



DEALING WITH THE DEAD
BOOK TWO

Beauty
is a
BEAST

TINA HOLLAND

Beauty is a Beast

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Blurb

Welcome to the future! The year is 3025, and humans are fast becoming extinct. Nizhoni of Mojave Earth Clan knows her spirit guide will protect by giving her the power of the wolf. When she unwittingly bites another human, she flees.

Michael of the Air Clan has searched for the woman he calls Beauty; the one who turned him into a creature of the moon. When he finds her living among the Mojave, he believes he can finally claim her. There's only one problem. She's already married.

Together Nizhoni and Michael must battle her former lover, the Yee Naaldlooshi, or feared skin-walker. The fate of their love and humankind hang in the balance. If Beauty can't have her mate and save the world, she's going to be a real Beast.

Chapter One

Fall 3024 A.D.

Michael of the Air Clan continued tracking the zombies along the Spring Mountain Range. He'd managed to pick off the stragglers who fell behind. Trouble with the damn flesh eaters was that they must be dead before one got close to them, because a bite could change a life. One either became a zombie or died from the mutation of viruses the bastards carried. Michael watched the figures fall before shooting a tranquilizer arrow and approaching, until finally shooting each flesh eater in the head with his sidearm. He'd managed to eliminate half the horde using those very tactics.

When Michael came upon the remaining group, they seemed to be looking for something. He scanned and glimpsed a human girl lying a mere twenty feet in front of them. The flesh eaters didn't see her. Nor could they smell her. Along with their horrible sense of smell, zombies were horribly slow. They only managed to kill in hordes—groups large enough to get lucky. However, they weren't discriminatory. They ate anything, including immortals.

Michael treaded softly as he approached the figure. Was she sleeping? Unconscious? Dead? He prayed for the latter two. If she startled and awoke, any noise would be her last. Zombies might not see or smell, but they possessed fairly sensitive hearing.

Michael crept ahead, pausing in front of her. He bent down at the knees, his hands resting on his thighs. He lightly fingered a loose ebony tendril resting against her flushed cheek; the warmth of her skin permeated his own body. She was on fire. Michael glanced over his shoulder to make sure the zombies did not follow him. The flesh eaters were gone. He rose and strode to an outcrop of rocks, and at the elevated height, determined the zombies were no longer in the area, nor did he care to where they vanished. Michael darted back to his charge.

"Don't worry, my beauty. I know where we'll be safe." The dark-haired woman was his responsibility now.

* * * *

Nizhoni awoke to the sound of a crackling fire and the scent of wood burning. She wasn't in one of the Mojave huts. The aroma was different—more masculine. When she went forth on her vision quest, she hadn't expected her dreams to seem so real. The elders warned her how spirit guides would lead toward strange paths.

"Oh, good. You're awake. How do you feel?"

Nizhoni could only stare at him. No man was this beautiful. Even the once immortal Kuoto was not as breathtaking.

"Can you speak?" Chestnut hair fell over a furrowed brow, while moss-colored eyes studied her intently.

"Why are you here?" Nizhoni finally found her voice, though the hoarseness sounded as if she rarely used it.

"Let me get you some tea. I have some made."

Nizhoni briefly peeked at her surroundings. She was in a stark cabin with four walls and little else. A fire burned brightly against one wall. There was a bag on the floor and a bow with arrow lying on a table; next to the quiver sat a gun.

"Are you a hunter?" she asked boldly.

"Yes." He walked back to the bed with a metal cup in his hand.

"What are you hunting?" Butterflies turned over in her stomach.

"Monsters."

"Immortals?" Nizhoni tried to still her voice.

"Not today." He smiled at her.

"Who are you, and what do you want with me?"

"My name is Michael. I want to help you. Are you wondering how you got here?"

"Yes."

"Flesh eaters surrounded you. I fear you were in no shape to fend them off. You had a terrible fever. Your temperature remained high for two full days and only just broke last night."

"So it's over." Nizhoni wondered how suddenly the changes in her body would appear. Days? Weeks? Hours? She wasn't sure.

"Yes."

"Were any animals nearby?" Perhaps if she knew what kind of animal had chosen her would give a clue as to how much time she had left.

"Other than the zombies? No."

Nizhoni wondered what creature guided this man to her. Had he followed her spirit guide? What would she become now that her change was over? Nizhoni held so many questions and had no one to answer them. She leaned back against the down pillows and released a sigh.

"May I ask your name?"

Nizhoni paused a moment.

"Do you remember it?" He leaned forward.

Nizhoni did not care to share too much information with Michael—the stranger.

"What have you called me?"

He looked down, but not before the blood crept up his neck.

"What?" She was unable to keep the curious tone out of her voice.

"I've been calling you Beauty."

Nizhoni answered his compliment with a blush of her own.

"You are quite beautiful. The name seemed appropriate."

Nizhoni lifted her gaze toward him and replied, "Then it will do."

"When you remember your own, you'll have to share." He winked at her.

She simply nodded.

Michael's hand reached out and touched her face. Nizhoni raised her head as she pulled back from him. The sudden desire coursing through her body was compulsive.

"So you feel the connection too." He looked intently at her. "I thought perhaps the warmth was the fever, but when your temperature dropped hours ago I wondered if you were gifted. Are you?"

Nizhoni worried her lip. How to answer the stranger? She could turn at any moment, but knew not what spirit would take her.

"Sometimes gifts do not seem like such things, but they truly are." He covered her

hand with his own.

Nizhoni likely seemed a simpleton with her head nodding.

"Perhaps you do not know what bequest you've been given?" He stared at the cup in his hands.

"Yes." She met his knowing emerald eyes.

"We will figure out what talents you have been granted together. What were you doing out among the flesh eaters and the immortals?"

"I was sent out to find my spirit guide." It was the truth. There was no need to tell him that she sought her protecting spirit. The animal that would allow her to take its form should she fall into danger.

"Spirits? Sometimes they pass on and can't be found."

"What do you mean?" Nizhoni thought him odd with the riddles he spoke in.

"I've dealt with spirits before."

"Oh?" She wondered yet again if Michael was guided to her.

"Yep. Good, bad and ugly." His features were full of life. "Damn gift for seeing them is near exhausting at times." He sounded aggrieved.

"Do you hunt the spirits?"

"Not at all. But they often hunt with me. Don't worry. I don't have any ghosties about today. Doc managed to stay back at the compound."

"Doc? He is your Medicine Man?"

He chuckled, "I guess you could say that."

Nizhoni released the breath she held. He might be unusual, her stranger, but he did watch over her. Perhaps the spirits guided him to her after all. Settling the thought in her mind, she stretched her arms over her head.

At Michael's sharp intake of breath, she looked down to find her breasts were bare. Despite the warmth of the room, her mocha nipples puckered under his heated gaze.

"Why did you remove my clothing?" She clutched the blanket up to her neck.

"I removed your clothes when your fever broke. You managed to soak them thoroughly. I washed them down by the creek. Your skins are drying over there."

She looked beyond him to find her clothes strung over a chair near the fire. When she looked back at him, his smile charmed her.

"I want them back."

"I'll give them back after they dry, okay?"

She stuck her tongue out at him.

Michael laughed. "Here, drink your tea. I'm sure you are thirsty." He walked back to the table and lifted the gun. "Do you know how to use this?"

Nizhoni shook her head.

"The bow and arrows?"

"Since the age of seven," she responded, prideful.

"Okay. I'll leave the quiver. I'm going to get some dinner. Don't open the door. I won't knock. I have a key." And with those final words, the stranger left her alone.

Nizhoni heard the key turn in the lock. She ran over to the door. She listened, hearing his footsteps on fallen leaves. How did she know that? She pressed her nose against a crack in the door. She smelled the air—crisp, cool like a fall night. Nizhoni inhaled a deeper breath. The scent of her stranger permeated her. His skin was salt on the breeze. She continued to inhale his scent as the smell grew stronger and then suddenly

disappeared, followed by his sharp cry.

Chapter Two

The water was ice cold, but Michael felt the bath was necessary to relax his anatomy. He was rock hard after seeing Beauty's bare breasts. Her dark nipples against bronze skin were exotic and contrasted with her innocent gray eyes. His hands itched to fan out her ebony hair that fell in waves past her shoulders.

"Damn." Just thinking about her made his erection harder. He swam out past the shallows to colder water. He needed to get rid of affliction before he returned.

"Michael! Michael!" A voice called out from the forest

He turned around to see Beauty standing on the embankment, panting and looking quite exhausted. Thank gods, she was wearing her buckskins.

"I told you to stay put." There was a decisive tone to his voice, resulting as much from Beauty as from the condition he was in.

"But I heard you scream."

"You heard me?" *The fever must be affecting her more than she realizes*, he thought.

"Yes."

He shook his head bewildered. Why she was here didn't matter. "The water is cold."

"Oh." She suddenly seemed more fearful than the banshee who ran all this way to save him.

"Did you bring the bow?" Concern filled his voice when he thought she might be taken.

"No, I forgot."

"Well, it's not safe for you to go back." He would have to get out of the water and bring her back to the cabin, perhaps stay in with Beauty. Michael was more uncomfortable than he ever imagined. Nothing could be done to hide his erection now. Beauty must already be aware of the state he was in.

"I'll be okay."

"It's okay. I'm done now. Go wait over there." He pointed to an outcrop of trees.

*

Nizhoni did as Michael bade her. She moved out of sight into the trees. He stayed to the shadows avoiding the moonlight. His efforts to hide mattered not. Nizhoni saw everything clear as day. His erection stood before him as he emerged like a water spirit. She clutched her thighs together, feeling the moisture ready to weep forth. The scent of his arousal was not helping. His musky cologne was like potent fire burning across her senses. She saw the white liquid hanging from the tip of his length, and the salty essence carried along the wind like an aphrodisiac.

Nizhoni watched as he shook like a dog emerging from the bath, like he found cleanliness a most distasteful event. Was Michael upset he was still aroused? She sensed more annoyance. Did he want her? Did he believe her innocent? Although she had been tricked from her innocence many moons ago, she wondered what sex would be like with someone...human.

Before he could dress, Nizhoni emerged from the trees pulling her tunic over her head. She wanted to gauge his reaction. She was not disappointed. Michael paused at putting on his pants.

"Beauty?" The simple question hung in the air.

"Stranger," she answered coyly.

"My name is Michael."

"Michael." She slid her pants down past her legs and boldly entered the water. She shivered at the chilliness.

He closed the distance between them, wrapped his arms around her and lifted her against his warm, lean and strong body. He carried her effortlessly through the water, moving toward an outcrop of rocks. He leaned her back against the smooth surface.

"Not too cold, I hope?"

"No." She breathed in his scent; his tension amused her.

"I'm burning up with want. Are you sure?"

Nizhoni leaned forward and kissed him completely. His lips were soft in spite of the pressure he applied. He clutched his hands through her hair as if testing the texture. Her blood heated from the pleasure of each sensation. The blends of sight, sound and smell culminated together. The moment was mystical.

Michael eased her back against the smooth rock. She barely noticed the cool surface against her hot skin. He laved his soft tongue down her neck and over her breasts. Nizhoni clutched her hands in his dark hair.

"Lower. Go lower," she panted.

Michael traced his tongue over her sensitive skin. He eased her further against the rocks; she felt the cool stone against her heated flesh. The water lapped against her calves, and Michael dipped his head to her stomach. His mouth traced her navel before lowering to her damp folds.

Grounding her feet for support, Nizhoni raised her hips up. Michael's tongue darted out to touch her responsive clit. She moaned in response. Michael placed his hand along her inner thigh, drawing it closer to her pussy. His fingers brushed up against the receptive flesh. Nizhoni pushed against his gentle, yet callused fingers, drawing the digits into her warm channel. Michael's tongue continued to flick against her bud, until she ground her hips up and pushed his face into her. Nizhoni basked in her power over him. He continued his attentions as she felt herself being pulled toward nirvana. Her desire was almost unbearable. She was animalistic in her lust, grunting and pulling him deeper toward her heat. Her orgasm overtook her with sudden fierceness. She howled with the pleasure. As her climax subsided and she came off the pinnacle, she tasted blood. Fangs peaked along with her pleasure. Nizhoni immediately panicked. She must leave. She pulled away as Michael rose above her.

"Beauty, you are quite a sight during lovemaking. You looked..."

The moment in time passed by too quickly. He saw her teeth glinting in the moonlight.

"What are you?" He seemed to be unafraid. She remembered Michael held a gun.

"I need to go."

"Not until you answer my question." He held her against the stone. She arched up against him, pressing against his rigid member.

He moaned.

"Let me go, Michael," she growled.

"Beauty, you will be all right." He lowered his hand.

Was he reaching for the handgun? Nizhoni panicked. She threw her weight as hard

as she could against him. Her bare flesh rubbed against his.

"Beauty, stop, or I won't be able to..."

Nizhoni rose up and bit Michael in the shoulder. He immediately released her, clutching his wound. He staggered back.

"What the hell?" Blood poured from his torn flesh, the scent filling the air and making her ill.

Nizhoni fled. As she ran her bones cracked, and she felt a searing pain down her back. She stopped and curled up on the ground. The cool earth comforted her now-shaking muscles. Her jaw elongated. Her ears rose toward the night sky, and her eyes took in every shadow cast by the moonlight. Her body morphed into a creature of the night. Instinct propelled her forward as she closed distance over the familiar terrain. She needed to get as far away from the danger as possible. Her animal instincts guided her toward a cave, where she rested in animal form until morning, when she made her way back home. A wolf—she was now a wolf.

Chapter Three

Early Spring, 3025 A.D. Mojave Earth Clan

Michael took in the spring air, marred by the scent of burning sage for his sister's upcoming nuptials. He'd never expected to see Beauty again, but to find her on the day of his sister Melissa's bonding ceremony was beyond strange.

"Beauty!" He shouted her name, hoping the raven-haired beauty was indeed her.

Beauty whirled about to face him. Pure shock and fear spread over her face. She should be afraid. She was the reason he was no longer human. Beauty fled on foot, rounding the Mojave huts like one who lived among them.

He followed her path and her scent. Michael couldn't forget the smell uniquely hers. Once he recovered from the initial wound, he'd gathered up her torn tunic and pants. Michael inhaled her scent daily, hoping to track her. The smell of her comforted him when he felt he could not control the changes within him. He turned into a small group of huts, sure he'd caught her.

"Michael?"

He stopped short. Melissa of the Air Clan stood before him. His sister. Her strawberry blond hair was braided with flowers on her head, and her blue eyes seemed to search his soul. They'd grown up at the Area Fifty-One Compound together. They were raised by scientists and learned the art of eradication and warfare in the classroom, honing the gifts they were given. Michael and Melissa were both Passages, able to see the dead. Before he turned, they'd hunted other siblings who went rogue. Their current problem child was Mandy, who'd tried to kill Melissa before he was able to stop her. Well, Melissa's soon-to-be husband had helped too. Drake—the former bloodsucker turned human. Today they would be married.

"Mel. I have to go." He was anxious to leave.

"Damn straight! This is my bonding ceremony, and I refuse to be late because of you. Why aren't you at the altar?"

"I was distracted." He was unwilling to share Beauty just yet.

"Well, un-distract yourself, or you'll have Drake to deal with as well!"

"Fine." Michael bowed his head in defeat. The former vampire didn't scare him, but Melissa in full fury certainly did. And heaven help him if the ghosts sided with her. He walked back to his hut, where he'd been meditating before he was drawn by the scent of his maker. He was deep in thought when Drake found him.

"Pup?" Drake's brown eyes looked intently at him.

"Yeah, old man?"

"We are about ready to begin."

"Yeah."

"You okay? You seem distracted. Are you concerned with me marrying your sister?" Drake ran his fingers through his black hair.

"No. It's what Mel wants." Truth was, he *was* slightly concerned about his sister. His time among the Vegas Coyotes had changed Michael. He was almost a monster until

Drake recommended that Michael live among the tribe to embrace his new animal self. Though he remained a slave to the moon and its cycles, he no longer changed with his emotional state or when confronted with overwhelming scents. Unfortunately, along with Michael becoming an immortal, the Mojave had performed a ritual to make Drake human again. Who would protect her now that he lived among the Mojave and would likely not leave since he found Beauty?

"Fine, then put on a happy puppy-dog face for the bride." Drake patted his back.

"Well, you know it won't be for you, old man."

"That's fine, pup. Just need to behave for your sister. Don't make me hit you with a newspaper."

"A what? Gods, you're old. You couldn't find one of those antiquated things, if you tried."

"Don't try my patience then, pup." With that closing statement, the former vampire walked away and likely thought he'd ended the rivalry between the two of them. It would. For now.

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Nizhoni sat calmly in her father's hut listening to Michael speak with Kuoto, or Drake, as those outside the tribe called him. She now knew Michael was here for Melissa's wedding. Funny, he'd remained unchanged in the months since she last saw him. She worried initially he would find her. She'd managed to outmaneuver him in the past. If his scent came close, she fled. This was the first time he'd caught her. He found her because of all the sage they'd burned for ceremony. She was congested because of the smoke and could barely smell.

She didn't mean to avoid Michael, but Nizhoni was unsure of what to say to him. Her feelings for him were unsettled. While part of her lingered when he passed through an area, another part of her did not trust her animal side.

"Child, what are you doing here?" She felt a soft touch at her shoulder.

Nizhoni turned to find Chief Shulya's wise gray eyes filled with questions. Her father been chief for hundreds of years. Being an immortal and a shifter—a bear, to be exact—gave Chief Shulya a very unique perspective. He was also subtly aware of his daughter's changing moods.

"Why do you listen to Kuoto and Pup?"

"Pup?" She didn't understand who her father was referring to. He never called Drake by his given name and always referred to his tribal name Kuoto.

"Michael of the Air Clan. Kuoto says we are to call him Pup."

Nizhoni couldn't contain the giggles bubbling forth.

"Why do you laugh, my daughter?"

"Father, pup is not a tribal name. Pup is a name given to those younger who do not know anything, a name I'm sure Kuoto uses to tease and taunt Michael."

"Still, Kuoto says young Michael will not mind the name, at least until he has learned the ways of Haly'a."

"Why must he learn the ways of the moon?" Nizhoni asked.

"He is a child of the moon now. He was bitten and turned months ago."

Nizhoni's mind reeled at the implication of her father's words. She suspected he might have been changed, but denied it to herself, thinking that her own spirit was too fresh within her for the change to have affected Michael after one bite.

Chief Shulya continued without his daughter's notice. "Apparently a raven-haired beauty bit young Pup. He saved her from flesh eaters. Beauty was too scared and apparently bit him in her escape."

Nizhoni collapsed against the hut wall, her knees folding beneath her, "Oh, no. We must help him."

"We will guide him in the ways of the wolf."

"You don't understand?" Nizhoni looked up to her father, tears glistening in her storm eyes, "This is my fault."

Shulya lowered himself until his own silver eyes met hers. "I knew he spoke of you, Nizhoni. When Pup described Beauty, I knew she was my own flesh and blood. You need not fear him, child. Pup will be your mate now. Your spirit has marked him."

"My spirit did not mark him. The wound was an accident." Nizhoni could not bring herself to reveal the circumstances under which Michael was bitten.

"There are no accidents, Nizhoni. Why has sage burned for days until the smoke so filled our lungs? Why do think I have Pup bathe three times daily and claim the river water is cleansing him? This was all so you could claim your spirit-mate. This was no accident. He has been with us for a full moon cycle." The calm with which her father spoke warred with Nizhoni's own inner turmoil.

"I don't know what to do." How could her father have tricked her? She did not want Michael. Nizhoni wished to be her tribe's medicine woman. A medicine woman should not be married. She planned to live alone, devoting her heart to the Mojave, not a man, a stranger who could not be trusted. Nizhoni shook her head. Michael was trustworthy, she sensed it within him. She should not brand all men the same.

"Marry him." Her father spoke as if marrying her off would make the whole situation all right.

"You forget, Father. I'm already married."

Chapter Four

Michael watched as his sister's bonding ceremony began. Melissa was dressed in white. She wanted the traditional ceremony, and Drake let her have exactly what she wished. Michael sensed the former vampire had fallen hard for his sister.

"And whoever shall see this pair remain separated, speak!" Chief Shulya's tone resonated with command.

Michael knew better than to blurt out his concerns about Melissa's possible safety, at least, not here. It was something he should have said before his sister got wrapped up with a vampire who likely still had enemies. He'd voiced his opinion months ago, to no avail. There was no sense in digging up the past. He watched as Melissa and Drake kissed to the sound of a cheering tribe. The couple made haste towards the nuptial feast, leaving everyone to follow in their wake. Michael felt very alone at the altar.

"I would have spoken up, if I thought anyone besides you and the bride would hear me." Michael turned to find Camilla Stevens, a newly arrived ghost and former exotic dancer. She had been with them since Melissa had tracked Michael down with the Vegas Coyotes. The Coyotes were one of the most primal shifter groups, tending to rely on their more animalistic senses. Without Cammy's help, Michael would've been initiated into the pack, and he doubted his humanity would have surfaced again.

"Would you have truly ruined the day?"

"No." She tossed her head, allowing her titian hair to fall over her shoulder, "I want to see Drake happy." Mist filled her haunted eyes. Drake and Camilla shared a history, over a thousand years before Michael met either of them.

"Don't be sad, Cammy." Cammy was a pet name she insisted on being called by most all the males within their small circle.

"Oh. I'm not. I still have you, Michael." She sauntered up to him and smiled coyly.

"Now, Cammy, what about Doc? How would he feel?" He wondered if she knew how attracted the ghost physician was to her.

"Don't be silly. That man is too concerned with the mortal world to care about me," she huffed.

"Oh?" Michael was too startled by her comment to offer any doubt.

"Yes. He spends our days at the compound going through piles of data and analyzing the best possession practices. I think he worries for your sister." She nodded toward the ceremony.

Michael understood well enough. He wondered if Cammy realized how jealous she sounded. He knew better than to argue with the dead, though. He'd learned over the years of being a Passage, mortals rarely won conflicts. Now, along with his gift to see ghosts, he was a werewolf as well. Beauty had made him a creature of the moon. She was still stunning with her dark hair, gray eyes and tan skin. Thinking about her made him hard. He needed to get his head back to the present, not delve into the past and what he couldn't have right now.

"Have they found Charles?" Charles was the last of the three ghosts living at the Fifty-One Air Clan compound. He disappeared shortly after Melissa and Drake brought Michael to the Mojave.

"No, and you'd think Doc would be more amorous with just the two of us back at the compound."

"Don't you think you are becoming a bit obsessed with Doc?"

"No. Don't you think you're a bit obsessed with Chief Shulya's daughter?"

The astonishment of discovery struck Michael full force. So that's what she was doing here. She lived among the Mojave. He laughed at the irony.

"Are you okay, Mikey?" Cammy's vaporous hand swept his forehead.

"I'm fine. I didn't know Beauty was Chief Shulya's child."

"Beauty? Hmm." She rested her index finger against her chin. "She is beautiful, but Nizhoni is also learning the arts of healing."

Michael laughed a hollow sound, drawing many eyes from the ceremony toward him. Melissa gave him a questioning glance. He simply nodded for Chief Shulya to continue. The ritual came to a close, and Michael looked on while Drake kissed Melissa.

"Well, I'm glad to see one of you turned." Cammy stated matter-of-factly.

Michael's curiosity overrode his other warring emotions regarding his change.

"Why?"

"Personally—" The girl ghost shrugged her phantom shoulders. "—if I'm gonna be here, it'd be nice to have some immortals about. Especially people like you and Nizhoni. People who can see me."

"Nizhoni can see you?"

"Yeah."

"How? Is she a Passage?"

"No. Nizhoni can see me because she is guided by the spirit world. I hate to break this to you, Mikey, but the scientists who raised you didn't exactly hold a patent on ghost-seeing and all the other talents that little rat-factory created. They stole them, just like they stole everything else." Cammy crossed her arms.

"What do you mean?" Michael was curious where this particular tangent was leading.

"I mean—" Cammy placed her ethereal hands on her hips. "—everything they called scientific was stolen from magic existing for thousands of years."

Michael was dumbfounded by her sudden knowledge.

"Don't look at me like that. While Doc avoided me by going over data in the lab, I've been in the library learning just how they made all of you."

"You know, then?"

"That you weren't human even before the werewolf attack? Oh, yeah. I know." An air of awareness reflected in Cammy's indistinct eyes.

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Nizhoni gazed at the tree line where Camilla spoke with Michael. Hostile emotions bubbled forth as the spirit sidled up next to Michael. She couldn't be jealous of a ghost; the notion was ridiculous. The emotion wasn't jealousy. It was something else. Nizhoni was concerned about a fellow pack member. The untruth tasted bitter on her tongue. Michael was not a fellow pack member. He was her creation, and therefore a certain bond connected them. Nizhoni no longer denied the connection. The bond explained why she sensed him and why Michael was able to find her so far from where she'd bitten him.

Nizhoni hated reminding her father about her husband when she was so strongly connected to Michael. She admitted fear stood firmly with her. Limikkin had tricked the

Mojave, who had believed he was a Healer, when in fact he was nothing more than an imposter sent to steal their magic.

She shook the memories from her mind. Limikkin did not return. She wasn't sure if he remained gone because of the protection spell the Mother Earth Clan had cast over the mountains, or if Limikkin was, in fact, dead. Her greatest fear when she went on her vision quest had been Limikkin finding her and training her in his evil ways.

Nizhoni was so deep in her thoughts, she missed the sun setting in the sky. The moon started to rise, and the stars came out. She heard a howl behind her and turned, startled. Had Limikkin found her at last? Her gaze saw a dark brown wolf with forest green eyes beneath the trees.

"Michael?"

He padded toward her and settled alongside her feet.

"You have not learned to resist the call of the moon?"

He whimpered.

"I'm so sorry." She swallowed the lump in her throat.

He licked her hand.

"I wish there was something I could do for you." She patted his brown head and looked sincerely into his green eyes.

Michael leapt on her, knocking her to the sandy ground. He barked and bounded toward the trees. He disappeared into the forest. Nizhoni heard his call. *Come play, Beauty!*

Chapter Five

Nizhoni raced through the forest, following Michael's trail. The wolf found life simple. She knew Michael for what he was. Her mate. His scent called to her like an aphrodisiac on the wind. His call coursed along her fur, flooding her memory with his touch. By the time she reached him at the water, Nizhoni was sure she was in heat. She transformed as she moved closer to his naked human form.

"I can smell you, Beauty." He sniffed the air. "Your wetness beckons me."

"As does yours." She glanced at the white liquid glistening at the tip of his organ.

"Come." His husky voice sounded more like a directive.

"Are you commanding me?" She wondered what had happened to the man who dared not touch her at the lake. But Michael was no longer a man.

"No. I desire my mate. Nizhoni, you are no longer the stronger one. You cannot escape."

She was startled to hear her name tumble from his lips.

"I do not wish to frighten you. I'm simply telling you I can hold you now. I am your equal," he explained, misunderstanding her surprise.

"Do not use that name," she stated simply.

"What name do you wish?"

"The one you chose for me."

"Oh, Beauty mine, do come here. I do not wish to chase you."

Nizhoni walked tentatively toward him. Michael reached out and enveloped her against him. He inhaled her scent. "Your cunt smells so sweet."

Nizhoni couldn't disguise her body's reaction as she melted against his hard flesh.

Michael trickled his hands along her back, his mere touch sent heat coursing through her. She moaned. "Michael."

He pulled her fiercely against him. Her skin shivered pleasurably. The strength of his arms was male, restorative and affectionate. In spite of his newfound power, he would not harm her.

"Beauty..." He cupped her buttocks, holding her against his hard length.

"Yes?"

"I fear the beast will come out, if I don't have you soon."

She responded by nibbling on his earlobe.

He rumbled.

Nizhoni laved her tongue over his neck, over his pulsing jugular. She continued her course lower, paying particular attention to his dark brown nipples. She lightly nipped each before dropping her knees to the sandy bank and facing his erection.

She licked her lips and tentatively touched her tongue out to catch the salty dew.

"Beauty." Michael's moan was purely male. Indistinguishable was the man from the wolf.

She enclosed her mouth over his shaft.

*

Michael watched in awe as Beauty closed her crimson lips over his cock. He clutched his hands in her ebony hair. He could do no more than gaze at her as her head

bobbed up and down. Michael felt a strong desire to hump her lovely face. In an effort to maintain control, he pushed her away.

At Beauty's questioning gaze, he spoke. "I don't want to lose myself in you."

She merely nodded.

Michael lowered himself to the sand. He needed her; the longer he was with her, the more he was pulled. Desire gave her everything. He drew a shaky breath. "Beauty, I need help."

Beauty pushed him back into the soft earth. She straddled his thighs, brushing her slick mound over his hard length, but unsure how to proceed. What did he want of her?

"Rub against me, Beauty. Let me feel your soft pussy," he panted.

Beauty ran her pussy against his erection. Michael found the sensations of her wet flesh against him unbearable. He didn't know how much longer he could hold out with her sweet torture.

"Now, Beauty. I must have you." His nostrils flared in recognition of her. He bucked against her.

Beauty placed her hand between them, rubbing her hand along the length of him as she lowered herself onto his rigid cock. Her pussy glistened in the moonlight as she opened to his girth. Beauty rode him like a stallion, arching her back and allowing her sorrel nipples to brush against his lips. He drew one into his mouth and fondled the other to an erect peak. She cried out.

"Michael." She pressed down tightly against him, while her hips gyrated until he felt her spasm over his member. Her orgasm was his undoing.

He thrust wildly up into her liquid pool, holding her close to him. Her fangs erupted during her orgasm. He felt his own about to break forth. She clung to him, claws digging into his shoulders. Beauty lifted her head, her silver eyes settling on him. Her gaze never wavered as she rode him hard. The moment he realized she claimed him, Michael could hold back no more. Michael pushed up hard against her tender flesh and allowed himself release. He growled his orgasm as his fangs pierced her soft areola—marking her as his.

Chapter Six

Mandy, formerly of the Air Clan, followed Charles, the apparition, up the stairs of the abandoned Casablanca.

"I don't understand why we need his help. I could've taken that bitch out myself."

"I told you. He is bonded to Nizhoni. He will help us get rid of her, so you can have Michael, and we can save your sister from Drake."

Mandy shrugged. She didn't care one way or the other what became of her twin sister. It didn't even bother her that Charles's only motivation was that he wanted revenge against Drake for killing him over two thousand years ago. She just wanted Michael. Damn him for his chivalry and treating her just like a sister. Truth be told, there was no common blood between the twins and Michael. All the Air Clan was grown in tubes and reared by scientists as killing machines. Some Clan members assassinated better than others. Like Mandy. She was recently exiled from the Valley of Fire Clan for killing a Passage. So she stole the Passage bequest in a Fire ritual. Who knew the Fire Clan was so sensitive about killing people? They killed all the time, but apparently there was some sort of logic to their war. Whatever.

Mandy had wanted to kill Nizhoni—that wolf-bitch—down by the lake. When Michael called out another's name in passion, his deep cry nearly drove Mandy to the brink. Luckily, Charles had stopped her. She might have killed Michael in her rage. Now Charles wanted to meet with Limikkin, leader of the Vegas Coyotes.

As she walked through the building, she sensed the coyotes before she could see them. Mandy already possessed the bequest of Affinity. She could tell when people lied to her and when people came with gifts or if they were immortal. Her Affinity abilities allowed her to find the Passage and take her gifts. She figured the dead would lead her to Michael. She was lucky to have found Charles, who was Mel's Shakespearean ghost, in a snit back at the compound.

"Should I chill you down?" Charles asked.

"Yes." Always better to be safe.

Charles aligned with Mandy's lithe body until he gained full possession of her. He made his way to the floor the coyotes were on. They littered the area like guttersnipes. They fornicated in the open, like humping in public was acceptable practice.

"*Settle down, buddy. It's how they operate up here,*" Mandy spoke through his thoughts.

Charles made his way to door thirteen-thirteen and knocked.

There was some mumbling before someone answered.

"Excuse me, sir, we are looking for Limikkin?" Charles spoke to the handsome young man who opened the door.

"He's in the bedroom. You'll have to wait."

"We don't have time to wait."

"*Patience is a virtue,*" Mandy chimed.

"Let me handle this, Miss Mandy." Charles was aggravated and made his way over to the bedroom.

Upon entry he found a man dressing and a girl lying in the bed; apparently they had

just had sex. When he turned around, his blond hair glistened in the moonlight, and his blue eyes held an unearthly glow. Charles was mesmerized.

"Get out! He's not human! Run, Charles, run!" Mandy screamed.

"Can I help you?" the tall, gorgeous stranger asked.

"Something is wrong with him! Can't you see his aura contorting?"

"I'm looking for Mr. Limikkin," Charles told him.

"I'm Limikkin. We've met before," he said.

"I don't think so," Charles spoke briefly.

"Yes, you came and retrieved your lovely friend Michael before I was able to try him out." The stranger moved toward him.

"I'm not Melissa."

"Oh?" The golden god raised an arched brow.

"Shut up, you idiot! We need to get the hell out of here."

"Mandy, all is well." Charles didn't understand what was wrong with her. Mandy was trying to regain control of her small form and force him out. He could feel her emotions running through him like a river.

"Yes, Mandy, all is well." Limikkin spoke in a mocking tone.

"Mr. Limikkin we have information about your wife, Nizhoni."

"What do you know of Nizhoni?" Sudden anger lit Limikkin's glowing eyes.

"We know that she is a Mojave werewolf who turned our friend." Charles's voice shook. He felt he should leave and looked back at the door.

"I don't think so." Limikkin reached out and grabbed Mandy by the neck. Charles vacated her, leaving as soon as he was able.

"You son of a bitch. Get back here," Mandy cursed as she watched him glide into a corner. "You are dead, Charles. I will cross you over and not to the good place, either!" she shouted to the ceiling.

"Now you are the right temperature. I disliked your possessed carcass. You were so cold. I like my women warm for a little while. They bleed better." He caressed her cheek.

"You knew?" Mandy's curiosity overrode her immediate fear.

"Of course. I know everything there is to know about possession, but you would likely consider my methods unconventional."

Mandy suddenly envisioned his skeleton beneath as if he wore no skin. She reeled backward, grasping the bedpost and nearly collapsing on top of the girl lying down. Only it wasn't a girl, it was simply a skin left empty.

"Yee Naaldlooshi." Mandy trembled as terrifying images filled her mind.

"That's right, I'm Skin-walker. Now, what do you say we have some fun?" His cobalt eyes glinted with evil delight as he overtook her.

Chapter Seven

Nizhoni lay wrapped in Michael's arms as the sun rose overhead. She stretched her soft form against his hard body. They were so different, yet she felt a connection to this man, and had even before she turned him. Or perhaps she bit him because of the bond she felt. Nizhoni no longer knew what to believe. Michael tested her, physically, emotionally and spiritually.

"Are you awake, Beauty? I feel you against me and..." Michael's voice trailed off as he pushed his erection against her backside.

"Hmm." She moaned and wantonly shifted her hips back toward him.

She felt him nibbling at the back of her neck. His hand tweaked her nipple. He rolled the bud between his fingers and pinched her flushed peak. Nizhoni arched backward, molding her malleable curves to the contours of his strong body.

Michael's other hand slid across her supple stomach. He circled around her navel before dipping lower. His touch sent a warm shiver through her.

"Beauty, you are so sweet." With his breath warm and moist against her ear, her heart raced when he lightly nipped her. He ran his index finger along her damp folds. The scent of her drifted upward. Michael dipped his digit into her nether lips, coating his finger with her cream.

"I'm going to taste you, Sweetness." Her scent passed beneath her nostrils as Michael brought his finger up to his lips.

Nizhoni heard him suckle and lick his finger.

"Your scent still drives me wild." Michael returned his hand to her vagina and pumped his finger in and out of her. Heat flowed beneath her skin, and the blaze spread to her heart. The stroking of his fingers was unbearable in tenderness. She cried out for release.

"Bend over." Michael lifted her hips upward. She whined delicately as he pressed her head down to the soft earth. Nizhoni felt the exhilarating sensation of his lips against her neck. He grazed his tongue deliciously along her spine. She raised herself to meet his arduous kiss. When he reached her buttocks, she trembled.

"I would never hurt you, Beauty."

"I know."

Michael's tongue darted over her rosebud, before moving to her drenched opening. The touch of his lips over her sensitive flesh sent shock ripples along her skin. Nizhoni burned with an aching need for more. His tongue laved her quivering pussy, until she thought she would burst.

"Michael. I need you." Nizhoni no longer denied she was his.

Michael replaced his probing tongue with two fingers, rhythmically loving her while he trailed kisses back up to her neck.

"I'm going to mount you." He whispered against her skin before his cock brushed her entrance. Nizhoni reached between her thighs. She danced her fingers along his shaft before guiding him into her tight folds. The sleek caress of his masculine body covered hers, and his arm enclosed her waist.

"You are such a beautiful bitch." He thrust deep into her. "And you are mine."

Nizhoni knew he was trying to dominate her, but she felt completely safe in her submissive position. Nizhoni wanted to belong to Michael and for him to be hers. The thought was something a mate wanted. The implication sent a shock of delight and propelled her toward a pounding, instantaneous release.

Nizhoni's pussy quivered around Michael's cock. She milked him into oblivion, right along with herself. After his release, he maintained his composure enough not to collapse on her.

Michael rolled away from Nizhoni, but never released his hold. He pulled Nizhoni against him. "Be my mate, Beauty."

It wasn't a question as much as a statement. They'd reached the point where their mating needed resolution. She stiffened in his arms.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I can't."

"Why not?" Michael lifted his head to stare directly at her.

Nizhoni wasn't sure what to tell him. She was unable to give herself freely to any man.

"Why, Nizhoni?"

"We'll need my father's permission."

"I don't think that'll be a problem." His appearance was one of complete nonchalance.

Nizhoni thought Michael was right to gloat. Her father wouldn't see a problem. She had merely postponed the inevitable. The question remained how much longer before she would have to tell Michael the truth about her husband, Limikkin.

Chapter Eight

Michael was as nervous as the pup Drake often called him while he waited outside Chief Shulya's hut. He was going to ask this man if Nizhoni could be his bride.

"Enter, Pup," a gravelly voice called from within.

Michael entered the abode; the air was heavy with incense. Michael could barely breathe. Chief Shulya sat meditating opposite the door. He lifted his steely gaze to Michael.

"So you've mated with my daughter?" Chief Shulya sounded disapproving.

"How did you...?"

"Her scent is all over you. Wolves are not the only ones who smell."

Michael had momentarily forgotten that Chief Shulya was himself a shifter, "I do not understand, sir, if you are a were-bear, how is your daughter a werewolf?"

"The Mojave are not like other creatures. We are guided by the spirit world, not by the moon or thirst or possession. We live in harmony with the earth and respect all who live on it."

"I understand, Chief..."

"No. You have only begun to understand our ways. Yet, you come here after marking my daughter."

"To ask for her hand in marriage," Michael insisted.

Chief Shulya paused as if considering him.

Michael remained silent, knowing only time would grant him what he wished.

"Why do you wish for my daughter?"

"She created me." It was true.

"And?"

"I've claimed her." It was wonderful.

"And?"

"She has agreed to my proposal." It was honest.

Chief Shulya sighed and looked into Michael's eyes. "No."

"Why?"

"You are not worthy of Nizhoni."

"What must I do?" All the man needed to do was name the task. There was nothing Michael would not do to make Beauty his own.

"Only you know what must be accomplished, Pup."

The Chief spoke in riddles. Michael needed Beauty, not words. Michael thought to challenge his mate's father but suspected pleading his case was pointless. He turned, the bitter taste of defeat hanging above him. He left to find Nizhoni.

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"Thank you, Father." Nizhoni whispered from the darkened corner of the hut.

"I do not understand. You want Pup, do you not?" Her father stared at her with a look of intensity.

"I feel as if I have not resolved my past."

"Your marriage to the Trickster does not count. The ceremony was not our way. Limikkin knew he violated our tribal customs when he stole you." Chief Shulya's

weathered face reddened.

"Regardless of the legitimacy, my feelings are not remedied." Nizhoni knew her father would not understand. He was limited by tradition and customs. She had loved Limikkin, and he had turned out to be nothing more than a charlatan. "I can send Pup on a quest while you decide what you want." His voice held a disapproving tone.

"No. I want Michael. I'm just not sure I trust what I feel." Nizhoni wasn't sure she could trust her instincts when it came to Michael, not when she had trusted Limikkin so much. How could she trust her heart now when the damn thing had betrayed her in the past?

"Perhaps you should ask the spirits to guide you. Perhaps even those lingering in the camp."

Nizhoni suddenly realized the import of her father's words. She left her father's hut in search of Camilla Stevens, which took most of the day. Camilla finally appeared outside Michael's hut.

"Camilla."

Camilla turned toward her.

"What are you doing?"

"Watching Michael undress." The ghost shrugged.

Nizhoni tried to squelch possessive emotions rising within her.

"Did you need something?" Camilla covered her mouth to squelch a yawn.

"I wanted to ask you a question. Can you come over here?" Nizhoni drew back against the trees.

"Yes." Cammy followed.

"Have you ever heard of a man named Limikkin?"

The ghost shivered emitting a steady pulse of cold air. "Who gave you that name?"

"You have heard of him?" Nizhoni was surprised.

"Yes. He's an evil warlock. I met him in 1975. If it weren't for Drakey, I shudder to think what that man would have done to me."

"No. Limikkin is my first husband," Nizhoni corrected her.

"That's odd." The ghost seemed generally perplexed. "Was that your question?"

"Well, yes. But I was wondering if you knew a way to find out if anything has happened to someone in these times."

Camilla took her time before responding, "No. But I do know a guy who knows exactly how to comb through data."

"You can help me, then?" Nizhoni release the breath she held.

"No prob. I was planning on going home, anyway." Cammy paused and then vanished.

*

Michael emerged from his hut at the smell of Beauty on the wind. He saw her soon enough, speaking with Cammy. He treaded softly to where she stood.

"Beauty."

She turned to stand in front of him.

"You were speaking to Cammy. What about?" He wondered what a two-thousand-year-old stripper and a future medicine woman could possibly have in common.

"Not much. I'm having her do a little legwork for me." Nizhoni stared at her feet.

Michael sensed she did not wish to speak of it. He simply nodded. "I spoke to your

father."

"Oh?"

"He doesn't think I deserve to be your mate," Michael said matter-of-factly.

"What do you think?" Nizhoni asked.

"I'm not sure he's wrong." Michael wasn't sure if he deserved her or not. "All I know is, I can't stand to be without you, Beauty."

She closed the distance between them, resting her hand against his heart.

"I wish to marry you, if not among your tribe, among my people. I want you to come with me to Fifty-One Compound." He held her hand up and pressed his lips against her silky skin.

Nizhoni simply stared at him.

"I know. It may be too much to ask you to leave the Mojave."

"It is. Michael, I am the only trained medicine woman my people have. I cannot leave them."

"I cannot stay here."

"You have not completed the trials." She closed her hand around his shoulder.

"The only trial I have is being close to my mate and not possessing her." Michael released the anguish he felt inside. "I've made arrangements. I leave with Drake and Melissa in the morning back to Area Fifty-One."

"No!"

"What would you have me do, Nizhoni? Stay here and never gaze upon your face, touch your soft skin, taste your feminine essence?" His voice broke in anguish.

"No." She hung her head. "I would not be cruel."

"Then I leave tomorrow."

"So we still have tonight?" Her hands wound around his neck.

"Yes." Michael groaned huskily. He lifted Beauty and carried her to his hut. He tenderly eased her down on his bedroll. Michael's mouth covered hers hungrily. He traced his index finger along her stubborn jaw and rested the finger on the pulse of her neck. He allowed his mouth to follow the same path.

Nizhoni inhaled sharply when his hand touched the swell of her breasts.

Michael's gaze journeyed over her face and explored her dove gray eyes, searching for her acquiescence. He received his invitation. She arched against his hand and gave herself, opening her tunic to him.

Michael continued to blaze a path over her skin. He took a nipple into his mouth, rolling the bud over his tongue, and then sucking hard until it peaked in his mouth.

Nizhoni cried out. He reveled in the sensation of her hands running through his hair, clutching him closer to her.

Michael drifted his hand over to encircle her other breast. He molested her tortured peaks until he thought she could bear no more. Michael's hand feathered lower, where he rested his palm against Nizhoni's abdomen.

Once Nizhoni's breathing calmed, he kept his touch light and dipped his hands beneath the waistline of her pants to slide them smoothly over her hips. Once she was naked, he lowered himself to the apex of her thighs.

He feathered his fingers over her dark hair and separated her folds to reveal her wet, pink pussy. He flicked his tongue over her clit.

Nizhoni raised her hips, and Michael lifted her buttocks to feast upon her.

He swirled his tongue over her hot, moist bud before swiping the muscle along her damp crease. Her essence rolled across his palate like creamed honey, with a hint of musk. Michael hardened, wanting to both taste and plunge into her simultaneously. He lifted his head, flicking a finger against her clit. He thrust a callused digit into her heat, then two fingers, and he lapped at her juices. Michael felt her inner muscles clench his fingers. He rose up level with her face and took her cries into his mouth.

Michael gave her barely a moment to rest as he quickly removed his clothes to drive deep into her womb. Her pussy tightened around him. Smoothly, Michael rocked her back and forth, allowing his cock to move with quick swiftness within her.

He felt Nizhoni's hands over his back, descending to his buttocks, pulling him deeper. Michael lowered his face until his lips were inches from hers. She arched up to meet him, but he would have none of her command and used his entire weight to push her deeper into the bedroll. Nizhoni met his thrusts and wrapped her legs about his flanks. The gesture of her submission and want together pulled him deeper. Michael could resist no more. He pushed in to the very hilt and cried out his release.

Michael had known there was something special about Nizhoni from the beginning. He simply stared at her absently, caressing her arms while she slept.

"Beauty, I wish you would be mine."

Nizhoni's breath was warm and even against his skin. He lifted a strand of her black hair, allowing the curl to curve around a nipple and close to her heart.

"I love you, Beauty." He spoke tentatively.

Silence met his confession.

"I cannot bear standing so close and yet not having your heart." Michael kissed her forehead, allowing a single tear to fall.

Hours later, Michael escaped into the night, knowing he was truly trapped.

Chapter Nine

Acceptance of her father's words took Nizhoni all of a day to understand that Chief Shulya was right. Michael was her mate, and she longed to be near him. Hopefully she could convince Michael to stay with Mojave. They needed her healing abilities in these trying times. She sought her father's immediate counsel and found him by a nearby stream, fishing in his bear form.

"Father."

The large white bear turned and looked directly at her. Something was different, but she couldn't quite place it.

"I must speak with you." Nizhoni approached the bear. "This conversation would be easier if you were human."

He looked at her as if to say, "I don't think so."

"Fine." She paced frantically in front of him. "I have decided to follow Michael to his compound."

The white beast rose up on his haunches and bellowed at her.

"I know. I know. The trek will be risky, but I feel I'm ready for the challenge, and as soon as I find him, I will tell him I wish to mate with him."

Chief Shulya snarled and pounded one of his front paws on the sandy banks.

"Don't tell me you've changed your mind?" Nizhoni grumbled. "You were the one who said he was perfect for me!" She raised her hands in exasperation.

The bear took a swipe at her.

Nizhoni teetered off balance and staggered back to an outcrop of trees. She stumbled and landed against a body. It was her father, lying face down, blood pooling from his head. She noticed her father's hand move. He was alive.

"Who are you?" Nizhoni scampered to her feet quickly.

The bear changed before her into a golden man she recognized well. His lean form was still graceful and strong. His finely arched brows and aquiline nose were perfection with his shiny sapphire eyes. His beautiful face belied the monster he was.

"Limikkin?" Her voice wavered saying his name.

"Nizhoni, mate of mine, you look lovely." His saccharin voice sickened her.

"I'm no longer your mate, Limikkin." She stood tall, forbidding herself to show any fear.

"You are mine! No other would have you after what you've done for me!" His face reddened, making his delicate features harsh.

"That's not true." Even though she said the words, a part of her believed Limikkin might be right.

"Let us not argue, my beloved. Why don't you come with me?" He reached his hand out to her.

She pulled back.

"Come with me, Nizhoni, or I will kill him." Limikkin walked toward her father.

"No!" She held her hands up to stop him. "I'll go with you." Nizhoni hung her head.

"Good."

"Where are you taking me, Limikkin?" If her father could hear her, there was hope

Nizhoni could be reclaimed.

"To your new home in Sin Vegas."

"Where?" she persisted.

"You ask too many questions, Bride." He gave her look of annoyance.

"Fine." She walked toward him. There was no need to alert Limikkin to the possibility that she would escape from him.

Chapter Ten

Area 51 Compound Outside Sin Vegas

Doctor Gideon Roberts, a.k.a. "Doc," continued to analyze the data in the lab. He got a lot of work done compiling his notes and theorizing the odds that Mel's possession was actually beneficial to the siblings' bizarre genetic makeup. He only prayed the vampire hadn't done any damage to her when he bit Melissa long ago. He'd been perfecting his data and was close to coming up with a permanent solution for the Air Clan's dormant alien DNA when that woman came back. Now all he could think about was Camilla Stevens. Three floors down in the library, yet she haunted him.

At times he could hear her moan and groan. He'd been tempted to see what the apparition was doing, but he was afraid he would find her masturbating or something. Actually he was terrified he might be tempted to watch her and not be satisfied.

"Not again," he muttered, hearing the start of what seemed an ongoing activity in the library.

Doc left the Lab and floated down to the Library. Only to find Camilla wasn't there. He heard her otherworldly moans, but still nothing. He continued to roam the corridors of the sub-floor until he reached the room where the aliens used to be housed thousands of years ago. He stopped short. The metal room was impenetrable for humans. The room was set up for interrogation. Doc walked around until he reached the glass panel. The sight he found was beyond his imagination.

There on the table in the steel room was Camilla, gyrating her bare hips up to her wanton fingers. Doc watched in amazement. She wasn't a ghostly Camilla, though. The woman beyond the glass was flesh and blood. Crimson hair cascaded over the table, while ivory skin contrasted against the metal table. Her pink mouth was open in invitation, her shadowed lids closed. God, she was a sight, naked except for the patent leather thigh-high boots arching off her chair. He watched as her auburn pussy glistened beneath the lights.

Doc admitted want. He'd never craved anything as much as the woman on the other side of the glass.

As if Camilla sensed his presence, she opened her emerald eyes and gazed right through him. "Doc, are you there?" She rose from the table and walked toward the glass. Her breasts jutted forth, and the sight of her hard peach nipples made his mouth water.

"Yes," he whispered.

"I need help." She stared blankly at the glass.

"Oh, yeah, baby." He crossed through the glass.

*

"No!" Camilla screamed as she watched Doc materialize by falling to the floor.

He rose up, touching her arm. "It's all right, baby. I'm here to help."

Camilla took note of the tent in his khakis. "Great." She said with all the enthusiasm of a robot. "All I need is a doctor wanting to perform a pelvic exam."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—" She moved to the table to collect her clothes. "—we are stuck."

"What?" Doc walked and pounded on the glass.

"Don't bother. I did that yesterday, along with shouting your name, I might add. Didn't you hear me?" She pulled her mini-skirt on.

He hung his head down. "I thought you were trying to distract me from my work."

"I was! To have you come down here." Damn, she was irritated.

"How did you find this place?" Doc started running his hands along the walls.

"The Library. Apparently it's an astroplane room. The obsidian, heated stone makes the room ideal for keeping ghosts in."

"What about the glass?"

"See the frame on this side of the mirror? The spell etched in the stone keeps us from passing through." She pointed out the delicate ebony woodcarving.

"How do we get out?"

"Not sure now. Hopefully Drake and Melissa will return soon."

"I'm not expecting them for another day or so at the earliest. That's if they don't take a honeymoon." Doc began pacing.

Camilla laughed.

"What?" Doc faced her, hands on his hips.

"Can you see anyone taking a honeymoon in this day and age? Maybe when we were alive, but not today." Camilla giggled as she pulled her blue and pink-striped tube top over her head. She shook her hair, loosening it from her silver hoop earrings.

"You are probably right. How long have you been down here?"

"Two days? I'm not really sure."

"Two days down here, and all you have to show for it is multiple orgasms?"

"Hey, I got bored!" Jeez, the man was a saint, "Besides, it's not like I've been feeling anything the last thousand years or so."

"What a waste of energy! We'll be lucky if we don't die before help arrives. All you want is to masturbate and satisfy your urges?"

"Calm down, Doctor Bob. We won't die. There's a vending machine over there and a toilet in the other corner." She pointed to both areas of the room.

Doc followed her fingers.

"The only thing we are at risk of is being very fragrant if we stay in human form." She turned away from him too frustrated to speak.

Even though she lacked her ghostly form, Camilla felt the sexual energy emitting off Doc like a beacon. He seemed to peer at her closely. Damn, the man was attractive in the flesh. Doc had a square jaw and a handsome face with deep brown eyes, a light tan and dark brown hair with touches of gray. It made him look distinguished. Cammy had colored the gray out of her auburn hair up until the day she died. Doc worked out up until the day he died. Muscles rippled beneath the biceps in his navy blue polo shirt. She felt herself go wet.

Camilla walked over to the table, sat on the edge and spread her thighs, exposing her pussy to Doc's watchful gaze.

"So what do you want?" She spoke hoping he'd enter her web.

*

Doc's mouth watered. No woman should be that confident and beautiful. Red hair that would shame a fire-engine and sea-foam green eyes that reminded him of days he

spent on the beach before that damn tourist bus hit him in Las Vegas. He needed to focus on something else, like how to get away. "You're sure we're stuck?" Doc tried not to gaze into the auburn abyss between her thighs.

"Yep." She licked her lips, "Want to stick together?"

"Is that what the kids are calling it nowadays?" His voice fractured with gruffness.

"That's what I'm calling it." Camilla spread her thighs slightly wider.

"Hmm...Hmm." Doc found he was unable to speak intelligently. He didn't remember a hard-on being this annoying, but he hadn't possessed one in over a thousand years.

"I see your pants like the idea." Camilla nodded toward his erection.

Doc looked down. "So they do." Damn freakin' penis. It was embarrassing.

"What do you think?" Camilla crossed her legs blocking his view of her wet vagina.

"I'm not sure. What if someone comes while we are...um?" Doc's face heated up.

"We'll tell them you're giving me a physical. Come on, Gideon, I don't bite, which is less than I can say for your current object of affection."

"Melissa's not a bloodsucker like your former lover?"

"Drake?" she asked with pouted lips. "He's not a vampire anymore, and you said the word former. That's all he is."

"And I don't have a thing for Melissa," he spoke with conviction.

"Good, then this shouldn't be a problem." Camilla closed the distance between them and whispered against his lips, "Unless you want me to believe I scare you."

Something snapped inside Doc; he lost control over his desires. Doc dropped his lips to Camilla's, searching eagerly. When had a woman's lips been this soft? Doc ran his hands over her breasts, removing her tube top.

Camilla moaned into his mouth.

Doc massaged her breasts, lifting them and tracing the undersides with his pinkies. His thumbs rubbed over her nipples.

"Oh, yeah, Doc! Touch my titties; your hands feel good."

Encouraged by her words, Doc rolled the nipples to higher peaks, before dropping his lips down to suckle an erect tip.

Cammy arched into his attentions and squealed.

Doc pulled her against him. "Wrap your arms and legs around me."

Cammy did as he bid. Doc cupped her plump buttocks and lifted her against his straining erection. He felt her pussy soaking his pants, but he didn't care. He would have Cammy soon enough. Once they reached the table. Doc moved over to the other breast and began his assault anew. Cammy was writhing against his shaft.

"Doc. Oh, Doc!" She clutched him closer.

Doc didn't want to come too soon. He pushed her away.

Cammy looked bewildered and a little hurt.

"Cammy, it's been a *looong* time. I don't want to lose control."

Cammy simply smiled, dimples dotted her flushed cheeks. She nodded and lay pliant back on the table, "Do what you will, Doctor."

Doc stared at this stunning woman who gave herself to him. Why couldn't he love her? Why couldn't he feel more than annoyance at her presence? He shook his head and stared down at her alabaster skin sprinkled with freckles. Her green eyes stared luminously up at him. He took in her finely arched brows, her heart-shaped face and her lips swollen by his kiss.

His cock bucked against the zipper of his slacks. He lowered his hands down to his pants.

"Let me." Cammy rose slightly off the table to unbutton his khakis; she slowly lowered the zipper, and his tool sprang forth like a caged animal.

Doc groaned.

Cammy ran her fingers teasingly over his shaft. Her fingernails lightly tapped against the sensitive surface. She closed her hand around him, bringing it up and then back down, she pumped him expertly. When the need to release teetered on the edge, she stopped. She kissed his neck. "Are you gonna do me or what?"

Doc pressed her shoulders back until they touched the slab. He feathered his hands along her inner thighs, bringing them up to her shiny nether lips. He pressed his cock against the wet folds, teasing her entrance.

"Doc, please help me."

He ran his cock over the length of her opening, enjoying the sensation of molten heat.

She reared against him, drawing him in. Her liquid heat embraced his shaft, pulling him deeper.

Doc could barely maintain his composure; maybe if he didn't have to look at her. "Flip over," he commanded.

Cammy scooted off the table and raised her ass in the air. Her five-inch boots put her pussy level with his cock. She tried to push back onto him.

Doc spanked her to gain control, but he was far from it.

"Ouch. Spank me again."

Doc tapped her other cheek.

"Harder, Doc!"

He slapped her hard enough to leave a red handprint on her ass.

"Nice." Cammy groaned the word.

Doc couldn't take her moans anymore. He slammed his cock into her wet pussy and thrust deep.

Cammy squealed.

Doc continued to pump in and out of her like a berserker. She was on fire, and when she began to pulse around him and squirmed to pull him deeper, he couldn't hold out.

"Cammy!" He let himself go and collapsed on top of her.

After a few minutes, they heard a voice through the intercom. "Would you two like to be alone?"

"No!" both mortal ghosts answered in unison.

Chapter Eleven

"I had no idea this room was built here. Did you?" Melissa turned to her brother.

"Nope. I wonder how we're gonna get them out?" Michael looked at the daunting metal and even stronger glass, which appeared not to break after they'd tried throwing a chair at it.

"Cammy, is there a spell in there?" Drake pressed the button for the intercom.

"Yes. It surrounds the mirror on this side." Cammy was already dressed and outlined the frame of the glass with her perfectly pink, manicured hands. Poor Doc looked like he was going to throw up.

"Do you have any spell books here?" Drake asked Melissa.

"In the Library. I can go with you." The two of them left Michael standing and staring beyond the glass as the two non-ghosts composed themselves.

"So how did you two land yourselves in this pickle?" Michael pressed the button, trying to keep from laughing.

"I found mentions of the room in the Library. There may be a spell there to get us out." Cammy ran her fingers along the bottom of the glass.

"How did Doc get in there?"

"I heard Cammy crying for help." Doc flushed blood red as he zipped his pants and walked toward the glass.

Cammy rolled her jade eyes and flipped her red hair over her shoulder.

Michael smiled at the pair trapped together. He wouldn't be surprised if they started spending a lot more time down here.

"Oh, Mikey! Is Nizhoni with you?" Cammy asked from behind the glass.

Michael leveled his voice to keep it from breaking, "No."

"She wanted me to research someone. I was going to have Doc check up on him, but he was too busy with a miracle cocktail to help." She glared at Doc.

"It will be a miracle if I get anything concocted with you around." Doc crossed his arms.

"Enough, you two!" Michael felt like a parent disciplining errant children. "Who did she want you to check up on?"

"Limikkin."

"The leader of the Vegas Coyotes?" Michael asked.

"The same guy, only I didn't think so, until I did my research. It turns out he's Yee Naaldlooshi," she said, shivering.

"Who's a Skin-Walker?" Drake asked, returning with a spell book in hand.

"Limikkin."

"That warlock who tried to convert you back in seventy-five?" Drake asked, thumbing through the tome.

"The same," Cammy said.

"And he's the leader of the Vegas Coyotes?" Michael was confused. Why did Nizhoni want to know about a skin-walker?

"Not surprising. Skin-walkers can be immortal. Okay, I've found it!" Drake held up the book. "Stand back." He pushed Michael aside and began to chant in front of the glass

until the portal opened. The two ghosts emerged without physical form.

"Where's Melissa?" Doc asked.

"She went to the communication room to receive a signal," Drake answered.

"I need to talk to her." Doc turned on his heel and marched out the door.

Cammy watched him go. "Jeez, he acts like what happened in this room meant nothing to him."

"Did it?" Michael asked.

"That's none of your business." She shook her red mane.

"You were saying about Limikkin..." Michael asked again, curious what connection the ghost made.

"Oh, yeah. He's married to Nizhoni."

"What?" Drake and Michael answered simultaneously.

"Well, that's what she told me when she wanted me to check if he was still alive."

"Nizhoni never said she was married." Michael overlooked the scornful voice inside wondering why.

"Because she's not. Cammy misunderstood." Drake's voice was low.

"I did not!" Camilla locked her hands on her hips.

"You must have, because I'm telling you she's not married. Shulya would have told me," Drake insisted.

Michael only half heard their argument. His head reeled. He couldn't believe she belonged to someone else. Had he ever meant anything to her? Was Beauty only drawn to him because she bit him? So many questions flooded his head. Too many to count. He barely noticed Melissa when she burst into the room.

"Drake! Chief Shulya sent an SOS; Nizhoni's been taken by the Vegas Coyotes!"

Chapter Twelve

Nizhoni began to wonder, after the fourth day, if her father had heard her. She'd forgotten Limikkin's cruelty. He'd seemed so perfect to her younger self. Limikkin was beautiful to her then, paying her so much attention. Nizhoni wondered how she was ever so naive. Now she knew him for the monster he was—an evil witch doctor who'd stolen power from people for centuries.

She felt the whip dig into her flesh once again. He'd laid her out on the bed with her face in the mattress today, her arms bound to one of the posters. Most days he beat her. She suspected he wanted to rape her, but from the moment she had left her father, she had chanted a protection spell learned from the Mother Earth Clan.

"Come on, Nizhoni." Limikkin walked around to confront her.

She hated when he spoke her name.

"I don't wish to hurt you, my love, but I can't bear the untruths you tell." Limikkin touched her cheek.

"I am not the liar in this room." Nizhoni's pride wouldn't let her submit to him.

The crack and immediate sting following caused her to almost give in. But she knew he wouldn't rest. Once Limikkin got the information he wanted, he would seek out the people she named and do them harm. Nizhoni's life was not worth humanity's.

"I could do this all day, darling." Limikkin spoke as if beating her was akin to lovemaking.

"Me too." She made an effort to yawn.

"Damn it, Nizhoni! I'm not kidding—if you do not tell me where to find the others, I will kill those you hold dear." He forced her head up to look at him.

"I will not let you massacre the Earth Clans and what little magic we have." She spat at him.

"Fine. I will start executing your loved ones."

"You do not know where they are; you managed to catch my father off the protected tribal lands." Nizhoni couldn't hold back the smugness.

"I said loved ones, Nizhoni, not family."

"My loved ones are my family. If you had a heart, Limikkin, you would understand." Nizhoni just needed to wait him out. At nightfall, she would somehow find a way to escape. Her spirit was useless. Until Limikkin harmed her, the spirit would not move to protect her. It was frustrating. Unfortunately, her skin healed nightly after the whippings she received, so Limikkin could start all over again each morning.

"Oh, how soon we forget newfound love. You know—Michael, the lover you kept without consent."

"I don't need consent, you idiot."

Limikkin flicked his wrist to tease the tail of the whip over her butt.

She flinched.

His smile was evil.

"You don't know where he is." Nizhoni wanted to take him down a notch.

"Oh, but I do. You may not know this, Nizhoni, but your precious wolf used to run with the Vegas Coyotes."

"No." Surprise drained the blood from her face.

"Oh, yes. I almost became his Alpha. I'm sure I can drop a little bird to have him come to your rescue. If your father hasn't already done so." He absently stared at his fingers.

"You bastard." Nizhoni knew instantly Limikkin didn't want her. He wanted Michael. She just didn't know why.

Limikkin slapped her hard enough to swing her head back.

She tasted blood.

"Quit trying to upset me." Limikkin's soft look only proved to her he was crazy.

"Quit trying to kill me," she answered.

"Oh, sweetheart, I'm sorry. Don't worry; you'll be dead when your love arrives."

"He's not my love," Nizhoni tossed at him.

"Now who is the liar?" Limikkin spoke softly before leaving her alone.

Nizhoni hurtled back to earth as reality struck. She did love Michael. Why did she have to find out today? Silently, she sobbed at the loss of her life, her people and her love.

*

Michael made his way up the stairwell of the abandoned Casablanca hotel. He remembered exactly what kind of beast Limikkin was. Psychotic. If he'd harmed a single hair on Beauty, the man was dead.

"Slow up, pup. Some of us don't move that fast," Drake shouted up to him.

"Keep up, old man. I don't have all day." Michael didn't suppress his irritation. The former vampire was practically worthless as a human. At least Mel was keeping up—possession usually made you faster. Doc took over possession of Melissa's body back at the compound. The ghost doctor was the best chiller the siblings had. He was able to monitor his host's heart rate and blood flow on the inside along with the task at hand. He was the perfect ghost for possession.

The unlikely heroes—a werewolf, a possessed girl, and a pitiful human—managed to make it up to the thirteenth floor without incident. Michael doubted the rest of this little adventure would go so well.

They moved cautiously through the hallway. The coyotes would know soon enough there was company. Outside the room, he looked over at Cammy floating against a wall.

"Can you cover him up?" Michael nodded toward Drake. "His heart is beating so loud, it sounds like it will pop out of his chest."

"I'll do my best, but we tried at the compound. He didn't take." Cammy shrugged her wraithlike shoulders.

The ghosts had tried to possess Drake, but without success. He was a damn liability with his mortality hanging over them like a neon sign.

Michael pressed into the room. It was dark, and there were at least a dozen Coyotes scattered about the floor, most all napping. He saw Bitch and nodded toward her. She smiled, turned around and bared her ass to him. Michael forgot how primal these shifters were.

Michael shook his head at her. Doc followed in Melissa's body, and Drake rounded the corner with Cammy's ethereal being wrapped around him like a blanket.

"Are you enjoying this?" Doc asked her.

"It's not the worst job I've had." She winked.

"Shh." Michael proceeded to the bedroom. He quietly turned the handle. He was angered by what greeted him. Beauty was tied to a bed and quietly sobbing. Her bare body exposed, lines seared her back and buttocks, and his love was cruelly beaten. Michael bared his fangs and growled low in his throat.

Nizhoni lifted her head.

"No," she whispered.

Michael moved to untie her and made short work of the knots.

"You must leave." Nizhoni pushed at him.

"It's too late for you, wife." Limikkin entered the room, stabbing Drake in the back. He immediately fell. Blood dripped from his wound.

"Cover him up, Cammy, and get as close to his wound as possible," Michael shouted.

Doc turned and shot an arrow into Limikkin's chest.

"That's going to be sore." Limikkin pulled the arrow out, and they all watched as the hole self-sealed.

Limikkin closed the distance to the nearest threat and threw Doc across the room.

"It's the least I owe you for ruining all my parties."

Michael watched as his sister slumped against the wall, unconscious.

"Limikkin, let us go," Michael growled.

"I don't think so." Limikkin went to where Melissa fell, "Why doesn't the apparition leave her?" he asked, fingering Mel's strawberry hair.

"He knows what's good for him," Michael answered.

"Too bad. I don't like them when they are cold." Limikkin turned, open-armed, toward Michael. "Mike, lover, it is so good you've returned to the fold."

"Limikkin, we were not lovers." Michael shuddered, remembering when Limikkin tried to possess him. Michael couldn't believe that he had allowed himself to become so feral he'd almost forgotten his humanity.

"Because you left too soon."

"And I've not returned to you. I've come to collect what is mine." Michael made his way over to where Beauty was tied.

"There may be a slight problem. You see, Nizhoni was my mate first," Limikkin snarled at Michael.

"Not anymore," Michael snarled back. He would not let this devil take Beauty from him, "She's mine now. She marked me."

"What you want doesn't really matter. I have her. I have you. I can take control of your gift and..."

Limikkin was cut off when a sword entered through his stomach straight through to his back. Michael looked up, surprised to see a suddenly conscious Melissa standing beside him.

"I can't let you have all the fun," she smiled.

"Of course not," he answered.

"The sword won't kill him," Nizhoni told them.

"The blade doesn't have to. It only needs to last long enough for us to get out of here." Michael grabbed the sword and pushed Limikkin all the way to the wall.

"Let's make sure recovery takes him awhile." Nizhoni walked over to the bed grabbed a bottle of whiskey and doused Limikkin with the alcohol. She then lit a match

and set Limikkin on fire.

"Drake." Melissa rushed over to where the two ghosts hugged Drake's body on either side to ensure Drake didn't emit any heat. "What are we going to do?"

"He's dying," Nizhoni said quietly.

"We'll think of something." Michael lifted Drake and kicked the door to the hallway down, "But first we need to get out of here."

"Why don't you turn him?" Cammy suggested.

"Into a werewolf?" Melissa asked.

"Or a vampire. It's what he knows," Cammy said easily.

"We don't have time." Michael increased his pace down the flight of stairs.

"Go to Le Cage. The owners there are vamps," Cammy pointed out.

*

Le Cage was on the way out of town. Cammy knew the joint, since she'd spent most of her afterlife there.

"We don't all need to go." Melissa stopped him once they exited the hotel. "I'll take Drake. Doc will chill me. You get Nizhoni to safety."

Michael watched, as Doc possessed Mel's body.

"Cammy, go with them."

The girl ghost nodded.

Michael gave Drake over to Doc's care and watched them walk down the strip toward Le Cage. His sister and the bloodsucker would be fine. The creatures of the night wouldn't be out for hours.

"Michael?"

He turned at the sound of Beauty's voice.

"You saved me."

"I didn't really have a choice," Michael said simply, "Without you, I would not be able to go on." It was true. When Beauty was around, his world was calm and without distraction. It made the challenge of his gifts bearable.

"Oh?" She seemed disappointed.

"Nope. You see, I love you, Beauty." He spoke the words with all the emotion he could muster.

"I love you too," she said quietly

"Now, will you be my mate?"

"Yes," she cried out and threw her arms around him.

Epilogue

One month later, at dusk Nizhoni and Michael stood before the Mojave and exchanged their mating vows.

Drake, the newly turned vampire, stood in the shadows with his wife, Melissa. The Le Cage owners gladly turned him since there were few vampires left. Drake also agreed to come to the vampire council should his help ever be needed.

Limikkin disappeared before anyone could track him down, but the communication went out to all the Earth, Fire and Air Clans that a skin-walker was trying to accumulate magic once again. The warning would make it difficult for him to steal from the gifted tribespeople.

As the moon came up, the ceremony came to a close. The couple sealed their fate with a kiss. Michael carried Nizhoni to their new home.

When they closed the tarp behind them, Nizhoni wound her arms around Michael.

"I love you," she spoke softly against his skin.

"And I, you." He nuzzled her hair.

Nizhoni ran her fingers through his chestnut hair. He was hers, and belonging to someone felt right. Nizhoni felt the spirits had guided Michael to her. He'd saved her from the monsters of the past. Nizhoni doubted she would ever be able to express her gratitude, but she had a few hundred ways to try.

"Beauty?"

"Yes." She breathed in the scent of him.

"I must tell you something."

"Yes." Nizhoni ran her fingers along the cords of his neck.

"I'm not human."

"Of course not, you are a wolf now. My wolf." She rubbed suggestively against his hard form.

Michael pulled away and ran his hands through his tawny hair, causing it to rise like hackles.

"What is wrong, my love?" she asked, moving toward him.

"Beauty, I was never human." He sounded incensed. "I'm a lab creation. I have no brothers or sisters."

"You have Melissa."

"She is not my blood sister."

"Michael, this doesn't matter." Nizhoni closed the distance between them to rest her hand on his rapidly beating heart.

"Why don't you run?" His hunter eyes filled with moisture.

"Because I do not fear you. I do not fear this." She gestured her hand between their hearts.

"I may be a monster." He rested his forehead against hers.

"Limikkin is a monster. You are not. You are my love and my mate. Do not question what destiny has chosen for you."

"Destiny?" He lifted his gaze to peer into her eyes.

"Perhaps not destiny, but I chose you, and my choice is all that matters." Nizhoni

decided to shut him up by kissing him soundless.

Michael gathered her in his arms and laid her down on their bedroll; each time he held her the bond grew stronger.

"Beauty, you shall never regret choosing me," he whispered between kisses.

Aware of his strength and prowess, she arched against him. His proximity was overpowering.

Nizhoni returned his kisses eagerly; when he pulled her tunic over her head, she panted with pleasure.

Michael continued raining kisses over her body, never stopping long enough for her to return his ardent affections.

She vaulted toward his mouth as it burned across her breasts, lightly nipping each sensitive peak before lying atop her. His weight pressed down against her, but she welcomed his masculine form.

His erection rested hard against her soft belly. Nizhoni felt liquid pool between her thighs and whimpered. She needed Michael now.

He slid further down her form, letting his thick hardness rest at her aching entrance. The mere touch sent a delectable tremor coursing through her skin. He let his cock tease the other folds of her nether lips until she panted with longing.

"Patience, Beauty. Good things come to those who wait." Michael dipped his head slightly.

Nizhoni arched unconsciously into him, tilting her face upward. "I want to come now, not wait." Her voice trembled with eagerness.

She placed her feet on the floor to gain leverage and managed to draw his erect tip into her clasping sheath.

He smacked her butt.

"Ouch." She pouted for effect.

"I said wait." He sounded persistent.

Nizhoni didn't know how she could stand the torture of him waiting at her entrance.

"Please," she pleaded in a silky voice.

When he finally claimed her, she cried out with sheer delight upon his entry.

This time their exploration was different. They bonded with their whole beings. The caress of his shaft inside her sparked a fire that extended to her spirit.

Neither rushed their lovemaking, allowing the feelings to come forth. Michael's plunging caress was exquisitely tender, and she felt herself drawing closer to climax. She clasped her legs tightly about Michael's flanks.

Michael cried out her name as he spewed his seed within her, and Nizhoni joined his exalted cries.

Some hours later, as Nizhoni lay listening to Michael's even breathing, she thought her spirits chose her mate well. Nizhoni was content to be both Beauty and a beast.

The End

About the Author:

Tina Holland was born in Frankfurt, Germany.

Tina was first published by Liquid Silver Books in 2005. She writes Erotic Romance in Contemporary, Paranormal and Sci-fi sub-genres.

Tina continues to write as her schedule allows. When Tina is not writing she can be found enjoying her hobby farm. It may seem like a desolate place but with her husband, horses, dog and cats, it's rarely lonely. It's the perfect fit for a wonderful imagination and an opportunity to be a little naughty.

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