MIA AND DOMINIC - DARK GUARDIAN 2

BY

TS WALKER

The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.

Please purchase only authorized electronic editions, and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted materials. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

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

Mia and Dominic-Dark Guardian 2

Copyright © 2008 TS Walker

ISBN: 978-1-55487-101-8

Cover art by Martine Jardin

All rights reserved. Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilization of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, is forbidden without the written permission of the publisher.

Published by eXtasy Books

Look for us online at:

www.extasybooks.com

DEDICATION

*To my husband and everyone that stands by
me.*

CHAPTER ONE

“Damn, Marco is good,” Mia Delauney murmured as she crouched next to the body lying on the ground. She touched the blood on the front of the victim’s shirt, bringing her blood-coated fingers closer, rubbing the blood together between her thumb and index finger.

Taking a quick glance at the body again, which did not seem mangled, bruised or even bitten, merely stained with blood on the victim’s shirt, she shook her head in disgust at the thought of what a creature of the night had done to this man. No human deserved to die this way. In pain, in angst, suffering until they breathed their last breath. No matter how many times she saw a dead body, she would never get use to seeing one.

Mia pulled the blood analyzer from her belt. She surveyed her surroundings, noting that the sun would be up soon and she stood in the middle of a dirty alley over a dead man’s body. She could not explain this to the police or anyone as a matter

of fact. Anyone would see this and go running, screaming for help as they went.

The stench from rotten food and other rubbish flooded her senses, bringing forth a frown on her face. As much as she wanted to walk away, she did not stop what she had to do. She had to do this as quickly as possible, before anyone walked by.

Sitting the analyzer on the ground, she removed the glass vile from the machine and rubbed the blood from her finger on the tip of it. The sounds of trashcans moving made her lift her head. She stilled. Every muscle in her body locked, ready to fight if someone sneaked up on her. Her eyes watched as the trashcans on the far side of the alley shook again.

Reaching behind her, she grabbed for the knife tucked down in the holster on her belt. Mia tensed again, holding the knife tightly. She eased the knife out, ready to strike when it moved again. A black, stray cat jumped from inside one of the trashcans to on top of another. It meowed, then began cleaning the filth from its body. Seeing it was only a stray cat, she eased the knife back into her belt. The cat stopped moving when it noticed her presence. Its green eyes locked with hers for a moment, glowing, ready to attack her if necessary.

"Shoo, cat," she mumbled.

The cat stretched lazily, unconcerned, before leaping off the can and scurrying across the alley. It squeezed into a small hole on the side of the

building just big enough for its body.

Taking a deep breath, Mia placed the vile into the machine and pressed the button. The machine made a low humming sound. Slowly, she picked up the machine, pressing in the code on the small keypad. It vibrated in her hand as it analyzed the blood. The colors on the small machine's meter changed from red, which was not good. Red meant human blood. It changed to black, meaning he was not a werewolf either.

"No, not green," Mia whispered, bringing the machine closer to get a good look at it. "Not another vampire. Not tonight." A low snarl from the man alerted Mia. She looked up just in time to see the supposedly dead vampire figure flying through the air charging at her. "Holy shit," she screamed, dropped the machine, falling backward to the concrete ground. The machine crashed to the ground, shattering into pieces.

The newly turned vampire took advantage of the situation and sat on top of her before she had a chance to react. Mia swung her fist toward the vampire's face. He jerked away from her before she made impact. He grabbed her hands, pinning them above her head. His weight pressed against her chest making her draw in short breaths to try to get enough oxygen into her depleting lungs. Her gaze went to his mouth as long blood teeth slid from his gums, saliva dripped from them, splashing on her face. She turned her head and

more saliva dripped on her neck and chest. She cringed. A long bath was in order if she got out of this situation.

Mia struggled to get free, but he held her down easily. A little too easy for her liking. He was a bit stronger than the other fledglings she fought. Coming up with a plan, she lifted her hip hoping to draw him closer to her so that she could head butt him in the nose. A fight technique she learned while fighting in London last year. The vampire pressed his weight on her chest, stopping her movement.

His scowl turned to a grin as if he knew for sure he had the upper hand on her.

Slowly, he bent his head toward her. Mia eyes widened, knowing she had made her first mistake in a very long time. She should have just staked the body before analyzing the blood. If she had, then this would not be happening right now. Closing her eyes tightly, she waited on the pain of his teeth when they finally penetrated her skin. Over the years, vampires, demons and a couple of werewolves had bitten her. Out of all of them, vampires had the sharpest teeth and they hurt like hell.

“Do not close your eyes, Mia,” he whispered against her neck.

Mia’s eyes snapped open.

He lifted up and looked down into her eyes.

How did he know who she was by name?

Many demons have heard of her, but not many really knew her. She did not resemble a vampire hunter. Many thought her as nice and sweet until she cut off their heads with a sword or removed their hearts with a knife. For that brief moment before they died, they knew Mia had skills that should not be taken lightly. "Who changed you?" she questioned. At least if she got him to talk it could buy her a little time to come up with a plan to escape.

"Marco," he whispered. "He wanted me to kill you." His teeth flashed at her. "Looks like a fledgling will be the one to take the famous Mia out. Do you know the reward I will get for this kill?" He snarled.

Mia began fighting as much as she could to get away. If she could get to the knife in her belt, she could get away. Why had she not come prepared tonight? Over the years, she became slack at her job, taking the night for granted when she very well knew creatures of the night looked for women to be out alone at night. She wished she had kept walking home. She saw the man laying there and she knew something had happened.

"Now, you are going to di—" his words stopped abruptly.

His body jerked forward making Mia scream at the top of her voice when a silver arrow protruded through the vampire's chest, coming so close to her that it touched the top of her breast, cutting

into the skin. She looked into his eyes wide in shock.

His brown gaze darted down to the arrow. He opened his mouth to speak. Blood poured from his mouth, splashing onto her face.

"Come on," she yelled in anger. "Not on my face!" When he released her hands, she bucked and pushed at his chest, making him fall backward to the ground.

Mia sucked in a deep breath and lay on the ground for several moments, just thanking God for whoever came to her rescue. She touched the cut on her chest, knowing that it would be all right. It would take a lot more blood for her to change into a Triane. Taking the tail end of her shirt, she wiped the blood from her face.

The sound of approaching footsteps made her jump to her feet with ease. A move she used often when she fought demons, which was usually followed by a leg sweep that brought her competitor down hard, then a quick stake to the heart or dismemberment of the head to finish the job.

Mia stood face to chest with a man. She jumped back, giving herself the room she needed to fight if she had to. The man standing there with the bow in his hand was tall with dark black hair that cascaded to his shoulders. Silhouetted by the white light from the lamppost against the alley wall, she sighed thinking that if anyone saw him

on the street, they could not stop from taking a long glance at him. Never in her life had she seen a man whose face was sculptured beautifully. He had a nice firm chin and fine black hairs lined his jaw.

He shoved the bow into a holster behind his back.

Long, delicate fingers moved up toward her to touch the cut on her chest. Looking down, she saw blood trailing from the wound, which seem to be healing already. What made her look worse, was the blood on her shirt from when she wiped the blood from her face.

The closer his fingers moved toward her, the more she wanted to let him examine the wound. Wanted! Not even close to what she needed. She craved for him to touch more than just her cut. She wanted him to touch her everywhere. Grimacing at the thought, she shook her head, then took a step backward so he could not touch her.

"Do not fear me," he spoke low and somewhat seductive.

Somewhat? That was the understatement of the year. His voice sounded more seductive than any voice she ever heard her entire life. She could listen to him day and night and would never tire from hearing him speak. His voice started an inferno in the lower part of her stomach.

Mia knew he had to be one of the good guys. The verity he wore dark sunglasses in the middle

of the night, alerted her that he hid something she already knew. Something that made her want to cry out in frustration. Why did all the good-looking males have to be evil? "Do not touch me, vampire," she snapped.

He dropped his hands and cocked his head.

She knew if he removed his glasses, she would meet silver or light gray colored eyes. Over the years, she ran into a few, as they call themselves, Dark Guardians. A group of mostly vampires and other demons born, not made, whose main goals were to protect humans. Yeah right. She did not believe it when the first one told her that and she would not believe this one if he told her. They were all bloodsuckers. They all drank blood to survive and that meant they all deserved to die. Just like the first vampire she killed who tried to get her to believe that crap. Four years ago, she and a Dark Guardian named Seth fought long and hard, several hours to be exact. They were both tired and about ready to call a truce, when she eventually got the upper hand on him and took him out. A vampire bullet right to his heart stopped him in his tracks. The first Dark Guardian she killed. Her first real victory. The victory that made her known worldwide.

The man in front of her continued to stare at her through those dark glasses, making her uneasy he could see her, but she could not see his eyes. She reached behind her to the knife in the back of her

belt. She really wished she had brought more weapons with her tonight. Changed Trianes are sloppy and slow, very easy to kill. However, Dark Guardians were a lot harder to take down. They were more skilled and trained. They almost could tell what move she made before she made it.

Her fingers wrapped around the knife's handle. She would have to run for it soon. Dark Guardians may not kill humans, but they did not take kindly to the ones that worked for the Department of Paranormal Studies.

They would torture a DPS worker just to get information from them to find out where they hid their labs so they could take them down. She worked for DPS for five years and would not give up any information about them. She would kill herself before she did that.

"Vampire," he repeated after a long pause.

His voice sounded like satin silk. It slid over her body, making her insides shiver from the unique sound. She noticed that, for the first time in years, her body responded to a man. It soared and leaped at the sound of his voice alone. She shifted her weight from one foot to the other, trying to control the raging hormones flaring through her body. His nostrils flared and she knew he sensed her arousal.

Mia opened her mouth and breathed out a deep breath to control herself. What did he do to her? Had he taken over her mind, made her fall under

the spell of his voice? No. He could not. She knew the feeling of someone trying to take over her mind and knew how to block anyone from taking it over. She knew he had not, so why did she fall under the spell of his voice already? "Yes," she said, gaining some composure. "You are a vampire."

He smiled.

His pearly white teeth shinned brightly in the dark alley. The smile made her close her eyes for a moment, just to not ask him to keep smiling when he stopped.

"I'm not a vampire, I am Cotranth."

"So, you are. Not any better. You are just a half-breed. Half vampire. Half werewolf. You are not considered a regular werewolf. You do not have to turn three days out of the month like normal werewolves. You take blood and you have fangs. The only difference is, you can shape shift into different forms other than a werewolf. Even though you are not a full vampire, you guys are still hypersensitive to the sun and you must get as little exposure as possible."

"You know your history about Dark Guardians."

"I know werewolves," she told him.

A low growl erupted from his throat.

Treacherous.

Dangerous.

She gripped the knife tighter when he advanced

toward her. She forgot how sensitive they are. Cotranths do not like to be referred to as werewolves, flesh eaters as so many werewolves are. "Stay back," she told him.

"I am not a werewolf," he hissed, still stalking closer.

She frowned. "Sensitive," she whispered. She did not know why they did not like when someone called them a werewolf. They were practically one. They change into one when they are angry or, as she heard, when they mate. Well, not when they mated, it was more like being locked together during a full moon. Something that happens to dogs when they are together sexually. As gross as that appeared to be in her mind, her body wanted that. She wanted them to be locked together, his sperm pumping deep inside her pussy as she came around his cock. The images flashed in her mind of him fucking her, pumping his cock inside her, dominating her in ways she knew he could.

He ceased his movement.

She knew for sure he had read her thoughts.

His long, dark hair flew graceful in the summer breeze when he cocked his head again.

She knew he watched her closely through his glasses. He was waiting on her to make the first move so he would have an excuse to take her down. To have him lying on top of her, she might just let him do it. *You are so going to hell for thinking*

like this, Mia. Focus. When he moves, you move.

"Mia Delauney," he whispered.

Mia frowned. "What is it, do I have my name tattooed on my forehead or something?"

His mouth curved upward into a smile.

Mia stood straight, watching his every move, knowing he could take her down quickly. Dark Guardians moved faster than the eyes could actually see and, if he got the upper hand on her, things could go from bad to worse. She did not want to end up in a torture center for the next couple of weeks while they tried to pull information from her mind.

"I know you and I know of you. This body will burn in the morning sun. Did he tell you who changed him?"

She watched a smile tug at the corner of his lips again. *Damn, what a gorgeous smile*, she thought. He moved closer and she stiffened, ready for him to ambush her.

I would love to spar with you, Mia. I have not had any fun in a very, very longtime but not now."

Why, to her, did that come out as sexual over fighting? On the other hand, did she want it to sound sexual? Mia removed her hand from the knife. Maybe she could just walk away from this one, just this one time. Later, she could chase and kill him. "Marco did it. "He told me right before you killed him." She touched the wound on her

chest, a reminder of her mistake.

He let out a snarl that vibrated through the alley.

What had she said that upset him so quickly?

"Marco," his voice hissed out deadly.

"Yes," she answered, taking another step away from the psycho Cotranth. "Thanks for killing that guy for me. I have to go. Have to check in with my work. How about we fight later?" Mia watched him for a moment.

"Do you want to know my name?" he asked softly, unfazed by her suggestion of fighting later.

Mia did not know if he joked with her or truly wanted her to know his name. Dark Guardians did not reveal their identities so easily to people they did not know. She did not need to know the name of the man she would kill in the long run. Now, if he would tell her, why not find out as much as she could about him before they met up again. "Yes," she answered. "What is it?"

CHAPTER TWO

Dominic could not keep his gaze off Mia. In all his years of being a Dark Guardian, he never laid eyes on such beauty.

Long golden hair in a braid hung gracefully down to the middle of her back, swinging side to side with her every movement. Beautiful hazel eyes glowed brighter when the moon hit them just right. He could tell that underneath the jeans and black t-shirt she wore, lurked a nice tone, petite body. He wanted to spar with her all right, but not how he knew she thought he wanted. His involved them being naked and in bed together. He could make love to Mia for a very long time and not tire of a woman like her. Yes, he would love that, but he knew of her and that made it a dangerous thing.

Every Dark Guardian this side of Lansing, Michigan knew of Mia. No one ever got a picture of her, but the ones who saw her and survived, which were not many, said she had a beauty that went deeper than just her outside. She stole the

hearts of Dark Guardians all around the world. From her hometown of New Orleans to here. That's why she had taken out Seth so quickly. Seth was a powerful Dark Guardian over three thousand years old. The rumor said he had been caught up by her beauty, just as he had, and with that one second, one heartbeat, Mia took Seth out.

With him, it was more than her beauty that had him wanting her. It was the haunting of a forbidden longing of all Dark Guardians stirring deep inside him and inside her. In his seventy-four years of being a Dark Guardian, he never thought he would find his Bloodmate, the only woman who could anchor his soul to his body. She was the only woman who could make him happy from now until the end of time.

He shook his head at the thought. How could his God pair him up with a DPS worker? She would never accept him as a mate. Let alone accept him as a lover. She wanted to run from him right now because she did not have enough weapons to try and take him down. As small as she looked, he could not understand how she took down so many others of his kind. She did not look as if she could go two rounds with a fruit fly. Nevertheless, her reputation said it all. She killed hundreds of vampires, werewolves and demons combined. She was known as the famous Mia.

The hunter.

The killer.

And not to be taken for granted.

"What is your name?" she asked again, frustration clearly in her voice.

"I am Dominic Rousseau." He took pride in the way her body shuddered at the sound of his voice. And he used that to arouse her body and mind. She would want him without the push, but he would not take the chance of losing her now that he found her. He could smell the juices from her pussy cream for him. Only him. She wanted him and, if he touched her right now, he doubted she would stop him from fucking her right here in this alley. He closed his eyes and vanquished the thought of taking his mate in an alley. He would never do that to her. When he had her, and he would, he would make love to her for hours. Kiss every inch of her body, savor her and pamper her until she could not take his teasing. She would beg for him, something he knew Mia would never do for anyone else. She was strong, but he was stronger.

God, he wanted to taste her right now, drive his tongue deep in her cunt, faster, harder and deeper until she cried out from pleasure. Then he would do it again and again until she begged to have his cock inside her. If she asked nicely, he would abide her request, if not, he would torture her longer, make her cum until she had no choice but to ask to have him inside her.

He growled at the thought of sinking deep

inside her pussy, knowing they would fit perfectly. Together they would cum in a blissful, unforgettable ecstasy. His cock inside her, his fangs in her neck, rocking together until they came.

The feel of his fangs lengthening in his mouth brought his attention back to his mate in front of him. She had her eyes closed, also absorbing his thoughts, his feelings. They were sharing the same emotions and feelings. She wanted him to do everything that he thought of.

All of a sudden, the link between their minds closed. Her hazel eyes snapped opened and she let out a low, unapproved hiss. Had she known he was in her mind with her? She could not. He watched as she smiled at him nervously. The corners of her mouth trembling to maintain the fake smile.

"Thanks, Dominic. I will know what to put on your gravestone."

He laughed at her then. She really thought she could kill him now. She might want to, but deep down, she wanted him just as much as he wanted her. Know it or not, her arousal filled the alley and stirred a need deep inside him. If she would not pull the knife she had her fingers wrapped around and stab him with it the first chance she got, he would grab her and kiss her into submission. He wanted her badly, needed her as a mate, needed his other half. "Till we meet again then, Mia."

Mia walked passed him, her scent of need lingering on her every pore. It took all his strength not to grab her as she made her way around him. She turned and looked at him, walking backward out of the alley to make sure he did not sneak up on her. She kept her gaze on him until she made it to the end of the alley. He saw her braid flying in the wind when she ran.

Dominic glimpsed at the body on the ground once more before jumping up onto the ladder on the side of the building. He climbed the ladder until he reached the top of the building, his eyes scanning for the direction Mia ran. Spotting her moving quickly through two buildings, he jumped from the rooftop of one building to the next, following her every move. She did not look back once. She just kept up the unusually fast pace for a human.

Mia only stopped when she came to a small home a couple blocks away from the alley. She ran up on the porch and pulled out a key from her pocket. She unlocked the door and ran inside, closing the door behind her.

Snatching off his glasses and slipping them into his pocket, Dominic watched her through the window as she took off her shirt and wiped the remainder of the blood from her face.

He groaned at the sight of her. She had a flat, toned stomach that went perfectly with her nice, firm breasts. How he would love to taste them

right now. Take them into his mouth until he made her so hot and wet that the moment he slid his cock inside her, she would come over and over again, screaming his name at the top of her voice.

Dominic growled low at the feel of his cock hardening at the thought. He shook the thought, getting his body under control. He needed to do one thing and that was get her to a place where hundreds of Dark Guardians were so they could get inside her mind and find out where this famous DPS building was. The more they took down, the better life he, his brothers, sisters, and eventually his mate, would have.

His gaze watched her moving with grace through the house and into what had to be the bathroom, then she slammed the door. The sound vibrated through the house.

Slowly, Dominic made his way up to the home, scanning the area for anything unusual. He knew DPS workers kept cameras all around their homes. They had guards to protect them while they slept and guard dogs to protect their homes while they were away. Most DPS workers did not live in one place very long, making it harder to track them. Mia could not have lived here long or he would have noticed her by now. She must have just moved in because she did not have a security system set up anywhere or guards whatsoever. She might be a great hunter, but all hunters needed some type of backup. On the other hand,

Mia did not need that sort of backup. She could kick ass. He knew that.

Dominic grabbed the knob to the door and, to his advantage, she left it unlocked. He turned the knob and the door opened. He eased inside, still scanning for any type of trap she might have set up. Leaving her door open felt like a trap to him, but he still went inside, locking the door behind him.

CHAPTER THREE

“Yes, David?” Marco Sanxay spoke from behind the newspaper. He did not know why but he enjoyed reading the paper daily. Maybe he enjoyed reading about the unsolved murders he caused and no one knew who or what happened to his victims.

“I just got word that the fledgling you sent out did not make the kill.”

“Are you telling me that Mia is not dead?” Marco hissed his words through clenched teeth. He slammed the paper down on the desk and stood.

David, his Triane for the past two hundred and seventy five years, stepped back.

Not many Trianes were as good as David. When he transformed him many years ago, David was loyal to him. Serving his every need. Doing any and every thing to please him. Perhaps because in the next two hundred and twenty years, he would need to do another blood exchange with him to make sure he lived another

five hundred years.

Trianes only lived for five hundred years. Their blood has to be compatible to the one who was giving blood before an exchange could take place. After five hundred years, they convert back to human form and could live the rest of their lives as a human or one had to give them blood again to give them a longer life. Everyone thought vampires lived forever. Dark Guardians did, their mates did. Dementras, such as himself, a Dark Guardian who has given up his soul to the God of Destruction, Nairapha, also lives forever. Those movie vampires humans had come up with did not even scratch the surface of what they were. You cannot go out changing everyone into a vampire. It took skills, the correct blood and time just to make an exchange.

It took every ounce of will power not to kill when Marco made his slaves. He loved the taste of a human when he drained them of their last drop of blood. Killing gave him more power than he ever felt in his life. However, right now, he needed Mia taken down. She was getting too close to him. He killed her parents over five years ago and she tracked his every move. Now, she needed to die. He did not have time for the games any longer. He would kill her soon.

A quick thought formed in his mind that made him smile. Maybe he could change her into a Chosen. It's very rare to find a mate who could be

as evil as a Decomtra, but he heard that Xavier Aguirre found his mate Veronica and successfully changed her. Xavier had been killed by his Chosen only because she had too much good in her, a need to protect her friend, Rosezzettea, and her mate, Javon. They may be one happy family, but it would change quickly. A rumor was going around that Irene's baby was on the warpath looking for Veronica and it should be a good battle when they finally met.

Mia would be a perfect mate for him. She was smart and strong. He knew he could unleash a passion hidden deep inside her. What joy he would have knowing he changes one of the DPS's hunters into a vampire. His silver gaze found David, who stood at the doorway, not moving from his spot.

"I...I will find another to take her out," David stammered.

His trusted Triane knew he would never kill him, but he knew he would kick his ass all over this room if he did not get an answer he liked. "No," Marco answered. "I will handle the famous Mia myself. I have plans that I know would make every DPS worker sad when I take their Mia away from them and make her my Chosen."

David smiled. "That would be something that would make you a very known Decomtra."

"Yes, it would. Go prepare my bedchambers below. I need to rest and the sun will be up soon.

Tonight, I will have to find this Mia myself."

"Yes, Marco." David headed out of the room to do as ordered.

Marco sat back down in his chair, grabbed the paper and began reading again. Things were about to get interesting from this point on.

* * * *

Mia's cell rang. She groaned, turned off the water in the shower and got out. Grabbing a towel and wrapping it around her body, she then grabbed her cell from the counter. Flipping the phone open, she pressed it against her ear. "Mia speaking."

"Mia."

"Hi, Sophia. What's up?"

"Nothing. I wanted to know how your night went. There are a lot of vampires in this part of town and I do not want our number one girl to get hurt."

Mia glimpsed at the bloody clothing in the wastebasket. Never again would she let another blood sucker sneak up on her. She would kill first and ask questions later. "Nothing happened. I need another blood analyzer. Mine got busted."

"What happened?"

"Nothing bad. A new vampire snuck up on me."

"Really! How...I mean, that never happened

before."

"Calm down, Sophia. I am fine. The vampire is dead. I just busted the machine. Think I can get another one?"

"Sure, no problem. I will have to order you one. It might take a day or two to get here."

"Good." Mia leaned against the sink. "I will need to stock up on my supplies."

"Why?"

"I am a little low. I also need you to run a report on a Dominic Rousseau. R-o-u-s-s-e-a-u. I think that is how to spell it. I had a run in with him and I know he's a Dark Guardian."

"Are you all right? If you ran into one, you know what they want."

"Yes, I do." Mia loosened the wet braid of her hair. She ran her fingers through it a couple of times. "I know he wants to find out where we are located. Do not worry. We will meet again. I just need to stock up on some things before I go out hunting."

"Okay. I will get you another analyzer. Fax you the information I find on this Rousseau fellow and put in an update for supplies. A couple of crossbows, arrows and other things like that."

"That would be helpful."

"I will have your order in today. Have a nice sleep. See you tonight."

"Thanks, Sophia."

"Any time, Mia."

Mia closed the cell and sat it on the side of the sink. She looked into the mirror, wiped the steam from the glass with her hands and stared into the mirror. She would be thirty this year, but she felt well over the age. For almost six years, she hunted all night and slept all day. On her days off, she trained down at the center. The days she could not sleep, she jogged and did other things to pass her day. DPS paid a hell of a lot of money for working for them and she had days in to take off. Her body might be ready for a vacation. She had not taken one in six years. Marco would not go too far in two weeks. She could kill him later. Right now, she needed rest.

“Later, Marco, you are mine,” she murmured. Pushing away from the mirror, she headed to her bedroom to rest. Maybe get the man Dominic off her mind also. She had to have a clear mind before fighting him. She could not go there lusting after his body. That would get her trapped in one of their torture centers for sure.

As she walked out of the bathroom, she felt strong hands grip her shoulders. Quickly, not panicking, she elbowed her attacker in the stomach. A move that would have taken a human down. She heard his intake of air, but he did not let her go. The attacker pushed her face first against the wall, gentle enough not to leave a bruise, but hard enough to knock the breath from her lungs on impact.

Oh, God. What was wrong with her? She could not figure out how twice in one night she had let her guard down. She reached back to grab her attacker's hair. The attacker caught her hand, holding them both above her head. The towel she had wrapped around her body slid to the ground.

Mia knew whoever had her was not human. No human could overpower her like this. Whoever it was had to be a coward for sneaking up on her. How did he get into her house in the first place? She must have forgotten to lock the door. Again. Mia never believed in having guards around to watch her, she could watch herself. After tonight, getting a couple of guards sounded very resourceful right now.

Mia struggle to move, but the attacker pressed his lower body against her, pushing her closer to the wall. The hard length of him pressed against her ass. Her body betrayed her, responding to a stranger's touch. She bit her bottom lip hard to keep from crying out as her body tingled, heated. Liquid fire rushed from her body, soaking the inside of her thighs.

Mia snarled in anger, fighting to get away. She moved, but it only resulted in her pushing her ass against her attacker. Mia heard his quick intake at the contact. Through his clothes, she felt him grow thicker, harder, longer. The impulse to push back again intensified, but she stopped.

Listening, she heard his heart beating, matching

the beat of hers. She became aware of the heat radiating off him in waves of desire. He pushed inside her mind, larger waves of desire, lust, need, want and passion invaded her body, then took over in only a matter of seconds. The desire was his, but she experienced it, making it her desire also. It hit her like a train, buckling her knees from the force. If she had not for the wall, she would fall to the floor.

The hands that had her wrists trapped, tightened as he moved her hands closer together, then trapped both her wrists in one of his hands. She bucked to get away, knowing he could not hold her with one hand. How wrong was she? The movement only resulted in another wave of want to crash into her body.

Mia needed to get out of this. *Think Mia, you were trained to get out of situations like this. You have been trained to kill. Trained to get out of any dangerous situation.* She knew how to take down a man larger than she was, but knew nothing about getting out of a situation where a man who she had not seen could make her wet from just a touch. Nothing in the DPS book came to mind to help her get out of this.

Nothing!

His free hand outlined the side of her breast bringing her back to the situation. Mia trembled when his large hands cupped her breast, enticing a low, sexual moan from her. She quickly quieted,

not wanting him to think his touch turned her to putty in his hands.

Who in the hell was he? His ass was hers as soon as he released her.

The hand on her breast moved down her ribcage, skimmed across her flat stomach before stopping just above her blonde curls in between her thighs. The need to spread her thighs overpowered. She wanted to. Needed to do it, but would never give up that type of power to anyone.

Mia trembled against the attacker. She sucked in a deep breath when her body came into contact with his again. Mia could not believe her body responded to a person who was literally raping her. Her breath quickened, more warm liquid poured from her body, preparing her to take his.

"I," a male's voice rasped against her ear.

He seemed to be in so much pain, but she knew he was not. The sound was not of pain but of need. A strong need she wanted to take away from him.

"I am not raping you. My intentions were to come in here and take you back where I can get the information from you. But the moment the towel fell from your body and I saw you naked, smelled your arousal, felt your yearning, your desire to have me inside your body, making love to you until you cum repeatedly, I knew I had to have you first."

Mia shook her head. "No." It was all true! She wanted it although would never admit to it. He growled loudly, making her body liquefy from the sound alone.

"Don't lie to me, Mia!" his voice low and harsh. "Let's see just how much your body does not want that. If you are dry, I will let you go. I will leave here and never come back. If you are wet with need." He moved closer to her body, pressing his hard, covered cock against her buttock. "I *will* have your body."

Mia closed her eyes. She knew that voice! It was Dominic. He did not follow the rules of their truce. He followed her home, betraying her just as much as her body betrayed her right now. She knew when he touched her, she would be wet and would lose this bet. "You betrayed our truce, Dominic." His nails scraped across her stomach bringing forth a slight pain followed by pleasure.

"Did I?" he breathed in her ear.

"Ye...yes," her voice quavered.

"Then," he whispered, "I will have to make up for that."

His hand slid lower and she moved against his hand, wanting him to go faster, take her in ways she knew he could. At the same time, wanting him to stop and set her free so she could beat his ass. "No," she pleaded. "Let me go. Please don't."

"Oh, I'm going to please you all right. You say no, but I can tell Mia. I smell your desire. It fills

the room, making my cock hard with need to be buried inside your body.”

His hand moved down, reaching its goal. She nearly shouted from the feeling of his hand covering her mound. It felt so good to have his hands on her. It felt right as if she belonged to him.

* * * *

Dominic had to control himself and quickly. His teeth had lengthened on their own. His body was hard. He did not come in here to take her body. He spoke the truth about wanting to find out where the DPS's building was, but the moment the towel fell from her body, giving his eyes the perfect view of her, his plans changed and he knew he had to have her.

He knew how wet she would be when he touched her. He knew that the agreement would be in his favor. What he did not expect, was the sensation of lust and desire to rush into his body, making him hard to a point of almost pain when he touched her. She moved against him, rubbing her tight ass against him, through his pants, almost making him cum prematurely. In all his years of living, he never understood why mates acted the way they did, but now he did. It was torture to have your mate so close to you and not be able to have them. If he did not have Mia's

body soon, he would die right there, hard and wanting her.

Closing his eyes, he bent to her neck, sinking his blood teeth into her tender flesh. Her rich, spicy blood poured into his mouth. He released her hand and wrapped it around her waist, pulling her closer to him. The hand between her thighs pushed her thighs apart further and thrust two fingers deep inside her.

Dominic heard Mia's loud moan echoing through the room. Her head rolled, lying on his shoulder, giving him better access to her neck. He moved his fingers in and out of her pussy. Her hot, sexy cream coated his fingers, making it easy for them to slide in and out of her hot body.

She fought at first, not wanting him, at the same time craving him. Soon she moved against his fingers, keeping in time with his fingers and the suction from his fangs on her neck. He drank lightly, drawing out the sensation, making it last and last. His body tightened more if possible, straining painfully against the zipper of his pants. He moved his fingers faster, thrusting them deeper into her welcoming body.

"Dominic," she moaned. Her breath coming in short pants. "I...need..."

She quieted when he adjusted his fingers and the tip of his finger touched her secret g-spot.

"You have to stop."

Dominic felt Mia's need to cum. She trembled

in his arms as more blood gushed in his mouth. He savored every drop of it. Hot, steamy, delicious and all Mia. He had no plans on stopping. *That's it baby, cum for me. I need to feel you cum around my fingers as much as I need to feel you cum around my cock. Tonight, I will have both,* he whispered in her mind.

Mia shook her head.

She wanted to cum, that he knew. And he knew she could not believe she let this go this far. She had and there was no going back for either of them. She was his.

His to control.

His to please.

His forever.

Yes, he hissed. *You will cum. I feel your body tightening around my fingers. Every time I thrust my fingers inside you, imagine it being my cock, sinking deep inside you. Fucking you. Needing you to cum with me.*" He growled at the images that popped inside her mind. *That's it. Imagine it Mia. Me, inside you, our worlds coming together, needing to cum together. Needing this. Needing each other.* He pushed deeper inside her and she yelled his name. *Now, baby, cum!*

"No," she cried out harshly through clenched teeth.

She still fought his command and he loved it.

"You bastard!" she breathed.

She called him a bastard for taking away what

she tried so desperately to hold on to. Her soul. She believed her soul was not his for the taking. Her soul did belong to him. It was his to take. He commanded her and she obeyed, drenching his fingers with liquid heat.

As her trembling subsided, he removed his fangs from her neck, licking the small pinpricks to seal the wound. He cleaned the trickle of blood on the side of her neck, making sure to get every drop.

Mia did not move.

He knew she enjoyed his attention to her neck. She moaned softly every time his tongue passed over his mark. After making sure no trace of blood remained, he laid his head on her neck in an effort not to give her his blood. She needed to stay human just for a while longer. The beast roared at him in anger, clawing at his insides to take her, give her his blood. She belonged to him and the beast knew it. Instead of doing as his natural instinct wanted, he listened to her heartbeat. She breathed hard. His breaths came out in harsh pants as well. He fought, pushed down the urge to change her. But he was losing a non-winning battle. He had to have her. The beast commanded.

Pulling his fingers away from her body, he spun her around to face him, the beast in him stronger than ever. It took over his soul. He bent toward her and pressed his lips against hers. Dominic knew Mia knew about his race, knew

about Bloodmates, but never thought for a moment she was one. If she knew what she was to him, she would have stopped him from kissing her. No doubt about it.

From the first kiss of mates, a symbol of their love would appear on the male's left wrist and the female's right. While making love, the two symbols must touch to bond them together for life.

He thrust his tongue into her warm mouth when she moaned into his, the sound lost forever. Her trembling hands went to the fly of his jeans and she unbuttoned them, at the same time keeping in time with the kiss. She pushed his pants down as far as she could, from a standing position, freeing his cock.

He growled at the wonderful feeling of her tiny hands wrapping around his length. Her thumb rubbed across the tip, smearing the pre-cum over the head before moving lower. She cupped his balls and he shuddered with need. Mia was wilder than he thought she would be. Her other hand went to his neck, pulling his head closer to hers as their tongues fought for dominance.

Releasing his balls, she gripped the base of his length and moved up and down his cock. It had been so long since he had a woman. Never had he wanted a woman as much as he wanted Mia right now.

His hips moved in time with her hands, wanting to be inside her right now. Needing to

cum inside her. Dominic knew the call of mating claimed her. She needed him inside her body until she came, over and over again. He deepened the kiss and pushed her against the wall. He knew he would not make it to the bedroom right now. Mia needed him and she would not let him go.

Removing her hands from around him, he heard her soft cry of distress in his mind that quickly vanished when he picked her up and wrapped her legs around his body. *I want to be inside you when I cum. Not over your hands. Inside your pussy.*

Still kissing her, he guided himself inside her warmth. Her cream met him, coating his cock. He growled deep in his throat from the warmth. Grasping her waist tightly, he thrust inside her, at the same time pulling her down on him.

Mia gasped into his mouth in pain.

He should have known she did not have many lovers in her life. She was not ready for this type of mating. He knew it, wanted to stop, slow down and let her adjust to his size. The need traveling inside him, the beast and her hips moving against his hands, let him know she did not want to take it slow. Or stop.

No! Don't stop. Never stop.

Dominic heard her cry of need vibrating in his mind. Dominic felt her tense, knowing the pain was overtaking her lust. Dominic entered her mind right when the pain of his entrance quickly

faded to pleasure before he could cloak it. Mia had stopped her own pain. The walls of her pussy gripped his body, making it almost unbearable to move. Her arms wrapped around his neck, her mouth never left his as he moved inside her. He did not take her slow as he should have. He drove inside her body, harder and harder. Deeper until he was all the way inside her again. Dominic pulled out until only the tip was inside her before plunging deep again. His hands gripped her waist tighter. He knew he would leave bruises on her skin, but he could not help it. The heat surrounding him felt remarkable.

Uncontrollable.

Unattainable.

The heat traveled through him, starting at his wrist until it went through every inch of his body. He felt searing pain all over but could not focus on that pain when her body squeezed and released his body over and over again. The feeling in his wrist burned more. He knew she felt it also, but did not stop moving against his powerful thrust.

Mia released his lips. Her hazel eyes opened to look into his silver ones. Dominic loosened his grip on her waist, but kept his movements hard and fast. Her lips parted and she inhaled deeply. He saw in her mind she wanted to cum, but held back for him., wanting him to explode with her. Mia actually wanted their first time to be together.

“Do not hold back, Mia, cum for me. I need to

feel your body throbbing around mine, milking my cock until I cannot move.”

She opened her mouth and quickly closed it.

Deep in those hazel eyes, he saw sparks explode.

She hissed, holding down the rising orgasm.

* * * *

Mia looked at the Cotranth, never knowing that any man could make her feel the way Dominic did. From the moment his cock entered her body, she wanted to cum. With each plunge into her body, she trembled, but held it. Mia wanted him to explode with her. The need to cum, beat at his body as well as hers. She gripped his body tighter, pulling a low moan from him as she held him inside her.

His eyes blazed red and she knew she lost. She would never be able to kill him. To her, they belonged together. Him inside her, her crying out his name as she came, it all went together.

What had he done to her? *I would never sleep with a stranger, let alone a Dark Guardian.* However, she did not stop him when he touched her. Mia did not stop him when he pushed his fingers inside her and she would never stop him from making love to her.

When she found out who had her captive, she wanted this, wanted his hardened length inside

her, thrusting inside her body, over and over, never slowing, never tiring. The fire spreading inside her body amazed her.

The burning sensation on her wrist broke her concentration only for a moment, but she could not focus on that, she wanted him to cum with her. She wanted to feel his cum deep inside her body. She had to.

"Now, Mia, cum now," he pleaded.

"Not without you."

"No. Cum! I will make you cum again. As many times as you want and need."

His words were spoken with every plunge into her body. Mia looked into those silver eyes, seeing the need to feel her cum. She wanted to, but she wanted to feel him cum with her. "You feel so good inside me," she said softly. "Your cock fucking me. I'm so close I'm about to go crazy. God, yes, Dominic, so close, baby. I know you want to cum with me." Mia felt His body tensed at her sexual words.

"Little vixen," he growled.

She smiled. It faded when he stared into her eyes, pushed deeper into her mind, flooding her, sharing with her the feel of his cock as it slid inside her. The velvet, hot, creaming walls of her pussy gripping him, bringing them closer to the satisfaction they wanted. She experienced it all. Hers and his together. Mia never shared these sort of strong, overpowering emotions before.

"I want you to cum and you will."

Her body throbbed around him in response, wanting to cum, but she fought it. She fought him until his teeth penetrated her neck again. There was a prickle of pain, followed by the smooth sensation of suction. Her body lost the rhythm they formed, bucking wildly. Her hands tightened around his neck as he came. "God, Dominic," she and held on for dear life.

The world itself seemed to move under them. Shifting from underneath her feet until she felt as if they were floating in midair. Dominic had her drowning in a sea of passion and lust. Drowning to a point, she did not want to be saved.

She bared her neck more, wanting him to take more of her blood. This bite felt nothing like those before. It felt erotic, sensuous. Nothing in the world could compare to the feeling she experienced at this very moment.

She felt him growl against her skin, pushing more of his fangs into her neck. His hips moved faster and she knew her back and sides would have bruises. The moment her orgasm subsided, an unexpected wave of desire formed, bubbling inside her. Before she could stop it, she cried out, her body tightened, and she came again, harder this time.

Dominic released her neck, threw his head back and roared as his body jerked and he came, spilling his warm seeds inside her body. The

sound of his cry vibrating through her home, fueled her passion. She slumped down and laid her head on his shoulders. Both of them breathing hard. His heart beat the same rhythm as hers. She moved the wet hair plastered to her body in an effort to cool. His warm tongue licked at the trail of blood coming from the pinpricks. He cleaned her skin and she moaned at the feeling, moving his black hair away from his face.

"You think we can try it in a bed next time," he breathed in her ear, releasing part of her mind.

The desire faded, not disappearing completely, and Mia burned with unexplained anger. Coming to her senses, she pushed at the wall of his chest. What had she done? Why had she done it and why had she let him do it to her? She had done something forbidden, not only by the DPS's laws, but also by her own law. "Let go of me. I cannot believe I let you do that to me."

Dominic let go of her waist and eased from her body.

She reached down and grabbed the towel from the floor wrapping it around her again.

He pulled up his pants and buttoned them up. "There will be a next time. Tonight at that. You are mine now, Mia. No matter how much you want to deny it." He grabbed her hand and pointed to the mark on her wrist.

Her eyes widened. She turned her arm over to see the tiny, golden, linked chained tattoo that

went all the way around her right wrist. That's why she felt pain earlier. "You and I are Bloodmates."

He pushed up the sleeves of his shirt, showing her the red mark on his arm.

The word *Bloodmate* echoed in her mind repeatedly. No. She cannot be. Not a...her eyes rolled to the back of her head and she fainted.

CHAPTER FOUR

After placing Mia on the bed, Dominic went deep into her mind, found the pain and loss of her parents. She lost them on New Year's Eve six years ago. That night Marco must have followed Mia for several blocks as she walked to her parent's home in New Orleans. She felt the presence of him, but at the time did not know where the feeling came from. Instead of worrying, she continued to walk. Two hours before midnight, Marco and several workers burst inside the home, taking all of them prisoner, torturing them for their enjoyment.

At the stroke of midnight, Mia watched in horror as Marco tortured and killed her parents. She was only twenty-three for goodness sake! Dominic wanted to growl for letting her experience something so brutal, something no one should witness. They took Mia to Marco's lair, planning to do things to her that no man had ever done to a female before.

Five hours later, Mia barely escaped Marco. The

only reason Marco did not push to follow Mia was the sun had risen. She did not go back to her parent's home for weeks after that. She had not called the police, knowing they would lock her up for the story about a vampire killing her parents. She never told anyone and waited until the police called her and let her know her parents were dead. Ever since then, she searched for the vampire named Marco and promised her family she would kill him.

Rumor floated worldwide about the Delauney family with bite marks all over their bodies. The news reported that some had taken their vampire fantasy to a new level, killing them in cold blood. No one believed in vampires, but they did believe humans pretended to be vampires. They believed the killing was unintentional. How wrong they were.

One night while cleaning her parent's home, a man approached Mia, scaring her, and she took him down hard. She had trained for months and had just gotten up enough nerve to go back into the house to clean it up.

Surprised by her tactic, the man asked her a series of questions and she answered honestly, wanting to get the hurt of her parent's death off her mind. After that, the man offered her a job with DPS and she accepted. They trained her to be the hunter she is now.

Growling, he quickly dressed and walked out

of Mia's home. He had to go for a walk to calm his nerves. He did not know the man by name, nor did Mia, but she trusted him, went with him to a building not knowing if the man spoke the truth or not. She wanted it to be true because he offered to help take the vampire down. That's all the trust Mia needed.

What was he going to do about Mia? She could not continue to work for them and be his mate, nor could he continue his journey and destroy the people she worked with. Mia had close friends there. A lot of them she loved because they were her only family.

Dominic stiffened. He felt the presence of another, but did not look back. He continued walking, wanting, needing to fight to relieve the angst deep inside his heart. He was in love with a DPS worker and there was nothing neither he nor anyone could do to take it away. No one could, but a vampire might be able to ease the pain for a while. A good fight and kill could take his mind off it.

Inhaling, he sighed, shaking his head in the process. His follower had no intentions of fighting or killing. He knew the scent. "Took you long enough, Justinian Morelli," he snarled.

A man came out of the shadows, a smile on his face. "You called and I came."

Dominic watched as Justinian walked up to him. It had been years since he saw Justinian and

he changed a lot. His black hair grew long, nearly to the center of his back. Silver eyes held amusement in them.

"The women love a man with long hair," he commented, reading Dominic's mind.

Dominic growled. "It took you two weeks to get here? My Nodoro told me to tell you this long ago." Nodoros were Dark Guardians who had the power to sentence other Dark Guardians, vampires, demons, werewolves or any non-human to death or life in their demon prison in England. Every Dark Guardian wanted to be a Nodoro, but only special ones were chosen by their Gods to be one.

"I was in England and..." he stopped speaking.

"Chasing after women," Dominic finished his sentence.

Justinian shrugged lazily. "Yeah. Mostly. Anyhow, Gregory's your Nodoro, not mine."

Dominic wanted to growl at him. Justinian was six-hundred and seventy eight, making him six-hundred and fourteen years older than Dominic was and he acted younger. "Because you have not picked a place or claim to have a Nodoro doesn't mean you are free to roam."

Justinian arched an eyebrow, his light silver eyes staring piercingly. "Let's not argue about it, what is it you need? Why would your Nodoro call me of all people?"

Dominic knew that the only time a Nodoro

called out a hunter specifically was because they got a feeling, a calling, and that Dark Guardian was needed to do that task. It was either Justinian was very close to turning and did not know it or his mate needed him more than life itself. Sometimes when a mate's in so much pain and need, they called out and sometimes they missed their mates and connect with a God or Nodoro. When that happens, the Nodoro send out a call for that guardian to go to aid their mates. Dominic reached into his pocket pulling out a slip of paper with an address on it.

"You could not tell me this over the phone?" Justinian said after reading it.

"No," Dominic stated. "Our phones are bugged half the time and we do not need them knowing what's going on before we make our move." He saw Justinian nod agreement. "The woman's name is Cailyn Vonderheide, she has been promised to the leader of the Dark Scion's clan. Justinian's eyes glowed brightly, anger flared through him and it hit Dominic hard.

"Is she human?"

"Yes," Dominic quickly answered.

"Do you know what that means?"

Dominic did. Dark Scions were the flesh eaters. They killed humans for fun. If a human mated with a Dark Scion, it was a chance she would not make it if she got pregnant. A life for a life was what Dark Scions called it. Their babies are

healthier, stronger and most became leaders when they are half-human. It's something in the human blood that makes them almost invisible.

"Yes, and we must stop it now. If she is given to Lance, then there's no way to protect her. She would surely die because if they are not true Bloodmates, then he will get her pregnant and she will die during the birth."

Justinian nodded. "We are here to protect humans, not kill them."

"Yes we are."

"Where is she?"

"Yucca Valley, California."

Justinian studied him for a moment. "Then I will go there now." He frowned, inhaling. "I would like to meet your mate soon."

Dominic smiled. "You would not believe who she is."

"Who?"

"Mia Delauney." In the darkness, Dominic could still see Justinian's skin pale.

"The Hunter?"

"Yes."

Justinian laughed, his voice traveling through the night skies. "I cannot believe that. You are Mia's mate. Did she kick your ass before you seduced her?"

"She wanted to, still does right now. She doesn't trust me and I don't really know how to gain that trust."

"Sleep with your hands over your heart," Justin teased.

Dominic snarled.

"Good luck with that and I take that back about wanting to meet your mate. I do not think I am ready to go into battle. I'll catch up with you soon or hear about you in the obituaries."

"I do not find anything about that to be funny."

"It is to me. I will inform you of the progress."

"Thank you. I will let my Nodoro know that you have this information." Dominic waited until Justinian was out of sight before heading back to Mia. He felt her stirring in his mind, pushing against his shields to try to wake. When she did, he wanted to be there so they could talk. He would ask her to give up her life as a DPS worker and he would give up his hunt for her friends. A fair trade. For this to go successfully, they would have to leave this place, which he did not have a problem doing.

After making it back to Mia's home, he went inside. Mia now lay on her back, hands above her head while she slept. He knew she had moved from the position he laid her. After placing safeguards around the doors of the room, Dominic stripped out of his clothes and eased into the bed beside Mia. Gathering her close in his arms, he went into her mind, sending her back into a deep sleep. He closed his eyes. Although not used to sleeping above ground, he would do it for her.

CHAPTER FIVE

Mia groaned as she awakened. Her head throbbed from pain and her back ached. She tried to remember what happened. Gradually, she opened her eyes to see she lay in her bed. That was a good thing. She looked over to the clock on the side of her bed. The red lights flashed three in the afternoon. Oh man, she had slept the day away. She had not done that in a very long time.

Mia frowned. What had happened this morning? She remembered taking a shower, talking to Sophia, and...her eyes widened when it came back to her. All of it. Dominic. The wild sex. Her coming over and over again. Her begging him to take her. She looked over to find silver eyes staring at her. "No, that did not happen," she said, her throat dry.

He smiled.

Her body burned anew. She closed her eyes and rolled out of bed before she did something stupid. Again. "Tell me that I did not sleep with you, Dominic?" She grabbed her robe from the

chair when she noticed him staring at her naked body. As she tied the robe together, she felt warmth—her body blushing at his greedy stare. He looked at her with so much need, she wanted to jump back in the bed and repeat what they did yesterday. She blushed, remembering. Not only had she not stopped him, she literally helped him undress. At that time, she felt wild with need. The same need she felt right now. Only this time she would not answer the call. She looked into those eyes. Try not to answer the call.

“There was no sleeping involved.”

His voice slid over her body making her pussy throb.

“If that makes you feel better.”

It didn't. Warm cream began to form deep inside her.

He inhaled taking in her scent.

His tongue slid over his teeth. They were normal, but she knew they could get long, sharp and pointy, and felt so good sliding deep in her neck. More liquid slid down her thighs.

His eyes hooded as he looked down.

She swore he saw through her robe and could see the liquid running down her legs.

“I will never get tired of that smell. Warm and spicy. I bet your pussy tastes as good as your blood. I cannot wait to have a taste. I did not have a chance last night, with you fainting on me, but I will today.”

Mia scowled. "I would tell you to get out if the sun would not toast your ass."

"Then how about you lie back down and get some rest?" he suggested.

Mia shook her head. "Nope. I am not getting back in the bed with you now or ever."

He smiled again.

She placed her hands on her hips. "What is so funny?"

"You are."

"And what is so funny about me?"

"That you wish to not be with me when in fact, right now, your body is calling out for mine. Your need to mate with me is stronger than any feeling you ever experience before in your life." His voice went to a low whisper. "You need me, desire me, same as I desire and need you. We are Bloodmates and there's nothing you can do to change that. We were made for each other."

Mia turned away from him and wrapped her arms around her body. "I am not going to be a werewo...I am not your Bloodmate. I do not care what your beliefs are. They are not mine." She faced him again. "When night falls, I want you out of my home and my life. I do not want to see you ever again. Ever!"

Dominic slid from her bed.

Mia took a step back. Her eyes widened at his naked form moving toward her. Her body pulsed and creamed before she could fight it. She wanted

him, he knew it. Dark Guardians could smell arousal on a woman from a mile away so he knew she wanted him. "Do not touch me," she said through clenched teeth. She could not let him do that to her again. Werewolves were not her type. They served one purpose in her life. She killed them and nothing more.

"Do not tell me something you do not wish," he said as he stood in front of her.

She looked into those unusual silver colored eyes. They were beautiful, just as the rest of his body. When she fought Dark Guardians and Decomtras before, she never thought those silver eyes would turn her on, but his did.

"They were not your mate. I am."

His hands went to her shoulders. The touch alone felt like heaven. Goosebumps spread over her entire body. "I do not want you," her voice quavered.

"I do not accept that from you, Mia. I know your wants. I am your mate. Like it or not, we belong together, forever. I do not have to explain our ways because you already know of them. You know the bond of mates. You know how you will react if I leave this home tonight. We would both go mad without being in each other's presence for just a short while."

Mia felt the tears rolling down her cheek. Cotranth. She had a Cotranth for a mate. The same creature that killed her mother and father. The

same creature she fought day and night. Well, maybe not exactly the same. Marco was what they considered a Decomtra.

Decomtras are Dark Guardians who gave up their souls. They killed humans and the first rush from a kill resembled a high that you never want to come down from. They eventually kill more, becoming more evil, wanting the feeling for all eternity. Dominic was not a Decomtra, but he still was a blood drinker.

His fingers threaded through her hair and he pulled her closer to his body. She wanted to pull away, but she could not. It felt so right being close to him. He filled the empty space in her heart she kept trapped deep down in her soul. Her body not only cried out for his touch, but so did her soul.

He held her tightly. Letting her cry herself out, something she had not done since her parent's death. As she cried, he stroked her hair, whispering to her softly in a language she did not understand. She knew it had to be Latin. Many Dark Guardians spoke several different languages and she knew he was no different from the rest.

"I am different," he spoke. "I am your mate and no harm will come to you."

Dominic picked her up and laid her on her back on her bed. He looked down at her and smiled.

"I can read your thoughts and I have heard what happened in your past. We will discuss it later. Right now I want to make love to you."

His hands came up to untie the robe and she caught them in her smaller ones. "If I let you have my body again, I will be lost. There would be no going back for me."

"You are lost already, Mia. When you kissed me for the first time, you were lost. When you let me have your body and you came around mine, you were lost. Nothing will come between us. Nothing. I need you and you need me. Let me make love to you."

Mia looked into those eyes. He looked like a man, but she knew more beast controlled him than man.

"It is, Mia. I am seventy-five years old and I never had the beast to control my urges. Now, I need you."

And I need you. She thought to herself knowing he heard her loud and clear. She released the robe and he untied it. Pulling her up slightly, he drew it from her body and tossed it across the room.

"I know you do not understand the feelings, but you will grow to love me as much as I already love you right now." Slowly, he laid her back onto her bed, exposed to his hungry gaze.

"I know..." Dominic did not give her a chance to finish her statement. He drew her pink nipple into her mouth, sucking greedily at it. Her back arched from the bed, she moaned low in her throat at the feeling of his warm mouth on her. He slid his hand underneath her, drawing her closer to his

mouth. Dominic switched breast, attacking it with the same urgency as he did the other. His mouth felt incredible. With each pull of his mouth, her body heated more for him, needing a release. He released her nipple and slid down her body. His tongue left a hot, wet trail as he went. He teased her bellybutton and she giggled at the tingling sensation.

"Tickles?" he questioned, his warm breath skimming across her skin.

"Yes," she moaned.

"Good, I like that." He teased her again before moving lower. Settling between her thighs, he pushed her legs further apart.

She heard his growl and knew he saw how wet she was already. His warm breath slid across her clit and her body bucked, moving closer to the heat before she could stop her reaction. She heard his deep laughter before he kissed the inside of one thigh, pulling another moan for her. He teased her more. Never touching her clit, only planting little kisses on her thighs before his tongue grazed across her pussy, never giving her the contact she needed. She shook her head from side to side after he teased her for ten minutes or so. "I cannot..." she breathed, "take more of this, Dominic."

His answer was a quick swipe of his tongue over her clit, drawing it into his warm mouth briefly before circling it again with his tongue. Her body vibrated and she shifted. He gripped her

hips, pressing her to the bed so she could not move. She looked at him.

"Say please."

Mia snapped her teeth together.

"You can say it. Please. It's an easy word to pronounce."

When she tried to move and he would not let her, she growled. "Please," she began. "Don't make me kick your ass!" She wanted to yell in anger at him, make him give her the release she wanted. He was teasing her and she could not take that type of teasing.

Mai grabbed his thick black hair, pulling him closer to her body. Dominic must have taken it as a sign she did not want to play any longer. He pushed inside her with his tongue and she nearly jumped off the bed. If he had not held her down, she would have. Mia moved in rhythm with his tongue, thrashing back and forth on the bed. Her moans quickly filled the room. She wanted to cum, but knew he held her right at the point where she could not. He kept light pressure on her clit, not enough to make her cum, just enough to drive her wild with passion. "Dominic, stop teasing me," she admonished, pulling at his thick hair.

He stopped his torture and looked up. "I thought you would like that."

"No," she said breathless. "I cannot stand it. I need you inside me right now."

He chuckled. "I cannot deny my mate's request." Releasing her waist, he moved over her.

Mia opened her thighs wider to accommodate him. He placed the tip of his cock at her entrance. She heard his low intake at how wet she had gotten so quickly.

"You are mine, now, forever and all eternity." He did not give her a chance to respond, he pushed inside her with one long, deep, hard stroke.

Mia closed her eyes and gasped at the feel of him stretching her to her limits. Once inside her, he moved quickly, the sensation already building inside her from before. Her arms wrapped around his neck, his lips pressed against hers and she kissed him back with such urgency and passion, she knew they would burn up at any moment. They could not survive this type of mating. They would die from it.

He thrust his tongue inside her mouth, mating with her in a way no man ever did before in her life. The heat radiated from both of them until sweat coated both their bodies.

They moved together as one. A perfect rhythm.

She released his lips, opened her eyes and found silver colored ones staring down at her.

"Give me your hand," he growled.

Mia knew that if she did give him her hand, he would bind them together, forever. He already had, with taking her body and blood, but if she

gave him her hand, in the eyes of his people and in the eyes of his God, Yateichaa and Darsiq, they would be as one. They would live as one. Husband and wife, in human terms. They would be in a relationship that does not believe in divorce.

He moved faster, harder, driving deeper.

The sensation took her by surprise. A breath left her as the start of her orgasm began.

"Now, Mia," he now pleaded.

She unwounded her arm from his neck and laid it on the bed. Dominic laced his fingers with hers and the sensation over took her. Heat filled her body quickly, starting from the point where their hands touched, traveling through her arm, down her body and to her toes. Her back bowed at the feeling, giving him the opportunity to drive deeper into her body. He bent his head to her neck and his teeth pierced her skin. She came, his name flying from her lips. Her body gripped his tighter.

"Dominic," she cried out at the feeling of passion. She had never experienced anything like this before and knew she would never experience anything like this with any other man besides Dominic.

He released her neck. His warm tongue slid over the pinpricks, closing the wound. "I feel it also, Mia."

Dominic pushed deeper inside her and, in one motion, flipped over until she sat on top of him.

They moved so quickly that she only saw a blur of her room. It took her several moments to focus.

His hands went to her waist and she moved up and down his cock. He felt so much larger this way, filling her more than she has ever been filled. She heard his low growl, his hips moving up every time she moved over his cock. "Dominic," she moaned.

"That's it, baby, cum with me."

She braced her hands on his chest and moved faster. Taking him deeper and harder until sweat coated her body. It felt so good. Hard and pulsing. Digging her nails into his chest, she heard him hiss before her body burst into another powerful orgasm.

Her body still shook as he pumped his hips twice more before he came. He swelled more, thickened to a point of pain. She cried out at the new feeling. They were mating, bonding, becoming one and nothing would separate them.

Mia collapsed on top of him. Her breathing labored. She felt him swell even more and wanted to cum again. She would never get tired of his body inside her.

"Don't," he said hard, holding onto her waist to prevent her movement. "We are locked together. If you move, you will hurt both of us."

Mia heard of being locked together and what happened when locked like this. She was not going through a Fervor Period, a time when a

Dark Guardian's mate goes through a needing process and she could get pregnant. As a mate, she would go through it every five hundred years. It can be a dangerous time for anyone who got between mates during this time. She nodded.

Dominic pulled her down and kissed her on the lips, a soft moan escaping his at the contact of their tongues touching.

Mia knew he still came inside her. Small, powerful, unexplainable orgasms that went on and on. A continuous orgasm some very lucky women experience while having sex. She was one of the lucky ones. Mia felt what he felt because she experienced the same feeling. She throbbed around him, becoming wetter as he released more of his cum inside her body. Mia groaned and closed her eyes at the feeling of him placing soft, sensuous kisses on the side of her neck, scraping his fangs over his mark before moving to the cut on her chest. He slid his tongue over the cut. It burned a little before soothing.

Mia went into his mind and found he healed the cut, making sure she did not bare any marks he did not want her to have on her body. His marks were the only ones he wanted her with. After a long moment of just being connected, his cock did not feel as large as it did a moment ago.

He slowly eased out of her body and laid her beside him. "I do not want to tire you out, but I want you again."

"What!" she said, still breathing hard. Looking at him, he did not seem to be breathing hard at all. "Already?" She heard him chuckle.

"I want you and you want me also. I can tell. We can go for hours at a time, but I will wait until I change you before I take your body that way."

Mia closed her eyes. He had spoken the truth. She wanted him again and knew that once she had him again, she would want more. He was addictive.

"I know," he said, reading her mind. "You are addictive also."

"Do not do that," she yelled. "Will that not tire you out more, mating with me that way?"

"Of course, but for you I will. I will not mate with you that way every time I make love to you. I did not the first time. It will be a special time for us when we will take our love making to another level."

"But," she said, then yawned before she could get the words out.

"Sleep now. We will talk later. We have much to discuss."

Mia turned to her side, Dominic moved behind her, holding her close to his body. Before long, she fell asleep.

CHAPTER SIX

Mia woke several hours later. She stretched, groaning at the way her body ached deliciously all over. Mia had not slept that well in many years. Mia breathed in deeply, sighed, before finally opening her eyes. Her gaze went to the red lights on her clock. It was almost eight.

“What!” she jumped from the bed. Late. She was supposed to be there two hours ago. Racing around the room, she tried to find her clothes. Mia froze in mid-search. Mia never went to bed naked. Never. Mia always went to bed ready to fight if needed and, in an event she needed to run, wore enough clothing to not get a public nudity charge. Shorts and a t-shirt were necessary. She went to her drawer pulled out a pair of black, lace panties and a bra. Mia would take a shower at work. It’s not like she had not done it before.

As she latched her bra, her eyes widened at the memory of last night’s event. She and Dominic had...no...she did not sleep with a Cotranth. She did not go to that level where she slept with the

same thing she fought for five years now.

The hairs on the back of her neck stood. Her senses went to high alert. In her drawer was an emergency weapon. Grabbing the blade quickly, she turned, ready to kill whoever stood in the room with her. The speed Dominic moved from the doorway to stand in front of her earned her yelp. In the beat of a heart, he pinned her against the dresser, his large hands wrapped around her small wrist, stopped her from bringing the blade down to stab him in the heart. She did not know if she felt relieved she did not stab him or mad that he sneaked up on her again. "Could you not do that? I hate when someone sneaks up on me."

He did not answer, but did smile.

His white teeth gleamed. He pressed his body against her, instantly sparking a flame deep within her body. Mia tried to move when he moved closer to her.

"I would have been very disappointed if you had not remembered our love making," he rasped into her ear.

She trembled as his warm tongue slid along the side of her neck, leaving a hot, wet trail as he moved.

"You have my mark on you." His tongue slid over the mark. "My scent is all over your body. My cum inside you. It feels wonderful."

It took several tries to speak before she could form actual words. "Dominic, stop," she pleaded

low and through clenched teeth. She could not let him do what she knew he wanted. Not only because it was wrong, but also she had to get to work. If she did not show up soon or at least call, every DPS worker would be charging into her home any minute and, like it or not, she did not want Dominic to be hurt because of her. He lifted his head and his silver eyes went to her hazel ones.

“Do you really want me to stop? I smell your arousal,” he teased.

His lips pressed against hers and the world shifted around them. The blade she held tumbled to the ground beside her. The moment it did, he released her hands and she wrapped her fingers in his hair. His hands went to her buttocks, pulling her closer to the hardened length trapped beneath his pants. The clothes she had on hurt her sensitive skin and she wanted them off.

Mia reached out with her mind to his and a floodgate of emotions burst. Need! No other word formed in her mind. He did not want her, he did not desire her. He needed her like his next breath of air. She had to stop this before they ended up back in the bed making love for hours at a time.

It's where we belong, Mia, he whispered into her mind.

Mia let him kiss her for several more moments, savoring the taste of him. A taste she would not savor again. Ever. He chuckled when she pulled

away from his mouth.

"Do not do that again," she snapped and pushed at the wall of his chest, which only resulted in moving him back an inch.

"Why do you deny what you feel for me, Mia? You are my Bloodmate. There is no way to change it."

His gaze traveled down the front of her bra and her breast ached to have those wonderful lips on them.

He groaned and his voice lowered, "No way to reverse it. No way to live without each other." He moved away from her giving her enough room to move. "I will let you have your way this once because you want to go to that job of yours." He looked at her. "Assuming that you are going to tell them you will no longer work for them."

Mia frowned. He did not have the right or the nerve to tell her what to do. No matter what they were.

"I do and you will no longer work for them."

"Go to hell, Dominic. I will work for them until I find..." she paused and looked away from him. It was none of his business what happened to her in the past. His warm hands on her face made her look up at him again. He moved so quietly, like the creature of the night he really was.

"I know what happened to your family. Marco killed them. He also killed my wife."

Instantly, anger flared through her at the

thought of Dominic with another woman. Touching another woman like he touched her. "Your wife," she growled dangerously.

* * * *

Dominic smiled at his little spitfire. She did not want him touching her, correction, she wanted him to touch her all over but denied it and she did not want him touching another woman. "My wife is dead," he repeated. He watched her emotions lighten only slightly from the fact his wife had been killed. Deep down, she still hated the fact that he was married before. "I am sorry," he apologized.

"For what?" she interrupted.

"For marrying before."

Mia snorted. "Why? You did not know about me or that I was your Bloodmate. There is no reason for being sorry for marrying some other woman. I am not upset about it," she lied.

Dominic knew just how upset she was. "I cared for Ava but I did not love her the way I love you already," he explained. "I married Ava because I wanted to feel love and in return I loved her as much as I could. Ava was human and knew what I was. She just met up with Marco at the wrong time. Marco smelled my scent on her and did not hesitate to kill her." His mind drifted back to that night for only a moment.

"So, what," she spat. "I am not going to be with you so it does not matter who you were with. We had a onetime thing and it will not happen again. Ever. I have to go to work."

Dominic watched her move toward her closet. He wrapped his arms around her waist as she walked by and picked her up off the ground. She yelped and tried to squirm away from him, but he did not let her go.

"Let me down," she yelled.

Dominic did not have a problem holding her as she tried to get out of his grip. He tossed her onto her back on the bed unceremoniously.

"Hey," she yelled.

He covered her body with his before she could move, his mouth covering hers, taking possession of her quickly. He knew Mia could not fight the burning need that rose in both of them. She belonged to him and he would work at it until she finally accepted that. Even if it took an eternity. She opened her legs for him and he settled near her heat, wanting to sink deep inside her.

Dominic felt her protest in her mind. Her hands went to his chest in an effort to push him away from her. She moaned deep in her throat when he thrust his tongue into her mouth. His body began to burn. The sensation of having her in his life finally overwhelmed all logical senses. He wanted her now. He wanted her later and he would want her by his side for all eternity. His right hand went

up to her bra, ready to tear it away from her body and take what was rightfully his. Her small warm hands caught his, stopping his movements.

Mia released his lips, breathing heavy from lust and passion. "Wait," she breathed. "Not now, Dominic. I have to show up at work before they come looking for me. They will not call me because the signal could be traced if I am trapped, giving away their hideaway. But I do know they will come here."

He pressed his lips together. His silver eyes glared down at her. "I will let you under two conditions."

"What are they?"

She sounded as if she drowned in a sea of passion. Her voice so low and husky, he wanted to add a third demand before letting her go. Her chest rose and fell quickly. The third being, they made love at least twice more before she left. "You will have to resign. Today. Second, we will leave this place tonight. That is the only way I will agree to let your friends at your job live. If I stay, I will have to continue to search and destroy. No matter how much you will hate me for it, I will do it if I stay."

Mia opened her mouth to speak, then quickly closed it.

"No other choices," he stressed. "If you do not agree, I will not let you leave and will choose to fight your co-workers when they come. Regardless

of that, you and I will be together." Tears formed in Mia's eyes and, before they could spill over, she closed her eyes turning her face away from him, breaking his heart at her pain.

"That's not fair, Dominic. I have to change my life for you. You are not willing to compromise on it at all."

"Mia, baby," he cooed, grabbed her chin, turning her face so she would look at him again. "I am compromising, know it or not. My job is to destroy you. I cannot. I love you as much a man could love a woman right now. I need you day and night. I want to convert you right now, but I know how dangerous it could be. We can leave this behind and go wherever you want to go." He released her and moved from over her body to sit beside her on the bed. For the conversation they were having, he did not need to be over her when her body was so tempting.

Mia sat up also.

"Anywhere you want to go. I know DPS workers are all around and you do know places where there are no locations, I am sure of it. You can block only so much. I could have went deep in your mind and found out all the information I needed, but that is not what I want. I want you to trust me enough to know I would not do anything to harm you and if I gave my promise to not hurt your friends, I will not. I want you and will never let you go. I cannot let you continue to work for

DPS. I know you want Marco. I want him also, but we will get him in time. If tracking vampires is what you still want to do, I will be willing to let you still hunt. Nothing too dangerous. I know you can take care of yourself."

Mia nodded. Then her eyes went up to his. "Okay. As long as you promise me that I can get Marco. I know about Bloodmates and I know just this time away from you will be hard on me. I have watched Bloodmates that were separated in two different buildings. They both almost killed themselves just from that separation alone. I do not want that. I might not know what I really feel for you right now, but I know I care for you."

"That's all I ask for, Mia." He bent to give her a quick kiss on the cheek. "Now, get dress and I will meet you back here in a couple of hours to find out where you want to go."

"Okay," she said with a tremble in her voice.

Dominic stood from the bed, grabbed his shirt off the chair and put it on. He watched in awe as Mia dressed in leather black pants that clung to her like a second skin and a black t-shirt that showed off her nice rounded breasts. She grabbed a long black jacket and put it on.

As he latched up his boots, she went to her closet and pressed a button. It made a beeping sound before the entire back wall rotated and a wall full of weapons appeared. "I am in love with an assassin," he teased.

Mia laughed, grabbed a couple of throwing stars and stuffed them in a hidden compartment inside of her jacket. She grabbed a couple of handguns and special made bullets from the wall.

"You are going into war?" he asked from behind her. He felt her shudder at his closeness.

Mia turned to face him. "I will not be caught off guard like last night. After last night, I do not want to end up mating with another Dark Guardian," she teased.

Dominic growled low in his throat, gripped her arm and pulled her close to him. "You better not think of mating with anyone but me." He brought his lips down to hers. He kissed her briefly before letting her go. "Return as quickly as possible. I am in great need of your body."

"Isn't that all the time? You needing my body."

"Yes, but I want your body right now, and if you don't leave, I will not let you."

"Then I have to go."

He watched as Mia smiled at his command before walking out of the room.

CHAPTER SEVEN

“Mia,” Sophia called out the moment she stepped inside the building.

Mia smiled as best she could with all she had on her mind. The walk to work took her twenty minutes longer than before. Glances over her shoulder made sure no one followed. Not that she did not trust Dominic, she did to a point, but she always took precautions when she walked to work. Her life with Dominic had blossomed so quickly. She did not know a relationship could go from one point to another over night. At least he promised her she could still hunt evil vampires. Not that she ran into many Dark Guardians. One every couple of years was enough for her. Now, she had to think about being changed into one. She knew Dominic would change her, probably before she was ready, but she did not care. She wanted him. Needed him. The more miles she put between them, the more her heart pulled at her to go back to him. She wondered did he feel it also.

Very much, Dominic whispered into her mind. I feel it also but you need to respond to your friend's hello

before she really gets worried. I promise to make love to you later if that will motivate you.

Mia groaned to herself. *Go to hell, Dominic.* She did not know if he heard or not, but his laughter was a sign that he had.

"Hi, Sophia," Mia greeted, looking into those worried green eyes. "Is something wrong?"

"Yes," Sophia told her before giving her a hug.

"Sophia," Mia breathed out after a couple of minutes. "I love you, too, but breathing is becoming an issue."

"Sorry," Sophia apologized before releasing her. Sophia pulled out her special assigned cell from DPS and pressed the radio button "Call off. Mia Delauney located."

"Copy that," a male's voice responded.

"You thought something had happened to me?" Mia said.

"Yes. I did not know what happened to you. You are three hours late. You look too pale to work. Are you feeling all right?"

"Yes. Just a little tired. I think I might be coming down with something."

"Well, sweetie, that's not good. Go to the kitchen and tell them to fix you some soup. I think you need to eat something."

Mia thought about it. She had not eaten anything in over twenty-four hours and she did not feel hungry at all.

That's because you had a cock inside you most of the

time making you cum like no other.

You are so bad. Let me do this without you listening to my conversation. Mia felt him leave her mind just as she asked. "I am not hungry, Sophia. I have something else on my mind."

"What is it? You need to go to my office and talk?"

"No. Where is Louis?" Mia hated talking to Louis, but before she quit she had to tell the boss why. She had not really come up with an excuse besides she was tired and needed a couple years off. Maybe that would work. Maybe not. She did not know if they would release her or if she would have to flee like a common criminal.

"He is in his office. What are you not telling me, Mia?"

Mia took a deep breath. "I am taking off for a while. A long while. Maybe indefinitely."

"Why?"

Because I have a man that I fell in love with in one night. He can fuck my brains out like no other. Oh, do not let me forget, I will become a Bloodmate in the future. None of those explanations were anything she could say or her life would be in danger. "To tell you the truth, I came here to find Marco. You all were like my family and now I need to move on and find something else to do. I cannot live in my parent's past any longer. I might come back. I might not."

Sophia hugged her again. "I cannot say that I

will not miss you because I will. People need a break from this every now and then. I am sure Mr. Louis will understand. Go ahead in his office. He is going to be upset to lose you. One of his best workers."

"I am replaceable."

"Not likely." Sophia frowned as if thinking about something.

"What's wrong, Sophia?"

"That Dark Guardian, Rousseau, I found nothing on him. Not a birth date, a record of him at all. I did find an Ava Rousseau, she's dead, but I don't think they had any relations."

Mia swallowed hard. They had relations. Marriage. That woman was married to her mate. Anger spread inside her until her blood resembled fire flowing through her veins.

Was married, Mia. Do not let that anger you. I love you. Not her. Not anyone else but you. I will spend a thousand lifetimes making that up to you. I want you. Only you. I love you.

Mia heard his plea. It calmed her, but to show him she had some control she did not answer. "Thanks, Sophia. He might have given me a fake name. No worries. I will kick his ass later," she said knowing Dominic heard her.

"That's my girl. Now go. Louis is waiting in his office."

Mia went to Louis's office and knocked.

"Come in," came the call from behind the thick

wood door.

She went inside the luxury office. A dark oak wood desk dominated the middle of the floor and behind it sat a large bookcase to the right of the small fireplace. Dark brown carpet lined the floors. Underneath the desk, there was an expensive throw rug with a picture of a vampire on it. Strange. Even for Louis. The large black chair swung around and Louis smiled.

"What do I owe this visit from the great Mia? Have a seat."

Mia sat in the comfortable chair at the end of the desk. "I need a leave. A long leave."

Louis smiled, his long black hair moving as he nodded his head. "I knew the time would come that you would want a break from this. I cannot say I am happy to let you go but you do know you will have to be monitored at all times. Whenever you go, I must know before you leave. If not, you will be considered a risk and will be hunted. You know that?"

Mia nodded.

"Good. And you would like to leave when?"

"Next week," she lied. "I will be going to Florida for some fun in the sun."

"Good, good. We have plenty of workers that way, just in case you want to reinstate your work. We will pay you for your time off. I do not have to tell you the rules of not going public with our organization. Right?"

"Correct. I will never give that information out."

"Good, good." He smiled. "We are going to miss you." He reached into his drawer and pulled out a slip of paper. He wrote on it, then slid it across the desk to her. "Give that to Sophia on the way out and I hope you come back soon."

"Thank you." Mia stood, feeling unease at that. Something did not feel right about it at all. DPS did not just let you go that easily. Was Louis up to something?

"Well?" Sophia asked as she walked out.

Mia handed her the paper.

"I hate to see you go but if you must, you must. When is your last day?"

"Next week, Friday," she lied again.

"Okay. We are going to have to throw a big party before you leave."

"Thanks. I will be back. I need to hunt for a while."

"Okay. I will have this processed by the time you get back."

"Thanks, Sophia." Mia felt bad for lying as she walked out of the building. She knew that once she left those grounds, she would never return. She would be on the run for the rest of her life or at least until they thought her dead.

Do not worry. We have each other.

Dominic's words eased some of the heartache and pain.

CHAPTER EIGHT

As Mia passed the alley where she met Dominic, she began to blush but quickly stopped when she saw a body lying in the middle of the alley, almost in the exact spot where the other body had been.

"No," she said to herself. "It can't be. The sun should have cooked him." She reached in her jacket, wrapping her fingers around the blade.

"There is no need for that, Mia," a voice spoke from deeper in the alley.

Mia stopped, then took a couple of steps backward. She could not see who spoke, but she knew it was not a social call. Whoever it was had killed this man and left his body here for her to find.

The man walked out of the darkness. Tall, muscular and very handsome. With the streetlights shining down on him, she made out his light red hair cut short and very neatly combed on his head. He wore a pair of black slacks and a black sweater. He had broad shoulders and...she

frowned, silver eyes. He seemed familiar. Why could she not remember this man? She took another step backward when she looked into his eyes. *Dark Guardian*. She whispered to herself. His silver eyes had a dark red ring around it.

"Not exactly, sweetie," he answered, letting her know he was inside her mind.

Mia reached for her blade.

"No need to fight, Mia. I will make this short and sweet. You can come with me now or be tossed over my shoulder and carried back to my place. The choice is yours." He smiled, his white teeth gleaming.

"Who are you?" she asked.

Mia, get away from him. Now. He is a Decomtra, Dominic warned. *He is –*

"I am Marco Sanxay and I am going to claim you for my mate. You cannot remember me because I did not want you to. When you left me those years ago, I took away your memory. It was strong so I knew you would remember some things."

Mia watched him lift his head and take in a breath. "I smell another on you." He snarled.

Mia gripped the blade and pulled it out of its pouch. The man standing in front of her was the killer of her mother and father so long ago. The vampire she hunted for the past five years.

Mia, do not. He is stronger than you think. Dominic's voice pleaded.

She knew Dominic read her thoughts and knew her intentions to fight Marco to the very end. "You son of a bitch," Mia yelled and charged. "You killed my parents."

No, Mia!

She brought the blade down, but Marco moved so quickly, grabbing her wrist, stopping her.

He made a tisking sound. "All that training and you are not up to par to fight me."

Mia snarled, brought her foot up and kicked him in the balls.

Marco snarled and let her go to cup himself. "You bitch. I will kill you for that."

Mia grabbed the throwing stars and threw one at him. It zipped through the air and entered his shoulder. Marco growled, his blood teeth sliding out of his gums. She threw another, then another. One going into his chest, the other in his left leg. He staggered backward with each star that entered his body, snarling at the pain of them implanting themselves in the bone.

Mia pulled out another blade and ran up to Marco. As she brought the blade down to stab him in the heart, Marco's hand came up again and grabbed her hand. His free hand struck her face and she went flying to the ground. Her head throbbed. She heard a loud ringing in her ears from the blow.

"I wanted you for my own, but I see you are already claimed by another. I will kill you. Just

like I killed your parents.”

Marco walked up to her, grabbed her by her jacket and pulled her to her feet. He lifted her from the ground and tossed her to the far wall of the alley. She went flying in the air. Her back hit the wall, knocking chunks of concrete from it. She groaned as she made impact and slid to the ground. Marco did not wait for her to stand. He walked up to her and pulled her back to her feet so she faced him.

“Come on, Mia,” he teased. “I thought you would be better than this.”

“Kill me, but you will go with me,” she mumbled. Mia looked over his right shoulder to see a woman with blonde hair, dressed in all black, making her way up to Marco. She pressed her fingers up to her lips, quieting Mia.

Mia looked at Marco who was snarling at her, blood teeth long in his mouth, then back to the woman. Her neck crushing under his hands, she tried to breathe, still watching the woman ease closer. Something pushed at Mia’s mind and she threw up a thicker barrier. She did not know if it was Marco or the woman trying to get into her mind. No matter, she did not let anyone in her mind. Dominic only got in because he knew how to get past her barriers.

The woman nodded her head and, for a moment, Mia did not understand what she tried to say. She watched the woman ease up to Marco,

blade in her hand ready to strike. As soon as Mia was going to open her mind, Marco snarled, turned, his other hand shot out, and he caught the woman around the neck.

"Veronica Aquirre," he sang her name. "Thought you could just sneak up on me?"

Mia reached behind her, grabbing the small blade.

"No."

The woman's voice was so pure, so unfamiliar Mia almost forgot what she needed to do. Mia stuck the blade in his black heart. She twisted the handle and poison entered his body.

"I just thought she would know what to do when you turned to me," Veronica said. "And she did."

Marco threw Veronica across the alley, then growled, turning back to Mia, his silver eyes blazing in fury.

"You die with me, bitch." He raised his right hand and let his nail grow long and sharp. He brought it up to her neck and let it slid across her flesh.

Mia grasp, not caring if she died right then. She did what she set out to do so many years ago and now she could rest. She opened her mouth to speak, but blood poured forth, gagging her. Marco let her go and fell to the ground.

She staggered backward and fell to the ground. She reached up to her neck. "I am so sorry,

Dominic." Her vision blurred. Blinking a couple of times, she saw Marco pull the blade from his chest and toss it across the alley. He moved toward her but stopped, looked down to see black smoke seep from where the blade had been. He looked at her, then roared in the night as his body exploded into ashes. Mia smiled, then closed her eyes.

"No."

The closeness of the voice and the touch said Veronica loomed over her.

"You cannot die. If you do, your mate will die also."

"Tell..." Mia coughed, her throat hurt to speak. "Tell, Dominic I love him."

"No, you will. Take my blood." Veronica bit into her wrist and held it to her mouth, but Mia did not take what she offered. Pushing her hand away, she cried out, "No." If she took anyone's blood, she would only take Dominic's blood. Nobody else's blood would enter her body.

"You have to."

Mia closed her eyes as sleep over took her. She did her part and now accepted death. With her last breath, she thought she saw her angel, Dominic, moving the woman away from her and looking down at her just before she closed her eyes for the last time.

CHAPTER NINE

Thank you so much for being there, Veronica," Dominic said to the...he really did not know what to call Veronica. She was not a Truelove. Not a Chosen any longer. Nor was she a Chavarun.

Trueloves were full blooded vampire Dark Guardians mates. Same as Mia is his Bloodmate. Chosen, as what she was when her mate Xavier was alive, are mates to Decomtras. Same as Trueloves but as evil as their mates. Veronica had evil in her. Evil turned her, but she was not evil at all. A Chavarun were Trueloves who had been turned by another be it a Decomtra who is not their Chosen, or even a Dark Guardian who would change one only if their lives were in danger. As a Chavarun, they go into a holding place where they stay until they find their mates. Veronica did not hold any of those.

"Just call me, Veronica," she said. "And you are very welcome." Veronica looked at Mia on the bed. "I tried to get there earlier. I tracked Marco for several blocks. I killed his Triane David and he

got away from me."

"I know," he sighed and looked at Mia wishing she would wake. "How's Rose and her mate, Javon, doing?"

"They are great. Their little girl is not so little anymore."

"Almost sixteen now?"

"Seventeen," she corrected.

"Tell them I said hello and I will have to stop by there soon."

"I will. I hope you don't plan on staying with them?"

"Sure, why not?"

"I know about mates, but they are going at it day and night like jackrabbits. I could not sleep for them." She smiled. "I love Rose and I'm very fond of Javon, I just don't need to hear them having sex four and sometimes five times a day. They could not wait to get Alexxa out of the house and off to college so they could do it all day and night."

Dominic laughed. Veronica was a killer, but the thought of her friend having sex made her whiney and she sounded so much younger than she really was.

"Thanks," she said, reading his mind. "I think. Your mate should wake soon and the sun will be up in a couple of hours. I have to get back to Washington to be there for Rose's birthday next week. You should come. I know Javon would love to see you and your mate."

"Thank you, I will consider it."

"You are very welcome." Veronica walked out of the room.

* * * *

Twenty-four hours later...

Mia groaned. Her eyelids fluttered before she opened her eyes. It was dark, black dark, but she saw clearly that she lay in her bed. She took in a deep breath and stretched. The bed felt warm and she did not want to move. Her stomach rumbled from hunger. She wanted food.

"You are awake," his voice spoke.

Mia turned her head and felt something pulling at her neck. She swallowed. "Dominic?" she said softly. "What happened?"

"You do not remember?"

"I was fighting Marco," she frowned and tried to remember. "This woman, maybe she was something else, tried to sneak up on Marco. He turned, I stabbed him and he slit my throat and I died."

"No. You would have had I not gotten there in time."

"I'm sorry," she said looking away from him. Something pulled at her neck again. "What is this?" she touched the bandage.

"No, leave it. You are not completely healed. Marco cut deeply into your neck and it took me

and Veronica hours to stop the bleeding."

She removed her hands and looked at him.
"Veronica Aguirre?"

"Yes."

She groaned. "I had orders to search and destroy her after Marco."

"Now?" he questioned.

"I am not a hunter any longer, remember?"

"Yes. I do."

"Where are we?" She looked around the room not recognizing it.

"My home."

Her stomach rumbled loudly. A hunger she never experienced before in her life. "I am really hungry. I need food." His silver eyes watched her closely.

"You do not want food."

Mia reached up to the gauze on her neck again.
"What do I need?"

"Blood."

* * * *

Dominic waited for her to respond to his words. Maybe throw a fit. Jump up from the bed or do something he knew Mia would do. Surprisingly, she did not react at all. Only watched him.

"I was supposed to die," she said.

"No. I got to the alley and saw you laying in there bleeding to death. I also saw Marco was

dead. I told you not to fight him, did I not?"

She moaned in pain. "I am a Cotranth."

"No, you are a Bloodmate."

"Same difference," she tried to joke.

"You accept this?"

"No," she said with laughter in her voice. "But it is a lot better than being dead. Now feed me, this pain is killing me."

Dominic moved to her and sat beside her. He rolled up his sleeves and pressed his wrist to her mouth. He thought it would be better to feed her this way, for her first time, instead of his neck. If he let her take from his neck, he would want her body and she could not handle having sex with him right now.

When he saw her lying in that alley, he wished Marco was still alive so he could kill him again. Dominic did not have time to worry about that when his mate was bleeding to death. Dominic lifted her from the alley and rushed her back home with Veronica at his side. After cleaning the wound, then bandaging her neck, he forced her to feed from him, changing her. He watched her to make sure nothing went wrong. Only leaving for a short time to feed enough for both of them, Veronica stayed to watch over her while he fed.

Her teeth sinking into his wrist brought his attention back to her. Dominic gasped, feeling a red-hot sensation overtaking his body. It had been too long since he let anyone feed from him. He

thought he would have to force her to feed from him. Mia took to this very easily, making him proud she was his mate. She drank, pulling his blood quickly into her body. "Enough, Mia."

Without hesitation, Mia released his wrist and lay back onto the bed.

"What's wrong?" he asked, seeing her lay on her back looking at the ceiling. Worry vibes washed over both of them in large waves. He ran his tongue over the cut, closing it.

"Could it be possible that after all this time Marco is dead?" she questioned.

"Yes, baby." Dominic moved her blonde hair from her face. "It is over. We are ready to leave right now. I have packed everything of yours."

"Really?"

"Yes. There were people watching your home and I believe that they work for DPS."

"What? No," she groaned. "So it begins?"

"Yes, but I will not harm them. Only take over their minds when we leave so they will not follow us. I believed they would not let you go so easily, but do not worry, baby, we will leave here tonight."

"Where are we going to go?"

"Anywhere you want."

Mia smiled. "I have this thing for Hawaii."

He bent and kissed her on the lips quickly. "If that's where you want to go, then we go. Get some rest while I finish packing. We will leave this place

tonight, together." He moved from the bed, but she grabbed his hand.

"I love you, Dominic."

Those words made his heart swell in pride. "I love you, Too, Mia. We might be leaving, but this is only the beginning."

"I know."

"I love you, baby, get some rest. When you wake we will be leaving for our new life." He watched Mia smile, then close her eyes. She was still weak, but he knew they needed to leave tonight. Her job would not let her go so quickly and easily. However, he did not care, he had his Bloodmate, and even though it was only the beginning, it was the beginning of a long time love.

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.

T. S. can be reached at this email:

teewalkertq@adelphia.net

T. S.'s website is located at:

<http://tequestawalker.com>