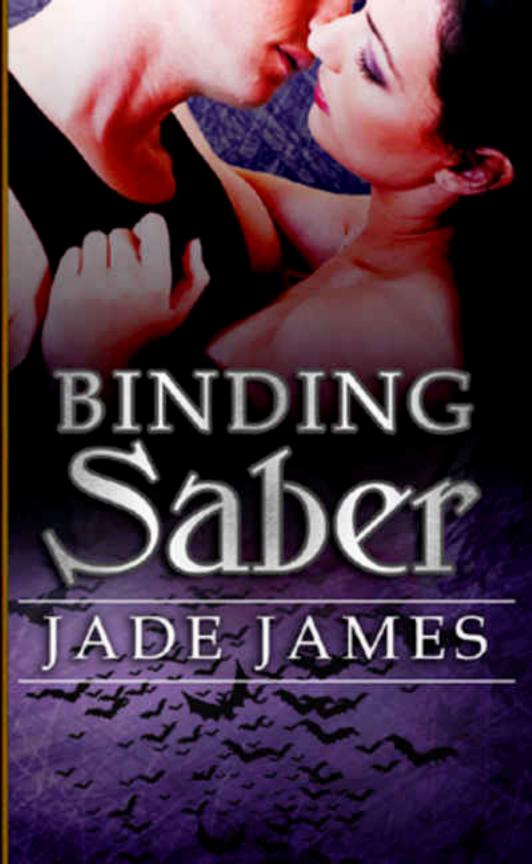
C O B B L E S T O N E P R E S S



Binding Saber by Jade James

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Binding Saber

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Binding Saber by Jade James

Prologue

"What do we have?" Jalia Finn asked her partner, Saber Harden.

The night air was thick with humidity and impending rain, but her thoughts were far from the weather right now. She had been on her way to meet with her team to discuss their latest case. A call from her office had her swerving her motorbike around and heading to a new crime scene, which happened to be just five blocks from her home and a little too damn close for comfort.

Jalia watched her entire team going over the scene with a fine-tooth comb. Her boss, Hawk, was a werewolf who headed the Paranormal Ops team Miami. The members consisted of Hawk's fiancee, a vampire named Eva, Hawk's younger brother Jesse, who was also a werewolf, and Rico, who shifted into a panther. Jalia, a psychic, and her partner Saber, another vampire, rounded out the team.

Jalia inched closer to body and pulled back the sheet, cursing inwardly at the sight. The female victim had been drained of blood. The wound in her neck appeared more like a savage bite than a common vampire biting. Her eyes were open, horror etched on her face for eternity. But what really sent an eerie chill through Jalia was the fact that this woman bore an uncanny resemblance to her. It wasn't just the fact that her dark hair appeared to be the exact same shade and length as hers. Her eyes were also the same color as Jalia's, even her wide lips were identical, and the similarities sent a chill down her spine. Maybe she was reading too much into it.

Saber knelt down beside her, and the closeness distracted her train of thought. She could feel the heat of his body. The smell of him wrapped around her, and she was tempted to lean into him. She shrugged the thought off and concentrated on the victim.

"She appears to be in her late twenties," Saber stated gravely. "We've searched her purse. It held some schoolbooks, which leads us to believe she was probably a college student. Her name is Ashley Fong, and it looks like she was on her way home from school before she was attacked."

Jalia's hand tightened around the white sheet as a sense of dread whipped through her body. "Did the M.E. give an estimated time of death?"

"Body is still very warm, so they've surmised she's been dead about thirty minutes. Did you notice the similarities?"

She turned her head to him. Mere inches separated them now, his lips so close to hers, and the effort to concentrate on the case was lost. Fuck! She was letting him affect her. She swallowed tightly, licking her lips. "Similarities?"

Saber placed a hand around her wrist, circling his fingers, holding her securely. "Between you and her."

"I noticed them."

"Hawk did too. Want to guess what our first theory is?"

Sergio. Jalia shook her head. She couldn't say the words, even though she knew what they were. The resemblance and the proximity to her home were too hard to ignore.

Saber narrowed his eyes. "You're brother seems to have set his sights on you."

She turned her head from him and placed the sheet back over the victim. "It could just be a coincidence."

"You're a good hunter. Don't sell yourself short. There are few coincidences in murders."

Jalia rose to her feet, tears blurring her vision. She blinked them back before turning to face him. "You're absolutely right. Denial isn't going to help the victim or myself. But you still can't positively know that Sergio is behind this based on the victim's looks alone."

"I've put more hunters on patrol."

Jalia turned to the sound of Hawk's voice. She nodded.

"Saber and I talked it over," Hawk stated. "The victim fought her attacker before dying. We've lifted skin tissues and blood off her fingernails. The lab should have their results in a few days."

"Let's hope it tells us who the hell we're after."

* * * *

Jalia felt her twin brother inside her home even before she set her gaze on his body. Her heart began to thud quickly; her palms began to sweat. She took a huge breath, hoping it would calm her. The last person she wanted to see was in her home, standing right behind her at the entryway in her kitchen, and she didn't know how to deal with that. Well she did, but by the time she called Hawk, her brother would be long gone. She had two options: see what he wanted, or fight him.

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"What do you want, Sergio?"

"There are things we need to discuss."

She whirled around, anger causing her stomach to tighten, bile rising in her throat. "Like your betrayal?" Her brother looked dangerous, his skin pale and his teeth curving over his bottom lip.

"I wanted to be a powerful being, and Derek had the ability to give me that. Now that I have it, I can control it all."

"And now that he's dead, what do you expect to do with this power? It'll only end up with you in prison, or worse, dead. Give it up, Sergio. You weren't raised to be this way."

"No, you give it up. You, who never appreciated your psychic ability, could join me in this. Derek was just a means to an end. Now that I have his power, nothing or no one will get in my way."

Jalia shook her head, dread causing her stomach to tumble with nerves. "Sergio, do it for me. Or at least for our mother. Derek has caused so much pain. You don't have to follow in his footsteps."

Sergio stood by the window, his body tense, his gaze pinned to hers. "We could be great together, you and I. Consider it. With your powers and my vampire strength, we could easily rule this city. We can bend anyone to our will. And those who choose not to follow us will die."

"Are you insane? Did Derek turn you against your will?"

"On the contrary, Jalia. I begged Derek to turn me like him. I've served him for years, biding my time until a chance to rule the empire he built opened. His death was convenient for me." Binding Saber by Jade James

She looked at her brother. He was nothing like he used to be. She could see the madness in his gaze and that he believed the words he spouted were the truth. "When did we lose to madness? Get out, Sergio. And don't come back, or the next time I see you, it will be a battle to the death." "Save your threats, sis. You will hear from me again." [Back to Table of Contents]

Chapter One

Jalia turned in her sleep, subconsciously trying to run from the dream that haunted her. But the memories came relentlessly.

She removed her red robe as she entered Saber's room. Candlelight flickered in the dark, the reflective shadows dancing on the wall. But what held her attention was the naked vampire. He looked glorious reclining on the bed, shaft in hand, slowly stroking in an up and downward motion. Her mouth watered, and her pussy spasmed in response. She shivered in anticipation and walked to his bed

She placed a knee on the mattress and a hand on his hard chest. She swung her leg over him and placed her body over his cock.

His hand delved between her legs. "Good. You're nice and wet for me." His voice flowed over her, and she watched as his fangs erupted from his gums. She swallowed, nodding tightly, suddenly wondering what it would feel like to him bite her.

"Sink down slowly, honey. You're in control," he growled. "The first time is all yours."

She rubbed the head of his cock against her clit, prolonging the hunger rushing through her. Saber's hands tightened on her skin, and she took it as a signal to begin her downward shift.

The head of his cock pierced her opening, and the barrier she had formed in her mind crumbled. She felt his need, his hunger for her, the craving causing an ache throughout his body.

And she instinctively delved deeper into his psyche, discovering every secret he truly held

It was more than she could handle

Jalia awoke quickly, the recollection of that one day lingering in her mind. The dream had been vivid, almost as if she were reliving that night, three weeks ago. She cursed, kicking the bed sheet from her body, irritated he had gotten to her.

That was when she sensed him.

Dark shadows cloaked the bedroom, but she felt him as if he were right in front of her. She had become more aware of him lately, and that confirmed she had some sort of connection to him. It irritated the hell out of her. She didn't want to be close to anyone, especially him.

What the hell was he doing here

Jalia scooted to the edge of her bed. She rose and wrapped the sheet around her naked body. She scanned the room.

Saber stepped into a path of moonlight that shined through the curtains and entered her room. She was momentarily stunned speechless by the fierce strength in his facial features. His mouth pressed into a thin line as if he was displeased about something. His blond hair would normally reach his shoulders, but tonight he had it bound back. He appeared similar to an angel from the heavens above. A woman would have to be blind not to be physically attracted to him. But for her, he was one indulgence she couldn't afford.

She gritted her teeth, pushing her response to him out of her mind. "Isn't anyone capable of knocking on my door instead of barging in? What are you doing here?"

His brow lifted, and he crossed his arms arrogantly. "What do you mean? Has someone else visited? I came to see if you were okay."

She ignored his first two questions. "I'm fine. How the hell did you get in?"

Saber smiled, and for a second she was sidetracked by the beauty of his lips. They were wide, with the bottom lip slightly fuller than the upper one. Remembering how they caressed her skin with such softness made her yearn for him. He had the ability to look so harsh, but never once had she feared him.

"Don't ask questions you already know the answer to," he murmured.

Arrogant bastard was talking about his ability to dissolve into mist and travel to any location with just a simple thought. She knew of only one other vampire who had that ability—Elijah Marquez. "I didn't invite you into my home. You're abusing your powers."

He took a step toward her. "I had every right to make sure you were okay."

She took one back. "You have no rights when it comes to me." She was nervous around him, but she'd be damned if she would show him any sign of weakness. He fisted his hands tightly before he spoke. "Did we arrive in time? Did Derek hurt you in anyway?"

The day Derek had taken her prisoner, Jalia's heart broke upon learning that her brother was also involved. She had been chained in a dirty cell, helpless to do anything. There had been a note of concern in Sergio's voice she couldn't ignore. But Derek hadn't had a chance to hurt her. The team had arrived in time.

"No. I don't think he had time to do much."

Saber nodded, a look of relief passing over his face.

"You're his brother." Jalia spat the words out, disgusted with herself on so many levels. She didn't want to feel this overwhelming attraction to him. He sucked blood to survive, and she could probably list a hundred more things wrong with him.

A look of determination marred his face. Jalia instantly regretted the words as Saber began to close the distance between them. She didn't want to decipher that look and instinctively moved back. But she realized too late he was purposely crowding her into a corner. Her back hit the wall, and she stopped only because there was no other place to go.

Saber placed his hands on the wall, caging her between his arms. "And you're Sergio's sister."

What the hell could she say to that? She sure as hell couldn't deny it. Sergio was her twin, her other half, and though she claimed no familial ties between them, she couldn't deny they shared the same blood.

Saber reached out and grabbed a curly strand of black hair. He twirled it around his finger. As though he wished to know what she was thinking, he gazed directly into her eyes. She fought the urge to close them.

She didn't think she had the strength to hold her shields up if he forced her to read him.

"You and I are connected on so many levels." He insinuated so much with those few words, and Jalia instinctively shook her head, denying it.

"I'm alone, and I prefer to stay that way." She inwardly cringed at the way the words came out, as if he were asking to be with her.

Saber smiled, his shiny white teeth gleaming in the darkness. "I wasn't aware I was offering you anything."

"I can read the expression on your face," she whispered, flinching as Saber reached out and traced a finger on the top edge of the sheet by her breasts. Her stomach dipped in nervousness. His touch threatened to take her apart.

She wanted to say he didn't affect her, even though it would be an obvious lie. Her nipples tightened under the sheet as his finger brushed against her skin, and the response was similar to lighting a match to gasoline. His heat instantly ignited a path to her pussy and by the look in his eyes, Saber knew exactly how disturbing his touch was. Her defenses wavered, threatening to disintegrate, and she impulsively probed into his mind. His immediate thought raced through her psyche.

Fuck, she's gorgeous.

"And your beautiful face tells me how my touch is affecting you," Saber replied, the want evident in his voice.

She shook her head. "You're imagining things."

A pulse of static shock vibrated from her to him. He gritted his teeth and groaned. She held back her own response, concentrating instead on his eyes, which were nothing like Derek's. Saber had soft gray eyes, and she was glad for the difference. There was something about Saber that called to her. But she was more than afraid to give it a chance.

He removed his hand from her chest. "I'll wait patiently until you are ready to confront this thing between us."

"This thing? You make it sound like a disease."

He laughed, the sound filling the room. "Would you prefer if I use another word? How about lust, attraction, or feral craving? Take your pick. Neither one of those words do justice to what I feel for you."

"I would prefer you use nothing. How's Elijah doing?"

Saber turned away from her and walked to the window. "He's still in a coma. Katrina's working on an antidote."

Jalia walked to the edge of her bed, picked up her robe and put it on. Once she was covered, she placed the sheet on the bed. "I still don't trust her."

He turned to her. "You and me both. I haven't heard anything on Sergio. We've been looking for him for two days straight, and so far, nothing."

Jalia shrugged, trying her hardest to act nonchalant. But the fact that her brother was still on the loose worried her. "He came to my home a couple of hours ago."

"Why did you not notify us? He could have harmed you."

"By the time you arrived, Sergio would have been long gone. "I threatened him. I doubt he'll come near me again." His eyes narrowed at her statement. "It was your job to call us. Your brother isn't a sane man, Jalia. Your threats wouldn't work on him. He will not heed your warning. He knew you were being held against your will by Derek, and he did nothing."

Jalia ran a hand through her hair. Saber was right, and if Hawk knew of this, she would be reprimanded and possibly suspended. "If he contacts me, I'll let you know. After that stunt he pulled, I'm pretty sure he's run into hiding by now."

"I'm sorry. I know how hard it is to lose a brother."

Her throat closed up. Her eyes began to water, but she didn't say another word. Sergio was always a tough subject. They had been close in their younger years, but that bond they shared hadn't been enough to stop his destructive path. They had a huge amount of evidence on him, from illegally feeding on humans to murder.

"Are you going to be all right?"

"I'll be fine, Saber."

"Good. I'll see you tomorrow. Rest well, Jalia," he replied softly, before dissolving into mist right before her eyes.

His voice tugged at her heart. They had been through a lot recently, and Saber never wavered from being by her side. But Saber had hidden the truth from her about Derek, and she had to wonder if he was deceiving her on anything else.

The attraction was there, but was she truly capable of accepting him?

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Chapter Two

Saber activated the alarm system to his home before heading to Elijah's room. He unbuttoned his shirt and released the tie that bound his hair. The past couple of weeks were taking a toll, and his whole body was filled with tension.

He entered the room. His butler, Don Adams, sat on a chair by the bed. Don was in his sixties and had served him for forty years. He knew what Saber truly was and wasn't in the least disgusted or terrified by it.

"How's he doing?"

Don rose from his seat. "The same."

Saber ran his fingers through his hair. "I suppose that's better than worse."

"Do you need anything else, sir?"

"No, that will be all for now."

Don nodded and left.

Saber sat by the bed and stared at his friend. It had all begun with a mission to bring Derek down and rescue the women he held as prisoners. The mission was dangerous, but the paranormal ops team was strong, and Derek had been wanted dead or alive. He had committed too many crimes, from murder to turning unwilling humans into vampires. But as soon as they had entered the underground tunnel, all hell had broken loose. Eva had fallen two stories down, right into Derek's hands. Hawk and Elijah had followed her down while Saber went in search of Jalia. By the time Saber located Jalia, Eve and Hawk had already killed Derek, Elijah had been stabbed with a needle by a drugged-crazed scientist named Katrina, and Rico had been seconds away from killing Violet's sister, who the vampires had fed from and then turned.

A ripple of unease shot through Saber's body as he watched his friend. Elijah was pale, his mouth drawn tight, and it killed Saber to see him in pain.

Katrina had injected his stomach with an elixir that had forced Elijah's body to shut down. It was modern miracle that she was able to do such a thing to a vampire, and the only thing that kept him from hunting her down was the fact that she had to come up with a cure. If she didn't come up with an antidote soon, Elijah would die. Saber would not accept that as a possibility.

Elijah had been the only one who knew of his past. He had accepted him without judgment. Saber claimed no familial ties with Derek, and he didn't feel the least remorseful about his death. To him, Derek had died the day he slaughtered their parents.

Saber had never known what true grief was until he saw Derek take Jalia. He wanted to kill him for that alone. Jalia hadn't mentioned exactly what she went through during her captivity, but physically, she appeared to be unharmed. If Eva hadn't finished off Derek, Saber would have taken utter delight in doing it himself.

Jalia. She had become an obsession to him. Since he'd first set eyes on her, there had been this ache in his cock. At first, he thought it was a passing phase, an urge to fuck a beautiful, decadent woman. But it had become more. Her feistiness and her independence intrigued him, and there was this ever-present heat that urged him to claim her, to savor inch after inch.

But she pushed him away and always kept him at a distance.

He closed his eyes, drawing a picture of her in his mind. He wanted to lick her skin, twine his fingers through her dark hair, hold her open for his mouth. He needed to discover her scent and taste. It was becoming even harder to stay away from her. He was convinced more now than ever that she was his mate.

He couldn't get her naked body out of his mind. He had relived that one almost perfect night repeatedly in his mind. It had taken a tremendous amount of willpower to hold his body still as she slowly withdrew her pussy from his cock. She had found out the truth at that exact moment. He was Derek's brother.

Saber grimaced. There had to be some way to get through to her. He wasn't capable of ever harming her. She should have sensed that within him.

Saber rose from the bed, his gaze lifting to the moon. He would see her tomorrow. Hopefully, it would be a better day than today.

* * * *

Sleep eluded her for many reasons. Too many thoughts were running rampant in her mind. Her childhood had been a complicated puzzle. She had been born with her psychic gift, and it had taken years of hard work to learn how to use it properly. She had been a mere five years old when the power had first emerged on a playground. Thoughts had bombarded her brain, forcing her to scream in distress as Sergio looked on.

After what seemed like millions of tests, the doctors had directed her to a specialist who worked with psychics. Dr. Francis Medina had helped her prepare herself for a new life. Throughout the years, Jalia had learned to shield herself from unwanted probes. She had mastered the ability to read anyone from a distance. She was an even deadlier adversary when she came into contact with her prey. With just a touch and the lowering of her psychic shields, she could read their true intentions.

Jalia sighed. With so much deception in the world, most of the time she considered her gift more of a curse. Humans and paranormals loved hiding behind a facade of lies, and that was one of the reasons why she never got close to anyone. The truth had the power to bring such blessed happiness, but at the same time, it could destroy what one held dear.

Her response to Saber disturbed her. She had never felt such a sense of need with anyone before. Thoughts of him consumed her, and forcing herself to stay away from him was becoming harder.

She had worked with him for three years. She admired his abilities and the fact that he chose to use them for good. Besides the intense attraction between them, that admiration was one of the reasons she had decided to go further with him.

So why was she pushing him away? Fear.

She had to admit that was the foundation of her worry. She was afraid he would hurt her. Not physically, but emotionally, and she had to acknowledge that he had the power to hurt her the most.

Her life wasn't an easy one, and she didn't want to add to the complexity of it. But was living life in solitude worth sacrificing her happiness? At some point, she was going to have to take some sort of leap.

There were other factors to consider. Sergio was out there, and she knew her brother well. Derek may have been the ringleader but Sergio wasn't finished with her.

Not yet.

When did a person become so evil that another life meant nothing to them? It hurt her heart to think her own flesh and blood no longer felt the love that once held their family together.

Jalia gripped the blankets on the bed tightly, tears spilling at the emotional pain whipping through her body. She promised herself she wouldn't think about Sergio, and this was the reason why. Because it hurt too much.

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Chapter Three

It took years for Jalia to accept her psychic ability, and she considered it a gift that she could feel anyone before visibly locating their presence. Saber lingered in the entryway of her kitchen as she sliced up a salad. "You know, you could give my doorbell a shot."

"I prefer catching you by surprise."

She turned around and was sidetracked at how devastatingly handsome he was. He was dressed in black jeans, a white t-shirt and boots. She had to admit he fit his clothes well. She saw the imprint of his muscles through the shirt. The pants molded to his body, and his long blond hair was loose, hanging past his shoulders. She noticed the bag he held in his right hand. "What are you doing here?"

"I was hoping you would be home. I have dinner and a bottle of Merlot. We need to talk, and I figured we could do it over food and some wine."

He surprised her, and for the first time, he caught her unaware. She wasn't expecting this. "Conversation will depend on the type of food you have."

Saber grinned, walked over to the table, and placed the bag down. He removed large plastic containers and set them on top of the table. The scent of Italian food filled the air, and Jalia flushed red when her stomach made a loud, hungry sound. Saber laughed. "I happen to know your favorite meal. I have lasagna with extra meat sauce, garlic bread, and some strawberry cheesecake for dessert."

The food sounded way too heavenly, but Jalia knew he ordered the particular foods for a reason. His words brought her back to the time when he had first taken her out. She had ordered the exact same meal, but she couldn't fully enjoy the food because she was too focused on the arousal pounding in her blood for him. That night had begun with hot, wicked lust. But the evening had ended with her leaving him, because six months ago, she couldn't handle the truth. "In that case, you and the food can stay." She finished the salad and placed it, along with tableware, on the table. "How did you remember my favorite food?"

"I remember everything about you, Jalia."

A blush crept from her cheeks to her neck at the way he said the words.

Jalia watched as Saber served her the food and then sat next to her. She eyed the amount of lasagna on his plate. "I didn't know vampires could eat food."

Saber speared a piece of lasagna with his fork. He raised his hand. She opened her mouth, and took the offered piece. The lasagna practically melted in her mouth, the sauce spicy and rich.

He forked another piece and ate it. "Vampires can eat in small quantities. Eat up, and then I'll speak to you about why I'm really here."

* * * *

Jalia couldn't help but feel nervous as Saber met her gaze. She entered the conference room. It was all set for the paranormal ops meeting, but a sense of insecurity passed through her. She squashed it down and forced herself to break away from his riveting stare. She dropped her backpack on the floor and lingered a little too long gawking at the tiled floor, trying desperately to regroup her scattered emotions.

Awareness of him pulsed through her, and the sensation sent tingles throughout her body. She cleared her throat and turned away. It was getting more and more difficult to look him straight in the eye. She sensed he could read her in a way that threatened to break apart her barriers.

Hawk was already at the front of the room, pointing to a digital video on the screen. Eva Long sat to Hawk's right. Jesse sat to his left while Rico stood leaning against a wall, his gaze focused on the screen. Jalia was surprised to see Cree Montero, their director, also sitting at the opposite end of the room. Cree always left things in Hawk's hands and had never attended any of their meetings. His presence definitely meant something was up.

She turned toward the screen just as a boy's face popped on the monitor. She focused on his features. His big brown eyes were open wide, and his black hair looked at odds against his pale skin. His lips were slightly turned down as if he were frowning. There was something about him that bothered her. Dread unsettled her stomach. Hawk was showing them this for a reason, and she had a feeling it wasn't a good one.

"Who is he?"

"This is Jeremiah Torrington," Hawk replied. "He was abducted yesterday from The Gifted Institute For Kids. It's a school for children who show early signs of gifts."

"What's his talent?" Saber asked.

"Psychic."

Jalia watched Hawk nervously and the anxious feeling bothered her. "Why do we have this case, instead of the missing persons unit? What makes Jeremiah so special?"

"We have reason to believe he's Sergio's son," Cree stated. "And that Sergio was the one who took him."

Her stomach clenched. "That's impossible."

"Nothing in this world is unfeasible," Hawk replied. "Seven years ago, Sergio had an affair with a woman by the name of Grace Morrow. It was around that same time the paranormal ops unit first tracked his dealings with Derrick."

She stared at the tiny boy who appeared so defenseless. Saber reached over to her and held her hand. He must have sensed the helplessness she felt in that moment. She reacted instinctively and tightened her fingers around his, taking comfort in his strength. "What happened to Grace?" She forced herself to ask the question, even though she had a feeling what the answer already was.

"Hospital records indicate she died an hour after giving birth to Jeremiah," Cree replied.

Jalia shook her head. "He's my brother. How could I not know any of this?"

Cree slid the file to her. "I don't know. Here's everything we have on the case. Jeremiah was last seen in front of the school. Surveillance cameras show him being carried to a black limo by Sergio and an unknown assailant."

"What do you want me to do?" She reached over and grabbed the file.

"I'm requesting you take the lead on this case," Cree murmured, his gaze fixated on the screen. "I know this is hard for you. If your answer is no, I won't force issue. But no one here knows Sergio like you do. Our main objective is to retrieve Jeremiah."

Jalia swallowed past the hard lump in her throat. "What will happen to him?"

"Grace has an older brother by the name of Trace Morrow," Hawk replied. "He is listed as the boy's guardian. We'll be sending a team over to his home in about an hour. Until we speak to him, no decisions will be made."

How could she not know any of this? Anger, fear and a sense of loss threatened weigh her down. The emotions assaulted her at once. But somehow she found the strength to pull herself together. "I'll take the case."

"Good," Hawk replied. "I want you and Saber in on this. Jesse, you and Rico will head over to Trace's home. Bring him to the office. I want to interrogate him directly."

Jalia pulled her hand from Saber's and rose from her seat. "I want to be there for the questioning." She walked over to the monitor, drawn to the sad look on the Jeremiah's face. "Where was Sergio's last confirmed location?"

"There's something else we have to tell you," Hawk stated carefully.

Jalia turned from the screen to face him. "What is it?"

"We've managed to track him down to Forest Hills nursing home," Cree spoke up.

Jalia cursed under her breath. "That should have been the first thing out—"

"An officer has already been assigned to protect your mother," Hawk replied loudly, effectively cutting her off.

She walked to her seat and bent to retrieve her backpack from the floor. She picked up the file and put the folder inside. "I'm pretty sure Sergio's visit had nothing to do with the fact that he wanted to see our mother."

Jalia walked out the door, not bothering to stop even as Saber yelled her name.

"What the hell was that about?" Saber asked, frustrated Jalia's tendency to shut him out. "I didn't even know her mother was still alive."

"We had no idea," Cree muttered. "Not until we tracked Sergio's last location."

Saber rose to his feet. "Why is her mother in the nursing home, and why in the hell would Jalia keep that a secret?"

Hawk ran his hand through his hair. "I can't answer that. I could barely get the head nurse over there to tell me who Sergio had come to see. The medical files are sealed. Only Jalia could give us that information."

Saber glanced at the camera. Jalia was already at the garage, preparing to leave. "I'm gone. I'll let you know what I come up with."

He closed his eyes, thought of the destination in his mind and dissolved into mist. It took two seconds before he felt the cell structure of his body regroup, reforming his physical form and placing him right behind his target.

Jalia was bent over, tying her backpack to her motorcycle in a compartment behind her seat. He couldn't tear his gaze away from the way her suit molded tightly to her ass. He fisted his hands, fighting the need to cup her rear and rub his cock against her.

"Where do you think your going?" Saber watched amused as she jumped to her feet, removed her weapon from her holster and aimed it at his face. "Nice reflexes."

"Fuck, Saber. I could have shot you."

He arched a brow at her words. "That would be very unlikely."

She narrowed her eyes. "What do you want?"

"Where do you think you're going?" He waited for her answer, his gaze wandering to the tempting skin exposed just above her breasts. It would be heaven to lick her flesh and have the taste of her in his mouth to carry with him always.

"I'm going to Forest Hills."

Saber tamped down his need, and forced his attention back to her. His eyes drifted back to her face. "Not alone. We're working on this together."

"I need to do this part alone. My mother—"

"Your mother will not be pleased if you go off hotheaded without thinking this through. Like you said, Sergio's visit wasn't a coincidence. You have a choice. You can take me with you, or I'll meet you there. Either way, I'm not leaving you alone." He smiled, knowing he had her exactly where he wanted her. Right in front of him, under his protection, at all times. She inhaled for a second before letting her breath out in a slow, drawn-out sigh.

"Has anyone ever told you what an arrogant bastard you are?"

"That could be one of the reasons why you find me so attractive."

"I highly doubt that," she replied as she holstered her gun. "Hop on." She swung her leg over the seat and started the bike.

Saber straddled the bike, placed his hands on her waist and sat down. He leaned in, placing his lips right next to her ear. "Drive." The pulsing vibrations beneath were already driving him insane. He tightened his hands around her waist as she pulled out of the parking lot, trying very hard not to concentrate on the fact that his fingers were just inches away from her breasts.

* * * *

"She's headed your way."

A rush of excitement flowed through him. Everything was going according to plan. Sergio tightened his hand around the cell phone. "Good. I want to thank you for helping me wrap up loose ends."

"You're going to go through with our bargain?" Sylvester Moore asked with a hint of nervousness in his tone. Sergio smiled, his fangs lengthening at the thought of Sylvester's death. "Of course. This shouldn't take long. Meet me at my place in about an hour."

"Great, boss. Thanks," Sylvester replied before hanging up.

Thanks, indeed. He was another loose end that needed tying. Lucky for Sergio, he had come in handy. He was a lackey Derek had used, a security guard located in the Paranormal Ops headquarters in Washington. The fool really thought he was going to be turned into a vampire. The slob.

"You're really going to change him?"

The female voice flowed softly through him. Sergio turned to the love of his life, the one who held his heart. He grinned. "No."

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Binding Saber by Jade James

Chapter Four

This was absolute craziness. The desire to give in to Saber was growing more powerful with each day that passed. She tightened her thighs in an effort to calm herself. His hands were resting just below her breasts, and his spicy scent was strong, driving her mad with desire. This was why she fought not to be alone with him, because the hunger gnawed at her. It took all of her willpower to keep focused on driving and concentrate on the road.

But with each touch, her resolve threatened to crumble.

His body pressed so close to hers. If she leaned back into him, even just a little, she could probably feel his rippling, tight muscles bulging beneath his suit. A puff of hot air heated her neck, and she could feel the warmth of his mouth just inches away from her skin. His hands moved up right underneath the swell of her breast. He rubbed his thumb back and forth. Her nipples tightened.

She slowed the bike down to a stop as the yellow light changed to red. She turned, tossing him a quick look. "What are you doing?"

"Getting you hot and hopefully a little more than wet."

She shifted her body forward as a heated blush engulfed her cheeks. Her pussy spasmed in response to his pure, unadulterated lust. He moved his fingers up, massaging her nipples hard just as the light turned green. Horns behind her filled the air, and she was forced to drive the motorcycle.

"Do you feel it yet?" Saber growled into her ear.

"Feel what?" she yelled, though she knew he was referring to the unsettling hunger that smoldered between them.

"The need that burns within me to make you mine," he replied as he thrust his cock against her back.

Her resolve weakened a little. She was glad for the various noises flowing loudly about. It gave her an excuse not to answer him.

An agonizingly slow ten minutes filled with hands that wouldn't keep still, roaming over her body. Each time he passed his hands over her, Jalia would bite back the moan that threatened to erupt. She couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief when the garage came in sight. She pulled her bike into the parking lot.

Jalia turned the ignition off, swung her leg off the bike and pocketed the keys. "We're here," she said loudly, stating the obvious. She was trying desperately to get a hold on her emotions. It was a losing battle. And why the hell was she fighting it to begin with? She wanted nothing more then to give in to him.

Saber swung his leg off the bike and walked over to her in a slow, drawn-out pace. She held her breath as he wrapped an arm around her waist. He hauled her against his rock-hard body, and she melted.

There was no use battling the sensations flowing through her. He brought his mouth against hers and licked her lips. She swiped her tongue against his, tasting his wet moisture.

His eyes darkened with need. "I ache for you," he whispered. "Let me in, Jalia."

She moaned as she opened her mouth to receive his hot tongue. He swept it around her inner recesses before tangling it with hers. She sucked him, mimicking the way she wanted to service him orally. The idea came out of nowhere, and it was hot and dirty, but she loved the submissive angle of it. It would be more than pure heaven to give in to the needs burning through her.

Saber began to grind his cock against her belly. The kiss was scorching, and she had to break it off or she would be fucking him right in the garage. She immediately thought that the idea of being seen by others did not sound bad to her at all.

"This has to wait," she stated. All of her tightly wound control vaporized, and Jalia took a step back, putting distance between them. Space was a good thing at this moment.

His chest heaved in and out, and she realized he was seconds away from losing his control. "You're right. Now would not be the right time to fuck you like I really want to. But real soon, Jalia."

She closed her eyes, fighting the picture her mind put together at his words.

His hand enfolded hers. "What floor is your mother on?" She opened her eyes. "On the fifth."

He nodded. "Let's go."

The elevator ride was torturously slow, but Saber used the time to control his stiff, throbbing cock. He had been seconds away from taking her against the pillar in the parking lot, but her words of waiting made sense. When they made love, he would take his time with her, licking every nook and crevice, fucking her until they both passed out from exhaustion.

Saber turned and watched her. She was trying to be evasive about her response toward him by staring at the metal doors. But the physical signs were there. The way her nipples pressed hard against her suit was a clear indication of the attraction she felt. He'd bet a couple of thousand that if he knelt right now at her feet and buried his head between her legs, he would find her dripping wet.

The doors opened. Jalia took the lead, heading straight for the nurse's station. He forced himself to concentrate on his surroundings. "What does your mother suffer from?"

"She has Alzheimer's," Jalia replied as she reached the nurse's desk and turned to the woman standing behind it. "We're here to see Maggie Finn."

Saber watched as an uncertain look crossed the blonde nurse's face, but it quickly disappeared. He dropped his gaze to the tag on her uniform. *Amelia Hart.*

"What is your name?" the nurse asked as she handed Jalia a clipboard and sign-in sheet.

"I'm her daughter, Jalia Finn."

"And he is?"

The disgruntled, put-off tone wasn't lost on him. There was something about the nurse that bothered him, but he couldn't pinpoint his concern.

Jalia took the clipboard and placed it on the top ledge of the desk. "His name is Saber Harden. He's with me. Where's Rose?"

The nursed narrowed her eyebrows in confusion. "Rose?"

Jalia tossed a quick glance at Saber. "The head nurse who has the weekly night shift."

"Ah! She's out sick today. I work the day shift, but I'm filling in for her as a favor."

Jalia nodded, and Saber watched as she bent her head and signed their names in. She handed the information back to the nurse quickly before turning to him. Her mouth was set in a tense line, and her body was rigid.

He shifted his body, blocking Jalia from the nurse's view. "What's wrong?"

"He's here."

His protective instincts rose. Every fiber in his being screamed to protect her. He would not survive if anything happened to Jalia. Saber grabbed her arm, hauling her closer to his body. "Sergio?"

Jalia shook her head. "It's Jeremiah. He's here, and the fact this nurse didn't know who Rose is bothers me a little. I'm getting weird vibes from her."

As soon as the words left her mouth, a small white figure whizzed by them with stunning speed. He pushed open a door. An alarm sounded, forcing two doctors to head their way. Saber threw a quick glance at the entryway. The door closed quickly, and a white sign on the front read, *Only Employees Allowed.* He turned to the nurse. She must have noticed the little boy running around a senior home, but she remained oddly silent. Saber didn't have the time to question her now. "What's behind that door?"

"There's a staircase which leads the roof," the nurse replied.

Saber turned to Jalia. "What room number is your mom in?"

"505."

"You go see your mom, and I'll go after him. Notify security, and wait in your mother's room."

Jalia watched as Saber closed his eyes and disappeared. His body faded into nothing. The sight unnerved her, but she had more pressing concerns to attend to.

She turned and ran for her mother's room, which was at the end of the long hallway. Her stomach was in knots. This was not a coincidence. Something was wrong. She knew it the moment she'd sensed Jeremiah.

She skidded to a stop, perspiration clinging onto her skin. The door to her mother's room was open. She stepped in and saw her mom's fragile figure lying on the bed. Jalia walked over and grabbed her hand. Her skin was cold. "Mom?"

She opened her brown eyes and frowned. "Jalia, I was hoping you wouldn't come today."

She gasped in shock. Most days her mom couldn't even remember her name. "Mom, I'm here everyday."

"Somehow I know that, honey. But listen. You have to leave now." Her mother tightened her fingers around her hand.

Jalia did the same, instinctively responding to her touch. "Why, Mom?"

"Think, my girl. Jeremiah is here for a reason. And if he's here, so is your brother."

How in the hell did her mom know about the boy? By Jeremiah's presence, Jalia already figured Sergio had to be somewhere in the building. But she had no intention of leaving her mother alone with him. "I'm not leaving you, and while I'm here, you can explain to me how you know about Jeremiah."

Jalia sensed him entering the room as she let go of her mother's hand.

"Because I told her, my dear sister."

She turned and flinched at the sight of her brother, standing before her. He kicked the door closed. His hair was long, shielding her from fully viewing his face. "What are you planning, Sergio?"

He lifted his face and licked his lips. His fangs lengthened, making him look even more menacing. The sight sent a shiver through her body. "To make my family complete."

Jalia had no time to digest those words before her brother leaped.

* * * *

Saber reached the roof in two seconds flat, and he immediately spotted the boy crouched behind an air conditioning unit.

He walked over slowly. He didn't want to scare the boy, so he bent down. "My name is Saber, Jeremiah. Can you tell me why you ran?"

His eyes rounded in shock. "You know my name?"

"I do. There are a couple of people who want to see you safely back home."

He shook his head. "I don't have a home."

"But you have an aunt who loves you and other people who want to see you safe."

"Was that my aunt Jalia back there?"

"That was her."

"And you left her alone?" Jeremiah whispered the words in fear.

The words flowed softly over him but the meaning behind them was loud and clear. Saber jumped to his feet, realization dawning on him. "You were a distraction."

Jeremiah nodded. "Go back now, Saber."

Saber picked Jeremiah up, tucked him under his arm and ran.

He couldn't travel the way he would have preferred because of the child's body. He had to secure Jeremiah somewhere safe first. He found the perfect spot, a janitor's closet on the fifth floor. He pulled the door open and placed Jeremiah on his feet. "Stay put. Do not move."

Saber reached for the light inside and stared at him. "I mean it. Don't move." He closed the door.

Now that the boy was taken care of, Saber ran a few doors down. Adrenaline pumped through his veins along with fear for Jalia. Dread filled his tense body as he unleashed his fangs and kicked the door open. Saber threw a scant glance at the old woman lying on the bed, but the vision in front of him forced him to forget that she was even in the room.

A wave of fury rushed through him at the sight, causing the buried hunter deep below to push forth. Sergio sat on the ledge of the open windows, blood dripping from his mouth as he held an unconscious Jalia. She was draped across his thighs, her face toward him. Saber could see the wounds on her neck, and suddenly Sergio's intentions became all too clear to him. "I'm going to take great delight in killing you."

"You're too late," Sergio stated. He made a show of licking the blood off his lips.

Saber tried hard to hold on to his common sense. The same sense that told him to wait for Sergio's next move. But the sight of him savoring Jalia's blood was too much for him.

He leaped over the bed and made a grab for Jalia, intending to push her out of the way so he could rip Sergio's heart out of his chest.

Sergio must have read the death threat in his eyes, because he used Jalia as a shield. Sergio leapt out the window, hauling Jalia with him. For the first time in his life, Saber knew what true fear was. His heart pounded fast as he pushed all of his muscle and power forward. Saber jumped over the bed and caught Jalia's ankle before she disappeared entirely over the edge. The force made his upper body go over the ledge, and he had to strain to keep himself and Jalia from falling. His gaze fell upon Sergio, who still held onto Jalia's arm.

"This isn't over," Sergio yelled before letting Jalia go and landing on the hospital's canopy roof.

The weight suddenly shifted to his favor, and Saber concentrated on pulling Jalia over the ledge. He placed her on the floor, his hands shaking viciously as he checked for her pulse. His stomach clenched in dread, tears forming in his eyes. It seemed as if years passed instead of seconds, and that was when he felt it.

Her heart, beat achingly slow. But it was beating.

He closed his eyes against the knowledge that he was her only hope to live.

"She's still alive, and you are her only hope," Maggie confirmed.

Saber turned his head toward the voice.

"There is nothing sadder in this world then to watch your child die before you. I will not lose my daughter. I will rest peacefully before she ever does. Turn her now."

He turned toward Jalia. He never wanted to change her this way. It should've been her decision. But Maggie was right. He was her only chance.

Saber moved quickly, refusing to think of the repercussions. He lifted his wrist and bit into his flesh. The pain he should've felt at the bite was overshadowed by the misery rushing through him. He pulled back and watched his blood rise to the surface. He raised Jalia's head with his arm and brought his wrist to her lips. The longest second of his life passed achingly slow, and for the first time in his life, he found himself silently praying to anyone who would hear him. He hoisted her body closer to his and bent his head against her ear.

"Don't give up on me, Jalia. Drink for me...drink for us."

He waited, counting the seconds that ticked by. An animalistic cry rose from within, followed by a rush of anger. Just as he was about to release his torture, her lips moved, and she began to suck his blood. Binding Saber by Jade James

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Binding Saber by Jade James

Chapter Five

The windows in his home were covered with electric steel shutters to block the sunlight from getting in. There were also security cameras installed in every room. He had them installed for his own safety, along with other features to protect his domain. But as Saber watched Jalia lying so listlessly on his bed, he was glad he'd taken extra care in making his home an unbreakable fortress.

An hour had gone by, and Jalia hadn't shown any signs of life. But Saber wasn't about to give up hope. She drank from him, and that small signal showed her will to live.

But the hardest part wasn't over yet. The rough wakening hadn't passed. The blood she drank would transform her organs and bones into vampire. The transformation would be painful, and if she didn't have the strength to see it through, she would lose her life. He had faith that she would survive this.

His gut clenched with anxiety. He hadn't known how much she truly meant to him until this moment. She had to live. He would accept no other alternative, and he would do anything in his power to ensure it.

Hawk and Eva had arrived a half an hour before, determined to help in any way possible. Trace, Jeremiah's uncle, was human, and it would take more than one paranormal to provide the protection the boy needed. Saber had no qualms about letting him stay here, but his first priority was Jalia. So the best idea was to let Jeremiah stay with Hawk and Eva until Sergio was caught or killed.

Rico and Jesse were at the hospital in official capacity. Hawk had ordered they both protect Jalia's mother until they found what Sergio's next move would be.

Saber unbuttoned his shirt and kicked off his shoes. Jalia moaned, and began to move as if in agony. He sat by the headboard and maneuvered her body so she lay halfway on him. Another loud groan erupted from her lips.

The transformation was beginning.

Perspiration dotted her forehead; her hands clenched into fists. He held her down with his arm and kissed her heated skin, hoping she felt him with her. Her flesh felt as though it were on fire. Despair shot through him, and it left a heavy ache in its wake. If he had the ability to take her agony within him, he would. He'd sacrifice anything for her.

Jalia's whimpers filled the room as she tried to sit up. He used all of his strength to hold her down, murmuring endearments to calm her. "Sweetheart, you can do this. I'm here for you, Jalia."

She opened her eyes. Her pupils were dilated, and she stared at him as if she were seeing him for the first time. "My mom. Is she okay?

"You're mom is fine. Rico and Jesse are at the hospital guarding her."

A low moan bubbled up in her throat and she released it with a howl. "What's happening to me? Is this what death feels like?" Her words were whispered, her tone filled with desolation. Saber tightened his hold on her. "Honey, you're changing."

She closed her eyes as she thrashed against him, her body heaving up and down across his own. Blood leaked from the corner of her lips, her skin now coated with a heavy sheen of sweat. With every agonizing pain that racked her body, he wished it were him suffering instead of her. Her body continued to thrash around, her muscles locking rigidly.

She opened her eyes once again, trapping him with her dark gaze. "You did this to me?"

His heart beat wildly against his chest. "I was your only hope."

"In case, I forget to mention it later on," she bit out through clenched teeth, "Thank you."

He couldn't help but stare at her in awe. The words weren't filled with sarcasm. They were sincere. Gratefulness was the last thing he was expecting from her at a time like this. But before he could voice that he would have walked through the fires of hell for her, Jalia released a bone-chilling scream. Her body snapped ramrod straight, her muscles clenching as more blood poured out of her eyes and mouth.

Red hot fire ants. It felt as if her body were being eaten by them from the inside out. Jalia clenched her teeth as another wave of pain rushed through her. She had never felt anything so agonizing in her life. Her joints were stiff, and she couldn't move her body. Her heart slowed its beating. She was using all of her strength to try and block her psyche from reaching Saber's. But she was weak and seriously doubted that her mental shields were going to hold up much longer. She watched Saber and willed herself to concentrate on him. His gray eyes were narrowed in concern, and she felt his arms surrounding her. His fingers were stroking her skin, and through the hazy cloud of pain, she realized she was grateful that Saber was with her.

"Sweetheart," he whispered. "You're concentrating too hard. Let yourself go."

She dug her heels into the mattress, her body arching high. "I can't." She knew exactly what he was asking. If she did let herself go, she would know everything there was to know about Saber, and he of her. That intimate closeness terrified her.

"You can. Trust me. I've brought you this far, honey, and I'm not ever leaving your side."

Another fierce tremor shot through her, dwindling her last remaining strength.

"Don't make me regret this."

She merged her mind with Saber's and let herself go. White light shot through her brain, and her last fading thought was that she didn't know Saber at all.

* * * *

He felt when she left his psyche and finally slipped into a restful state of mind. Saber carefully placed her on the bed and walked over to the bathroom. He filled a basin with warm water and dipped a rag into it.

Walking back to the bed, he placed the basin on the nightstand and gently removed her clothes. He left her in her red bra and panties. He had to force himself away from the tempting sight she made and focus on the task of washing her. She moaned as he cleaned her up, softly washing away the traces of sweat and blood.

In minutes he had her clean, her tangled hair brushed and a clean sheet draped over her body.

In a few hours, she would awaken hungry, and the call of his blood would awaken her desire.

He believed deeply that everything happened for a reason, and Saber would be there for her, just as he was always meant to be.

* * * *

Sergio eyed Sylvester hungrily. He had taken sustenance from Jalia, but it hadn't been enough. The need to drain someone burned through his veins.

He tightened his hand around Grace. Not many knew she still lived. He had spent millions ensuring there were no traces left when she supposedly died giving birth to his son. Doctors were bought off, and fear instilled in those who didn't want to cooperate. A couple of lives were even sacrificed, all because he'd always loved his Grace. It had taken a lot of manipulation on his part, but in the end, everything worked to his advantage.

Jeremiah was too young to be any good to him. He would wait until his son grew into a man. Then his son would take the reins of his empire.

"You will give me what we agreed to?" Sylvester asked.

Sergio watched as the human's body trembled in fear. His fangs distended, and he ran his tongue over the tips, savoring

the bite of hunger clawing at his stomach. "I will give you what you've always wanted."

He positioned his body in front of Sylvester's and plunged his teeth into his neck. He drank, swallowing the warm blood deeply. When Sylvester made a weak attempt at dislodging him, Sergio continued to drain the life from his body.

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Binding Saber by Jade James

Chapter Six

The hunger started deep below, and it forced Jalia to wake. Her eyes opened, and she inhaled. A spicy masculine scent hit her nostrils, burying itself in her womb. The unique aroma was like a trigger, awakening a sexual appetite she had thought she'd buried weeks before. Her skin felt electrified as if she'd been reborn, and her nipples were tight with desire.

She clenched her stomach in an attempt to gain some semblance of control, but her arousal shook her to the core. She knew the cause of her craving. Only one man had ever stimulated her senses, made her clit throb, and her cream spill between her thighs. She turned her head to the side, already knowing whom she would find in the room with her.

Saber sat on a chaise, shirtless and barefoot, dressed in only blue jeans. He watched her with his pale eyes darkening, and it added to her excitement. She understood what he felt, understood the pressing urgency that plagued her.

She had to acknowledge that this was totally out of character for her. But though Jalia would concede that, she couldn't help what she felt. She needed to be with him, but it was more than that.

In that bare instant, when she was at her most vulnerable, Jalia found what Saber truly was, and that experience had been a humbling one. A kind and generous human being who had loved her since he'd laid eyes on her. And she regretted not ever trusting him. To begin with, she owed him an apology. But it would have to wait, because the craving was growing stronger with each passing second.

She wanted him now.

Her nipples pressed tightly against her bra. She rose to her feet, letting the sheet covering her fall to the floor. Her stomach clenched, a fiery need whipping through her as she walked to him. She reached around and unclipped her bra. The cool air swirled around her breasts, causing them to bead further.

The chaise was wide and long so, with little effort, she maneuvered herself right between his legs, on her knees.

Saber reached out and touched her cheek. "Are you okay?"

She turned her face and placed a kiss into the palm of his hand. She drew in a breath and inhaled the smell of copper.

She faced him. "I'm better. But Saber, this...I'm feeling hungry."

"You are craving my blood."

"No, that's not all I want," she replied. She leaned in and licked his chest. His skin tasted sweet, and beneath his flesh, she heard the beating of his heart and the rush of blood running through his veins. Jalia dragged her tongue to the skin right above his nipple. He moaned as she slowly traced the hard tip. Her gums tingled and an odd pressure in her mouth forced her to rise from her position. She ran her tongue underneath the prickling area. "My teeth."

Saber reached up and put his finger in her mouth, running the tip along her teeth. "That is normal for our kind."

That statement would have bothered her in her old existence. But that Jalia had died. She was beginning a new life, and she meant to start as she would live it.

With Saber.

The throbbing between her legs had become intense, and the sexual hunger seemed to take over her entire body. She closed her lips around his finger, and she envisioned drawing his cock into her mouth the same way. It was getting to be too much. "Saber I need you."

"Whatever you want, darling."

She reached for his jeans, unbuttoning the top button at the same time he ripped her panties off. Her body arched forward.

"Get naked."

She rose to her knees, giving him space as Saber lifted his ass off the chaise, unzipped his jeans and pushed the pants off his hips.

She looked down at his erection. It wasn't the first time she'd ever seen his cock, but that didn't detract from the way she was starving for him. Her mouth watered as she studied his manly flesh. He was as thick as her wrist and deliciously long, the reddish head circumcised. A drop of precum appeared on the slit, and Jalia inched herself down, positioning herself with her mouth close to his cock and her rear in the air. Careful of her newly formed vampire teeth, she opened her mouth around the head. She whimpered as she drank him in, his musky flavor whipping her desire higher. His taste was an aphrodisiac, and she couldn't stop herself from taking his cock deeper into her mouth. "Fuck, Jalia!" Saber groaned.

"You taste delicious."

"I can't wait any longer, Jalia. I need to be inside you now."

He wrapped his hands around her arms and pulled her off his cock. Jalia stretched her body on top of his, wound her fingers through his silky hair. She stared into his eyes, and her psyche instinctively reached out. She touched her mind to his, and she felt how much he desired her, how long he had been anticipating this moment.

She closed her eyes and leaned her forehead against his. The urge to cry was great, forcing her regret from her lips. "I'm so sorry, Saber. I owe you much, and I don't even know where to begin."

"Open your eyes, my love." Saber placed his lips against hers.

Her mouth softened under his. When he broke the kiss, she moaned, desperate for the taste of him. She opened her eyes, sensing the affection he had for her.

"Jalia, don't you know that I would do anything for you? You owe me nothing. I would've waited until the end of eternity for a chance to be with you this way."

"I've wasted so much time." Her thighs were damp with her cream. She rose to her knees, positioning her pussy over his cock. "And I don't want to waste another second."

Jalia moaned as she pushed down. The head entered, but his hands at her hips halted her descent.

"You have to take this slow, Jalia."

She shook her head. "I want it fast and hard."

Saber's hands tightened on her hips. "I won't last if it's that way."

She licked her lips. "We will explode together." She reached down and pushed his hands up to her breasts. He pulled at her nipples, and the sensation shot to her womb, causing her to shudder in ecstasy. She pushed down, taking another inch of him inside of her. Her fingers dug into his chest, and she heard that rush of his blood flowing through his veins. Her womb clenched, forcing her to acknowledge that her hunger needed to be sated before she continued.

Saber seemed to know what she was feeling, because he tilted his head to the side and whispered, "Take what you need."

This was her first time, and she didn't want to hurt him. But how hard could feeding be?

Pushing her doubts aside, Jalia heeded the call and leaned down. She could feel his anticipation, the knowledge that she was binding herself to him. Butterflies found their way into her womb, but she breathed the scent of him in and gathered her courage.

Opening her mouth, Jalia pierced his skin as softly as she could. His blood rushed in, and she swallowed the coppery liquid, accustoming herself to his taste. It was sweet, tinged with a slight bitterness. She groaned, feeling the liquid settle in her stomach, the energy flowing inside of her. His cock throbbed. It was still only partially in so she pushed herself down, taking his whole cock within her. The tip of his shaft hit her womb as her pussy tightened around him. She was stretched, and she felt every line and vein of his rigid cock pulsating within her. This was what she had been missing, this intimate closeness she'd been so afraid of. They were finally joined as one, and the rush of desire was nothing like she had perceived it would be.

Jalia took her final swallow, the hunger diminished. Her hunger was appeased, so she lifted her mouth and instinctively licked the wound closed. To her amazement, his skin sealed up, leaving no blemish.

"Fuck, Jalia. It's better than I imagined."

"Saber." She placed her hands on his chest, anchoring herself as she began to ride him. Her hips rocked back and forth, her pussy clamping down on him tighter. His hand moved down to her pussy, finding her clit. He rubbed it, his finger magnifying her sensation. She rode him harder, her nails digging into his flesh. She was on the edge, her orgasm so close. She closed her eyes, concentrating on where they were linked. She felt his delight, his desire and when he pinched her clit, the slight bite of pain pushed her over the edge. She screamed his name, stars flashing behind her closed eyes.

"Now that the edge is off, it's my turn."

Saber rose from the chaise and carried her to the bed with his hard cock deep inside of her. With each step he took, his cock thrust in deeper. He clenched his teeth against the need to rut in her. He had envisioned this moment one too many times, and he wanted to savor it.

He watched her, imprinting her naked body into his mind. Lust flowed through him at the sexy sight she made. Her breasts weren't overly large, the nipples tight and a dark pink. He dropped his gaze to her hips, flared wide, just the right size for a man like him. His gaze dropped even lower to the nude pussy that gripped him so tightly. That's what he wanted, what he needed. To mark her in every way he could.

He pulled his cock out slowly, relishing in the way she clenched around him. The call of her blood heated his body, and he had to force himself not to act on it. If he drank from her now, he would lose all control.

"Saber," she moaned. "I need you."

He dropped to his knees and placed his hands on the inside of her thighs, spreading her wide open. Her musky scent wafted through the air. He leaned in, inhaling her unique aroma. He stared at the folds of her pussy, which was a shade darker than her nipples. "You're so beautiful, Jalia. So fucking sexy. I want to taste you this way."

He blew on her clit, and her hips rose from the bed. Saber tightened his hands and swirled his tongue in her cream before flicking her clit. Her body jerked from the bed. He continued his assault, lapping at her pussy with a veracious hunger that surprised him. From this day on, there would be no other woman for him. Jalia had become his center, his mate. He would live just for her.

"Saber, please make me come."

He heard her soft plea and wrapped his lips around her clit. His body burned, his cock tightened to the point of pain. The taste of her surrounded him. He sucked hard, wanting to feel her explode around his tongue. His cock jumped as she screamed his name, climaxing on his mouth. He wished he had hours just to eat her, paying homage to her pussy. She was so fucking beautiful, there and everywhere else. But he needed to erupt inside her. His shaft was so stiff he was surprised he hadn't exploded when she'd first come on his cock.

Saber rose to his feet. Jalia wet her lips, her chest rising rapidly with her breathing. He placed his cock on the outer folds of her wet pussy, rubbing the head in her thick cream. She whimpered and widened her legs further apart.

"From this day on, you are mine alone, Jalia. You are mine, forever," he murmured, pushing his cock into her tight, hot sheath.

"Yes," she whimpered, raising her hips to receive more of him.

He gave one thrust, pushing his cock balls deep. He gritted his teeth against the heat that enveloped him. She was hot, slick. He pumped into her voraciously, savoring the way she gripped him like a glove.

She wrapped her legs around his waist. "Oh God, Saber."

His toes dug deeper into the bedroom carpet. Her throaty little moan had him pumping in and out faster. White heat engrossed him from head to toe. Electricity shot down his back, raced through his balls, and by a slim thread, he held his orgasm back. He wanted them to come together. His teeth lengthened, and he bent, taking a nipple into his mouth, raking the tip with his teeth. She tangled her fingers in his hair as she screamed, her body tightening around his cock.

Saber couldn't resist the craving that burned deep within. He pierced her breast as she came. The taste of her blood was richly sweet, and he drank from her essence ravenously. Jalia screamed through her climax, and it triggered his own. His semen spilled into her pussy, and Saber pulled back from her breast, roaring his release, his body as well as his heart sated for the time being.

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Binding Saber by Jade James

Chapter Seven

Jalia lay on top of Saber. She drew little air circles against his chest and wondered what the next step to her new life would be. The change had been difficult. She had thought death couldn't be worse than the pain that lanced her body. It felt as if she were on fire, and she wanted to give into the distress pouring through her.

But through it all, by some link she suspected they had, she was aware of Saber by her side. When her mind had finally merged with his, she had been aware of how noble he was, how kind he was to others who needed help, and how ruthless he could be to criminals who unleashed their wrath on innocents.

She owed him more than an apology. She had purposely put distance between them. And she hurt him in the process.

She was aware of the differences racing throughout her body. Her skin tingled with heat. She felt energized, as though she could take on anyone. Her teeth retracted, and the hunger no longer gnawed her belly. But she had a lot to deal with, and there seemed to be a weight-filled pressure against her chest. It was probably anxiety, but she still hadn't come to terms with being a vampire. And worse, Sergio had tried to kill her. Her brother was capable of many things, but to try to murder her by his own hand? It hurt too much to think about it. Jalia forced all of that down for now and concentrated on Saber. She rose from her position, maneuvering herself onto her knees. Jalia bent her head and eyed her right breast, where Saber had drank from her. He had licked the wound closed, but a small, reddish mark remained. She suspected this was his way of marking her. She wasn't exactly angry about it. He had saved her life. She reached around and covered herself with the blanket before turning to him. He watched her and smiled, a look of contentment on his face. The sex had been explosive, and their connection now ran deeper than the physical.

"Saber, I want to apologize-"

"Don't," he replied, cutting her off. "We're way past the apology stage. Our relationship isn't going to be an easy one, but we're both strong. We can get through this."

Jalia ran a hand through her hair. "I judged you wrongly, and I owe you my life."

Saber placed his hand on her knee and stroked her skin with his fingertips. "You owe me nothing, Jalia. I was terrified of losing you. It was as if I was frozen, watching you die in front of me. It was pure torture, and if it weren't for your mother's voice breaking through my fear...well let's just say, I'll be grateful to her until the end of time."

Her eyes watered. "I still can't believe my brother tried to kill me."

"Your brother is far from being simple minded. I have a feeling he knew I would turn you."

"That changes nothing."

"You're right. It doesn't."

Jalia placed her hand over his. His skin felt hot. "Why is your skin so warm?

Saber smirked. "You have a lot to learn about vampires. Did you think our skin would be cold? That part of vampire myth is a bunch of bull."

"But I've touched you before, and you've never felt this way."

"Vampires mate forever, beautiful. My skin feels warmer than usual because what we did earlier was a mating in its truest form. From the first time, I laid eyes on you, I've always known you were mine."

Mated forever

She dug her nails into his skin and swallowed against the nervousness threatening to overwhelm her. She had yet to think in terms of forever. She probably should have felt more than a case of nerves. But she had to admit, she didn't see herself with anyone other than Saber. And their link was stronger now. She felt Saber's presence in her mind, and the bond must've happened when the change occurred.

Mated for eternity

His reply flowed into her psyche. So they were linked. It would take some getting used to. "We may be linked now, but you will respect my private thoughts."

Saber laughed. "I didn't have to read your mind to know how you're feeling. The way your nails are biting into my skin is a clear sign."

Jalia pulled her hand back and scowled. Arrogant bastard.

"Jalia, we will take this slowly. This is a new life for you, and it will take getting used to. But I've always known you were mine."

She pulled the blanket down, revealing her breasts, and pointed to the red mark.

"Is this your way of marking what's yours?"

His eyes darkened as he reached over and traced the blot with his fingertip. She flinched, but not because she felt any pain. It was the exact opposite. Her nipple beaded tight, arousal whipping through her as he trailed his finger around the tip.

"Does it hurt?"

She couldn't lie to him. "No."

His hand fell away. "I'm not apologizing for it."

Jalia covered herself with the sheet. "I don't know if I expected an apology from you, but at least you're honest about your feelings. Will you teach me?"

"Teach you what?"

"About vampires. We've captured a couple of rogue vamps over the past few years and mainly what I've learned revolved around those cases."

"Make yourself comfortable, Jalia," he replied, patting the empty space on the bed beside him. "We have two hours before sundown."

She moved and lay beside him, her head tucked on his arm.

"What is it that you want to know?" Saber asked, playing with the strands of her hair.

"Is it true a vampire only has to feed once a day?"

"A vampire can keep his feeding down to once a day by sustaining himself with food. But there are consequences for those who choose to do so."

"Like what?"

"Blood gives us strength. By setting limitations on our feedings, our strength weakens. If I were only to feed once a day, I would not be as strong to fight at night."

Was he feeding from another woman? Jalia raised her head, twisted her body and tucked her chin into her hand so she was facing him. Her gut tightened, and she knew she had no right to ask the question that was bothering her but she did. "Is there someone else that you feed from?"

His lips twisted into a sexy smirk. "Someone else?"

"A woman." She clenched her teeth.

He smiled, reaching over with his finger to trace her lips. "No. I get my supply from a source who works at a blood bank. Were you jealous?"

Jalia scoffed. "Not at all. Like I said, I'm just learning." "Sure."

"Tell me about your ability to disappear. Does it hurt dissolving into nothing?"

"There is no pain involved. I just fade out and think of the destination I want to travel to. In seconds, I'm there. When I turn back into my human form, a flash of heat shoots through me."

"From what I've seen of Derek and Sergio, most vampires don't have that trait."

"My father was warlock and vampire, my mother a full vampire. It was an ability I inherited from him." Jalia placed her hand on his chest. "I'm sorry about your parents."

"Thank you. Though their death happened years ago, I still miss them."

"As you should."

"Rest, Jalia. We have all time in the world to get to know one another. You've been through a huge ordeal."

"What are we going to do about Sergio?"

"When we do find him, he'll pay for what he's done to you."

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Binding Saber by Jade James

Chapter Eight

She woke alone. A slight burning shot through her skin as she instinctively reached for Saber. Her hand landed on a cold pillow instead. Jalia closed her eyes, collecting her thoughts as the burn faded away to nothing.

Her senses were now more acute, and her body tingled with renewed energy. She felt Saber near and even heard voices below. Jalia could sense that they were two very angry males downstairs. That was a first. She usually had to be very close before she could sense a presence. It seemed with her conversion, her senses were amplified, and she could actually hear what was going on from the floor below.

It was Saber discussing Derek with Hawk. If she opened up her mind fully, she could probably hear their entire conversation, but confronting them face to face was more important. She needed to know what the team's next step was going to be, and she had to be included in everything.

Jalia sighed and, in her mind eye, created a brick wall and blocked everything out. She would deal with Saber's protectiveness once she dressed.

She rose from the bed, instantly spotting her overnight case on top of the chaise. She unzipped the bag. There were clean underwear, uniforms and personal items that she would need to freshen up. Saber must have traveled to her home. It didn't bother her as much as it should have. Maybe because his intentions were thoughtful and honorable. She would no longer question his motives—not after he saved her life. Jalia walked to the bathroom. She showered and dressed quickly. She combed her hair, deciding to let the wet strands dry on their own when she felt Saber reach out to her, a mental brush against her psyche.

Jalia.

She ignored him and descended the stairs. She knew where to find him, even though there had been only one other time she had stepped into his home. The heated night that changed her life forever, when their connection first officially began. She tightened her fists as she walked into Saber's office. Saber sat behind a mahogany desk while Hawk stood against the wall.

"What's our next step?" Jalia directed the question to Hawk.

"Well, good morning to you, too," Saber replied. "I take it you slept well." His tone of voice mocked her, but she couldn't work up any anger against it because of the rakish grin that graced his lips. He had the sexiest lips, and he'd put them to great use last night. Just the thought of having his head buried between her thighs sent a flash of heat racing through her.

She forced the thought down. "I slept very well."

Saber placed his palms on the desk. "Good. And in answer to your question, our next step can't involve you."

Jalia pushed away the rise of anger. "You have no authority over me to make that decision."

"But I do," Hawk stated, cutting in. "I'm taking great consideration into the attempt at your life yesterday. It is obvious that Sergio has his sights set on you." Jalia shook her head. "He has his sights set on Jeremiah. You can't just cut me out of this assignment, Hawk."

"Come on, Jalia. You can't be as blind as that," Saber replied, rising from his chair. "I watched you go over that window after he bit you. Either Sergio thought you would die, or he knew I would change you. He's gunning for you, and he's far from through."

Holding back her anger was becoming harder. But Jalia managed to do it by a thread. She was a part of this team because she was damn good at what she did, and if Hawk or Saber wouldn't realize that, then she'd take matters into her own hands. "What makes you think that either of you could just tuck me away and keep me safe until he's captured? I'm through playing the victim. Sergio meant to kill me last night. He made his choice long ago, and it didn't include me being a part of his life."

"We have to take every necessary precaution," Hawk stated. "Right now, Eva's with Jeremiah at our place. He can stay there until this is handled. After Rio and Jesse brought Trace to my office last night, I assigned them both to guard your mom. Trace seems to think that Grace is still alive."

Jalia ran a hand through her hair in frustration. She forgot to ask them how her mom was doing. "Is my mom okay?

"She's resting comfortably," Saber answered as he walked around the table and stood behind her. "What makes Trace believe Grace is alive?"

"Apparently Trace has some sort of psychic connection with his sister that he believes should have been severed with her death," Hawk replied. "There has been no contact between the two since her alleged demise, but he says he can still feel her. Trace has made several attempts in trying to locate her, but so far, nothing."

Jalia felt the emotions bubbling up in her throat as tears came to her eyes. Saber wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her against his body. The move comforted her, and she felt the warmth emanating from his body. "How did Jeremiah come to be at a home for kids? How come Trace didn't take him?"

Hawk walked to the door and placed his hand on the doorknob. "Trace's belief that Grace never died led him to think that Sergio would come after Jeremiah one day. He thought it would be safer if Jeremiah stayed at a home temporarily. Obviously, that didn't stop Sergio from kidnapping the boy. But I believe Sergio used it as a distraction. You were his target all along."

A piercing ring broke the conversation. Hawk unclipped his cell phone.

"Hawk, here."

Saber turned her around to face him. "Are you sure you're feeling okay? You should still be resting after what happened yesterday."

"I'm fine, Saber. Physically, I feel like a new person. Thank you for everything you've done." Jalia rose to her tiptoes, and placed a quick kiss on Saber's lips.

"You are most welcome, love. Your natural senses are magnified. Did the change affect your psychic ability?"

"It did. I heard you and Hawk talking upstairs. It was as if I was in the room with you." "Hate to break this up," Hawk stated. "But we need to get moving. Patrol found a body in an alley between Jackson & Third Avenue. The body was drained of blood."

Jalia headed for the door. "Let's go."

Hawk shook his head. "You're off tonight. I want you here. Saber and I will go."

"But I'm fine."

Saber walked up to her, placing a kiss on her forehead. "We're not taking any risks, especially with your life. Your health is important. You need to be at ease with your newly developed powers before returning to the team."

Jalia opened her mouth to reply, but Saber evaporated right before her eyes. "One day, that's going to become a bit too much."

Hawk gave her a grin and walked out the door.

She sighed. There had to be something she could do besides wait around for their return. She understood that they were just trying to protect her, but she felt better than ever now. Though she could concede that maybe she needed a little adjusting to her new powers, she didn't think it would affect her work.

Jeremiah.

She needed to speak with him, and visiting Eva was going to be her next stop.

* * * *

Violet Depoe watched the two security guards at the back entrance of the building from behind the wide tree. They were young, baby-faced rookies, chatting amicably amongst themselves.

Something must have gone down in the past day or two, because the nursing home had security and police in the front and back of the buildings. If she had time, she would have preferred to wait until the presence of officers died down. But she didn't have that luxury. Instead, she sought the only man who could help save her life.

Rico.

Removing the knife strapped to her thigh, Violet pulled her shirt away from her skin, slicing her top in half. The material gave away quickly, falling softly to the ground. Her red satin bra was the perfect distraction, and the soft, black leather pants completed the sexy look. She reached behind her head, pulled the ponytail holder out of her hair, and shook the reddish gold strands loose. She reattached her knife and reached into her pocket for the small syringes of sleep elixir. Time for the show to begin.

She stepped from behind the tree. "Help! Please help!" The blond one stepped forward. "Miss, are you okay?"

Violet placed one hand on her chest and the other on the blond man's arm. "I was attacked a couple of blocks away by a masked man. I managed to escape unharmed but not before he tore my shirt apart." She moaned and swayed, before steadying herself. "I was wondering if you could let me use your phone, so I can call the police."

"Are you hurt?" the dark-haired security guard replied, walking up to where his partner stood. "Do you need an ambulance?" "No. I got away before he could do anything."

"Have a seat," the guard replied. "I'll contact the police."

Violet waited until both security guards stood side by side. She untangled her arm from the blond and discreetly pressed the buttons on the capsules. She separated the serums, holding one in each hand, and made sure the needle pointed away from her own skin as she pretended to swoon once more. Both guards reached for her, and Violet took the chance she needed, lifting her arms and injecting the syringes into their arms.

"What the fuck?" the blond one whispered before dropping to the ground hard. His partner's eyes rolled to the back of his head, and he collapsed onto the floor just as quickly.

Violet bent and searched the pockets of the guards. She felt the cold metal of keys and pulled them out.

"Where in the hell do you think you're going?"

The male voice pronounced the words as soft as silk, and her stomach clenched in fear and anticipation. Violet heard the menace behind his tone. She dropped the set of keys and jumped to her feet, teetering on her heels before stabilizing herself. She reached for her knife, gripped the handle tightly, and pulled it out of its holster as she spun around.

She wouldn't need to take her plan any further. Before her stood the man she needed to see.

Rico.

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Binding Saber by Jade James

Chapter Nine

Saber bent down and stared at the drained male body. There were two deep puncture wounds in his throat. The male's eyes were wide open in fright, but there was something familiar about them. Saber could have sworn he'd seen his face before.

Hawk crouched beside Saber. "I know him."

Saber released him. "He is familiar."

"His name is Sylvester Moore." Hawk rose to his feet and Saber followed suit. "He's the security guard who works the night shift at the front desk. This now leads to another whole other set of questions."

He turned to face Cree Montero. "By the looks on your faces, I take it you've already discovered the identity of the body."

Saber nodded. "He's undoubtedly connected to Sergio."

"And possibly behind Jalia's was kidnapping three weeks ago," Hawk interjected. "It's all adding up. Derek had a set of ears in our building all along."

"What's your next step?" Cree asked.

"We send the body in for positive identification," Hawk replied. "I want each employee in the building investigated."

Saber turned, resting his gaze on Hawk. "You're right about that. Who knows how many more men Derek recruited before his demise. But unlike Derek, Sergio seems more of a loose cannon and prone to mistakes." "Hawk, I want everyone on your team to work on this. If Sergio's leaving bodies out in the open, then he's bound to make a mistake soon. If you need more help on this, Eva's brother Bram is staying here indefinitely. I'll be headed back into the office." Cree nodded and turned, heading down the alley.

Saber watched as Hawk began to search the alley himself. "I'm going to head over to Eva's house. I want to question Jeremiah myself. Maybe there's something he could tell us that would help us locate Sergio."

"Good idea," Hawk agreed. "I'll meet you over there in about two hours."

* * * *

Jalia pressed her finger to the bell at Eva's door. After a few seconds, it swung open. She watched as Eva's eyes rounded in surprise. Jalia couldn't blame her. They were on the same team and had to work together to solve cases, but they were far from being best friends.

"Hello, Eva. I'm here to speak with Jeremiah."

"Come in."

Jalia stepped into the foyer. "I hope I'm not inconveniencing you. Even though, we're used to these hours, I know it's late by a child's standards."

Eva shook her head. "Actually, Jeremiah's in the kitchen eating chocolate cake. He has a very healthy appetite."

"That's great. I've been worried about him."

"And I've been concerned about you," Eva replied. "How are you feeling? Hawk told me what happened at the hospital.

You were lucky to have Saber there for you. The change must have still been painful, but not as bad since it was his blood you were fed."

Jalia swallowed tightly. The transformation had been physically painful but it was nothing compared to what Eva had been through. Derek had fed her his blood for days before she had been rescued by Elijah. Fighting through the change was one thing, but trying not to let Derek's tainted blood eat at her was a whole other story. "It probably wasn't as bad as your transformation. But you're right. Having Saber there helped me through it. I wanted to apologize for the way I acted when you first joined the team. I was going through other things at the time, and I had no right to take that out on you."

Eva nodded. "Don't worry about it, Jalia. Come to the kitchen. Jeremiah's working on his second piece of cake."

Jalia followed her through the long hallway. She entered the kitchen, immediately tensing as she saw Jeremiah drinking a glass of milk.

"Jeremiah," Eva called gently. "This is—"

"I know who she is," Jeremiah answered, without turning to face her. "I've been expecting you." He placed the glass on the table and rose to his feet.

Jalia watched as he turned to her.

"What should I call you? Aunt Jalia or just Jalia?"

"Whatever makes you feel comfortable."

"I'll be in my office, checking some emails," Eva stated. "Just yell if you need anything." Jalia nodded absently. For some odd reason, she couldn't break her gaze away from Jeremiah long enough to thank Eva. She had more than the familial connection to him. It was more of a psychic bond, and his very presence touched her in a loving way.

Jeremiah sat back down on the chair. "Have a seat. There are some things you need to know."

Jalia pulled out a chair and sank down. "I admit I came here to see you, and I'm hoping you could help me track down Sergio."

His brown eyes began to fill with tears. "My father has done many bad things."

"Do you believe your mom is still alive?" "Yes."

Jalia's heart broke for him and she desperately wanted to comfort him. "Don't cry, Jeremiah. You are wise for your seven years and so strong. What Sergio has done does not in any way reflect what you are now or what you will be in the future. It was hard for me to let go of him as a sister, but he's made his choices. Now he has to face the consequences."

"We're the same, you and I." Jeremiah sniffled.

"Your father and I were once very close. We spent every moment together . It never occurred to me that he would become like this."

Jeremiah shook his head, forcing his dark hair to fall over his eye. Jalia reached over and brushed his hair back. She gasped as he reached out and grabbed her hand. Goosebumps broke out on her skin; and odd tingling rushed through her body. "His days are numbered," Jeremiah whispered, closing his eyes. "I know this."

Jalia gripped the edge of the table. "Jeremiah." She waited until he opened his eyes. There were tears in them, and he blinked a few times, struggling with emotion. "I'll always be here for you, no matter what."

He opened his eyes, spilling the tears he was trying so hard to hold in. "I know. I just want my mom back."

He seemed even younger now, and Jalia's heart ached for the pain she heard in his voice. "I'm going to do everything in my power to help your mom. Is there anything you can tell me that will help me find her?"

He shook his head. "My father likes to move around too much."

"Okay. When Sergio took you from the home, did he tell you where he was going?"

"No. He only told me that once you knew I was gone, you would look for me." Jeremiah sniffled again and wiped the tears from his eyes.

"He was right. I would never let anyone harm you." Jalia rose from her seat. "If there's anything you can remember, let me know. But right now, I think it's time for you to go to bed."

Jeremiah jumped from his seat and wrapped his tiny arms around her waist. "Thank you, Aunt Jalia."

"No thanks needed. You're family, and that means everything to me." She bent and placed a kiss on his cheek. Jalia watched as he walked out of the room. She sensed someone in the kitchen with her. Her body snapped rigid. She turned, surprised to find Saber standing behind her.

He lifted his hand to her waist, tugging her toward him. "What are you doing here?"

She could smell him, a masculine scent that engulfed her in heat. Her breasts were pressed against his hard chest, and Jalia couldn't help but become distracted. She leaned in and inhaled. Her toes curled, and she fought the need to strip him naked and take her pleasure there. Her senses were super intensified, and it was as if her desire for him had tripled. He reached up and tilted her chin higher, forcing her to break away from her thoughts. "I came to see if Jeremiah knew Derek's whereabouts."

"You should be waiting for me at home."

She caught how he didn't say *at my place*, and instead used the word *home*. His words tugged at her heart and solidified the emotions within her. She was falling for him, head over heels, deeply in love, and the thought elated and frightened her at the same time. The last thing she wanted was for Derek to retaliate against him. She knew Saber could take care of himself, but he was dealing with a lunatic, her brother, who apparently had nothing to lose. And that perhaps made him more dangerous.

"Saber, I need to do my job. I understand that Hawk would have every right to order me off the case, but to be honest, if that did happen, I would still work it alone."

"Your powers are still so new. You need practice. Leave the assignment to us. We will catch Derek."

She should've been a tad upset that he didn't believe she was capable of handling her work, but she knew he did it to protect her. Jalia leaned in and softly kissed him. Saber's hand moved from her waist to her hair, and he twirled his fingers through the strands until he was gripping her scalp, devouring her mouth. She closed her eyes, savoring the feel of his soft lips against hers, his wet tongue sliding in a back and forth motion. Her body began to hum with anticipation as she lifted her hands, grasping his shoulders tightly. The throbbing in her clit was driving her mindless with desire. And when he broke the kiss, Jalia couldn't help but moan at the loss of his lips.

"Let's go, Jalia. We will continue this at home."

* * * *

Rico watched the copper-haired beauty silently as she injected something into both security guards' necks. He hadn't been expecting that move, and it forced him to reveal himself. He sure as hell hoped she hadn't killed them, because he'd be duty bound to bring her in. And that would be such a waste. Especially when all he wanted to do was fuck her where she stood.

But he needed to find out what the hell she was doing here. She had been useful in capturing Derek, but Rico had to think it was because the monster had held her sister against her will.

"Where in the hell do you think you're going?" Rico's voice was savage, deadly. He couldn't have her parading around

the city at night, going up against the bad guys, and possibly getting hurt in the process.

At the sound of his voice, she dropped the keys and jumped to her feet in a quick move Rico could only admire. She reached for something at her side and whipped out a wicked-looking knife with a steel blade before turning to face him.

Rico tightened his jaw, his own fingers itching to grab his holstered gun. The last thing he wanted to do was fight her. But if she forced his hand, he would. Curiously enough, she put the knife away.

A soft breeze carried her scent toward him, and just like that, his cock pressed against his black jeans, hardening to the point of pain. She smelled like his mate, which was an impossible thing for him. Because he wasn't in the market to take one. "It would be a bad day for you if those guards are dead."

"They are sleeping. I don't kill unless it's necessary."

He put that little bit of information away for later. "What the hell are you doing here?"

She parted her red lips, swiping them with her tongue. "I was looking for you."

"A call to the office would have been just as effective."

"I disagree. A face to face meeting gives me the opportunity to persuade you."

Dios. His cock throbbed while his mind ran rampant at the ways she could convince him to do what she wanted. "Give it to me straight, Violet. I don't bullshit."

She arched a brow at him. "I have no intention of playing with you."

He walked closer to her. "What is it that you want?" "You."

Rico felt the beast in him wanting to be unleashed. There was something about her that threatened his control. He walked over to her, and with a quickness that he credited to the were-panther lurking inside of him, Rico backed her against a tree, and he caged her in by gripping her waist with his hands.

"What are you doing?" she murmured.

He leaned in, gripped her hair until his hands touched her scalp. He tilted her head to the side, and bent his head, licking at her neck. Her skin tasted sweet, just like the scent emanating from her body. He tasted her some more, swirling his tongue softly and then closed his lips around her flesh, sucking at the skin. Knowledge of what she was rushed through him immediately.

He lifted his head. "I wanted to see why I was so drawn to you...why when I'm close to you, I practically lose control."

She swallowed. "And did you find out?"

"Yes, my little panther. I know exactly what you are. Now you will tell me what the hell it is you want."

* * * *

Sergio watched his sister enter Saber's home. He was crouched in a tree across the street from the house. He had tried to find a way into the home without disturbing the security system, but he hadn't been able to get further than the front gate. Saber wasn't a stupid man, but Sergio was smarter. To catch his sister, he would need to make a move that would bring her directly to him. And he knew exactly what would bring her to her knees.

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Binding Saber by Jade James

Chapter Ten

Saber captured Jalia's wrists and kicked the bedroom door closed. He leaned in and nipped at the flesh on her neck before taking the delicate skin into his mouth and sucking. She moaned, arching her body toward his, rubbing her breasts against his chest. He felt her body heat all the way to his hard cock.

He let go of her, desperate to feel her nude against him before the urge to rip her clothes overtook him. "Strip."

While she took off her clothes, he did the same. He wrapped his hand around her upper body and maneuvered her toward the bed, pushing gently until she lay back. She wriggled her hips before splaying her legs wide open, and the move drove him right out of his mind. His cock felt steel hard, and he felt the precum erupt from his slit. He bent down to his knees, pushing her legs right onto his shoulders, and inhaled her scent. He wanted to wallow in her essence, drink the taste of her in until the end of time. The thought was primitive, but she pushed that desire out from him. She had become his entire focus, and of all the years Saber had spent on this earth, no other woman touched him as deeply as Jalia.

"You're so beautiful, Jalia. So utterly delicious that all I can think about is eating you for eternity."

She moaned, and he watched as her pussy creamed at his words. The urge to take her swept through him in a rippling wave, and he had to force away the need to rut on her like a wild beast. She was his other half, the part that would complete him, and he would spend forever showing her how much he loved her. He bent, circling his tongue around her juicy clit, swollen with arousal.

"Saber," she moaned, lifting her hips off the bed.

He wanted her to scream his name while she was coming for him. He pushed his tongue inside of her hole, fucking her with his mouth. Her fingers delved into his hair, her nails biting into his scalp. It didn't matter. Nothing did. He would endure anything and everything for her.

Saber lifted his head and placed his finger on the swollen folds of her pussy, then traced her clit with his fingertip. He brought his mouth back to her cunt, and pushed his finger down to her rear. He played at the entrance of her ass before sinking just the tip of his digit into her. She dug her nails in further and screamed his name as he tightened his lips, sucking with a ravenous hunger. Eating her out was going to his head like a drug. His dick felt stiff, and he could feel his own wetness spilling. Her thighs tightened around him, and her ass clamped down on his finger as she came in a rush, her orgasm spilling into his mouth. He drank her in, her scent and taste driving him wild. He couldn't take it any longer. He needed her now.

Saber jumped to his feet, lined his cock against her pussy and closed his eyes, relishing the way her hot, thick cream coated the head. But savoring her required patience, and that was something he didn't have at the moment.

"Fuck me, Saber. I want it hard and deep," Jalia murmured as she wrapped her legs around his waist and gripped his thighs with her nails. The bite of pain flowed through him like a whiplash, and he plunged his cock into her with such force that she skidded to the other edge of the bed.

He anticipated it, followed the movement, and grabbed her by the waist, holding on. Searing heat burned him as her pussy wrapped around his cock tightly, the muscles spasming around him. He fucked her hard, the hotness of her cunt setting him ablaze as he delved deeper. The cool air forced him to tighten the muscles on his ass as he retreated. The contrast heightened him, sending him soaring to the edge. And still he held back, because the only way he would come was if she came with him. He took it all in, the way she murmured his name, the way her breasts jiggled when he pounded inside her, the way her cunt held him as if she were made for him.

"Saber, I love you," she screamed as her body arched off the bed, and her pussy clamped down with force. He watched as her teeth lengthened, and he bent his head and tilted to the side, displaying his neck to her. She bit into his flesh, and his cock throbbed at the sucking and swallowing motion of her mouth. It set off a rush of heat, tingling at the base of his spine. Jalia was so in sync with him that she removed her teeth, licked the wound and showed him her lovely neck. He bit as he thrust in deeply into her, his cock head touching her womb before he spilled his seed inside her.

* * * *

Jalia was sprawled on his chest comfortably, but the nagging question in her head needed to be voiced. She lifted

her head, maneuvering it to his shoulder, eyeing him questioningly. "What did you find out about the dead body?"

Saber stroked her hair, sending a tingling wave through her. "We won't know until autopsy is done, but we suspect he was the security guard working for Sergio. He'd been right under our noses the whole time."

"At the Paranormal Ops office? How could that possibly be? Background checks are run for anyone who's being considered for a position."

"Which leads me to believe that either Sergio got hold of this security guard after he started working there, or he still has someone on the inside. Someone with enough access to tamper with records."

Jalia moved, freed the blanket covering her body and raised herself to her knees.

Saber dropped his gaze to her breasts.

Her nipples beaded under his stare as her body began to hum with arousal. It astounded her that he could do this to her with just a mere glance. She placed her hand on his stomach, caressing the hard muscles. He looked delicious, lying back on the king-size bed, completely naked. She dropped her gaze to his cock and licked her lips in anticipation. His dick was hard, upright, awaiting the ultimate pleasure. Just as she was about to bend her head, her cell phone began to ring.

She turned, grabbed the cell by the nightstand and flipped it open. "Jalia, speaking."

"You will listen to me carefully and ask no questions," the female voice stated. "This is Grace. You are to meet me at my

gravesite at St. Raymond's cemetery in one hour. Come alone."

Grace disconnected the phone before Jalia could even question her.

Jalia turned to Saber.

"Who was that?"

"That was Grace."

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Chapter Eleven

Convincing Saber to let her go to St. Raymond's cemetery alone was like speaking to a brick wall. No response other than the word *no* had come from his mouth.

She now had to admit the suggestion of heading in alone was impulsive, and that she had acted on instinct. That was an unusual occurrence for her, since she prided on being level headed when it came to her team. But after speaking with Hawk and Saber, Jalia had compromised with the both of them. Still, she wanted the confrontation between her and Sergio more than anything. She needed to go ahead with her life, and she definitely didn't want to live it in fear of her own brother.

Saber was now hiding behind one of the mausoleums about ten feet behind her. No one had seen him coming in because of his special transferring abilities. Jalia knew the darkness of night would also help shield him from being detected. But he wasn't her only backup. Hawk, Eva, and Jesse were covering the front and rear of the entrances.

It definitely appeared she was alone. But she was far from it.

She breathed deeply to calm her nerves. She had never noticed how creepy a cemetery could be at night, but then again, she'd had no cause to visit one until now.

A warm breeze caused goose bumps to rise on her skin. She couldn't help worrying that this confrontation would end with her death, but she wouldn't be satisfied meeting her maker without her brother joining her. The thought of not having a future with Saber sent another wave of dread throughout her body.

She wasn't about to think that way. She would bring Sergio in, dead or alive.

The phone call she'd received had turned her skin cold. She had never heard Grace's voice before. But she could think on all that later. Jalia forced herself to concentrate on her surroundings as she found the gravestone she was looking for.

Her hand flew to her gun, and she removed her piece. Eva had lent her one of her unique models which held Katrina's creation, an ultra-ray sunlight bullet that could kill a vampire within seconds. The sunlight would erupt into the vampire's system, disintegrating them in seconds.

Her gaze flew up as a woman in black jeans and a snug red t-shirt came toward her. She stopped a few feet away from Jalia.

"Grace."

"You are Sergio's sister."

"And you are his lover," Jalia countered, tightening her hand on the grip of her gun. So far, Grace hadn't made a move, but she wasn't about to trust her.

Grace grimaced, but said nothing.

"Welcome, dear sister."

The tone of Sergio's voice held much anger. Jalia raised her gun, pointing it in the direction from which the voice had come. Sergio stepped from behind one of the gravestones. He looked pale, gaunt, a savage look to his gaze. She saw nothing of who her brother used to be.

"I'm not your sister. Not anymore."

"Our blood speaks to each other, and it will now for eternity. I hope your journey to my side wasn't unpleasant."

She should shoot him right now and get it over with. She could watch him die a painful death for what he'd done, especially for putting Jeremiah through such hell. Then she could walk away.

"What possessed you to change me, Sergio?"

"We were meant to be together since we shared the same womb. Our bond runs deep. It was my duty to make you like me."

Jalia laughed bitterly. "Make me like you? Thank God Saber was there to turn me safely, because I would rather die than ever be like you. You have caused a lot of people much pain."

She choked up, a ball of emotion logged in her throat. She swallowed tightly. Emotions on the job could get you killed.

She felt a wave of calmness rush through her. *Saber.* Even from afar, their connection was strong. She found comfort in his strength, and she forced herself to let go of all of the pain.

Her hand tightened on the gun. "I will warn you only once. Turn yourself in. It is your only choice."

"No, sis. Your choice is to come with me now, or you will die. You, Grace and I were meant to be a family for eternity."

"Not going to happen, asshole."

"Then you leave me with no choice. Bring him out."

Jalia watched as Grace walked over to a stone, reached down, and to her horror, tugged Jeremiah forward. His eyes were wide with fright, and he started to cry, the tears streaming down his cheeks. Grace bent down and spoke into his ear. She must've told him something to calm him, because he was still. The crying stopped, and he stared straight at Jalia.

"Your unit left him under the care of two ops agents. I'll save you the agony of wondering whether they're dead or alive." Sergio smiled. "They're both dead."

Sergio reached for Jeremiah and pulled him in front of his body.

"You son of a bitch. Let him go!" Jalia focused all of her energy on Sergio, but through her peripheral vision, she saw Saber rise to his feet. Jalia watched as Sergio shifted his gaze to Saber before back turning to her.

Sergio narrowed his eyes in anger. "You fucking whore. I told you to come alone. Now you'll watch as I bleed your nephew to death."

Jalia saw Sergio's teeth lengthen as he crouched right behind Jeremiah. She pointed the gun, trying to get a clear shot. But there was none. And she couldn't chance hitting her nephew.

Jalia thought quickly, trying to come up with a plan. Her only chance was to act on dangerous instinct buzzing through her. She wasn't about to let her nephew down.

She holstered the weapon and ran for all she was worth, her heart beating fast, her vampire teeth lengthening under the adrenaline rush. The fear for Jeremiah's life aided her, and Jalia reached Sergio in a burst of speed. Without thought and using a gravestone as a stepping stone, she hauled herself to the top then kicked off, tackling both Sergio and her nephew to the ground.

A curse erupted from Sergio's lips. Jalia managed to have the element of surprise as she rose quickly to her feet. She kicked her bother in the groin, careful not to injure her nephew. Sergio cursed loudly, his hands flying to his crotch. Jalia lifted Jeremiah off him and practically threw her nephew a short distance away. She spared a quick glance at Jeremiah who was on his knees, crying. But Grace was rushing toward him.

Oh God! Please let there be a shred of maternal instinct in that woman.

She couldn't spare them another thought because her brother rose to his feet.

"This time you won't live," Sergio yelled.

Jalia reached for her gun, only to find that it wasn't strapped to her body. Shit! She must've dropped it.

As she was debating on her next move, Saber materialized at her side. "She isn't alone, you fucking piece of shit."

"If you think, I can't handle the both of—"

He never got a chance to spill his words. Jalia heard a pop, then a whooshing sound as she landed on the ground with a hard body on top of her. She shoved against the weight.

"Be still, Jalia."

Saber's voice. She stopped moving as Saber lifted himself off her. She jumped to her feet and turned to face Sergio.

Blood erupted on the front of Sergio's chest as more poured out of his mouth.

"Fucking bitch," he screamed.

Sunlight burst in his chest, and Sergio yelled for all he was worth as he disintegrated. His bones melted, and his flesh turned grainy, landing like sand onto the ground.

A hand landed on her shoulder, and she jumped. Jalia turned and watched as Grace handed her gun back to her.

"Now, he's truly dead," Grace whispered.

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Chapter Twelve

Jalia closed her eyes and lay against the bed, reliving the previous night's horror. She hadn't mourned her brother's death. Instead, she remembered how he used to be when they shared everything. His memory caused a slight echo of pain to rush through her, but she tamped it down. She had cried over him long ago, over who he used to be and who he could have become, and she refused to do so once again.

As soon as the team collected evidence and Sergio's ashes had been removed, Jalia had headed to the office to give her statement.

Saber hadn't returned since last night. Jalia received his phone call indicating he was at headquarters straightening out the details on the case. Hawk and Saber were both still trying to find who was working against them at the paranormal ops building.

Grace hadn't been charged with Sergio's murder since she was defending her own son. But Hawk had brought her in for questioning, and Jalia had heard every horror the woman had been forced to live. After the birth of Jeremiah, Sergio had taken Grace from the hospital, turning her that night into a vampire. Since then, she had only been able to spend minutes with her son on the rare occasions she was able to escape Sergio's side. It was miserable to think that this woman had endured years with her brother all for the safety of her son. She had manipulated Sergio into believing she had actually cared for him just so he would leave Jeremiah alone. The bed dipped, snapping Jalia out of her thoughts. "I didn't hear you come in."

Saber lay sideways, his sexy body naked. He reached out and untied her robe, leaving her bare to his gaze. Her nipples turned tight under his stare. "You looked too engrossed in your thoughts. What's wrong?"

She pressed her hand against his chest. "Still thinking about everything that's happened these last couple of days. It's hard to believe the destruction Sergio caused in so many lives. I can't help but wish things were different."

"He's gone now, and when you do think about him, just remember the days when he was young and innocent. That has helped me deal with the pain Derek left behind."

Jalia nodded. "It's probably the only thing that's kept me sane throughout all of this, knowing that Sergio's life hadn't been always filled with hatred. I just hope everyone can move on with their lives. Any news on who's the traitor?"

"Nothing so far. Cree has decided to step in and handle that aspect."

"And Grace? How's she doing? I left the station before she was released."

Saber reached out and grasped her nipple between his thumb and index finger. "Cree has been questioning her. He suspects she knows who the traitor is, but she's denying it."

Jalia sighed, all other thoughts vanishing as pleasure stole her breath. A moan escaped as he pulled at her tight, hard nipple, twirling the tip between his fingers. Her pussy creamed. But overriding everything else was the heavy emotion of love she felt for him. "I love you," she whispered, tears suddenly coming to her eyes.

She blinked them away as he removed his hands from her chest and dropped a kiss on her lips. He twisted his head, slipping his tongue inside her mouth. She sucked at it as her clit began to throb heavily.

He lifted his head. "You have my heart, forever my love."

Saber's hand drifted to her aching pussy, and she spread her legs wide as he thrust two fingers into her. She tilted her hips upward. He fucked her with his hand, plunging the digits hard and deep. She screamed, her orgasm crashing in waves through her. Her juice coated his hand and, when he removed his fingers, he slipped them into his mouth.

"My turn," she stated, pushing against his chest. He lay back, and she sat up until she was on her knees. She removed her robe and placed a hand on his thigh. "Give me some room."

He gave her space, pushing his legs apart. Jalia swung her leg over his. She positioned herself, her mouth inches from his thick, long cock. She wrapped her hand around the base of his penis and kissed the head, then dipped her tongue into his slit, tasting his come. She opened her mouth, taking inches inside as she sucked along the way. She stopped when the tip of his cock was at the back of her throat.

"Jalia, I'm going to fuck your mouth."

Saber grabbed her head, his fingers tangling through the strands of her hair. He fucked her mouth, tugging on her hair when he retreated, pushing on her scalp when he wanted his cock at the opening of her throat. It felt wonderfully animalistic, his take-charge energy controlling how she pleasured him. More cream flowed from her pussy, wetting her thighs. Saber's breathing turned heavy as his body tightened. Jalia placed her hand on his legs, her nails digging into his flesh as his cum erupted to the back of her throat. She swallowed, taking his seed deep within her. When he there was no more, she released his cock from her mouth. She licked his smooth flesh, surprised to see that he hardened even further under her mouth.

Saber removed his hand from her hair. "Ride me," he growled.

She smiled and licked her lips. "With pleasure."

He didn't give her any time to position herself. He wrapped his hands around her waist, holding her right above the head. "For eternity."

"For eternity," she agreed as he slowly brought her down on his hard penis.

His cock separated the walls of her cunt while gripping him tightly. Her pussy spasmed around him as edging her closer to orgasm. She placed her hands on his shoulder and began to ride him, using her knees and hands as leverage. He helped, slamming her down on his hard length, rendering her speechless.

Her vampire teeth lengthened, her nipples beading tight. He knew exactly what she needed because he tilted his head to the side, baring his neck to her. Saber slowed down his thrusts but continued to fuck her short digs. Jalia used her knees, meeting his thrusts as she bent, placing her lips against his skin, sucking on his flesh. His musky male scent drove her insane.

She pierced his skin, his blood rushing to her mouth. Jalia closed her lips over the mark and sucked. His hands dug into her skin as her pussy clamped down tightly. Saber growled, fucking her with one last thrust. His seed shot into her deep and she answered with her own orgasm. She removed her mouth from his neck, then sealed the opening with her saliva. She lay across from him as he stroked her hair, relishing the way her heart beat against his.

This was the moment she had always waited for and never thought she would have. When she would be one with her soul mate, and was able to see a future filled with happiness. She wasn't naive enough to think that they wouldn't be fighting for a better world on a daily basis, but at least they would be fighting side by side forever.

The End

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Binding Saber by Jade James

Author Bio

Jade was born and raised in New York City and says she'll probably live there for always. She's twenty-nine years old, married to her husband for seven years, and she's the mother of two adorable children. Check out Jade's website at www.jadejames.com.

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