



Mandy M. Roth

IMMORTAL OPS:

**CRITICAL  
INTELLIGENCE**

**Immortal Ops 2:  
CRITICAL INTELLIGENCE**

**By**

**Mandy M Roth**

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## Dedication:

To Jack T., for explaining, then re-explaining the finer points of weaponry and for teaching me that it is okay to “camp.” To my mother who has always made it clear that being a strong female is acceptable and that all little girls can grow up to be whatever they dream of being. I love you and can never thank you enough for all that you’ve done for me.

Critical intelligence: (DOD) Intelligence that is crucial and requires the immediate attention of the commander. It is required to enable the commander to make decisions that will provide a timely and appropriate response to actions by the potential or actual enemy. It includes but is not limited to the following: a. strong indication of the imminent outbreak of hostilities of any type (warning of attack); b. aggression of any nature against a friendly country; c. indications or use of nuclear, biological, and chemical weapons (targets); and d. significant events within potential enemy countries that may lead to modification of nuclear strike plans.

*Department of Defense Handbook, 2005.*

## Chapter One

*I-Ops Headquarters, classified location...*

Geoffroi “Roi” Majors tossed his feet onto the conference table and leaned back in his chair. Captain Lukian Vlakhusha, his brother by way of shared lycan DNA, cast him a warning look. The Colonel was due in at any moment and he’d frown upon Roi’s behavior, not that Roi gave a shit.

As if on cue, the door to the debriefing room opened and Colonel Brooks made his way in, wearing his normal stoic game face. “Sorry to call you all in on such short notice, but some important matters have come to our attention.”

“Did the tabloids claim to have proof of aliens? *Ooo*, do we get to lie about Roswell again? That was great pretending like we hadn’t seen a thing. Who wants to do it again? Raise your hand! We can force Green to make up another lame ass weather balloon story. *Everyone* believed it the last time,” Wilson, the team’s wererat and resident smart-ass, said from across the table.

If looks could kill, Wilson would be six feet under. For a moment, Roi thought that he might have to restrain Lukian so he wouldn’t tear Wilson’s head off. When no one was immediately maimed, Roi relaxed. Though, the idea of getting a few good punches in on Wilson did sound like fun, but that always sounded like a great idea and could wait until a better time.

The Colonel ignored Wilson’s comment and hit the light switch. Jon groaned and shielded his amber eyes, no doubt hung over again. He’d taken the loss of their fellow I-Ops teammate, Lance, the hardest. They’d been close friends and Roi wasn’t sure that Jon would be able to pull out of his funk. The only people he had to confide in were the other Immortal Ops (I-Ops), his team members. It wasn’t like he could parade into any old shrink’s office, rambling on about losing his best friend of the past twenty-five years who never looked a day over twenty five and who also happened to be a werepanther. Yeah, a confession like that would leave Jon locked up in Bellevue in two point two seconds.

Roi suppressed a grin. Too bad Wilson wasn’t prone to pouring out his heart. Seeing him in a straight jacket would be priceless.

Jon's amber gaze fell upon Roi and he nodded. Roi tipped his head and then directed his attention on to the Colonel. "If you don't mind me asking, sir, why did you call us in here today? We've already debriefed you on the events surrounding Lance's death, and Parker's been eliminated. Please don't tell me there's another leftover insane team member on the prowl. I'm not sure my nerves can take that today."

Wilson laughed, but Lukian growled. Roi just smiled and kept his feet on the table. Ticking off the Colonel was his favorite pastime. Well, that and sex, but since there weren't any eligible hotties around, he'd have to just settle on harassing the Colonel.

*I give and I give.*

The overhead projector came on and an image of Benjamin Parker flashed up. He was an ex-I-Ops agent who'd gone AWOL, later killing one of their own. Parker had lost it shortly after Lukian's lycan DNA had been introduced to him. He'd managed to escape, and had long since been assumed dead until he'd shown up a little over a week ago, trying to not only kill the I-Ops, but Lukian's lifemate, Peren, as well.

Lukian sat up straight in his chair as the images of Parker flashed by. Colonel Brooks glanced up at the screen, not seeming to notice Lukian's obvious discomfort with the situation. "Intel just sent these. Here you'll see Parker in Munich with Gisbert Krauss."

"Krauss?" Green asked from the other side of the table. Green was their resident scientist who had a handy werepanther gene. Sad thing was that Green actually looked tougher than he was. He was as tall as Roi with a head of deep red hair and a set of biceps that rivaled any other I-Op, but Green had never taken to the beast side of his shifter abilities. Rather, he submersed himself in books and research, vowing to make headway in the creation of more I-Ops teams. When Green had a question, they all listened. He was the smartest man they'd ever known and considering the room's combined age, they'd been around long enough to know a whole lot of people.

"Yes, Krauss," Colonel Brooks said, flipping to the next image, this one showing Parker standing again with the short, balding Gisbert Krauss. "How much do you know about him?"

Green shifted in his seat a bit and shrugged. "Just that he's big in the field of genetic research. Big enough that I've seen his name in a number of related publications. They're claiming he's on the verge of some sort of

genetic breakthrough. I saved all references to him. I can get them if you'd like."

"Why am I not surprised?" Wilson asked. "They're probably filed next to the pile of 'things he does instead of date' collection."

"If you're done," Colonel Brooks said, staring at Wilson with a cold look.

"He's done," Lukian said sternly. No one dared to question him. One, they respected him. Two, he'd rip their heads off and spit down their neck before they had a chance to blink. He wasn't like the rest of the team. Lukian was born a shifter, a lycan. His strength was unrivaled and he had other perks as well, like being King of the Lycans.

"Tell us why Parker was meeting with Krauss." Lukian leaned forward in his seat. "I think we all know that it wasn't for an in-depth look into the life of a cell."

Colonel Brooks ran a hand through his salt and pepper hair before pointing at the image. "We've had our eye on Krauss for a while now. We found out that he had a hand in an underground paranormal website that talked about DNA alterations and the making of super humans with the potential to be used as weapons for the highest paying governments."

Brooks advanced the image and the next one showed Krauss standing with Parker near I-Ops Headquarters. The room went silent. That was a little too close to home for their liking. They glanced at one another nervously.

Clearing his throat, Brooks continued, "We think Parker may have sold secrets to Krauss, led him straight to us and worse yet, participated in the human studies."

Green shot out of his seat. "Studies? What the hell do you mean by studies? Mixing straight shifter DNA with a normal human has a one-hundred percent fatality rate. If they've been sacrificing men to serve their purpose then--"

Brooks put his hand up and interrupted Green. "Not just men, women and children too. At least that's what Intel's come back with."

Roi's stomach tightened. "Why in the hell is 'Intel' just getting this information to us now? Christ, if we were that slow half the country would be dead or vampires by now."

“Same difference,” Wilson said, snickering. Everyone ignored him.

Colonel Brooks shook his head slightly. “Intel is not flawless. You know that. We do what we can with the information they’re able to retrieve. Have you ever asked yourself how many men died for what you’re seeing now?”

Roi snorted. “What I’m asking myself is how many fucking women and children died, sir.”

“What else do we have on him?” Lukian asked, raking his fingers over the table and ignoring Roi’s outburst. “Do we know how many children they’ve killed?”

“No. But we know for certain, that a large group of children were assembled in Asia from around the world and experimented on in utero. We also know that the mothers disappeared once the children were born and the only reason they stopped the experiments was because we got a little too close to discovering them. They spread the children who survived out in to orphanages and stopped, at least for a bit. At least we hoped they did.”

“How long ago are we talking about?” Jon asked, concern evident in his voice.

Colonel Brooks turned the lights on. “The thick of their experiments on fetuses and newborns were conducted between twenty to thirty years ago. We can only guess what they were doing offsite though. They most likely still are doing this. My guess would be they’re keeping the numbers smaller now. The Asia project was massive. If these children managed to survive, they’re adults now. Imagine what it would be like to have enhanced abilities all your life and not understand why. Or worse yet, turn into an animal or a vampire without warning.”

Lukian looked like he was about to be sick. “If they physically survived the change without guidance, they could very well have ended up like Parker.”

“Great, just what the world needs. More superhuman sickos.” Wilson’s comment was more on the mark than any of them wanted to admit.

“Do we have any data on the children? Any idea on what orphanages they went to?” Green asked his voice low.



Roi put his hand up, snorting. “Let me guess ... *Intel* has a rough idea, but they only just found out about it. That or they just now felt it pertinent to share the news with us. How the Intelligence Community doesn’t gather their covert agents up and shoot them one by one is beyond me. They are inefficient bastards who let innocents die.”

Brooks cast him an angry look and Roi stuck his middle finger up. Everyone knew the I-Ops were basically their own bosses. Brooks was keenly aware of this but they often afforded him every opportunity to appear as though he was in charge. It kept the high-ups in the government happy, believing the I-Ops could be controlled and it seemed to make Brooks pretty damn content as well. Roi had never been much of one to play the game so no one expected him to. “Could you pass this salute on to *Intel* for me, sir? Thanks!” Having had more than his fill of fun Intel factoids, Roi stood up to leave. Lukian would brief him, as he always did. Right now, he needed a fuck, a shower, to eat and some sleep. Didn’t matter what order he got them in. He wasn’t picky.

“Majors, are you going somewhere?” Brooks asked, arching a brow.

Roi smiled as he walked past him. “Yes, sir ... to get laid, you could ask Intel if they have any idea who the lucky lady will be though, if you’d like. Heads up, I’ll be long done with her before they even hint at it and I’m not one who is prone to finishing early.”

## Chapter Two

“Missy, you coming?” Melanie asked as she brought a tray of food over to their table. The array of burgers, fries and pizza smelled delicious.

Missy Carter shook her head slightly as she watched her friend with the body of a supermodel slide into the booth across from her. “Tell me again why you’re waiting on us.”

“Because her family owns the place,” Peren said, laughing softly.

Missy grinned. “Oh, yeah, get me another drink, will ya, server wench?”

Melanie tossed a stack of napkins at her and rolled her blue eyes. Lifting a plate of fries from the tray, she wrinkled her nose. “Ugh, I don’t think I can eat this.”

“If you aren’t eating the food here then I’m not either. Wouldn’t want to be poisoned or anything.” Missy smiled wide, letting Melanie know she was just joking.

“Missy!” Peren scolded her.

She shrugged and laughed. “What? I’ve eaten here almost every day since I was little. I love it. You know that. We’d hang here every night if Melanie’s dad and brother would stop chasing me away from her. Okay, change of subject, and for the love of big dicks don’t let it be about Lukian.”

“What? Are you saying that I talk about Lukian too much?”

Missy glanced at Melanie and they both burst out laughing. “Yeah, you could say that. I mean, you’ve known the guy for like two weeks and you’re acting like you’re practically married.”

“Yeah, I guess we do act like that. Sorry about that.” A knowing look passed over Peren’s face and Missy couldn’t help but wonder if there was more to the story than Peren let on. She’d been so damn secretive since Lukian had come into the picture. Now that Missy was between assignments, she planned on looking into Lukian a bit more. In fact, she planned on investigating the entire team of operatives that he ran with.

“You know that you can tell us anything. We know that something is different with them all. I did some nosing around in my father’s files and....”

Peren just about shot out of her seat. Missy simply stared at her. “Missy, you cannot let on about them. I’ve explained that to the rest of the world they don’t exist. They’re a special team of men. Think of them as the CIA. Your dad’s a Lieutenant General in the Marines. It’s not like he’ll leave well enough alone, Mis.”

“At no point in time did I say I told my father about Lukian and his buddies. I just said that I nosed around a bit. I can’t help it.” Missy gave Peren an innocent smile. “I make my living as a system analyst. I think I’m prone to looking at things from every angle.” That was putting it mildly, but that was all Peren could know at the moment. It was all she could reveal to Peren at the moment. The idea of withholding all of the truth from her best friends never appealed to her but when it was a matter of life and death, she made an exception to the ‘best friend bonds.’

Peren sighed. “What did you find?”

Missy’s brow furrowed as she pushed a fry around her plate. If her suspicions were right then she’d be able to speak freely with Peren about it all. Melanie too, but until she knew for sure, she had to watch what she said. “Umm, I actually found mention of your dad’s name, Peren. And here’s the weird thing, Dr. Lakeland Matthews’ contact information had been given to my father five months after I was adopted.”

And a month before Peren was conceived.

Missy left that part out for now. If what she’d always suspected about Peren were true, then this information explained a lot. Missy understood she was different. Who better to sort out what she was than one of the world’s leading geneticists? “I wouldn’t have thought much of it, except the letter was in the folder with my adoption records. Why would someone refer my father to a geneticist?”

Peren shook her head slightly. “I don’t know, hon. I’ll ask my dad and see why. Clearly, your father contacted mine because we’ve known each other since we were iddy biddy. I met Melanie at the same time.”

Melanie shrugged. “That’s not really shocking. You already know that my dad and Missy’s go way back. Before my dad got out of the Corp, he served right under Missy’s dad. They still talk at least four times a week.

I think we should just tell everyone we're sisters. We've known each other that long. Of course, Missy would be the old hag sister. What are you now, Missy, one hundred and two?"

Missy snorted and tossed a fry at Melanie. "I'm twenty-six, at least for the next four months. Leave me alone. I can't help you're both babies. Besides, everyone always thinks I'm the youngest of us."

"Yeah, because you're five three and tiny as hell. I love that you get carded everywhere." Peren grinned from ear to ear.

Melanie pushed her food away from her and groaned. "Uh, well, I for one still can't get over the fact that we know," she leaned in closer to them, "secret operatives."

"Like that's a big deal." Missy's eyes widened as she heard the words come from her mouth. Knowing special agents wasn't a big deal to her because of her profession and her father. Desperately needing to change the subject, Missy snorted. "I don't know about the rest of you, but I've got to wonder how they do anything 'secretive'. I mean, think about it ... they all look like Greek gods. Don't you think people are bound to notice a group of six hotties running around?"

"Five," Melanie said softly.

"Huh?"

Peren shook her head slightly and glanced at Melanie. It hit Missy then what was wrong. "I'm sorry, Mel. I wasn't thinking. I know that Lance meant a lot to you, and I...."

Melanie put her well-manicured hand up and smiled. "It's no biggie. I hardly knew him, right?" From the way she bit her bottom lip, it was clear that she wanted to cry.

"Sweetie, Peren and Lukian are proof that time doesn't matter. I'm sorry I was insensitive. I love you." Having never intended to bring up painful memories for her friend, Missy sighed and laid her hand over Melanie's, squeezing it gently.

"Thanks," Mel said with tears in her eyes. Music began pumping loudly from the DJ's table and all three of them groaned. *Stayin' Alive* by the Bee Gees blared out at them as they shook their heads.

“Great, sounds like Eadan’s in the mood for some ‘classics’ again. This will really keep the dickheads seated for a bit,” Melanie droned.

Snorting, Missy looked around the bar. “Be on the lookout for the ‘fly boys.’ The ones who didn’t get the message those leisure suits are no longer acceptable nightlife attire.”

Peren’s eyes widened. “I just got a vision of a thick gold chain and an excessively hairy chest. Make it go away.”

“Can’t, I’ve got it too. Wonderful. I’m going to make a voodoo doll of the man who first started that revolution in the back corner of the bar right now. Don’t bother me. I’ll aim for the second idiot who latched onto that craze too. It’s not like one man alone could have made that fashion nightmare stick.” Missy grinned as she dipped a fry in ketchup. “I mean, did the guy not notice the massive amounts of Yeti-like hair that was ripped from him as he got undressed at night? Pulling those gold chains off was hazardous to his image and health.”

Smiling, Peren nodded. “Oh, I know. And if that wasn’t enough, needing a guard and a spot at Fort Knox to house his collection of over-sized gold jewelry should have told him something.”

Melanie snorted as she pushed the plate of food further from her. “Can you also make a doll of the person who thought leg warmers were fashionable? I cringe when the family pulls out pictures of me when I was little.”

“I may be old but I didn’t wear those.”

Melanie grinned. “No. You used to dress up in just about anything you could and pretend to be a spy. Gawd, how many times did you make us pretend we were bringing down the bad guys?”

Peren laughed. “It was funny right up until Missy tried to teach us how to repel down the side of my dad’s house. I think you loved the endless amounts of training he put me through. I swear that you were the daughter he should have had. You ate up every detail of it all and then went home to soak in some more. Our fathers needed sons.”

“No.” Melanie winked at them. “My dad got one and he’s as weird as Missy.”

Missy waved her hand before Melanie’s face. “Hey, sitting right here.”

She grinned. "I know."

They all fell silent as a short man fitting the mold of the topic at hand walked by. The look on his face said he was eyeing them up. The second he licked his fingers and ran them over his Einstein-like eyebrows Missy burst out laughing. Peren and Melanie followed right behind her. "Mmm, I'm gonna go get me some of that. Yum-yum."

Peren laughed so hard that a tiny high-pitched squeal came from her. It was music to Missy ears when Melanie joined in too. Her friends needed to be happy. Too much had gone on in their lives. They needed moments like these.

"Lukian asked me to marry him," Peren said suddenly breaking the mood instantly.

All eyes went to her. Missy sat for a second, too stunned to do anything. She opened her mouth to say something and then closed it when nothing came to her. Repeating the motion two more times, Missy finally found her train of thought. "What? I don't think I heard you over the music. I thought you said that you're marrying a man you hardly know but that can't be right. That would make you insane and at last check, you were odd but not crazy."

"Peren, you hardly know the man. Missy may be a bit of a bitch, but she has a point there. It's been less than two weeks since you met Lukian."

"Hey, I'm sitting right here." Missy smiled at Melanie. "Oh, and thanks for the compliment. I'd like the title of 'The Bitch' now. Thanks."

"No problem, sugar." Melanie winked at her and they both laughed. They had long ago gotten used to playfully calling one another bitches. It seemed to kill time too. When one of the group truly was being one, the other two just shouted it out and that was the end of it.

Peren cleared her throat. She sat there with her long auburn hair spilling around her shoulders and looked nervous. Who could blame her? They'd been friends a long time and tossing a marriage proposal out on the table meant it was up for debate. Like it or not, they were like sisters. Peren wanted their approval. Missy wasn't entirely sure she was willing to give hers. Too many questions still roamed around her head regarding Lukian and his team of men. Something didn't add up. If it was what she suspected then fine. If not then there was no way in hell she was going to let her friend do something stupid.

Missy nodded slightly. “I know that your father is taken with Lukian, but is he okay with the idea of you marrying him so soon?”

Peren bit her lower lip and shrugged. “It’s odd, but he was the one who suggested we have a ceremony for humans ... er ... everyone to attend.”

*Humans?* It was odd that Peren would use that term. Did she know more about what else existed out there than she was letting on? Missy didn’t dwell on it. Instead, she focused on her friend. “If you love him, and it’s what you want, then I’m all for it. I can’t promise not to kill him if he tries anything stupid. And he better not be thinking of monopolizing all your time. I’ll be kickin’ some Lukian ass if he does.”

Peren laughed slightly. “Lukian would never limit my time with you two. He knows that we’re like family. It’s like that between he and his men too.”

“I don’t know how Lukian puts up with Roi.” Missy shook her head. “The man gets on my very last nerve. He’s so damn cocky. I mean, come on ... he totally looked up my skirt and then smiled when I slapped him! If that wasn’t enough, he spent the entire time we were with them making every lewd comment he could think of. The sick thing is I firmly believe he thinks he truly is a god. The man believes he was put on this earth as a gift to women and that we should all stand in awe of him. How in the hell can anyone stand being around that?”

Peren and Melanie laughed softly. Missy’s face reddened as her mouth dropped open. “You think it’s funny the way he runs around all ‘I’m a sexy male with a *big gun*, hear me roar’?”

“Growl,” Peren said softly.

“What?”

She shook her head and giggled. “Nothing.”

“Melanie, help me out here.”

Melanie covered her mouth quickly and jolted out of the booth, heading straight for the restrooms.

“My turn,” Peren said, rushing off to follow her with a worried look on her face.

That was the second time she'd done that since they'd been out together. It had been Melanie's idea to get out for a bit, even with everything they'd just been through. Losing Lance, even though Melanie hardly knew him, had taken its toll on her. She'd spent a night having wild monkey sex with him and the next day he was dead. That wouldn't go over well with too many people.

Missy herself was still having issues with the events of the last two weeks. She'd been abducted by a league of hunky secret government agents and held in a secure house until it was safe to leave. Now that wasn't so new. The hard to handle part was being introduced to the world's most annoying man, who she couldn't seem to stop thinking about. He'd plagued her thoughts from the moment she'd laid eyes on him.

*It's a weird case of Stockholm Syndrome. Snap out of it, moron.*

Climbing out of the booth to go after Melanie, Missy stopped dead in her tracks when the door to the bar opened. A tingling sensation started in her lower extremities and worked its way quickly up her body. It touched her body in places she didn't even know she had, holding her, keeping her momentarily locked in one spot. Thoughts of Roi came to her again and she could swear that his scent was near.

*A very bad case of Stockholm Syndrome.*

Mr. Gold Chains came running towards her as if being vertical suddenly meant she was available. She tried to head in the other direction to avoid him but he headed her off.

Raking his eyes over her, he looked as though he was about to do the eyebrow lick thing again. "What's a pretty little thing doing out alone? You should be on the arm of a man who will worship you." He put his arm out. "Let me worship you, goddess."

*Ohmygod, where's a tape recorder when I need one? Peren will never believe this.*

"I'm actually not feeling like much of a goddess at the moment so ... umm ... I'm going to have to pass."

The man took hold of her wrist. His smile made her skin crawl. "Nonsense, you are a Chinese beauty with the body of a Venus."



Missy tried to pull her arm back lightly but the man held tight. That alarmed her. If she had issues breaking his grip then something was off with him. “Thank you, but I said no and I’m part Vietnamese not Chinese.”

Another man, this one taller with a muscular build moved up behind Mr. Gold Chains. He flashed a smile that said he was on her side but her senses told her otherwise. Not one to ignore her gut, Missy took a tiny step back. She wouldn’t run. No. She’d make sure they weren’t here to hurt anyone but she wasn’t about to let them touch her and stay close.

“Excuse me,” the tall man said, pushing past the shorter one, “I think you’re coming on a bit too strong there, Norris. Give the young lady some breathing room.” He bent down a bit, leaving his sandy blond hair hanging in his eyes. By all outward appearances, the man was more than attractive but there was something about him that set her inner alarms off.

Mr. Gold Chains backed up a bit but kept his beady eyes on her. It was unnerving to say the least. Men had died for less by her hands.

*Mental note: Punch Mr. Gold Chains if opportunity presents itself.*

“We’d be honored if you’d join us for a bit.”

Missy’s eyes widened. The idea of having a threesome with them sickened her. There was no way she was into that sort of thing especially not with men who had the tainted smell of evil about them. She didn’t want to resort to violence. At least not in front of a bar full of patrons but she would. If these two were what she suspected they were, then it would be one hell of a battle.

“I’m actually here with friends.” The song drew to an end and she smiled. “Oh, look it’s over now. What are the odds we’ll ever have a groovin’ song that like again. Thanks for the offer though.”

Eadan picked that moment to put *Get Down Tonight* by KC and the Sunshine Band on. Melissa cringed.

*Note to self: Kill Eadan right after you punch Mr. Gold Chains.*

“I’m sure they won’t mind if you spend a little time with...” He stopped talking and looked behind her with a hard stare.

Two large hands touched her waist. Fire shot through her lower region and heat rushed to her cheeks. She felt no need to push the person away. The urge to rub herself like a cat against the clearly male frame behind her was so great that she leaned back and found herself being cradled by what felt like a warm brick wall. That should have alarmed her. It didn't.

A very masculine and very familiar chuckle came from behind her.  
“What...?”

Turning around slowly, she found herself staring up with shock etched on her face. Missy considered rubbing her eyes to be sure she wasn't hallucinating. When a crisp pair of royal blue eyes settled upon her, she knew that the biggest special ops pain in the ass she'd ever met was truly standing before her--Roi Majors.

*Maybe the Stockholm Syndrome is causing hallucinations.*

“Missy, doll baby, didn't expect to find you here,” Roi said, running a hand through his shoulder length black hair, making her mouth dry as she watched the muscles in his neck work. “Uh, nice music.”

*Crap, he's really here.*

The black, long-sleeved shirt that Roi wore hugged his upper body just right, showing off his amazing shape. He was a sculptor's dream, there was no denying that. Roi's dark jeans cupped his groin in a way that screamed “big package on board.” It took everything in her not to stare down at the bulge between his legs, and *oh* what a bulge it was. Knowing he'd get a thrill out of her sneaking a peek was the only thing that kept her gaze from shifting to his pelvic region for anymore than a quick glance. It didn't matter; liquid still pooled in her inner thighs, making her knees weak.

She'd only just met Roi, under some rather straining circumstances, but she knew enough to know that he was a womanizing jerk. Forcing a smile onto her face, she tried to pass him.

*Better to get away now before I make a fool of myself and leap into his arms.*

Roi caught her elbow and for a moment, she couldn't breathe. Only he had this effect on her. For some unknown reason, his very touch made her heart flutter and her stomach tie in a knot. Continually reminding herself that he was a self-proclaimed playboy who prided himself on how many

women he'd slept with was the only thing that kept her grounded. Staring at all six foot four inches of his frame and wanting to do nothing more than explore every last inch of it, begged to differ with her assumption she was grounded.

*You will not be another notch on his bedpost, Melissa Carter. Oh, but what a bedpost it must be.*

He was so much taller than she was that he had to bend down just to look her dead in the eye. "Going somewhere?"

"Yes, away from you," she answered coldly doing her best not to stare at his blue eyes.

He chuckled deeply and the sound shook her to the core. "I'm hungry and you're here. What do you say *we* have a bite to eat, *together*?"

"How very redundant."

"Come on, Missy doll, I know you're hungry."

Missy groaned. "Suddenly," she quirked an eyebrow, "I've lost my appetite."

Norris touched her shoulder and she cringed. "If this cat is bothering you, we can get rid of him for you."

*This cat? News flash--the seventies are over. Though I can totally picture Roi dressed as a pimp.*

Faced with the option of being pressed into dancing with two men who screamed 'up to no good' or being with Roi, she went with the lesser of two evils. Staring at Roi with pleading eyes, Missy did her best not to drool. He'd no doubt make some sort of smart-assed comment. Hell, he'd probably write the occasion down to use against her at their next unplanned meeting.

Roi's brows drew together and she instantly wanted to smooth away the crinkle on his forehead. "Am I interrupting something?" The tone of his voice was not friendly.

Smiling, Missy slid her arms around Roi's rock solid waist and hugged him tight. He stiffened beneath her touch. "You're hard to stay mad at, sweetie."

“Huh?”

Moving her hands down, she dug them into his low back. The tips of her fingers brushed past what could only be a pistol. That didn't surprise her in the least. Roi was a special operative. It made perfect sense that he'd be armed all the time. She was. “Honey, if I ever find another woman's phone number in your pants pocket again I won't be so forgiving. You'll lose vital body parts. I bet you can't guess where I'll start first.”

A slow, sexy smile spread over Roi's face. Leaning down, he pulled her close and pressed his lips against hers. She gasped. Roi used that moment to thrust his tongue in. The sweet taste of his mouth caused her to give in and return his kiss. Her entire body tingled as she stood on her tiptoes to reach him better.

Heat blazed between them and for a moment Missy thought she might actually pass out from the combination of the rising temperature and his silky tongue caressing hers. Her breasts swelled and her nipples hardened as Roi slid his hands under her tank top, scorching her skin on the way.

Growling slightly, Roi moved his head back and forth leaving Missy no choice but to follow his lead. Not that she had any other intentions. Her resolve was all but gone as she slid her hands slowly up his smooth chest. She wanted to feel Roi's bare skin. She wanted to feel the weight of his body pressed to hers. She wanted to get the hell away from him before she begged him to fuck her.

Pulling back from Roi, she smiled as he let out a tiny whimper. Missy gave him a slight smile and winked, thinking that would teach him for pulling a stunt like that. She couldn't have been more wrong.

“So I take it that everything is still on, baby?”

Missy cast him a questioning look.

Roi pulled her to him tight and ground his hips against her as he rocked their bodies slightly. “Mmm, you had me scared for a minute there that you were going to tell me no on spending the weekend tucked away at my cabin, naked with the phone shut off so we aren't interrupted while we fuck the night--”

Grabbing hold of his belt loop, Missy narrowed her eyes. “Sweetheart, I don't think we're up for that right now. I'm still a bit pissed about the

number situation and wondering how many other numbers you have hidden around the house. I'm afraid you'll be sleeping alone tonight."

"Baby, I don't plan to sleep at all tonight." He bent down fast and pressed his mouth to her ear. The moment he began to whisper, she shuddered. "I think we both know that we'll be fucking until the wee hours of the morning."

Not one to back down, Missy nipped at his rugged jaw line as he kept his mouth pressed to her. He jerked slightly as his breathing increased. "Did you get your pills refilled? I'd hate to have another repeat of the promise of pleasure only to find that you aren't quite 'up' to the task. I don't mind masturbating but doing it when you're there and unable to perform is so disappointing."

"Care to see how up for the task I am? I'm sure you'll find it more than acceptable. In fact, you can tell me all about it tomorrow night when you're still laying in my arms because you're recovering from an entire night of having all of me in little ol' you."

"Funny, I was under the impression that you would be lying there trying to recover from having little ol' me wear you out. I'm not sure you'll be able to tell me about it though. I have a funny feeling you'll be nursing a rather raw cock and sprained tongue but thanks for the mental image." With that she turned around to find that the two men were no longer there.

"Mmm, sprained tongue, huh?" Roi asked, touching her shoulders lightly.

Scanning the room, Missy found Mr. Gold Chains and his bosom buddy sitting at a booth in the back corner doing their best to appear as though they weren't still watching her.

Roi moved in around her and hugged her tight to him. The feel of his erection against her back made her eyes widen. His guess on the morning after was probably way more accurate than hers. "Where are you sitting?"

Missy motioned towards their booth and groaned.

"Come on, it wasn't that bad, was it?" His deep voice seemed to move through her very being. It caressed her in places it shouldn't. That wasn't the worst part. No. The fact that Missy wanted Roi to truly be touching her in all those same areas was what almost did her in.

“What? The kiss?”

Roi laughed. “Okay, but I was talking about the idea of me fucking you all night long. I’m willing to get an answer on how the kiss was.”

She rolled her eyes and did her best to block the image of him doing that very thing. It was easy to imagine that very thing happening. Needing to get her mind off his dick, she nodded and changed the subject. “Thanks for helping me out.”

“Ah, carefully avoiding having to answer how the kiss was for you. Wow, you’re good. Care to just drive the knife in and save time?” he asked, snickering as he went.

“I didn’t see you offering up any information on it so why should I? It was what it was, Playboy Roi.”

“Playboy Roi?”

She snorted at the idea of him not being a playboy. “Please don’t try to tell me that no one has ever accused you of being a womanizer.”

Roi ran his hand over her back lightly as they headed to the booth. She knew she should move away from him but she couldn’t seem to get her body on the same page as her mind. “Well, if anyone ever dares to accuse me of being one then I’ll refer them to you—the one woman I can’t seem to make a chink in her amour. That’ll kill that theory and blow my entire image.” He let out a soft laugh. “I’ve spent so long creating just the right image too. You know, just this side of smarmy with a pinch of dark and mysterious. It’s a shame that one tiny woman has managed to destroy it.”

He certainly nailed the dark and mysterious part. Sure, he could be cocky and arrogant but there was something about him that Missy couldn’t put her finger on. Something that called to her on some strange level.

“So, you stopped in here to eat, huh?” she asked, knowing that not once in all the years she’d grown up around the place had she seen Roi drop by.

“Yep, I was starving and it was close. Tell me they have good food here.”

“They do.”

“Great, then let’s eat.”

She went to protest but he stopped her before she started.

“Think of it as two new friends feasting on ... umm ... I mean *with* each other.” The sexual implications in his statement both turned her on and turned her stomach. Giving into Roi meant giving into to being used and discarded at a moment’s whim. Men like him didn’t keep women around after their needs were met, and although meeting his needs sounded like fun, Missy wasn’t strong enough to fight another broken heart.

She attempted to pull away from him, but it didn’t work. “Wouldn’t we have to be friends for your little scenario to work?”

“Ouch,” Roi said as he pulled her towards him. She drew in a sharp breath as her body rubbed against his. “I think you know that we could be so much more than friends, little one.”

Common sense surfaced and Missy elbowed Roi in the ribs. He grunted and she smiled. “My name is Missy, not doll, not baby, not sugar, not little one, not ... *ooh*, you get the point.”

“Yes, but I’d much rather have you get on *my point*, Missy doll.”

*Resistance is futile.*

Even her conscious had thrown the towel in. Trying to ignore Roi was like trying not to breathe--you could do it, but in the end bad things happened.

Surrendering, she went to climb into the booth. Maybe after he ate, he’d leave. Somehow, she doubted it, but it was worth a shot. Sliding into the booth, Missy grunted as Roi pushed her aside, cramming her to the wall just to sit next to her. “*Ugh*, do you have to sit by me? There are plenty of chairs around here. Pull one up and sit at the end of the booth. Is it really necessary to cram me against the wall?”

Turning to her, he flashed a wide, white smile. “Yep.”

“That’s a rather wolfish grin,” she said, rolling her eyes.

“You have *no* idea, Missy doll, no idea.”

“Could you at least move down a bit? Three of us fit here fine and you’ve got enough room to have company sit next to you.”

“Nope. I like where I’m at. The seat’s warm now.” Roi grabbed a fry off her plate and popped it into his mouth. It took Missy a moment to realize that she was staring at the entire event as if it was a live action porn flick. In many ways, it was. Roi had a way of making almost any actions oddly erotic. He also had an uncanny gift to grate on her last nerve.

*Sexy and annoying, gee, I attract all the good ones.*

“Do you mind?” she asked, reaching for her plate.

Dropping his hand down onto hers, he put his face dangerously close to hers. “Not at all.”

“Ass.”

“Are you offering yours up?”

“*Gawd*, do you ever shut up?”

“Give me something to keep my mouth occupied and I might.” His gaze raked down her body and landed on her lower region instantly causing her quim to pulsate.

Grabbing a fry, she shoved it in his mouth. “There, that should shut you up.” Missy picked up one for herself and popped it into her mouth while she gave Roi a wide grin.

“Mmm, a woman who actually eats.” His hot gaze moved over her. “That’s rare. Where the hell do you put it or do you just eat one fry?”

Missy laughed and looked at the table. “There are only three of us here tonight.”

Roi glanced at the table and then her. “Are the other two men?”

“Nope.”

“Three girls eat five burgers, a large pizza and a basket of fries? And who is drinking beer? Shouldn’t you all have bottles of water or drinks with an umbrella in them?”

Missy chuckled. “Melanie normally does have drinks like that. She’s on water tonight though. The beer is mine.”



Suddenly, she could feel the weight of an unfriendly stare. Glancing around towards the back of the bar, she locked eyes with Norris and didn't look away.

Roi touched her hand and she jolted slightly in the booth. "Hey, are you okay?"

Not taking her eyes off Norris, Missy nodded. "Yeah, I'm fine."

The sound of Styx's *Mr. Roboto* came over the sound system. Missy shook her head, knowing Eadan was doing this to tease her. One of his favorite pastimes was making fun of her eclectic taste in music.

\* \* \* \*

Roi's cock twitched and fought to be free of his jeans. It dug hard into the zipper, leaving him shifting uncomfortably. Having Missy this close to him was too much. He needed to find release soon or risk dying from erection overload. Though he'd never actually heard of that being fatal, there was always a first time for everything. He could hear it now, "Man reported dead after having an erection last several days straight. Cause: Hot exotic woman denial."

He'd damn near passed out when he'd spotted Missy in the bar. After showering, he decided that he needed to eat and had the strangest urge to stop by this particular bar while driving by. It was as if something was pulling him, tugging at his gut and he was powerless to stop it. Having been alive a long time and having seen enough odd occurrences to know better than to question his gut, he stopped. The minute he caught Missy's scent, he knew what the driving force that called to him was--her. Who would have guessed that the one woman who hated his guts would turn out to be his mate?

*My mate? Why the hell did I refer to her as that? Slap me with a stupid stick, or would that be a ball and chain?*

Missy shifted slightly, allowing him a glimpse down the front of her red tank top. God, she was perfect in every way. Her breasts weren't too big, but not too small and the fact that she was so damn tiny compared to him made him want to protect her all the more. If that wasn't enough, every time she looked up at him with her chestnut brown, slightly-almond shaped eyes, he pictured what she'd look like staring down at him while riding him. It was so easy to imagine her silky long black hair falling down and over him as she worked that little body of hers on his until they

were both sweaty and sated. If being sated was even possible around her. He'd never wanted to caress a woman more in his life. He knew that one taste of her caramel skin wouldn't be enough--it'd never be enough.

His cell phone beeped, indicating that someone was two-waying him. Unclipping it from his waist, he pressed the button. "Geoffroi here." He used his full name in hopes that whichever I-Op was trying to reach him would understand that he wasn't in a secure location.

"Geoffroi?" Missy mused.

"Where the hell are you? And, what the hell are you listening to?" Lukian asked sounding incredibly annoyed.

"Just getting a bite to eat, Captain, and enjoying the sounds of Styx ... umm ... just like everyone does. I just can't get enough of them. Did you need me?" Being submissive and cordial would no doubt tip Lukian off that he wasn't alone. If that didn't work, claiming to like Styx would surely give it away.

"Finish fucking whatever bimbo you found to scratch that itch you had and get your ass back here! And for God's sake, burn that CD. New targets were identified. My half-unit wasn't the only one in danger." Using the term half-unit referred to one's wife, or mate. Peren, Lukian's mate, had been the target of several assassination attempts. If Peren wasn't the only target that the group that was assisting Parker had, then more people were in danger.

"Make sure he knows that I'm not a bimbo and we aren't fucking! And tell him that I am not scratching any itch of yours," Missy shot back, huffing slightly. "As if I'd ever stoop that low. I prefer masturbation to you. I know where I've been."

Roi jerked upright, needing to adjust his cock soon or risk permanent damage. Running his tongue over his lower lip, he looked at Missy. "Can I watch?"

"Can you watch what?" Lukian asked. Roi ignored him.

Missy glared at him. "Go to hell, *Geoffroi*."

Roi stiffened, wondering if his attempts at wooing Ms. Carter could possibly flop more. Shaking the thoughts from his head, he concentrated

on what Lukian was telling him. Peren wasn't the only target. "Roger that, Captain. Any indication on the identity of the targets?"

A slight buzzing touched Roi's mind and he knew that Lukian was attempting to communicate with him telepathically. It was one more bond that they shared. He focused on him and waited.

*Roi, this is bad. I'm staring at a file full of photos and information on at least thirty other targets. We've also learned about at least two teams of ex-military men from around the world that have been assembled to 'reclaim' the original targets. And...*

*And, Roi pushed back at him. It gets worse?*

*Yes, I'm afraid that it does . There was a long pause. Melissa Carter is on the list of targets, brother. Most of the targets have the word retrieve next to their names. She has retrieve or eliminate.*

"Missy's has what?" A low growl emanated from deep within him. The very thought of Missy being in danger made the beast within him fight to get out. It wanted to hurt something. He wanted to hurt something.

"Huh?" Missy asked.

Roi's palms began to sweat. He couldn't keep his beast under control, talk on the phone, communicate with Lukian mentally and not slip up around Missy. "Shit, I'll call you back in a minute, Captain."

*Roi, I need you to track Missy down. I called Peren and she said they're at some bar that Melanie's family owns. Get your ass over there and...*

*Calm down, Lukian. Missy is sitting next to me. I won't let her out of my sight. I can assure you of that.*

*I'm not even going to ask why she's with you, but you need to stay with her. When you can, get her back here. Green wants to run some tests on her. I don't want to scare her so take your time. Think of some way to ease her into coming with you. If she resists, drag her. I tried to get Peren to bring her in but she's refusing to leave Melanie--something about her being sick. I don't know. Plus, Peren's dead set on it being you who handles this. I'm not willing to risk my mate's wrath, so do as I say or I'll be bunking up at your place until she calms down. Listen, if you feel that Melanie and Peren are in any danger, force them to come too. Got it?*

*Roger that.*

*You'll also need to prepare yourself in the event we need to head out. Wilson and Jon are with the Colonel now. They're trying to get a hold of PSI. I think Brooks has it in his head that we're going to have to work hand-in-hand with them.*

*You mean hold their hand, right?*

*Yes.*

*Roi out.*

Lukian ended their mental connection and Roi focused on Missy. She looked puzzled. He couldn't blame her. He was about to say something to her when Melanie and Peren approached the table.

"You okay, hon?" Missy asked, concern lacing her soft voice as she stared at her friend Melanie.

Melanie nodded, but didn't look too sure herself. Roi knew what was wrong with her. The condom broke while she was fucking Lance, his fellow I-Op team member. The minute that Lance's semen entered Melanie's body, she was considered his mate. Now that Lance was dead, Melanie was suffering from withdrawal, only she didn't know it.

"Roi, what are you doing here?" Peren's brows drew together as a slow smile spread over her face. She sat down across from them and gave Roi an innocent look. He wasn't buying it. If he didn't know better, he'd swear that Peren already knew why he was there.

"Don't you mean, Geoffroi?" Missy asked, teasing him.

He nudged her with his elbow and shrugged. "I go by Roi."

"I don't know," Missy said with a sigh. "I kind of like Geoffroi, it's French, right?"

He nodded. Roi's lycan abilities allowed him to sense when someone was telling the truth, and from all he could gather, Missy really did like his name. That meant something to him, but he wasn't sure why. It wasn't like he really gave two shits what anyone else thought of him.

He did know one thing, if Missy was on Parker's list of targets then she wasn't safe and he'd die before he let anything happen to his mate.

*Damn, there I go with the mate thing again. With this thought ... I thee wed. Man, I need to get out more.*

Melanie rubbed her temples. “Guys, I think I’m going to head upstairs and get some rest. Sorry I have to cut our night short, but I’m not feeling very well.”

“Head upstairs?” Roi glanced around the bar and wondered why anyone would stay within twenty feet of the place with a headache.

She nodded. “Yeah, my apartment’s up there. Not the most ideal location, but since my family owns this place the rent’s free. Plus, it makes my brother and dad happy to know that I’m not far from either of them. They’re both within four blocks of the place.”

“Do you want me to stay with you tonight? I don’t want you alone right now.” Missy leaned forward and touched Melanie’s hand.

Roi’s insides lurched. Why couldn’t she make that kind of offer to him? He’d love to hear those words uttered from her rose-colored lips with him in mind. Reaching down, he adjusted his raging hard on.

*Yep, I’m going to die of erection overload.*

Around Missy, his dick seemed to be in a constant state of arousal. Too bad she wouldn’t be the one easing his ache. No, she’d made it very clear that she wanted nothing to do with him. Any other woman he wanted would have already creamed herself with the idea of getting a piece of him. Missy was different. She didn’t seem to find him the least bit attractive and he was sure she liked men--just not him. As soon as she was safe, he’d find a nice little blonde number and let her have the pleasure of sucking his dick, but only if she was a good girl.

*Yeah, and then think about Missy the entire time and feel like shit.*

Peren caught Roi’s gaze and held it. He nodded, answering her unasked questions. She wanted to know if he’d been in contact with Lukian. She smiled softly. “No, you know what--I’ll stay here with Melanie tonight. Roi can give you a ride *home* since I drove you.”

“What?” Missy asked, aghast. “I’m not riding him ... er ... I mean with him anywhere.”

Her Freudian slip wasn't lost on him or his cock. It was going to explode and take him with it, if he didn't get the hell away from her and either jerk off or fuck someone--soon.

Peren gave Missy a serious look. "Roi will be a perfect gentleman. Won't you, Roi?"

"Oh, yeah, perfect gentleman. Scout's honor." He saluted no one in particular and wagged his eyebrows.

Missy groaned and dropped her head down on the table. It sounded like it hurt--she didn't seem to notice. She mumbled something and all of them leaned in to hear her. Glancing up, her eyes narrowed. "What?"

"Just wondering what you said, baby doll."

She gave him a wicked look that sent even more fire through his loins. The little woman held more power over him than anyone ever had.

"I said," she bit each word out, "Okay, I'll ride home with you. But only if you don't mind. If it's out of your way in any way, shape or form, please just say the word and I'll just stay here for the night. Really, I'll understand. I'll wait until Eadan's done tonight and ride home with him. It's not a big deal. Just say the word and I'll..."

Roi looked at Peren. "Does she always ramble on like this when's she's nervous?"

"Yes," Peren and Melanie said in unison.

"I do not ramble and I am not nervous."

Melanie rubbed her forehead. "Listen, I really don't want to put anyone out. I'm fine. You go home to Lukian and Eadan will take Missy back to their place. Plus, Lukian will want to spend time with you, Peren. Especially considering he proposed to you."

*Their place? Missy lives with a guy?*

Roi stiffened and took a deep breath in as Melanie's words sunk in. This Eadan would not be taking Melissa anywhere. She was his. He didn't share well and he sure the hell wasn't okay with Missy living with anyone but him.

*Holy shit, I'm not only laying claim to her, I'm wanting her to move in with me. I need a drink. No, make that two drinks. Damn it, I need the bottle.*

Missy smiled. "You know that might be best, Mel. That way I'm not holding Roi up or taking Peren away from Lukian. They need time together and I don't have to be in until nine tomorrow. Unless something comes up, of course."

Peren narrowed her eyes on Missy. "I already told you that Lukian knows that you're like family to me, Mel. If you two keep pushing the issue, I'll call him and make him come here and tell you both that he won't interfere."

Roi nodded. "Yep, the man would be out of mind to step between you three. Plus, I think he's a little afraid of Peren. Hell, we all are." It wasn't a lie. Peren's blood was a supernatural cocktail, swimming with known shifter, faerie, and even lower level demon DNA.

Peren laughed softly and winked at him. "Listen to him, Mel, he's Lukian's brother. I think that qualifies him as an expert."

"He's Lukian's brother?" Missy stared at him as though she were expecting his head to pop off at any moment. "I thought it was weird enough that Eadan is Melanie's brother. This might be too much for me."

Giving her a small nod, Roi looked back at Peren. "Yep, brothers."

Peren's brow furrowed. "Melissa, when did they start making you work weekends again? I don't know how you do it. Seriously. I told you to go work at one of the countless financial firms that attempted to recruit you. Why you picked them is beyond me."

"Talk to Eadan. It's his fault."

*What? She works with this guy too?*

"If you don't mind me asking, who do you work for?" Roi stared down at her, suddenly feeling very uneasy.

Missy gave him an odd look. "I'm a State Department Employee."

Instantly, Roi's heart thumped madly. That standard response was notoriously used by CIA, FBI and PSI covert agents everywhere. That

and analysts. Missy was so young, so tiny and hadn't really put up any sort of a fight when he'd tossed her backside into a van two weeks prior and took her to a safe house. There was no way she could be an agent with any one of them. No. She was probably a secretary or something.

Peren gave Missy a hard look. "Eadan mentioned that you guys were busier than normal again. How two systems analysts could have a surge of work to do to the point they work seven days a week is beyond me. Geesh, they have you on call twenty-four hours a day too. And they sure the hell send you two out of town a lot. Can't they hire more people? I mean, the having to spend a month in Asia was a bit much."

*A systems analyst? Works seven days a week? On call all the time? A month in Asia?*

Fear for Melissa's safety ripped through Roi. If she was what he thought and the bad guys shared his suspicions, then it would explain the notation by her name to eliminate her if they couldn't retrieve her.

Roi opened his link to Lukian fast. *Hey!*

*Do you have to do that? It tends to take me by surprise.*

*Aw, did you piss on your foot again?* Roi asked, silently laughing at the time he'd contacted Lukian with the same urgency, causing him to do just that.

Lukian growled. Roi hid his amusement.

*I need you to pull open Missy's file.*

*Melissa doesn't have a file.*

*What? We had to write all those damn reports on what happened with Lance and Peren. Of course she has a file. Look again.*

*Roi, she doesn't have a file. Brooks received a call ordering him to shred any documentation regarding the girls. He did it. He didn't want to alarm me since Peren's my wife but he suspects that PSI may be having issues with some of its employees. Brooks didn't hesitate to get rid of the reports. There was no way he was putting their lives in danger.*



Roi couldn't hide his concern or his aggravation. Something was going on and whatever it was continued to indicate that Melissa was in a great deal of danger.

*Brother, something troubles you. What is it?*

*This can go no further than our Team right now, Lukian. Brooks can't know yet.*

*You have my word.*

Knowing Lukian would never break a promise to him, Roi nodded even though Lukian couldn't see him. *I remember glancing over Melissa's report after Brooks took her statement. I don't remember her listing what she did for a living. That struck me as odd. The girls are here talking around me. Peren is upset that Missy is on call all the time and has to leave the country at a moment's notice.*

*Missy's like a sister to her. That's understandable. I'll do my best to keep a lid on that fact,* Lukian pushed out, sardonically.

*No asshole, that's not what's bothering me. Missy just told me that she is a State Department Employee. Peren then wanted to know why a system analyst had to work that much.*

Lukian didn't respond right away and Roi knew why. He suspected the same thing--Missy was in deep shit. *She didn't fight any of us when she could have. Maybe we're wrong.*

The 'we're' wasn't lost on Roi. Lukian shared his suspicions.

*Yeah, I thought of that too but my gut's telling me that we're right. I just don't know what branch and how far into it she may be. She's so young. She can't be...*

*Brother, if she's PSI, which may be possible if she's supernatural and knows it, they could have recruited her at any age. They don't exist, remember? They can get away with almost anything.*

The sound of Melanie's voice drew Roi's attention from Lukian.

"I agree with Peren. They ship your fanny off at least once a week and we miss you. Granted, you're only gone for a night or so usually, but still.

You were home less than two hours after we got back from first meeting Roi and the guys before you were running out the door again.”

Roi noticed Missy’s obvious discomfort and he could understand it. If she truly did work as a covert agent, then she wouldn’t be permitted to share that information with anyone lower than her security clearance level.

“Eadan and I don’t get a choice.” Her jaw tightened. “If we’re needed at another branch, we go. He’s been with them for twelve years and I’ve been with them for close to nine. We’re the ones they pick to see to it that the job is done.”

“Close to nine years?” Roi asked, not believing that was even possible.

Missy nodded. “Yeah, that’s not counting the summers I spent interning for them while I was in high school. When I turned eighteen, I was officially brought on.”

“I still don’t understand how you carried a full load all through college and worked a full-time job. It’s not like you had to, Melissa. Your parents are more than set for life.”

Missy rubbed her forehead and looked as though she were uncomfortable.

Peren snorted. “Yeah, well I can’t believe her father let her start leaving the country when she was only sixteen with Eadan no less. Sure, he’s Melanie’s brother, but still.”

Roi wasn’t sure he liked hearing all of this. *Lukian, whatever she does, Melanie’s brother does it too.*

*What’s his name?*

*Eadan Daly.*

*Shit, I’d offer to see what I can find out but the fact that someone ordered reports with their names on it destroyed makes me leery to put up any red flags.*

Lukian was right. As much as Roi burned to know the all the tiny details about Missy’s relationship with Eadan, he didn’t want to risk her life for the knowledge.

*Roi, have you tried asking Missy? She just might surprise you.*

*Yeah, or slap the shit out of me.*

*Oh, this is good. You're afraid of a five foot three woman.*

*Hey, Luke, what was that again about you not wanting to suffer the wrath of your mate? She's what? Five six? You're a fine one to make fun of me.*

Lukian shut up and pulled away. Roi concentrated on the women surrounding him. Normally, he'd have been all about having three beautiful women at his fingertips. Now he hoped that the other two would leave him to have time alone with Missy.

Melanie nodded. "I know, that is amazing, that a father as strict as Missy's would let her leave the country with Eadan nonetheless. Do you think her dad ever caught on that my brother has been into Melissa since he was like seven?"

Peren glanced at Roi fast, then looked away.

Roi was now positive that he didn't like hearing this. Every ounce of him wanted to find Eadan, tear his head off and parade around the room with it on a stick. Sure, it was odd and slightly immature but it would prove that no man was to touch what was his--Missy.

*There I go claming her again.*

Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed Missy watching the two men he'd found trying to convince her to dance with them. The instant he spotted her with them when he'd arrived, he sensed that she wasn't comfortable and he wanted to hit them too. He'd watched silently from the entrance to see if she would respond to the taller, sandy blond one. It was a no-brainer that she'd turn the one who looked like a seventies porn star down but he wasn't so sure about the other.

The second that Missy made it clear that she wasn't into the man, Roi had decided to act. Since he was doing his best to 'control his anger,' he took the calm approach. The walk up and slide his arms around her one. It worked and won him a prize he'd only dreamed of--a kiss from Missy. When he'd pressed his lips to hers, he'd thought for sure that she'd slap his face. Getting to insert his tongue into her mouth and taste her was more than he'd ever hoped for. Having her return his kiss almost left him creaming his jeans. She seemed to have a gift for leaving him on the edge of that often.

*She'll be the death of me. I should run now. First, I need to kill Eadan for touching my mate.*

Roi shook his head and gave up fighting calling her his mate for the time being.

“Umm, Missy, are you paying any attention to me? Normally, you’re down my throat about how I’m so wrong about Eadan. You love to go on and on that you and my brother are best friends. Then you like to yell at us for not including him in our mix of three. We try to include him. He doesn’t like hanging out with his baby sister. You seem to be the only person he enjoys being around.”

“Huh?” Missy sat up a bit.

Roi watched carefully as Missy glanced at Peren briefly and then back towards the two men. Something was going on. Had she rethought her initial rejection of the tall one? If she had then she was in for a rude awakening. He’d toss her tiny little, hot ass over his shoulder again and claim her. Once that happened, there would be no looking at other men like that. He wasn’t going to share her and the beast that lingered just beneath the surface agreed with him.

“Sweetie, I’m staying with you,” Peren said to Melanie, pulling his attention off wanting to kill and claim people. “I’m not taking no for an answer.”

“Fine, you can stay with me. I do appreciate it.” Melanie pushed her plate of food towards Roi. “Hungry?”

“Always, and thanks.”

“No, *really* ... I’ll come up with you two, just to make sure you’re all right. Wouldn’t want to be left out of all that great girl time. We’ve got, umm, toenails to paint and then there’s that whole sitting around with our hair in rollers while we watch chick-flicks thing too.”

Leaning down, Roi licked his lower lip. Missy’s eyes locked on his tongue and a slight grin played across his face. “Nervous?”

She huffed. “No. Why?”

“You’re rambling again.”

Crossing her arms over her chest, Missy wrinkled her nose at him. He would have kissed her then and there if it wasn't for the fact that she seemed desperate to get away from him. Her insistence to put distance between them hurt but he wasn't about to let on to that.

Melanie climbed out of the booth and Peren followed suit. Missy tried to get past him, but he wasn't about to budge. She was his responsibility now. He'd see her safely to Green's lab and then he'd get the hell out of her life.

Just like she wanted.

"Uh, so how's the weather?" she asked, nudging him slightly.

Roi couldn't help but smile. The fact that she didn't push past him and was actually entering into a conversation with him was amazing, but hearing her make an obvious joke about the awkward tension between them now that they were alone took some of the sting away from being rejected. "It seems to be a little less frigid."

Missy gave him a wide-eyed, fake shocked look. "Hmm, considering its seventy out that's good to know." She nudged him slightly again. "But I'll admit that it may have been a bit cold for awhile there. Sorry about that."

Was she admitting she was being too hard on him?

His stomach tightened and his cock jumped at the idea that it had even a one in a trillion shot at her. The second her tiny hand touched his thigh, he thought he'd come in his jeans. Thankfully, he didn't.

"Can I get out for just a minute?" She glanced downward as she rolled her dark brown eyes. "I promise I won't run away."

Roi stared at her and had to fight the urge to seize hold of her. She was so perfect. So delicate yet strong at the same time. So his.

*Mine?*

## Chapter Three

Missy stared at Roi as he watched her intently. The urge to kiss him was right there. It would be so easy to take it. To take him, but she'd only end up hurting in the end. Her 'job' wasn't something she could share with them. They'd think she was crazy for one thing and if they happened to get past the initial shock of what she did, they'd be deathly afraid of her. Hell, she'd even tried dating a co-worker and he even worried too much about her for the relationship to move forward. Luckily, she and Eadan remained friends.

Yeah, finding out your significant other worked for the government as an agent for their paranormal task force was a bit hard to swallow. It was hard enough for her to deal with what existed out there but to expect the man in her life to understand and embrace the idea that she put her life in jeopardy every time she accepted an assignment was too much to ask for.

Only a handful of people knew what she did for a living and that's the way it had to stay. The only nice thing about Roi was that he did something that required secrecy as well. Only his didn't involve lethal immortals doing their best to kill as many humans as possible. And Roi, unlike her, had a group of men he considered family at his back. Missy was a solo operative. She had a bridge agent and but that was it. Eighty-five percent of the time, she operated alone. Her identity and her job were kept from the majority of the paranormal task force at her father's wishes. He felt it kept her safer. If any agent turned rogue then they wouldn't be able to finger her.

When Roi had tossed her over his shoulder and shoved her into a van with Melanie two weeks prior, she had to decide if she'd fight back or not. Something deep in her gut told her Roi wouldn't hurt her and that it wasn't worth risking Peren and Melanie's lives by revealing that side of herself. The people she worked for didn't like it when a lot of people knew about what went on behind the scenes. Though, a few things about the incident were still bothering her. Namely, Melanie's claim that Lance had begun to morph into something that wasn't human while he came in her. That's the reason she'd decided to do a bit of digging about Lukian and his men.

"What do you need to get by me for?" Roi asked in a voice so low and so deep that she had to fight the urge to close her eyes as it wrapped around her.

Missy glanced towards the table where the two men who gave her the creeps had been. Their sudden disappearance at the same time that Melanie and Peren decided to head up to Melanie's place wasn't sitting well with her. "I'd like to grab a drink. For some reason I think being stuck in a booth with you requires liquor." Smiling slightly, she let her dimples show.

"Promise not to run?"

She nodded. It wasn't a lie. Well, it would be if the guys were up to no good and tried to get away.

Roi leaned into her and their faces almost touched. "What would you like, sugar?"

The tone of his voice told her he was playing with her, trying to get a rise out of her for calling her pet names. No part of her would be baited by him.

"Mmm, baby, I'd like a stiff," she paused a moment and couldn't help but grin as Roi shifted in the booth, "one planted firmly," it took everything in her not to laugh, "in my hand."

Roi looked as though he'd been punched in the gut. His stomach drew in enough for her to notice. He clutched the table tightly as he stared at her with questioning eyes. "Uh, umm ... er ... okay. I can give you that ... umm ... I mean get you that."

Turning, he went to slide out of the booth. Missy put her elbow on the table and her chin on her hand, waiting for him to catch on that she hadn't told him what type of drink she wanted.

Roi stood and took a few steps towards the bar before stopping and facing her. "You said that to mess with my head, didn't you?"

Shrugging, she gave him a 'who me' look and waited for him to walk away. The second he was almost to the bar, Missy shot off the seat and went in the direction of the back exit.

*Eadan?*

She waited for Eadan to answer her call back. They'd had the ability to communicate this way since she'd known him but it had become much more powerful after her accident. It was odd that she could communicate

with Eadan but not his sister Melanie, but it wasn't something she dwelled on.

*What's up?*

The sound of his voice made her smile. *I had two men in my sights that felt like they were up to no good. One's a short 'wish it was still the seventies' kind of guy. He has...*

*Say no more, Missy-bean. I know who you're talking about. He's paling around with a tall sandy blond guy?*

*Yes. I lost a visual on them and I'm not sure if they left or not. Melanie and Peren went up to Mel's and those two disappeared. Too coincidental for my taste.*

Missy waited to hear Eadan's opinion on the matter.

*I'm not sensing any threats in the building. And I can sense Peren and Melanie above us. They're fine. Relax and enjoy yourself. I'll be there in a minute.*



## Chapter Four

Missy sat tapping her foot nervously on the floor as she waited for Roi to get back with their drinks. Or rather, her Vodka and cranberry juice and his water. It was odd that the man came to a bar and drank water, but it wasn't her place to comment.

Craning her neck to see what was taking Roi so long, Missy's jaw dropped when she saw him standing on the other side of the dance floor with his lips firmly locked on some redhead. The woman moved her head back and forth and tongue was clearly visible as she pulled back from him slightly.

It was just as she suspected. Roi was a womanizer and that wasn't what she wanted or needed in her life. Why she'd even bothered to open up to him one ounce was beyond her. It's not like she'd didn't call it right.

Roi twisted his body, holding their drinks in the air and began walking backwards. The busty redhead followed him, reaching for him as he went. It was clear to see that he was laughing and even grinding a bit against her as she continued to yank on his shirt, pulling him back to her. Missy saw red and had to sit and remind herself that she had no right to be jealous.

*You have lost your mind! You're friggin' pissed over Playboy Roi.*

*Pour Some Sugar on Me* came on next and Missy turned, knowing that Eadan, Melanie's brother and her ex-fiancé, would be coming for her. It was their special thing. He liked to pretend to be DJ and play songs that they'd laughed or danced to while growing up together. This song in particular held special meaning for them.

Eadan broke through the growing crowd and smiled brightly at her. He ran a hand through his long silky blond hair and spun in a small circle with his arms out, showing off his faded jeans and white T-shirt. She rolled her eyes, laughing slightly.

"Nice outfit. Glad to see that you're going out of your way to impress the ladies."

Eadan laughed. "Hey, I don't need to impress anybody. I'm sexy enough as it is."

The man had a point. At six foot three, he looked like a runway model, not a guy who hung out at his parents' bar. He'd always seemed to ooze sex, a lot like Melanie did.

*Must be in the genes.*

He thrust his hand out to her. "Wanna dance?"

"Only if you promise to beat the sleazebags away with a stick. Mr. Gold Chains kept trying to get me out there earlier and you were nowhere to be found. No, instead you kept feeding into his hand by turning into the disco king. Thanks a lot for the music choices there."

Eadan took hold of her hand and pulled her to him. "You know you wanted him. He may be the complete opposite of what you find sexy but some piece of you had to respect the courage it took him to wear that outfit in public."

Missy laughed as they made their way through the crowd and stopped once they'd reached the center of the dance floor. Eadan immediately assumed his position behind her and tugged her hips back towards him. Missy tossed her hand up and over her shoulder, placing it on his neck, while he slid his hands around her waist. They moved together, dipping down, grinding against one another.

"Mmm, I can't listen to this and not think about when..."

Missy smiled as she moved against him. "When you took my virginity?"

Eadan pressed his body to hers and chuckled. "Yep. That'd be what comes to mind. I never planned on it happening. I was so mad at you for disobeying a direct order and..."

"I ignored you, went to my hotel room and slammed the door in your face. I thought I could keep you and your lecture away by playing eighties music. You accepted the challenge, used your 'gifts' and barged in on me while I was undressing. The look on your face was priceless."

Eadan groaned. "You would have to bring that up. Want to make fun of me for starting before the fun began?"

"I think you mean finishing, sweetie." Missy bit back a laugh.

"I think you're right."

Their simulated sexual dance had them lost in a world all their own. A man approached. Eadan pulled her closer to him, pressing his erection against her lower back. It didn't shock her, but for once, it didn't end with her twisting in his arms before agreeing to "handle" his problem. No, this time, her attention went to the other side of the bar, where she'd last seen Roi and *his* redhead. She spotted the redhead, but couldn't find Roi.

*Good, maybe the asshole left.*

"Mmm, Mis, you need to stop with the hip thing or ... just stop please," Eadan said, sounding as though he were in pain.

She pushed her hips back at him more, twisting ever so slightly, rubbing him just right. He moaned and ran his hands up her stomach tickling her as he went.

\* \* \* \*

Roi stared at the empty booth and felt his heart sinking. Missy had left him and gone up to Melanie's place. Setting the drinks down on the table, he glanced up to see the crazy redhead from the bar staring at him. He'd just spent the last five minutes fighting her off him. The Roi of two weeks ago would have used her for release and left her. No, now he'd suddenly grown a conscience, and its name was Melissa. She had also clearly given up on him. In her eyes, he was a lost cause--Playboy Roi.

The worst part of it all was how very accurate she was and how proud of that he'd been. He loved women and they loved him. It wasn't like he could help it. The ultimate irony was having the one woman he wanted snub him over and over again. Now he had to track Missy down and abduct her again. That was sure to help their non-existent relationship.

Roi's lycan senses kicked in and he caught her scent. Hope surged through him. Maybe she hadn't left him after all. He heard it then, over the sound of the music--Missy's low sultry laugh. It made his cock, which seemed to be suffering from redheaded crazy woman slumber, wake up fast. The Melissa homing device that had once been his dick knew which way to look for her.

What he saw next made the beast within him try to surge to the surface. His nostrils flared and his body burned for the change. The need to shift and let the wolf within out was so bad that he had to bite down hard in an attempt to draw attention off it. Narrowing his gaze on Missy, he watched as she rubbed her tiny body against some tall guy that at first glance could

be mistaken for a girl. His long, straight white-blond hair and baby face was about as polar opposite to him that Missy could pick.

*If that's the type of man she wants then I'm out of the running. Not that I even got a number to participate in the race. But still...*

The man ran his hands up Missy's stomach and came to a stop under her breasts. She didn't seem to notice or mind, as she moved her hand over his and held it, rocking with him. They moved like they knew each other's bodies well. Too well. Another stab of jealousy went through him.

*She's fucked him. More than once.*

The very idea of Missy being intimate with anyone other than him set Roi into a rage. Blinded by his fury, he stormed across the dance floor. The closer he got to them, the stronger the scent of Missy's arousal became. He had yet to have Missy respond to him like that. She never seemed to take to him sexually.

*I'll rip his fucking head off! No one touches her! She's mine!*

Surprised by his claim on her again, he slowed slightly. The song changed, to something with a slower rhythm. Blondie ran his hands up and over Missy's breasts. The beast within Roi clashed with the man. Each was as enraged as the other. Neither could figure out who would win the honor of killing the prick. Somehow, Roi managed to remain in control. He tapped the blond, pretty boy's shoulder and was surprised at how muscular the guy was, not that it mattered. He'd still tear him limb from limb.

"May I cut in?" Roi asked, his voice raspy, his words short. The wolf was too near the surface to do much else.

"Sorry, buddy, she's not interested."

Missy glanced up and smiled. "Hey, Roi."

"What? You know this one? Hmm, I just assumed he was another one of the endless stream that seems to think they're your dream guy."

Roi really wanted to cut the man's head off his shoulders and kick it across the bar. He held back, for the moment. Though pretty boy bowling was sounding better and better as the seconds ticked on.

Missy shrugged and kept pushing her tight little body against the pretty boy. “Sort of.”

*Sort of? She sort of knows me? What the...?*

He gave the man an icy cold stare. The man just smiled, locking his grey eyes on Roi. There was something different about him. He didn't smell like a shifter or a vamp, yet he didn't smell human either.

“Come on, Missy.” Roi reached for her, but the pretty boy grabbed his arm. He sneered as he glanced down at the man's hand. “I strongly suggest that you remove your hand from me, unless you're willing to lose it.”

“Roi!” Missy gasped, putting her hand over the pretty boy's. “Eadan, its okay. I'm fine. I swear. Go ahead. I'll catch up with you later.”

*This is the famous Eadan?*

“I'm not leaving you with him.” Eadan narrowed his grey eyes on Roi and squeezed his arm with the strength of a supernatural. That amount of force would have sent a human screaming and to the emergency room. It didn't faze Roi.

Roi glanced down at his arm and smiled. “I'm warning you, boy. One...”

“Who the hell are you calling boy?”

Roi snorted. “You're what? All of twenty? Get the hell out of here, boy! You aren't even old enough to drink.”

“I'm thirty, asshole.”

That caught Roi by surprise. He didn't look that old, then again, Roi didn't look his real age either. “Come, Melissa.”

“She's not your lap dog.”

Roi snarled, but Eadan didn't back down. The man was either very brave or very stupid.

Missy forced herself between them, pried them apart and pointed at Eadan. “Its fine, Eadan, sweetie ... really!”

*Eadan sweetie?*

Blondie shook his head. “It’s not fine. Can I talk to you in private?”

Much to Roi’s chagrin, Missy nodded. He didn’t move. Missy did. She pulled Blondie towards the edge of the dance floor, about six feet from him and began to whisper. His ultra sensitive hearing picked up on her voice instantly.

“Would you like to tell me what’s going on? You never act like this,” Missy said, sounding hurt and angry.

Blondie snorted. “Melissa, he bothers me. I don’t know. He’s different from the ... the ... damn it, I can’t explain it.”

Missy snorted. “Pfft, why? What’s the matter with Roi aside from the fact he’s an ass most of the time? I’m positive that he’s harmless ... er ... at least harmless when in reference to me.”

*Smart girl.*

“I don’t know,” Eadan sighed. “The instant I touched him, he felt different to me. I just have this feeling in my gut that this guy won’t be like the rest. He won’t fade away easily when you try to force him out of your life.”

*Damn straight.*

“Wait, are you taking a pot-shot at me not committing to anyone?” For a moment Roi thought Missy might punch Blondie. He was disappointed when she didn’t. Instead, she glared at him. “Why do I do that, Eadan?”

“You are not to go with him.”

Roi made a move to go at Blondie. Melissa’s low, less-than-friendly laugh stopped him in his tracks.

“Do you ever listen to yourself, Eadan? You are so used to barking orders at me that you can’t separate work from real-life.”

“We don’t have real lives, Melissa, and you damn well know it. We never have. Do you honestly think that dickhead is going to be fine with what you do or who you do it with?”

“Why do you keep bringing this conversation back to Roi? I’m just addressing the fact that you wiggled out on me for no reason. I’m telling you that my gut says he’s safe, Eadan. And I’m just a systems analyst,

how could anyone not be fine with that?" The tone in her voice said so much more than she was saying.

Eadan let out a soft laugh. "You know protocol, Melissa. That's all you'll ever be to him. If you're willing to live a lie then by all means go ahead and go."

"It's a ride home, Eadan. Nothing more. Get a grip. I'll see you later tonight. Try not to fall asleep in the back office again. It'll make me worry that something happened. I'll then have to call Peren and ask her to come down here to be sure you're okay."

"You worry too much," Blondie said, smiling slightly at Missy.

"Oh, and you don't worry about me?"

"I'm worried about him, Missy. Everything in me is sure he'll be nothing but trouble."

The fury that burned in Roi almost consumed him. His hands burned for the shift. He wanted to erect his claws and let the pretty boy head bowling begin. Melissa picked that moment to turn and walk fast towards him. When she reached him, she took his hand and smiled. The feel of her skin touching his left a calming warmth running throughout Roi's body, buying Blondie some time.

"Missy?"

She turned and looked at Eadan. "I'll see you later. Check on your sister and Peren."

"Keep your phone on and be careful."

Missy cast him a wary look and Roi wondered what she was hiding. "I'll be fine. I'll call you. I promise."

"Be careful, Melissa. There's something *different* about him." Eadan walked slowly away, keeping his eye on Roi the entire time.

Roi refrained from stating the obvious, which was that there was something very different about old Eadan boy too. "I knew that we should have left the minute Lukian told me to get you back."

"What?"

“Umm, nothing. Let’s go.” He reached for her elbow, and she jerked her arm away.

“I’m not going anywhere with you.” Her voice was cold, chipping at Roi’s heart.

“But you just sent pretty ... er ... Eadan away. I thought you...”

She poked him hard in the chest and his body reacted violently to the feel of her. He jerked slightly, trying to maintain control. When she put the palm of her hand on his chest, he damn near lost it. Ejaculating while being scolded by a five foot three inch female was not what he really wanted to do. Well, not unless it involved a flogger and some silk ties. Taking two steps back, he looked down at Missy with wide eyes.

“You thought wrong, buddy! I asked Eadan to leave so I wouldn’t embarrass you in front of him. I fully plan on leaving here alone tonight.”

“Embarrass me? How?” There was nothing this little thing could do that could possibly embarrass him.

A slow smile moved over Missy’s rose-colored lips. The glint in her eye should have warned him. It didn’t. She covered the distance between them in one fluid motion.

His breath caught in his throat as she grabbed hold of his cock. Her grip tightened on his clothed member, moving quickly from pleasure, straight to pain. “Ahh ... Mis-sy.”

Standing on her tiptoes, Missy used her other hand to pull on the back of his neck. For a little thing, she was strong. Since she held his life in her hands, he thought it best to follow her lead.

He bent down slowly. “Missy, I can’t believe I’m about to say this, but could you take your hand *off* my...?” Her grip tightened and his eyes bulged. Quickly, he wrapped his hands around her tiny wrist.

“Geoffroi Majors, you have a lot of nerve strutting over here and acting like a possessive jackass.”

He balked. “I do not strut.” She twisted slightly. “Ahh ... okay, maybe I strut a little.” She twisted more. “Okay, okay, I strut a lot! Big strutter, yeah, HUGE strutter. Can you let go of me now?”



Her dark eyebrows rose. “You could have tried to remove my hand anytime you wanted and you know it.” She loosened her grip on him, but didn’t pull her hand away. Instantly, his cock responded. Missy’s cheeks reddened, but still, she didn’t pull away. “My, my, my, is he thinking of his *new* friend?”

“New friend?” He didn’t have a clue who or what she was talking about-- if she wanted to know if his dick was thinking about her then the answer was “hell yeah!”

Missy nodded her head towards the bar. He followed her gaze, finding the crazy redhead from the bar standing there. At first, he didn’t understand what she was talking about, then it hit him. Missy was jealous. The news of that made his dick even harder.

*I am going to die of erection overload while she holds it in a vice grip.*

“I’m not sure what you’re talking about, Missy. What new friend?” He grinned from ear to ear, knowing that he was playing dangerously close to castration.

Her gaze narrowed on him. She looked pissed, yet her fingers massaged his sac gently. It was an odd combination. One that he was sure she didn’t even realize was going on. It was also one he wasn’t about to point out. Doing so would end the pleasure and he wanted it to continue forever. It wouldn’t be hard to keep her ticked off. No. He seemed to have that down to a science.

“Come on, Roi. I get it that you’re into her. What guy wouldn’t be? She’s everything a man wants, plus some. I just think it’s a bit hypocritical of you to act that way about Eadan and I when you were getting felt up by someone else less than five minutes ago.”

Roi’s smile couldn’t get any bigger if he tried. “Act what way around Eadan?” He had her and he knew it.

The corner of Missy’s lip curled slightly. Suddenly, Roi wasn’t so sure he really had her at all. “I’m sorry. I guess I misjudged the situation. Tell you what, since you have no ‘issues’ with Eadan that I need to be concerned with, I’ll just wait here for him to finish up tonight. He’s headed my way so it’ll be not only more convenient, it’ll make him more comfortable. He was a bit iffy about me leaving with you tonight. I don’t really know you so it’s silly to upset Eadan over something as small as a ride home. I mean, I not only have to work with the guy, I have to hear

him yap all night long about whatever I did to piss him off. Have a nice night, Roi. It was, umm, interesting to see you here tonight.”

She began to pull her hand off his groin. He held her to him, not wanting to lose the feel of her touch. “Roi?”

He heard her say his name, but it was faint. The sound of his own heart beating filled his head. The wolf within wanted out. It wanted to take Missy and claim her, leaving no question that she belonged to him.

“*Mine,*” he growled out.

Roi knew that his arm muscles were straining, but he couldn't remember why. Glancing down, he realized that he still had a hold of Missy's wrist. Fearful that he'd hurt her, he dropped his hands away instantly, his jealous rage quickly dampened by his concern for her. “Oh gods, Missy, baby, are you okay?”

She stepped closer to him. “I'm sorry, Roi. I didn't quite hear you. Did you say that you'd rather I catch a ride on ... oops ... I mean home with Eadan?”

The fact that she'd managed to turn the tables on him so quickly was not lost on him. She was a hellcat, that much was for sure, and he loved that about her.

*Love? I must be drunk. Shit, I'm drinking water tonight. It must be spiked. That's it. They must spike their bottled water here to help patrons sit through the disco revival. There is no way I said the word love while talking about any woman besides my mother.*

Missy shrugged and turned to leave. He took hold of her forearm gently, keeping her hand pressed firmly against the bulge in his pants. Her delicate fingers caressed his member lightly. Pleasure shot through his loins. “Missy ... pl-ea-se ... let me take you home.”

“Something caught in your throat, Roi?”

*Only my pride.*

“No, I'm good.” Never before could he remember kowtowing to a woman. This vixen before him had done something to him. She'd cast some sort of spell, leaving him acting out of character and tripping over his own words.

“Then are you ready to go?”

He exhaled. Why he gave into this woman when he would have walked out on anyone else was beyond him. Yet, here he stood, apologizing even though he wasn't sure what, exactly, he'd done wrong.

## Chapter Five

Missy couldn't believe that she'd let Peren and Melanie talk her into accepting a ride home from Roi. Peren was insistent that if Roi had wanted to harm her, he'd have done it the first time he'd abducted her. The fact that there even was an abduction to speak of said it all.

Now, as she sat in the passenger seat of Roi's silver Land Rover, she wasn't sure what to think about him. Somehow, she'd pictured Roi as the type who listened to classic rock, but as the rhythmic sounds of the ocean flooded out of the speakers, she wondered if she knew him at all. If he pulled a crystal out of his pocket and told her to channel all her energy, she was going to leap out of vehicle--moving or not.

Turning the volume down, Roi grinned wryly. "Sorry about that."

"It was ... umm ... nice, if you like that sort of thing."

He gripped the steering wheel hard. "Yeah, well, Green seems to think that it'll help me to relax. He's says I have too much pent up rage. Whatever that means."

"*Pfftt*," Missy snorted, thinking of how easy going Roi seemed. "Who, you, pent up rage? You seem to take almost everything in stride. I'm not sure how you can let everything to roll off your back but I'm a bit envious. I wish..."

"You don't even know me." Roi's voice held a coldness that she'd never heard him use before.

"Sorry," she whispered, looking downward. It wasn't like she'd set out to upset him. "I just wanted to say that I wish I was more like that."

"Missy, I didn't mean to..."

"It's fine. You're right. I don't know you--at all." Rubbing her hands together, a nervous habit she had, she did her best to stay neutral. How Roi managed to have her emotions flip-flopping was a mystery to her.

"Hey," he said softly.

Forcing a rather fake smile onto her face, Missy glanced over at him. "Yes?"

He shifted a bit, easing his white-knuckled grip on the steering wheel. “Sorry, about that. I tend to stick my foot in my mouth.”

Missy let out a soft laugh. “Gee, I hadn’t noticed.”

Roi chuckled and the sound warmed her. “Yeah, shock of all shocks. Here’s another one for you. I have issues managing my anger. Green’s been trying to enroll me in classes for it. I’d beat the shit out of the guy teaching it so it’d be pointless.”

“So, you like to beat the crap out of things?”

“Yep.”

“And what’s wrong with that?”

He glanced at her and gave her a smile that warmed her heart. “That’s exactly what I said.” Pushing another button on his disc player, he turned the volume up a bit and the sound of Led Zeppelin ripped through the SUV.

“I pictured you as the *Black Dog* kind of guy,” Missy said laughing slightly at the thought of anyone thinking the soothing sounds of the ocean would suit Roi.

“More like a black wolf, but since you’re picturing me.”

“Huh?”

“You said that you pictured me as the *Black Dog* kind of guy, which means you’ve thought of me.”

Rolling her eyes, she shrugged. Trust him to pick up on that. “Anyway, Zeppelin’s great.”

“Melissa.” The use of her full name caught her attention. He kept his eyes on the road as he spoke. “Back in the bar, you went on and on about how men wanted women like the...”

“Slut with big boobs and a dye job that wanted to tear your clothes off in the center of a crowded bar?”

He chuckled. “Yeah, that’d be the one. You know, all...”

“If you’re about to launch into some great big spiel about how all women should look like her then just let me out now.”

“Missy, what’s wrong? I’m sensing you aren’t joking about wanting out of the car.”

She wrung her hands more and snorted. “I’m not. I have spent a lifetime being stared at, being judged by people who have no reason to judge me. They see my parents and know instantly I’m not ‘really’ theirs. I mean, they’re both fair skinned. Mom has blonde hair and blue eyes. Dad has light brown hair,” she said with a smile, “and green eyes. I have none of the above. It’s pretty damn obvious that I’m adopted.”

“What do you know about your birth parents?”

Missy sat there a second and debated on sharing anything further with him. Sighing, she shrugged. “Not enough but more than I want to. I know it doesn’t make sense but it’s the truth. Some new things came to light recently that I’d like to look into further. I’m a little far behind in the information category which shocks me since I’m normally on top of things.”

“Meaning?” Roi asked, touching her leg gently.

Deciding against answering that specific of a question, Missy went on with what she did know about her biological parents. “I’ve been told my father was a white male who served in the armed forces and was stationed in Vietnam where he met my mother. People say that my birth parents moved here to the States to start a family. I’ve also been told that my mother died during childbirth and that my father died while on a reconnaissance mission when I was a little over the age of one.”

Roi cleared his throat. “Umm, don’t take this wrong but I get the sense you think that’s bullshit.”

“Yeah. I think it’s bullshit.”

“Would you like to tell me why?”

“I was adopted in the States but I know in my gut that I wasn’t born here. And the man that brought me here was not my father.”

“What? Are you saying you remember when you were just a baby?”

Missy clenched her hands together. “I’m saying that I believe my mother died during or shortly after giving birth to me. I believe that my father was in the service but that’s where it stops, Roi. Things don’t add up.”

Roi gave her a questioning look. “Meaning?”

“Meaning, I am positive that I was taken from a situation not fit for a child and brought here by someone that I’ve spent my life looking for.”

“Are you happy with how you grew up?”

Missy nodded. “More than happy. My mother and I don’t always see eye to eye. She’s a social butterfly who does the country club scene with ease. I’m the son my father never had.”

Roi snickered. “Honey, you are anything but a boy. Trust me. I could show you the difference if you want.”

Looking straight ahead, Missy changed the subject. “So, are you going to take the approach that all women should look like Red?”

“Actually, I was thinking how every woman should look like you.”

Her heart hammered in her chest. *Was he for real?* It took a moment for her to even get the courage up to glance back in his direction. Roi’s royal blue gaze locked onto her and blood rushed to her face. He was so sexy, too sexy. She needed air and fast. Pushing the window button, she relaxed when the cool wind washed over her.

“Missy, you all right?”

“What? Umm, yeah.” She rolled the window back up and glanced nervously over at him. “I’m good. And yourself?” She rolled her eyes, mortified at her own ridiculous response.

Roi laughed slightly. “I’m good, but I’d be better if your hand was planted firmly between my legs--again.”

Her eyes widened. Missy was still shocked by her own behavior in the bar. She’d intended to slap his face and have Eadan take her home. Never had grabbing hold of his penis been an option. When she’d found her hand cupping him, she left it there, unsure how to handle the situation. She’d been impressed with his size to start with. The second he went erect, she damn near fell over. For several minutes, she didn’t think she’d

be able to tear her hand away from him. He felt so good, so right. It was insane. It was embarrassing. "I'm sorry about that. I'm not sure why I..."

"No you don't!" he shouted, scaring her a bit. "You are not going to try to weasel out of this one, baby. You grabbed me and you liked what you found."

Her mouth dropped open. "I most certainly did..." She was about to deny it, but knew that it would be a boldfaced lie. Growling, she shifted and looked out the window.

Roi laughed. "It's okay to admit that you're into me. It's natural. All women are."

It hit her then why she wanted to keep her distance from him--he was an ass. "Yeah, you're a god, whoohoo." She drooled as she spun her finger in the air.

"Careful, Missy doll, I just might make you worship me before the night is out."

"You really are full of yourself." She snuck a quick peek over at him, and almost sighed aloud as the moonlight caught his chiseled features just right.

"Yes, but I'd much rather fill you with me."

Missy bit her lip to keep from moaning at the thought of Roi sliding in and out of her. She glanced out, realizing they were no longer headed towards her house. "Roi, I think we missed a turn. I'm sorry I wasn't paying attention."

"Thinking about me with my clothes off is rather distracting," he said lightheartedly.

"*Har-har*, try nauseating."

"Ouch, you know how to cut a guy to the quick. If you're a good girl, I'll let you make it up to me." He made another turn and Missy was positive they were lost now. She'd never been in this area before. "I need to stop off and pick something up. I hope you don't mind."

Missy shook her head. "No, it's fine and thanks for offering to ride me home ... er ... give me a ride home."



He chuckled. “Baby, I’ll ride you any time you want. Just say the word.”

“Umm, thanks, I think.” Being civil to Roi wasn’t as hard as she thought it would be.

*Great, hell just officially froze over.*

\* \* \* \*

Roi’s guilty conscience continued to nag him as he turned into the headquarters parking lot. So far tonight, there hadn’t been what he’d consider an opportune moment to inform Missy that she was on a crazed hitman’s list. Somehow, he didn’t think that would go over well, and telling her that she wouldn’t be going home tonight would be an even bigger flop. The girl already seemed annoyed by his very presence, kidnapping her two times in less than a two weeks couldn’t possibly help matters.

Reaching up to press the automatic fence opener, Roi spotted movement out of the corner of his eye. No one wandered the grounds of the I-Op center, especially at night. Immediately, he reached out mentally to Lukian.

*Captain, I’m near the parking garage with Missy and we’ve got company.*

*How many?* Lukian asked.

*Unsure, I’m sensing at least three of our own kind, but there’s something else here too. I’m not sure but I think we may have some vampires among us. I think...*

Something struck the hood of his vehicle and Missy gasped. He slammed on the brakes, making a hard left turn just prior to entering the compound. “It’s okay, baby doll. Just hang on.”

He expected Melissa to scream again or go into shock. She did none of the above. Missy opened his glove box and seized hold of one of his extra pistols.

“Melissa, put that away before you hurt yourself. That’s not a toy.”

Shaking her head, she sighed. “No. It’s a Ruger P85, 9-mm, double-action pistol.” She popped the clip and checked the magazine. “Are you all like Lance was?”

Her question made him lose focus for a minute. “Huh?”

“Melanie said Lance changed during sex--that he shifted into something else. Are you all like Lance?”

“Umm, you told her you thought that was crazy--that paramilitary psycho freaks tend to do that. You don’t...”

Narrowing her gaze on him, she gave him a hard look. “Now that we’ve established you were listening in on our private conversation, answer the fucking question, Roi. Silver bullets aren’t something one normally carries. I know for a fact that they aren’t issued to the military and none of the special ops teams that spawned from the armed services carry them. Tell me if you’re like Lance now because I’m picking up bad vibes.”

“Really?” he asked wryly.

She touched his arm lightly and something else jumped out in front of them, causing Roi to have to turn hard again. Missy ran her fingers up his arms sending heat radiating through him. “Please be honest with me. These men have the ability to make certain types of animals drop to their knees in agonizing pain with a new weapon they’ve been developing. It emits ultrasonic sound waves that typical humans can’t hear, Roi. Certain animals can hear them and find them painful. Would that bother you or the men you work with?”

Was she flat out asking him if was a lycan? And how in the hell did she know so much about the men after her?

“Missy, why would something that affects animals bother...?” Roi stopped in mid-sentence as he saw the concern in her face. “Why are you so worried about me?”

Dropping her head down, a sob tore free from her throat. “That’s yes then, isn’t it?”

“Melissa, I would never hurt you. When we’re done here I’ll do my best to explain everything. Don’t cry, baby.”

Something passed over her face that he couldn’t read. If he had to label it, he’d say relief. She lifted her pant leg. The second Roi spotted a black leg sheath tied to her, his eyes widened. She pulled a Gerber LMF knife free from it. The six inch stainless steel blade had a Bowie style clip point and

was a saw back. It was made to kill things. Why Missy had one strapped to her was a question he wanted answered the minute she was safe.

In a flash, Missy raked the blade over her palm. Roi almost lost control of the vehicle when he realized what she'd done. The cut was deep. Very deep.

She lifted it before him as she moved in close to him. Her breast touched his arm and his body jerked with need as she put her face close to his. "If you're what I think you are, take what I'm offering."

"Missy?"

"God damn it, Roi. Are you a fucking shifter or not? You and the other men have never had a scent around me. I tried hard to pick one up but couldn't. If you were human I'd have known. You are all something. I just don't know what it is you all are. Mel tipped me off that Lance was a shifter so I'm going with that assumption. Please don't dick around with me. What they've been working on weapon-wise has been created to take down some powerful enemies of theirs. Specifically a team of men that our government assembled many, many, many years ago to protect humans from things they've only seen in their nightmares. They are also aiming for the operatives that work parallel to this group of men. And trust me, there are others like these men out there."

"Do you know any of these operative that work parallel to them, Melissa?"

*Please say no, baby. I don't want to worry about you even more.*

She exhaled deeply. "Roi, time is precious here. They're after me. They want to take me with them or kill me."

"How do you know that? Intel just..." He shut up the instant he realized he was about to tell her more than he should. It hit Roi then. Peren thought Missy was a systems analyst for the State Department. That translated into an agent whose primary function was intelligence work. She wasn't a secretary. "You know because..."

"Tell me what you are and what your team is called and I'll tell you what I am."

"Missy, I'm just part of..." He couldn't lie to her.

“Are you part of an I-Op team?”

An I-Op team? He was part of the only I-Op team.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Missy.” Her blood dripped down onto his lap. The beast within him not only wanted to taste her, it wanted to fuck her while it did it, cementing a permanent bond between them. He couldn’t think, couldn’t register what she was telling him.

“Missy, we need to wrap that up.”

“Geoffroi Majors, I have assumed many, many, many things about you. None of which are good, but I never once took you for a man too worried about what a woman will think or how she’ll react to the news he’s more than human that he’d not only put his life in jeopardy, but that of the woman he’s with and his ‘brothers’ as well. Now, take what I’m offering you. It will protect you from the weapon’s effects. Then answer my Goddamn question. If you don’t, then a clean-up team will be called in, Roi. If you’re who I think you are then you know what they do to humans.”

Tears came to her eyes as she pressed her lips to his cheek gently.

“Please, don’t hold the truth back from me. They want me dead and I can’t confide in you until I know you’ve got clearance to hear what I have to say. I don’t want anything to happen to you, Roi.”

Roi twisted the wheel and kept going, heading straight for the I-Ops headquarters as he slid his tongue out and over Missy’s cut. The taste of her sweet, powerful blood made his cock twitch and his body tighten. His saliva had a healing agent in it and it began to close Missy’s wound as he continued to taste her. Groaning, he closed his eyes a bit.

“Mmm, Roi,” she whispered in his ear. “Watch where you’re going, honey, or we’ll be trying to heal wounds we don’t need right now.”

Roi opened his eyes fast and nodded, doing his best to regain control of himself. “What are you?”

A soft laugh escaped her. “I’m some sort of a mix of something. It’s not important right now. You need to contact your brother and tell him to do what I just did for the other men on your team. I thought Peren was telling us that Lukian proposed to get our permission. Now that I’m sure about you guys, I know she did it to ease us into the fact that they’re already married in the eyes of the supernatural community. If that’s true then they exchanged blood. Peren carries some of the same traits as me. I

wasn't aware she knew about them or I'd have told her my secrets long ago. Her blood will protect the others from sustaining lasting damage if they brought the weapon with them."

He nodded as he stared at her. "To answer your question, yes, I am an I-Op. But you can't say anything to..."

Missy stroked his cheek gently and leaned into him. "Roi, I'm a Shadow-Agent with PSI. Trust me, baby, I stand to lose a hell of a lot more than you in this. If you contact PSI to verify this, they will deny having any knowledge of who I am. You'll need to go directly to the Director if you want an answer to any questions you have. To the rest of the organization, I don't exist."

His stomach dropped. He and Lukian had heard a rumor about SA's existing but thought it was nonsense. Hearing Melissa say she was one scared the hell out of him. She put her life on the line daily with things that wouldn't hesitate to kill her.

"Is Eadan your handler?"

"Yes and no. He dubs as my partner as well. I'm one of only a dozen that are disconnected from PSI. When I need help, Eadan is the only who can come."

Roi's mouth dropped. "Tell me that you just crunch numbers in a back room without anyone knowing, Missy doll."

"The information that was delivered to your Colonel was collected by me and me alone."

He gasped. "Missy...."

"Shhh, I choose to do this with my life. It was the only way I could think of to meet the I-Ops."

"To meet us? How did you even know we existed?"

"Roi, if something happens to me tonight you have to call Eadan. Just hit zero on my cell phone. He'll need to see to the rest of the information I retrieved and he'll need to contact my father. Tell him that Missy-bean said she found Susie's friend and he'll know to give you the information."

“Susie’s friend?” What in the hell was she talking about? Nothing was going to happen to her. He would die before anyone harmed a hair on her head. “Melissa, this is nothing. This kind of stuff happens all the time.”

“Outside what I’m presuming is I-Op Headquarters?”

Roi wasn’t sure how to respond to her. She’d taken him by complete surprise. The very fact that she wasn’t screaming and demanding to get out of the car because he’d not only took the blood she offered him but allowed it to be one of the most erotic moments he’d ever had said a lot about her. “I think I might have misjudged you, sugar.”

She moved in closer to him and pressed her soft lips against his cheek and sighed. “I think I might have misjudged you too. I’m sorry for...”

Something dropped down onto the roof of his SUV. Roi turned the wheel again. Missy tucked the Ruger pistol from the glove box into the front of her jeans and put the knife back in her boot with a speed humans didn’t possess. She touched his thigh and squeezed it tight just as something smashed through the side of her window. In an instant, Missy was pulled from the seat next to him.

Slamming on the brakes, Roi put the SUV into park and jumped out. Frantically, he scanned the area for Missy. He couldn’t latch onto her scent and that scared the hell out of him. Someone had figured out how to mask her scent and that meant if they could mask her scent then they could mask their own.

\* \* \* \*

The second Missy realized that her attacker was headed up instead of down she slammed her head backwards, catching him in the face. Instantly, he released her. The feeling of free falling ripped at her stomach. She spotted Roi and twisted in mid-air, doing a tight tuck as she fell. Dropping down next to him, she crouched fast to absorb the impact. “It’s me! Don’t attack.”

Roi pulled her up fast and held her to him tight. “Are you okay? I couldn’t smell you anymore, Missy. I didn’t know which direction they took you.”

Savoring the feel of his hard chest beneath her cheek, she wrapped her arms around his waist and squeezed him tight. He froze. “They took me up. We’ve got both vamps and shifters here.”

“How in the hell did you get away from him?” Roi asked, shock evident in his deep voice.

“I asked him sweetly to put me down. He listened.”

“Why don’t I believe that?”

“Because you’re a very smart man.” Laughing softly, Missy tapped her forehead against his body and hugged him again. “Oh, wonderful, you’re growing on me at an alarming rate. If I get to the point that I agree we’re friends, shoot me. Just in case you’re wondering how close to that point I am, you might want to get the weapon you’ve been carrying in the back of your pants all night out.” Running her hand down his rippled torso, she came to a stop on his groin. Instantly, his cock hardened beneath the weight of her touch. “I’m dangerously close to wanting this weapon in particular to unload in me.”

*Why in the hell did I say that to him?*

Roi grabbed hold of her and lifted her into the air. “Now is not the time to tease me, Melissa.” His royal blue eyes narrowed on her as he brought her up to meet him face to face.

Leaning forward, Missy stopped just shy of pressing her lips to his. “Geoffroi, I’m not teasing you. I can’t stop...” She almost said ‘wanting to touch you’ but thankfully held back. “I can’t stop thinking you’re a womanizing asshole.”

His face fell and Missy couldn’t stop herself. Seeing him hurt because of her words, which weren’t entirely the truth, was too much. Pressing her mouth to his, she thrust her tongue in and found his. When he didn’t respond she pulled back slowly.

She didn’t make it very far before Roi had her pulled back to him, seizing hold of her mouth with his and leading the kiss. His approach was a great deal more aggressive than hers had been. Roi’s tongue moved around her mouth, exploring every inch of her. Giving in to the need to be closer to him, Missy wrapped her legs around his waist.

Groaning, Roi clutched her tight, making her feel safe, cared for. He ignited things in her body that she never dreamed would come to life. Every bit of her skin ached to be touched, caressed, licked by him.

Roi jerked her off him and set her down fast. A bit dazed, Missy took a second to get her wits about her. She sensed it then, the pending danger. “Roi,” she whispered, needing to hear his voice.

“Mmm, see you can’t get enough of me, can you?”

Taking hold of the Ruger out of the front of her pants, Missy pointed it directly at Roi. His brow furrowed as he shook his head slightly.

“Missy?”

“Get down,” she said, each word clipped, concise.

Recognition dawned on his face as he dropped down. Missy fired a shot off the second Roi was clear, hitting a shifter in the chest, sending him lurching backwards.

Roi rose fast and jerked her behind him. Trusting his judgment, Missy went willingly, feeling something narrowly missing her back. The minute Roi erected claws on one hand and punched out hard, Missy knew something had been close to gutting her. Turning slowly, she found a pile of dust on the ground where she’d just been standing. “Thanks.”

A low chuckle came from Roi. “Yeah, you too. I never thought I’d thank a woman for saving my ass. Spankin’ it, yeah. Saving it, no.”

Rolling her eyes, Missy just laughed. “And you wonder why I think you’re full of yourself.”

“Again, I’d rather fill you, baby.”

There was no point in hiding how much she wanted him. “Promise?”

Roi’s stubble covered jaw dropped. “I’m going to have to beg you not to tease me anymore. That comment almost got you tossed on the ground and fucked while we’re in the middle of all of this.”

Dark shadows dropped out of the sky and formed a circle around them. Roi immediately pulled her to him. Missy spotted a large twelve inch cylinder-like object in the one of the men’s hands and her heart went to her throat. “Roi, cover your eyes!”

“Huh?”



The vampire lifted the weapon and aimed it at Roi. “No!” Missy shouted as she dropped down and swept Roi’s legs out from under him. He fell hard and fast to the ground. Falling on top of him, Missy cradled Roi’s head protectively in her bosoms. The tell-tale click of the ultra-violet pulse generator went off and Missy ducked her head down too. While it wouldn’t blind her, it would temporarily cause her to see only blurry shadows.

“Missy?”

She pressed her mouth to Roi’s ear and whispered so soft that only he could hear. “If they point that at you, look away. It’s made to blind almost all supernaturals with enhanced vision. It’s permanent for the majority of them. On the count of three, I straddle your waist and you kick the son-of-a-bitch. Deal?”

“No, let’s just lay here. I like where my face is right now.” He nipped playfully at her breast.

Missy’s eyes widened as pleasure moved throughout her body. “Forget it.”

Roi seized hold of her waist and jerked her legs up, kicking out at the same time. “Up!”

Missy rolled off him and sprung to her feet fast. Reaching out, she went to catch the ultra-violet pulse generator but Roi beat her to it. She knew a fraction of a second prior to him touching it that he was going to trigger it without knowing. Seizing hold of it, she pulled it away from his face and aimed it at herself. It discharged and a white-hot flash of light went off in her face. “Melissa!”

Stumbling backwards, she tried to catch her bearings. All she caught was a handful of vampire as he launched her high into the air. The wind hit her face and Missy knew he was traveling at a high speed, putting distance between she and Roi. Cutting her only lifeline out from under her.

## Chapter Six

Missy swung out, catching her attacker across the face. He loosened his grip on her enough that she was able to kick out, catching the back of his knee. He went down hard and fast, trying to pull her with him. Breaking free, she bent down, as if she was about to sit and waited for the right moment to jump. When she felt it, she jumped hard backwards. Tossing her feet up and over her head, she put her arms straight and held them strong as the rest of her body followed suit.

The moment she'd completed the impromptu back handspring, she launched into another one. She'd always been agile. Her adoptive parents had enrolled her in endless years of gymnastics hoping it would filter some of the energy she had. It didn't. Coming to her feet, she tried to see. Her vision was still blurry but clearing slowly. Something moved towards her and struck her hard in the side of the head. Pain exploded behind her eyes and she did her best to stay focused, to stay conscious. Passing out wasn't an option.

"Don't kill her!" someone shouted.

*They want to take me alive.*

The thought wasn't a comforting one as she tried to break free of the attack. Slowly, she could make out the shape of someone even bigger than Roi. Since Missy was only five foot three inches tall, that made the man seem like a giant. Kicking out, she found her foot caught in someone's strong grasp. Unable to clearly make out who had what, she wasn't sure if it was one attacker or more. The second multiple hands grabbed hold of her, she cried out, "Let go of me."

Deep laughs followed. Never a good sign.

"Missy!" Roi's voice sounded further away than she'd have liked.

"Roi, I'm over here..." The man holding her hit her again, this time in the center of the chest. He hit her with his full strength. It would have killed a human. It knocked the air out her as pain radiated through her as the air left her lungs and she fell quickly to the ground, clutching her body, straining to breathe.

Her attacker tipped her head back and jabbed something sharp into her neck. She couldn't scream, couldn't move, couldn't do anything other than sit on her knees as he injected her with something. A burning

sensation began in her neck, instantly taking over her body. Suddenly, her muscles began to spasm as thunderbolts of pain radiated through her.

By the time the man had pulled the syringe away from her, the pain was so intense that it became numbing. Still shaken and disoriented, Missy could do nothing to stop the man as he yanked her off the ground.

\* \* \* \*

Roi spun around and delivered a kick to the solar plexus of some idiot who tried to zap him with a stun gun. A slight smile played across his face as he watched the man fly a few feet into the air. Spinning fast, Roi smashed the flashlight from hell through another man's chest, smashing it and dusting the vamp in the process.

*Nothing like beating the shit out of someone to make the evening enjoyable.*

Hearing Missy scream, Roi jerked back to reality. "Missy!" When she didn't answer, fear took hold of his gut. He looked next to him where she'd just been but found no sign of her. She screamed again.

"Roi, I'm over..."

Running in the direction that he'd heard her screaming from, Roi met up with two more men. One swung at his head, missing him by a long shot. Roi, however, managed to come into full contact with the man's throat. The amount of pressure he'd used should have broken the assailant's neck. Instead, it just stunned him. That meant they were shifters too. "Aww, look mom, the cousins came to play."

The wolf in Roi afforded him excellent night vision. As he threw his fist up and knocked the other attacker away from him, he noted that both men before him wore some sort of odd earplugs. Missy had been right. They did have a weapon that would affect hearing.

He saw Missy then, in the distance, crumpled on the ground, holding her chest. Red-hot rage tore through him and the urge to shift was overpowering. His fingers began to lengthen and his jaw tingled, signifying the start of the process.

Suddenly, Roi sensed the other I-Ops. They were closing in on their location. He fought to cage the wolf within. Missy didn't need to see him

change right now. As fine as she appeared to be with his shifting, it was still something he'd rather not do in front of her just yet.

Lukian broke through the darkness first, lunging at a group of men that had come out of nowhere. Roi turned and struck out, catching one of the men's arms--showing no mercy. Claws erected from his fingertips as a slight smile played across his lips. The severed limb fell to the ground and its previous owner howled out. Roi growled and made another swipe at him.

He missed, but it didn't matter. Wilson was suddenly there backing him up, firing a shot into the retreating one-armed bad guy. The man's pace slowed, but he kept on running.

"What the...?" Wilson murmured as he fired another shot dead into the man. The man continued running away.

"Shifters," Roi said, seriously laboring for breath.

Wilson dropped his clip to the ground and snatched another one from his belt. "Rightie-o, let's get it on. The rat's packin' silver now, baby. Who wants to play? Here lycan, lycan, lycan ... here boy. Come to papa!"

Roi rolled his eyes and used this lull in the fight to run to Missy. His heart slammed in his chest as he saw her lying on the ground shaking uncontrollably.

Sliding to the ground next to her, he tried to hold her still without hurting her. Something was seriously wrong but he couldn't see any visible wounds. Saliva ran down from the corners of her mouth as her eyes rolled back into her head. Fear gripped him as he held her tight. "Missy baby, hang on, Green! Green!"

It seemed like an eternity before Green dropped down next to him, but Roi knew it was only a matter of seconds. "She's seizing."

"Really?" Roi asked sardonically. "Fix her now."

Green grabbed Missy's head, checking her eyes. He sniffed the air and looked up at Roi with wide eyes. "Do you smell that?"

"No, smell what?"

"Shifter."

“That’s what attacked us,” Roi said, seriously annoyed by Green’s lack of focus. Missy needed an ambulance and fast, not Green’s analysis of the air.

Green shook his head. “No, Roi, the smell of the shifter is coming from Missy.”

That didn’t make any sense. He’d have picked up on it if she was a shifter. Her scent always drove him mad but he’d never picked up that she was a shifter. Drawing in a deep breath, he caught it too. Instantly, he recognized it as a feline breed--that must have been why Green smelled it first. The werepanther in him gave him the edge in that department. “But...?”

Green moved Missy’s head to the side and they both saw what he was looking for—a red, raised area on her neck that was fast turning purple. “They’ve injected her with something.”

Roi’s mind raced with endless accounts of Green rambling on and on about humans being injected with shifter DNA.

*Hundred percent fatality rate.*

Missy knew she was something but didn’t know what. What if she didn’t have enough supernatural blood in her veins? A fear like he’d never experienced before tore through him, and the wolf within fought to be free. It needed to run, to mutilate, to kill all responsible for this. “Why? Why would they inject her with that? If they wanted her dead. Gods,” a sob broke loose from his throat, “why not just ... why that?”

Green checked Missy’s vitals as her convulsions slowed. He glanced up at Roi and didn’t have to say a word. Missy would be dead soon.

Roi sat on his knees, next to Missy, rocking back and forth with his arms wrapped around his own body. Afraid to touch her, for fear of hurting her in his unchecked state of mind, he just watched as Green worked hard to stabilize her. Every ounce of him wanted to pick her up and take her home with him. He could hold her there, as she was meant to be held. She was his. His responsibility. His charge. She was his, damn it, and he’d failed her.

The idea of never seeing her again, never hearing her quick-witted responses to him tore at his gut. How this little woman could come out of nowhere and turn his world upside down was beyond him but she had.

Missy drew in a sharp breath and then went still. Roi grabbed her and drew her tiny, lifeless body into his arms. “Missy, doll baby? Come on. Come on, sugar. Get up now. You need to wake up and yell at me some more. I promise to say something asinine just for you. Just look at me.”

Green tried to take her from him, but he wouldn't let her go. Smacking Green's hands away, he kissed Missy's forehead gently.

“I've got you, Missy doll. It's okay, I've got you now. I'm here, baby. I'm here.”

“Roi,” Green said softly.

He shot his longtime friend a nasty look as he brushed Missy's long black hair from her face. She was so beautiful, so full of warmth and goodness, why would anyone want to hurt her?

“Roi,” Green said again.

“I just want to hold her for a minute, okay?”

“You'll have to ask them if it's okay, first.”

“Huh?” Roi asked, glancing up for the first time to find that a group of men wearing ski masks surrounded them. They were the last thing he wanted interrupting his chance to just hold Missy before someone forced him to give her up. They were also the reason she was gone now.

“Fuck, now that's original. Hey, Green, why didn't we think to dress like we were knocking over a liquor store too? It'd have been nice to coordinate the night's outfits. You get Bubba, I'll get the pick-up truck and we can all have us a rootin' tootin' good ol' time.” He let his voice run cold. “Now, if the rest of you would be so kind as to fuck off, I'll be along soon enough to rip your still beating hearts from your chest.”

“No, I believe that we'll stick around for just a bit more,” a man said, stepping from out of the shadows, his voice was laced with a British accent. He apparently didn't feel the need to hide behind a mask, or black ninja-like garb because he wore neither. His long white-blond hair blew softly in the breeze and it was then that Roi knew where the smell of a vampire had come from. The vampire narrowed his gaze on him and smiled callously. “Major Majors, I presume.”

Roi glanced over at Green, shaking his head slightly. “He didn’t just say that, did he?”

Green gave a cock-eyed grin. “In his defense, you are a major and your last name is....”

“Yeah, I get it. Thanks for clearing it up for me,” Roi said dryly.

*Lukian, where are you?*

*Moving in behind them. Keep them busy.*

*I’m the one who gets to deliver the killing blow to each and every one of these fucks.*

*I know, brother. I know.*

Roi smiled at the men, unafraid of them. In fact, he prayed one of them would be stupid enough to charge him. The need for blood was overpowering. They taken his mate, he’d take each and every one of their lives. “I’ll give you two seconds to get the hell out of here before I kill each and every one of you.”

Several of the men laughed. The one who’d addressed him as Major Majors didn’t. “How, may I ask, are you planning on killing each and every one of us? You see, you are in no position to be making threats.”

“Yeah, one would probably think that, wouldn’t they? But, here’s the thing, Dick Dickless, I’m thinking that if you wanted us dead, we’d be dead already. And, since you’ve eliminated the *only* leverage you *would* have had against me,” he set Missy’s body down on the ground gently, inwardly screaming out and wanting to pull her back to him, “I’ve got nothing to lose.” Roi stood slowly, watching as the men pointed their weapons at him. “You, on the other hand, do.”

Green stood too and moved his head back and forth, letting his neck audibly crack. The man looked intimidating as hell and he knew it. Problem was, short of Green boring them to death with a detailed description of quantum mechanics, he wasn’t sure how much help Green would be. Two of the masked men took steps back and Roi smiled. They were actually scared of Green. This was too good.

Shit, they hadn’t seen anything yet.

“If you move, we will be forced to kill you and that would be most unpleasant since our employer wishes you alive to study.”

*Study?* Roi’s eyebrows rose quickly. He wanted a name and he wanted it now. Sensing Green’s agitation at the mention of studying them, Roi feared that he’d make a move and get himself killed.

Dick Dickless tapped his AK-47 gingerly. A vampire packing was never a comforting sight. “Care to take a guess at what type of bullets we are carrying?”

“I could, but I’m thinking you’d get pissed at my comment, so I’ll pass,” Roi said sarcastically. “However, shooting blanks does come to mind. Green, you with me on this?”

“You won’t be so eager to make smart remarks once you are strapped to a table being experimented on, will you?”

Green huffed. “You don’t know him very well. He lives to be tied up and the comments fall out at random. I think he may have Tourette Syndrome.”

“We shall see if you retain your sense of humor after we are through with you.”

Roi watched carefully as red dots appeared on two of the men’s heads. That meant one thing. Jon and Wilson were nearby and had marked their targets. They’d wait until Green and Roi were ready before shooting, the I-Ops had worked together long enough to know how the other team members would react.

Dick Dickless motioned to one of his men and set his hard gaze on Roi. “Keep an eye on him and grab the girl.”

“What, you collecting dead chicks now?” Referring to Missy as dead and a chick turned his stomach to the point that he bit back vomit, but he had to buy Lukian time to be in position.

The man tossed his head back, letting out a methodical laugh. Roi imprinted it in his mind, not wanting to forget it. “*Ahh*, she is far from dead, wolf. From what I gather, when she wakes she will feel more alive than she ever has and will be begging for us to fuck her.”



Missy was alive? The thought sent hope surging through him. The vampire watched him with a careful eye, no doubt waiting to see if Roi tipped his hand. Roi shrugged, not wanting to look as though he truly cared for Missy. “Isn’t that dandy? She’ll live another day to tell me to eat shit and die. I can hardly wait. Hey, think you could revive her now? I sort of miss her loathing looks.”

“You know what I am, yet you try to deceive me with your words when your heart speaks mountains of truth. You care for her--no, you *love* her,” Dick Dickless said, sounding shocked by this news.

He wasn’t the only one that the news took by surprise. Roi sat there for a second in a stupor. Yes, he knew that vampires had an amazing ability to sense truths in others, that wasn’t what he was surprised about. It was the part about him loving Missy. There was no way he could possibly be in love with that little pain in the ass--could he?

Red dots dances across the other men’s heads and Roi knew that it was now or never. Putting his head down pretending to laugh at the absurdity of the idea of loving Missy, he glanced over at Green to see if he was armed. Sure enough, he was. With lycan-like speed, he snatched Green’s silver Desert Eagle from his back. He fired two shots off, hitting one shifter directly in the chest as he leapt over Missy’s body, knowing that Green would drop down to cover her.

Instantaneously, shots rang out from behind him. Two other men dropped as Roi zeroed in on a fourth thanking the gods that Green was anal about carrying silver bullets. Roi fired again, taking another man with him. Lukian’s scent was strong and Roi knew that he was close. Not wanting to let Dick Dickless escape, Roi scanned the area for him. He was nowhere to be found.

*Lukian! Find the vampire.*

*He took flight. He’s gone. I’m sorry, brother. We’ll find him again. See to your mate.*

*She’s not my...* He stopped, realizing there was little point in denying it. Missy, whether she liked it or not, was his mate. The fates obviously had a sense of humor, and apparently, it was “dick with Roi week” on their viewing screen.

## Chapter Seven

Missy blinked, unsure where she was. Warm grey walls and a weathered mirror greeted her. She tried to sit up, but her body was too sore to cooperate. Glancing to the side of the room, she noticed a low table that ran along the length of the wall. It held a television, DVD player and a rather large collection of movies--all of which appeared to be adult films. A beautiful white vase full of yellow roses sat on the end of the table, in stark contrast to the rest of it. A mound of tiger-striped throw pillows and a pair of men's blue jeans lay on the floor next to it all.

Instantly, a large, heavy arm wrapped around her. She froze, unsure who or what was next to her. Glancing down, she noticed the obscene amount of muscle on the arm and gulped when its owner moved closer to her body. Fire shot through her inner thighs as a large warm body snuggled up against her back, spooning her perfectly, as though it had been created for her and she it.

Whoever was behind her pulled her back against them more, leaving nothing to her imagination as she felt a rock hard erection pressing deep into her back. She wiggled slightly, and the man behind her moaned.

Missy's eyes widened. She knew that voice. "Roi?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"*Mmmhmm,*" he murmured, snuggling his rough, stubble covered chin into the crook of her neck. She wanted to be mad and throw him off her, but in truth, it felt good having him hold her.

Her mind screamed at her to run, but her body wanted to be near him, needed to be near him. The last thing she remembered was being injected with something then thinking she was dying. Roi had held her during the worst of it. She'd known he was there, cradling her in his arms, wanting her to get up, to yell at him, to just live. He'd been what had kept her mind off the pain.

Roi shifted a bit and she realized then that nothing was between them. He was as naked as she was. Heat rushed to her cheeks and her stomach tightened, part in anticipation and part in embarrassment. Just when she believed the situation couldn't get any more humiliating, her stomach growled loudly.

Roi chuckled and placed a tiny kiss on her bare shoulder. “Good afternoon, sleepyhead. You hungry?” he asked, like he didn’t already know the answer to that question.

“Afternoon?”

“Yeah, we had a *long* night.” His voice was laced with suggestion and Missy wondered how much they’d done. The fact that they were lying together, naked in a bed gave her a good idea of what must have went on.

Groaning, she covered her eyes and shook her head. “This was a mistake.”

Roi stiffened, but didn’t pull away. “Why do you say it was a mistake?”

*Shit, double shit. Deny that we did anything ... put my mind at ease.*

“I didn’t mean mistake. I meant...”

He pulled his arm off her, taking his warmth and the feeling of safety with him. Instinctively, Missy turned around and slid her arm under his, leaving her facing his hard, tawny chest. Before she knew what she was doing, she planted a tender kiss on the center of his breastbone. Roi’s pecs seemed to have a mind of their own as they twitched slightly under the weight of her lips. Feeling stupid for her sudden display of affection, she began to pull away.

Roi caught her and pulled her against him, sighing deeply as their bodies meshed together. His hot erection pushed hard against her stomach, causing a torrent of cream to flood her inner thighs.

*No, no, no, don’t fall for him, Missy, don’t.*

Scolding herself did little in the way of stopping the desire that now ran through her. Needing to be touched by him, Missy kissed his chest again and held her mouth to it. She felt safe in his arms and secretly hoped he’d never let her go.

Snuggling in tighter to his body, Missy’s eyes widened as she gauged just how large Roi’s cock truly was.

*Holy shit, that managed to fit in me?*

\* \* \* \*

Roi chuckled softly into the top of Missy's head as he held her tight. After Green had taken all the blood samples he needed and had assured Roi that Missy would indeed live, he'd insisted on bringing her home with him.

The Colonel and Green had been adamant that Missy be held at the I-Ops headquarters, but Roi wouldn't hear of it. They'd been attacked on headquarter grounds. The enemy knew enough about them to slip past security there, what was to stop them from doing it again?

Finally, Lukian had come to his aid and pressed the others to leave him alone. It was Lukian who suggested that he not take Missy to his personal home, but rather to one of the other locations that each I-Op set up throughout the years to use as needed. It stood to reason that since the enemy had found I-Op's headquarters, they may very well know where each op lived personally.

This particular safe house, as they all liked to refer to them, was one of Roi's favorites. It wasn't one that was shared with the team, but rather one he'd found on his own. It reflected a good deal of his personality and acted like more of a vacation spot for him than a safe house.

Missy slid her hand down his back and stopped just above his butt. He could smell the fragrant cream that oozed from between her legs and the urge to lick her, taste her, drink her down was great. Lying beside her naked body all night long was too much. He'd burned to bury himself inside her tiny body and seek pleasure in her, but refused to do it. To his own surprise, he'd done nothing above undressing her that could be construed as taking liberties and that alone had damn neared killed him. Her petite frame was toned, tight in all the right places, yet soft and smooth where needed too. Seeing her breasts bare, exposed to him had left his cock raging. The moment he found the mound of her pussy was covered in a well-maintained tiny strip of hair, he'd almost lost control.

*Yep, death by erection overload.*

Missy kissed his chest again and his whole body jerked. "Missy doll, you need to stop that. I can't take much more of it."

Snuggling her smooth body against his, she sighed. "Can you at least hold me?"

Hold her? Had he just heard her right? Missy, his little hellcat who'd just as soon kick him than kiss him had requested he hold her? He wanted to

do a hell of a lot more than just hold her, but the fact that she sought comfort in his arms meant something to him.

“Doll, I’ll hold you forever if you want me to.” Exhaling deeply, he wrapped his body around hers.

The tickling in his mind began again. Somewhere during the course of the night, he’d picked up on her thoughts almost as easily as he did Lukian’s. At first, he was slightly taken aback by it, but then he realized why. Missy was indeed his true mate and that meant they could communicate telepathically if need be. They were in the early stages of this all. Reading one another would become easier with time.

Roi had gathered enough of her thoughts to know she believed they’d had sex and as selfish as it was, he wanted her to continue to think that. She’d let her guard down because of the assumption, didn’t seem as hostile to his advances. Hell, she’d asked him to hold her and hadn’t, as of yet, killed him for getting her naked. The only problem was, if he didn’t get to sink his cock into her silken depths soon, he’d burst or worse yet, shift forms into a wolf. That always seemed to happen when his sexual urges were left unchecked for too long and Missy had them working overdrive.

*Yep, death by erection overload.*

He wanted to take her now, to roll her over and push himself deep within her, but he couldn’t. At least not yet. First, he needed to wait for Green’s analysis of Missy’s blood. She carried the scent of a shifter but that didn’t necessarily mean she was one. The guiding point that made him question what she was had been the fact that she’d not ended up losing her eyesight after he’d foolishly triggered the enemy’s weapon.

Green had checked Missy the second Roi demanded it and assured him she was fine. He did indicate that her body was healing damage to the area but he believed whole-heartedly that it would clear all the way within days. She’d sliced her hand open without a second thought to assure that should the enemy trigger the weapon that could destroy his hearing, he would be safe. That alone said something about her. A human wouldn’t have healed as fast as she did when he licked her wound closed. Missy was certainly more than human, but how much more was still in question. If he spilled his semen into her and she didn’t have enough supernatural blood in her, it could kill her. That wasn’t an option for him. The brief time he’d spent believing she was gone had felt like an eternity and had done things to him he never wanted to experience again.

Planting tiny kisses on the top of Missy's head, Roi held her tighter to him. Her tiny, five foot three inch frame didn't come close to being as long as his body was on the bed but that didn't matter. She fit him in a way that was more than perfect. He liked how her tiny feet automatically sought warmth between his calves and how the top of her head pressed against his neck. It allowed him to wrap his body around hers, protecting her from whatever wanted to harm her all the while leaving his body longing to be in her.

*God, I'm going to die if I don't get to make love to you soon, woman.*

Missy purred against his chest and his insides clutched tight. That was a shifter purr if he ever heard one. "So, what's stopping you?"

"What do you mean, what's stopping me?"

"You just said that you were going to die if you didn't get to..." Her voice trailed off, and he could sense her embarrassment.

He ran the last few minutes through his head and realized that he hadn't said that aloud. She'd read his thoughts and wanted him to take her, sink his cock into her. It was too much. The beast within clawed at him, trying to surface and lay claim to what it believed was rightfully his--Melissa.

Roi's mouth burned as he fought back the change. His incisors cut through his tongue and he loosened his hold on Missy. She reached for him, but he shook his head.

"No," he said in a gruff voice.

Running her hands over his hip, Missy grabbed hold of his cock and he jerked, afraid he'd come all over her stomach. The wolf within him made another attempt to break free. He feared what it would do to Missy if he let it out. Never before had it wanted anything more than to sate itself vicariously through Roi's sexual escapades. Now, it wanted free to fuck, to claim, to possibly kill.

Terrified of harming Missy, he attempted to slide away from her. With lightning fast speed, she moved up and over him. Had he not been supernatural, he'd have never even seen her move. Now, as she straddled his waist, he dug his fingers into the sheets to keep from pulling her onto his cock. Her wet core pressed against his abdomen and he growled out as he fought to keep the wolf at bay.

Missy's eyes narrowed and Roi watched as they swirled from brown to ice blue, then back again. Leaning down, she kissed his collarbone, driving him mad with lust.

“Off! Get off, Missy!”

Her eyes swirled to blue again and she lifted her hips, ever so slightly. Positioning herself over his cock, she tried to ram herself down on him. Roi grabbed hold of her hips and stopped her momentum, leaving her only taking the very tip of him into her pussy. Still, it was enough to give him a taste of her wet, hot, tight channel and he wanted more--so did the wolf.

*Not now, boy, not until it's safe.*

Afraid of hurting her, Roi pushed Missy to the side gently and rolled away from her. Missy lay there staring up at him with swirling ice-blue eyes. She cupped her caramel colored breasts and he watched with bated breath as her dark nipples hardened.

“Missy, please,” he begged softly, moving towards her slowly, unable to hold back.

The second she ran her hand down her smooth stomach towards her sex, Roi whimpered. He wanted to be the one doing that. Missy cupped her mound, opening her legs slowly, affording him a view of her pussy. His entire body shook with the need to be in her.

Missy ran her delicate fingers down, parting her velvety folds, making his chest tight and his cock painful. “You’ve done nothing but try to get in my pants since the moment I met you, and look,” she ran her other hand down her flat stomach and cupped her mound with it, “there’s no pants to get in your way now.” Her voice sounded different, deeper, sultrier.

Something was wrong. The smell of the cat shifter was back and in full force. Missy wasn't in control of herself and if Roi's cock had a say in the matter, he'd be just as far gone soon enough.

Roi dropped to the floor and grabbed his cell phone out of his jean pocket. Frantically, he pushed the button for Green.

“Green here.”

Relief flooded through him. “What did Missy's blood tests show?”

“Roi? Why, what’s going on?”

Missy slinked down onto the floor next to him and crawled to a stop before him. Grabbing hold of his cock, she flickered her tongue out and over it, causing him to moan and clutch the cell phone hard enough to destroy it. How it stayed in one piece was a mystery to him.

“Roi, you okay?”

“Yes ... no! I’m not okay!” Roi grabbed hold of Missy’s long hair lightly in an attempt to keep her from going down on him. Never in his life had he actually prevented a woman from sucking him off. Now, the one woman in the world that he wanted most was willing to do so and he had to tell her no. “Shit, Green, help me out here. What did Missy’s tests reveal?”

“The samples of fluid that I managed to get from her neck revealed large traces of hormones, also some agent that I haven’t, as of yet, been able to identify. My preliminary analysis indicates that it may be a hormonal stimulant of sorts. I won’t know for certain until I’ve cross referenced it to a sample of...”

“In English, Green!”

Missy ran her tongue over the head of his penis as she moaned. “Please, Roi, please let me have it. Let me taste it, taste you.”

He wanted to give it to her every friggin’ way imaginable, but he couldn’t, not yet anyway. Her safety came first.

“Green!”

“Oh, yes, sorry. If my calculations ... excuse me, if I’m correct then they didn’t inject her with any shifter DNA, it was strictly hormones meant to stimulate the reproductive cycle.”

Roi thought about what Green was saying. No DNA, but that didn’t make any sense. “Check again, I’m looking at her right now and trust me--she’s got were in her.”

“Roi, I think I know what I’m talking about. There are no traces of DNA in the fluid she was given. Her blood work isn’t back yet, but I can tell you that they didn’t put the DNA in her. It was already there. And I examined the ‘flashlight from hell’ as you like to call it. It’s some sort of



ultra-violet generator. The amount of light it generates in a concentrated area would have indeed damaged our retinas. It's left no lasting damage on her, indicating that she's supernatural."

"Are you saying that she had shifter DNA in her to begin with?"

"I'm just pointing out that they did not inject her with it. You're the one telling me that she is indeed a shifter. Since she was on Parker's list of targets he turned over to Krauss you be the judge."

It hit Roi then. His stomach dropped. "Oh God, she was one of the children the experiments were done on."

"Hey, heads up though, the Colonel's looking into her. He's suspicious as to how she knows so much about the other side. We've been watching them for decades, Roi and this little thing whips in and knows about their newest form of weapons. Worse yet, she wasn't phased by the fact that the I-Ops existed. The Colonel's not, as of yet, ordered Lukian to bring her back in but if he does, I don't think you'll like what the government's team of investigators does to her. My gut tells me that the Colonel is keeping a lid on the development but we all know what lengths they'll go to in order to protect the program."

"Green, she's on our side. She's with PSI. I told you that. She's the one who collected the information on Parker and Krauss' experiments. Call the Director and ask him about her."

Green sighed. "Lukian is trying to get in touch with him. It's a bit like getting a hold of the President. You know he's in but hundreds of people stand between you and him."

Roi's gut clenched. The idea that his side, the side that he'd devoted his life to aiding, could possibly turn on his mate was too much. "I won't let them have her, Green."

"Do you think I'd have brought it up if I thought you would? I know that Lukian would never take her from you, Roi but they have other people to ask if they need them. Stay alert."

Missy sucked hard, yanking the tip of his cock further into her mouth. Roi's arms strained to keep her at bay. He was a lycan and extremely powerful, the fact that tiny Missy was gaining on him scared the hell out him.

“Hold on, the tests are complete ... snow leopard, tiger, panther--she’s carrying almost every strand of large feline DNA out there. They’re all in small enough doses that I don’t think she can actually shift form. There’s more.” Green took a deep breath in. “Her panther DNA, upon initial examination, appears to be the same as mine, Roi. I was attacked, not introduced to the DNA on purpose, neither were the other scientists there.”

Roi’s heart beat wildly as he tried to both keep Missy from sucking him off and pay attention to Green. With the prospects of the woman of his dreams having her mouth wrapped around his cock, it was a bit hard to put his full concentration on Green’s endless ramblings. If Missy’s life didn’t depend on it, Roi would have hung up on Green already.

“Roi, she’s got some traces of Fey and vampire in her as well. The Fey is almost as strong as the tiger in her. It’s odd though. It’s acting as a coating agent. I’ll need to look into this more. One more thing, off the topic of your mate.”

“What?” Roi couldn’t hold Missy off much longer.

“I ran a study on that arm you sliced off one of the attackers. It has wolf DNA, tiger DNA, and I’m picking up traces of vampire.”

“How the hell is this possible? I thought that Peren was the only person we knew with multiple ... oh you don’t think that some of the men who attacked us were also from Parker’s experiments do you? Fuck, they made Missy into a multiple carrier over twenty years ago.” A sickening thought hit him. “Does she have any of Parker’s DNA in her? You know his attack on Peren is what assured she could mate with Lukian.”

Missy licked her way down the side of his shaft. His balls tightened and for a second he thought he might actually shoot come out and onto her. While that sounded good, he needed to sort this out with Green first.

“Roi,” Missy whispered as she tried even harder to break free of his grasp while she went at his cock.

“No, I’m not seeing any traces of it. And don’t panic. If you’re sure she’s your mate, then she is, Roi. Though, it would explain why she gives you so much hell. She’s a cat and you’re a dog.” The laugh that came from Green shocked Roi.

Missy grabbed hold of his sac, a bit rougher than he'd have liked, and began massaging his balls as she continued to lick his shaft.

"Can I come in her?" Roi asked quickly.

"What?"

"Damn it, Green, it's a simple question. Can I fuck her and come in her? A yes or no answer will suffice."

"I ... well ... she is, I mean has always been a shifter so yes. I think so."

"You think so, what the hell does that mean?"

Green sighed. "It means just what I said, Roi. I'm not sure what will happen if you mix your DNA with hers. I've never had a chance to experiment on it ... that's it! I know why they injected her with a hormone. And Peren told me that she was drawn to Missy from the moment she met her, as were you. You both sensed that she was supernatural as well. She's on the list of targets to be retrieved from the Asian experiments. The fact that they'd dope her up with an injection and then want to take her with them says that they needed to kick start it."

"Kick-start what, her ability to shift? But I thought you...?" Roi asked, grabbing hold of Missy's shoulders and pinning her quickly to the ground. Being on top of her didn't help matters any, his cock still wanted to explode and the wolf within still wanted to mark her.

"No, not just that, if the only thing they wanted to try to make her shift, they'd have injected more of one of the strands of DNA she carries into her. For some reason they wanted to make the supernatural side of her kick ... Roi, is she exhibiting abnormally high signs of sexual behavior?"

Glancing down, he surveyed their situation. Missy had already tried to impale herself with his cock, suck his dick and was now moaning beneath him as she bucked her hips against him. Considering that two weeks ago, during their first safe house experience, she'd made him sleep on the hallway floor instead of near her, it was safe to assume that she was indeed exhibiting odd sexual behavior. "Yeah, you could say that."

"They want to breed her," Green said flatly.

"They want to what?"

“Breed her. That’s why they wanted to take her with them. They used human women during the first round of tests and managed to have a success rate. It stands to reason that they’d want to use the females born from the first experiments to attempt to create an even more powerful race of shifters. That explains the hormone being one that increases sexual responsiveness in the shifter side of her. Missy is clearly highly sexual already. She naturally oozes it, the same as Peren and Melanie. They each have natural barriers. Missy, in control, can say no and determine who and what she gives her body to. Under normal circumstances, her shifter side would only kick up her sexual urges around her mate. Add a stimulant so powerful that it’s bringing all strands of her DNA to the point they need to mate and...”

“They want to inject her with different sperm and knock her up?”

Green let out a shaky laugh that sounded anything but humorous. “I don’t think that would work. You see, Missy will be crazy, and I do mean the word in the clinical sense if they continue to inject her with the hormones needed to keep her various strands of DNA in heat, without actually giving her sexual release.”

Missy clawed at the back of his arms and pushed her hips up at him. He groaned as he held her in place.

“So, they’d let her go nuts? They’d be lucky to get one child out of her that way.”

Green was silent for a moment. “Or, they could intend on having her conceive the old fashioned way, and in doing so, she would be able to continue to produce the number of offspring they require without fighting them.”

Roi growled out and his hands began to tingle. If he didn’t calm down, he’s shift on top of Missy. “They were going to rape her?”

“My guess is, if they manage to capture her, they’ll still try. Missy in her normal state of mind would never offer herself to them willingly. From what you told me, she stood by your side and protected you from being hurt. She didn’t run and leap into their arms. She will until she comes down off the injection. Keep her close to you. And keep other males away right now. Mated ones will be immune to her lure. I’m not sure about unmated ones.”

Green really wasn't helping Roi's little problem of keeping his temper in check. For a man who went out of his way to supply him with soothing sound CD's to calm his anger issues, he was doing a bang-up job of infuriating him to the point Roi wanted to kill anything and everything in his path to the bastard who ordered this be done to his mate. "They attacked us on our home turf. That meant they were following us. And if they had enough balls to try to take her when they knew damn well the rest of the team was there to come to my aid, they want her bad."

Another thought hit him. "Peren needs to tell Melanie to be careful. Better yet, have Peren go to Eadan, Melanie's brother. When I first met him I didn't understand how he was holding his own with me. I get it now. You told me that Melanie has a decent amount of Fey blood in her. It stands to reason he does too."

Looking down at Missy, Roi played Green's words about the Fey DNA coating her, protectively. His gut tightened. "Have Peren get to Melanie's brother fast. He needs to be on guard, in the event they've caught onto what his sister is. And he ... umm ... he should be told about Missy. He's some sort of handler for her."

"Understood." Green was quiet for a moment. "But are you sure he can protect Melanie?"

Roi could sympathize with Green's concern. Melanie was Green's now. The minute Lance passed away that left his 'brother' to fill his place with his mate--a mate that Roi knew Green had wanted from the moment he laid eyes on her. "Green, I think he's been protecting Missy."

"What do you mean?"

Roi swallowed hard. "The coating of Fey DNA in Missy, could that come from having sex with a Fey?"

Please say no.

"No, not from just having sex."

Thank you, God.

"But, Roi, if he's anything like us and his semen is able to form bonds then yes, if he ejaculated in her and bonded with her at the same time then yes, I believe it could be possible. We're not normal and we sure the hell aren't human anymore. Anything is possible."

Roi's stomach twisted into a knot. "If that happened ... they would ... umm, they would be married in the eyes of our people."

"Yes, but if he's not her true mate, Roi, then the marriage is breakable. And we don't know for certain that is how the Fey DNA was introduced to her. He may have shared his blood with her at some point."

"Yeah," Roi said softly, praying that was the case. "I need to keep Missy out of harm's way until they lose interest in her."

Green snorted. "They won't stop until they have her, Roi. Can you even imagine the time and money they put into creating her?"

"They'll never have her! She's my mate and I'm not fucking letting anyone else touch her, ever."

"I understand," Green said softly. "But, you should know that even if you do mark her, they'll probably still keep trying."

Roi aligned his hips with Missy's and she wrapped her legs around his waist eagerly. "What if I beat them to it? What if I impregnated her?" At first, he couldn't believe his own ears but the more he thought about it, the more he was willing to do just that.

"Excuse me, sir, but could you put Geoffroi Majors back on the phone? You know, the man that wears two condoms while he's with one of his endless stream of women? The one who can't commit for an entire night let alone a lifetime? The one who is so selfish and full of himself that the idea of him having a child and a wife to care for is almost laughable."

He deserved everything Green was saying about him. That was exactly how he'd always been. Missy changed that. "Green, I..."

"Roi, it needed to be said. It was best it come from me before the rest of the men start in. You would have killed Wilson the second the comment came out of his mouth. I'm not sensing any anger in you now."

"I want her safe and I want her with me," Roi whispered. The very idea of one of them touching Missy, hurting her, ate away at Roi, beating down his ability to control the beast he'd carried for so long.

"Do you think a child mixed with royal lycan DNA and all that she carries would be any less appealing to them? It seems to me that may be exactly what they're looking for."

“She’s mine!” he shouted, slamming his cell phone shut and throwing it across the room.

Roi wanted to sink his cock into Missy then and there, forever cementing their bond, but he didn’t. He held back. Looking into her eyes, he watched as they swirled back to their normal brown. “Missy doll?”

She blinked and stared up at him. The fear on her face stabbed at his gut even more. “Geoffroi?”

His Missy was back. Part of him wished she’d start verbally sparring with him again. “I know that I’m the last man you want above you but I sort of need to hold you down right now, hon.”

Her eyes swirled to ice blue and then went to brown instantly. Unshed tears filled her eyes and broke Roi’s heart. He’d failed her. He’d let them get their hands on her. He’d let them inject her with whatever in the hell it was they put in her. “I’m so sorry.”

Missy’s body tightened as she arched her back. “Shhh, I’m not upset with you. Whatever is happening hurts, though.” She bit her lower lip and winced. Banging her head lightly on the floor, tears began to form in her eyes. “Make it stop,” she pleaded. “My body burns. Please, Roi. I think we both know what I need right now.”

Roi wanted to end her suffering more than anything, but he didn’t want to hurt her. Without a guarantee that she’d be safe accepting his semen, he wasn’t about to enter her. “I can’t.”

“Please help me.”

Sighing, Roi shook his head. “You have no idea how much I want to be with you, Melissa, but I can’t. It’s hard to explain to...”

She narrowed her gaze and her nostrils flared. “Help me or I’ll find someone who will!”

The threat in her voice was real. The idea of Missy licking another man’s cock before opening her legs for him infuriated Roi. He pinned her harder against the floor, knowing that he was most likely causing her mild discomfort, but not caring. He let his eyes swirl with flecks of yellow and gold in a raw display of power. “You will not let any other man touch you! You are my mate. Do you understand?”

Missy's eyes flashed to ice blue as she stared hard at him. "Pfft, clearly I'm not your anything. But, I can tell you this--if you don't help me I swear to you that I'll find someone who will."

Roi fought hard to keep the beast within him from rising up and laying claim to what it knew was his. Hell, Roi wanted to take her too but knew better.

*I want you more than I've ever wanted anything, but you don't want me.*

"I can't, sugar," Roi said, refusing to confess his true feelings to her.

Missy blinked up at him and her eyes quickly returned to brown. "I want you to be the one who helps me, Geoffroi. Help me," she pleaded, her voice finally sounding like her own.

It was her, she'd managed to fight through her beast. "Missy, honey, I want to help you, but if I ... if we have sex, I'll most likely get you pregnant and it's not like you don't hate me enough already but trust me when I say that taking my seed is the equivalent of signing a marriage agreement. Ain't a condom in the world gonna protect you from what I'm packing at the moment."

The irony of attempting to talk the one woman in the world he wanted most out of having sex with him was not lost on Roi.

Oh, yeah, the fates were having a field day with him.

*Must be sweeps week where they are.*



## Chapter Eight

Green ran his hand through his hair, staring at his cell phone.

Lukian set a cup of coffee down next to him and tapped his phone. “What did he want?”

“I think you know.”

Lukian nodded. “Yes, to know if he could mate with Melissa safely.”

“Yes,” Green said, sighing. “I won’t be able to deal with this if we lose another one. I hate taking chances. You know that we have to be certain the female can handle our DNA in her before we allow our semen to enter them.”

The last woman Green had loved died during childbirth. He’d lost her decades ago, and had loved her greatly. Her loss was what alerted the team that their DNA was potent and could be transferred in their semen. A normal human woman couldn’t handle such a thing and if she was lucky enough to survive the first night, but became pregnant, she would still die as the supernatural child within her drained her of her very essence. Their offspring needed so much more than a human woman could provide, and Green had vowed to never make that mistake again. That’s why he hadn’t had sex since then. Fifty years was a long time to go without release, but it wasn’t nearly enough to forget the pain of loss his seed had caused.

He pushed the painful memories of losing his wife out of his mind and concentrated on the task at hand. “I did some digging. It turns out that Gisbert Krauss has been funneling money throughout Europe and Asia for the last thirty years. Just about every contact we have said the same thing, he’s fascinated by the idea of immortality and power. He’s also rumored to have teamed up with Pierre Molyneux.”

Lukian dropped his cup of coffee and stared at Green. “Why the hell would a master vampire team up with that stocky little paranormal wanna-be?”

Green shrugged. “Your guess is as good as mine.”

“Krauss deals internationally right?”

“Yes,” Green said, unsure where this conversation was going.

“It would look good on paper then to have a front to hide behind.” Lukian glanced up at the briefing room map. “With the right name, Pierre could move just about anything. Including--an army of supernaturals. The blond vamp that showed up with the shifter intruders ... do you think he was one of Pierre’s vamps?”

“I have no idea, but it would explain what a vampire with that kind of power was doing here. He managed to mask the enemy’s presence from us all. That takes some skill. You know,” Green said, lowering his voice a bit. “If they manage to get their hands on any of us they’ll not only dissect us for experiments, they’ll have additional clues in creating a stable super race that could wipe out mankind.”

“That’s why we don’t get caught.”

“And if we do?”

Lukian cast him a wary look. “They can’t be allowed to study us. Dead or alive. Getting caught isn’t an option.”

The briefing room phone rang and Green knew who it was. The Colonel would be looking for an update on the situation. Lukian grabbed and Green sat quietly, listening to Lukian give the abridged version of what was going on and then folded his hands as he caught the strain in Lukian’s voice to remain calm.

Lukian hung up the phone, shaking his head.

“That bad, huh?”

“Apparently, the Director of Paranormal Security and Intelligence, you know--the one who we’ve never even met, is sending an agent in and we’re to follow his orders, assisting in any way we can. Supposedly, this guy is one of the best they have. Some of his specialties include intelligence and assassination when needed. They want us to find out what the enemy knows and how far along they’ve gotten in their experiments. They’re also concerned about the new weapons that they have.” Lukian sighed and ran a hand through his dark hair. “The Colonel also wants Melissa brought in for questioning. Apparently, big brother found out about her because of the surveillance cameras outside. Jon thought of that this morning but when he got down there the tapes were already filed into the vault.”

Outraged, Green shot out of his chair, sending coffee spilling everywhere. “He wants to do what? We can’t do that. She’s Roi’s mate not to mention Peren and Melanie’s best friend.”

“Calm down, old friend. I’ll figure something out. There is no way I’m letting my future sister-in-law and my mate’s best friend be subjected to any of their interrogations. Tell Roi to keep her there for now. We are the only ones who know where the safe houses are. PSI has no clue. I’ll accept the heat on this gladly. I know in my gut that Melissa isn’t working for the other side. She’d have killed Peren long ago or let Roi die last night. And when I talked to her on the phone, before I even met my wife, all I could sense from her was concern for Peren’s happiness. She knew that Peren wasn’t human before Peren knew. She also warned Roi about the weapons and told him how Peren’s blood could protect the rest of us. Roi, the dumb ass, told us about it after the fact but still. I’ll march into the enemy’s camp and sort this out on my own before I let them harm one hair on that girl’s head.”

Sensing the truth in Lukian’s words, Green gasped. “Captain, you can’t be serious. Sir, that is exactly what they want you to do. Don’t you think Parker filled them in on how we operate?”

Lukian nodded. “I know, but it all boils down to critical intelligence. They have it. We need it.”

“I’ll get the others.” Green turned and stormed out of the room. This was not only a suicide mission--it damn well could end mankind if their secrets fell into the wrong hands.

\* \* \* \*

Missy sat with her legs folded on the edge of the dock, looking out at the water. It was so calm here, so serene. Sitting out near the lake seemed a far cry from the way she’d behaved earlier. Roi, surprisingly enough, had been a complete gentleman, not taking advantage of her when she’d been more than willing to allow him free access. She wasn’t sure what scared her more, wanting to have sex with Roi or his newfound honorability.

“You hungry?” Roi asked, scaring her with his sudden presence.

*No, I’m mortified.*

“I’m fine, thanks though,” she said, pushing the shirt he’d loaned her down in front, afraid that it wasn’t covering all of her. “I’d like to go home now.”

Roi sighed and she took that as a bad sign. “Yeah, about that. You kind of need to hang out with me for awhile.” He sat down next to her and tried to touch her back.

She pulled away from him. “I need to go home, Roi. I haven’t checked in with Eadan or any of my other contacts. Eadan didn’t realize you were an I-Op. All the PSI coverters know the team exists or at least have a strong sense of it. But none are given your location, names and so on. The same goes for us as well. We know about other agents on a need to know basis. He’s got to be worried. Hell, he may be trying to track you down now. I can’t make contact with him mentally for some reason.”

“You can communicate telepathically with Eadan?”

Missy bit her lip and stared up at Roi, as she nodded her head. “Yes, but not now. Something’s wrong.”

A light breeze blew open the white cotton shirt he wore, revealing his tawny chest to her. Her stomach lurched with desire and she wanted to run her fingers over his washboard abs and know what it felt like to have him buried deep within her. Why he thought he was the last man on earth she’d want was beyond her. He was the only man she wanted.

A tingling sensation moved over her lips, then her neck and chest. Something inside her was different, it wanted out, to be free and most importantly, it wanted to be fucked by Roi. “I need to go home.”

“Missy doll, you can’t. You’ve no idea what it is you’re dealing with here and...”

She cast him an angry look. “No, you have no idea what you’re dealing with here.” She stood quickly. “Now, take me home or I’ll walk.”

Roi laughed, looking out at the lake. “You aren’t going to walk home, Missy. We’re over a hundred miles from your house.”

Missy’s eyes widened. “A hundred miles away from my house? How? Why? When?”

He laughed again.

Missy smacked him in the back of the head.

“Ouch,” he said, rubbing his head for effect. “Geesh, woman, do you think I’d keep you around an area where men were trying to rape you? What the hell kind of man do you think I am?”

“Rape me?” Suddenly, she felt faint. To date, the enemy had only wanted to kill her. “That’s why they yelled at the guy who punched me in the face. They told him not to kill me.”

Roi growled. “Someone punched you in the face?”

Missy snickered. If he only knew the half of what she’d gone through in the fourteen years she’d been an agent with PSI he’d have a stroke.

“Umm, yeah. I’d have ducked or something but I couldn’t really see at the time.” She cast him a tiny smile.

From the look on his face, he didn’t take the joke as intended. Instead, he took her hand and pulled it to his lips. The warm sensation that moved up and through her arm as his full lips touched her skin made her shiver with delight. “Sugar, I didn’t mean to set that off. I didn’t know that the handle was pressure sensitive.”

Bending down next to him, Missy adjusted the long shirt and leaned into Roi as he kept hold of her hand. “I’m fine. We’re both fine. Were any of the I-Ops hurt?”

“No,” he said softly. His brow furrowed. “How did you know about the I-Ops before you became an agent? And why do you talk about us like there’s more than one team?”

She balked. “There is more than one team, Roi. As far as I know, there are two official teams. I suspect that they’re trying to train more. But from what I gather, the second team wasn’t created, they were pulled in as is.” Needing a question answered that she didn’t really want to ask, Missy moved to sit down only to find Roi pulling her onto his lap. “Hey.”

“Hey what?” The shit-ass grin on his face made her smile. “I didn’t want that sexy little backside of yours to get any splinters.”

“Mmmhmm, I’m sure that’s the only reason.” Starring into his blue eyes, Missy wanted to surrender herself to him and not look back but she couldn’t. Not until she knew if he was who she thought he was.

“Do you want to tell me about how you knew about us?” Roi wrapped his arms around her.

“Are you a good deal older than you look?”

Biting his lower lip, Roi nodded as he looked her in the eyes. “Yeah, baby, I am.”

Melissa’s insides twisted with the hope that Roi was the man she’d spent her life looking for. “Roi, why don’t any of you seem to have a scent? The I-Ops had scents--distinctive. Umm, I mean, at least I think they did ... er ... do.”

The odd look Roi gave her made her laugh slightly. “You really know how to make a guy wonder what’s going on.”

“Sorry, it’s an honest question. You’re a shifter but you have no scent. For all I know, you could be a weregoose.”

“I know a wererat. Does that come close?”

Missy smiled. “No.”

He caressed her back softly. “We began to mask our scents about twenty years ago. It took some practice but we sort of do it naturally now. And to answer the question you’ve got on your mind, I’m a lycan or a werewolf. You pick what you call it.”

Missy burst into laughter and clung to Roi to keep from falling out of his arms and into the lake.

“I see that my being a werewolf is funny to you,” he said, smiling as he pulled her close to his lips. “Care to tell me why?”

“I have issues with dogs. In fact, they seem to be the ones with the issues. They don’t seem to care for me too much. I don’t know why.”

Roi chuckled as his lips drew even closer. “Hmm, I have no idea why that would be.”

She wanted to give into the desire to take him, kiss him, love him but she couldn’t and she couldn’t seem to find the words she needed to ask him about his past. Part of it was fear he wouldn’t be the man she’d been searching for and the other was that he would be. Closing her eyes momentarily, Missy sighed. “Roi, I need to go home. It’s important.”

He held her tight. “Melissa, the Colonel wants you brought in for questioning. I highly doubt he’ll do it himself. My guess is that another source wants to know what’s going on. I can help. I can keep you here for now until Lukian gets a hold of the Director of PSI.”

“No.” Reaching up, she stroked stray strands of his hair back from his rugged face. “You can’t help me. The fact that you told me they want me brought in tells me that you’re too close to be objective in this, Roi. I’m assuming the I-Ops have been ordered to detain me. Lukian won’t because he’s Peren’s husband and your brother. If he believes what you believe, that I’m your mate, then he wouldn’t risk your chance at a family and happiness. The others will follow his lead. That puts you all at risk. I can get to who I need to and be safe. Eadan will know where to find me.”

Roi closed his eyes and turned his head. “Baby, just tell me that we can release who you are and who you work for. Tell me and Lukian and I will go before the people we need to and sort this out.”

Her heart rate sped. “No! Too many people’s lives would be at risk on both sides, Roi. The good guys aren’t the only ones who have something to lose. I have many, many people who have risked their lives to help me. I won’t put them in jeopardy.” Cupping his face in her hands, Missy gave him a chaste kiss on the cheek. “Don’t put your neck on the line for me. You’ll end up dead.”

The look on his face made her want to kiss away his worries. “Are you trying to tell me that they have a right to be worried about you? About how you’ve come to know all that you know? Why in the hell would the enemy inject you with something right in front of our faces if you were working for them?”

Smiling softly, Missy nodded. “You refuse to see it objectively, Roi. Others don’t. It’s safe to assume they believe it was done to throw your team off, make them stop looking in my direction. That the hormone was introduced by them in a manner that allowed me to not only keep your trust but to bed you as well. They’ll also see how close to Peren I am and assume that I was planted to keep tabs on her from day one. They’ll also read through the files and reports you all had to fill out two weeks ago when Parker killed ... umm ... when Parker killed Lance. They’ll wonder why I didn’t fight you when you took Melanie and I from the bar. They’ll look at the fact that I said nothing during the events at the safe house, events that more than led me to believe Lance was a shifter, and they’ll combine that with my knowledge of your existence—and it will not bode well for me. You know that. Plus, other less known facts may surface,

only serving to support their theory. By all outward appearances, Roi, I work for the enemy.”

Roi turned to her a bit. “And why didn’t you fight me, Melissa?”

Laughing softly, she looked downwards. “This sounds ridiculous and I think we both know they won’t believe me but from the moment I laid eyes on you, Geoffroi Majors, I knew without a doubt that you would never hurt me. I knew that none of you would hurt us. That’s the reason I let Lukian go after Peren when she ran off. I’ve spent my life protecting her.” Missy put her head on Roi’s shoulder and chuckled. “I knew something was going on that wasn’t good but I couldn’t sense exactly what it was. I couldn’t concentrate to save my life or Peren’s. Having you close to me sent every natural born instinct I have into a state of mass confusion. I couldn’t decide if I wanted to go with you or kill you.”

Roi laughed and put his head against hers. “Umm, I should say thanks for picking option one. I was a bit concerned with the way you would react to me having basically abducted you two times in two weeks.”

“You didn’t abduct me. I went with you the first time and last night, you took me away because your gut told you I wouldn’t be safe there. Your instincts are why I’m not already being subjected to their interrogators. And you are the reason I’m not in the hands of the enemy now.” Vaguely, she could remember bits and pieces of Roi’s conversation with Green while she was in her “need be fucked now” phase. He’d mentioned then about the men wanting to inject her with sperm and then he--her mouth dropped open as she pulled away from him. “You offered to impregnate me when you were on the phone with Green!”

He nodded sheepishly. “I didn’t think you’d want them doing it. That’s the only reason. I know it would have been a close toss up but I thought you’d prefer me in that situation.”

*That’s the only reason.* The phrase stuck in her head. It hurt to hear it aloud, but at least he was willing to do that much for her. She meant nothing to him.

Rising to her feet, Missy directed her gaze anywhere but at Roi. “Gee, that was very ... noble of you,” she said, her voice laced with sarcasm. “I mean, to step up the plate and be more than willing to take one for the team shows amazing character.”



In a flash, Roi was standing next to, glaring at her. “You wait one minute, woman. I could have fucked you and I didn’t. Hell, you were clawing and sucking on me. I had to fight you off, so don’t get all bitchy with me when you were begging me to fuck you! And it *was* pretty damn noble of me to not take advantage of you when you more than wanted it. If you’d prefer to be their whore, by all means, let me know. I’ll drop your ass at their front door. Something tells me that you not only know where it is, but you’ve walked through it many times. Hey, I know you’ve fucked Eadan countless times but what I’m wondering now is how many of them you’ve laid under, begging them to take you.”

Outraged, Missy smacked Roi across the face hard. His head twisted to the side and when he looked back at her, his eyes bore into her. “How dare you?”

“Does the truth hurt?”

“The truth?” Her mouth dropped. “What? You really believe I’ve slept with the enemy, Roi?”

“Did you?”

Melissa had to take a deep breath to keep the tears that wanted to fall tucked safely away. “You aren’t the man I thought you were. It’s good to know that now. How I ever thought you could be him is beyond me.”

“Gee, so sorry that I’m not,” he said, sarcastically. “I do love how you skated around the issue of you and Eadan.”

Furious, Missy glared at him. “I don’t owe you an explanation. I owe my mate one. You are not him! If or when I find him I’ll need to try to explain my life and my choices to him. You’re just a man I mistakenly began to believe was him.” She didn’t bother to hide the anger in her voice. “So, almighty chaste Roi, you’re my friggin’ savoir. Oh my, I’ll *always* regret not getting to be another notch on your bedpost! According to you my bedpost has no room left for marks so it’s best we didn’t venture into that territory. I’m so sorry that I ‘begged’ you to fuck me, Roi. At least we’re sure the injection works--it’s not like I would fuck you without the aid of it.”

Roi snatched hold of her wrists and jerked her to him. Their bodies pressed against one another and the air was thick with tension. The look on his squared face screamed rage. Quickly, his mouth slammed down

onto hers, covering it completely as he thrust his tongue in. She cried out, both shocked and excited.

Her body ached for release and her senses seemed to be heightened to a completely new level. Feverishly, she returned his kisses, shoving her tongue into his mouth with as much fury as he, maybe more. She bit at his lower lip as he tried to pull away, causing him to growl.

\* \* \* \*

Picking Missy up, Roi thrust his tongue deeper into her mouth, wishing that his cock was doing the same thing to her pussy. The fact that she wore nothing beneath his gray button up shirt only added to his madness. He could have her, if he wanted her, and boy did he want her.

Suddenly, Missy broke the kiss and stared into his eyes. “Put me down.”

Confused, Roi held her tight. A second ago, she was all over him, now she was cold as ice. “Missy?”

“I’m not doing this with you, Roi. I was fine with being accused of playing for the other team. I’ve lived my life that way from the moment I started with PSI. But, I have never been accused of being the evil ones’ whore. If you had any idea what they’ve put me through you would have never opened your fucking mouth.”

“Shit,” he raked a hand through his hair and tried to pull her closer to him, “Missy, I’m sorry I said that. I don’t think that…”

She snorted. “You said what you meant, Roi. It’s clear I’m all that you think I am. Thanks for offering to knock me up instead of them but I won’t be a ‘pity fuck.’ Now either take me in for questioning or turn your back so I can find my things and go. At this point, I’m fine with being subjected to whatever they have in store for me. It would be a hell of a lot better than hearing you spew accusations at me.”

Pity fuck? Why did she think that? She was all he wanted in the world, his mate, his everything. How could she not only deny who he was to her but also think that he’d fuck her out of pity?

Roi concentrated on her thoughts, trying to pick up anything that might help him to understand. He found nothing specific only that she was hurt, confused and not joking about being fine with an interrogation.

He held her tight, bouncing her up and down a bit. “Missy, never call yourself that--ever. You mean more to me than all the women I’ve been with, and trust me, I’ve been with plenty.” As soon as he said it, he regretted it. Trust him to put his foot in his mouth at a moment like this.

Missy pushed hard on his chest and dropped her legs down. He didn’t want to let go, but she wasn’t leaving him much of a choice. “I really don’t want to hear about all your conquests.”

“Come on, Melissa, you know damn well that was not what I was trying to do.”

“Oh really, Geoffroi, could have fooled me.” She put her hand on her hip and cocked her head to the side. Damn she was even more beautiful when she was pissed off. Considering that he suffered from chronic foot in mouth syndrome, she was downright stunning all of the time.

“Come on, baby, its not that bad and its no big deal, really. Just a slip of the...”

“Would you like to hear about how many men I’ve been with? Oh, how would you like to hear about the last guy I fucked? Huh? If you can look me in the eyes and tell me that it doesn’t bother you to hear about him or how recently we were together then fine, I’ll concede and go with your opinion that it’s not a big deal and it’s not that bad.”

Jealousy ripped through Roi. Grabbing hold of her arm, he yanked her towards him and took her chin in his other hand. He knew that his eyes were swirling, but didn’t care. It was all he could do to avoid a full out shift as mad as he was. “Who the hell have you been sleeping with? Eadan, it’s Eadan that you’ve been with. Isn’t it?”

“Does it bother you to have it tossed in your face, Roi?”

He noticed how she dodged the Eadan subject yet again. “Do not mention fucking other men again, especially not that man. From this point on, you are mine.”

“Pfftt,” she snorted. “I don’t know a thing about you, Roi, and you obviously don’t know shit about me if you think that statement’s going to fly one bit. You can take your scary lycan eye trick, and try it on one of your other, what was it that Lukian called them ... oh, right--bimbos. I am not your anything, Roi. I belong to someone else. Someone who isn’t a jackass.”

“You are mine, Melissa. Be sure of that.”

She gave him a good shove and headed towards the cabin. He twisted a bit and almost lost his balance. She was a hellcat. That much was for sure. The breeze caught the shirt she was wearing and lifted it enough for Roi to get a glimpse of her rounded ass cheek. His cock immediately sprang to life, wanting desperately to find solace in the deep of her dark channel.

*The woman is going to be the death of me. That or flat out kill me.*

## Chapter Nine

Missy stormed around the bedroom in search of her clothing. Dropping down on all fours, she looked under the bed.

“Fuck!” Roi shouted, scaring the hell out of her.

She sat up fast and glanced back at him. His jaw was taut and the muscles in his neck appeared to be straining. “Roi?”

Closing his eyes slightly, he took a deep breath in. “Sorry, finding your sweet little naked ass in the air when I walk into a room isn’t what I expected. Not that I’m complaining any.”

“I can assure you it won’t happen again. I’m leaving.”

“No, you’re not,” he said flatly.

“Yes I am. I have to go home. I need to get something.”

“What are you planning on doing, hitchhiking while wearing nothing but my shirt?”

Anger tore through her. She was sick of his macho attitude and frankly sick of him. From the moment he’d stepped into her life, he’d flipped it upside down and she’d had enough. Had he not shown up at Melanie’s family bar last night, none of this would have happened. She’d have killed any would be attackers and gone on with her life.

Unbuttoning *his* shirt quickly, she took it off and let it fall to the floor. “No,” she said, moving to walk past him. The cool air in the room made her exposed nipples stand on end. A slow smile spread over her face as she watched Roi’s body tighten. “I’m planning on hitchhiking, but not in your precious shirt.”

Roi was quiet for a moment. His tongue darted out and over his bottom lip. She would have found the entire act erotic if it wasn’t him performing it. “You can’t go out like that. You’re naked.”

“You’re so astute. I don’t think I’ll have any problem getting *a ride* this way. Do you?”

A feral look came over his face, making her take pause. Backing up, she tried to put as much distance between them as she could. “I said that you

aren't going out like that and I've already told you that it's not safe right now. What part of that are you having issues with, Melissa?"

"Hmm, let me think, oh the part that has me penned up here with you." Staring at him as he stood there was almost too much. She wanted to run to him again but he'd made a fool of her enough already.

Something akin to pain flashed over his entirely too handsome face. He leveled his gaze on her and smiled. "You're sexy when you're mad. Hell, you're sexy all the time."

"Pfft, Roi, it's clear to see why there is no evidence of a woman living here."

"This isn't my house, Melissa. I didn't take you there." There was something in his tone that she couldn't make out.

Shrugging, she did her best to play off the fact that it hurt to know Roi didn't think enough of her to bother taking her to his home. "Wonderful to know where I rank, Geoffroi. I'd offer to take you to my place but I want you in my house about as much as you wanted me in yours. I need my clothes and my phone."

He crossed his arms over his large chest and raised a brow. "Do you need to call Eadan?"

"Well, he would have fucked me when I asked him to and not have thrown it in my face after the fact."

Roi cocked his head to the side, his eyes spinning with yellow and blue. Missy tried to remember to breathe, but facing a man who thought of her as a whore, a spy and the enemy while he was on the verge of a shift wasn't what she wanted to do while she was not only unarmed but facing a man she didn't want to harm.

"Is that what you are, Missy? Are you a spy? Did you shake your ass in front of me and bat your eyes, knowing I'd be unable to resist? Did you stage the entire event last night to assure that you'd end up in the safety of at least one of the I-Ops' arms?" Roi asked, his voice sounding deeper than normal.

Her mouth fell open. How could he believe that about her? Her decision to leave was the right one. It was clear by his accusations that he wasn't her friend or her mate. But it was better that way. It was better that he

thought the worst of her, that he believed she was the enemy. It would keep him safe. “Yes, it’s all true. You were supposed to trust me.”

“Lies, lies, lies.” Roi’s eyes went wild with color as he made a move for her.

Missy readied herself in case Roi decided to attack. The idea that she could have been wrong about him never hurting her caused her more pain than Roi ever physically could. She’d been so scared of how she felt for him from the moment she laid eyes on him that she’d did her best to keep her distance both physically and emotionally. She’d been wise to do so. It was evident by the situation she now found herself in. Roi took a step towards her and she backed up, hitting the wall. She knew that she had nowhere else to go, but through him. If she had to, she would.

*Please, God, don’t leave me with no way out but through him. I can’t hurt him. Please.*

Roi narrowed his gaze on her. “Why can’t you hurt me?”

“Huh?” The moment she said it, she knew what was going on. Roi was listening in on her thoughts. That surprised her. “It’s rude to eavesdrop on other people’s private thoughts.”

“It’s also rude to lie to my face yet you have no problem doing that, Melissa.” He shook his head and laughed. “I’m trying to head off something horrible, Missy. I won’t let them take you in for questioning. It doesn’t matter if they’re the good guys, if they want to know something they will get it out of you.”

“I know,” she whispered.

“Baby, if you know then why are you fighting me about staying here?”

“I have to go to my house. I need to get to something before they do, Roi. Please.”

He shook his head and laughed. “Baby, it’s really hard for me to swallow that you’re with PSI. I’m sorry if that hurts your feelings but it’s true. A PSI agent wouldn’t have fallen as quick as you did, blinded or not.”

Missy knew that. She didn’t need Roi to point it out. There was no way she was about to admit that she was too worried about him to watch out for herself. “Roi, please...”

He shook his head and tossed his hand in the air. “Forget I asked. I mean, come on. You want me to believe that a girl in her early twenties has worked for almost nine years with a branch of the government that is sending an interrogation team to the I-Ops headquarters as we speak? What are you a secretary with them? Is that it? Or do you not even work there at all, Missy? It’s virtually impossible to get in touch with the director. It’d be easy to lie and tell me that no one but him knows about you. I’m guessing you could lie and Eadan would swear to it.”

Missy’s eyes filled with tears that she desperately tried to blink away. She almost told him he was right that she was feeding him lies but she couldn’t.

*Goddamnit, I’ve been trained to lie under any circumstance imaginable and I can’t do it worth a shit to him. He better not be my mate or I’ll shoot myself and save the PSI, low-levels the chance ... I can’t win with him. I give up.*

“Melissa, I’m positive you’re my mate. That’s why I can read your thoughts. I’ve already hidden my weapons so you can’t shoot yourself. Sorry about that.”

“You hid your weapons? You thought I’d hurt you?” There was no way she could hide the shock and hurt in her voice. Rubbing her hand over her neck, she closed her eyes as she felt the effects of the chemical they’d injected her with kicking in again. There was no way she was going to go through the effects of it with Roi again. He’d been too willing to not only turn her away but throw it in her face. No, Roi didn’t want her. She’d figure something out. Eadan would help if she needed him.

*Eadan? Are you there?*

*Missy-bean? Ohmygods, are you okay? I’ve been worried sick about you.*

She couldn’t help but smile when she heard him answer back. *I need to get home, now.*

In a flash, Roi was before her, clutching her chin and grinding his hips into her stomach. The hard bulge in his pants dug at her as he tightened his grip on her. “End the connection with him now, Melissa. You’re my mate and I told you...”

She ignored him. *Eadan, are you home?*



*No, I've been searching for you. The guy you left with doesn't exist, Missy. Tell me you're not still with him. Tell me that you're headed home now. Put my mind at ease.*

*I can't.*

Roi shook her. "End the fucking link, Melissa!"

Missy glared at him as he rocked against her body. "No."

*Damn it, Missy. He could be working for anyone. Get the hell away from him any way you can. You've my permission to exercise any amount of force necessary to do so. I can't pick up on your location. Someone is masking your presence from me like ... like ... what happened before.*

*Roi won't hurt me. At least I don't think he'll hurt me.*

"How in the hell could you ever think I'd harm you? You are my mate."

She had to laugh at that. "No I'm not, Roi. I've met my mate before. You aren't him. He was kind, loving and would never treat me this way."

Roi looked as though she'd slapped him. "You've already met your mate? That can't be, Melissa. I'm him. I'm your mate."

*Missy-bean, what's wrong? I'm sensing that you're upset. Are you hurt? If he hurt you at all, I'll kill him.*

*Eadan, he's one of the Immortal Ops.*

"Yeah, ask how Blondie likes me now? Punk ass son-of..."

Missy smacked Roi hard in the face again, shutting him up. His eyes swirled more as he thrust himself against her so hard that pain radiated throughout her body as Roi smashed her against the wall.

*Is he part of Team I or Team II?*

She didn't want to alert Eadan that she was scared of Roi so she did her best to hide her fear. *I think he's part of Team I.*

*You think? Melissa, is he or isn't he? I need to know. Is he the one...?*

Something snapped her connection to Eadan.

“Look, I ended it for you, Melissa.” Roi’s long tongue darted out and ran over her cheek, causing her pussy to quake with anticipation and her heart to speed with fear.

“Get away from me. I think we both know that the only reason you’re standing here is to prove you can have whoever you want. You don’t want...”

Grabbing her breast with his free hand, Roi squeezed it. A low growl emanated from his throat. Missy couldn’t move, couldn’t breathe. “I do want to fuck you, Missy. I want to feel what it’s like to have my bare cock buried so fucking deep in you that beg me for mercy. Why is that? I bet you know. Oh, yeah, because I’m your mate. What I don’t understand is how you weren’t sure if I was a shifter or not last night. See, you’re either one hell of an actress or a woman who was given only tiny pieces of the puzzle. I want you to tell me while I fuck you. I want to hear your sweet voice whispering the truth while I’m to the hilt in you.”

He licked her face again and put his lips against her ear. “Does that make me an animal or just a man tired of having your hot little ass waved in my face, teasing me, taunting me all the while hearing lies come from you?”

“No ... no, not an animal ... please, Roi.” When he didn’t move from near her neck, her breathing became shallow. He was a predator in every sense of the word. He was also Roi, the man she could have staked her life on never hurting her. The man she truly believed was her mate before he’d shown her this side. She’d been wrong only once in her lifetime when it came to someone’s character and didn’t want Roi to be the second. He had his faults. He was too cocky, too pushy, too horny, too Roi but oddly enough, that side of him was growing on her. This wasn’t the Roi she’d thought about non-stop for two weeks.

“Who are you?” she asked softly, not understanding how his personality had changed so much.

He reached down between them, and began working his pants open. “I’m the man that’s about to fuck you.”

That statement should have scared the hell out of her, instead, her mouth went dry and her breasts ached for his touch.

“If you really wanted me, you’d have taken me the first time we met.”

“Oh, I wanted to fuck you then too, Melissa. I’ve wanted to sink my cock into you from the moment I laid eyes on you, but you could care less. I’m tired of waiting for permission to fuck you, waiting for the thumbs up to proceed safely and I’m to the point that I could care less if you hate me or not. You’re my mate and it’s time you learned what that means.”

“Roi, I don’t hate you.”

Lifting her up and off her feet, he pressed his lower half against her mound. The head of his penis pushed at her, digging to get in. Her mind screamed at her to keep her legs shut, her body acted of its own accord, opening to welcome him.

“You don’t really want this, Roi. And I don’t want to be another feather in you cap. Please…”

Grabbing hold of her arms, he pinned her to the wall. “Tell me that you don’t want me to take you here and now and I’ll let you go. Say it and mean it, Missy. If you don’t want me as much as I want you, I’ll hand you your clothes and phone back. Hell, I’ll drive you where you want to go. But you need to mean it.”

Missy’s eyes widened as Roi aligned his cock with her entrance.

“Answer me, Missy,” he growled out. “Do you want me in you? Do you want my cock buried deep in your body?”

What did she want? Did she want to run or did she want all that he promised? Penetration. Satisfaction. Pleasure. Danger. “Yes.”

With that, he thrust into her, tearing her open with one hot, long, hard shove. Pain rippled through her as his girth pried her to the brink of breaking in two. He continued to enter her with his seemingly never-ending shaft. It had to stop soon--she couldn’t take anymore.

Roi growled as he continued to push into her. “You’re so tight. Uh, Missy.”

Missy cried out as a cross between a moan and scream broke free from her. “I can’t ... Roi!”

He clamped his mouth down onto hers and shoved his tongue in, allowing her no time to protest. His cock hit her cervix and she yelped into his mouth. Roi snarled as he bit gently at her lips. Her body ached, burned

everywhere from the massive intrusion that was causing her to cream like she'd never creamed before. The wet sucking sound of sex sounded as he withdrew slightly from her, before slamming back into her. Gasping, she fought to redirect the burning pain that was laced with so much pleasure that she never wanted it end.

\* \* \* \*

Roi held tighter to Missy's wrists and he pumped the full length of himself into her body. She was so wet, so tight, so perfect. "Nirvana," he whispered as he continued to take what was rightfully his, what was his own personal heavenly oasis—Melissa. She shifted and winced beneath him.

Pulling out halfway, he stared down at her. "Does it hurt?"

Missy cupped his face gently and gave him a soft smile that made his chest ache. "Baby, you aren't a small man."

Arching his brow, he leaned in and captured her sweet lips. The kiss was sensual and perfect. "Mmm, I know. What I don't know is if I'm hurting you. If I am I'll stop."

She tightened her legs around his waist, driving him back into her. Her tight pussy fisted him to the point he wanted to burst. "Fuck me hard. I want all that you promised."

Hearing Missy tell him to fuck her hard just about did him in. Knowing he wasn't going to last long in her silken depths, Roi did as she instructed--he fucked her hard. The beast within wanted out. It wanted to mark her. So did Roi. Needing her to acknowledge that she belonged to him, he pumped into her fast, making tiny yelps come from her. "*Mine,*" he growled out. "You are mine, Melissa. No one else's. Now and forever."

Missy moaned and bucked against him, nipping playfully at his lips as he rode her body. "Mmmhmm."

"Am I yours, Missy doll?" he asked doing his best to hold off his ejaculation.

"Yours ... I'm yours, Geoffroi, and you are mine. No one else's. Just mine," she panted.

Saying he was elated was an understatement. He wanted to run through the streets with a flag of victory held high in the air. Never in his long life did he ever think he'd feel this victorious, this ecstatic, this happy pledging himself to one woman and one woman alone. As Missy's tight channel grasped at his shaft and her scent, a mix of patchouli and rain forest, assailed him, he knew he would never look back, never look at anyone but at her.

"*Ahh*, right there, yes there!" Missy wrapped her legs around him tighter, squeezing his midriff as he continued to sink into her. Her hot core seized hold of him, acting as a vice on his cock to the point that if he moved another inch, he'd more than fill her with his seed.

"I'm coming, Roi ... oh, gawd, yes, fuck me harder, harder!"

*Ah, hell!*

"In you or on you?" he asked, his breathing labored. The muscles in his neck bulged as he fought to not only restrain the beast within, but his orgasm as well. His balls tightened to the point they hurt and he had to fight to keep his teeth from lengthening.

"What?"

"Do you want me to come in you or on you? There's no going back, Mis." He bit each word out as his body threatened to shift shape while still in Missy. Somehow, he didn't think that would go over well. "Hurry, decide!"

*Ah, hell!*

Every bit of reason in him told him to pull out and ejaculate on the floor, but when his balls drew up even more and his back went rigid, he knew it was too late. Semen shot forth from his cock, filling her womb, saturating her with his seed, his lycan semen, and forever sanctifying an unbreakable bond between them.

"Mine," he whispered. He knew his eyes had shifted.

The second Missy looked up at him, he saw hers shift to ice blue. "Yes, I'm yours and you are mine. Don't ever forget that, Major."

Missy threw her head back and rode him wildly as he continued to deposit his rich seed within her. His mouth burned for the change. The

wolf within wanted to bite her, mark her too, claim her and then fuck her again.

Just when he thought he couldn't possibly have another ounce of come left, his cock twitched and spit forth another load. Waiting until the last wave of his semen spilled into her, he pulled out slowly and let Missy down gently.

Her swirling gaze shifted downward and a sultry smile played across her face. "You're still hard."

Glancing down, his eyes widened. "*Damn*, I am going to die of erection overload."

"What?"

His cheeks reddened as he gave her a sheepish smile. "Missy doll, I've had a hard on since the moment I laid eyes on you. I just had the most incredible sex ever and I'm still hard as a rock. Woman, you are going to kill me."

"Maybe," she said, dropping to her knees before him. "Or maybe not." Her hot mouth clamped around his cock and they moaned simultaneously. She pulled back long enough to look up at him. The sight of her long black lashes and dark brown eyes staring up at him was one of the most erotic things he'd ever seen. "You taste like us--and it tastes like heaven."

She swallowed him fast and he swore he hit the back of her throat. Missy showed no signs of discomfort so he didn't object. If she wanted to deep throat him, who was he to stop her?

Looking down at her, watching as her black hair spilled over her tiny shoulders, drawing his attention to her curved ass, he knew that he was right--she was his, his mate, his wife and he'd never been happier.

*You're mine--forever.*

Pinching the loose skin at the base of his penis, Missy pulled it taut as she worked her hot little mouth over it. "Ah," he whispered, grabbing hold of her hair gently. "That's it, doll baby, take it all, take it deeper. Yeah, oh, that feels so fucking good. Suck me, baby ... uhh, just like that. You're killing me."

She varied her licks and sucks, causing his legs to shake. If he passed out getting head, he'd never live it down. Reaching out, he used the top of the television in an attempt to steady himself. Missy flickered her tongue over the tip of his penis so fast and so skillfully that he almost lost the battle to stay vertical.

*"Ahh,"* he whispered, as she dug her fingernails into his upper thighs.

Bobbing her head feverishly, her hot mouth worked his cock into a state beyond pleasure, one that he'd never been to before. Another orgasm loomed, threatening to break free if he didn't calm down. Missy raked her teeth down the length of his shaft gently, killing his resolve.

*Ah, hell!*

Grabbing her shoulders, he attempted to move her off him. She remained planted on her knees with his cock firmly rooted in her mouth, sucking as come shot out of him. His body shook and his eyes rolled back into his head. Feeling Missy drinking down every last drop of him was too much for him. He gave into the weakness in his lower extremities and slid down to the floor.

*I'm never going to live this down.*

\* \* \* \*

Missy reached out and cupped Roi's face. Never before had a man left her with the burning need to taste him again, even when she's just had his come sliding down his throat. Roi's taste, his manly smell, all of it drove her mad with desire only serving to make her want him more.

Sliding over him, she sat on his lap and cradled his head to her shoulder. "So, I take it you liked that?"

The slight grunt, partial moan that tore free from his lips confirmed he did. As he slid his arms around her waist, Missy had the strongest urge to tell him to never let go. Unsure where it had come from and unwilling to lay her heart on the line like that, she just held him to her.

Roi stroked the back of her hair, slowly playing with it as he went. It was such a tender thing to do that she was caught off guard. It was as though he were doing his best to dispel all preconceived notions she had of him. Sadly enough, he was fast causing her to rethink more than just what she

thought about him—he was making her rethink if her heart was ready to open to another once more.

She went to pull away but found Roi tightening his hold on her. “Mmm, no, stay with me like this. At least for a bit.” He kissed her collarbone. “Or forever. I’m open to suggestions.”

\* \* \* \*

Holding Missy in his arms, Roi tried to remember a time in his life when he’d cuddled with a woman after sex. He drew a blank. She brought things out in him that he never knew existed. Things that he’d have tried to drink, party, even fuck away. Now, all he wanted to do was make Missy swear to always let him hold her, know she was safe and with him.

*Oh, how the mighty have fallen.*

If the other guys had any idea that he’d not only fallen for Missy but was dying to make sure he woke to find her in his arms daily, for the rest of his un-natural life, they’d never let him live it down, especially Wilson. He seemed to find it funny that Roi had no desire to commit and could barely, if ever remember the name of the last woman he fucked. As he ran his fingers over Missy’s smooth back, he could think of nothing but her name and never being without her again.

Missy moved slightly. Roi stilled, not wanting to wake her from her peaceful slumber. She purred again and the sound melted his heart. How anyone could want to harm her was a mystery to him. So full of life, so full of wonder, Missy was perfect and his.

A burning in his hands started. Roi took a deep breath in, hoping to calm the beast that was trying to rise. It wanted to lay claim to her. Make her its own. She wasn’t ready for that yet. He was though.



## Chapter Ten

Missy snuggled closer to Roi's warm body. After their marathon love making session they'd showered together, had sex again and finally crashed. Sleep had come quickly to her and when she'd woken with a start, she immediately reached for him, afraid that she'd dreamt it all.

*Damn you, Geoffroi Majors, for making me fall for you!*

The rational side of her brain told her to run, get away from Roi and the rest of his super-human crew as fast as she could. She would bring them nothing but trouble. They'd be safer without her. Unfortunately, the non-rational side was winning out. Tracing a light line down the curve of Roi's arm, she shivered as she felt how hard his muscles were even in sleep mode. He was perfect and scary as hell.

*What a great combination. Can't wait to take him home to meet the folks. Look, Dad, here's a man that may be scarier than me. Bet you can't wait for grandkids. Who knows what they'll turn into?*

As her mind waged a sarcastic war with itself, Missy soaked in Roi's strong features. His chiseled jaw, dimpled chin, and flawless skin seemed too perfect, too beautiful to be real. Yet here he was, sleeping softly next to her, living, breathing, hers.

*Mine?*

The idea that she'd tied Roi to her when she'd returned his claim scared her. She'd more than fallen for him, she was head over heels in love with the man. That terrified her more than she wanted to admit. She prayed that he was right, that he was her mate. The doubt he'd planted by his actions earlier still plagued her.

*I can't go through this again. I can't have another one taken away from me.*

Missy turned and rolled out of the bed slowly, not wanting to wake Roi. She needed time to think, to sort things out and she was hungry. Not wanting another embarrassing stomach growling incident, she decided to go poke around his kitchen to see what he had to eat. Images of typical bachelor foods sprang to mind and her stomach turned just thinking about it.

Creeping slowly around the bed, Missy reached out for the door handle. Suddenly, a large weight hit her, slamming her into the door. She cried out and the pressure eased.

“Missy?” Roi asked, sounding surprised.

“*Uh-huh*,” she murmured with her face smashed against the door at an odd angle. It wasn’t painful so much as it was uncomfortable.

He eased up on her and she turned to look at him. “I’m sorry, doll, I didn’t realize it was you.” Cupping her face fast, Roi kissed her forehead. “Did I hurt you? I’m sorry, honey. I didn’t mean to...”

Reaching up, she touched his cheek lightly. “No, I’m fine.”

He kissed the palm of her hand, causing it to burn lightly as sensations of pleasure headed directly for her sex. She wanted to pull him into the bed and play with him until the sun came up but she also needed to eat. Her body tended to burn food fast and getting run down was not a good thing for her. It left her vulnerable to attacks.

“What are you doing up?” he asked, kissing her lips quickly.

“I was hungry.”

“I’m sorry, baby. I should have fed you sooner.” Grabbing hold of her hand, he pulled her out of the way as he opened the door. “Come on, I’ll take care of that.”

“Roi, you don’t have to. I didn’t mean to wake you. I can get something for myself.”

“Nonsense, I enjoy cooking when women stay over. Always good to feed ‘em after you fuck ‘em.”

*What? Feed ‘em after you fuck ‘em?*

Heat rushed through Missy’s body as she realized that she’d given her heart to a man who thought nothing of her. She truly was another notch to him. If that wasn’t bad enough, the thought of Roi and all his women made a wave of nausea run through her. How could she have laid claim to a man like him? She jerked her hand out of his and he turned.

“Missy?” He reached for her, but she backed away, wiping her hand quickly on her leg like it might actually help to remove any traces of Roi. It didn’t. “What’s wrong?”

*Feed’ em after you fuck’ em?*

Roi’s eyes widened and from his appearance, she guessed that he’d taken a dip into her thoughts again. “I didn’t mean ... what I was trying to say was ... you are the only ... shit, I’m sorry.”

Shrugging, she pretended as if it didn’t bother her. “Don’t worry about it. It was *only sex*, Roi. Nothing more. At least we didn’t actually make the union binding in accordance to shifter law. I know a few people who can get this thing between us taken care of. We didn’t bite each other during sex so we’re good.” With that, she strolled past him and headed for his kitchen.

\* \* \* \*

*It was only sex, Roi. Nothing more. We didn’t bite each, so we’re good.*

Missy’s words played in his head over and over again, each time stinging worse than the time before. Roi wanted to bash his head against the wall several hundred times out of frustration for opening his mouth and saying something so thoughtless. Missy was his world and here he was throwing all his past conquests in her face. She’d feared that she’d be just another notch in his bedpost and so far he hadn’t proven to her that she was anything but that.

“Missy, I really am sorry about that comment. I didn’t mean it the way it came out. I...”

She put her hand up, flashing him a less than friendly smile. “Its fine, Roi, honest.”

Every lycan sense in him went off. She was lying and he couldn’t even blame her. If positions were reversed he’d be livid and ready to shoot someone already. Considering he was still alive and Missy wasn’t as of yet pointing a weapon at him, he thought she was handling it remarkably well.

*I’m such an ass.*

“Can’t argue with that,” Missy said softly.

She'd done it again. She'd read his thoughts without knowing it. A smile played across his face and he did his best to hide it. Missy was his mate in every sense of the word, only she didn't understand that yet, but she would--he'd see to that.

He went to the freezer and pulled out a container of frozen, homemade spaghetti sauce and a package of chicken parmesan. It was hard to keep anything at the safe house for too long without freezing it and since he was never sure when he'd get a chance to stay at the cabin, he often prepared large amounts of food, then divided it up to freeze.

Opening the cabinet, he grabbed a box of noodles. Missy snorted and he gave her a questioning look. "What's funny?"

"I never pictured you for a cook, that's all. I guess it comes in handy though. 'Always good to feed 'em after you fuck 'em.' Great motto to live by. I bet it gets you out of jail free on the 'having to talk to them again thing,' doesn't it? I have to admit to being one of those kind of gals who likes to be fed after she's been fucked, so I can't fault you for proposing it. Wish more of the men I fuck would be so considerate. Though, some men in particular are prone to making breakfast, lunch and dinner. Of course, I *earned* it."

Roi clenched his fists in rage, accidentally popping the container of sauce open. Lucky for him it was frozen or he'd have had a volcanic eruption and a heck of a mess to clean up.

"You all right there? Need some help?" Missy asked, her voice so sugary sweet that he cringed. "Was it something I said?"

"Let me guess, Eadan is one of the men who cooks for you."

Missy shrugged. "I didn't ask you for names, darling. And you should feel honored. You are one of two men that I stuck around long enough after fucking to bother having this conversation. Men are good for so many things. Talking is not one of them. But dangle home cooked food in front of my face and I'm all yours."

"Touché," he whispered. She was definitely the feistiest woman he'd ever been with and the fact that she was his one true mate seemed fitting. He deserved someone who was more than capable of keeping him on his toes. Missy was certainly qualified for the job.

Her comment about wishing the other men she slept with would cook for her too made his teeth grate. He wanted to put his fist through the wall, right after he found Eadan and ripped his throat out. She must have felt the same way when he'd referred to loving to cook for the women who stayed over, and his insensitive slip of one of his notorious catch phrases had to have been hard on her.

*God, I'm the stupidest person I know. Could I be a bigger jackass?*

"How do I answer that and not sound nasty? I'm guessing you were hoping for a pep squad to come to your aid. You won't find one here though I'm guessing you have one or two listed in a black book somewhere."

Roi glanced over at his mate and laughed. "I do not have a black book."

"Ah, then a photographic memory. Even better." A slow smile spread over her beautiful face. "I'll get the phone book and we can try to figure out if we have both sexes covered. You can memorize the numbers of the girls you haven't been with. It will take less time."

Roi couldn't help but love her more as she let him have it. She was so tiny, so petite next to him yet she never once backed down. They couldn't have made a more perfect match if they tried. "I'm sorry, baby. And, trust me when I say that I'm not one who's predisposed to apologies. I'm not joking when I say that the majority of the apologies in my life have occurred because Lukian had a gun to my back."

Winking at him, she laughed. The sultry sound of her voice made his cock twitch to life again. "I know--that's why I enjoy hearing you say it. Now, say it again."

"Sorry," he said, reaching for her.

"Again."

Roi pulled her against his chest and kissed the top of her head lightly. "Sorry."

"Again."

"Missy," he pleaded.

“No, sweetie, you are not done yet. You need to wear a shirt that says just how sorry you are. You do seem to have issues putting your foot in your mouth. Now, apologize again.” The second she narrowed her brown eyes on him, his heart fluttered.

She ran her fingernails down his lower back and cupped his ass cheeks. His cock responded fiercely and damn near ripped through his pajama bottoms. “*Ahh*, I’m sorry.”

“How sorry?” she asked, sliding her hands around his hips and running them over the length of his swollen clothed shaft.

His knees buckled and he had to grab the countertop for support. “*Ahh*, really, really ... *oh* ... sorry.”

“Feed me and I’ll let you make it up to me later.”

“I’ll feed you but I’m afraid I’ve got a problem that needs taken care of first.”

Missy quirked an eyebrow and ran her hand along the edge of his jaw. Her touch felt so good, so right. “Aw, do you have a *little* problem that needs my attention?”

“Little?” He chuckled hard. “Missy doll, there is nothing little about me and I think you know that.”

Her gaze slid down his body, scorching him as it went, until it settled on his groin. Glancing down, he noticed that he now sported a rather interesting “tent” in the front of his flannel bottoms.

“See what you do to me, woman.”

Grabbing the waist of his bottoms, Missy yanked them down, freeing his ruddy cock. It bobbed obscenely and she wrapped her fingers around as much as she could. Roi jerked, the sensation of her tiny fingers clasping him was almost too much--yet not nearly enough.

With a growl, he picked her up and tossed her onto the countertop. Ripping the T-shirt she wore down the center, he cupped her smooth mound and clamped his mouth down onto hers. The taste of her mouth made him moan and want to drive himself into her but he’d already taken her enough. She needed attention and he’d be damned if she got it anywhere else.

He broke their kiss long enough to whisper to her, “How’s about a little bud rubbin’?”

Missy looked perplexed. “Bud rubbin’? Dare I ask?”

Roi licked the edge of her ear and laughed softly as she shivered. “How’s about I just show you?”

Gently, he inserted his index finger into her hot pussy and began rubbing her swollen clit with his thumb. Missy wiggled under the weight of his touch and fought to get down. “Mmm, bud rubbin.’ What do you think?”

“Ahh, Roi, please ... more,” she panted, clutching the backs of his arms. At first she kept trying to get down before finally settling in and moving her hips against his hand.

“That’s it, Missy. Come on my fingers. Soak my hand, baby, soak it.”

She tossed her head back and Roi took that opportunity to go for her neck. First, he simply planted chaste kisses on her smooth skin, but the wolf within wanted more and it was tired of taking a back seat to the man. His mouth burned and the change was on him before he could control it. As his incisors lengthened, he waged an inner war, wanting to break away from Missy to avoid hurting her, but being powerless to the beast within. The wolf was strong.

“Roi, yes ... yes,” Missy cried out, squirming on the counter enough to drive his finger all the way into her pussy.

“So, fucking hot, Mis, so fucking tight.” He ground each word out, doing his best to enunciate through his now shifted mouth.

She grabbed hold of him, lifting herself off the counter and clinging to him as he continued to tweak her swollen bud. “I’m coming, Roi, I’m coming!”

*Claim her!*

“Yes, yes, claim me ... claim me, fuck me, make me yours,” Missy said, her head still thrown back and her body permeating a cream that smelled better than anything he’d ever known in his life.

It was too much. Hearing Missy begging him to take her and fuck her did it. Moving forward, he aligned the head of his cock with her saturated

opening and thrust into her with enough force that she hit her head on the cabinet. The man in him felt bad, the wolf didn't seem to mind. Unable to fight the predator within any longer, Roi opened his mouth wide and clamped down on Missy's shoulder as he continued to pump the full length of his shaft into her little body.

Missy screamed out and tried to push him away. He didn't release his jaws--couldn't release them. The wolf needed to taste her blood, her flesh, while the man deposited his seed within her. There could be no question as to whom she belonged to. She would forever be both the wolf's and the man's--she'd be Roi's.

"Stop Roi! We can't undo this!" Missy cupped his face in her hands and pushed on him.

Roi couldn't stop--not until the wolf was sated. He didn't want to stop. She was his and he'd be damned if he let her "fix things by doing away with their bond." The only thing he could do was give her as much pleasure as possible to lessen the effects of his bite.

Reaching down, he rolled her erect nipple between his fingers. She moaned out as he continued to fuck her madly, wildly. Her fingers went to his hair as she held tight to him and gasped between thrusts. Tiny animal noises came from them both. Missy wrapped her legs tight around his waist and clung to him as he surged into her. This was raw, carnal and exactly what the beast within him demanded.

With each sway of his hips, his legs tightened and his cock burned for more. Missy obliged by coming hard on him. Her pussy quaked and clenched down around his dick like a clamp. It was too much. The taste of her sweet blood flowing down his throat, the smell of her sex, the feel of her hot channel, the amount of power he held over her and how much he loved her. It was all too much. Roi came fast and furiously into her womb in spurts that caused his legs to shake.

"More," she murmured.

His body responded by not letting his cock settle, even with its massive release. Instead, he continued to come in waves, soaking her, drenching her with his essence, his come, his seed.

"Mine," he growled out. "Mine."



Doing his best to cage the beast, Roi managed to get his mouth to shift back into human form before looking at Missy. She stared up at him with satisfied heavy lids.

Her gaze met his and her brow creased. Quickly, her eyes widened and she grabbed her neck. “You bit me. You fucking bit me!”

It was then that Roi saw the blood on her hand, her neck and torn open shirt. He didn't see an open wound but there was enough blood to indicate he'd not been gentle with her. He'd been every bit as savage as he was capable of being. He'd hurt his wife. He'd hurt Missy. That was not acceptable.

*Oh, God, what have I done?*

## Chapter Eleven

A soft rapping at the bathroom door signified that Roi was still standing there. Missy scooted further into the corner and brought her knees tighter to her chest. The bathroom was the only place she could think to run to after what had happened in the kitchen.

*How in hell did we get to that point? I told him it was a good thing we hadn't taken that next step. He didn't listen.*

One minute her feelings were hurt because Roi had thrown his endless stream of other women in her face and the next she was getting some of the greatest sex of her life--well, right up until the point that Roi sunk his teeth into her and wouldn't let go.

“Melissa?”

“Go away, Roi.”

He sighed. “I can't do that, baby. I'm your...”

Letting out a soft laugh, Missy toyed with the silver waste paper basket and smiled at the irony of a werewolf having an affinity for silver. “I know what you are now, Roi. I understand that you are technically my husband. I get how this works better than you think. I understand that this union can't be broken if you truly are who you think you are. And I also understand that if you're not my true mate then I can walk away and never look back.”

“Is that what you want, Melissa?” he asked, no trace of anger in his voice. “I'll understand. I should have been able to control my beast. I shouldn't have caused you pain or...”

“Shh, Roi, don't. I'm fine. Upset but not hurt.”

She could sense the relief he was emanating through the bathroom door. “Thank God,” he whispered, so low she barely heard it.

Missy snorted. “If you bring me a shirt to cover up with, I'll let you pull up a spot on the bathroom floor next to me. I can't promise to be nice to you.”

She wasn't concerned about Roi's bite. She healed that quickly. No, she had bigger issues to cover with him. Things that should have been

discussed long before he took her as his wife at all. How she'd not only let things get to this point, but encouraged them was beyond her.

"It's a deal."

Missy stood slowly and made her way to the bathroom door. Unlocking it, she opened it slowly for Roi. He was before her in a flash. Her brow furrowed as she took in the scent of something wonderful. "Mmm, what smells good?"

Roi didn't move to touch her but she got the sense he wanted to. He held up a black button up cotton shirt. A slow, lazy grin came over him. "I was sort of worried and needed to channel the energy. I'd have normally gone for a run but I didn't want to leave you so I..."

Sliding her arms into his shirt, she couldn't help but laugh as it dwarfed her. "You're huge."

A manly chuckle came from him. "Thanks."

Missy buttoned the shirt slowly as she stared up at Roi. He was so gorgeous. Men weren't supposed to look that good, be that perfect or make her feel so much. Reaching up, she stroked his stubble covered jaw line and tipped her head to the side. "Roi..."

"Missy, I'm so sorry. I don't know what came over me. I mean, I do know but I'm ... umm ... I understand why I couldn't fight it." He placed his hands on her hips and tipped his head down.

"Geoffroi, I understand why. I have to admit that it would have been nice if I'd have known ahead of time. I could have talked you out of it."

Sighing, he nodded. "I'm married to a woman who doesn't want me. Yeah, those fates are having a fucking field day with me right now. At the rate I'm going you'll tell me you're pregnant and then ban me from being around you or our child."

It was Missy's turn to sigh. "Geoffroi, honey, that's part of what I would have used to talk you out of wanting to tie yourself to me."

Taking her hand in his, Roi stared down at her with large blue eyes. Instantly, Missy melted. "Doll, there is nothing that you can tell me that would have talked me out of fully mating with you."

“Roi.” Missy bit her lip and tried to hold back tears. “I can’t give you children.”

“We’ll adopt when we’re ready.”

Missy stared up at him with wide eyes. “That’s fine with you?”

“Of course it’s fine by me.” He took her hand from his cheek and kissed it gently. “Melissa, I can’t tell you the number of children we’ve seen abandoned or mistreated by the things we hunt down. We made sure that they went somewhere they’d be safe and cared for. I have no problem with opening our home to them. They’re like us--they aren’t human and can’t be allowed to grow up with humans.”

“I know the lengths you go to in order to see children are safe, Roi. Trust me, I know.”

“How do know, Missy? Can you tell me now?” He pulled her close to him and stared down at her. “We’re together from now until eternity. I’d like to know my wife better.”

“Did you cook?” she asked, hoping beyond hopes to get off the topic for a minute.

“Yes, you said you were hungry. Would you like to talk about it while we eat?”

*Why? You won’t believe a damn word I say.*

“Try me, sweetie. You may be surprised what I’m willing to buy into when it comes to you.”

Missy cast him a hard look. “Please stop reading me. I’m not comfortable with that. Most men who try to do that to me have one thing on their mind.”

Roi snickered and rocked her back and forth. “I understand why they think of that while they’re around you but I should warn you that if they dare try to act out one of their fantasies, I will kill them.”

“Roi.” Missy stepped into him more, wanting to be close to him. “The men don’t have that on their mind. Well, not in the way that would leave me a willing participant. They have far worse planned when they’re trying to read me.”

He stiffened. “Melissa, I’ve been as understanding as I can be up to this point but if what I think you are hinting at is true then you need to come clean with me now. You can tell me the truth. I won’t lie and tell you that I’ll take the news of you working for the other side well but we’ll get through it. You’ll stop and I’ll see to it that PSI leaves you alone.”

Knowing that Roi would never understand or believe her, Missy shook her head. “Why are you willing to go to bat for me? Just because we’ve mated doesn’t mean you really know me, Roi.”

\* \* \* \*

“Because I love you,” Roi said, understanding his brother’s urge to move heaven and hell for his mate, Peren. Roi would do the same thing for Missy. He’d give up his position on the team if required and spend his life keeping her hidden. He’d do whatever it took to be with her.

“What?” Missy clutched tight to him. For a moment, he feared she’d pass out.

Roi swallowed every bit of pride he had and laid his heart on the line, hoping that she wouldn’t shatter it. “I’ll do whatever needs to be done, Melissa because I love you. I’ve loved you since the moment I laid eyes on you. You’re my one true mate--my soul mate if you need a better term, although that sounds a bit girlie to me.”

She wrapped her tiny arms around his waist and hugged him tight. Missy shook slightly. His chest grew wet where her face was and he knew she was crying. It ripped at his gut to know that telling her he loved her had caused this kind of response. He’d blown things with her from the first second he’d laid eyes on her.

“Roi,” she said, sniffing. “I spent my life looking for you and when I finally find you, I can’t keep you. And trust me, I want to keep you.”

“What?” He couldn’t hide his shock from hearing her say that she wanted to keep him in her life.

Missy let out a soft laugh. “With an ego the size of yours, you can’t be surprised to hear me say that. You probably hear that at least twice a week.”

“No, baby. I don’t. And even if I did, you are the only woman I want to keep me. I love you and if you dare think about trying to cut me loose there will be hell to pay.”

*You’ll be the one cutting me loose soon enough. Men can’t handle what I do. Not even an I-Op will understand my lifestyle. Hell, you don’t even want to fully believe me. You see what I created for everyone to see--an independent young woman who thinks life is a party. It’s the furthest fucking thing from a party that I can imagine.*

Not wanting to let on that he was listening to her thoughts again, Roi just hugged her tight and thought about what she’d tried to make him believe. She’d claimed to be with PSI. Was she telling the truth? “Missy, you told me that you have no idea what you are. How is it you can work for PSI and not know?”

*Yeah, like he’ll believe they keep my medical records from me. Especially after I told him my primary job is intelligence work. They send me off to obtain information about the other side but keep vital information from me, ‘for my own good.’ I can’t win with this. I’m going to lose him with the truth because he’ll continue to assume I’m lying and I’ll lose him with a lie.*

“Roi, I, umm...”

He picked her up quickly and looked her in the eyes. “Baby doll, let’s eat and we’ll talk about it in the morning. I want a tiny slice of normalcy right now and I think you want it too.”

“Roi, I need to use my phone or yours. I need to check in and you’re blocking my link with Eadan.”

“How is it you have a mental link with him?”

*Great, how do I explain this to him and not have him hate me? I doubt he’ll believe that all my life everyone told me he wasn’t real, that no team of paramilitary men that could shift into animals existed.*

“Eadan and I are close--very close. We always have been. He’s three years older than me and...”

Roi’s brow furrowed. “He’s thirty. You’re what? Twenty?”

“No, I’m pushing twenty-seven, Roi. They tell me that I stopped aging a couple of years ago. I don’t really pay much attention.”

“How long have you been sleeping with Eadan?”

Drawing in a deep breath, Missy avoided looking at Roi. She didn’t want to face him at the moment. “He’s been in my life a long time, Roi.”

“That didn’t really answer my question. You said that when you found your mate, you had a lot of explaining to do. So explain it to me.”

“Eadan is the first friend I ever had. My father and Eadan’s father have been friends since they were just boys. The minute I was adopted, Eadan became a constant in my life. At first, three and half years was a big difference but by the time I was four, he was used to me following him around everywhere he went. He spent his time showing me the right way to climb a tree, hit a ball, hell, anything that I did that should have been reserved for boys.”

Missy didn’t really want to have this talk but she didn’t have a choice. “Eadan was the first person, other than my father that knew how very different I was. We spent so much time together that it was easy for him to pick up on it. Plus, he was different so it made it okay for me.”

“I can understand why the two of you became friends. I’m not questioning that, Missy.” Roi just stood there staring at her. “I want to know how long you’ve *been* with Eadan.”

“Since I was seventeen,” she whispered. “He was my first.”

Roi drew in a deep breath and let it out slowly. She wanted to say something, anything that would make it better on him but she couldn’t. “Are you willing to remove him from your life?”

Stunned, Missy was silent at first as she tried to make sense of Roi’s absurd request. “No. And you have no right to ask me to do that. You’ve been with how many women, Roi?”

He didn’t answer.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t hear you.”

“I get it. I have no room to talk.”

Roi picked her up quickly and she instinctively wrapped her legs around his waist. Putting her arms around his neck, she hugged him tight, needing to know it was going to be okay between them even though she knew it couldn't last.

“It can last, baby.”

\* \* \* \*

*I hope you're right.*

Doing his best to keep his emotions level, Roi had to bite back the smile that wanted to splay over his face as he heard Missy desire to have something with him too. It was clear that Melissa had as many issues with commitment as he'd had. No part of him wanted to scare her away but no part of him was willing to let her go either.

“If I could hang onto you forever, Geoffroi, I would.” Missy tugged on the back of his neck and pressed her lips to him, making his entire body tighten as heat flared through him.

Roi nodded and carried her to the closet at the other end of the house. He kept her held tight to him as he reached up and took her now clean clothes and pink cell phone down from the top shelf. “Here you go,” he said, as he went to put her down.

Missy didn't let go of him. Opening her phone, she punched in a sequence of numbers and held the phone up. With his enhanced hearing, Roi could make out what her voice mail was saying easily.

The second Roi heard Melanie's voice, he smiled. “Missy, I am positive that you know how to use a phone. If you took off on one of your ‘I'm out of town because my dad needed me to pick something up again’ trips I'm going to kick your tiny ass when you get back. If you're screwing Roi's brains out then I'll forgive you because he's hot. But give me a call. Eadan has been bouncing off the walls. If he asks me one more time if I've talked to you, I'm going to cut his hair off when he's not looking. I think he's moving on to bother Peren so I'm at least off the hook for the moment. Bye, sweets.”

Missy's cheeks flushed and she rolled her eyes playfully. “Gotta love her bluntness.”



“Hmm, she reminds me of someone of else I know,” he said, staring into her eyes and praying that she only wanted to be with him. Not Eadan.

“I do.”

Roi smiled as Missy answered his thoughts again. It faded fast when he heard Eadan’s voice on her voice mail. “Melissa, I’ve talked with Peren. She swears that Dickhead is on the level. I promise not to send out the Marines yet. And I do mean yet. I need you in for a briefing first thing in the morning. I actually need to be briefed first so I can’t talk long. My gut tells me that they want you to go back in. If they do, I’m begging you to tell them no. You’ve got the boss wrapped around your little finger. Pass on this, Missy-bean.”

“Missy-bean? That only makes me hate him more,” Roi said softly.

“Roi, he’ll always be in my life. Always. If you can’t deal with that you need to tell me now. Though, I’ll caution you that if you make me choose, you won’t like the outcome.”

His breath caught. She claimed to want him more than Eadan only to flat out tell him that he would never win over the man.

“Don’t make it a contest and you won’t have a problem. Asking me to cut Eadan out of my life is the equivalent of asking you to cut the I-Ops out of yours. I would never ask you to do that for me.”

“But I would do that for you, baby.” He didn’t even need to think about it.

“And the minute something happened to one of them you’d be beside yourself with grief and guilt.”

He hated to admit it but she was right. He would blame himself for not being there for the rest of the Team. “I’ll do my best to accept him, Missy but in truth, I’m a little more concerned about you and your job.”

She let out a soft laugh. “I figured you’d be like every other man who knows what I do.”

“Every? How many men have you dated?”

“Roi.” The stern look she gave him shut him up.

“What happened to a slice of normalcy?”

Nodding, he hugged her tight. “Let’s eat.”

## Chapter Twelve

“Captain, we’ve been waiting for this PSI agent for an hour. Is it safe to assume he ain’t coming because I’m hungry,” Wilson said, his feet perched on a tiny table. “And why the hell did we have to come here? The briefing room back at headquarters is more comfortable and I didn’t have to drive a half hour out of my way. Can someone tell me why we even have more than one building anyway? There’s five of us. We don’t take up that much room.”

Roi stood silently with his arms folded as he leaned against one of I-Ops’ many training room walls. He didn’t want to be here anymore than Wilson did. He wanted to be out tracking Missy. When he’d woken to find her gone he could barely breathe. If Lukian and the others hadn’t have shown up to collect him, he’d still be searching for her.

“Wilson, I just friggin’ talked to the Colonel less than fifteen minutes ago. And I told you that he said we have to stay put, that something had come up but the agent would still be here.”

“If he’s not here in five minutes, I’m fucking leaving,” Roi said, daring Lukian to tell him different.

“Roi, we all promised to help you look for your mate the minute we get this out of the way. She left on her own accord so we’ll continue to operate under the assumption that she’s fine.”

Roi was about to comment when the double doors to the room opened. Two men walked through them. The first, a tall man with wide shoulders and a build that could rival Roi’s, looked to be in his late thirties but smelled centuries older than that. Picking up the scent of a lion, Roi uncrossed his arms and stood tall. The second he looked at the man with the werelion, he lunged forward.

“You son-of-a-bitch! Tell me where she is now!” Roi yelled as he went for Eadan.

Lukian and Green were suddenly in front of him, seizing hold of him and pinning him in place. “Calm down, brother, and tell us what’s going on.”

“Blondie is Melanie’s brother, Eadan. Fuck if I know the lion.”

The werelion laughed. “Well, Geoffroi Majors, you are mistaken. Our paths have crossed before.”

“Why in the hell is Melanie’s brother here?” Green asked, loosening his grip momentarily before tightening it again.

The werelion nodded towards Eadan. “He’s one of our operatives. He serves as a liaison between the Shadow Operatives and myself.”

“And you are?”

The man looked at Lukian and smiled. “General Jack Newman.”

Green gasped. “The Jack C. Newman. The Jack C. Newman that is the Director of Operations at PSI?”

Lukian leaned forward and stared past Roi at Green. “How in the hell do you know the name of...?”

Wilson snorted. “Tell me you aren’t going to ask brainiac how he knows something. The man’s a book of useless knowledge. We’ll end up here for another hour listening to him ramble on. Roi’s sure to blow by then.”

Jon smacked Wilson in the back of the head and stared at the General. “Excuse me, sir, but you look very familiar.”

“I should. I’ve appeared at various times in your lives for decades keeping up on what you’re all doing. I also attended Lance’s funeral. I’m sorry for your loss. We weren’t aware of the situation until after the fact.”

Eadan’s face went hard and Roi couldn’t help but smile. “Hey Blondie, did you figure out what your little sister did with Lance yet?”

“She signed her own death warrant, Major. It’s nice to see you smile when you remind me of that. I don’t personally find it amusing but our tastes in humor clearly differ greatly.”

Roi shook his head, suddenly feeling bad. “I’m not ... umm ... it’s not....”

“What he’s trying to say is that he didn’t think before he spoke. Roi likes Melanie and since he doesn’t care for too many people, that’s a big step,” Lukian said, squeezing his arm tight. “He loves Melissa and doesn’t want to see anyone she cares about suffer. Neither do the rest of us.”

Roi locked eyes with Eadan and saw the anger in them.

The General took a step forward and gave Roi a questioning look. “Is what Lukian said true? Do you love Melissa?”

That was an odd question coming from the head of the PSI.

“Hmm,” Wilson mused. “It only took the four of us and a tranquilizer gun to get him here today. He was adamant that he was going to find Missy come hell or high water. You’re welcome to check Jon. He’s got two more bottles of the stuff that makes Roi pass out for about fifteen minutes, just in case he tried to bolt to get to her again while we were waiting for Blondie here. The shit is powerful enough to take down ten shifters but it barely fazes the psycho.”

“I see. Do you behave this way for every woman who comes into your life?” The General kept his eyes firmly locked on Roi.

Wilson almost fell out of his chair laughing. “Ohmygod, that’s good! Roi can’t even remember a girl’s name the next morning. Hell, normally he has them home before the night is even over. The fact that the man not only started tripping over his own two feet the moment he first met her but then tied himself to her for eternity should answer that for you.”

The General arched a sandy blond brow. “Did you claim Melissa? More importantly, did she claim you as well?”

“Sir, I don’t see how this is relevant to...” Jon fell silent as the General put his hand up.

Roi stood tall and nodded. “Yes I claimed her and yes she claimed me as well.”

A slow smile splayed across the General’s face. “Right then, let’s get down to business.”

Growling, Roi went to go after the General only to find Lukian and Green jerking him backwards. “The only business we’re going to discuss is you ordering my wife to be interrogated. That’s the only thing we’re discussing. You can take your blond little sidekick and shove him up your ancient ass. I don’t care how whatever Missy is mixed up in looks. She’s not working for the other side and I’ll fucking kill anyone who touches her or claims different. She told me to get in touch with you. You’re

fucking impossible to get in touch with then you show up here with pretty boy and a damn smile on your face. I'm going to rip your Goddamn..."

Green leaned into him. "Umm, Roi, stop threatening the head of PSI."

"I don't give a rat's ass if he's a god. He will not subject my wife to his henchmen and he will not lay one damn finger on her. I'll rip the thing off and cram it..."

Eadan snickered. "If you're done, Major. The General didn't order the investigation into Missy. The man who did has been dealt with."

"Dealt with?" Lukian asked.

The General nodded. "Yes, Lukian. He's dead. I handled it myself. I also handled two others that were aiding him and have come to watch the rest of the men involved in that die."

"Why would you come here for that?" Green asked.

"Because when your Colonel called PSI wanting to know where the agent I promised was, my instincts told me that the rest of the men I was after were already here."

Lukian stiffened. "Oh shit, they've got your agent in here don't they?"

All of the Ops looked at each other. Roi knew what they were thinking. They wanted to know how they could have missed that.

Nodding the General stared at Roi and sighed. "I hate to ask you to do this, son, but I need you to mask your scent and keep it masked until I tell you it's safe to stop. This is a matter of life and death. Any slip up will result in the death of the agent."

*Son? Did he just call me son?*

Confused, Roi masked his scent and stared at the General.

"Thank you," he said, glancing at Lukian and Green. "You can let go of him. Eadan will handle holding him back from here on out."

Roi, Green and Lukian chuckled.

Eadan rolled his eyes and flicked his wrists. Suddenly, it felt as though someone had shackled Roi to a brick wall. The sly smile Eadan cast in

Roi's direction made Roi want to kick the shit out him even more. As though that was even possible.

“Very good. Now, as far as the rest of you go, you are not to interfere regardless of what you see happening. While this was unexpected and makes me want to peel the skin from each and every man participating in this, it's necessary to prove the agent's competency and loyalty. Trust me when I say that it will come into question. My guess is, it already has. And trust me when I say that this is harder for me to deal with than any of you.”

Lukian looked at Roi as his brow furrowed. Roi shrugged. He was as lost as the rest of them.

“Wilson, I presume you know which button on the panel will open the wall to give us a view of the interrogation chamber. And we'll need you to hit the audio button. Do not allow for two-way communication just yet. In the event of an emergency Eadan can direct link to the agent.”

Wilson glanced at Lukian and waited to see what he should do. Lukian nodded and Wilson went to the wall panel. He hit the button and the wall began to retract slowly, revealing a two-way mirror.

“Gentleman, meet the agent you will be aiding,” the General said.

It took a second for Roi's mind to register what his eyes were seeing. The room was full of supernatural muscle. In the center of the room was a tiny, waif of nothing strapped to a chair with her head down. “Melissa!”

Roi fought with all his might to break free of the Fey's hold on him but made no headway. He watched in horror as a man punched Missy across the face hard, snapping her head back and making blood flow from her mouth.

Instantly, the rest of the I-Ops went to aid her. Eadan put his hand out and pinned them all in place. “I know it's hard to watch but you need to know you can trust her. The things she'll do and say and the people that she'll call friends will make you think she's playing for the other team. She's not. None of you can question that or you'll get her killed.”

Roi watched helplessly as another man approached Missy. The Bowie knife he held seemed to reflect the light of the room and make Roi's gut tighten. “Let me go,” he said in a low rumble.

“Roi, if she senses you, she’ll worry about you and not her own life. That’s why they were able to inject her with the chemical they did. She’d been too focused on keeping you safe to worry about herself.”

For a split second all eyes went to Eadan. Wilson laughed. “Umm, Blondie, no one needs to worry about Roi’s safety. He’s a ruthless bastard when he needs to be and an asshole the rest of the time. Hell, sometimes he’s both.”

The General stared at Wilson. “Yes, but has Melissa ever seen him in true battle form? She knows that one I-Op died less than two weeks ago. She understands that you are not as immortal as she once believed you were. Can you see why she’d worry?”

Jon gasped and Roi looked towards the two-way mirror. When he saw the man with the knife, taking it and dragging it down the arm of Missy’s black turtleneck, his body stiffened. The minute blood began to drip to the floor Roi growled out. “Let me go! I trust her. Hell, I’m so in love with her I can’t fucking see straight. Let go of me. I need to go to her. I can’t just stand here. She needs me!”

General Newman gave him a slight nod. “I understand, son. Trust me. I do. But who is the first person the enemy will attack to distract all of you?”

“Melissa,” Lukian answered softly. “We can’t take her with us.”

Eadan laughed. “Excuse me, but the I-Ops were brought in to go with her not the other way around. Either you accept that or she goes in alone, *again*.”

They all gasped.

Missy cried out, the sound filling the room through the speakers in the wall.

The man with the knife drug it down her arm again. “Tell me how it is that you can heal this so fast.”

Roi wanted to kill him. He would kill him. No one harmed his wife. Ever.

Missy mumbled something that Roi couldn’t make out. The man apparently had the same problem because he leaned in closer. “What?”



“I don’t know.”

The man slashed out fast and caught her cheek, slicing it open. Missy winced and closed her eyes, clearly in pain. A second later, the wound was healing before their very eyes. That amazed everyone, including Roi.

“Tell us how you know so much about the enemy and this will stop.”

Missy just stared at the man as tears streaked down her face. Her lip quivered and Roi wanted to hold her close while he killed the bastards who dared to do this to her.

“Sir, she’s hardly competent to be in the field. She’s sitting there in tears. She’s not doing anything,” Jon said.

Eadan let out a soft laugh. “And what would you do while you’re tied to a chair with silver coated rope and surrounded by a team of twelve men who are as powerful as you are?”

“Kiss my ass goodbye.” Wilson shook his head and looked back at Roi with wide eyes. “Know that the minute that ass lets me go, I’m gutting him.”

Roi’s nostrils flared. “Only if you beat me to him.”

Lukian growled. “I agree with Jon. Get her the hell out of there. She can’t possibly defend herself. We’d have trouble defending ourselves in that situation.”

General Newman cast him a wary look. “Melissa is more than capable of defending herself. She’s just sitting there because she believes these men are on the level, that they’re loyal to PSI. She’s not permitted to reveal her status to anyone lower than her. To do so could expose her to the enemy and alert them that a new wave of hell is coming at them.”

“Wait,” Green said, trying to move forward. “You mean to tell us that she’s taking the torture and will continue to take it until she’s told otherwise?”

The General nodded.

“They’ll kill her at this rate,” Lukian said.

“If it comes down to that, Melissa will not fight back.”

Missy cried out again as another man punched her with a clawed fist, ripping her neck and jaw open. Roi fought to keep from vomiting.

“She’s only carrying cat breed DNA. She can’t heal...”Green’s protest was cut short when they all watched Missy heal the wounds. “How?”

General Newman locked eyes with Roi. “Geoffroi, you and Green have known Missy longer than I have. You met her when she was just a baby still.”

“Huh?”

“Throughout the years, you have all assured the safety of the supernatural children and also human ones as well when you happened upon them while on assignment. Even when your objective was to get in and get out unseen you have all ignored that to aid a child.” The General didn’t look away from Roi. “About twenty, twenty-five years ago, one of you sensed something a moment before the demolition charges that you had all planted on a known paranormal hot bed in Asia were to go off. You, Roi, ran into the building without any concern for yourself. You found a...”

Roi’s stomach dropped as he ran the countless times of seeing children to safety through his mind. The second he landed on the memory of the demolition day, he gasped. “Ohmygod, I found a little girl, she was pushing two at the time and in a,” his brow furrowed, “cage.”

General Carter nodded. “Yes, I read that in your report. I also read that she was so incredibly sick that she couldn’t lift her head. At the time, none of you were sure what was wrong with her. It’s come to light since then that they were continuing to inject her with were DNA because of her inability to shift forms.”

Green choked back a sob. “When Roi pulled her out he refused to give her to me to examine at first. We cleared the area, the building blew and after Lukian spent an hour promising we’d take her back to the States with us instead of depositing her at a local hospital, Roi finally let me look at her. The minute she was separated from him, she cried and bit me hard enough to draw blood.”

Green’s face paled. “That’s why the strand of panther in Melissa is identical to mine. They had her on so many synthetic drugs that the minute my blood entered her system, she absorbed its genetic traits.”

General Carter nodded. “Yes. And the reason she can heal lycan inflicted wounds is because...”

Lukian stared at Roi. “Because Roi put his saliva on his fingertips and placed them over the open sores she had on her upper arms to help her heal them.”

“Yes, that was the spot they’d been administering her injections. We still aren’t sure how she picked up Green’s DNA and not Roi’s but we assume that your saliva did trigger the ability to heal lycan wounds.”

Roi couldn’t breathe as he watched his wife take another punch, this one to the chest. Images of her as a baby flashed through his mind. Something about her had demanded that he protect her and see her to safety beyond what he would normally do. “I called her doll baby because she was so tiny, so perfect and so...”

“Amazing,” the General said. “Yes, I know. When you had to leave on your next assignment she was placed in a good home. And she grew up not only remembering the team of men who could do amazing things but obsessed with finding them. Melissa didn’t understand the burning need to locate the group of men that were thought of as only a myth. But she wouldn’t stop looking. She had one man in particular on mind in her search.”

“She was driven because deep down she knew the minute Roi picked her up that they were destined to be together,” Lukian said, sounding as astonished as Roi felt. “And that explains why we had to sedate Roi to get him to leave PSI’s infirmary to come on assignment with us. He didn’t want to leave her when she was a baby.”

“Gee, he hasn’t outgrown that a bit,” Wilson said, sardonically. “I wonder how many more times Jon will get to shoot him today.”

“I thought Roi was going to kill you, Captain. When we got back from our mission and that little girl ... er ... Missy was gone.” Jon smiled slightly as he shifted his gaze to Roi. “I told you that you’d see her again.”

“Yeah, see her get the shit beat out of her. Let me go!” Roi fought so hard to break free of Eadan’s magical hold on him that he began to shift.

“Control yourself, Majors, or she’ll catch your scent.”

“Good. She needs to know that we all won’t leave her at their mercy.”

Nodding, the General touched Eadan’s shoulder. “Inform her that they are not friendlies and that none may be permitted to leave. Do not tell her that the I-Ops are near or that we are either. She’ll avoid doing what she can for fear Majors and the others will think less of her. And if she realizes you are near, Eadan, she’ll worry more knowing you will no doubt want to confront her about Majors.”

“Yes, sir.”

## Chapter Thirteen

Missy dropped her head down, waiting for the next blow. It came and she winced as pain shot through her jaw, radiating through her face. The man grabbed her by her hair and held her head back, his hazel eyes bore into her.

“You’re in pain, aren’t you?” He didn’t wait for a response. “Why don’t you just tell us about each one of the I-Ops? Tell us everything you know about the six of them?”

Missy stared up at the man not letting on that he’d just indicated that he didn’t know anything about them. There were only five I-Ops now. And if he was PSI that had been sent by the middle level heads there then they’d know exactly who the I-Ops were and that one had passed on.

Another man came forward and shook his head, leaving his shaggy blond hair bouncing everywhere. “She doesn’t know shit. She’s been nothing but terrified of us from the moment we snatched her, Rex. She’s just some girl with special gifts. Hell, she’s probably one of the thousands who see the future. It’s looking like she was in the wrong place at the wrong time. That’ll teach her to leave a bar with a man she doesn’t know. I hope that fuck was a phenomenal one cause it’s got her mixed up in some heavy shit.”

The big man holding her hair laughed. “Well, she’ll die even if she doesn’t understand what’s going on now. There is no way she walks out of here knowing our names and faces.”

“Then kill her and get it over with. I’m sick of hearing her cry.”

Missy bit back a smile as she continued her terrified little girl routine. It kept their guard down. The second Rex stepped back and nodded to another man, she knew what was coming next and welcomed it.

“Cut the bitch loose and we’ll at least have some fun with her,” Rex said, laughing.

“Aww, hell yeah. When do you think we’ll run across another piece of ass that fine again?”

Melissa did her best to not roll her eyes. It was hard. She concentrated on looking terrified instead.

A man with a shaved head dropped down before her, staring up at her with hungry brown eyes. He licked his lips and undid the cords tying her ankles, hissing as the silver coating began to burn him. "Mmm, you better be worth this."

He freed her feet and moved around to the back of the chair. Staying still, Missy kept her terrified expression and added some shallow breathing for effect. The smug look on Rex's face said it was working.

Two other men ran up and stood next to her. They stared at her like she was free for the pickings. In their minds, she was. Carefully, Missy recounted what she knew about each man so far. She'd been trained to keep mental notes on what known weapons each opponent had. It was easy to tell the ones who were packing because they favored that side of their body, just a hair more than the other. In her experience, men who were up to no good tended to treat their firearms like their dicks, when they spotted a woman they adjusted them. The two next to her had been adjusting for the last forty minutes.

Instantly, the weasel who untied the cords wormed his way in front of her again. As he brought his head in between her legs she gripped the back of the chair tight, knowing it looked as though she was scared and trying to keep him away. She let huge tears fall from her cheeks. They were easy to pull up since her entire body hurt.

*Missy, they are not on our side. I repeat. They are not friendlies.*

*Eadan?* The sound of Eadan's voice in her head was music to her ears.

*Yeah, honey, it's me. The men in there are PSI but they weren't sent by any of us. They've turned and they cannot be permitted to leave the area. They already know more than they should about the I-Ops. If they're freed then the entire team will be in danger. Are you good to proceed?*

Missy stared down at the man between her legs and let a slight smile splay over her lips. There was no way these assholes were going to jeopardize any of the men's lives. *Oh, I think I'll be fine.*

*Be careful.*

*I always am.*

The man drew in a deep breath. “You have the sweetest...”

“I’m sick and fucking tired of hearing her cry,” the man to her direct left said as he swung out a clawed hand at her face.

Her natural instincts and training kicked in automatically. She caught his wrist a second before it would have struck her and jerked it hard to the left. The bones cracked and the man bent forward fast. Missy stared into his now swirling eyes and stopped pretending to cry. Instantly she was emotionally stable and smiling at him. “Yeah, and I’m sick of pretending to be afraid of you assholes so I’d say we’re close to being even. Once you’re all dead I’ll call it a day.”

Taking the man’s clawed hand she raked it over the side of the bald head between her legs, slitting the man wide open in the process. Letting go of the hand, Missy grabbed hold of the back of the metal chair. She shoved her body down fast, hitting the bald man between her thighs’ face a second before she dropped to the floor. Swinging the chair up and over her head, she kicked off the man’s body and slid backwards on the tile as she slammed the chair into his head. It hit so hard that his head split.

Jerking it up fast, she caught the one who had punched her repeatedly in the face. Turning ever so slightly as she kicked the chair up with all her might, it caught the man’s neck and sent him flying backwards.

Missy twisted fast, sweeping the legs out from another man that had run up next to her hoping to get a free screw. As he fell, she took hold of the handgun he’d been so keen on toying with while he’d watched her being beaten. Seeing a flash out of the corner of her eye, Missy kicked the chair up and caught it while still lying on her side.

Instantly, a large mass was on her. Looking up, Missy found herself face to face with a partially shifted werewolf. The only thing that prevented it from biting her was the chair that was now lodged between them. She lifted the semi-automatic pistol and fired a shot between its eyes while simultaneously thrusting the chair up, pushing the beast off her.

Her senses warned her that someone was about to start shooting at her. The shot went off and time seemed to still. Hearing the direction it came from, Missy used her inhuman speed to roll fast the other way. The bullet grazed her arm. Pain radiated through it but she ignored it, knowing it would heal.

“Damn it, shoot her!”

“I’m fucking trying! She’s too fast!”

Holding tight to the handgun, Missy charged at one of the two long tables in the room as bullets whizzed past her head. She did a fast run-jump and vaulted off the table using only one hand. As her legs moved above her, she aimed and fired a shot into a man moving in on her, scoring a direct chest hit.

Extending her body out, she then landed and stood straight up. The second she saw the whites of another attacker’s eyes, she fired a direct shot at his head a second before he fired at her. Time seemed to slow again as she twisted to the side and seized hold of the dead man before he could fall to the ground.

Bullets continued to come at her only now she held the dead man as a shield, allowing his body to absorb them. Reaching quickly to his side, she yanked his handgun out of his hand a moment before his fingers loosened. Letting the man fall away, Missy instantly began firing with both weapons as she ran at the men head on.

Two dropped from direct chest hits. Another lost a hand as she shot the weapon out of it a second before aiming at his head and pulling the trigger.

One of the men foolishly tried to meet her head on. As he turned ever-so-slightly she knew what he was planning on--he was going to try a front kick. As he drew his leg into his body and went to extend it, Missy aimed at his exposed groin. Pulling the trigger, she smiled as he dropped like a ton of bricks. His screams filled the room. Aiming at his head, she put him out of his misery.

“I don’t like to be kicked, asshole!”

A huge shadow came at her from above. Lifting the pistols, she fired. One discharged a shot, the other didn’t. Tossing the empty weapon side, she dove forward a moment before a huge grey wolf fell down to the floor. She hit it. It was hurt but it wasn’t a fatal shot. She went to fire at it and discovered her only weapon was now empty as well.

“What will you do now? You have no guns to hide behind. And you can’t possibly stand toe to toe with us,” Rex said, laughing. “Give me the I-Ops names and descriptions and I’ll let you walk away. It’s that easy.”



Missy stared at the wolf, not wanting it to get the upper hand. “You don’t really expect me to tell you anything, do you?”

“Do you know what the wolf before you can do? He’ll take hold of your neck and rip your throat out, if you’re lucky. He could always take his time with you. Tell us what we want to know and I’ll be sure to make your death as painless as possible. One as young and as new to all of this as you can’t possibly expect to win against us.”

Smiling, Missy kept her gaze locked on the wolf before her. “Hmm, who wants to sing with me? I believe we’re now at three big bad bastards on the wall when we started at twelve. Yeah, I could *never* hold my own. Anyone else feel like I need a bottle of rum and an eye patch?”

No one answered.

“Guess it’s just me.”

“Tell me, do you have a death wish?” Rex asked, sounding a smidge closer than before.

Shrugging, Missy snorted. “Dying hadn’t crossed my mind but I have no problem doing it to keep them safe.”

“Why? You are nothing to them. They aren’t here to help you. None of them care if you live or die.”

“And your point is what?”

“That you’re not only a fool but clearly in love with one of them. Let me guess, it’s the one you left the bar with.”

Sitting still, Melissa laughed slightly. “Oh, wait, this is the part where I’m supposed to spaz out on you and confess some undying love. Give me a minute and I’ll do my best to drum up another award winning performance.”

“You can’t expect to win.”

Missy did a fake yawn and nodded at the wolf. “Does he always ramble like this? I’m thinking of bashing my head against the wall and killing myself just so I don’t have to listen to his mouth run anymore.”

“Kill her!”

The wolf bared its teeth and lunged at her. Missy smacked its open mouth with the butt of the handgun hard, sending its head twisting to the side. Kicking up hard, her boot connected with its ribs, breaking them easily. Missy sprung to her feet and straddled the wolf. Taking hold of the sides of its head, she snapped its neck fast and let it drop to the floor.

Turning her head slowly, she met Rex's hazel gaze head on and smiled. "Yeah, about that can't possibly win thing. Willing to take it back now?"

Rex gave her a lecherous smile as he tucked his arms into his sides. Knowing he was up to something that she wouldn't like, she felt out, trying to sense exactly where the last man was. The second she found him, she arched her brows and smiled wide.

"Is something funny?"

Missy nodded. "Yep. Your boy is scared shitless and thinks you are a fool. He's also got me in his sights. Now, I wouldn't be worth a damn at my job if I went and let myself get shot so I'll be back in just a minute."

Not waiting for Rex to respond, Missy took over running at the man with the speed of every cat mixture in her. The man fired and the shot went wide. He reeked of fear and it only served to drive Missy onward.

\* \* \* \*

Roi watched with wide eyes as Missy ran straight for the man shooting at her from the corner. He was already so shocked to see his tiny Missy drop nine men and a partially shifted one that he could do little more than stare.

"Holy shit, she's fearless," Wilson said, softly.

Eadan let out a soft laugh. "Yeah, that's a serious character flaw of hers."

"I agree," the General said.

Missy ran directly into the man. Roi watched as she thrust the hand with the gun in it against the wall. The weapon fell to the floor, as the man started to shift. Missy leapt backwards fast, springing up and onto the table. She looked so lethal standing there staring down at the half-shifted man, but she also looked stunning. The second Missy yanked her turtleneck off, Roi's stomach tightened. Wearing only a tiny black tank top, she wrapped the turtleneck around her forearm.

“Damn, she’s fine!” Wilson whistled and made a small odd sound.

Growling, Roi felt the beast within rising up. “You are not to look at her like that. I will...”

Wilson put his hands in the air. “I know, I know. You’ll beat the shit out of me until Lukian or Green take pity on me and pull you off.”

“I won’t stop him this time. That’s his wife you’re talking about,” Green said, softly.

“She’s amazing.”

Hearing Jon say that made Roi smile. Jon wasn’t prone to say much about anyone. Though he did comment when Wilson was being an ass.

Roi stared at his wife. “Yeah, she is.”

Missy tapped her arm lightly. “*Argent* *castus*.”

“What did she just say?” Roi asked, as he watched the turtleneck around her arm change from black to silver.

“Silver-plated,” Green and Eadan said simultaneously.

The half-shifted man came at her fast. She spun around and struck it with the now silver-plated, cast-like weapon on her arm. It sent the man hurtling towards the wall. She was on him instantly, kicking him hard and repeatedly slamming the silver cast into his face.

He sunk to the floor. There was no doubt in Roi’s mind that the man was dead. The only question on his mind was how in the world Melissa had managed to make something silver-plated.

“Bravo, young one. Tell me how you learned that little trick,” Rex said, his voice grating on Roi’s last thread of sanity.

Melissa turned slowly, looking every bit the hellcat he thought she was. Smiling, she winked. “Just a little something my ex-husband gave me to help in situations like this.”

“Ex-husband?” Roi couldn’t remain silent.

“*Shhhhh*, do you want her to go head to head with the man while she’s afraid of what you’ll think of her?” the General asked.

Roi narrowed his gaze on Eadan. “You. You’re the ex-husband.”

Eadan nodded, the slightest hint of amusement twinkled in his eyes.

“Eadan?”

Roi glanced quickly at the General, wondering why he seemed shocked by the news. “Hey, are you just finding out now too? Tell me I’m not the only one Missy lied to.”

“Did you ask her if she’d ever been married before?” The smug look on Eadan’s face made Roi want to bash his face against the wall a few billion times.

“No.”

“Then how did she lie to you?”

*Goddamnit, I hate it when people go all logical on me.*

General Newman struck out hard and fast, hitting Eadan and sending him flying backwards. Roi couldn’t help but smile. Eadan rose to his feet magically, not appearing hurt in the least.

“She may not have lied to Geoffroi but she certainly lied to me!”

All the Ops watched the General.

Eadan nodded slowly. “I know. She didn’t want you to separate us.”

“That is exactly what I would have done. I knew you cared for her. I even suspected that something small might have gone on, but I never expected that you mated with her.”

Mated? Ohmygod, that’s how Missy knew she could still walk away if he wasn’t her true mate. She’d been through it once before.

“How long were the two of you married?”

Eadan didn’t answer the General.

“I asked you a question. You will answer it.”

Eadan’s jaw tightened. “Sir, Missy forbid me from discussing this with you. I will honor her wishes.”

The General stepped back and shook his head. “You, you were the one she was protecting.”

*Protecting?*

Eadan looked away from the General, a sure sign that he was the man in question.

“What the hell is going on?” Roi asked, needing answers.

General Newman looked at him and let out a sigh. “You said that you loved Melissa. After hearing she was mated to another, do you still?”

Roi’s mouth dropped open. “How can you ask me that? Yes, I still love her. I’m beyond pissed at the moment but that doesn’t change how I feel about her. Now tell Blondie to let me go. I need to help my wife.”

“Before you set foot through that door you need to answer one question for me.”

“I really don’t give a shit that you’re the head of PSI. I’m tired of the games. Let me go.”

The General ignored him. “Have you and Melissa discussed children yet?”

Instantly, Roi knew where he was going with this. “Yes, and I’m fine with adopting. I already told her that.” He stopped in mid-sentence and thought about how this subject had come up. “Blondie has something to do with why she can’t have children. Doesn’t he?”

“Yes,” the General said coldly.

Eadan’s brows drew together. “Neither of us knew she was pregnant, Jack. I didn’t want her to go back in from the get go. You talked her into it, like you talk her into everything else. She walked through the gates of hell to play buddy, buddy with the enemy because she didn’t want to disappoint you. We didn’t know...”

“You didn’t know that she was five months pregnant?”

*Missy had been pregnant?*

Eadan shook his head. “Jack, she’s a hundred pounds on a good day. She wasn’t showing. In fact, she’d lost weight. Remember?”

“You are the reason she almost died. One, she stepped into the line of fire because she knew you couldn’t survive if you took a normal bullet to the heart or head. She leapt in front of you to save your life.” The General teared up. “I had to sit outside of PSI’s emergency room for eight hours while they pulled bullet after bullet out of the two of you.”

“Jack, I had no idea she was expecting and I had no clue that...”

Green drew in a sharp breath. “That the baby Missy carried had enough supernatural Fey DNA to coat Missy’s cells with it, rendering her powerless against normal bullets but able to heal injuries caused by silver ones.”

The General and Eadan nodded.

“They came out and told me that they were able to stabilize her and that they could do nothing else until a Faerie was brought in to heal her. They said she had too much of it in her to accept their normal course of treatment.” General Newman shook his head. “They then stood there and told me that while they could save her, they weren’t able to save the child. That his mother had lost too much blood and that he too had been injured. How in the hell do you think that made me feel, Eadan? I wanted to kill the bastard who touched her. When she came to, she swore to my face that it wasn’t you and I believed her. I believed that Melissa would never lie to me.”

“How the hell do you think I felt, Jack?” Eadan glared at the General and then at Roi. “My son died and my wife almost died as well. After all was said and done, Melissa had our marriage dissolved. Everything was ripped away from me then, Jack. I’ve had to learn to live with the fact that she and I will only ever be friends, not lovers, not man and wife--just friends. During all of that, we’ve both had to come to terms with the fact that our child died.”

The General sighed and nodded his head. “It’s been hard on all of us, Eadan. That much I’ll give you.”

“Hard?” Eadan asked, sounding shocked. “It was hell. It still is. On any given night Missy’s prone to wake up in cold sweats.”

Wilson said something but Roi ignored him. Instead, he focused on Eadan. “You know what it’s like to fear losing her yet you pin me here and force me to watch her in there.”

The second he said it, Eadan stared at him. “If you didn’t see her in action, see what she’s capable of and know that she is good at what she does then you’d have gotten in the way again. Only, the next time she wouldn’t have just gotten injected with something. She would have ended up dead or captured. That’s not an option, Majors.”

“Let me go. She needs me.”

Wilson whistled loudly. “Children, if you will be so kind as to look at Missy you will see that she’s in deep shit.”

\* \* \* \*

Missy stood still as Rex held two handguns on her from across the room. He leveled his gaze on her and smiled wide. “It would appear that your luck has run out. Care to tell me about the I-Ops now?”

Knowing her chances of walking out were slim, Missy nodded. “Sure. Ask me anything.”

“What are their names?”

“Hewy.”

Rex seemed to hang on her every word and he smiled lecherously at her.

Missy continued onwards. “Dewy, Lewy, Larry, Curly and Moe.”

Instantly, his face reddened and fur covered his arms. He fired a shot at her. Dropping to the side, touching her hand to the ground behind her, she felt the bullet whizzing past her. Knowing another would follow, Missy flipped fast and rolled to the right. Bullet after bullet struck the floor as she went, so close to her that she could feel the wind nipping at her.

*Missy.*

Eadan’s voice distracted, slowing her enough that a bullet struck her upper left shoulder. Crying out, Missy tried to lunge in the other direction, knowing that Rex had her route covered. Another bullet hit her, this one in her right thigh.

Pain radiated throughout her, blinding her to Eadan’s voice. Her body kicked into overdrive, knowing that it needed to protect itself. The silver bullets wouldn’t kill her but they hurt like hell. Rising to her feet as fast as she could, Missy locked gazes with Rex and smiled. He fired again,

this time scoring a direct heart shot. The magik that Eadan had passed on through their unborn child kicked in.

Never able to control it, Missy let it go, let it do what it felt was best. It whipped around her fast, spinning her in a circle as more bullets came at her. None hit her. Instead, they seemed to catch in the circle of air building around her.

Sensing someone nearing the door, Missy concentrated hard, hoping beyond hopes that the magik within her would keep anyone she cared about from entering the room until she was done dealing with Rex.

Pain gripped her tight. Screaming out, Missy felt the power within let loose. It thrust the bullets it had collected out in all directions, cutting Rex down as they went. She stilled, no longer spinning but feeling the after effects of it. A bit disorientated, she watched Rex crawl on the floor. The trail of blood he left behind him told her just how injured he was.

Covering the distance between them as fast as she could, Missy stood over Rex and put her foot on the only remaining weapon in his hand. She kicked it away fast and stared down at him. “How many of there are you in PSI?”

“Go,” he coughed, “to hell.”

“Been there. The view sucks but the company wasn’t as bad as I thought.”

Rex laughed methodically. “You’ll bleed to death before ... you get to help.”

“Perhaps,” she smiled even though she wanted to curl up in a ball and cry from the pain, “but I’ll die knowing that the I-Ops are safe. What will you die knowing?”

“That you’ll never know how many of us turned.”

A wave of dizziness took hold of her and she swayed slightly. The sound of the door opening caught her attention. The second she spotted a head of blond hair she smiled.

“Missy-bean!” Eadan was on her in an instant, lifting her in the air and taking her to one of the tables. He set her on it lightly and stared down at her chest. “How bad is it? Did it hit your heart?”



“Direct hit,” she bit out. “Am I covered in blood?”

Eadan laughed. “Why are you always worried about the way you look? You have three bullets lodged in you. One in your heart. Why isn’t that more important?”

“You are so not a girl. You couldn’t possibly get it.”

“Let me go!”

The sound of Roi’s voice made Missy’s breath catch. “Roi’s here?”

Eadan sighed as he put his hand over the wound on her chest. It came out in his hand and he healed her quickly. “Yeah. The General had me pin the I-Ops in place so they could watch how well you handle yourself.”

As Eadan’s words sank in, Missy began to see red. She locked eyes with Eadan and he nodded as he backed up. “Go ahead. I’ll follow you.”

Missy touched his hand lightly as she hopped down off the table. Pain shot through her leg and she had to bite her lower lip to keep from crying out as she went for the door. Her eyes widened as she saw all of the Immortal Ops pinned in various spots. Each one looked as though they were waiting for the opportunity to kill something.

Turning slightly, Missy spotted the General and went straight for him. “How dare you allow them to see this?”

“Roi, your wife is even crazier than I thought,” Wilson said. “She’s going to attack the Director of PSI.”

Missy ignored him. She charged forward and stopped directly in front of the Director. He looked down at her with tears in his eyes. “Melissa, it wasn’t easy for me to watch that but they had to know you’re on their side. They had to understand that you have their best interest and that of the nation at heart.”

“They,” she motioned towards the I-Ops, “did not need to see this. To see me like that. To see me have to…”

“Shh, Melissa. It’s okay.”

“No, Dad, it’s not okay.”

“Dad?” all the Ops said in unison.

The General nodded and cleared his throat. “Yes. My wife and I adopted Melissa.”

“Let me the fuck go. I want to go to my wife,” Roi said, growling as he went.

“Eadan, release them.”

“No, Melissa,” her father said, softly. “They all currently want to kill Eadan and Rex.”

“They’re welcome to kill Rex but if one of them lays a hand on Eadan I will personally remove it. I’m thirsty. My head hurts. And I’m suffering from the heartburn of a lifetime no doubt having something to do with a bullet lodged in it and my leg is killing me. Pissing me off would be very bad.”

The General glanced behind her. “Let them go but I would advise some sort of shield for yourself until they calm down. I can smell their desire to rip you to shreds, Eadan.”

“Ah, I’ve lived with Missy most of my life. One week a month she lets off the same vibe. I’m a hell of a lot more scared of her than them.”

Missy turned to face him. “Get the bullets out of me. I can feel my body trying to heal over them.”

Eadan put his hand over her chest and forced magik into her. It wrapped around the bullet and yanked it free of her, making a sickly sucking noise as it went. He moved to her shoulder next and did the same thing. When he reached her thigh, she hissed. “Ah, Damn it. I hate it when they shatter a bone.”

“Excuse me, ma’am,” Jon said, softly. “But how many times have you been shot?”

“I don’t know. I lost count. But considering my ‘job’ for the bad guys I’m amazed it’s not more. They shoot each other for fun.”

Eadan backed away fast and when Missy saw Roi running straight at her, she knew why. Roi’s blue eyes stayed glued on her the entire time. He moved in fast, went to hug her and stopped. Smiling, Missy touched his cheek. “I’ll be fine.”

“They wouldn’t let me get to you, baby. I tried. Gods, I tried.” His eyes glistened and Missy moved into his arms quickly, letting him hold her as her body healed itself. Roi kissed the top of her head and hugged her. “I’m so sorry, doll baby. I…”

“How much did you see?” she asked, unsure she wanted an answer.

“They saw all of it, Melissa.”

Peeking out of Roi’s warm embrace, Missy stared at her father. His eyes narrowed as he glanced towards Eadan. “You lied to me, Melissa. You swore it wasn’t Eadan. You looked me in the eyes and told me that he wasn’t the one.”

Cringing, Missy tried to pull out of Roi’s embrace. He’d never be able to handle the knowledge that she’d bonded with another man instead of waiting for her true mate or that she’d carried another man’s child.

“Why did you lie to me?” her father asked. “I had a right to know, Melissa. You’re my daughter and I almost lost you. And I did lose my grandson because of it. How could you not…?”

Missy pushed on Roi’s chest. “I told you not to bite me. I told you that I could get it taken care of. You wouldn’t have to be in this now.”

Shaking his head, Roi looked at her as though she were crazy. “Missy, I would have liked to know all of this but it doesn’t change the way I feel about you. I love you. I’m sorry about your son. That had to have been hard on you, honey.”

Hard didn’t even begin to cover it. Not wanting to lose it in front of all of the I-Ops, Missy simply nodded and stroked Roi’s cheek gently.

“It sounds to me, doll baby, that your dad did some lying himself. I’ve always existed and he’s known it. Had he told you the truth…”

Missy drew in a sharp breath. “Eadan and I would have never bonded.”

“She’s right,” Eadan said, shocking Roi. “Had either of us known you really did exist we would have kept our relationship from going to that level. I can’t undo the past.”

“I didn’t ask you to.” Roi stared over the top of Missy’s head at Eadan wanting to keep hating him but finding it harder and harder to do. “And I won’t ask her to ever forget what it is the two of you have been through.”

“Do you love her?” Eadan asked.

Roi nodded. “More than life itself.” Staring down at Missy, he lifted her chin and met her gaze. “I love you, Melissa Carter.”

“Hey, why doesn’t she have your last name, General?” Wilson asked, with a slight smirk.

“Because I insisted she be given my mother’s maiden name in the event that...”

“You were afraid that if someone found out you were the head of PSI they’d go after your family if they knew you had one,” Green said, so soft that Roi almost missed it.

The General nodded. “Yes. My family means the world to me. My wife and I weren’t able to have children of our own and we firmly believe that Melissa is a gift from the gods.”

“I vote we go torture Rex if he’s still breathing,” Wilson said, laughing slightly and lightening the mood significantly.

A chorus of men agreeing with him followed. It was clear to see that they wanted to get out of the way and allow Roi the privacy he deserved. It was also too easy to see that they loved him. So did she.

“Melissa, answer me. Why did you lie to me?”

Sighing, Missy turned a bit in Roi’s arms so she could face her father head on. “Because you wouldn’t have just separated me from my handler, Dad. You would have killed Eadan for something that wasn’t his fault. If he hadn’t come down to help me, I would have died a horrible death at the hands of Pierre Molyneux. Eadan went against direct orders and came for me when he was no longer able to contact me.”

“He made you weak to normal ammunition, Melissa. He left you and the baby vulnerable to...”

“And you sent the baby and I into the belly of the beast, Daddy. Or do you forget how much pressure you put on me. How no one but me could

get the job done? No one but me could get close enough to kill him. No one but me...”

The General looked away. “I didn’t know you were with child, Melissa.”

“Neither did we.” She let out a soft laugh. “Do you honestly think I would have gone had I known? Do you think I would have willingly sacrificed my baby for the greater good? Sorry, Dad but even I have a line I won’t cross. Eadan would have never let me go had he known that I was pregnant or that my genetic makeup had been altered. The man worries about me as much, if not more than you do, Dad.”

“Yeah,” Eadan said softly. “Though, I think your husband may actually worry more than me and I didn’t even know that was possible.” He bit his lower lip and nodded. “He’s the one you’ve been looking for, Missy-bean. He’s the one who gave you Suzie.”

“Suzie?” Roi asked as he cradled her in his large, safe arms.

Missy’s eyes widened. “Ohmygod, the doll. I have a micro chip full of information on the locations of hundreds of children from the Asian experiments hidden within her.”

“You what?” the General asked. “Why wasn’t this given to the I-Ops?”

“Because you told me they weren’t real. How was I to know exactly where the information would end up? I turned over the group that was with me only because I’d rather sacrifice myself than others.”

He drew in a sharp breath. “You knew that agents were turning, didn’t you?”

Missy nodded. “Yeah. I’d overheard some of the bad guys discussing key intelligence locations here and I knew that information had to come from sources on the inside. I didn’t know who, though, and I wasn’t about to risk innocent lives. There is a ton more information in their South American headquarters but I wasn’t able to stay in long enough to retrieve it. That’s part of the reason I put in the next visit. I need the rest. We all do.”

“Eadan, retrieve the doll and the chip. Get it to Lukian and stay on to aid with whatever Missy and I-Ops may need. Keep me abreast of the situation. Now, we need to debrief the Ops on what we know so far.”

“Missy needs to let Green check her over, get cleaned up and then rest. I’m not about to let her do anything else today,” Roi said, kissing her head again. “I’m pissed enough that she took off on me this morning. She needs to sleep. Whatever the I-Ops need to know can wait.”

Eadan cleared his throat. “Umm, I still think you’re a dickhead but I think I should warn you that Missy doesn’t take kindly to being ordered to go home and rest.”

Missy was about to comment when Roi turned her in his arms and lifted her chin slightly. When he dropped his head down and captured her lips with his, she was powerless to fight him. Not that she even wanted to.

\* \* \* \*

Green put his hand up. “Excuse me, but are you telling me that Krauss has somehow managed to introduce supernatural DNA into the bloodstream of an adult human and not kill them?”

Roi just stood there in silence as Missy nodded. “Not exactly. From what I can gather he’s been able to introduce small quantities of it, increasing physical strength and so on but not leaving them with the ability to shift or be immortal. He has, however found a way to enhance those who are already supernatural.”

“That explains the tests done on the arm.”

“Test?” Missy asked.

Green handed her a file. “Yes. When you were attacked outside the compound Roi managed to sever an arm from one of the assailants.”

Missy cast him a small smile and wagged her brows. “That’s just one of the reasons I love you, baby.”

As neutral as he tried to stay around her, it was nearly impossible. Her scent alone drove him mad. Seeing his team work with her as though she were one of their own only intensified it. The need to bury himself in her and fuck away the visions of her being tortured at the hands of the traitor PSI agents was almost all consuming.

Wilson snorted and all eyes went to him. “What?” he asked, shrugging nonchalantly. “No one else found the one armed bandit thing funny?”

Jon shook his head, his amber eyes locked on Wilson. “Anyone want me to smack the rat?”

“Don’t the rat jokes ever get old?”

“Nope,” the team answered together.

Roi was about to tell the team to focus when he noticed Missy sway a bit. Holding her hand out, she seized hold of Green’s shoulder and held it tight. “Whoa, I’m a little dizzy.”

“Missy?” Roi moved to her side quickly, fearing the worst.

Taking a big breath in, Green smiled as he looked to Roi. “Let’s leave these two alone for a little bit.”

“Leave us alone? Check her. She was hurt worse than she thought,” Roi said, ready and willing to hold a gun on Green if need be.

Jon grabbed Wilson’s arm and pulled him towards the door. “We’ll tell the Captain that you’ll meet us back at our headquarters in a couple of hours.”

“We will?” Wilson looked as confused as Roi felt.

Jon nodded. “Yep, we will.”

Roi looked to Green for help. “What’s going on? What aren’t you telling me?”

Missy’s hands began to shake as she covered her mouth. “Oh gods, it’s not possible. I can’t have...”

“Melissa, they knew what and who you are from the files you stole to show us. It stands to reason that they also know due to the moles in PSI that you lost a child. Why would they inject you with that much of a hormone stimulant and try to take you if they didn’t think it would somehow repair your reproductive organs?”

Roi’s mind raced to keep up with Green’s words. Why was the injection important again? “I don’t understand. Speak English.”

Missy turned to him, her wide brown eyes locked on him. Her lip trembled as she caressed her lower stomach. “Roi ... I think I’m...”

“You think you’re what?” he asked as panic began to seize hold of him. Losing Missy wasn’t an option. “Missy-doll, please tell me what’s wrong.”

“Nothing is wrong.” Green smiled. “Well, not unless you consider being a father a bad thing.”

“Being a father?”

Green let out a soft laugh. “I need to run some tests but I’d be willing to bet my life that you’re going to be a daddy, Roi.”

“I’m going to be a…” Darkness swallowed him whole as he passed out cold.



## Chapter Fourteen

“Would you get off me!” Roi shouted, giving Green a good shove. The man had spent the entire night poking and prodding him with every needle he could find.

“I’m just trying to make sure that the finding out you’re about to be a daddy hasn’t left any lasting effects,” Green said, ignoring Roi’s request to leave him alone. “In truth, I think the sedative you forced us to use on you had taken its toll. Combine that with the stress of watching your wife be tortured and then turn into a lethal killing machine before your very eyes can’t help. Toss in the fact that you are going to be a father and we end up with an out cold Roi.”

Roi jerked his arm away from the stubborn redhead and sat up. “Where’s my wife?”

Green shook his head and nodded towards the door. “She’s down the hall, asleep. She refused to leave your side. We had to wait until she fell asleep in the chair by your bed to move her.”

*She stayed with me.* The thought warmed Roi.

“Roi, I need to advise you to stay in bed and get some rest. You may be immortal but your coping skills suck and your stress levels are through the roof. Uncontrollable shifting could be a side effect.”

Roi shot Green a look, daring him to try to stop him. Green laughed and turned back to his work. “Have it your way, and tell your mate that I tried to make you rest. She scares me.”

Roi knew it was a joke, but he could see some truth in it. Missy, when pushed wasn’t someone to mess with. He’d watched her take out a room full of the enemy by herself. So did the rest of team. All of them had a newfound respect for women after that show.

“I take it that the tests you ran were positive.”

“They were. She carries your child and couldn’t be happier, Roi.” Green ran his hand over the counter near him and smiled. “We’re all happy for you.”

“She could have been killed or the baby could have been hurt during that stunt the General let go on to prove Missy’s on our side. When I get my hands on him I’m going to...”

“Roi,” Green said, softly. “Neither Missy nor the baby sustained any lasting damage. The baby was never touched. I think Melissa’s natural senses knew she was expecting and went out of their way to keep it protected.”

What Green said, while the truth, did little to calm Roi’s nerves. Suddenly, the idea that Missy had run out on him in the middle of the night only to be taken into the hands of the enemy was not acceptable. Jerking up fast, Roi ripped the cords from his body and went towards the door.

“Would you at least like to get dressed?” Green asked chuckling as he did.

“No.”

As he stalked down the hallway, he grew more and more agitated. He could sense her now, lying in the room just beyond him. So peaceful, yet so close to death only hours before. Losing Missy wasn’t something he’d ever recover from. She was his mate, his other half. Without her he had nothing to go on for. So many years he’d spent trying to stay numb, fuck away his needs with women that he knew he could never want a life with. Now that he’d found the perfect one, she foolishly put herself in harm’s way.

Roi slammed the door open and Missy jolted upright on the bed. Her large brown eyes locked on him and for a second, he almost forgot that he was upset with her. The horrible feeling of having thought he’d lose her resurfaced and he set out to do what he should have done the moment he met her--show her who was the Alpha in their relationship.

“Roi, you’re okay, and still very naked,” she said, climbing out of the bed and running towards him. “I was so afraid for you, don’t ever do that again. I never in a million years expected you to pass out.”

“No,” he said, his voice deepening in anger. The wolf within slammed against his restraints, warning Roi that it was just below the surface and more than willing to show itself. “Don’t you ever do that again!”

“Roi?” Missy asked with something akin to fear in her eyes.

Roi quickly fought to maintain his hold. "I love you." It came out without thought but seemed to do what needed to be done--ease Missy's fears.

She ran her hand through her hair and sent it cascading over her tiny shoulders. She was so beautiful, so perfect, so lucky to be alive.

Snatching her tiny body up, Roi quickly pinned her against the wall, careful to cause her no harm. He knew that his eyes were swirling, but he didn't care. He couldn't fully control the wolf within and Missy all at the same time. Since there was no possible way he'd allow her to be injured, Roi didn't care if fur sprouted all over his body. He just wanted her to be safe and to understand that he would never allow her to take such risks with her life again.

"Roi," Missy whispered. "What...?"

He let a claw extend from the tip of his index finger. Placing it against the cotton material of her shirt, he yanked downward, tearing it open. As her caramel colored skin became visible his cock twitched madly, wanting desperately to be permitted to enjoy her silken depths yet again.

The smell of her arousal drove him onward. He snapped the bra she wore in two with but a flick of his nail, freeing her breasts to him. Unable to hold back, he bent his head down and took one in his mouth. Missy responded instantly, her nipple hardening. He tugged at it, not being near as gentle as he should have been.

She cried out under him. "Oh, Roi ... they're sensitive now."

Of course they were. She was pregnant with his child. How could he have forgotten that? Fighting the beast down a bit, Roi mentally scolded it to be gentler with her. The wolf fought back hard. Roi's skin began to ripple and it took everything in him to keep from shifting. It wanted to proclaim its dominance, and he'd have no choice but to let it. However, he could do everything in his power to assure Missy's safety.

"Mis-sy," he said, forcing the words out. "Don't fight me ... it will only make it worse."

"Make what worse?"

He could smell her fear. The wolf within soared, causing his cock to harden and his muscles to burn for the change. Roi fought back, not letting himself shift, but powerless to do anything about the rock hard

erection he was now sporting. He placed his clawed finger between Missy's legs and tore her pants open, careful not to hurt her.

"Roi," she said, wiggling against him and cupping his cheeks as a smile spread across her face. "Fuck me, Geoffroi. I want this, baby. Don't fight your nature. Give me all of you. The wolf. The man. Geoffroi."

The wolf sensed the challenge for dominance and rose in an attempt to accept it. Fearing for her safety, Roi did the only thing he could think of-- he rammed his cock into her tight opening, and breathed a sigh of relief to find her wet and welcoming. He knew the wolf would lose its need to display raw power if its cock was sated. All he had to do was bring Melissa to her peak and come. The wolf would rest then. If at any point it tried to take over, Roi would simply kill himself rather than cause her an ounce of pain.

"God yes, Roi. Fuck me harder."

Roi pumped into her tight body frantically, unable to stop the need to teach her, show her that he was the Alpha in the relationship, that she should never disobey him again. Somehow, her throaty moans and playful nibbles told him that she wasn't taking it all as a lesson but rather a hell of a fuck. He couldn't fault her. No. His cock was under the impression that she was correct. This was exactly what it needed.

Missy pushed back, meeting him thrust for thrust, her breasts jiggling in his face, teasing him, taunting him. He seized hold of one with his mouth and did his best to be tender. The ripe bud was so hard and tasted so sweet that he growled out in frustration at trying to keep the wolf down. He'd have to learn to share her glorious nipples with their child but he had time to savor them all to himself. And Roi planned on using every second of that time to take his wife as many ways as he could. To please her until she begged him to stop.

He thrust into her again and heard her head hitting the cement wall behind her. His protective instincts kicked in and he went to pull out of her. She held him tight.

"Sorry, baby," he bit out.

"More, Roi. More." Missy nipped at his jaw line. "Give me more."

Quickly, Roi turned them and dropped down onto the bed, riding Missy's body the entire way down. Propping his arms up, he did a partial push-up over her to keep from crushing her tiny body.

Her pussy fisted his shaft, making it hard for him to stave off his pending orgasm. Through gritted teeth, and strained arms, he managed.

"You feel so good ... so wet," he murmured as he continued to take her. Dropping his mouth down, he captured hers and began artfully rubbing his lower abdomen against her mound as he continued to slide his cock in and out of her.

The added clit stimulation had Missy bucking against him almost instantly. She clawed at his arms, back, butt and each time her nails bit into his flesh he mentally claimed her again. She was his in every way. The hellcat belonged to the wolf. The truth was, it went both ways. The tiny woman below him, welcoming his cock, showing her love for him had just as much a hold on his heart as he had on hers, perhaps more. As scary as that was, Roi gave into it, internally admitting defeat and it had never felt so glorious.

"Yes, Roi, yes," she cried out as her body continued its tight hold on him, doing its best to pull him back into it.

Her pussy clenched down around his shaft, daring it to take another stroke, knowing that he held onto control by only a thread. Roi growled loudly and withdrew from Missy as she continued to come.

"Roi..." She reached out for him. "No. I need it. I need you to come in me. I need it now."

Grabbing his dick at the base, he held tight, not allowing his orgasm to come to fruition. The wolf surged forward and seized hold of Roi's will. Instantly, he found himself snatching hold of Missy and flipping her over with an ease and art that made it fluid. Her bare ass looked so sweet, so inviting, but she wasn't ready for that yet. The wolf didn't seem to care, because Roi watched through a fogged gaze as his finger ran through the cream in Missy's pussy and stroked it around her tight rosette.

Pushing a finger in, he held her with his other hand as she tried to heave away from him. "No," he said, fighting to get even that word past the looming shift.

*Roi?*

*Don't fight it, doll. The beast in me is driving. If you fight me then I'll shift completely and you're not ready for that, baby--not yet.*

*I want it. I want you rammed in me, taking me from every way possible, Roi.*

He tipped his head back and drew in a deep breath. Having Missy beg him to fuck her up the ass was almost too much. "Mis-sy, please."

*Mmm, give it to me and I'll stop.*

*Baby.* He began to protest.

"I love you, Roi."

*I love you too.*

Working another finger into her ass, he felt her rings loosening to accept him. She relaxed her body and began rocking against him as her ass puckered.

\* \* \* \*

Missy gasped for air as Roi continued to finger-fuck her ass. She'd never experienced anything quite like it. The head of his cock pushed against her slit, seeking entrance, found it. With his fingers in her ass, and his penis buried deep in her pussy, she felt so full, so wild, so free. Oddly enough, she'd never felt more loved either. He was her true mate. The one man made for her and now she not only carried his child but held his heart as well.

Tossing her head back, she bit her lower lip to keep from screaming out. The mixed sensations were too much, her orgasm came out of nowhere and made her legs quiver with delight as it tore through her. Tightening her body even more and in rhythmic patterns. Her ass clenched his fingers as her pussy dampened and held tight to his cock. It was perfect. Erotic. Masterful.

"Ah, hell, Mis," Roi panted, coming in a scalding hot wave into her womb. He jerked a few times, still coming, before yanking himself out and continuing to spurt come onto her ass. His slid his finger out and placed the head of his cock against her darkened channel.

She froze. "It won't fit."

Easing the head of his cock in, he laughed softly. *It'll fit, baby, just relax.*

“Are you sure?” she asked as he pushed into her. The invasion pried her open and she cried out as white-hot pain moved through her, quickly giving way to a different, full kind of pleasure. Roi eased himself out a bit before pumping into her again, this time her body relaxed and her ass loosened its fisted hold on his shaft.

Roi reached around and toyed with her tender nipples. They hardened instantly, sending pleasure racing towards her womb. She found herself rocking against him, gasping as he took her ass and claimed it as his own.

“Mine,” he growled out.

His balls smacked against her clit as he continued to pound the full length of himself into her ass. The feel of another orgasm rising actually frightened her. It was all too much stimulation. She couldn't possibly take anymore. No one had ever made her feel this good. Roi was made for her. He was her other half and having him fill her so completely brought her to the edge of joyous tears. So long she'd waited to find him, always believing that he was just a myth but hoping she was wrong.

“Roi, please,” she panted as her entire body convulsed. Another orgasm ripped through her fast, leaving little time to prepare for it. She cried out as her entire body went rigid.

“So tight ... that's it baby, that's it, come for me.” Roi pumped into her faster, making tiny animalistic noises as he went. She answered each one as a mate should. “Mmm, baby, yeah. So fucking tight. Give it to me. Let that pussy soak your legs, Missy. I want to come in your ass.”

Her body obliged, coming with a fierceness she'd never seen before. It felt so good. Too good in fact. It wasn't done, yet she ached for more. “Ah ... oh, yes ... Roi.”

Roi pushed hard into her, causing her arms and legs to give out from under her. She fell down onto her stomach with Roi riding her ass all the way down. Missy moaned, the combination of pain and pleasure formed a supernova. For a brief moment she feared she'd wet herself. When she realized she was experiencing the elusive female ejaculation, she bit at the sheet and rode it out, enjoying every second of it.

He continued to pump into her, grinding her clit into the mattress, forcing her own set of animal noises from her throat as another orgasm hit her.

“Arrrrrgh.” He held his weight down on her, filling her dark channel with his come. The added moisture made his dick slide even easier and he took advantage of it, fucking her wildly as the rest of his semen unloaded into her.

As the last drops of his come eased their way out, Roi withdrew his shaft. “Did I hurt you?” he asked, pulling her against him as he lay on his side. He nudged the cleft of her ass with his hard cock and she moaned.

She giggled, easing some of his worry. “No, you didn’t hurt me, but I need a break and a shower.”

Kissing her shoulder, he spooned her. His body was so much bigger than hers that he engulfed her. It was perfect. Holding Missy was all he wanted to do at the moment. Cuddling had never been his thing before but Missy changed that. The idea of not wrapping his arms around her and thanking her for sharing something so wonderful with him was unheard of. “Mmm, thank you, baby. And I’ll let you get up but first you need to tell me that you’ve learned your lesson, then we’ll shower.”

“Learned my lesson?”

“Yeah, not to disobey me again,” Roi said, doing his best to sound stern. “Not to take off in the middle of the night.”

Missy chuckled. “Wait, that was supposed to be a lesson?”

He balked. “You’re not seriously trying to tell me that you missed my show of dominance. Are you?”

“For a show of dominance, you took a lot of precautions not to hurt me and to get me off, several times. You even thanked me.”

“Yeah, love has a way of fucking with manly displays,” he said, kissing her neck and snuggling against her.

“Mmm,” she murmured, moving closer to him. “I love you, Geoffroi Majors.”

“And I love you, Melissa Majors.”

Missy cleared her throat. “No. That would be Melissa Carter-Majors.”

Roi stiffened. “No, wife. Melissa Majors.”



“Don’t make me shoot you, Roi. I really do love you and would hate to waste a bullet.”

Laughing softly, Roi kissed the top of her head. “Fine, Carter-Majors it is. But my son will just have Majors for a last name.”

“Your son?” Missy asked, snickering slightly. “I think it’s a girl and she likes Carter-Majors for a last name too.”

Roi snorted. “If she’s anything like her mommy she would pick that just to tick me off.” Running his hand over her stomach, Roi stilled and let out a shaky breath. “Thank you for this gift, Melissa.”

“No,” she said, placing her hand over his. “Thank you, Geoffroi.”

## Chapter Fifteen

“No fucking way is she going back in there!” Roi shouted as Colonel Brooks, Lukian, Wilson and Jon held him back. He narrowed his gaze on the General and then Missy. “Tell your father that you aren’t going back in.”

“He knows I’m not going back in but I am going back down there because you guys will need my help. I can stay at our base down there and remote guide you when needed.”

Roi clenched his fists. “No, you can’t. If what you say is true and Krauss and Molyneux are down there, I don’t want you anywhere near it. I’m sure Lukian isn’t letting Peren go.”

Lukian cleared his throat and Roi knew he wasn’t going to like what came out of his brother’s mouth. “Actually, Peren is coming. So is Melanie.”

“What?” Green asked, suddenly taking an active part in the discussion. He’d been nose deep in research material that Missy had provided him with and Roi wasn’t sure the man would ever surface again. “Melanie is not going down there.”

Eadan moved forward. “Are you going with the team, Green?”

“Of course I am.”

“Then Melanie is too.”

Missy glanced around at all the men. “This isn’t up for debate gentlemen. You’ll be cut from the mission if it’s done any way but my way. Eadan and I will go down alone and it will be me going in personally then. I don’t think any of us want that. We need to destroy three of Krauss’ main labs and retrieve whatever data I missed. This is bigger than all of us. If he’s allowed to continue, he will create an unstoppable army while successfully wiping out our best line of defense--the Immortal Ops.”

The General nodded. “She’s right. They’ve already spent a considerable amount of time and money developing weapons to use specifically on you. They won’t stop until they know your secrets and know you are no longer a threat. They will also kill anyone involved with you. Somehow

they got word on Parker's attempted assassination of Peren and know that Melanie and Missy were involved. They already have a huge target painted on my daughter's back. I want them dead and I know you will all see to it they are. I also know that the girls are going to be safest with you."

The General looked to Eadan and then Roi. "I need to know that the two of you can work together from here on out."

Brooks stilled and Roi knew it was bad. "Colonel, why the hell does he want to know that?"

"Because," Brooks paused briefly, "from this point on Eadan is to act as the sixth op. He's to fill Lance's position until we find someone else. Eadan also carries full PSI clearance and seniority. He has willingly set that aside and offered to serve under Lukian's command until the I-Ops are whole again."

"Like fucking hell..."

Shocked by Wilson's partial outburst, Roi just stared at him. "Hey, shouldn't I be the one protesting that heavily? It's my wife's ex-husband we're talking about here."

Wilson adjusted himself and stared at Brooks. "Sir, I'd like it stated on record that I think it's a really bad idea letting Blondie tag along as part of our group. Lance isn't replaceable. Especially not by some blond Fabio version of a spy. He held Roi and all of us back when Missy needed us and I'll be damned if I let him do it again."

"Don't make me admit that you aren't the jackass I thought you were," Roi said, still surprised by Wilson's outburst.

Lukian growled. "This matter is not up for debate. If you would rather go with the person they first picked that's fine but I'm thinking that will be a no."

"Who did they first choose?" Jon asked, ever the quiet and reserved one.

Missy put her hand in the air. "Me."

"Eadan works for me," Roi said quickly. "No way is she coming on as an op. She's keeping her sexy l'il ass at the base with the rest of the women."

“Excuse me, but Melanie, as far as I know, isn’t aware of what we truly are. How are we planning to get her to come with us to South America?” Green asked, setting his files down on the briefing room table.

Missy and Eadan exchanged knowing looks as she moved closer to Roi. “You’re going to ask her to come, Green.”

“I’m what?”

Eadan laughed. “You heard the lady. You’re going to ask Melanie to accompany you on a trip. She’ll say yes because her body won’t give her a choice in the matter.”

Green didn’t look pleased by the answer. “I’m not about to force a woman to leave the country with me.”

“If you don’t, Green, she’ll die.” Missy narrowed her dark gaze on him. “The withdrawal is getting worse by the minute. I think we all know that you’re avoiding her because you don’t want to see her suffer but that’s exactly why she’s suffering. Just being near her will ease her pain.”

“We don’t know that for sure,” Green offered, clearly not wanting to believe what Missy had to say.

Pulling free from the hold half the room had on him, Roi looked at his old friend and smiled. “I think they’re right. I think she needs you now more than ever and I know you don’t want anything to happen to her, Green.”

“So, you’re telling me to ask her?”

“Yes.”

Green glanced around the briefing room and sighed. “Looks as though we’re headed south.”

## Epilogue

“What’s wrong?” Missy asked as she stood on Roi’s deck looking out at the night stars. “I told you that I love your house. But I reserve the right to be upset that you didn’t bring me home to your real house until after we were married and I was knocked up.”

“Understood. But in my defense I wasn’t sure if they had the address to my house, or rather, our house now or not.”

Missy smiled. “Why in the hell do you have six bedrooms and seven baths if it was just you living here?”

“Are you trying to ask me if anyone has lived with me before?”

Nodding, she exhaled. “Yes.”

“From time to time I end up with Wilson passed out on the hallway floor. Twice I’ve even put him in a quiet bed. The rest of the time I just walk over him like he’s not there.”

Missy’s eyes widened. “You leave your friend passed out in the hallway?”

“Yep. Don’t worry, Jon stays over and writes derogatory statements on Wilson’s forehead in permanent marker when he’s that drunk.”

“How is that supposed to make me not worry?” Missy asked.

Roi shrugged. “I don’t know. I thought you’d be happy someone was close by him.”

“Writing things on his forehead isn’t the same as lending a hand if he needs it.”

“Oh, I’ll tell Jon to get another beer on hand just in case Wilson wakes and starts to lose his buzz.” Chuckling, Roi wrapped his arms around her tighter, carefully placing his hands over her lower stomach. “I love you so much, baby doll, that I’m terrified of leaving you and of taking you with me when we go down there.”

“Roi, I can kill a man with my bare hands. I’ll be fine.”

As much as a turn on as that was, Roi still worried. “You’re my everything, Melissa. I mean it. Never in my life has someone meant so much to me and the idea of anything happening to you is killing me.”

“Do you think the idea of you traipsing around the jungle with the likes of who knows what is sitting well with me?”

He hadn’t really considered how she felt about his safety. Roi just assumed he’d return to her. Now as he held her in his arms he realized how fragile life was. Being immortal was just a fancy way of saying they had eternal youth so long as something didn’t come along and kill them by the rules--a blow to the heart with the right weapon and they were gone. The removal of his head wouldn’t leave him in any kind of great shape either. There were no guarantees.

“If something ever happened to me the I-Ops would take care of you and our child.” Roi paused a moment before taking a deep breath. “I would want you to move in with Eadan again and...”

Missy twisted in his arms fast and pressed her hand to his mouth. “Don’t say it, Geoffroi. Eadan and I had our chance and we will always care deeply for one another but we will never be more than extremely close friends.”

“Melissa, he’d see to your safety and raise our child in a loving environment. I can sense it in him. He may get on my last nerve but he’s got a good heart.”

“He does,” she said, nodding. “But you don’t need to worry about that right now because you will come back to me, Roi. I’ll be down there to see to that. I searched for you, for what I thought was a dream my entire life. There is no way in hell that I’ll let you go now without a fight. And if our daughter is anything like her mommy she’ll help me out on this.”

Roi nudged her gently. “You mean our son.”

“Daughter.”

“Son.”

“I know someone who is sleeping on the floor tonight,” Missy said, laughing softly.

“Did I say son? I meant daughter.”

She snickered. “Oh, and Roi.”

“Yes?”

“I’ve decided to go by Melissa Majors.”

He grinned. “Good, because that’s what I was planning on putting on our checks.”

“Roi,” she scolded.

“I love you, Missy doll.” He rolled his shoulders, doing his best to ease the tension in them. “I’d still rather you not come to South America with us. It’s too dangerous.”

“Roi, I love you too and I have to come along. I’m an expert when it comes to information retrieval and they have critical intelligence that we need.”

“Yes, but I need you. Intelligence doesn’t mean shit if you’re not in my life.”

Missy arched a brow and smiled. “Speaking of intelligence, Colonel Brooks mentioned that you had a bone to pick with Intel. Seems that you think we’re worthless.”

Roi choked on nothing. “Umm, no ... I think Intel is fabulous. Can’t get enough of their helpful tips. Wow, and their response time is off the charts. They have the...”

“Roi.”

“Yes?”

She chuckled. “Shut-up and kiss me.”

THE END

Unedited Excerpt from Project Exorcism: Paranormal Payload by Mandy M. Roth, coming soon from NCP!

Chapter 1

Lorelei Janelle plopped behind the control panel in the central observation deck to see what vessel had sparked the warning probe’s alert

system. She didn't like the idea of intruders in their vicinity, but it only happened every now and then so she couldn't complain. As much as she disliked worrying about outsiders, she did enjoy the company. Her nights had been filled by erotic dreams of a man too good to be true and her days were a rude awakening to the harshness of her world. Her nocturnal lover hadn't come to her in two weeks and her fear that her mind had finally given up generating him was great. It would of course wait until she'd mated mentally with him to then pull the plug.

"Unit One, this is Captain Vasil of the Alpha Brig Three requesting permission to enter atmosphere and dock. Emergency commission code 327 has been initiated," a deep, familiar voice said in her earpiece.

Her inner thighs dampened and for one brief moment, her breath caught in her throat. Who was this man that sounded so very much like her secret lover? How had he elicited that shocking response from her body with nothing more than his words? Fearing he was another Dsendiyun, she sighed. Lorelei was beginning to think the sex starved planet they came from encouraged them to 'get lost' as close to her people as possible. It wasn't like they got any sort of sexual stimulation while they were here. Not unless they considered being chained together good fun.

*Some men do.*

Lorelei glanced up at the glass ceiling. Seeing no sign of a vessel near them, she double checked her radar to be sure she hadn't imagined the entire thing. There was no way she could have received a hail signal yet have the radars detect nothing. The electromagnetic waves that a vessel put out in a non-cloaked state would have shown up before. None did.

Having had many unauthorized vessels attempt to dock in her lifetime, Lorelei knew exactly how to handle them. She tweaked the computer's controls, demanding a more precise reading. Varying the frequency of the waves being sent off, she hoped to initiate a reflection of some sort, allowing the radar system to accurately pinpoint the vessel's location. It didn't work. Tweaking the calibrations even more, Lorelei set the control towers sensors to ultra in hopes of catching a pattern of bounce backs consisting of the direct opposite waves than they were sending out. If the outsiders thought they were going to get away with active cancellation they were wrong. Dead wrong.

Much to her surprise, nothing showed up on radar. Having never had one elude her, Lorelei tried another approach. She shifted to the Commission based recognition systems they'd installed many years ago after a



sanctified vessel crashed into their red sea. Instantly, a blimp appeared on the screen. Zeroing in on it, she brought it up closer and began to run a remote diagnostic on it. The main fuel tank had a crack so large that she knew they'd lost the majority of their liquid fuel as soon as it happened. Their life support systems were dangerously close to giving and their alternate source of power seemed to be having issues as well.

*Who would be stupid enough to enter our atmosphere with that amount of damage?*

As soon as the question formed in her head, Lorelei knew the answer. The Dsendiyuns. Once located on radar, they were easy to spot with their flashy crafts and telltale too strong pick up lines. They would certainly have announced themselves to her by now. The tiny bit of thrill they got from trying to make her work at pinpointing their point of entry would have long worn off and she'd have gotten it right within seconds. Not to mention their ability to stay cloaked for long intervals within the planet's atmosphere was almost non-existent. No. Who or whatever approached them couldn't be the notorious romancers from Dsendiyuns.

Disappointment shot through Lorelei, catching her by surprise. It had been a long time since she'd been touched by a man that her mind did not create. The two weeks that she'd gone without Sevan coming to her nightly felt like an eternity. She missed the feel of strong arms wrapped around her, the feel of him buried deep within her and knowledge that even though she'd invented him, he loved her. Her body was reaching the point where the desire to reproduce was almost on her. The only problem being, it had transcended her normal boundaries and infected her mind with a make-believe man who she mated with in a dream.

It was as absurd as it sounded and although she truly did love the idea of Sevan, she couldn't live her life married to fantasy. Waking up and crying every morning would get her nowhere and she knew it.

Irritated, Lorelei stared at the radar, watching the blip approach. "No way would a Commission vessel venture into uncharted territory. The ship's probably stolen and I bet it was those damn traders again. Probably want to try to nab off with more of our artifacts or to try to sell us more household cleaning equipment. I will not have my people's legacy sold to highest bidder, nor do I need the latest and greatest debris remover. Do I look like a domestic goddess? No. I swear I will shoot them on sight if they attempt to take one thing." She wagged her brows and smiled. "If they've come to take me to bed I'll reconsider. Mmm, bloody hell I'm horny."

Lorelei groaned as her nipples hardened. As much as she wanted to sneak away and ‘handle’ her current problem, she didn’t. Thinking about sex was the worst thing she could do. It only seemed to intensify her craving for it--for Sevan. And there truly were only so many times she could masturbate before her fingers pruned and her wrist hurt. Sadly enough, she’d hit that state long ago.

“Excuse me, Miss, but I am no *trader*, nor am I a *thief*. Not to sound shallow here but I tend not to agree to fuck someone until I’ve had a look at them. As shocking as it sounds, not all men stick their dick in whatever moves. Plus, as overly romantic as this sounds, I’m the last guy you want. I’m holding out for a dream, honey, and to date no women can stack up to her.” He cleared his throat and the sound wreaked havoc on Lorelei’s body.

She wanted desperately to come back with a witty comment but the tingling in her pussy fogged her mind enough that she didn’t know or care how to respond to his comments. All she knew is that his voice was divine and so familiar that she was positive she knew him somehow.

“My ship’s run into a bit of snag and I need to work on it. If you’d be so kind as to tell your people to open the loading doors I will be out of your hair in no time flat. I’ll require some fuel along with the use of some of your tools. I can assure you that each one will be returned in pristine condition. Though, I have been wanting a new set of torch acceleration adjusters.”

Lorelei cursed herself for forgetting, yet again, that her voice transmitter was on. She had a bad habit of failing to remember to deactivate it after leaving the main tower. The teasing tone in his voice told her his comment was lighthearted, yet it was easy to tell she’d offended him. Why that mattered to her, she didn’t know. But it did.

“Need I remind you that I have just initiated a code 327?” The frustration was evident in the heavy sigh that followed his comment.

Not one to fall for a sexy voice or succumb to guilt, Lorelei readied her inborn defense mechanisms. “Need I remind you that we are *not* part of the Commission and we do *not* recognize their laws? If you’re seeking Commission friendly territory you will not find it here. We are not a repair station nor are we prone to allowing arrogant arses to dock for giggles. And for future reference you will not take that condescending tone with me again or you will sit there until your ship gives out. I am not one of your disciples, nor will I ever be. And, I’ll have you know that

basing the choice of having intercourse with someone off appearances places you below a lechranki worm in my book.”

“Less than a blood sucking worm that eats its own vomit?”

“*Mmmhmm.*” Lorelei grinned from ear to ear as though she were just a child again. Goaded this man had to be the highlight of her month. Why? She wasn’t sure but it felt good all the same.

There was some mumbling and then she heard another male laughing. “Shut up, Jordan,” the sexy man said, his voice reminding her of Sevan’s.

“Always good to know that you are an arse with everyone, not just people you are trying to sweet talk into allowing you to dock. And in case you should have the misfortune of needing repairs this deep into space again, might I suggest you pretend to be mute and allow someone to speak for you. Perhaps sending a holographic image would even work. Just be sure not to model it after yourself or it too will find a rather cold reception.”

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