



Her Demon Savior (Demon Guardians MC #1)

Author: Dawn Sullivan

Category: Fantasy

Description: When his father bested his predecessor and took over as the King of Demons years ago, Saint became royalty, something he never wanted to be. Instead of taking a position as one of the royal guards like his brothers, Saint chose a different path. He was now Sergeant at Arms of the Demon Guardians MC, also known as the protector of the club. The MC was a part of something bigger, putting their lives on the line to defend the innocent and guard them from evil.

After being abandoned at birth by the people who were supposed to love and care for her, Mist fought against all obstacles and was now a powerful sorceress, chosen by the Goddess herself to nurture, guide, and protect those who could not protect themselves. Mist would do anything to keep them safe and shield them from harm. Until suddenly a demon prince decided he wanted to claim her, and her coven sisters forced her into hiding.

After months of being alone and feeling as if she was going through the motions without a purpose, Mist decided she was tired of hiding and ventured out to a book signing one of her favorite authors was going to be attending. That secret trip just might turn into the catalyst that starts a war amongst the demon royalty when Mist is discovered and kidnapped.

One demon wishes to claim what is not his, and another will do whatever it takes to be her demon savior.

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PROLOGUE

Mist crouched low, one hand resting lightly on the rough wood of the old dilapidated barn. She could feel her charge close by, but she forced herself to move slowly. There was someone, or something, out there. Something sinister and full of hate.

Waiting.

Watching for her.

She stilled as she inhaled deeply, her body shuddering in revulsion at the stench of death that saturated the area. It had its own scent to witches; one that was unmistakable.

Someone had recently lost their life.

Mist's heart skipped a beat and then began to race in terror, but she forced herself to palm the dagger she'd had hidden in her boot. One of the several weapons she had on her at any given time.

She took a deep, steadying breath. She would face her fears. For her charge, she would do this.

Mist was a sorceress and was blessed with certain abilities she'd been born with, along with others gifted to her by the Goddess when she accepted the role of savior in her coven. There were nine of them who were called upon to nurture, guide, and protect those they referred to as their charges, doing everything in their power to keep

them safe from whatever evil threatened them.

While Mist had only been with her sisters for the past couple of years, the bond between them was strong. She'd trained with them for six months before taking on her own charges, learning quickly so she could be the asset they needed. She'd finally found what she believed her purpose in life was, and she loved what she did. The need to help others was engrained in her, something she couldn't deny. She would do anything for her charges.

Unfortunately, she feared she was too late this time.

"Please, please, please, Goddess," Mist begged so quietly she almost couldn't even hear herself. "Please don't let her be gone. Please."

She knew the plea was useless, but it didn't stop the words from leaving her lips. She couldn't hold them back any more than she could hold back the tears that flowed down her cheeks.

Swiping at the moisture on her face, Mist called to her magic, clutching the dagger tightly as she felt the power begin to hum around her and pulse through her body. It strengthened her, giving her the courage she needed even when she trembled with fear.

She had to get to the girl she'd been charged with protecting just two weeks ago. The one whose life source had already left her body. Mist knew this, knew she was gone, even though every part of her wanted to deny it. Her heart ached at the thought of the young woman whose last breath had been stolen from her.

Margo was a brilliant snowy owl shifter, just eighteen years old, who was destined for greatness. She was already an amazing healer in her parliament and was supposed to be leaving for college soon to study medicine. The teenager wanted to be a doctor,

dedicating her life to helping all shifters.

Unfortunately, she'd somehow caught the attention of a rogue tiger shifter when he was traveling through the small town where she lived, and he'd decided Margo was meant to be his, even though she wasn't his true mate.

Margo refused him, wanting nothing to do with the man who, as she put it, made her skin crawl. The bastard retaliated by decimating her entire family. Grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, parents, siblings... they were all gone in the span of less than an hour, leaving Margo alone except for the other shifters in her parliament. A group of owls, who quickly turned their backs on the girl, afraid they would suffer the same fate her family had.

Mist slowly peered around the corner of the barn, and her soft gray eyes widened, a small whimper leaving her lips at the horrifying image in front of her. Her beautiful female charge lay unmoving on a cement slab next to an empty grain bin, her head resting in a pool of her own blood. Mist's hand rose to cover her mouth and she couldn't stop the cry of denial that left her at the sight of the pale blue eyes gazing unseeingly back in her direction.

Margo was gone. The soft-spoken, kind shifter whose only ambition in life was to help others, was gone.

Mist knew she needed to leave. She could feel the presence of another being close. Their chaotic emotions were swamping her, their anger slamming into her with a force that almost brought her to her knees.

Gripping her dagger in one hand, Mist gathered her courage, and her body began to shimmer before she blinked. One second, she was by the barn, the next she was beside Margo's lifeless body.

“Oh, Goddess,” she whispered, laying a hand gently on the other woman’s arm. “I am so sorry, sweet owl. So sorry I wasn’t here for you when you needed me.”

It didn’t make sense. None of it. She’d hidden Margo well and had just been by to check on her the day before. Not even a full twenty-four hours ago. There had been no sign of anyone nearby. No hint of the vileness that surrounded her now.

Nothing.

And what was there now wasn’t the scent of cat, so it couldn’t have been the shifter stalking her who had taken Margo’s life. It was something else. Something that smelled like... fire. Brimstone. Ashes.

It was strange. None of her sisters could scent others the way she could. She’d always wondered if one of her parents might have been a shifter, because there were several times it felt as if she were sharing her body with another being or something, but she had no way of finding out.

She’d thought about asking one of the Channings on the numerous occasions she’d been around them, but didn’t know if that would be rude. What would she say? Hey, can you sniff me and tell me if I might be one of you? If maybe I’m hiding a tail and claws inside that might someday come out and play?

Which would be cool as shit if it ever happened. She loved shifters and would have no issues finding out she had some in her family tree. Bring on the fangs and whatever else her possible inner animal may have. She would embrace it.

Mist slowly raised her hand to trail her fingers gently down the other woman’s soft hair, then ran her knuckles over the snowy owl’s cheek. “I will figure out who did this to you, little one. I promise you, I will find them.”

A loud ferocious roar split through the air, and Mist gasped as she glanced up to see a large enraged tiger charging out of the trees nearby, coming straight for her. His dark eyes were full of rage, his powerful body eating up the distance between them quickly. He opened his mouth and let out another terrifying roar, showing some of the biggest fangs she'd ever seen.

She had no idea where he came from, but she knew for sure that he hadn't been there before. He wasn't the one who killed Margo. There was no sign of him anywhere until now. No scent, nothing.

No, somehow the crazy-ass shifter found her charge, but it was too late for him. She was already dead. Killed by someone else, although she had no idea who.

"Go, child! Go now!"

Mist didn't question the voice that was suddenly in her mind. When the Goddess spoke, you listened.

Sliding her hand down to encircle Margo's small wrist, she blinked, taking them away just as the tiger sprang.

* * *

Three months later, Mist stared at her coven sisters in shock from where she stood in the living room at Aurora's house. "What are you saying? Are you kicking me out of the coven?"

"No," Aurora snapped, reaching out to grab her hand, but Mist stepped back away from her. Aurora was the one she looked up to most, the one who she spent most of her time training with when she first became a part of the coven of nine. The one she felt closest to, or had until now. "Mist, you are in danger. You are being hunted by a

demon prince who wants to claim you as his mate. We love you and can't allow that to happen, but we can't keep you safe when you are out helping your charges. We need you hidden somewhere he can't find you."

They wanted her to stop doing what she lived for. Wanted to take away the one thing in her life that mattered. But... maybe it was for the best. She'd lost three of her charges in the last three months. Three . Dead, all of them.

And it was all her fault.

It was her job to keep them safe, but instead they were killed because of her. Because some twatwaffle of a prince decided she belonged to him and was trying to lure her to him and his minions by sacrificing her charges. So he could kidnap her and make her his demon princess.

She wasn't his, she knew that for a fact. Her sister, Luna, had a vision that showed her Mist did belong to someone in the royal line down in demon hell, but it wasn't the one who was trying to claim her. She didn't know what she thought about that. She realized the importance of mates, but she didn't want to be tied to someone who would want to run her life and take her away from all the good she did in the world.

Well, all the good she used to do. Now, she was being sidelined. Expected to go hide somewhere while her sisters did their job and hers.

"Look, Desi and her brothers have been trying to find Darius, but they haven't been able to yet." Aurora glanced at the others before looking back at her. "We talked about it, and we just think it would be better for you if you take a little time off. Go into hiding until they track this asshole down and take care of him. It will be safer."

Safer for her charges. They didn't actually say that, but Mist knew it was what they were thinking, and they were probably right. It didn't change the fact that all eight of

her sisters had shown up at her home — women she'd come to care for, to love more than anyone else in the world — to kick her out of the coven.

It hurt so freaking bad, but she refused to let them see how much it affected her. So what if it felt as if they had torn her heart out, threw it on the ground, and stomped all over it? So what if she knew she would have probably felt the same way if it were one of the others in her position? It wasn't one of them, dammit, it was her, and they were taking away the only family she ever had.

Her parents left her on the steps of a church right after she was born, and she'd been in and out of foster homes until she was eighteen and able to leave the system. It was a horrible way to grow up, especially when she came into her powers at the young age of fourteen and had no idea what the hell was happening. She'd stayed quiet and kept her head down, but something always seemed to go wrong.

Like the time she accidentally set one of her foster father's toupees on fire after the asshole yelled at one of the little girls there and made her cry. Or the time one of her foster mothers slapped a boy for taking an extra helping of potatoes at dinner. The woman was a little irate when her large glass of tea ended up in her lap. No one could prove Mist had anything to do with the things that happened, but she was always quickly passed on to another family.

No one wanted her. No one ever kept her. She'd lived her life alone until she became a part of the coven, and now it seemed she would be doing it once again.

"You only have two charges right now," Zara said, her golden eyes narrowing on her as if expecting Mist to argue. Zara was a warrior with a no-nonsense attitude. She was never shy in voicing her opinion, and didn't hold back now. "I will take one and Tempest offered to take the other. You need to let us do this, Mist. You can't keep them safe from Darius. They won't survive."

So, not only had they met behind her back to kick her out of the coven, but they also already planned who was going to take her charges from her.

Every part of Mist wanted to yell and scream. She wanted to punch something or someone. But what could she do? They were right. With the threat of a demon prince after her, murdering all of the people she was supposed to be protecting, it would be asinine of them to keep her.

“I understand.” Her voice was short, but she couldn’t bring herself to say more. If she tried, she was afraid she would break down in tears, and she was not going to do that in front of all of them.

“It’s just temporary,” Trinity said softly. “You’ll be back kicking ass with us in no time.”

Would she? Would she really? For some reason, Mist was having a hard time believing that.

Sirena rose from the couch and crossed the room to her, giving her a quick hug. “I have to go, sister, one of my charges needs me. I’ll be back to check on you, though.”

Yeah, she would believe that when she saw it, Mist thought bitterly as the other woman blinked, leaving the room as if she’d never been there.

Slowly, one by one, the others said their goodbyes and followed until it was just her and Luna left.

“Mist,” Luna’s voice was tentative, as if she wasn’t sure if she should share what she was thinking but felt as if she needed to. “Darius won’t stop until he either gets to you or dies trying. I haven’t been able to see the final outcome, but I have seen one more thing.”

Almost afraid to ask, Mist whispered, “What’s that?”

“Your mate is coming soon, and his demon will rage until you are either safe, or all of you are dead.” With those last words, Luna blinked, leaving Mist all alone.

Well, damn, this was going to be fun.

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“Church. Now.”

God growled the words as he stalked through the clubhouse, heading toward the back of the building to the room they held their meetings in. He was furious, proven by the way his eyes were a deep red in color and small flames licked across his body. The President of the Demon Guardians MC always kept his emotions in check, so seeing the signs of his anger had all of the patched members moving quickly.

Turning back to look at them, God narrowed his eyes and ground out, “Just my officers.”

Over half of the room stopped and went about their business, whether it be drinking or talking to one of the club bunnies they would be fucking soon. It was early, so everyone still had their clothes on, but that wouldn’t be the case in an hour or two, not with the way the women were already all over the club members.

The club was made up primarily of demons, but they did have a couple of mixed breeds. Heaven, one of the enforcers, was a demoness, but she also had some shifter blood in her. Her father was a demon, her mother a tigress. And their Road Captain, Zion, was part demon, part dragon. He had no clue who his parents were. He was raised in an orphanage in the demon realm by caretakers who didn’t know a whole hell of a lot about shifters. He fought against the animal he shared his soul with, hating that part of him, which made him one crazy mother fucker.

Saint threw back his shot of whiskey, slammed the glass down on the bar, and rose to

his feet. He didn't know what had the Prez so pissed off, but as God's Sergeant at Arms, he definitely needed to be in that room when shit went down.

"What the hell?" Rapture snarled from beside him, setting his own glass down and standing.

"No idea. Let's go."

They were the last two through the door, and Saint shut it behind them, locking them all in. No one outside the walls would know what they were discussing, because not only was the place soundproof, but a sorcerer friend of Priest's had placed enchanted threads around the room so no one could use magic to eavesdrop on them or enter their sanctuary.

Saint took his seat at the sound of the gavel and crossed his arms over his broad chest as he waited for his Prez to speak.

"We have a situation," God bit out, his large hands closed in tight fists on the table. "The king contacted me. A human woman's been stolen from her cougar mate by a demon. He is asking for our help."

Saint's jaw hardened, his eyes darkening as he growled, "When?"

"It happened late last night. The king's men still haven't been able to find her."

"Where the fuck are my brothers?" Saint demanded, wondering why Daegan, Draxian, and Darius hadn't stepped up to find the bastard. Granted, the king called on them to help in situations like this sometimes, because that was what his MC did. They helped the innocent and made the fuckers who hurt them suffer. But something like this, where the situation had been taken to the king instead of his club first, his brothers normally handled.

A muscle ticked in God's jaw as he said, "Seems your brother Darius has gone against the Demon King and the rest of your family. I don't know the full story, but Daegan and Drax have been hunting him. Sounds like your sister has been looking for him too."

What the fuck? Desdemona was hunting down his brother, Darius? Desi didn't need to be doing anything like that. She was kind, sweet, funny, and definitely spoiled. She was the princess for fuck's sake. He knew she was courageous, and her demoness wouldn't hesitate to take on anyone threatening those she loved, but it had to be killing her to have to go after her own brother. She was too kindhearted for that.

Saint didn't like it. Not one bit. He may be the black sheep of the family, choosing to join an MC instead of being a part of his father's guard, but he still loved them all. Except Darius. He might be blood, but the little shit had always had a cruel streak in him. Nothing he was being told now surprised him. Saint knew Darius should have been put down a long time ago, but figured at the time that it was his father's problem. Now, with Desi involved, it seemed it was going to become Saint's problem because no one messed with his little sister.

"For now, let's find the woman. She has young children at home that need her. After we get her back to them safely, we can worry about the shitshow your family has going on."

"Sounds like your brother needs to be taken down, Saint. You going to be able to do that?"

Saint looked over at Priest, baring his teeth at the man for asking such a stupid question. "He's a threat to my family. To my baby sister. He's dead."

"Later," God snarled. "Your father has it under control for now. We've been given an assignment by the king. We will handle it first."

It didn't matter that his father and the king were one and the same. God was right. The king gave them a mission, and he expected them to handle it. It didn't matter that Saint was worried about his sister, right now his full attention needed to be on finding the woman a demon had kidnapped. Then he could focus on his family. His father would keep Desi safe.

Saint nodded in agreement, his eyes going around the room, taking in the other officers. Priest was their VP and a fucking good one. There was no one else that could handle the position as well as he did.

Rapture and Heaven were their enforcers. He knew the majority of other clubs only had one enforcer, but Rapture and Heaven were evenly matched and had both earned the right to their titles. They worked well apart, but even better together. Sometimes he wondered if there was something between the two of them, but if there was, they'd never acted on it as far as he knew.

Angel was their treasurer. Not only was he amazing with numbers and money, but he was one of the fiercest demons Saint had ever met. He would choose the man time and time again to stand beside him in a fight.

And then there was Zion, their road captain. He might be a crazy bastard, but he was as loyal as they came.

These people were his family, just as much as his father and siblings were. They'd stood by him since he was a prospect, always having his back. It never mattered that he was the King's son. If anything, that worked against him in the beginning. Now, no one ever brought up his connection to the royal family.

Saint looked back at God. He would follow his Prez to the ends of the earth and back, no questions asked.

“Let’s get busy,” God said, raising the gavel and slamming it down, ending church.

Saint rose with rest of them, his mind on the woman they’d been tasked with rescuing. He’d do what his Prez needed first, then figure out what was going on with his family.

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Mist stood outside the large building, her heart pounding in both trepidation and excitement. She wasn't supposed to be in Texas. Wasn't supposed to have left the place she'd been forced to hide out at for the past several months.

Hell, according to her coven sisters, she wasn't supposed to have a life. She was to stay hidden and quiet. Granted, Aurora had asked her for help a couple of times when the Channings from Moonstone needed it, but that was it. Otherwise, all she'd done was sit around and twiddle her freaking thumbs.

Alone.

Bored.

Sad.

At first, her sisters came to see her off and on, but that gradually stopped, just like she'd known it would. They didn't call, didn't pop in. Nothing. The only one she heard from was Aurora, and that was sporadically. Her life had become one big pity party for one, and she was over it.

It was going to stop right now.

At this point, Mist didn't give a damn what anyone thought. She was so tired of hiding. It was just her. She didn't have a charge she was putting in danger. No family the demon could go after. At this point, she wasn't sure she even had friends

anymore.

She was going to do something she'd wanted to do for the past couple of years, but never made time for. At first it was because of her training, and then because she put everyone else's needs and wants above her own. Her charges and coven sisters always came first, no matter what.

Not that Mist regretted her decision to accept the Goddess' request to become one of her chosen ones, a group of men and women the Goddess personally picked herself to protect and defend the innocent. There were ten different covens made up of nine witches in each, spread out throughout the world. And she was proud to be a part of them. She would make the same choice again and again if given the chance.

But she was tired of sitting around doing nothing. She felt helpless not being able to take on any new charges and was going a bit crazy with all the time she had on her hands now.

Mist was ready to do something for herself. She was going to the Motorcycles, Mobsters, and Mayhem 2025 signing event near Dallas and meeting some of her all-time favorite authors. Not only that, but she was going to spend a few hundred dollars on signed books to put on the shelves in her home that she was currently not allowed to stay in or even visit.

Which was really starting to piss her off. Not that the small, two-bedroom apartment was anything amazing, but it was hers. The one place she felt happy and safe. She had so many wards around her place for protection that she was almost positive Darius the douchebag wouldn't be able to get to her.

Almost.

After a quick glance around, Mist made her way to the front doors of the huge hotel

and slipped inside the building. Following the signs, it didn't take long before she was standing in a long line waiting for her turn to enter the room for the event.

It was crowded as hell, and Mist was praying that would allow her to blend in with the hundreds of other book fans that were currently chatting and squealing in anticipation at the thought of meeting the authors and models that were going to be there. The noise level was high, and she was having an issue concentrating on what was going on around her, but she caught bits and pieces of the conversations others were having.

She needed to be on the lookout for the demon prince who was hunting her, but there were too many other things catching her attention. Like finding out both Liberty Parker and Darlene Tallman were there. She'd read all of their books, the ones they wrote individually and their co-written ones, for years. Not only that, but she was going to get to meet Jessa Aarons, E.M. Shue, Avelyn Paige, and so many other authors she fangirled over. She couldn't wait!

“Hi! My name's Christina!”

Mist smiled at the petite, bubbly brunette with hair down to her waist who'd turned around to introduce herself. She was debating on how to answer, unsure if she wanted to share her name with anyone when she shouldn't even be there, when someone called out Christina's name from toward the front of the line, thankfully taking her attention away from Mist.

Fifteen minutes later, after keeping her head down so she didn't have to make small talk with anyone around her, Mist was let inside. She froze at first, her eyes widening as she surveyed the area with nervous excitement. There were so many authors, too many to count.

Slowly, she began to make her way down the first aisle, her gaze taking in everything

around her. Her first stop was Sapphire Knight's table, and her fingers trembled as she reached out to pick up one of the author's paperbacks. Sapphire was one of her all-time favorite authors, and she had a huge list of books she wanted from her, but she knew she wouldn't be able to carry them all. Especially if she got some from the other authors she'd come to see too. If she had been thinking ahead, she would have brought one of those rolling carts so many other readers had with them.

"Hello!"

Mist glanced up and grinned at the woman in front of her. Sapphire was just as beautiful in person as she was on social media. Her blonde hair was pulled back into two intricate braids with purple and blue color throughout them, and Mist wondered if it was a look she could pull off. The braids she could do easily, and had in the past, but it was the added color she hesitated on. She'd never dyed her hair before, and wasn't sure it was something she wanted to do. It looked amazing on Sapphire though.

Realizing she was staring, Mist smiled nervously, responding quietly. "Hi."

Inwardly, she rolled her eyes at herself. Seriously, how could she go up against the kind of evil she did on a daily basis, but get tongue-tied around this woman just because she wrote some of the hottest, most amazing MC and mafia books Mist had ever read?

Sighing, Mist quickly told Sapphire which books she wanted to purchase and waited patiently while the woman signed them for her. After accepting the small bag with her treasures, she thanked the author, wishing she could have more time to talk to her.

Mist was just getting ready to move on to the next table when something caught her attention out of the corner of her eye. Standing in the doorway and looking out over

the crowd was the demon prince himself, Darius Riorden. His eyes locked on hers, and a slow, sinister grin crossed his face.

He'd found her. Holy shit, what was she going to do now? It wasn't like she could just blink out of a large room full of people.

"Are you okay?"

Mist glanced back at Sapphire and gave her a small smile. No matter what was about to happen, she needed to keep anything dealing with the paranormal away from the other woman. "Yes, thank you so much. I hope you have a great rest of your day."

Sapphire's face lit with a blinding smile before she thanked her and turned to the next book lover who was waiting to speak with her.

When Mist looked to where Darius had just been, he was gone, but she wasn't fooled. He was around, waiting to make his move on her.

Screw it. She had more authors to meet. More books to buy. It wasn't like he was going to just appear in front of her, grab her, and leave. Not with so many humans around.

A small squeak left her lips when he did just that. One second, she was in a room full of hundreds of people, the next she was in the arms of the demon prince.

"Finally," he growled in her ear. "I finally found you, my mate."

Before she could respond letting him know she was not his mate, not his anything, Mist felt something sharp prick the skin at her neck. Her mind became foggy, her eyelids blinking until they flickered shut. She felt her bag fall from her fingers, toppling to the floor, and wanted to cry at the loss.

Just before she lost consciousness, Mist reached out to Aurora, whispering in her mind and praying the other woman heard her. I'm so sorry, my sister. I should have listened to you.

Mist? Mist, where are you?

Aurora sounded so far away, as if there was an ocean between them, when in reality there was really only a few hundred miles. Normally, they would have easily been able to communicate telepathically.

Mist struggled to reply, but all she managed to get out was, Frisco. MMM signing.

What? Where? Mist!

Mist tried, but she couldn't respond. Her mind wouldn't cooperate, and after fighting it for another long moment, darkness overtook her.

“S aint and Angel, take the back door. Heaven, Rapture, the front. Priest, Zion, and I will go through the windows on the north and south side of the house.”

Saint nodded, his jaw set in a hard line as he glared at the run down piece of crap house in front of him. It would have been easier if they could just rift, but they had no idea what the layout of the structure was, or what they would be up against once they were inside. From what they could see right now, the roof had a big hole in one side of it, and the other side looked as if the entire thing was going to cave in. Some of the windows were boarded up, but most were just open with jagged edges of broken glass sticking out of rotting wood.

Not only that, but they had no idea where the demon they were hunting was inside the house, or where he was keeping the woman he'd kidnapped from her home three days before. All they knew was that the bastard was in that building that looked as if it were going to fall in on itself at any moment.

Sometimes, it was better to infiltrate a place as quiet as possible and take the enemy by surprise, especially when you were going in dark. Hopefully, this was one of those times.

“I got a bad feeling about this, Prez.”

Fuck. If Heaven had a bad feeling, that normally meant shit was going to hit the fan.

“I hear ya, Heaven. Do we go in hard and fast, or slow and silent? You make the

call.”

Heaven took her gaze from the house to glance at God, her brow furrowed slightly. “Fast and hard, Prez. And now.”

So much for going in quietly. Looked like it was going to be more of a conquer and annihilate, no fucks given, kind of takeover.

The corner of Saint’s mouth tipped up slightly. Just the kind he liked. He was all in.

Without another word, all seven of them rifted, leaving where they’d hidden out of sight until they were ready to make their move, and teleporting to their perspective places around the house.

“Now,” God ordered darkly, his voice coming in clearly through the ear comms they all wore. Raif, Angel and Rapture’s little brother, had set their team up with the comms the year before. Raif was a part of the Demon King’s guard, but since the king hired the Guardians himself for several classified missions, he allowed Raif to help them in any way they needed. Which they were grateful for, because the man had a gift for technology that no one else in their club did. He wasn’t an official member of their MC, but he had become a prospect a few months ago. Saint knew he would be a member before too long. Rumor had it, he would leave the guard and be with the MC fulltime once that happened.

Saint put his heavy, black boot through the wooden door, causing it to splinter and crack as it flew open, ripping it off the top hinge. He rushed inside, Angel on his heels, letting out a deep growl of fury at the sight in front of him.

The woman they’d been sent to rescue stood in the middle of a large room, held tightly by an enraged demon who looked as if he was about to lose his shit. His eyes were wide and crazed, flames ghosting over every inch of exposed skin. Saliva

dripped from his large fangs, falling onto the human female's collar bone, causing her to cry out in pain. The son of a bitch was coating her with his poison, and by the scars that marred her flesh, it was obvious it wasn't the first time he'd done it.

Saint was aware of his brothers and sister swarming in to surround the bastard, but he didn't take his eyes from the scene in front of him. Knowing they needed to end this now, he snarled, "You got one chance, motherfucker. One chance to let her go. That's it."

"Or what?" the demon asked, flashing his fangs at them. The woman whimpered softly, waves of terror emanating from her. The demon threw his head back and laughed, his hand sporting huge, black claws moving up her chest to encircle her throat. Closing his eyes, he inhaled the scent of her fear deeply. "Hell, yeah," he groaned. "That's what I'm talking about."

Letting his own claws slam through his fingertips, Saint rifted. One second, he was standing in front of the mutilated door, the next he was beside the terrified woman, ripping the demon's hand from her throat, and enclosing his own around the asshole's neck. Letting out a loud roar, he rushed the demon backward, slamming him up against the wall.

"You see this?" he yelled, pointing to the Demon Guardians MC patch on his vest. "You know who we are? What we do?"

"Fuck you!"

"You don't, huh? Well, let me give you a brief lesson." The demon's mouth opened in a silent scream as he tried to pull Saint's hand from his throat. Saint laughed, a deep, dark, vicious sound that filled the room. He squeezed tighter, sinking his claws in deeply at the base of the bastard's neck drawing blood. It bubbled up, leaking out over Saint's hand, some dripping down his arm. "We hunt down scum like you and

rid the world of your evil taint.”

“Quit playing with your new toy, Saint.” He glanced over to see a wicked grin on Rapture’s face. “Unless you’re going to share, of course.”

“Sharing is caring,” Rapture’s twin chimed in, as he moved over to stand beside Saint. “And my mama taught us to always share.”

“Bullshit,” Saint huffed out, shaking his head. The twins didn’t share anything. They were tight as could be, but kept their possessions separate. Their women too. Although, he couldn’t remember the last time Rapture had taken a woman to his bed. Definitely not one of the club bunnies that hung around the clubhouse.

The demon he still had a tight hold on tried to break loose by kicking out with his feet, but Saint just dug his claws in a little deeper, grunting in satisfaction when his prey’s chest began to heave as he tried to catch his breath.

While most demons couldn’t harm other demons with their poison, Saint was different. It was the royal blood that flowed through his veins. The fact that he shared the same last name as the King of all demons meant he had a few gifts that other demons didn’t possess. Ones he wasn’t afraid to use on psychotic pieces of shit like the one in front of him.

He was going to make the asshole suffer, just like the demon made the woman he kidnapped suffer for the past three days. Because there was no doubt in his mind that when the demon dripped his poison on her delicate skin earlier, it wasn’t the first time he’d done it. He would have had to remove it from her system each time to keep her alive, and the whole experience would have been agonizingly painful. He was honestly surprised she’d survived.

There was only one explanation that he could come up with. The bond she had with

her mate made her fight harder than a human without a mate would have. Because if she died, chances were good that her mate would follow, leaving their children without parents to raise them.

“Sorry boys, normally I’d hand him over to you, but I want to play this time.” Leaning closer, getting in the fucker’s face, he growled, “I want him to feel the agony the female felt. To suffer the same hell she went through.” Moving forward even more, he chuckled darkly as he let the poison slowly leak out from his fangs onto the demon’s bare shoulder. The man reared back in shock, his eyes wide with terror and pain. “He’s going to endure the same torment she experienced at his hand. All. Night. Long.”

The demon screamed hoarsely, struggling fiercely in his hold, but he was no match for Saint. The demon prince bit into the bastard’s skin, letting his poison out full force, snarling as it entered the man’s blood stream and ran rampant throughout his body. Just when he thought he might lose him, Saint began to slowly pull the poison back into his own body, until it was all removed and the man collapsed on the ground.

Glancing over at God, knowing his eyes were glowing a deep, dark, red, Saint growled, “You might want to leave. This is going to take a while.”

God shook his head, his cold, hard gaze trained on the demon who was now cowering from them. “Already sent the woman with Heaven and Rapture. They are going to remove the poison that’s in her body and take her home to her loved ones. I got no place to be.”

“Me neither,” Priest said, leaning casually against the wall, his arms crossed over his wide chest.

“Same,” Angel ground out, his dark eyes locked on their enemy.

“Nothing planned here,” Zion said, his black eyes trained on the demon who had signed his own death warrant the second he took an innocent woman from her mate and children.

Saint nodded once, before reaching down to haul the demon to his feet, an evil grin appearing. “Let’s do this.”

Mist moaned, her hand going to her forehead as her eyelids slowly fluttered open. Her head was killing her, and her mouth tasted like cotton. She was so thirsty, but the need to use the restroom trumped the need for water at the moment.

Freaking hell, she felt as if she'd gone out and drank way too much and was paying for it the next day. But she knew that wasn't the case, because she didn't drink alcohol. Ever. It wasn't safe to get wasted, not when you had charges to take care of. And even though she didn't have any of her own right now, she stuck to her no-drinking rule just in case the Goddess decided she needed her.

Moaning again, her head pounding in pain, Mist dropped her hand to her side and lay there trying to get her bearings. Where exactly was she and how did she end up there?

It was quiet. She was alone, that she was sure of. What she didn't know was exactly where she was. It was all slowly starting to come back to her. Her idiotic decision to go against the decision the coven had made and go out to have some fun. The one person she was hiding from showing up, because why wouldn't he? It was the one thing that would happen in every damn book she read, but she'd walked right into it.

Letting out a groan at her own stupidity, Mist rubbed her hands over her face.

She remembered Darius snatching her from the book signing. The one place she thought she would be safe because there were so many people there. She also remembered reaching out to Aurora before the darkness took her. She had no idea if she was able to give the witch enough information to start looking for her, but she did

remember feeling the other woman's worry and fear. Fear for her . Because she cared. About her.

She'd honestly wondered how her coven sisters felt about her, but had been too afraid to reach out to them to find out. Were they mad they had to do extra work because they were now protecting what would have been her charges as well as their own? They'd never actually kicked her out of the coven like she originally feared, but did they want to? Did they still care about her? Still consider her family? Still love her like she loved them?

Well, at least she now knew for sure that not only did Aurora care, but she still thought of her as her sister. Which meant there was a chance the others felt the same way, but were just too busy to come see her. Damn, she really hoped that was the case. She missed them all so much.

Mist took a deep breath, pushing herself up into a sitting position. She squinted, opening her eyes just enough to look around the room, wincing at the pain it caused. Evidently, whatever Darius the douchebag had injected into her system was giving her some not-so-fun side effects. Headache, blurred vision, nasty tasting cotton mouth.

What a dick.

Slipping her legs over the side of the bed, Mist bit her lip, closing her eyes to try and get the room to stop swaying in front of her. After a moment, she pried her lids open and glanced around. There were two doors. One was open, one closed. Betting the open door would lead her to a bathroom that she desperately needed, Mist rose on shaky legs and slowly made her way across the room, sighing in relief when she saw that she was right.

Five minutes later, she was back in the bedroom, ready to find a way out of wherever

the hell she was. Her mind was starting to clear some, although the pounding in her head hadn't lessened at all. That was fine. She could work around it.

Standing in the middle of the room, Mist held her arms out to her sides and blinked. At least, she tried to. But instead of ending up at the Channings ranch where she'd been aiming to go, she found herself in the same place she'd been.

Stuck.

Closing her eyes, she concentrated on an image of the beautiful home the Channings lived in. She'd been to it several times, and there were two places everyone always congregated. The kitchen and the living room. The living room with the warm fireplace was where she wanted to end up, because she was freezing where she was now. The heater in the house obviously wasn't on.

After a long moment, she had to admit to herself that blinking wasn't going to happen. Swearing softly, she decided to try to reach out to Aurora instead.

Aurora, it's Mist. Are you there?

There was nothing but silence.

Aurora, can you hear me.

Silence.

Mist swore again, then tried another sister.

Luna, are you there? Can you hear me?

Not a word.

Dammit.

She tried the strongest coven sister she knew.

Zara. I need you.

Nothing.

Crossing the room, Mist reached out to try to open the door, crying out in pain when there was a strong zap to her hand when she grabbed the doorknob. It put her on the floor, pain flooding her body.

“Son of a bitch!”

There was a deep chuckle, and Darius suddenly appeared behind her. Rolling over onto her side so she could see him, Mist wrapped her arms around her legs, pulling them to her chest.

“The place is guarded by black magic. Your own magic won’t work here. You will never get out. Never leave me. You are mine, witch!”

“I will never be yours,” she gasped out, her body shaking as waves of pain still ran through her.

“You already are mine,” he sneered, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction. “Soon, we will have a ceremony to bind us together, and you will see.”

Mist frowned in confusion. From what she knew about demons, that wasn’t how they mated. There was no special ceremony that bound the demons with their mates. Not that they couldn’t have one if they wanted to, but the binding happened automatically when they found the person that was supposed to be theirs. There had to be an

emotional connection, one that she and Darius definitely did not have, because she wanted nothing to do with the prince.

“Why don’t you just bind me to you now?” she taunted, reveling in the look of rage that crossed his face. “It’s because I am rejecting you, isn’t it? I don’t want you, you bastard. I. Am. Not. Yours.”

No, she belonged to one of his brothers, and she prayed to the Goddess above that the prince she was fated to mate with wasn’t a twatwaffle like the one in front of her now.

Darius let out a roar, his entire body flooding with flames, his eyes glowing a dark red. “You are mine,” he snarled. He glared at her, before raising an arm and holding out his palm in her direction. A small ball of fire appeared, as his mouth turned up into an evil grin. “Or not.” With a dark laugh, he turned his hand over, letting the fire drop to the floor. And then he was gone, disappearing as if he were never there.

The flames began to eat at the old shag green carpet, growing quickly. Mist pushed herself to her feet, and held out her arms, palms up, calling for water. It was something she’d been capable of doing since she was a teenager.

There was nothing.

Shit. When Darius told her that her magic wouldn’t work in this room, he wasn’t lying.

Running to the bathroom, she looked around frantically for something to put the fire out with. There were no towels she could get wet, nothing lying around or in the bathtub. Nothing in the closet.

“Oh Goddess, please.”

Mist yanked open the door below the sink, and was surprised but thrilled to find an old bucket full of children's bath toys. Quickly dumping them out, she filled the pail with water from the tub and ran back to where the fire was spreading across the floor.

She dumped the entire bucket on the flames, then ran back for more water, doing that same thing four more times before she finally felt safe to stop.

Sitting down on the floor, she scooted back to lean against the bed, her body shuddering in exhaustion and fear. That crazy son of a bitch claimed her, but then almost killed her. If that bucket hadn't been under the sink, probably left there by whoever used to live in the old house, she could have died.

Tears filled her eyes, but Mist refused to let them fall. She was not a damn victim. She was a fighter. And she was going to fight, dammit. She just needed to figure out the best way to go about it.

"You think you've won, but you haven't. I will get out of here. I will find you. And I will end you," she vowed, as her eyes slowly drifted closed. She needed to rest for a minute first. Then she would figure something out.

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S aint stretched his arms high, then put a hand on his chin and pushed, turning his head one way, then the other, cracking it. He was fucking tired. They'd gotten back to the clubhouse late the night before, and he'd crashed for eight hours straight, but that wasn't much considering he hadn't slept for three full days before that.

Now, he was up, showered, and ready to grab something to eat before he went to see his father so he could find out what the hell was going on with his family.

He had just taken a bite of his second breakfast burrito when the front door of the clubhouse crashed open and his little sister strolled inside. His eyebrows rose in shock as he stared at the demon princess. In all the years he'd been with the Demon Guardians, not once had she shown up at the clubhouse unannounced. Hell, he could count on one hand the times she'd even been there, which was strange now that he thought about it, because Desi never hesitated to go anywhere or do anything she wanted.

Clover, one of the club bunnies, stood from where she was laying with one of his brothers on a leather couch and placed her hands on her hips as she glared at Desi. Her dark hair was a wild mess around her shoulders and her makeup was smudged, but she looked ready to take on the woman who was infiltrating what she thought of as her territory.

That wasn't going to work for him.

"I don't know what's about to come out of your mouth, sweetbutt, but if you say one

wrong word to my sister, you are going to leave this clubhouse and never be allowed back.”

He meant it too. No one fucked with his sister. He would end them where they stood. Or, in this case, ban them from ever entering the Demon Guardians clubhouse again.

Clover’s eyes widened as she stared at Desi, then she turned and walked back over to the couch, grabbed her shoes that were on the floor, and left the building after mumbling a quiet apology to Desi on the way out.

Clover was a nice person, new to the MC way of life, and too good in his opinion to be one of the girls who hung around spreading their legs for all the brothers, looking to become someone’s ole lady. He wasn’t going to be the one to tell her that none of the men were going to choose a club bunny to fill that role. Not unless they somehow bonded with one of the females, but the chances of that happening after they’d had sex with the majority of them was slim to none.

As far as he knew, all she’d done so far was blowjobs with a couple of the men. He really hoped she moved on, because Clover deserved more than to be a club whore.

Desi shook her head, huffing out a laugh as she watched the other woman leave, but the happiness he was used to seeing on his sister’s face wasn’t there. Instead, she looked sad and just plain exhausted.

Saint held out his arm to her, and she rushed across the room to snuggle close to him. He stiffened when the first sob left her, followed quickly by another. Soon, she was clutching tightly to him and crying so hard, he had no idea what to do.

“What the fuck?”

He heard Angel’s words and glanced up to see the man striding toward them, his face

full of a rage he'd never seen on the demon before.

"Who are we killing?" Angel demanded, his tone a low, deep growl.

"When I know, you'll know," Saint promised, because he wanted to tear someone apart just as much as Angel seemed to want to in that moment. Whoever hurt his sister was going to die.

"Do we need to call church, brother?"

Saint glanced over to where God was standing in the open doorway of the kitchen area and nodded. He assumed whatever was going on had something to do with Darius, the little prick, and knew he was going to need some help.

"I'm sorry," Desi whispered, pulling back to look up at him. "I just feel so useless right now. I've tried everything I can think of, and I don't know what else to do."

"You tell us what it is; we'll fix it," Angel said. It was a promise; they all heard it in his voice. And Angel never made a promise he didn't keep. None of them did. Your word was your honor in their MC.

Desi ducked her head, her cheeks turning a soft pink color, making Saint narrow his eyes on his brother as he wondered what the hell was going on.

"Angel's right. You tell us what's going on and we'll fix it."

He wasn't going to call the other man out on the way he was acting, but they would be having words later. Desi was the fucking princess of the demon realm. If Angel set his sights on her, the fucker better not only be all in, but he better be ready to treat her like the royalty she was. Saint would make sure of it. He wouldn't call the brother off. That would be a dick move because he trusted all his club brothers, at least all the

ones who held an officer position. But he would make sure the man had the right intentions before allowing him to even talk to his sister beyond anything more than an acquaintance, or even a friend, would.

“We don’t normally have women in church who aren’t patched in,” God said, coming back into the room, “but I’m making an exception this time because I feel like we need to hear what you have to say, Princess Desdemona, and we need the privacy.”

“Thank you,” Desi replied softly, stepping back from Saint, but moving her hand down to grasp hold of his.

Leaving his food on the table, Saint went with everyone else into the back room, keeping Desi by his side. As soon as they all filed in with the door shut and locked, he had her sit down beside him in the chair Zion normally occupied. Zion gave him a nod and leaned against the wall.

Everyone must have been awake and moving already, because every last one of the officers was in the room.

“Okay, Princess, tell us what’s going on,” God said after banging the gavel twice to call the meeting to order.

Desi took a deep breath, then started. “A few months ago, I came home to find my cousin Gerard had brought a witch from the human realm to the palace claiming she was his, but he lied. She wasn’t. Aurora was already mated to a bear shifter named Noah Channing, so there is no way she could have been. Come to find out, my brother Darius was trying to claim another witch in Aurora’s coven as his, but that wasn’t true either. Aurora told my father one of their coven sisters had a vision that Mist belonged to someone in our line, but it wasn’t Darius.”

“Let me make sure I’m following you correctly,” God cut in. “Your cousin brought

this Aurora to our realm, insisting she was his.”

“Correct, but he also admitted that she was his just for now.”

Priest’s eyes narrowed on her. “What the hell does that mean? Just for now? Either she was his mate or she wasn’t.”

Desi shook her head, a tired sigh escaping. “He said he was going to keep her until he was tired of her, then kill her and find someone else.”

“You have got to be fucking kidding me,” Rapture growled, shaking his head in disgust.

“I wish I was,” Desi whispered, her eyes wide and anxious. “It came out that he and Darius have done this before with other women. And when Aurora told the king about Mist belonging to one of my brothers but not Darius, Darius turned on all of us. Father and Darius fought, but my brother somehow got away, breaking the bond that tied him to my father. Darius never had a bond with any of us, and now we have no way of tracking him.”

“What about using something of his to find him?” Heaven asked, which typically was the way demons tracked down people. Every demon had the gift to a certain extent. Some not as strong as others, but his father and brothers should easily have been able to find Darius. Hell, Desi too.

“We can’t. He’s using black magic to hide from us.” Her eyes once again filled with tears as she looked up at Saint. “I’ve tried everything I can think of, but I can’t find him. Aurora and her sisters have Mist hidden away, but she isn’t safe. She will never be safe while Darius is out there.”

“Who does she belong to?”

Desi looked back at Zion in confusion. “What?”

“You said this Mist belongs to one of your line, which I’m assuming means one of your brothers. Do you know who?”

Slowly, she shook her head, but her gaze came back to Saint’s. “Not for sure, but I do have my suspicions.”

“Who?” Saint growled, his hand curling into a fist. He already knew the answer just by the way she was looking at him, but he needed to hear it from her directly. If she said what he thought she was going to say, heads were going to fucking roll.

“I don’t know anything for certain,” she said, her eyes going around the room.

“Desdemona.”

“Fine,” she snapped, tapping her fingernails on the wooden table and biting her lip before saying, “It has to be you, Saint. You are the only one that makes sense.”

“Explain,” God demanded from the head of the table.

“I’ve met Mist. She’s...” Desi paused, then shrugged, “she’s just amazing. She’s kind and courageous, and so strong and smart. She would do anything for her charges.”

“Charges?”

“Mist and Aurora are part of a coven of nine, hand-picked by the Goddess to guide and protect whomever she sends their way.”

“Okay?” Heaven asked in confusion. “What does that have to do with her possibly being Saint’s mate?”

“Nothing,” Desi said, looking up at him. “I just wanted my brother to know what kind of woman she was. The kind I would happily call my sister.” Licking her lips, she looked around the room again before her gaze locked with his. “Aurora and I have become friends, and we visit often. Well, when I’m not trying to track down Darius. I ran into Luna, the witch who had the vision, one day when I was at Aurora’s house. I asked her which of my brothers Mist belonged to. She said, and I quote, ‘The one who will become her demon guardian, along with his brothers and the female enforcer, and will protect her for eternity. He will be her demon savior.’ That has to be you, Saint.”

“No doubt about it,” Heaven agreed. “I’m obviously the female enforcer.”

“We are the brothers,” Priest said, nodding his head. “It all makes sense.”

Suddenly, a bright light lit up the room, and a woman with long red hair and dark green eyes appeared, a look of pure anguish on her face. Tears flowed down her cheeks as she stared at all of them, then cried out Desi’s name when she saw her.

“What the fuck?” God snarled, rising to his feet and slamming his fist into the table. No one was supposed to be able to enter the room without their permission. Whoever stood in front of them was a strong witch.

Before God could say anything else, Desi gasped. “Aurora, what is it? How are you here?”

“I am so sorry, Desi, but I need help. Please. I can’t find her. I’ve tried so hard and so have all of my sisters, but she’s just gone.”

“Who?” Saint growled, afraid of the answer but what else could it be? Something had happened to the woman his sister believed was his mate.

“Mist.” A sob caught in the witch’s throat. “She reached out to me yesterday. She seemed out of it, probably drugged. She could hardly talk. All she managed to get out was that she was in Frisco, Texas at a signing. I figured out that she went to a book signing, but I can’t track her from there.”

“A book signing?” Zion asked, his eyes narrowed on the witch.

“Mist loves to read. They had a huge signing yesterday and she must have gone to meet some of her favorite authors and buy some signed paperback books.” Aurora wiped at the wetness on her cheeks. “She’s been cooped up for months and is going crazy. It’s her calling to help others, but she can’t do that right now because Darius is a huge threat. He had three of her last charges killed trying to get to her.”

“Cooped up?” Heaven glared at Aurora. “What exactly does that mean?”

“The coven made the decision to put Mist somewhere Darius would never find her. She was to stay there until he could be tracked down and all this could be taken care of.”

“The coven made the decision?” Heaven snapped. “Not Mist?”

Tears slipped down Aurora’s cheeks as she shook her head. “No, not Mist. It wasn’t a decision she would have made, so we had to make it for her. It wasn’t safe !”

“So, what you are saying is you put her in hiding, away from everyone and everything she knows?” Saint snarled. “You took from her the ability to help others, which was obviously important to her, along with the ability to use her gifts, stifling her and making her miserable.”

“Yes,” Aurora said quietly, guilt all over her face. “It killed her not being able to help others.”

“Of course, she fucking went out and did something. If you’ve been alienating her for months, she probably couldn’t handle it anymore.”

“We weren’t alienating her,” Aurora protested.

“Really? Is that how she felt? Did any of you go see her? Spend time with her? Hell, just stop by for a cup of coffee and to chat? Or did you just stash her away somewhere and forget about her?”

“I... we...,” Aurora’s emerald green eyes widened in comprehension as she slowly shook her head at him. “Oh Goddess.”

He wanted to rage. To set fire to the entire room. To find all of Mist’s coven sisters and tell them what he thought of them leaving the sorceress on her own for so long. How the fuck did they think she was going to cope like that?

“Saint, what we need to focus on now is finding Mist,” God interjected. “From what Desi said, Darius broke the bond he had with your father, so we can’t track him that way. And he is using black magic, so we can’t hunt him down using anything at the palace that he owned.”

“Correct,” Desi agreed. “I went to see a witch who uses black magic to ask how we could get past whatever spell Darius’ witch used, but that didn’t work out.”

“What do you mean it didn’t work out?” Saint asked, quickly reaching the end of his patience.

Desi glanced around the room quickly, her gaze stopping on Angel as she replied quietly, “Well, he wanted something in return I couldn’t give him.”

“What was that, Princess?” Angel asked, leaning his elbows on the table as he

watched her closely, barely banked fury in his eyes.

When she didn't reply, Saint let out a deep growl, his huge fangs punching through his gums. "What did he want, Desdemona Amara Riorden?"

Desi licked her lips, looking over at him, then back to Angel as if unsure who to talk to. "Me," she finally whispered before dropping her head down. "He wanted me to surrender my virginity to him."

"And you didn't have that to give him," Rapture said in understanding. "It's okay, Princess. There aren't many virgins past the age of twenty out there nowadays."

"What the fuck, Rapture?" Saint hollered, knowing his eyes were a deep red with the way his rage was swamping him. "Even if Desi still had her virginity to give the sick bastard, she wouldn't do it."

Rapture shrugged. "For your mate, she might."

"Shut the fuck up," Angel growled, fire ghosting over his arms as he glared at his twin.

"Stop, all of you!" Desi ordered, holding up a hand as she looked around the room. "Seriously, not that it is anyone's business, but I'm not the type of girl to go lift her skirt or drop her pants for just anyone." She swallowed hard, gritting her teeth together, then said, "I couldn't give him what he wanted because I made a vow to myself when I was sixteen that I would never give myself to anyone who wasn't my mate. So, while technically I could have paid him with my body, I would never disrespect my mate that way."

"While that's honorable, I highly doubt your mate, whoever he is, will be able to say the same thing. There wouldn't be any disrespect."

Desi shrugged as she replied to Heaven, “I don’t expect him to. I did it because it was something I wanted to do. If he didn’t wait for me, which I’m sure he didn’t, that was his decision.”

“Fuck,” Angel ground out, rubbing a hand over his face as he leaned back in his chair, the scent of guilt wafting off him. It was then that Saint knew his assumption earlier was correct, and there was something between his sister and MC brother. He wasn’t willing to say mate yet, but it was obviously heading in that direction.

“Please tell me that crazy motherfucker isn’t after you now,” Heaven said in concern.

Desi lowered her head again, staring at where she had her hands clasped tightly together in her lap. “I don’t really know, to be honest. I just told him that wasn’t something I was willing to give and rifted out of there.”

“But there’s a chance?” Angel asked.

Desi raised her head and met his gaze. “Let’s just say, he was furious when I left.”

Angel swore darkly, raking a hand through his hair.

Saint slowly stood, his large hands curled into fists at his side, flames covering his entire body as rage consumed him. He was done. Just fucking done. His mate was out there somewhere with his deranged, soon to be dead once he got ahold of him, brother. His sister had a meet and greet with a dark witch, who may or may not want her for his own now, but Saint was willing to bet that was going to be an issue that had to be addressed in the near future.

Saint was pissed the fuck off and ready to start dealing out death, he just needed a target.

“We need to go hunting. Now.”

God gave a short nod before taking out his phone and dialing a number they hardly ever used. The man may be a part of their club, but he was one scary bastard, and they all tended to avoid him when possible.

“What?” a deep, gravelly voice demanded when the call was answered.

“Get to church. Now.”

Silence.

He didn’t do well with orders, but he’d accepted God as his president when he patched in years ago, and that demanded his obedience and respect.

God looked at his phone. “Fucking prick hung up on me.” He sighed deeply, then glanced over at Aurora. “We need a picture of Mist and something of hers to track her with.”

Aurora nodded and was gone instantly, blinking to who knows where.

God nodded toward Desi. “Desi, we will address your situation with the dark witch after Mist is found and her situation under control. For now, you will stay here at the club where we know you’ll be safe.”

Desi’s eyes flashed with fire and she shook her head. “No way in hell am I just sitting here while my brother’s mate is in danger. Do not try to sideline me, God. I’ll pull rank if I have to.”

“You can’t pull rank in my own damn clubhouse, little girl.”

Desi flipped her long, dark hair over her shoulder and glared at God as if he was nothing but scum on the bottom of her shoe. “I stopped being a little girl years ago when my mother and sister were murdered by demon hunters. And maybe you are the one in charge here, but you are not in charge once I walk out that door. And trust me, God, I will be walking out that door soon to find my future sister. You are not going to stop me, and neither is anyone else in this room.”

Aurora appeared, interrupting the spat between the Princess of Demons and the President of the Demon Guardians when it was just getting interesting. Saint honestly wasn't sure which one would have won.

“Here you go.”

Saint was surprised when Aurora handed him the picture and a bag instead of giving them to God, but he didn't hesitate to reach out and grab them.

He fell back into his seat, his eyes glued to the blonde beauty in front of him. She had large gray eyes that looked as if they could see right into someone's soul. They held a hint of mischievousness, but also looked gentle and kind. If he had to guess, he would say there was no makeup. She looked fresh and clean and young. Fuck, so young.

He traced a finger down her cheek, wishing it was her skin he was touching. She was dressed in jeans that hugged her hips and thighs, and a pale blue top that showed just a hint of her stomach. In the picture, she looked so small. Tiny. He was afraid he would crush her with his large, thick frame.

Saint took his attention from the picture long enough to open the bag and find six books inside. He shuffled through them, raising his eyebrows when he saw one with a motorcycle on the cover that showed it was an MC series.

So, the little witch liked books with an MC theme.

He frowned at the next cover. And mafia, it would seem.

“Those are the books she got from the signing. When I arrived there earlier today, I followed her magic to one of the very first tables. The author had her bag there and was waiting for Mist to come back. She said one of the readers found them on the ground not too far from her table, and she was hoping to have the chance to give them to her.”

Saint nodded, shoving the books into the bag, his gaze going back to the picture.

“Saint?”

He heard his Prez, but couldn't tear his eyes away from the beautiful blonde woman.

“Saint, who is she to you?”

God wanted confirmation, and there was no doubt in his mind how to answer his question. Sometimes, demons could spend years with each other and not have the bond form between them until they both accepted the relationship and it was ready to form. Sometimes, they just knew without even setting eyes on them in real time.

He just knew.

“Mine,” he rasped, tracing his finger over her face again. “She's mine.”

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Source Creation Date: July 26, 2025, 3:00 pm

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Mist moved around the room slowly, her hand hovering over the wall, afraid to actually touch it as she looked for any sign of a weakness in the dark magic that she could find. The way the door had shocked the hell out of her and put her on her ass the first time she touched it, she was afraid to touch the wall and have the same thing happen to her again.

Gathering her courage, she let the tips of her fingers whisper over the ugly as sin flowered wallpaper and cried out in pain when she was once again lying on the floor, looking up at the ceiling and questioning her life choices.

“Son of a biatcchhhh, that hurt.”

The entire room was encased in a dark magical forcefield that was intent on keeping her inside. And without her own white magic to counter it, she was afraid it might happen. She closed her eyes, contemplating how to get rid of the dark magic without any of her abilities to help her. Unfortunately, after several minutes of coming up with ideas, and immediately discarding them for one reason or another, she was still at square one.

Stuck.

Standing, she began to pace around the room, stopping a couple of times to stare out into the dark night. She was so cold, and she could see snow on the barren landscape. Mist frowned. Did that mean she was in the human realm? She had to be. The demon realm didn't have snow, did it?

Coming to a stop, she stared out through the dirty windowpane. Her eyes narrowed as she turned to look at a wooden chair that sat in the corner. It was old, and the stained flowered seat cushion didn't look very comfortable, but she wasn't planning on using it to sit on. No, she wasn't going to put her booty anywhere near it, but she was going to see what happened when something besides her body hit that forcefield.

Not stopping to think about it, sure she would come up with a reason not to try it, Mist quickly crossed the room and picked up the chair. It was heavier than she thought it would be. Not too heavy for her to carry, but not too light for what she was planning.

When she was right in front of the window, she set the chair down for a second, took a deep breath, then picked it up again and threw it at the glass. It didn't have far to go, and Mist didn't think to move after she threw it. The damn thing bounced off the forcefield and came back and smacked right into her with what had to be at least double the force she'd used. She lay on the floor, the chair beside her, and moaned, holding the side of her face. The freaking thing had knocked her right in the head.

Well, that answered that question.

"I see you haven't figured out that there is no way you are getting out of here."

Mist stiffened, her skin crawling at the voice that seemed to echo around the room. He was back.

Just great.

"You are mine, witch. I own you now. You aren't going anywhere."

He owned her? Just who the frickity frackity fuck did he think he was?

Nobody owned her.

Nobody.

Mist stiffened when she felt something move inside her. Something like she'd never felt before. It was light, like the brushing of soft fur against her skin.

Darius was still ranting, but she couldn't concentrate on what he was saying. Her mind was consumed with what was happening to her. It was almost as if something was awakening, stretching... and was that a freaking purr? No, not a purr. More like a chuffing noise.

What the hell was happening?

Another chuff, the gentle touch of... something... a paw? It pushed against her, and Mist swore she heard a quiet noise similar to a meow.

A cat?

There was a loud crash, and she tuned back to the deranged demon just in time to hear the words, "You will be my queen and stand by my side as we rule the underworld!"

Mist couldn't help it. The laughter just bubbled up and out, filling the room. There may have even been a small snort or two in there, but she would never admit it. She clutched her sides, rolling on the floor, ignoring the pain as her body shook and tears rolled down her cheeks.

She was trapped in a room with a madman who seriously thought they were going to rule hell together. How had her life come to this?

“Enough!” Darius roared in rage, his black eyes turning a deep, dark burgundy color.

Mist slowly rose to her feet, her hands going to her hips, aware that whatever was rolling around inside her had just stopped and seemed to be listening. It was the strangest feeling, but not unwelcome. All it did was prove to her that what she’d thought most of her life was true. She shared her soul with an animal. She was part shifter. And while it was somewhat scary, she’d had years to get used to the idea. She’d been around many different types of shifters and knew a lot about them.

One thing she knew was that their animals would do whatever was needed to keep them safe. Which told her, the animal inside her, whatever the heck it was, was waking up after all this time because it realized death was coming for her. For them. In the form of the psycho who was standing in front of them covered in bright orange and yellow flames.

“You are seriously delusional if you think you and I are going to do anything together, let alone rule the demon realm.”

“You are mine!”

Mist shook her head, letting her arms fall loosely to her sides in case he attacked. She may not have her powers or any weapons on her, but she was still a badass. She knew several different ways to fuck a person up if they messed with her.

“I am not now, nor will I ever be, yours,” she stated slowly and clearly to get her point across. “My mate is out there and he is related to you, but you are not him and I will never settle for less than the man who holds the other half of my soul.”

She’d heard about shifter mates before, had seen it with her own eyes when she was with Aurora and the Channings. A mate was everything to a shifter. They lived and would die for them.

That same held true for demons. She wasn't going to give up what could be, what would be if she had anything to say about it, for this crazy bastard in front of her.

Darius let out a loud roar, swinging an arm out, throwing flames at the bed. He snarled through large fangs and his body began to grow, changing from his human form to that of his demon.

Powerful. Terrifying. Evil.

"You choose death over everything I can give you?"

Mist backed away from the fiery blaze that was quickly growing in intensity, catching on the carpet and moving throughout the room. Smoke filled her lungs, and her vision began to blur. Dropping to her knees, she clutched her throat as she fought for breath.

There was no way her little bucket she used earlier was going to help now. She couldn't get out of the room. Couldn't run or blink. She was as good as dead, no matter how you looked at it. It didn't matter. She would never choose Darius. She couldn't, even if it meant going to be with the Goddess before she believed she was meant to.

Mist gasped, her eyes watering as she inhaled more smoke. Whatever was inside her was pushing against her hard, shoving, trying to get out. But she didn't know how to make that happen.

"You choose death?" Darius roared again, waving his arm so more flames flew out and attached to the curtains surrounding the one lone window in the room.

Raising her eyes to meet his crazed one, she rasped, "I choose my mate."

The second the words left her mouth, the thing inside her took over. Her bones began

to pop, excruciating pain swamping her as her body started to shift. Mist screamed in agony, her hands dropping to the carpet in front of her.

Let it happen, my child. Let your animal take over. Let her help you.

Mist panted, beads of sweat forming on her brow.

Do as I say, Mist.

She tried. She really did. She always listened to the Goddess. She loved her. Trusted her. But no matter how hard she tried, she just didn't know what to do.

I don't know how.

Close your eyes, center yourself, and reach for your jaguar, my child.

Jaguar. Yes, that felt right.

Doing as the Goddess ordered, Mist closed her eyes and blocked out everything in the room. The demented lunatic screaming at her, the way her chest burned from the smoke that she couldn't help but inhale, how close the fire was getting to her. She felt a calmness take over, and she let her cat take control.

When she opened her eyes, she was standing on four legs instead of two. She blinked, and shook her head to clear her vision, before her gaze went to the shocked demon in front of her. Her lip curled back, showing a large fang as she growled low.

Ignoring the fire and smoke around her, Mist took a step forward, and then another, stepping out of what was left of her clothes.

Her eyes glued to the asshat who had stolen so much from her, and she threw her

head back and roared.

If she was going to die, she was taking him with her.

Slowly, she started to prowl toward him. Low, deep growls vibrating through her chest.

He would never hurt anyone again.

She sprang.

Saint waited impatiently for his MC brother to show. It had only been ten minutes or so since God called him, but the man could have easily rifted, or even blinked, or jumped, or whatever the hell he called it, and been there by now. A sense of urgency was pushing at him, and he couldn't stay still. While everyone else was seated at the table, Saint was stalking around it, one hand holding tightly to the picture of his beautiful mate.

Where was she? What was she going through right now at the hands of his brother? Saint was going to kill him. It was going to be a long, slow death with lots of blood and torture. There was nowhere that little bastard would be able to hide from him. He would track him to the ends of the earth and show him what happened when you threatened someone Saint cared about.

Cared about? Fuck, he'd never even met Mist. It didn't matter. She belonged to him, just as he belonged to her. They'd figure all that out later. For now, all that mattered was that, brother or not, Darius was a dead man.

The door to the room slammed open and Genesis stood in the doorway. The fucker was huge. Bigger than anyone Saint had ever seen. The man could have been a model with his pitch-black hair falling over his shoulders, dark, piercing eyes, and bulging muscles. His father was a demon, his mother a sorceress, and he'd received abilities from both parents. He worked with both white and dark magic, but primarily white, and was more powerful than any other demon or sorcerer any of them had come in contact with before.

Dark and imposing, he stood in the doorway, his gaze sweeping around the room. When his eyes landed on Aurora, he raised an eyebrow. Saint was surprised when Genesis bowed his head to her in a show of respect. “Sorceress.”

Aurora gave him a slight nod. “Sorcerer. Thank you for coming.”

Genesis’ eyes went to Desi, and they widened slightly. “Princess Desdemona.”

Desi bowed her head regally to him.

Dammit. They didn’t have time for this bullshit small talk. Something was wrong. Saint could feel it.

Striding over to where he’d left the bag of books, he grabbed them and quickly made his way back to where Genesis still stood. Holding them out to the man, along with the picture, he growled, “My mate is in trouble. She needs help now, but no one can track her. Something’s blocking her location. Black magic, we believe.” Saint slammed his fist into his chest, over his heart. “I vow to you, a favor for a favor. Find her however you have to.”

He'd just given the demon sorcerer something he'd never offered anyone else in his entire life. His word as a member of the royal family that if Genesis helped find Mist, then Saint would return the favor in the future, no questions asked, no matter what was needed of him.

Genesis cocked his head to the side, staring at him in contemplation, before stepping inside the room and shutting the door behind him. Reaching out, he took the picture. Saint bit back a growl, not wanting to give up the only thing he had at this time that showed his mate. The other man stared at the image thoughtfully for a long moment, rubbing his thumb down the edge of it.

“A sorceress?”

“Yes,” Saint ground out. His sorceress. He had no idea how Genesis could know that after just seeing a picture, but the man had gifts no one else in the room possessed.

“I will help you because you are my brother,” Genesis finally said, handing the picture back to him. Saint snatched it quickly, looking at it one last time before slipping it in his back pocket. “You don’t owe me a thing.”

Saint stared at him for a moment, surprised anyone would give up the chance to have that kind of vow from a demon prince, but decided to address it later. He had more important things to worry about right now. “She’s in trouble. We don’t have a bond yet. Hell, I’ve never even met her, but I can feel it just like I could feel that we are mates. Something’s wrong.”

His skin felt tight and uncomfortable. His gums throbbed with the need to let his fangs drop. His demon wanted to be let out so he could rain wrath and fire on the man who had his mate. He needed to find Mist and protect her.

Genesis took the bag Saint held out to him and removed the books from inside. The side of his mouth quirked up slightly at the sight of the MC Romance cover, but he didn’t say anything.

Closing his eyes, he held his hand over the books for a long moment before muttering, “She’s definitely being held somewhere by dark magic. I can’t breach it.” He ignored Saint’s growl of protest as he went on, “I don’t know who the sorcerer is who cast the spell. I know most dark magic wielders by their weaves and the vibes of their magic, but this is someone new.”

Everyone stayed silent while Genesis worked, even though Saint knew they all had questions, just like he did. Who the fuck was this new witch? Where had Darius

found them? How could they be so powerful that even Genesis couldn't breach their magic?

"That being said, they have made one fatal mistake." Genesis handed the books back to Saint without even glancing in his direction and then held up his hands. Magic was radiating off him. All white magic, there was nothing dark about it. "While I may not be able to pass through the magical barrier to reach Mist, there is nothing keeping me from bringing her here." He paused, before growling, "Get ready!"

Genesis began to chant quietly in a language Saint didn't know. After a long moment, white light lit up the room, and Saint glanced up to see an oval shaped image of white hovering over the top of them on the ceiling, before it slid down the wall and stayed near where Heaven and Rapture sat. Saint's gaze was transfixed on the swirling lights, a portal from wherever Mist was being held to them. He wanted to go in after her but knew it would be futile. No one could go to his sorceress. She would have to come to them.

Suddenly, they heard a loud roar and a gorgeous female jaguar leapt into the room, her fur slightly singed by fire, and something clutched tightly in her teeth. She snarled and growled as she paced back and forth from the portal to the door, stopping to shake whatever she held on each pass.

"Oh, my Goddess," Aurora gasped as she stared in shock at the jaguar. "Mist?"

The huge cat paused, then turned her head slowly to look at the witch. She dropped what was in her mouth, threw back her head and roared so loudly Desi reached up and covered her ears. "Holy cow, sissy, could you tone it down some. I think you broke an eardrum."

The cat turned toward Desi, baring her teeth at her, then seemed to freeze. She lifted her head, breathing in deeply before turning in his direction.

It was her. His Mist. The cat had her large gray eyes, even though he knew most jaguars had golden eyes. It would seem his mate was not only a sorceress, but was also a shifter.

Damn, that was hot.

“Mist, you’re a leopard,” Aurora squeaked, her hand going to her mouth. “How did I not know this?”

“A jaguar,” Saint said, never taking his eyes from his impressive mate.

“What?”

“She’s a jaguar, not a leopard. You can tell by the markings on her fur.” A breathtakingly beautiful one at that.

Mist took a step toward him, stumbling slightly, before catching herself. That’s when he noticed the blood on her sleek coat. Somehow, he’d missed that she was hurt, besides the singed spots on her fur. She’d been moving so gracefully around the room, he never realized she was in pain.

“Shit.” Rushing forward, he knelt beside her and scooped her gently into his arms.

“She’s hurt.”

The jaguar growled softly, shoving closer to him and resting her nose in the curve of his neck.

“I’ll get Doc Freya!” Aurora said, blinking before he could tell her that Zion had medical training.

“She might feel more comfortable with a female doctor,” Heaven said quietly.

That made sense. But were they going to have to get this other doctor here every time in the future when Mist needed medical attention? Not that she should need a doctor, but what if she did? He stiffened as he realized that Mist may not want to stay in the demon realm with him, so it might be a moot point.

The jaguar growled again, probably feeling the tension in his body. Saint leaned down and kissed her gently on the top of her silky head. “You’re okay, kitty cat. I’ve got you now.”

She grunted, then shoved her head deeper into Saint’s neck. He felt her rough tongue lick against his skin, and then there was a slight nip of her teeth. Her entire body was trembling, and the scent of fear and pain now surrounded them. When she’d first come through the portal there was only rage, but now it seemed like whatever happened must have caught up to her and fear had set in. That wasn’t going to work for him. His kitty had nothing to fear, not now that he’d found her.

“I’m taking her to my suite.”

Without waiting for a reply, Saint stalked from the room and down the hall. He was aware that his sister and most of the club officers were following him, but he didn’t look back. The only one that mattered to him at the moment was in his arms.

He didn’t bother to look at any of the other club members as he crossed through the main area of the clubhouse to get to the hall that would take them back to where he lived. The place he hoped to share with his mate now.

“I’ve got it, brother,” Desi said when he reached his rooms and went to get the door. He let her open it, then strode through the small living room to his bedroom. All of the officers of the MC lived in the clubhouse and were given a suite of rooms that had a living room, kitchen, bathroom, and bedroom. His wasn’t anything huge, but it was nice and clean and had room for his mate’s things. If she did decide to move in with

him.

Fuck, he hoped she moved in. What if she hated it there? What if she preferred nicer things and wanted a bigger place? He didn't think he could go back to living in the palace. Not even for her. They would have to find a compromise. The only thing he wasn't willing to compromise on was living with her. He didn't care where they were, they would be together.

Saint laid her down on his bed, then stepped back and looked around. His bedroom was big enough for a king-sized bed and had a walk-in closet that was mostly bare except for his riding gear and one suit that he tried never to have to wear. There were two dressers, even though only one held clothes of his, and a nightstand on each side of the bed. There would be more than enough room for her things... hopefully.

"Doc Freya's here."

Glancing over, Saint saw a small woman with dark hair and soft brown eyes enter the room. She was looking at the jaguar on his bed, and a gentle smile curved her lips. "Why hello, Mist. I was wondering when I was going to be able to see your cat." Turning to look at him, her smile widened. "Are you going to let me pass to check on your mate, demon?"

Saint realized he was now standing protectively in front of his jaguar, hiding her from view of everyone who was in the room as much as possible. Although he knew Mist was safe with his MC brothers and Heaven, he still didn't want them near her right now. And he didn't know a damn thing about the doctor.

Saint narrowed his eyes on the woman and inhaled deeply, his eyes widening when he scented demon and shifter mixed. And the demon scent was one two of his brothers shared. Interesting.

There was also only concern coming from the doctor. She seemed just as she looked, kind, caring, and like she just wanted to help.

Stepping to the side, he nodded to her but never took his gaze from the woman. While he was ninety-nine percent sure she wasn't going to try and harm his mate, there was still that one percent out there that said she could want to inflict pain on his sweet kitty, and he wouldn't allow that.

Moving slowly and carefully, the doc walked over to the bed and set a dark brown doctor's bag down on it. "Mist, do you think you can shift back for me? While I can treat you in any form you are in, I'm more of a doctor than a vet." When Saint let out a deep growl at what he considered a slight to his mate, Freya looked over at him and laughed. "I was just teasing her, demon. Trust me, she's fine. We've known each other for a while now."

"Freya is our sister, Saint," Angel cut in. "She won't hurt your mate."

"Angel and I will take full responsibility for her," Rapture said, stepping forward. That was when Saint realized every single person who'd been at church was now standing in his bedroom. Even Genesis.

"Now, no one needs to take responsibility for me," the doc said, rolling her eyes and shaking her head as she laughed softly. "You all, however, do need to get out so I can see to my patient."

"I'm not leaving," he growled, baring his fangs at her.

"Of course you aren't. I would never ask a patient's mate to leave unless I thought it was in their best interest, or unless it was something they wanted."

"I'm staying too," Aurora insisted, crossing her arms and glaring at the doctor. "She's

my sister. I'm not leaving her when she needs me."

"Same here," Desi snapped, her deep, brown eyes sparkling with defiance. "She's my sister now, too. I'm not leaving her."

The jaguar lifted her head, her large gray eyes taking in all of them before her body began to shimmer. It took a full two minutes, but then a petite, beautiful blonde woman lay where the large cat had just been. Saint bit back a groan as he caught sight of pale skin and pert breasts with light pink nipples he wanted in his mouth, before she was covered with a soft, light blue blanket he'd never seen before.

He grunted, reaching down to rearrange his hard, aching cock in his suddenly too tight jeans. Mist's eyes flew to him, and a dark blush appeared on her cheeks. She clutched tightly to the blanket, glancing quickly around the room, before looking back at him. Her gaze lowered to the patch on his cut, and her brow wrinkled slightly. He saw the confusion on her face and knew it stemmed from the fact that her mate was supposed to be royalty, but Saint wore a cut and was in an MC. She was probably wondering if her coven sister got her vision wrong.

"Hey there, pretty kitty," he said gruffly. "We all need to know where you were and what happened, but my demon is going to break out and start tearing shit up if the doc doesn't look you over first." Not the most romantic thing to say to your mate when you first meet them, but it was the truth. He had a slim hold on his demon side right now, and if Doc Freya didn't do what they brought her there to do soon, the entire place was going to go up in flames.

Mist looked behind him at all the people still crowding his room. "That's fine," she finally said in a low, smokey voice, "but I'm not pulling this blanket down so everyone can get a cheap show."

He growled deeply, his eyes flashing from his demon back to human, as he snarled,

“All of you, get the fuck out.”

God raised his eyebrows at him, but just gave him a nod and motioned for everyone to leave. When he went to shut the door, Mist spoke up, “President God, you can all stay in the outer room. We’ll be there as soon as,” her eyes went back to my cut, “Saint’s demon is happy.”

God smiled, giving Mist a wink. “Thanks, Mist. And while I appreciate the respect you’ve shown me, please, call me Prez or God.”

Mist returned his smile, then laid back onto the pillow. “Let’s get this over with, Doc. I have a demon to hunt.”

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Mist heard a quiet chuckle and glanced over at the man Fate had declared as her mate. Short, dark blond hair, a full thick beard, and eyes that were the color of the darkest chocolate. Her tongue snuck out to lick her bottom lip and she bit back moan.

Damn, she did love chocolate.

A soft gasp escaped when a low, deep, rumble echoed around the room. Those captivating eyes were locked on her lips, filled with hunger, and then they slowly raised to meet her gaze. She couldn't look away even if she wanted to, which she didn't. Even though she was in pain, and still slightly terrified after barely escaping Darius and the fire that was overtaking the room she'd been locked in, what she really wanted to do was crawl out of the bed and into his thick, muscular arms. To cover his mouth with hers and see if he tasted as good as he looked. To wrap her legs around his waist and...

"Are you okay with Aurora, Desi, and your mate staying while I check you over, Mist?"

The words broke through the fantasy Mist was creating in her mind, causing a small shudder to run through her body. Dammit, she didn't want it to be a fantasy, she wanted it to be a reality. She needed his hands on her more than she needed to breathe in that moment.

"I can kick them out if you would like. You just let me know."

There was amusement in the doc's voice, and a small smile tilted up the corners of Mist's lips. She'd always liked the other woman, but right now she was just too tired, and in too much pain to banter back and forth with her.

Another low growl filled the room, and her mate's dark gaze swung over to the doctor. His lips curled up showing off impressive fangs. Fuck, all the growling going on from the demon was causing her skin to heat and her pussy to pulse with need. It was a good thing she wasn't wearing any panties right now or they would be soaked.

It was clear Saint was going to put up a fight if she or the doctor tried to make him leave, but Mist didn't want him to go. It wasn't just the panty-dropping, sensual desire he made her feel, something she'd never felt with anyone else before. She felt safe with him, something she hadn't felt in a long time. While she might be all hot and bothered at the sight of him, she also craved the feeling of being protected, shielded from danger. Especially after what she'd just been through.

Mist tore her gaze from Saint to look over at where Aurora and Desi stood waiting. No, she didn't want her mate to leave, but there was no way in hell the women were staying. She wasn't baring her girly bits to anyone else except the doctor and her mate. Nor was she going to allow them to see the other secret she'd kept from her entire coven for just over two years.

That meant she had to think of a reason to get them to leave without hurting their feelings or pissing them off.

"Actually, Aurora and Desi, can you do a favor for me, please?"

Aurora's eyes narrowed on her and she placed a hand on her hip. "Depends. Are you going to try to get rid of us?"

Mist couldn't help the small laugh that escaped at Aurora's haughty attitude. "I was

hoping you would go to my apartment and get me some clothes. I promised God a meeting, and I don't want to have to do it in a blanket."

It was the truth and she knew Aurora would scent it now that she shared her soul with a bear after mating Noah Channing a few months ago. She had no desire to meet with God or anyone else who might be waiting on the other side of the bedroom door wearing only a blanket, no matter how soft and snuggly it might be.

Underwear and a bra would be nice. Jeans, a shirt. Socks and shoes. A toothbrush and a comb. Maybe she should make a list.

When Aurora would have argued, Desi placed a hand on her arm. "Of course, we can do that for you, sissy, if that's what you need from us."

Mist's heart warmed at the endearment the demoness used. "Thanks, Desi. I really appreciate it."

Aurora sighed, reaching over and linking her hand with Desi's. "Fine, but we won't be long."

With one last glare from Aurora's flashing emerald eyes, she blinked, vanishing with Desi. They were gone so quickly Mist didn't have a chance to tell them exactly what she wanted.

As soon as they left, Freya laughed softly, shaking her head as she asked, "Are you ready, Mist? I can smell your blood and scent your pain. Being a shifter, you will heal quickly, but I want to make sure there isn't anything to worry about that shifting a couple of times won't fix."

Mist nodded, closing her eyes as Freya pulled the blanket down to her waist, baring her body to not only the doctor, but also to the man who Mist would be spending the

rest of her life with. She flinched when she heard a soft gasp from Freya, and then a string of dark curse words from Saint, knowing what they saw.

Faded, slightly puckered, older scars marred her body. Wounds from a time in her past that she kept hidden from everyone else, including her coven sisters. They didn't need to know how hard life had been before she accepted her position in the coven. Only the Goddess and the woman who saved her from the hell she'd been in, knew what happened to her after she left foster care. It had been years since she'd seen the woman, but she would always hold a special place in her heart.

There were also fresh wounds, ones she'd just received from her bout with Darius before she'd been summoned through the portal that had appeared in the old farmhouse. The gashes weren't too deep, but could have been worse if she hadn't managed to shock him when she shifted and attacked.

"These look like claw marks," Freya said, ignoring the old wounds and focusing on the new ones that still had blood dripping from them.

"They are," Mist told her, wiping at a tear that slipped out and down her cheek as she thought about how close she'd just come to death. She was a strong, independent woman, but even if she'd won against Darius, she wouldn't have been able to find a way out of that room. If someone, or something, hadn't pulled her into the demon realm, there was no doubt in her mind that she would have been with the Goddess right now instead of in her mate's room. She never would have met that man who was meant to be hers.

Mist's eyes sprang open when she felt a light touch on her skin that she knew wasn't the doctor's. Her breath hitched as she watched her mate's fingers lightly trace over her flesh near where Darius' sharp claws had gotten her.

"I'm going to kill that motherfucker," Saint snarled, raising his gaze to meet hers.

“We are going to find him and end him.”

“We?” Mist whispered, reaching a hand out toward him. She needed to touch him. She knew she was safe now that she was here, wherever here was, but she needed him closer.

“We,” Saint repeated with a nod. He walked around the bed and clasped her hand with his, his other one going to gently cup her cheek. “You and me, kitty. Together. You are not going to sit back and wait anymore. You are going to fight because that’s who you are. A fucking fighter.”

He wanted her by his side when he went against his brother. He didn’t want to hide her away. He wanted her with him. Mist covered his hand at her cheek with her own, nuzzling into his touch. “Yes, together.”

Saint’s eyes went to where she was sure she had a nice bruise from her escape attempt through the window, and his eyebrows furrowed as he ran a finger down the side of her face. “What happened here?”

Mist sighed, closing her eyes again as Doc Freya started cleaning her wounds. She winced at the sting of pain when the doctor got close to the open cuts. “Damn chair hit me.”

She wondered absently if the bruising would go away quickly if she shifted.

“What?”

Mist let out a muffled laugh at the confusion in his voice. “I’ll explain later. Tired.”

She was so exhausted she was struggling to string a coherent thought together, let alone voice them.

Saint was quiet for a moment, then she felt lips near her ear. “That’s fine, beautiful. Get some rest while the doc takes care of you.”

Mist’s eyes fluttered open when she felt a kiss on her temple. “The others are waiting.”

“They can wait,” Saint said gruffly, rubbing his cheek against hers gently, staying away from the injured side. “You need to rest.”

“Yes,” Doc Freya agreed. “And you need to shift at least one more time before going out there. It will help seal these wounds up.”

“How did you know, Doc?” Mist murmured, already fading into sleep.

“Know what?”

“About my jaguar. I didn’t even know for sure.”

“It was in your scent. Any other shifter would have known. I’m surprised the Channings didn’t ask you about it.”

“Aurora didn’t know.”

It was so hard for her to stay awake and get the words out.

“Aurora is new to the shifter world, Mist. She probably had no idea what the difference in your scent meant. But I promise you, the Channings do.”

“Saint.” His name was a breath on her lips. She tightened her grip on his hand, not wanting him to leave her, but she didn’t have the energy to voice what she needed.

“I’m right here, sweet kitty. I won’t leave you.”

“Safe.” She felt so safe with him. In his room, his private space.

“You are safe here. I will protect you, as will my MC brothers and sisters. They would give their lives for you.”

“Family?” Did he consider the MC his family like Desi was? It sounded like it. She hoped so. She’d always wanted a big family.

“Yes, they are my family. And yours now too.” She felt another kiss near her temple.
“Sleep, Mist. I will be here when you wake up.”

Trusting her mate to watch over her, Mist drifted off into sleep, feeling more content than she had in... ever.

9

“Mist is going to be just fine, Saint.”

Saint glanced over, giving the doc a nod before his gaze went right back to the beautiful jaguar in his bed. Once Doc Freya had finished cleaning all of Mist’s wounds, she’d woken her up and had her shift before letting her slip back into a healing sleep. Now, she stood holding a dark brown doctor’s bag, ready to rift from the clubhouse back to wherever she came from.

“She should be almost fully healed once she shifts back into her human form.”

“Thanks Doc,” he replied gruffly. “I appreciate you coming here and helping my mate.”

“Of course.” Freya paused, before saying softly, “If you ever need anything, for yourself or any of your club members, I’ll be here.”

He almost told her they already had a doc, but then decided against it. You never knew what the future held, and she’d been damn good to his mate. He was impressed with not only her medical skills, but also the way she treated Mist; as if she truly cared about her.

“Thanks. Appreciate it.”

Saint was aware the moment the doc left, but he couldn’t tear his eyes from the cat that was now chuffing softly in her sleep. He wanted to crawl onto the mattress with

her and just hold her. Jaguar or human, she was still his, and he wanted to be close to her.

When Mist made a noise that sounded as if she were distressed, Saint said fuck it and crawled in beside her leaning up against the headboard. He gently stroked a hand over her thick, soft fur, admiring the rosette-shaped spot pattern covering it that was distinct to jaguars.

“I’ve got you, sweet kitty,” he muttered, leaning down to rub his cheek against her fur. “You’re safe, my mate. I won’t let anything happen to you.” He would kill anyone who was a threat to her, starting with his brother.

Suddenly, Saint was aware they weren’t alone in the room anymore, and he let his huge fangs drop as he raised his head and snarled at the two women who’d appeared on the other side of the room.

“It’s okay, brother,” Desi said quietly, backing towards the door. She left the large purple suitcase she’d brought from Mist’s home where she’d been standing. “We will just leave these things here and go.”

“But I want to see Mist,” Aurora argued, dropping the purple duffle bag and pink backpack she held onto the floor by the suitcase and taking a step toward the bed.

Her eyes widened when Saint bared his fangs at her, fire appearing and ghosting across his skin. He knew the woman was a friend of Mist’s, but he couldn’t have anyone else in his space right now. He needed his woman safe, and he wanted some privacy in his own fucking home. They needed to leave now. He had a tight hold on his demon because the bastard wanted out to flame everyone in the place that wasn’t his mate.

“It’s best if we go,” Desi whispered. “Come on, Aurora.”

“But...”

“He won’t let you near her,” Desi interjected, not coming any closer to them. His sister was smart enough to know he wasn’t in the frame of mind to differentiate between friend and enemy right now.

“But I’m not going to hurt Mist! I just want to make sure she’s all right.”

“It doesn’t matter, Aurora. In my brother’s eyes, everyone is a threat right now. Think about it this way. How would you feel if that were your mate and people just kept showing up unannounced in your room while he was trying to heal?”

When Aurora looked as if she were going to argue again, Desi opened the door and called out to God. She was obviously done trying to negotiate with the witch and was pulling in the big guns.

God was at the door in an instant. He took one look at Saint, and immediately crossed the room to Aurora, grasping her arm and guiding her away from the pissed off demon. “Saint, I’m going to bump this little party back a couple of hours. Just let me know when you’re ready.”

“Wait a damn minute,” Aurora snapped, trying to pull free of God’s grasp. “Mist needs me.”

“What Mist needs right now is her mate,” God growled, glowering down at the woman. “If you would take a good fucking look, you would see that, witch. She needs to feel safe. She needs to heal. She needs Saint. So, let’s leave this room and let my brother’s mate get what she needs. That’s option one. Or do you want option two?” When Aurora just glared at him, God chuckled darkly. “I can get Genesis to take your ass back to your realm, if that is what you want, witch. You’re in my domain now. This is my playing field. You don’t call the shots, I do.” Letting her go,

God crossed his arms over his thick chest and narrowed his eyes on her. “What’s it going to be? Option one or option two?”

Aurora’s jaw tightened and she swallowed hard, her gaze going from God to Saint. Then she looked at Mist, where the jaguar was leaning against Saint, her head resting on his thigh. Saint slowly ran a hand over her sleek coat from the top of her head down her back. Mist chuffed softly, pushing closer to him, never once opening her eyes. She’d placed her trust in him, and he wasn’t going to let her down. He would protect her from everyone, whether she needed it or not, even her friends.

“Fine, I have to update my coven sisters and family anyway. What time should we be back here for the meeting?”

“We?” God asked, lifting an eyebrow.

“There’s no way I will be able to keep my sisters away from here. They will want to be a part of this, and so will my family. Mist is very loved by all of them.”

God glanced over in his direction, and Saint gave him a discreet nod. They could come. Even though they left his mate alone for months, she still considered them her family, so he wouldn’t ban them from the clubhouse. Not yet. However, if they treated her badly in any way, they would be gone. No second chances.

“Two hours,” God replied. “Take them all to the main area of the clubhouse by the bar. Saint’s place isn’t big enough for a large group of people, and his demon won’t be able to handle them all in his rooms after everything that’s happened.” He nodded toward the door. “We came through the area to get here earlier, but I’ll show it to you again before you leave so you don’t accidentally pop in somewhere you aren’t supposed to and start a war.”

“A war?” Aurora asked in confusion.

“I guarantee you, if you drop in this room again, witch, you won’t leave alive. Saint’s riding the edge right now. There’s a reason the demon is my SAA.”

“SAA?”

“Sergeant at Arms.”

“What exactly does that mean?” Aurora asked, glancing over in Saint’s direction again, a frown on her features.

“In our club, it means he enforces all the club laws and rules, prevents any conflicts from escalating, and protects our club’s interests, along with several other things. Basically, he’s the protector of the club.”

“He’s a protector,” Aurora said softly, a slow smile appearing. “Which means, he will keep Mist safe from anyone and anything.”

“He’ll tear apart anyone who threatens her.” God motioned to the door once again, and this time Aurora didn’t argue with him. She slipped quietly from the room without a backward glance.

“Two hours, Saint,” God said. Stopping at the door, he looked back. “If your mate needs more time, just let me know. We’ll wait.”

Saint gave him a short nod before sliding down in the bed and pulling the blanket over his jaguar. “Thanks, Prez.”

“Anytime, brother.”

10

Mist cried out, her eyes springing open as hot, wet heat covered her breast. A hand slipped between her legs, cupping her pussy, a finger sliding through her wet folds. She inhaled a shuddering breath, taking in the scents around her as a tongue stroked over her nipple, and then teeth lightly bit it. She moaned, arching up into the heat, wanting more.

“I’ve got you, kitty,” a low, deep voice growled around her breast.

She panted lightly, her head going from side to side on the pillow as she fisted the sheets she lay on. Her mate; her demon. He was touching her, kissing her, licking her, and she didn’t want him to ever stop.

“Saint, please,” she gasped as another finger joined the first. His thumb went to her clit, and he pressed on it as he slid his fingers in and out of her. Her body trembled with desire as she lifted her hips, trying to push his fingers deeper. “Oh, Goddess!”

His mouth left her breast and trailed down her stomach, licking and nibbling all the way down to her mound that was clean shaven except for a small, thin blonde strip down the middle that was trimmed short. He looked up at her when he reached it, his eyes glowing a deep red as he growled, “Mine. My kitty. My witch. Mine.”

“Yes!” she called out, clutching the sheets tightly. “Yes, yours!”

And she was his. She didn’t really know a damn thing about the demon, but she knew she belonged to him, just as he belonged to her. Fate had chosen, and from what Mist

knew, Fate was never wrong. She wasn't going to fight it.

Now, if he had an issue with the work she did with her coven, then they might have a problem. But the way he included her in his plan to track down and take out Darius, she didn't think he would try to hold her back from the good she did with her sisters for the Goddess.

"Mine!" Saint lowered his head and sucked her clit into his mouth, his thick fingers moving in and out of her channel quickly. He growled a deep, low sound that vibrated through his chest, up to his mouth, and against her pussy. Before she knew what was happening, Mist came hard.

He groaned, moving down to lick between her folds. Removing his fingers, he slid his tongue inside her, growling again. It felt so good that it caused another orgasm to slam through her, making her scream his name over and over as she came.

Finally, Saint pulled back, and she moaned loudly when she felt the scrape of a fang along the inside of her thigh. She wanted to feel them deep in her skin. She had no idea how a demon claimed their mate, but her jaguar hoped there was biting involved.

Saint looked up at her with a sexy grin, then lifted his fingers and licked her essence from them. "Fucking perfect." After one last lick, he crawled back up her body, capturing her mouth with his in a hard, possessive kiss that had her blood igniting again.

He'd removed his cut and shirt at some point, but was still wearing a pair of jeans that scraped against her sensitive skin. Wanting them gone, Mist pushed on his stomach until he lifted slightly, and then she unbuttoned them and slid the zipper down.

"Off," she growled, shoving them over his hips, trying to get them off. She needed to feel his skin against hers. Needed him inside her, moving, claiming her.

Saint helped her remove his jeans, not once breaking their kiss. She loved how he stroked the inside of her mouth with his tongue, finding hers and sucking it into his own mouth. She hadn't kissed a lot of guys. Most of the ones she met were only after one thing, and she wasn't interested in just sex, so she didn't waste her time on them. She had plenty of toys to take care of her needs. She wanted a partner to share her life with, not someone who was just looking to get laid, which was probably why she'd only been with two guys, neither of which had lit her on fire the way Saint did.

Mist slid her hands over his thick, smooth chest, then moved down over his stomach and lower, grasping his hard cock. Fuck, she wanted him inside her, stretching her and filling her. When she wrapped her fingers around his thick shaft and began to slide her hand up and down, Saint broke their kiss. His chest heaved as he fought to catch his breath before rasping, "If you don't want me buried deep inside your sweet pussy soon, you better let go, kitty. Because you know your cat is going to want to bite me if we take things that far, and I'm not going to stop her."

Locking her eyes with his, Mist pushed hard on his chest, grinning when he let her roll him over onto his back. Straddling him, she raised her hips and slid down until her wet core rubbed over the length of his hard cock. Leaning down, she kissed him again before whispering, "I'm yours. You're mine. Whether we do this now, or a month from now, that isn't going to change. I say we do it now, because you are right, my cat wants to claim you so freaking bad and so do I."

Saint's eyes darkened with lust and he grasped her hips hard, holding her over his straining erection before lowering her down onto him. It was tight and he was so big and thick, but he went slowly. When he was fully inside her, he grunted out, "Move, mate. Need to feel you."

Mist stared into his eyes, her hands on his chest, as she lifted up, slowly sliding his cock out of her until just the tip was in, before lowering back down and taking him deep inside her again. A smile curved her lips when Saint groaned, his hands

tightening on her. She did it again, and then again, moving at a slow pace, reveling in the feel of his hard cock moving in and out of her. Her body shuddered in pleasure and she moaned as heat coiled in her belly.

Rising up, Mist threw her head back, her long blonde hair cascading over her shoulders and down her back. She raised her hands and cupped her breasts, squeezing her nipples the way she liked when she played by herself as she panted quietly.

“Oh, fuck, Mist, you are so gorgeous.” The hands on her hips stilled her, and then Saint began to move, thrusting his dick inside her over and over. “Do it again,” he snarled, his eyes on her breasts. “Pinch your nipples hard for me, baby.” She did it again and he swore darkly. “You squeeze my cock so fucking good when you do that. I can tell you love it.” He slammed up into her as he demanded, “Again!”

“Saint!” Mist screamed as her orgasm hit, and she flew apart into what felt like a million pieces. She felt her fangs drop and her eyes went to his shoulder. Before she could stop herself, her mouth was on his skin, her fangs sinking deep.

Saint stiffened and then roared as he came, his shaft throbbing inside her. He pulled her down, his mouth finding the top curve of her breast, and he bit. She screamed, her entire body shaking as another intense orgasm hit her, rushing through her body. She’d never felt anything like it before. So powerful and consuming she almost lost consciousness.

After Saint slid out of her, Mist slipped down and laid her head on his shoulder as she caught her breath, a small smile on her lips. “I was wondering if demons did that.”

“Did what, kitty?”

“If they marked their mates like shifters do with a bite.”

“Not all demons do,” Saint admitted, “it just depends on how dominant they are. I want you to wear my mark. I want every person who sees you, demon, shifter, vampire, human, to see it and know you’re taken. You are mine.”

“Good,” she whispered, her eyes closing as fatigue hit her again. “I wanted to feel your fangs in me.”

Saint chuckled, running a hand through her long hair. “Sleep, kitty. We have another hour before we need to meet with God.”

“Need a shower,” Mist murmured as she snuggled in closer.

Saint pulled the blanket over them and placed a gentle kiss on her head. “Just a thirty-minute catnap, and then we’ll hop in the shower.”

“Saint?”

“Yeah, kitty?”

“What’s your real name?”

Saint was quiet for a moment before he finally said, “Deimos. Deimos Riorden.”

“Black sheep of the family?”

He grunted, pulling her closer. “I don’t fit in with the palace life, Mist. All the glamour and riches, it just isn’t me. Here, with my MC, I can be myself. I hope that isn’t a problem for you?”

She laughed softly, then yawned. “I live in a small two-bedroom apartment, Saint. I’ve never had a ton of money and never even wondered or cared about how people

who do live. I think I'll be just fine here."

"You'll move here?" he asked quietly. "With me?"

"Have to," she whispered. "Your family's here."

"What about your family?"

"Don't have one. Only my coven sisters, and I'm not sure they all claim me as family anymore. Just Aurora."

She wasn't sure why she told him that. Even though she'd felt that way for a couple of months, if not more, she'd never shared her feelings with anyone.

"I'll share my family with you, kitty."

"Would love that."

If he said anything else, Mist didn't hear it. She was asleep within seconds after the last word left her mouth.

Saint leaned his forearms against the cool tile of the bathroom shower, lowering his head to let the hot water rain down on his shoulders and back. He'd left the bed so he didn't wake Mist and take her again, like his demon was riding him to do. He wanted nothing more than to sink into her wet heat, but now was not the time. They were supposed to be meeting with everyone in less than twenty minutes.

He needed to concentrate, hunt down Darius, and end him so his beautiful mate was safe. He knew she could take care of herself, but going up against a demon prince was a whole different ball game than what she was used to. Demon royalty possessed abilities other demons did not, and it would be hard to best him.

He didn't want Mist to face Darius alone, but he refused to hide her away like everyone else did, as if she was powerless. He wouldn't make her feel useless and as if she weren't good enough. His mate would fight by his side, always. He had no doubt when he told her what his club was a part of, something very similar to what she and her coven did, that she would want to be a part of it.

Saint frowned as he shut off the water. Opening the glass door, he stepped out and grabbed a towel to dry off. He needed to see if Genesis could find Darius, because no one else seemed to be able to.

"You didn't wait for me."

Saint froze, holding his towel to his chest as his gaze went to the woman who stood in the open doorway. Her eyes were glued to his cock as she licked her lips.

His already hard dick hardened even more, pre-cum leaking from the slit at the tip. He had to clear his throat to get any words out. “Was letting you sleep.”

It was partly true. He had wanted her to get more rest, but he also knew if they got started again, if he held her close, her soft, smooth skin against his body, they were going to miss the meeting. One that really needed to happen soon.

Mist crossed the room and took the towel from his hands, tossing it away from them. She dropped gracefully to her knees in front of him and placed her hands on his thighs, looking up at him through thick, dark eyelashes. “While I appreciate that, you have something I want even more.”

“Fuck,” he groaned, as she leaned in and licked the head of his aching cock. “Kitty, we have a meeting soon.”

“Better be quick then,” she said with a wickedly sensual grin.

He didn’t argue when her tongue slid over the head of his dick again while her hand wrapped around the lower part of his shaft. She moaned as she licked around the tip, and then slid her mouth down as far as she could, engulfing him in flames.

“Yeesss,” he grunted, thrusting into her warmth, needing to be as deep in the hot recesses of her mouth as he could get. Mist gagged slightly and pulled back, but then her eyes met his and she took him into her mouth again, managing to get his shaft in even deeper. Her eyes watering, she squeezed him, then moved her hand down to cup his balls.

He couldn’t take anymore. Pulling out of Mist’s mouth, Saint palmed her ass, lifted her and walked forward until her back was against the wall. His hands slid down to cradle the backs of her thighs, holding her up. “My turn,” he rasped, as he found her wet channel and slid deep inside. He didn’t pause, he couldn’t, he needed her too

badly.

Saint took her hard and fast, her firm, full breasts bouncing as his chest rubbed against her nipples. His mouth found hers and he groaned as he slid his tongue inside to taste her. She sucked on it, moaning loudly.

The woman was perfect. Better than anything he could have hoped for in a mate. And she was his.

“So close,” he growled against her lips. “Come for me, kitty. Bathe my cock with your juices.”

Mist’s eyes began to glow a pretty gray, her jaguar rising to the surface as her gaze went to his shoulder. “Saint! Mine!”

He tilted his head to the side, giving her access to the mate mark she’d left on him earlier. “Do it,” he ordered gruffly. “Bite me.”

Mist’s eyes darkened, and she dug her nails into his shoulders as she struck. Her fangs sank into his skin, causing his balls to draw up, and Saint managed to thrust deep inside her two more times before he came. As he did, he felt her walls contract around him, squeezing him tightly, drawing every last drop from him that she could.

Saint lowered his head to Mist’s shoulder, resting it there as he tried to catch his breath. She slowly slid her teeth from his shoulder, licking the blood from the wound to help heal it. She placed a soft kiss over her mark, then turned her head to nuzzle her cheek against his. “How about that shower?”

He huffed out a laugh, leaning back to look at her. “We’re going to be late.”

“I’m good with that.”

Saint chuckled, shaking his head. It had been a long time since he'd had a reason to laugh. Normally, he was quiet. Didn't talk much, and didn't have a lot of reasons to laugh. But with Mist it was different. They'd just met, but somehow it felt as if she was already claiming a place in his heart that had been empty for a long time. He knew it happened quickly with mates, but feeling the way he already did still shocked the hell out of him.

Sliding out of her, he guided Mist to the shower, turning it back on as he stepped inside. When it was warm, he pulled her in after him and grabbed the washcloth and bar of soap. Mist raised an eyebrow, "I can tell I'm going to have to bring more to this realm than Aurora and Desi probably packed."

The corner of his mouth kicked up in a grin as he began to run the cloth over her silky skin. "I'm sure we have what you need here, mate."

Mist stiffened when he stroked the cloth over her stomach and sides, and then knelt to run it down her legs. Leaning in, he kissed one of her scars, and then another. He kept going until he had kissed every scar he could find, both old and new, as he continued to wash her.

"It happened after I left foster care." The soft words came to him. If he wasn't a shifter, he never would have heard them. "I was eighteen, so they had to kick me out. But I would have gone anyway." Her breath hitched, and there were tears in her soft gray eyes as she stared down at him. "He caught me in a small town in Nebraska. I was traveling, trying to find somewhere I fit in. It was only a few months after I was out on my own for the first time."

Saint rose and wrapped his arms around her, running the washcloth over her shoulders and down her back. He kept quiet, knowing she needed to get the words out. She'd chosen to share something with him, something he was pretty sure she'd never shared with anyone else, and he was going to listen. Then, if he needed to, he

was going hunting.

“I’d never met a vampire before,” Mist said quietly. “Hell, I’d never even met another Paranormal before. I had these powers, gifts that I had no idea how to control, but I had no idea there were others out there like me.” Her hand came up to trace a finger over his lips. “Like us.”

Saint set the washcloth aside, and then moved Mist back slightly, urging her to tilt her head back. The water ran over her golden tresses and he stroked his fingers through them to make sure they were all wet. Then, he reached for the bottle of shampoo.

As he began to wash her hair, Mist continued. “He was so strong and scary. He had this dark aura that surrounded him. It was evil. Tainted.” She swallowed, then bit her bottom lip.

As Saint stood there washing the shampoo out of his mate’s hair, listening to her, he felt the first tug of something inside him, near his heart. It was as if it were reaching for Mist, and he knew immediately it was the bond between a demon and his mate. Sometimes the bond was instant. Sometimes it took days or even years to form between mates. It would seem his was taking just hours, and he was just fine with that.

“He took me from behind the diner I was working at. I was taking out the trash, and suddenly he was just there. Appearing out of nowhere.” She paused, blinking her eyes before focusing on him. “Did you know that nothing you ever heard about vampires is true? Garlic does absolutely nothing to them. They eat food, just like all of us, they just require blood too. And that thing about them only coming out at night, totally false, because it was bright and sunny when he grabbed me.”

Saint shut off the water, needing to get Mist out of there and somewhere he could hold her. She was trembling, and the bathroom was filled with the scent of her fear.

Opening the shower door, he stalked over to the closet and grabbed a towel that he wrapped around his waist, not bothering to dry off. He took another one and went to Mist, bundling her up in it before lifting her in his arms.

In the bedroom, Saint grabbed the blanket off the bed before sitting in a large plush recliner that was in the corner of the room and covering her with it. Slowly, he began to rock back and forth, holding her close as he waited for her to continue.

“He had me for three long, horrible, terrifying months. He tied me up and beat me. He would cut me, and drink from me. I don’t know why he never actually bit me, but he always used knives. Then he would drink from the gashes he created, but he wouldn’t close them right afterwards. He’d leave them open, sometimes for hours.”

Rage filled him, and Saint had to fight to keep flames from appearing on his body. He knew why the vampire did what he did. He was fucking with Mist, plain and simple.

Her entire body was shaking so hard, Saint couldn’t keep quiet anymore. Holding her tightly against him, he promised, “Your safe, my mate. He will never hurt you again. I will track him down and send him to hell.”

“He’s already dead,” Mist whispered, burying her face in his neck. “She saved me. She came in the night when he was in the middle of feeding from me. She stabbed him through the heart and then took his head. She freed me.”

“Who, kitty?”

Mist looked up at him, and he wasn’t sure she was going to tell him, but then she murmured, “She was one of the Goddesses. She taught me so much. It’s because of her that I am where I am today. She saved me and put me on a path that lead me to the Goddess and my coven. I will forever be in her debt.”

“As will I,” Saint said gruffly, cupping the back of her head and placing a gentle kiss on her lips. As he did, he felt the bond between them pull tight, snapping in place and binding them together for the rest of their lives. As it did, he could suddenly feel her emotions. There was pain and sadness, but also something else. What could only be the beginning of love... for him.

“What’s that?” Mist gasped, her hand going to her chest under the blanket. Her eyes widened, meeting his as a look of shock covered her face. “Wait, I remember Aurora’s grandmother talking about it once. That’s the bond a demon gets when they mate, isn’t it?”

“It is,” Saint agreed, kissing her lips lightly. “We are bonded in the way of shifters, and now as demons.”

“We’ve been blessed twice,” Mist whispered in awe, her large eyes misting over with tears. “When we claimed each other earlier, I thought that was it. I didn’t even think about the bond demons have.”

Before Saint could reply, there was a loud knock on his bedroom door. “Yo, brother, are you going to be much longer? The damn clubhouse is full of demons and witches and fucking shifters that do not belong here. I’m not sure how much more of this I can handle before this beast inside me decides to fuck some shit up.”

When Mist looked at him in alarm, Saint closed his eyes and took a deep breath, before opening them again and standing with his mate in his arms. Slowly, he let her slide down his chest until her feet touched the floor before he replied, “Give us ten minutes, Zion. Can you do that?”

There was silence, and then Zion said in a low, rough voice, “Yeah, I can do that.”

“Hey, Zion,” Mist called out, moving across the room quickly and opening the door.

His brother stood there, his face a dark mask and his body strung tight, as he looked at her. “Yeah,” he grumbled through large fangs that shouldn’t have been showing.

“Why don’t you wait here in the living room while we get ready? It’s quiet in here, and that could help with your... issues.”

Zion glanced over to Saint where he stood behind Mist, his arms crossed over his chest, wearing nothing but a towel. “That good with you, brother?”

Saint gave him a short nod. He didn’t have a problem helping a brother out, and he could feel his mate’s need to help Zion through their bond. “Grab a beer out of the fridge. We won’t be long.”

Zion looked back down at Mist, and some of the tension seemed to leave him. “Thanks, little sister.”

Without another word, Zion walked across to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator, leaning in to grab a drink.

Mist shut the bedroom door and turned back to look at him. Saint stepped closer to her, lifting a hand to cradle her jaw as he lowered his lips to hers. It was a gentle kiss, one to show her what it meant to him that she put his brother’s needs before everyone else’s. No one ever bothered to take the time to see Zion and what he needed. She not only saw it, but fixed the situation before it could spiral out of control.

“Thank you, baby.”

She smiled. “You don’t have to thank me for taking care of family.”

Fuck. He was in love. It hadn’t even been a full day, and he was in so deep he almost couldn’t breathe.

“We better get dressed.” No matter how he felt, he sure as hell wasn’t telling her those three little words right now. She’d probably think he was crazy. Shit, maybe he was, but that was the way with Paranormals. They fell fast and hard and bonded for life.

He walked over and grabbed Mist’s suitcase and took it to place it on the bed. “Need help unpacking?” When she looked at him in confusion, he grinned. “Did you really think I was going to let you go after you got your fangs in me? Because, let me tell ya, with how heavy that damn suitcase is, your friends knew better. I think they brought everything you could need for a long ass time.”

A slow smile spread across her face, and Mist hefted the duffle bag off the floor with a grunt and threw it on the bed. “Holy Goddess, what do they have in there?” Her brows furrowed as she unzipped the bag and opened it, then her face turned a fiery red as she slammed the sides shut again before he could see what was inside.

“Mist?”

“We better hurry up,” she said in a rush, moving over to the suitcase. She unzipped it, hesitated, and then shoved it open. “I am going to kill them.”

Looking over her shoulder, Saint began to laugh. Deep, uncontrollable belly laughs. There, on top of a pile of clothes, lay one of the biggest, purple dildos he’d ever seen. Beside it was what looked like a silver butt plug, and something else that he couldn’t quite figure out what it was. Anal beads, maybe?

Heaving a sigh, Mist opened the duffle bag wide enough that he could see bright pink, furry handcuffs and if he wasn’t mistaken, a flogger. She grabbed the dildo, butt plugs, and whatever the other thing was, and shoved them in the bag, turning to glare at him. “Just so you know, not all of those things were actually mine.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really,” she snapped, her ears so red they looked like they were on fire. “Do you think I cuff myself to the bed and use the flogger on myself?”

Placing a hand on her hip, Saint took a step closer and leaned down to say in her ear, “If you want to play, kitty, we can play later. I’ll cuff you to the bed and use every single toy they brought on you. You just say the word, and I will have you so fucking hot and wet with need that you will be begging me to come.”

Licking her lips, Mist stared into his eyes as she whispered, “Word.”

12

“Y ou ready?”

Mist took a deep breath and nodded. She wasn't sure if it was true, but it wasn't like she had a choice. Darius wasn't going to stop until he either got what he wanted or he was dead. She was going with the second. She was done dealing with his psychotic ass. She wanted her life back.

“Let's do this.”

Saint held out his hand and she slipped hers in it, then he opened the bedroom door and they stepped out into his living room. Zion sat on the couch, his legs spread wide, a beer in his hand. When he saw them, he put the bottle to his lips, tipped his head back, and drained it. Rising, he walked into the kitchen and sat the empty bottle on the counter.

Mist could tell by the look in his eyes that he had no desire to go back out with everyone else. His dark gaze tracked them as she and Saint crossed to the front door, and then he followed behind.

Glancing back at him, Mist gave him an out. “If you need to go, I understand.”

Zion's eyes narrowed on her, his face flooding with anger. “No way am I letting those fuckers get to me when you need my help, little sister. You need me, I'm there. End of story.”

All her life she'd wanted this. A family who cared. There was no way she was turning him away now.

Slipping her other hand in one of his, she squeezed it, wanting to lend him some of her strength for the meeting ahead. "Same, brother. You ever need me, no matter what it is, I'm there."

His eyes lit with humor when he asked, "What if it's to bury a body?"

"I'll bring the shovel," she said seriously. He was giving her unconditional loyalty and she was going to give the same to him.

Zion held her gaze for a moment, then gave her a nod. "I'll bring the beer."

"Sounds like a party none of us want to miss," Saint said with a grin.

"Hell yeah." Zion let go of her hand and held up his fist to Saint for a fist bump, then they turned and walked down the hall toward where everyone was waiting.

Mist froze the moment they entered the room, shock filling her at the number of people who were standing around waiting for them. Now she understood why Zion's animal was going crazy. The place was packed, but while he probably didn't know the majority of them, she knew almost every single person there.

All of her coven sisters, most of the Channings, and... holy shit... the king of demons was talking to Desi, Aurora, and two guys she'd never met before. She'd only seen him once, but he wasn't someone you forgot. The power he held clung to him, making everyone who came near want to bow down to him. Which she thought must be expected with him being the head demon in charge.

Mist felt an arm slide around her waist and she looked up at her mate, blinking her

eyes to fight back tears she refused to shed in front of everyone. They were all there for her. To help free her from Darius. It was overwhelming, and before she realized it, she had her face buried in Saint's chest and was trembling from head to toe.

What the hell was wrong with her? She was stronger than this.

"It's okay, kitty," Saint said quietly as he held her close, stroking a hand down her hair. "They all just want to help."

"But why?" she asked, leaning back to look up at him. "Why would they do that?"

"Because, you're family, Mist. We would do anything for you."

Mist stiffened, her hand clutching tightly to Saint's shirt before she let go and turned to face Aurora. She stood with the seven other members of their coven, a small smile on her face. They had all come for her, but she honestly didn't know what to say to them.

Did they really think of her as family? She'd always thought of them as her sisters, but not one of them had been to see her in months, except for Aurora. Family didn't do that.

When she didn't say anything, Katalyna shook her head. "If you had just stayed hidden like we told you too, he never would have found you."

"What?"

"It's the truth, Mist," Katalyna said, her voice filled with irritation. "You should have just stayed in hiding. I have a charge that needs me, but instead I'm here trying to save your ass."

Mist's breath caught in her throat, her hands curling into small fists, her nails digging into her skin. A deep, rumbling sound of warning came from Saint, but Mist ignored him.

"I didn't ask you to come."

"No, you didn't, but you're a part of our covenant." Katalyna crossed her arms over her chest and glared at Mist. "That means you are our sister until the Goddess says different, and we are obligated to put you first."

"What the fuck?"

Mist turned tear-filled eyes to God who was striding across the room, his face dark with fury, but she was unable to say anything.

Katalyna had come to help out of a feeling of obligation. That was it. She didn't want to be here for her. Did the others feel the same? Like they were required to help her just because they were in the same covenant?

"Look it's nothing personal." Katalyna shrugged. "We all just have a job to do, and we can't do it here."

"Get the fuck out of my clubhouse!" God roared, pointing a finger at Katalyna.

"Look..."

"No!" God held up a hand. "I allowed all of you to be here because you said you wanted to help my brother's mate. It sounds to me like you couldn't give a fuck whether she lives or dies, so you can leave." When Katalyna looked as if she were going to argue, his eyes turned a ruby red, fire blazing across his skin as he snarled, "Get. The. Fuck. Out." He took a step closer to her. "Unless you need my enforcers to

remove you.”

Heaven and Rapture appeared behind the witches, and Mist gasped as their bodies seemed to grow bigger, flames sliding over them and large fangs dropping in their mouth. She was suddenly looking at their demons, and damn were they impressive.

“We’d be happy to remove them,” Rapture growled, raising hands with sharp claws that he held out to his sides. “Saint’s old lady deserves better than people who are here just out of obligation.”

“Agreed,” Saint snarled, moving up beside her, his own flames sliding over his body. “If you aren’t here because you want to be, get the fuck out.”

Katalyna glared at them a moment longer, then blinked, leaving the room.

“Genesis.”

Genesis pushed off from the wall he’d been leaning against and headed their way. “Yeah, Prez?”

“She does not get back in here.” God turned his glowing, red eyes to the rest of the witches. “Any of you feel the same way?”

“Look,” Sirena held up a hand in a placating manner as she took a step toward them. “While I don’t like the fact that Mist left the place where she was safest, I want to be here for her. She’s one of us. Our sister.”

“You left her alone in that place for months!” Saint hollered, his voice thundering around the room. “None of you even fucking stopped by to see her. You expect her to think you give a shit about her now, when you couldn’t take twenty minutes out of your day to drop in and have a cup of coffee?”

“Except Aurora,” Mist cut in softly. “She let me help her and her family a couple of times.”

“No, he’s right, Mist. You’re a part of my family, and I should have been there for you,” Aurora said, holding a hand out to her. “I wasn’t, but I’m here now, and I want you to know that I love you and I’m not going anywhere.”

Mist stared at her hand for a long moment, before finally clasping it with her own. “I believe you,” she whispered. “And I love you too.”

When God glared at the others, Zara snapped, “You just try to remove me, demon. I dare you. Mist is my sister and I am staying right here with her.”

“Wow, Princess, you sure know how to get a room all riled up.” The voice was full of amusement, and one she’d never heard before.

Mist glanced over to see one of the demons she didn’t know smack the other in the head. “Don’t be an idiot, Drax.”

When she glanced over at Saint in confusion, he looked at the two and huffed a breath. “My brothers, Daegan and Draxian.”

“But why are they picking on Desi? She hasn’t even said anything.”

Saint chuckled, leaning down to place a kiss on her forehead. “While Desi keeping quiet definitely isn’t normal, they aren’t picking on our little sister, Princess. They are talking about you.”

“But,” Mist’s gray eyes widened and she looked at him in shock as realization hit her.

A loud, booming laughter filled the room and the king walked over to them, a smiling

Desi at his side. “Did it just dawn on you that you are now royalty, daughter?”

She couldn’t stop the sob that left her as her hand went up to cover her mouth. She turned, leaning her forehead against Saint’s chest as she tried to get ahold of herself. The king had called her daughter. She’d never been anyone’s daughter before, and now this man said it as if he’d always called her that. Another sob escaped and she whispered, “I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

Saint held her close, nuzzling her head with his cheek. Not once did he press her to say or do anything, he just held her and waited patiently. She could hear the murmur of voices around her, but she tuned them out, not wanting to know what was being said about the mental breakdown she seemed to be having.

Finally, after several long minutes, Mist took a deep breath and raised her head, meeting his gaze. “Thank you.”

Saint cradled her cheeks in his large hands and ran his thumbs across her skin, removing her tears. “You never have to thank me for standing beside you, mate.”

“I promise, I’m not normally a hot mess like this.”

It was all he’d really seen since she’d come through that portal. Tears and what she considered weakness on her part. Mist hated it. She was a strong person, not a freaking pansy that had to be catered to. She needed to pull up her big girl panties and move on. They had a demon to hunt.

“Look at me,” Saint growled, making Mist realize she’d lowered her eyes to his chest. When she raised them again to meet his, he said loud enough for everyone in the room to hear, “You are a fierce warrior with a gentle heart who helps so many who need it. You fight hard for them, because you care so much about them. If it wasn’t for you, there would be so many lost souls out there who wouldn’t have a

chance to do great things with their lives.” Leaning down, he kissed her hard. “I am proud to call you my mate, my old lady. Mine.”

“Ah, isn’t that sweet? Too bad she’s really mine.”

Mist heard the one voice who should not be in a room full of demons, shifters, and witches who considered him their mortal enemy. She turned to see Prince Darius Riorden walking toward them as if he didn’t have a care in the world.

“Time to come home, my witch.”

13

“I ’m not yours, Darius,” Mist said, placing her hands on her hips, glaring at the demon. “I never have been, and I never will be.”

Saint watched his younger brother saunter toward them, coming from the hallway that led to the room they held church in. He must have tracked Mist there using something of hers, the same way Saint was sure he’d found her at the signing he’d taken her from.

Darius stopped just as he entered the room, a cruel grin on his lips as his gaze skated around the area taking everything in. The room was packed with people, all who were glowering at him like they wanted him dead.

“You’re having a party and you didn’t invite me, brother?” Darius asked, looking at him with a cocky smirk, ignoring Mist’s remark.

Saint was aware of Heaven and his MC brothers all moving forward to flank him and Mist, her coven sisters right behind them. The tension in the room was high as everyone waited to see what Darius was going to do.

“This was just for family and friends, and you are neither.”

Darius put his hand over his heart. “Deimos, that hurts.”

“Don’t care. Although, I am glad you crashed the party. Saves me the time it would have taken to hunt you down.”

Darius held his arms wide and laughed loudly. “You don’t have to go looking for me, brother. I’m here to take back what you stole from me.”

Saint cocked an eyebrow, watching the demon closely. “If you are talking about Mist, I didn’t steal her. I didn’t have to, because she was already mine. My mate for eternity.”

“She’s not your mate,” Darius grumbled, his eyes darkening to a deep red. “She’s mine.”

Mist laughed softly, tugging back the V-neck of her shirt that was covering Saint’s bite mark. “Looks to me like I belong to Saint.” Reaching over, she lightly traced a finger over the mate mark she’d left on Saint’s neck. “And he’s mine.” Putting a hand on her hip, she cocked it out and grinned at Darius. “I don’t see any marks on you.”

Darius grunted in anger, scowling at them. “Don’t worry, witch, I will burn that mark off of you. You won’t wear it much longer.”

Saint felt the smallest hint of fear through their bond, and then Mist laughed loudly. “Didn’t you already try to burn me, asshole? You stuck me in that room and set it on fire.” She motioned to the people around them before putting her hand back on her hip. “Should we tell everyone what happened then? How my jaguar got ahold of you and was about to rip your freaking balls off before I was summoned by a warlock and sucked through the portal?”

When Darius let out a roar and moved closer to them, Mist’s coven sisters blinked as one, and suddenly they were all behind the demon prince, caging him in. The king and Saint’s siblings moved to one side of him, and several of the Channing shifters moved to the other side, making it a full circle.

Darius grinned, turning around slowly as he looked at everyone who was now

surrounding him. His eyes stopped on a woman with dark golden hair and deep green eyes. Licking his lips, he said, “You are stunning. Maybe once I’m done with the witch, I’ll come for you.”

The bear shifter next to her growled, showing his fangs as she slipped a knife from her boot and began to twirl it lightly in one hand. “How about you come for me now, big guy?” Grasping the hilt of the knife, she leaned forward, a slow grin crossing her face. “Do it. I dare you.”

Before Saint knew what was happening, Darius rifted, disappearing and reappearing in front of the woman. She didn’t hesitate. Before he could do anything else, her knife was slicing through his skin on his cheek, leaving a huge, deep gash behind. Darius cursed loudly, rifted again, back to the place he was before, keeping a small distance between himself and everyone else.

“What’s wrong, demon?” the woman taunted. “And here I thought we were going to have some fun.”

“Naw, Shayna,” Desi said, crossing her arms over her chest and tossing her long, dark hair back over her shoulders. “Darius the douchebag doesn’t know how to have fun. He wouldn’t know what fun was if it hit him smack in the face.”

Mist burst into laughter. When Saint glanced over at her raising an eyebrow in question, she waved a hand to Desi. “That’s what I’ve been calling him for months now. Darius the douchebag.”

“Oh,” another female shifter said from where she stood between two huge men, “I like douche canoe myself.”

“Or twatwaffle,” one of the witches chimed in. “That’s one of my favorites.”

“Definitely could be a twatwaffle,” the witch they called Zara agreed, her golden eyes pinned on Darius. “What do you say, Mist?”

Mist shrugged. “Personally, right now I just want to call him dead.” With those words, she blinked, yanking a knife from her boot at the same time. Reappearing right in front of Darius, she put a matching gash on the other side of his face with a flick of her wrist, and then she was gone.

When she solidified next to him again, Saint grunted, “Nice one, mate.”

“Thanks,” she said, giving him a cheeky grin.

Flames licked over Darius’ form as he screamed in fury. His pretty face wasn’t so pretty anymore. The skin lay open to the bone, and blood trailed down both sides of his neck. He began to chant quickly in a tongue Saint didn’t understand, and then suddenly he wasn’t alone in the circle. A warlock stood next to him, one of the biggest bastards Saint had ever seen. Reddish brown hair, hazel eyes, and legs the size of tree trunks.

He began to turn slowly around the room, making it more than halfway, before his eyes locked on Desi and stayed there. A wicked grin appeared as he asked, “Did you change your mind, Princess? The invitation is still open.”

A low growl came from the left of Saint, and he knew Angel was close to rifting and going after the asshole. He held up a hand to stop him as he responded to the witch himself. “No, she didn’t, and she’s not going to, asshole.”

The man glanced his way, then turned back to Desi, dismissing him. “I’ll leave right now, if you come with me, Princess. Just say the word.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” Desi snapped, resting her hands lightly on her hips as she

glared at him. “And this is not your fight. You need to leave. Now.”

The warlock licked his lips as he ran his gaze up and down her body. “Give me one good reason why I should go.”

“Because the man you are defending is a worthless piece of shit,” Zara said, pulling a dagger and blinking. She stopped in front of the warlock and reached over and slashed her knife down Darius’ chest, slicing through his shirt and causing a wound deep enough that blood began to pour out. Her eyes still on the warlock, she blinked, landing right back where she started. When Darius started yelling at her, she held up her middle finger, kissed it, and moved it in his direction as if she were throwing him a fuck you kiss.

The warlock chuckled, shaking his head at her. “I’ll leave on one condition.”

“You’ll leave,” Zara said, holding her hands out and snapping her fingers, large, white balls of energy appearing immediately, “because if you don’t, your fate will be the same as his. And trust me, you won’t be going to see the Goddess. You will be going so far into hell you will never crawl your way out.”

“You think you’re powerful enough to take me on, sorceress?”

Zara stepped closer to him. “Do you really want to find out how powerful I am, warlock? Because I can guarantee you, if we do this only one of us will be walking away, and it won’t be you.”

Out of the corner of his eye, Saint noticed movement behind the warlock, and he glanced over quickly to see what was happening. Two of the women in Mist’s coven, Aurora and another one he hadn’t met yet were moving their hands in an intricate pattern as they whispered softly together. He’d never seen a witch cast a spell before, and it took a moment to tear his eyes away from the delicate poetry that seemed to

flow from their fingertips.

Saint felt a shift in the room just as the warlock's body began to shimmer. The male chuckled darkly, "I'll leave for now, sorceress, but I won't be far. The princess and I have some unfinished business." With one last look at Desi, he muttered, "See you soon."

"Get back here, you son of a bitch!" Darius yelled, one hand on his chest, the other holding one side of his face together. There was so much blood, but the bastard was still standing. "I own you, Elias Ganter."

"People are not possessions, Darius." God huffed and shook his head. "I will never understand why you chose the path you are on, but it stops here."

"Who do you think you are to threaten me?" Darius screamed. "You are no one! No one!"

"You can call me God."

Darius' face turned red with anger before his form began to waver and he rifted. Unfortunately, it didn't quite work out the way he planned. One moment he was there in the middle of the circle, the next he was gone, and seconds later he slammed into a forcefield that must have been created by the witches just moments before.

He fell to the floor, landing on his back with a groan. Then quickly rolled into a crouch. Baring his fangs, then he snarled, "If I am going to die, I'm taking all of you with me." He raised his arms and flames erupted all over his body. His claws lengthened and his form began to grow as his demon emerged.

"Enough!" the king thundered, stalking toward the prince, his own demon making an appearance as flames danced over his arms and his eyes went ruby red. "You are

done with all of the torture and killing, Darius Riorden. I am the judge and executioner in the demon realm, and I am sentencing you to death.”

“I am your son!”

“No! You stopped being my son the day you went against me and the throne. The day you attempted to claim a mate that didn’t belong to you, and then kidnapped her and tried to kill her.” The king shook his head in disappointment. “You are no one to me now.”

Darius roared, throwing himself at the king in a furious rage. Saint rifted, appearing right in front of his brother and grabbing him by the throat before he could get to his father. He squeezed hard, leaning down and sinking his fangs in his brother’s shoulder, letting loose his poison in a large, lethal dose. Then, he threw Darius away, across the room where a beautiful jaguar waited, her large, gray eyes glowing and her white fangs gleaming.

Darius landed on the ground just when Mist sprang. As the demon screamed in pain from the poison, she wasted no time in wrapping her powerful jaws around his neck and ripping it out. Standing over the dead demon, she raised her head and let out a loud roar of victory. She did it again, but then paused and stumbled back, dropping to her haunches as she stared over at Saint.

He grinned, quickly crossing the room to her and scooping her up in his arms, holding her close. Rubbing his face in her fur, he inhaled deeply, then frowned. The scent of his mate’s pain was in the air, along with that of the poison he’d injected into his brother right before the jaguar sank her fangs into him.

“Shit, kitty. The poison.”

Saint lowered her to the ground, running his hands over her fur. He had to get the

poison out. He had no idea how much she'd ingested, but by the way she was hissing and panting, it was already spreading throughout her body.

"Let me," Zion said quietly, kneeling down next to them.

"No," Priest cut in, lowering himself down on the other side. When Zion snarled at him, Priest growled, "Your shifter side can't handle the poison like I can, Zion. I got this."

"I can do this."

Saint ignored them both. Fucking dumbasses. It was his poison that was in her, he could take it back easily and it wouldn't hurt him or either of them. While they were in their pissing match, he drew the poison flowing through his mate back into his own body. He didn't glance up, but did mutter a quiet thank you to his father when the king knelt beside them and placed a hand on the jaguar, taking some of the poison himself to speed up the process.

Saint was aware of the witches and the Channing family asking what was going on and if Mist was okay, but he blocked them out. All that mattered was his mate and taking away the pain she was in because of his own damn poison.

It took several minutes, even with his father's help, but as soon as it was all removed, Saint lifted the cat in his arms and stood, turning and stalking toward his rooms. Before he went down the hallway, he glanced back at all of the people who'd been there and stood by his mate. They had come for her because they considered her family. That meant, they were now his family too. He would guard them the way he did everyone else he held dear, he just had to learn who they all were first.

"Thank you," he said, inclining his head to them. "I need to take care of my mate now, but soon we will have a real party for all of our friends and family."

“Here at the clubhouse,” God called out.

Saint nodded. After thanking them again, he turned and took his mate back to his rooms where she could get the rest she needed and heal.

Home.

14

“The son of a bitch is going to run,” Rapture warned through the comms.

“Let him,” Saint growled. “He won’t get far.”

Mist followed quickly behind her mate as he made his way down a back alley, ready to cut their target off if he did choose to make a run for it. Rapture and Heaven were in the bar just two buildings down, flushing out their prey. It wouldn’t be much longer.

“He spotted us,” Heaven said, her breath hitching as she took chase.

“Little fucker’s fast.”

Mist grinned at Zion’s words. He’d quickly become one of her favorite people with his gruff attitude and standoffish demeanor. Then there was Rapture and Angel. Brothers who were a lot alike but were so different as well. God was their leader and also their rock. And then there was Priest, the father figure to the MC. If you had a problem, you went to him and he would talk you through it. Even Genesis had a small piece of her heart, although she didn’t see him as much as the others. He tended to keep to himself and rarely went on the missions the Guardian MC was sent on. Missions she was thrilled to be a part of now.

“Here he comes!” Angel called out from the other end of the alley as the back door of the bar slammed open. “Going your way.”

The object of their mission flew down the alley toward them, his eyes widening when he saw Mist and Saint waiting for him. He looked left and right, then made a sharp turn and jumped up on top of a dumpster before slipping through the window of an abandoned building.

Saint shook his head and looked over at her, lifting his eyebrows. A slow smile spread across her face and she ran past him, leaped up onto the dumpster, and dove through the window. When she got inside, she dropped to the ground and crouched low, staying quiet as she got her bearings. The second Saint dropped down beside her, she took off across the hard concrete floor with her mate on her heels.

Mist inhaled, drawing the man's scent into her lungs, and then turned quickly, slipping inside another room. They went through three more rooms before she held up a hand. Saint stopped immediately.

"What is it?" he muttered, pulling his Glock and glancing around looking for danger.

Mist didn't answer right away. What she was looking at wasn't anything he was going to be able to see. And it wasn't something she'd gotten the nerve to share with her mate and new family yet. It was a gift that was hard to talk about. How did you tell others that you saw dead people?

There, not ten feet away, was an apparition. A ghostly presence that was insisting Mist stop and talk to her. Sighing, Mist reached out and placed a hand on Saint's thigh as she whispered, "I'm listening."

Saint looked down at her in confusion. She shook her head, her eyes glued onto the spirit in front of them.

Please, help him.

“Help who?” she asked softly. “The man we followed in here?”

Not a man. Just a boy. My son.

“He killed someone. We can’t just let that slide.”

No, it wasn’t him. The bad man did it.

“Who the fuck is she talking to?” God demanded through the comms.

“No idea,” Angel said as he slipped into the room they were in. “It’s just her and Saint in here.”

Mist ignored them and she tried to piece together what she was being told.

“Where is this bad man?”

Father.

“The boy’s father?”

The spirit shook her head, touching her chest with her hand

“Your father? The boy’s grandfather?”

Yes. Please, save my boy.

As the spirit began to fade away, Mist promised, “I’ll do everything I can.”

“What the fuck is going on?” God snarled. Most of the others had already caught up with them, but Prez wasn’t there just yet.

“We need to find him,” Mist said, rising from where she’d been crouching in the dark. “He’s just a boy and he needs help.”

“He’s a killer, Mist.”

Mist looked over at her mate and shook her head. “No, he isn’t.”

“And how the hell do you know that?” God demanded as he stalked into the room.

Mist shrugged, meeting his dark gaze. “His dead mother just told me.”

There was complete silence for a long moment, then Heaven grinned. “That is the coolest thing I’ve ever heard, sister.”

“Hell yeah,” Zion said, slipping an arm around her shoulder and winking at her. “You’re awesome, little sister.”

“So, what you are saying,” God interjected, “is that our mission has changed.”

“Yes,” Mist agreed. “Now, instead of finding and persecuting the target we were after, we are now finding him and protecting him from his grandfather who is the one who is the real murderer.”

God nodded slowly and then turned to move across the room. “Let’s get moving.”

Mist reached out and grabbed his arm to stop him. When he glanced back at her, she held up a hand. “Give me a few minutes, okay?” When he frowned, she looked back behind her where there were some things piled up in a corner, then back to him meeting his gaze. His eyes filling with understanding, God nodded, and motioned for the others to leave the room.

Once they were gone, Mist lowered herself to the floor right where she'd been standing. Pulling her legs up, she wrapped her arms around them and said quietly, "They're all gone now, buddy. It's just me. I'd love to meet you. I promise, no one here will hurt you."

She waited patiently, and finally there was a small scraping sound as something was moved across the floor. As she watched, a small figure rose from behind a pile of junk and stepped around it to look at her. A young boy with light blond hair and big blue eyes stared at her in fear, but there was also a hint of hope in his scent.

"Did you really talk to my mom?" he finally whispered.

"I did. She was very worried about you. My family and I would like to help you, Lukas."

"How do you know my name," the boy asked, taking a step closer to her.

"Someone very special told me," Mist said, as she rose from the floor and held out a hand to him.

"My mom?"

Shaking her head, she slipped her arms around his thin shoulders. "No."

"Then who?"

She laughed at his persistency but gave him the honest answer. "The Goddess told me, Lukas. She cares about you very much and brought me to you so I can help you find what you are looking for."

"What's that?" Lukas whispered, leaning into her.

“A family who will love you unconditionally.”

“Your family?”

Mist stepped outside with her arm still around Lukas and looked at the men and woman who waited for them.

“Yes, Lukas. My family is now your family.”

The motorcycle's engine rumbled loudly between his thighs, sending vibrations throughout Saint's body. That wasn't what had him so fucking hard though. As much as he loved his Harley, it was his mate's arms wrapped tightly around his waist as they drove through the late afternoon that had his cock aching in his jeans.

It had taken three long days to track down the information they needed on Lukas' grandfather so the man could get the justice he deserved, which ended up being his own death at the hands of the king's men after more things came to light. The child had lived a life of hell after the death of his mother, but it was finally over. He was safe.

Saint was in awe of his beautiful mate. If it wasn't for her and her special gifts, Lukas would have been captured and probably put away in a place that was like a prison for kids for a long ass time. Instead, he was living in the clubhouse with both the king and God's approval, set up in a suite between Heaven and Zion's. At fourteen years old, he probably should have been living with one of them, but he'd asked for his own space, so they let him have it for now on a trial basis only. If he screwed up, he'd be couching it for the unforeseeable future.

Seeing the exit he wanted, Saint slowed down and turned off the main highway onto a gravel road. Mist's grip tightened around his stomach and he laid his hand over hers. She moved her fingers down, the tips of them sliding into the front of his jeans and he groaned.

"You better stop that or I'm going to have to buy a new bike." Because there was no

way he was going to keep his upright when she was reach for his cock.

She laughed, wrapping her arms around him and holding on tightly as he turned off onto another road that would take them straight to where he planned to spread her body out on a blanket and feast on her.

They stopped at the end of a dead-end road and Mist hopped off the back. She'd easily taken to riding with him, loving it just as much as he did. They'd been out several times, just riding with no destination in mind. Those times he spent with her, snuggled up tight behind him alone were some of the best times of his life so far.

Saint put down the kickstand and threw his leg over the seat. Removing his helmet, he set it on the seat, waiting while Mist did the same. Afterwards, he opened one of his saddlebags and pulled out a blanket, then went around and took out a small black duffle bag from the other side. Mist looked at him in confusion but stayed silent.

When he originally asked if she wanted to go for a ride, he didn't say a word about what he had planned. It was a surprise, and hopefully one she enjoyed.

Leaning down, he gave her a quick, hard kiss before nodding his head to the side. "Come on, kitty. I want to show you something."

Mist grinned, taking the blanket from him and sliding her hand in his. They began walking down a path that led them through some trees, and after a few minutes, ended up in a large area with a small stream.

Saint sat the bag down, then took the blanket from her and spread it out on the lush grass. Meeting her gaze, he grasped the bottom of her shirt and lifted it, slipping it off.

"It's funny," Mist said, her gray eyes dancing with mirth, "if we were in my realm right now, there is no way we would be taking our clothes off. It would be freezing at

my home.”

“Your home is here now,” he said gruffly, dropping her shirt to the ground. “With me and our family.”

Her gaze filled with warmth as she raised a hand and placed it on his cheek. “Yes, my mate. Your family is my family. You are my family. You hold my heart, for now and always.”

Lowering his head, Saint covered her mouth with his in a slow, sweet kiss. He gently traced her lips with his tongue as he pulled her close. Breaking the kiss, he rested his forehead against hers. “I love you, my sweet mate.”

Mist slid her hands under his shirt and up to his chest, leaning in to give him a kiss. “I love you too, Deimos.”

He swallowed hard, sliding his fingers through her hair and cupping the back of her head. “I like hearing my name from your lips,” he growled before gripping her hair tightly, tilting her head and taking her mouth in a hard kiss. Mapping her mouth with his tongue, he groaned at her taste, knowing nothing would ever be better.

Reaching down, he quickly undid the button on her jeans and pushed them down. Mist moaned, panting softly against his lips as she helped him get rid of her pants. Then she unsnapped his and shoved them down his thighs.

He laughed when they got stuck on the top of his boots, and then again when he noticed hers the same way. Dropping to his knees, he lifted her foot and slid her black boots off, first one and then the other. He was still chuckling, but that stopped at the site of her glistening lower lips covered in that thin strip of hair that was right in front of him.

A deep growl began to vibrate in his chest, and he ran a finger through her juices,

then brought it to his mouth, licking it clean. Gripping her hips tightly, he leaned forward and licked up her slit, gathering all of that wetness on his tongue. Mist cried out when he slid two fingers inside her, grabbing his arms and digging her nails in.

Saint found her clit and sucked lightly on it, then flicked it back and forth with his tongue, before sucking harder on it. He did this several times, going from licking to sucking, and back to licking again, until he made her scream as her orgasm hit her. He moved down, licking her folds until the grip she held on him loosened.

Breathing heavily, Mist sank to the ground beside him. After kissing her gently, he guided her over to the blanket, having her lay back as he slipped her jeans off. Standing, he removed his cut and shirt, then his boots and jeans. His gaze went over her gorgeous body, sliding from her pretty nipples, down her chest and over her belly, both holding faint scars that to him showed her courageousness. Knowing his eyes glowed with hunger, he growled, "Mine. All mine."

"Yours," she agreed, holding her arms out to him and spreading her legs in invitation.

Saint dropped to his knees in front of her, moving forward until the head of his cock pressed against her wet entrance, and then he sank deep inside her. "Fuck, kitty, you're so hot and tight. Love the way you feel."

Mist arched up into him, taking him even deeper, a soft whimper leaving her lips as she dug her nails into his back. "Deimos, please! Harder!"

Oh, hell yeah. Those were just the words he wanted to hear. Lifting her legs, he put them up over his shoulders, then he grasped her hips tightly in his hands. A deep snarl left him as he began to thrust into her, deep, hard, and fast. Just the way he knew she loved it. Her arms went above her head, and the sight of her pert breasts lifting up had him lowering his head and taking one of her nipples in his mouth.

Mist screamed his name when he bit it, then soothed the bite with his tongue. He did

the same with the other, then placed his mouth over the claiming bite he'd given her and sank his teeth deep. His balls drew up and he felt her pussy begin to pulse around him, his cock erupting at the same time, coating her insides with his cum.

"Oh, Goddess," he heard her gasp, and he looked down to see her looking above him in awe. Following her gaze, he froze at the sight of all the lights, and then stiffened when he felt what seemed to be a second bond snapping in place inside of him. He frowned in confusion, his eyes going back to his mate, watching as her lips parted and her eyes widened in surprise.

"Three times," Mist whispered, her eyes wet with tears as she covered her mouth with her hand. "We've been blessed three times."

"What was that, mate?" he demanded, looking around to see all of the shimmering lights slowly starting to fade.

"We are bound together not only with my shifter lineage and your demon one, but we also share a magical bond now through my sorceress line. We are bound together for all of eternity."

Saint slid her legs from his shoulders and lowered himself down until he covered Mist's body with his. Framing her head in his hands, he kissed her gently before replying, "Bonded three different ways, mate. You know what that means?"

"What?" she murmured, her tongue slipping out to glide over her lips.

"You are stuck with me forever."

Mist giggled, her eyes lighting up with joy and pleasure. "I wouldn't want it any other way."

A slow, wicked grin crossed Saint's lips as he leaned over and grabbed the small bag

he'd brought with them. "Let's see if you still believe that after the next few hours."

"Few hours?" she stammered, her gaze on the bag. "What's in there?" When he laughed but didn't reply, she clutched his arms tightly and he saw a glint of anticipation enter her eyes. "Saint?"

Placing the bag down on the blanket, he opened it and pulled out the huge purple dildo. Setting it down next to the bag, he pulled out the flogger next. Raising up, he trailed the ends of it over the tops of her breasts lightly. "You ready, kitty?"

"For anything," she replied breathlessly, a shudder running through her. He loved the way she looked, so fucking sexy and sensual.

"My gorgeous mate."

"My demon savior," Mist whispered, her voice full of love.

"Always."