

*Echoes of Time*  
Redemption

Other works by L.M. Adams

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Twisted Eventide – Yuletide Crimson

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Twisted Eventide – Harper Files (website only)

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Echoes of Time – Absence of Time

Twisted Eventide – Sacred Bones

Echoes of Time – Redemption

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“Will he ask me to marry him soon?” My husband’s girlfriend asks, voice full of hope.

How in the hell did I get here?

Desmona Thompson or rather Desmona Monroe, although, that is a secret, a secret we must keep if we want to stay alive. I can’t believe I married him, how can something so wrong, feel so right?

I married Quinn Monroe in a fit of desperation and love and a belief that somehow we could make it work. I know now that we will never have a happily ever after, yet I don’t regret saying I do. I can’t regret it, I love the man too damn much.

We got back to D.C. two weeks ago. Somehow Quinn was able to convince everyone that he’d been off following up on a super-secret mission that he couldn’t talk about under the penalty of death. Everyone on the Spook Squad knows he’s something else, CIA, black opps, he’s something and they don’t ask questions. They don’t dare.

My lie had been I needed a short sabbatical after getting rip-roaring drunk at Carlson’s BBQ and throwing myself shamelessly at Manny. No one begrudged me taking the small vacation and no one seems to have tied together the very conspicuous disappearances of both Quinn and myself, at the same time. People believe what they want to believe.

But I know Cam suspects something and she will not be easily fooled.

Quinn and I came back to D.C. and we both have tried to fall back into our lives, he misses me, I miss him. He comes over as often as he can, we steal moments as often as we can. But it’s not enough.

Jamie, his girlfriend, showed up at the shop this morning asking for a reading. The guilt of what I’ve done to her made me agree. Maybe she’s a horrible person, maybe she deserves to have the love of her life cheat on her and marry another person. But there’d been nothing in her echoes, nothing that could justify what we’re doing to her.

She’s a pretty girl, five-foot-five, blonde bouncy hair and crystal clear blue eyes. She’s a bit of an air-head, but that’s not reason enough to do what we’ve done.

Now the question is, do I lie to her? Do I keep lying to her? I know I must and so I smile as I sit back from the round table her hand rests on.

“Yes, he will ask you soon.” I smile and her pretty face splits into a grin.

Strictly speaking, it isn't a lie, he will ask her to marry him soon, he already has the ring. It just won't count with her. He already made me his wife, using his real name, he's mine.... He's mine.

I hear someone coming down the short hallway that separates the front of the shop from the divination room. The bead curtain rattles and in walks my husband, Quinn Monroe. The persona of Andrew Smith is firmly in place. A well-tailored black suit, crisp white shirt beneath and a black tie. There's a slight gun bulge at his hip and his piercing gray eyes flash when he takes in the sight.

"Jamie?" He raises an eyebrow.

She smiles and stands. "I told you I wanted to get a reading, she was kind enough to do one for me this morning I didn't have an appointment but she made room for me."

"Oh, did she?" He turns those eyes on me and I shrink in a little.

Quinn likes to hurt things, it's his nature. He makes sure I like the hurt too, he makes sure when he shames me and beats me, my body is full of need and begging for his touch. The man is downright evil and it seems I'm in trouble. Things low in my body squeeze tightly.

"That was very nice of her." He smiles but if you look closely enough, I'm sure it would be classified as a grimace.

Jamie puts her arm around him and leans her small frame into him.

"Can you do a reading with us together?" She asks me, voice filled with excitement.

Quinn's left eye begins to twitch.

"We don't have time. I'm here on official business. We need Ms. Thompson at a crime scene."

"Oh," Jamie says and pulls back, a pout on her lips. "Are you still coming over for dinner?"

"Of course." He whispers strained.

I keep my face blank.

She smiles. "Thank you Des, I really appreciate it." She winks.

"Any time." I smile and Quinn's eye begins to twitch.

She grabs her purse and Quinn kisses her quickly on the lips, she waves to me and leaves the room, happy and as clueless as ever.

"Bend over the table Desmona."

"I will not." I raise an eyebrow.

He begins to growl low.

"What was I supposed to do?!" I snap.

"Tell her you were busy! Anything Minx!"

I sigh, "I wanted to see." I admit finally.

"See what?"

"If she was a bad person." I hiss.

He sighs. "Why is that important?"

I stand up, “because I feel like a bad person!”

His stern look softens.

“You’re not.”

“Well I feel like it.” I yank off my white deviation robe. I’m wearing plain leggings and a green tank.

He looks me up and down, a look of complete lust filling his eyes. He glances behind him and then looks back at me. He nods his head to the back door that leads down to my basement apartment.

“Don’t we have a case?”

He closes the distance between us quickly and grabs me into his strong arms.

“I’ll be quick.” He whispers in my ear, nuzzling my locs softly.

I moan, we haven’t had sex in three days. He hasn’t come over in three days.

“Please Des, I’ll beg for it? That’s what you want? Want to see me beg for it Des?”

Something deep in his chest rumbles and my heart begins to pound.

“I’ll only hurt you a little bit baby, just a little bit and then I’ll make up for it, on my knees baby. I promise you I’ll make up for it.”

His hand slips underneath my tank and my head begins to swim.

“You can beat me love. You know that, I’ll take the lash if you can’t deal with the monster.”

“No.” I whisper and he shudders against me.

He whines a little in the back of his throat, the sound of a puppy begging.

Quinn has the most insane psyche I’ve ever known a person to have. He craves making me cry and then he craves the soft dominance afterwards.

There is a monster inside of him, a bloody murderous thing. He used to suppress it using downers and self-flagellation. I made him get off the serum, I became his Pax, his mate and his wife and now I’m the only thing that keeps the monster within from getting out.

He finds the small scar on my neck, four puncture wounds that mark me as his mate, it also has the power to make him do *anything* I command. He has no choice if I give him an order while touching it, no choice at all.

His tongue slides over the mark and my head begins to swim with lust.

Fuck, I know he needs it, I can smell the desperation on him. He puts it off for as long as he can, he hides it away as much as he can. He tries so hard to be a perfect husband and lover and protector but he’s still a monster. He’ll always love killing things, destroying things. He walks on a keen edge and I’m the only thing he has to anchor him. He needs a meal, he needs to feed the monster within.

I’m strong enough to give him the things he needs.

“Go fuck your girlfriend.” I whisper snidely and something in him snaps. He grabs me by my hair suddenly and turns me to the stairs.

I grunt and reach up to his hand.

“Shut up.” He snaps and pushes me forward.

“Get off of me you fucking brute.” I demand, keeping my voice low so Cam won’t run back here to ‘save’ me.

He closes the door behind us. “I’ll show you a fucking brute! Telling me to go slack my lust with another woman?! You’re going to pay you disrespectful Minx!”

He forces me down the stairs, I can barely keep my feet under me. When we reach the basement he pushes me down to the floor, letting go of my hair.

I start to get up.

“You stay on the floor!” He shouts and begins stripping out of his clothes. His gray eyes darken as the monster within him comes bubbling to the surface.

His knuckles begin to shift, his muscles start to bulk. He’ll change if he doesn’t feed the monster, he’ll turn into a beast and then things will get bad, very quickly.

He rips my leggings from me a low growling sound emanating from his chest. My pussy clenches under his scent and the heat rolling of him.

“Don’t make a sound.” He growls and grabs my throat tightly.

He reaches between our bodies and I feel the head of him at my entrance. My eyes roll to the back of my head as he drives himself into me, slowly but with so much power.

I clench around him tightly.

“It’s my minx, I’ll fuck it when I want to.” He promises darkly as he pulls from me, aching slowly. The pressure of his hand around my throat increases and suddenly I can’t breathe anymore.

My arms begin to flail as he drives back into me. My body begins to buck against him and I can’t help but to fight back. I need to breathe. But he doesn’t even break his stride as I push at him. I slap his face and his head turns, he looks back down at me growling low with evil pleasure.

“You forget who you belong to Minx. You forget the monster owns you too.”

My body jerks against him and he pulls from my gushing pussy.

He moves up almost sitting on my breasts, pinning my arms to my side.

His cock glistens with my pleasure as he begins stroking it slowly.

I try to buck him off and he squeezes my throat tighter.

“This is happening Minx, this is happening and you can’t fucking stop me!” He grunts and the thick white pleasure pours thick and hot from the tip of his cock onto my face. He lets go of my throat and I inhale sharply and scream with broken sobs.

“Please.” I beg him.

“I’m not done yet!”

He stands up and grabs my arm, yanking me to my feet.

I cry out as he drags me to my small bathroom. He turns on the light and forces me to look at my come covered face, my wide fearful eyes, red rimming them as he breaks me again as he shames me again. I prefer the pain, I prefer the belt but he prefers the mental manipulation more. He needs this, he needs this and I’m strong enough to give this to him.

“Grip the sink, open your legs Minx. I’m not through with it yet.”

I cry in shame as I grip the edges of the small sink. He hunches down behind me and I feel him slide into me again, holding deeply within me. He pushes in so deep, forcing me to balance on my tippy-toes. I whimper.

He reaches around the front of me and parts my slick fold with his strong fingers. He makes me watch myself in the mirror as he takes his other hand and rubs his come from my face into my mouth slowly.

So fucking disgusting, god please make him stop. But then he rubs me just right and I pray to god for him to make my husband keep going. I moan around his fingers tasting him as my body is racked with shameful tears. He causes such a clash of emotion within me. I squeeze his thick cock but he holds still letting me feel every inch of him deep inside of me.

My eyes widen as I feel the edges of an aching orgasm bearing down on me.

“Beg for it whore.” He whispers and I cry.

“Please!” I shout gripping the edge of the sink tighter. “Please Quinn please!”

He rubs my clit faster and I groan low with my need.

“Are you a whore Desmona?”

“Yes,” I whisper heartbrokenly.

“Whose whore are you?”

“Yours, I’m your whore Quinn. I’m your whore!” I cry out, I can’t hold it much longer, his fingers, his fingers are magic and no matter how much he makes it hurt he always makes it feel so fucking good too.

“The Minx can have her treat.”

I scream with my release, pleasure pouring down from my body to cover his cock still lodged deep within me. He groans low emptying himself into my core and I feel his strong body shake with his own weakness. God what madness is this? What kind of love is this?

He whimpers when he pulls from me.

“I’m sorry Des.” He whispers, voice tight with shame.

I turn around slowly and slide up onto the sink a little, propping my leg up on the edge.

“On your knees Quinn, you apologize on your knees.” I whisper calmly.

This is the part he truly needs, everything before was to feed the monster, what he does now feeds the man.

I don’t have to order him to lick up the thick mixture of our pleasure, his head moves slowly as he cleans up his shame a low whine in the back of his throat.

I run my hands in his dark hair. “There’s a good boy.” I whisper and his body begins to shake. He grips at my thighs and drives his tongue into me, trying to clean it all up. Trying to make amends for the filth he leaves behind. The filth he cannot hide.

Quinn Monroe hates himself. To his very core he hates himself but my love makes it better at least that what he tells me. This makes it better for him. It forces the world to make sense to him. He desires to be taken control of, to submit, but the monster demands his pound of flesh first, the monster always gets to feed first.

I grind my pussy on his face.

“Filthy boy.”

He groans in my pussy.

“Eat it, eat your filth.”

He begins twirling his tongue on my bud of nerves. I groan.

“There’s a good boy. Be a good boy for me.”

I grip his head and I push his face further into me as I come.

“God!” I whimper low. He licks me again and I cry out for him.

I groan and lean back on the mirror, letting his head go.

God it’s always so fucking hot, the sex is always so fucking good. He pushes my limits, yet I know he still restrains himself. He’s been bad, he’s gone too far with me before, but I wouldn’t be cowed, I refused to run. We’ve found a balance of sorts between us, but it took and continues to take a lot of work. Being his wife is a lot of work and yet I cannot think of any other man I’d rather be with. Quinn Monroe won my entire heart... for better or worse.

“We’re okay,” I breath out slowly, trying to center myself, he relies on my control, he relies on it like a lifeline. “We’re okay now.”

He pulls back and lays his head on my thigh.

I pet him gently.

“I love you. You’re a good boy, I love you.” I whisper down to him.

He’s entered into this odd mind space where he’s subdued and sad, he tries to do anything to please me, needing to hear me praise him. He almost turns into a puppy. He carefully washes me, kissing my flesh everywhere. Apologizing again and again.

“I’m fine Quinn.” I whisper and he shudders.

“You should hurt me more Desmona.” He whispers as he kneels outside of the standing shower and uses my loofa to wash my legs so carefully.

He’s getting the bathroom floor wet but he doesn’t care, I need to get clean and he needs to touch me. This is the happy middle ground. The shower is nothing like comfortable for two people, not for actually showering anyway. He’s made fucking me in the tiny space work just fine.

“You’re fine Quinn, you don’t need more pain.”

“I cut it too close that time, I should have come to you sooner. I should be punished.”

I sigh. “Why didn’t you come sooner then?”

“I can’t always seem so in control Minx, they’ll be able to tell.... I can’t let them see.”

“The Order?”

He nods.

“You met them?”

He nods.

“What did they say?”

“They wanted to know if you’ve had any more visions, if I have any more information on the Eventide. They want to know how you’re trying to change the echo.”

I rub his hair gently. “What did you tell them?”

“I told them about Greenwhich, I told them that you saw Reapers. They want me to keep pushing you.”

“Okay. You did well Quinn.” He whines again in his throat.

“You’ve been a good boy, you don’t deserve the pain.”

He nods his head. “Grace walking Desmona. I’ll never deserve you my love.”

“Come on, you need to get cleaned up. We have a dead body to investigate.”

Quinn and I get cleaned up and dressed in record time. I put on a black pants suit and a white collar shirt. I tie my lock back into a sloppy bun at the nape of my neck and grab my FBI consultants ID badge from the table.

I watch as my loving husband puts on his Andrew Smith persona again. I’m always afraid I’ll lose him in the lie. That one day he won’t find the courage to be the painful Quinn Monroe anymore.

The Order had their claws in him so deeply, for so long. My heart hurts for the man he could have been, the man that will never come to be. I hate the Order and everything they stand for. Yet here I am manipulating him as well.

I’ll be dead in a few months. I know it. The vision of my death has shifted again. Still a sword being driven into my back, through my heart. But I feel the impending doom shifting closer. I don’t have long.

When I said yes to his proposal I’d let myself believe that we could win. It wasn’t until we got back that I had the waking vision of Quinn being the one who saves the world. My vision was never about me. I have to prepare him, I have to make him strong. He can do this, I know he can. Losing his brother almost destroyed him but he found a way to keep going, he will do the same after I’m gone. He has to. But for now I lie and I smile and kiss him often and I drink greedily of his loving caress before we step back onto the main floor, pulling away from each other, hiding how we truly feel from the world.

“Hey Cam, cover for me for a couple hours will you?” I say stepping into the front room of Eko.

Her young sixteen year-old features are covered in a look of complete annoyance. She’s a red-head, with a stereotypical red-head’s temper add in the extremely thick black eyeliner, black lipstick and all black clothes complete with biker boots, she’s downright terrifying.

Cam, short for Camellia James. Pretty, young, smart, damaged, and loyal to a fault, which is why I’m happy I met her. She man’s the front of Eko while I’m in the back reading fortunes. Can’t say it’s always been an easy go, me and Cam, but I trust her. She pretty much hates Smith. She hasn’t met Quinn yet who

I think she'd like. Smith is the a-typical toy soldier of the government 'the man' he represents pretty much everything Cam hates.

I wish I could tell her, I wish I wasn't lying to her too. But I have her life with my silence, so I suffer her attitude with my usual aplomb and follow Smith out to the stairwell.

There are stairs up to my right, as usual, my landlord's mother, Mrs. Mulaney, sits on the landing in her chair, face full of disdain for everything I do and everything I am.

Dark brown skin, full of wrinkles, eighty years to the day if I've ever seen it. Always wearing a white cap to cover her gray hair, and reading glasses perched on her nose, an assortment of housecoats she rotates through, today is little pink and purple flowers day.

She's fire and brimstone old school religious. If her son David had told me about her I would've never signed the lease. I'm honestly considering filing a lawsuit over him withholding information like having an old bat-shit crazy of a mother occupying the space above me.

Sure, everyone thinks she's harmless until she burns the place down in an effort to cast out the devil downstairs.... like the devil would have any desire to be her neighbor.

Today she doesn't say anything, just sort of baring her teeth at me. I sigh and turn away following Quinn out into the late September air.

The street is small, more of an alley than a street really. A standard issue black FBI SUV, dark tints, is parked half on the curb, half off. I assume to leave a sliver of space for other cars to squeeze past. There's normally no parking on the street due to its small size, but of course what's a no parking sign in the face of the mighty FBI?

Andrew Smith lives and breathes dominance, he doesn't follow rules, he makes and breaks them.

I hop into the truck and he hands me a file.

Quinn is gone, disappeared from sight, but he's in there I know it. I find it hard to detach myself, to not want to lean into his body or touch his hand, sometimes I find it hard. Quinn dives into his other personality, and I let myself lose sight of this man being my husband, I feed my own psyche the belief that this person and *my* husband are completely different people. Quinn is gone, there's only Smith here now.

I open the file to distract myself and Smith pulls from the curb.

"Call came in around six this morning. Employee found dead in an herbal remedies shop, suspected heart attack. The..."

"And the Spook Squad got called in?"

He sighs, "do you think you'll let me get through a debriefing without interrupting me some day Ms. Thompson?"

I smile. "Nope."

He taps his thumb on the steering wheel. He's irritated. I scoff.

"There were signs of the occult in the basement... "

"Being Wiccan isn't illegal it is a nationally accepted religion."

"I know that Ms. Thompson." He's getting more and more frustrated, I'm of course pushing his buttons on purpose.

He can't pull down my pants and spank me over it and we both know it.

"We're going because of an automatic alert I set up. Anything about the little town of Bruner flags now. I'm hiding it under a terrorist cell watch order."

"Smart." I whisper impressed.

A quick flash of a smile. "The twenty-three year old vic found dead from a heart attack? Comes from Bruner."

"That doesn't mean anything Smith." But a chill runs up my spine.

The little town of Bruner. It's a really small town, population around 600 people. Bruner is the kind of place where everyone knows everyone else. So for the life of me I couldn't figure out how they didn't know what was happening right beneath their own noses. About a month ago we found out about a man named Harold Greenwich. He was kidnapping children, tying them to little crosses and slowly starving them to death. He was trying to buy his way into heaven, he'd seen something, a vision, he saw the end coming. He was raised deeply religious and was a closeted homosexual. He couldn't shake the sin and the dreams of a burning world haunted him in the night.

We still don't know why he thought killing the children would buy his way into heaven. The Kindred sent Reapers and they came in the night and silenced Mr. Greenwich before we could get much out of him.

I flip open the file Smith had given me. Picture of the young man, a driver's license photo. He's a handsome man, pretty brown eyes full of life. Curly brown hair, an easy smile. I remember seeing the picture of Harold Greenwich and having that same feeling. They look so... normal.

As soon as Smith pulls in front of The Alchemist's Shoppe, I know it's a warlock's den. There are signs everywhere if you know what to look for. If you see a five pointed star, with no evident purpose, you're probably dealing with a poser.

We get out of the truck and the closer we get the more uncomfortable I feel. This isn't right, something isn't right.

The shop has a dark blue awning, the name written in gold classic lettering across the front. There's a shop window, filled with drying herbs, glass bottles of who knows. But at under the black numbering right above the door is a Gungnir, an X interwoven with a diamond shape. It represents the spear of Odin, or if you're a practitioner of the arts, it means you're a male magic doer, a warlock and you specialize in attack magic. Poisons, curses, black stuff... really black stuff.

"This isn't a good place Smith." I whisper.

There's yellow tape making an X across the door and a red "sealed" sign the police leave behind when a crime scene isn't to be touched.

"I know," he whispers. "If you're afraid Minx, you can stay in the car."

I huff, "Special Agent Smith, first name Andrew doesn't get to call me Minx."

"He's not here... officially." He smiles and pulls a pocketknife out.

I look around quickly.

"What are you doing?" I hiss.

We're supposed to wait for an escort before breaking a seal.

"We're not here Minx." He grins and slices the seal.

Oh my god we're breaking in.

I shift my body to block the view as he begins picking the fucking lock. Just out here in broad fucking daylight. Oh this is just great Quinn!

He has to us his shoulder to ram the fucking door open. We duck in quickly, snatching the yellow tape down and slamming the door closed behind us.

"You didn't even talk to Carlson about this did you?"

"It's better to ask for forgiveness than permission."

I look at the man, jaw wide open. "No it isn't Quinn... it isn't at all."

He flashes his smile.

I roll my eyes with a groan, "incorrigible."

"Can you pick up anything?" He asks ignoring my disdain of his actions.

I'm more formally trained than him, and that good old - follow the rules and fall in line - mantra, still clings to me at times. 'Special Agent Andrew

Smith' doesn't give a shit about rules because he was never really FBI. I honestly don't know how he's managed to fake it this long.

The shop has the smell of earth and magic. Whoever owns this place is a powerful magic doer. I look around trying to orient myself. The only bit of light comes from the mostly covered shop window. I don't even want to touch the light switch. The place is stuffed to the brim with shelves, all of them overflowing. Nothing seems to be organized for the causal shopper. Only people knowing what they're about come to a place like this. A mix of books and scrolls stuffed on shelves with glass bottles and animal bits. In the back is a tall counter, all black and more shelves behind it. That's where he probably keeps the 'good' stuff.

I look into the dark dank corners of the room.

"This place is covered with wards Quinn. If I try to do magic at best an alarm will go off, at worse we'll die. The energy I'm picking up in here I'm going with the - we'll probably die if I try to do a time loop guess."

He looks grim but nods.

"You would be right." Someone says and both Quinn and I turn as a man simply appears behind the counter.

He's thin, dressed in a well-tailored black crushed velvet suit and a frilly purple shirt beneath. His hair is long and slicked back, curling at the ends. There's a hint of madness and magic clinging to him.

Quinn holds out his arm almost pushing me behind him. A cloud of gray smoke begins to drift from the ceiling. I take a step back, trying to get closer to the door.

I look over my shoulder and the wood of the door begins to morph, the wood raising into the relief of a tormented beast, gaping mouth open with sharp teeth. Oh this fucker is good.

"We're not getting out that way." I whisper to Quinn.

He nods slowly and I watch as my hubby grows, his legs elongating. He's about to fucking shift.

Fuck it, I know this isn't where I die, but there could be a lot of hurt in that gray cloud.

I reach for a line, a beautiful horrid scar that runs in the earth, ley lines, song line, mana line, they have many names but to the Druidae, they mean *power*.

The cogs tattooed deeply within my hands begin to click. Waiting for me to decide what I want to do.

"Druidae? And ... slayer?" The man whispers curiously.

"We're here to ask about the man who died.... FBI." I think to add. Maybe knowing we do have affiliation with law enforcement will make this better, if he didn't kill the boy of course.

"I did not know the FBI were in the habit of hiring monsters."

Quinn growls low.

“Keep it together.” I whisper and step to the side of Quinn. I bow low.

“Greetings brother of the Moon from a sister of the Earth. Do you offer the kinship of a warm fire and hearty drink?”

“This just got interesting.” The man smiles.

Come on, come on!

He sighs annoyed, “very well.”

I stand straight again and let the line I was pulling slip through my fingertips. The souls of the earth moan with rejection as yet again I refuse to join them in melody.

The gray cloud above doesn't recede but it doesn't keep advancing either.

I used witches talk to ask for a ‘parlay’ of sorts.

Quinn is still breathing harshly, his hands are starting to shift.

“It's under control now.”

He growls again and I know he's past truly hearing me.

“If he shifts the pascere is over.”

I move to stand in front of Quinn. “You can do it, I know you can.”

He shakes his head no.

I lick my lips and begin singing softly. A horrid shudder runs through his entire body. He glances down at me.

“Kneel.” I whisper and begin singing again, a little whine escapes him.

He's resisting, I touch his arm gently and I watch him fold into himself and kneel at my feet, clutching my waist.

I keep singing until his head is at the floor, arms curled in.

“Good boy.” I whisper the praise to him and he nods.

“Just breathe, just breathe through it.”

He nods again.

“Well that is a treat indeed.” The man sounds as if he's extremely pleased.

“A slayer... *and* a Pax? Oh my, a treat indeed.”

A shudder runs through Quinn's back.

“His mate, his wife.” I whisper.

“No.” Quinn groans low, the sound is filled with pain.

“I have to tell him Quinn, full honesty is required during a pascere.”

I watch as Quinn struggles to his feet, his gray eyes are flashing with power. The monster *wants* out, it *needs* out. He felt his mate threatened, as much as I belong to Quinn, I belong to the monster within him too. The monster does not fuck around when it comes to my safety.

“Come,” The man claps. “Let's have tea.”

He turns and walks to the end of the counter and turns to a door at the side. I glance at Quinn. He doesn't want to go.

“Well you wanted answers.” I huff and walk around the counter, following the shop owner.

He sighs and follows me, “yes Desmona.”

