

# **KISS OF ETERNITY**

*A True Immortality Short Story*

**By S. Young**

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KISS OF ETERNITY is bonus short story that features the characters from  
KISS OF VENGEANCE. It is recommended to read KISS OF VENGEANCE  
before reading KISS OF ETERNITY.

## CHAPTER ONE

### *Chişinău, Moldova*

The restaurant bar had a sexy, relaxed atmosphere, which Rose liked. Black ceilings, wood-paneled walls, cozy banquette seating, and hardwood floors gave it a casual chic vibe that fitted how she'd been feeling when she'd departed the hotel dressed in a comfortable but sassy jersey dress paired with sexy heels. Fionn booked them a room in a luxury boutique hotel in the Telecentru district while the restaurant she'd chosen to meet at was in the pretty Rose Valley area of the capital.

Spending the day as a tourist alone had not been ideal, but she'd loved the lakes and greenery that cut through the heart of the city.

Any joy she'd gotten from Chişinău, however, was dying a rapid and furious death.

She tapped her foot in agitation against the bar.

This pit stop in Moldova was an annoyance for Rose from the start. Leaving Ireland was supposed to be about hunting down Kiyonari. Kiyo was a cursed immortal werewolf and an acquaintance of Fionn's. He was also Fionn's first choice to hunt down and protect Niamh Farren.

Niamh was like Rose—one of the seven fae-borne children with the ability to open the gates to Faerie. There were only four of them left now. Technically three, since Thea MacLennan had been transformed into a werewolf by her alpha werewolf mate.

Protecting the fae who were left felt like Rose's calling. And Niamh was personal. Not only did Rose think of her as a sister but she was Fionn's descendant. A little over two months ago, Rose, Niamh, and her brother Ronan were ambushed by Rose's Irish relatives who just happened to be members of a powerful coven looking to protect the gates to Faerie.

By protect, they meant to kill Rose.

To Rose's everlasting guilt, Ronan got caught in the crossfire and was killed instead.

Niamh took off before Rose could stop her, and now there was evidence she was playing Superwoman, saving humans left, right, and center, and generally drawing attention to herself. She needed an intervention and protection. However, since putting Rose and Niamh in the same room together meant giving their enemies the chance to take them out in one fell swoop, Fionn had come up with the plan to pay a cursed mercenary werewolf to play bodyguard until Niamh either saw sense or their enemies were finally neutralized.

Considering the latter was near impossible at present, Rose thought it was a big ask of Kiyō. Who knew how long he'd be required to guard her sister fae? But Fionn was willing to pay whatever it took to protect Niamh in lieu of his absence from her life.

*Speaking of his absence ...* Rose shoved the empty plate of food away and sighed.

She'd had to eat at the bar because her mate couldn't be bothered to turn up for their date.

Rose had put on a dress and heels for him, for God's sake.

Energy crackled at her fingertips, energy she was desperate to unleash and couldn't without drawing attention from the humans around her.

All Rose had wanted was to find Kiyō at the fight in Bucharest he'd mentioned he'd be attending. She'd met him when Fionn needed to blow off steam, which he apparently did at supernatural underground fights. They'd attended one in France. He'd fought the sexy werewolf who happened to be the only immortal werewolf in the world. Rose didn't know how or why. Fionn wouldn't tell her.

*"The wolf hasn't told me exactly how it happened, so how can I tell you?"*

At the fight in France, Kiyō had asked Fionn if he would be at the big underground fight in Romania in two months. It was their only lead to tracking him down. But it meant Niamh had been on her own for over two months, and that was way too long for Rose's liking.

But Fionn insisted on stopping in Moldova to check on his wine company. Wine company! One of many businesses he kept track of with impressive mastery.

Other than drinking the stuff, Rose was uninterested in wine, and Fionn had suggested she stay in the city while he travel the twelve miles south to his vineyard and underground winery. It would be all boring business conversations. Very dull.

So, despite not wanting to stop in Moldova in the first place, Rose was stuck, bored, alone, and antsy.

To make it up to her, Fionn said he'd meet her at the restaurant of her choice, and they'd have a date night.

A date night.

It was a pretty big promise from an immortal fae ex-warrior Irish king who hadn't dated anyone in the three centuries he'd spent above ground.

Side note: He'd spent almost seventeen centuries buried alive and under a sleeping spell cast by druids. The big guy could be forgiven for being inexperienced when it came to dating. Truthfully, Rose wasn't too concerned about date nights. Fionn was her mate. They shared a mating bond.

To say she was satisfied by their relationship was the understatement of the century.

However, when a guy promised you date night and then didn't show up, he was asking to be fae-kicked in the balls.

The bartender shot her another sympathetic smile, and Rose groaned under her breath. When Fionn didn't show in time, they'd asked her to give up the table. Hungry, she decided to eat at the bar and wait to see if her mate decided to make an appearance.

No such luck.

The bastard hadn't even texted—

As if he'd read her mind, her phone buzzed from inside her clutch purse. Rose scoffed under her breath as she took out the phone. She was all dressed up sexy and he wasn't even there to see it.

***Sorry, mo chroí, running late. Leaving the winery now.***

He hadn't even left the winery yet!

Rose threw back the glass of wine and tried not to slam it on the counter. With her strength, it would shatter. It hadn't taken Rose long to grapple with her fae strength and powers, once the spell that had been blocking them broke. Fionn said she was a natural. However, now and then, mostly when she was pissed at something (or *someone*), she really had to think about it.

A tingle skittered down Rose's neck. Dread filled her gut. Her pulse raced.

All her preternatural warning signs of danger.

She tensed and looked into the mirror behind the bar. Her gaze zeroed in on the man striding across the restaurant, his eyes pinned to her back.

An overhead light caught his face and for a brief second, his eyes flashed silver.

Vampire.

And if she felt danger, this was a vampire on the hunt.

Shit.

Rose exhaled inwardly. It had to be on a night she was wearing goddamn four-inch heels.

"O doamnă drăgușă nu ar trebui să bea niciodată singură." The vampire slid onto the stool beside her, smiling a smile that would have been charming on a snake.

Taking in his dark suit, black shirt, and slicked-back, oily hair, Rose despaired. This guy was just playing to stereotype.

"I don't speak Romanian," she told him, trying not to sound bored.

After all, if Fionn was running late, Rose needed a distraction. Killing a vampire on the hunt sounded like just the thing that would piss him off as much as he'd pissed her off. So, she had to act like she was interested in the vamp.

Not all vampires were killers. In fact, most weren't. Bran, Fionn's right-hand tech guy, was one of the good ones. Still, Rose had been attacked by a vampire, and she couldn't say she was a big fan. Bran was her exception.

"I said, a pretty lady should never drink alone." The vamp's knees practically touched hers. "You're American."

Rose knew the vampire had zeroed in on her because she "felt" different from the humans. Something a little extra. He didn't know why. He probably thought her blood smelled better.

But it was the fae in her. It attracted all manner of beasties.

And she could sit there and flirt and seduce him out into the alley, but that would take more time and patience than she currently had.

"Want to get out of here?" she asked instead, giving an air of insouciance she hoped he found appealing.

He raised an eyebrow at her forwardness. "You don't want me to buy you a drink?"

Spinning around on her stool, Rose swung out her bare legs. She had it on good authority from her mate that she had legs that made a man think very, very sexy things. Like having them wrapped around him.

Rose was thrilled when she'd heard that.

She wasn't so thrilled with the vamp ogling her bare skin like it was the first course. Covering her shudder, she jumped off the stool, feeling adrenaline course through her. Rose loved a good fight.

"Well?"

The vampire smirked and stood, placing a hand on her lower back. "Let's go."

It was embarrassingly easy to lead the moron into the alley behind the restaurant.

As soon as they were enveloped in the dark, far enough away from the opening where anyone might see or hear, he shoved her against the wall and pinned her there.

He licked his lips. "I do love how easy you Americans are. I'm going to drink you dry and no one will know any better."

Rose narrowed her eyes, her skin flushing hot, heart racing as her power sparked to life, a hum across her skin. She really hated when people treated her like a cliché. Mostly, she hated misogynists who thought it was okay for them to screw around but somehow not okay for women to do the same.

Also, he'd just given her permission to rip out his heart.

The vamp tensed, his fingers tightening around her wrists.

He'd felt her power.

"What are you?"

She grinned. "I thought I was just an easy American?" Rose threw her arms out, not only breaking his hold but sending him flying and crashing into the opposite wall. He came down hard onto some garbage cans, and she felt a moment of unease shift over her.

The scene was too much like the night she was attacked. The night the vampire inadvertently knocked her head so hard, he broke the goddamn spell holding back her powers. Fionn, who had been following her for his own nefarious reasons, had killed the vamp and taken her back to his hotel.

That's not how this scene would end, though.

The vamp flew at her, his feet lifting off the ground in a panther-like lunge that would have impressed her had his incisors not been out, ready to inflict damage. Rose *traveled* (her ability to teleport) behind him and he smacked comically into the wall where she'd been standing.

Her heel hit a crack in the ground as she took a step toward him and her ankle went over. Steadying her balance, she cursed the damn shoes and got herself together in time for the vamp as he came at her again. The asshole grabbed her by the throat and slammed her hard against the alley wall, the impact of which would have knocked out a human. Rose just glared in irritation at the vamp.

The wall was damp and near the garbage. “I just bought this dress and now it’ll need to be dry cleaned before my mate even gets to see me in it.”

He hissed at her, his grip tightening around her neck, and although uncomfortable, it didn’t elicit the fear he obviously wanted from her. Rose grabbed his wrist and twisted with all her might, the answering crack extremely satisfying. He yelled in outrage, letting go of her to clutch his broken wrist.

“What the hell are you?” he demanded.

Rose huffed, brushing the alley residue off the black dress.

He came at her again. But she was ready.

She slammed her stiletto heel down into his thigh, feeling it pop through flesh, and he fell to his knees in shock. With a jerk, she pulled it back out again and decided maybe heels weren’t such a bad idea in a fight, after all.

“What am I?” Rose asked, crossing her arms over her chest. “I’m death to scumbag supernaturals like—hey! Arrghh!” The vamp took her to the ground, her head smacking off the cold concrete. His incisors out, he lunged for her neck.

His teeth didn’t even *scrape* her skin before she punched her fist through his chest, wrapped her hand around the wet, hot muscle of his heart, and wrenched it out of his body. It turned to dust in her hand as the rest of him exploded into ash.

And into her open mouth.

Rose coughed in disgust. “Blech, ugh. Fuck, fuck!” She wretched, turning onto her side to spit him out. “Oh my God, that was traumatizing.”

“That’s what you get for luring a vampire into a fight.”

Groaning at the deep rumble of her mate’s voice, Rose lifted her head as Fionn strode down the alley toward her. He reached down and hauled her to her feet as if she weighed nothing. His green gaze took in her attire, now covered in vamp ashes, and he shook his head in exasperation.

While she undoubtedly was a mess, he looked delicious as always in a three-piece suit and wool overcoat.

“You’re late,” Rose snapped, pulling her arm out of his grasp.

“And that constitutes hunting a vampire?”

“Hey, I was minding my own business when he tried to hunt me.” She grimaced. “Now I have dead vampire on my tongue.”

Fionn’s mouth twitched. “Well, since I’m so late, I’d suggest grabbing a midnight snack, but it seems you’ve already had one.”

“Oh, har har,” Rose guffawed in irritation as they strolled out of the alley.

“You’re wearing heels and a dress.”

“Yes, Mr. Obvious, I am wearing heels and a dress.” She brushed off the vamp dust as best she could. They walked in the direction of their hotel. “See, I was promised a date.”

“Rose.” His tone was placating and he reached for her hand to draw her to a stop.

Traitorous butterflies fluttered in her belly as he pulled her against him. He was so tall, she had to tilt her head to meet his striking gaze. The urge to wrap her arms around his neck like she’d normally do was real, but Rose was still pissed.

“I’m sorry I got embroiled in business. It was unforgivably rude to leave you alone, *mo chroi*.”

It was hard to stay mad at him whenever he used the Irish endearment for “my heart,” but he wasn’t getting away with it so easily tonight.

“Don’t ever stand me up again.”

Fionn’s expression turned serious. “I won’t. I promise.”

“Fine.” She tried to pull away but he wouldn’t let her.

“Rose, don’t stay mad at me. You know I hate it.”

“Which is why I should stay mad at you ... but you know I have no patience for huffiness. So, we’re going back to the hotel, and I don’t care how tired you are, you’re going to help me work off this excess adrenaline.” She slapped his chest. “I’m talking multiple orgasms, mister.”

His teeth flashed white in the dark. “Not exactly a punishment for me.”

“Ha, that’s where you’re wrong because I’m not going to brush my teeth before you kiss me. That’s right. Your midnight snack”—she gestured to herself—“comes with dead-vamp ash tongue on the side.” She tugged from his hold and marched toward the hotel.

Fionn’s laughter rang out across the street, drawing people’s gaze, and suddenly, she was flying back into his side as he wrapped his arm around her shoulders. Rose rolled her eyes and burrowed into the heat and strength of him.

When he laughed like that, it made it *really* hard to stay mad at him.

## CHAPTER TWO

Considering their enemies hadn't given up on finding Rose, Fionn paid the extra expense for private flights first to Moldova, and then to Romania. They used one of his many aliases to stay off radar.

During the short flight from Chişinău to Bucharest, Rose had sat opposite him, napping. He'd felt smug about why. He was a man who accepted a challenge and then took it into the next stratosphere. Fionn extorted so many orgasms out of his mate after her fight with that vampire, she'd passed out, only for him to wake her an hour later to tell her they had a flight to catch.

Through the desire that never faded, and Fionn doubted ever would, his concern lived and breathed in constant residence in his gut. As much as he was determined to make sure Niamh, his descendant, his blood, was protected, taking Rose anywhere near the other fae-borne was dangerous. While he and Rose were harder to keep track of, and a more intimidating proposal since there were two of them, Niamh was lighting up all over the map. It was like she wanted to get caught.

And if he knew where she was and what she was doing, there was no doubt in his mind that their greatest enemy, the Blackwood Coven, was already after her. The Blackwoods were an American coven of witches and warlocks whose aim it was to open the gates to Faerie in Ireland so they could live amongst the fae. The naive morons had no idea the devastation the fae would unleash on the world. They had no respect for humans, or the werewolves and vampires created by their magic.

As the plane landed in the private airport just outside the city, Rose stirred. Her eyelashes fluttered; her eyes opened and came to rest on him. He stared into her striking, light blue eyes and felt at peace, despite his worries over her safety.

She gave him a small smirk. “Why do you look unfairly handsome and sexy after no sleep, while I undoubtedly look like hell?”

“You look beautiful, *mo chroí*.” Fionn never lied.

In answer, she slipped off her seatbelt and crossed the small distance between their seats. Fionn raised an eyebrow as his mate straddled him, running her fingertips along the scruff on his cheeks. He gripped her petite but gorgeous arse in his hands and murmured, “We’ve landed. There’s no time for this.”

Rose grinned that wicked, flirtatious smile of hers that he fucking adored. “There’s always time for this.”

“Did I not satisfy you last night?” he murmured against her mouth.

“You always satisfy me.” She crushed her mouth down on his and ground her body against him.

Blood rushed hot and thick and southward as he kissed her, part hungry and part annoyed that she’d started something they couldn’t finish. He nipped at her mouth as he broke the kiss and squeezed her arse. “*Mo chroí*, we need to stop, or you’ll find yourself being thoroughly fucked in front of a private airline crew.”

“Just trying to take your mind off stuff.” She pressed a sweet kiss to his nose and then jumped off his lap. “You were looking pensive.”

Before he could respond, the flight attendant appeared to help them disembark.

“You know, private jets are bad for the environment,” Rose repeated a lecture she’d given when they departed Ireland. “A private jet traveler produces ten times—”

“As much greenhouse gas as an economy class traveler on a commercial flight.” He took her hand as they crossed the airstrip to where a car waited for them. “I know, Rose. But your safety is my priority.”

“Climate change should be everyone’s priority.”

He couldn't exactly argue with her, but what the hell did she want him to do? "You wanted to get to this fight as quickly as possible. We can't travel by commercial flight because it's too dangerous. You're trapped up there with nowhere to go if an enemy is on the same flight. If we travel by train, it takes ages and gives an enemy more chances to find you."

"We flew commercially before."

"Before I got my head out of my arse and realized you were the most important thing in the world to me. I won't chance it now. If we were going anywhere else but to a fight, an event the Blackwoods will be tracking because of me, we could. But we can't take any chances."

Rose sighed as they reached the car. "You're right. I'm sorry. I'm not trying to piss you off."

"Yes, you are. You love pissing me off." He reached out to shake the hand of the driver and introduce himself.

Once they were settled in the back seat, Rose scooted over and cuddled into Fionn's side. If someone had told him a year ago that he'd not only have a mate but one who loved to touch him all the time and that he'd be thrilled about the touching, Fionn would have laughed in their face.

"Fancy hotel or low-key hotel?" she asked.

Knowing she referred to the fact that he stayed in all manner of hotels depending on how visible they wanted to be, he replied, "Sorry, *mo chroí*, low-key hotel while we're in Bucharest."

"You know I'm okay with that."

She was. Although his mate seemed to enjoy the pleasures afforded by his wealth, she was used to working hard and living in the kind of apartments he wouldn't put an employee up in. Fionn was once an Iron Age king. His roundhouse had been the finest in the kingship. He

liked the finer things in life, and he saw no point in pretending otherwise. To have those things, he'd worked hard to build his wealth over the centuries to acquire them.

Still, he liked Rose's practical and easygoing nature, and how she still continued to be surprised by the things his money brought into her life.

They'd just entered the city limits when his phone rang. Seeing it was Bran, Fionn frowned. That could only mean one thing. "Bran," he answered gruffly, putting the vampire on speaker.

Rose lifted her head from Fionn's shoulder. "Hey, Bran."

"Hey, Rose," Bran answered in his thick Dublin accent. "I saw you just landed. Heads up, I've flagged Blackwood activity in Bucharest. Four members arrived at the airport this morning. They won't know for definite you're there, but they'll have sent some people in the off chance you'd turn up for the fight."

Fionn bit back a curse. "I knew I should have left you at home," he said to Rose, but didn't really mean it. In a perfect world, Rose would have agreed to remain at his castle in Ireland, which was protected by a powerful spell that made it invisible to the outside world.

But his Rose was an adventurer, an explorer, a wanderer. He was lucky to get her to agree to spend a few months a year at the castle.

She narrowed her eyes. "I'm going to forget you said that."

He grunted and turned back to the phone. "Who is organizing this fight? We need to contact them, let them know there's Blackwood activity, and have them ban any witch or warlock from entering this fight." A witch or warlock could fight, but they weren't allowed to use their magic, so not many ever attended.

"I can do that now. I'll let you know when it's done. But keep a low profile. They'll still be waiting outside the fight grounds."

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The fight was taking place in Crevedia, thirty minutes northwest of their small hotel in the Sector 1 area of Bucharest. The warehouse was isolated, free from inquisitive human interference. Fionn parked the nondescript rental car a few blocks from the building. Using their fae magic to cloak themselves, he and Rose approached on foot.

“You stay by my side the entire time,” he said as the warehouse came into view.

“*You stay by my side the entire time, gorgeous.*”

Fionn’s lips twitched. “This is serious, *mo chroí.*”

“I know. You know how I know? You’re wearing your sexy, serious face, and to be frank, it’s pissing me off. Your sexy, serious face is very distracting.” She grinned up at him.

“Makes me want to kiss the serious right out of you.”

“Focus, Rose. By that, I mean stop flirting with me.”

She chuckled instead, which usually meant she intended to flirt with him until he shut her up the only way she liked.

The sight of supernaturals making their way into the building caused his amusement to flee. “Uncloak. We’re vamps, remember.”

Rose nodded and released the shadows that masked her figure as she walked. They slithered back to whence they came, along with Fionn’s. Serious now, Rose’s eyes darted around surreptitiously. “I don’t feel anything.”

She referred to their fae ability to sense danger. Fionn couldn’t sense anything either.

“Doesn’t mean they aren’t on their way. Let’s get inside and find the wolf.”

He wanted this over with.

Gesturing for Rose to walk ahead of him, Fionn was prepared for anything or anyone who might come at them. The guards stopped them at the gate. They were wolves and sensed something off about Fionn and Rose. Other supernaturals always did.

Fionn and his mate cast spells over themselves so they appeared to have fangs, and when the light hit their eyes, they flashed silver.

When he and Rose bared their teeth a little at the wolves, the two alpha males relaxed and gestured for them to go on ahead into the building.

“Déjà vu,” Rose muttered under her breath as they entered the warehouse. She referred to the fact that it looked exactly like the underground fight they’d attended in France over a few months ago.

Two large circles had formed in the massive space. Two fights. Supernaturals circling each, fists above their heads, baying for blood.

At the warehouse in Orléans, Fionn had been itching to fight. The whole purpose of them attending it had been to expel the pent-up sexual frustration he’d felt toward Rose. At the time, he’d been planning to use Rose despicably in his revenge against the Fae Queen. It didn’t even bear thinking about now.

Fionn had fought Kiyō, the only supernatural who proved a challenging opponent, and the wolf had suggested Fionn have sex with Rose instead.

The wolf would be pleased to know Fionn eventually took his advice.

Having just made love to Rose a few hours ago, Fionn didn’t need to fight. He was in no mood to fight. He wanted to find the werewolf, enlist his services, and get Rose the fuck out of Romania.

“Do you see him?” Rose asked, searching the fighters.

“Looking for me?”

The familiar American accent caused a ripple of annoyance. Fionn sighed. It both pissed him off and baffled him that the werewolf could approach undetected like that.

He and his mate turned to face the wolf. The half-Japanese, half-American Kiyō stood before them, ready for battle. His dark, chin-length hair was already tied into a knot on his head. His powerful body was on display as he wore only dark jeans, torso and feet bare.

Kiyō gripped a katana in hand. The sword was encased in a scabbard. He scowled at Fionn.

Fionn shot a look at his mate to make sure she wasn't ogling the wolf. She'd made it clear that she found the broody bastard attractive.

Rose studied Kiyō's face, and there was no small amount of wariness in her eyes. She wasn't sure the werewolf was the best candidate to protect Niamh. But Fionn could think of no other supernatural who would do. Kiyōnari was almost as strong and fast as Fionn himself.

"I came with a proposition for you."

The wolf raised an eyebrow. "Proposition?" His gaze flicked to Rose. "Does it involve your mate?"

Fionn tensed. How the hell did the bastard know Rose was his mate?

Kiyō tapped his nose. "I can smell it. Your scents are now as one."

Rose shot Fionn a look as if to say, "You really trust this guy?"

He did.

At least more than he trusted most.

"Can we talk?"

Kiyō shook his head. "First, we fight."

"I'm not here to fight."

“Well, that’s a shame.” Kiyō moved toward him but sidestepped at the last minute. He stopped at Fionn’s shoulder. At six foot seven, Fionn had a good five inches on the wolf, but that didn’t seem to bother the immortal. “I came here to fight, and no one is a real challenge but you. Give me a good fight ... and I’ll listen to whatever you have to say. That’s the deal.”

Frustration burned in Fionn’s throat. “I don’t have time. Enemies of ours could be on their way to the warehouse now.”

“Not my problem.”

Rose tried to push by him to get to the wolf. “Listen, asshole, we’ve got—”

Fionn grabbed her by the elbow to haul her back. She cut him a dirty look. He glared at her. Insulting the werewolf would not get them anywhere. Rose understood his silent message and huffed in irritation. “Fine.”

Releasing her, Fionn shrugged out of his coat and handed it to her. While no one was looking, he conjured a katana beneath the folds of the coat and looked over at Kiyō. Satisfaction gleamed in his dark eyes.

While Rose held the katana, Fionn took off his shirt and waistcoat. Her eyes devoured the sight of him just before he bent down to press a kiss to her lips. “Stay close,” he said.

“Kick his ass, handsome.”

He winked at her in promise and felt her follow him as Kiyō led them to a fight. They only had to wait a few minutes before it ended, and Kiyō strode into the center of the circle to claim the next battle. When the crowd saw Fionn join him, excitement filled the circle. Both Kiyō and Fionn were familiar opponents, and everyone knew they were in for some good entertainment.

This time, however, Fionn was a begrudging opponent, and he was going to take it out of the werewolf’s hide.

He flicked a quick look at Rose to make sure she was safe. She stood, holding his things clutched to her chest, her light eyes blazing with a mingle of agitation and utter belief in his abilities.

Fionn's chest swelled. That ancient, male-human part of him that required him to prove his physical prowess in front of the woman he loved reared its animalistic head.

Oh yeah, Kiyō was going to get the arse-kicking of a lifetime.

## CHAPTER THREE

Watching Fionn and Kiyō fight wasn't exactly a hardship. Her mate was mammoth and muscled and moved with a grace that belied his powerful physique and height. He wore the fierce, concentrated, "in battle mode" face that was too sexy for words.

As for Kiyō, there was no denying the wolf was fun to look at—fantastic broad shoulders, narrow waist, and pecs and abs to die for. His jeans hung low on his hips, showing off his incredible V-cut obliques. This masculine gorgeousness was all wrapped up in smooth, fawn skin, except for a long, white scar across his belly that Rose remembered seeing the last time he and Fionn fought. Only silver could permanently scar a werewolf, so someone who knew what he was had come after him.

When she looked at Fionn's battle expression, she got all the flutters in her belly. When she looked at Kiyō, those flutters died. With his large black eyes, broad nose, high cheekbones, thick black hair tied into a man bun, and full-lipped mouth with a very defined, prominent cupid's bow, the wolf had the kind of face a photographer would fall in love with. However, the expression on his face was arctic. The guy was rude, intimidating, and cold.

Rose did not feel good about sending him after Niamh.

Before Ronan was killed, Niamh was a gentle soul. Yeah, she could fight when she wanted to, but that wasn't who she was. Burdened by her psychic abilities, Niamh was sensitive. As far as Rose could tell.

Wouldn't Niamh just run a million miles as soon as someone like Kiyō attempted to approach her?

Despite how hot the rippling muscles, speed, and grace of the two males in front of her was, Rose grew impatient. If Fionn believed this was the right guy for the job, then she

trusted him. But Rose wanted this done. She wanted Kiyō on his way to Niamh before the Blackwoods or The Garm got to her.

The Garm were a group raised by an ancient vampire named Eirik who had lived during the time of the fae. He'd even spent time in Faerie. And he hated the fae. It was purported he was there when the Faerie Queen expelled all supernaturals and humans from Faerie. He'd told of the Fae Queen's spell that she cast into the human world. She foretold the spell would bring about the birth of seven fae-borne children with the ability to open the gate. Eirik and The Garm had waited centuries for the children to be born, and when they were, he began to hunt them.

Eirik was killed by Thea MacLennan, but The Garm still existed. They still hunted.

And while Rose didn't fear them for her own sake, she feared them for Niamh now that the young woman was on her own.

As if Fionn could feel Rose's mounting impatience, he suddenly let go of an almighty roar, pulled back his knee toward his chest, and then punched it out, foot planted on Kiyō's gut.

The wolf soared into the crowd, taking down a few supes with him like bowling pins.

Silence fell across the warehouse.

Rose felt more than a tingle of heat between her thighs as Fionn cut her a dark, satisfied look. His nostrils flared at her expression. He knew all of Rose's looks, just as she knew all his.

She shivered.

Apparently, they were going to have another very exhausting night in bed when this was over.

He strode toward Kiyō, who pushed off people that had collapsed over him in the fall. As he rose to his feet, he glowered balefully at Fionn. "We're not finished here."

“The fight ends when I say it ends.”

The wolf bristled. “I don’t take orders from anyone. Get back in the circle.”

Rose hissed in a breath seconds before Fionn grabbed Kiyō by the throat and raised him off his feet. In an impressive display of strength, Kiyō swung his legs up and clamped his thighs around Fionn’s neck, propelling them both to the ground with a twist of his torso. Katanas forgotten, they grappled in hand-to-hand combat that had Rose stepping into the circle despite spectator rules.

Grunts and growls filled her ears as fists and legs flew.

Her heart raced.

She knew Fionn was almost impossible to kill, but she’d underestimated Kiyō.

A tingle of magic filled the air and suddenly, Fionn flipped the wolf to his back and pressed a silver blade to his throat—one that he’d obviously just conjured.

Kiyō froze beneath Fionn.

“This ...” Fionn bent his head toward him, his face flushed with anger. “This is why I need your help. Because without this blade, you and I could dance all night. There’s no one else who can challenge me like you, wolf. And I need your help.”

“Put the silver away.”

Fionn lifted the blade and slipped it into the ass pocket of his suit pants.

“Get off me, you big Irish bastard,” Kiyō growled. “And meet me outside in five minutes.”

Rose felt Fionn relax from where she was standing. He gracefully pushed up off the wolf, and to the disappointment of the crowd strode over to retrieve his clothes from Rose.

Their eyes held as she handed him his shirt first. “Will he help?”

Fionn nodded. To her surprise, amusement lit his green eyes. “Do you believe me now?”

Yeah, unfortunately, Rose did. Kiyō was capable of protecting Niamh—that much was certain.

Still, that didn't mean she trusted him. But she would have to because they were about to tell him the truth.

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“Fae.” Kiyō looked between Fionn and Rose in the rental car still parked a few blocks from the warehouse.

Rose nodded reluctantly.

Kiyō shrugged. “I already knew that.”

Fionn narrowed his eyes. “Bullshit.”

“No, I've known since that last fight. I used to think perhaps you were a warlock that had been cursed with immortality like me. But your eyes flashed gold just before our fight in France.”

Rose threw Fionn a questioning look. “Your eyes flashed gold?” That only happened when a fae lost control, and it never happened to Fionn in a fight. The only time she'd seen it was when they were having sex.

He threw her a droll look. “If you remember correctly, I was somewhat *frustrated* by your presence in my life.”

Rose snorted. “True.”

He turned back to Kiyō. “So, you put two and two together?”

The wolf nodded. “It doesn't come as a surprise that the origin stories are true. What does it have to do with me?”

“As I explained, the Blackwood Coven are determined to use the fae-borne to open the gate, and The Garm are determined to kill the fae before they can.”

“I’ve heard of both these groups. I thought The Garm were just a bunch of religious fools, though.” He frowned in concentration. “So, they’ve killed these children? People like Rose.”

“There are only three left. My descendant, Niamh Farren, is one of them,” Fionn said. “Her brother was recently killed, and she’s ... she’s no longer taking precautions to stay hidden. She’s all over the map, using her fae gifts to interfere in human life.”

“Playing Superwoman,” Rose interjected.

“And you’re trusting me with this information why?”

“I’m not.” Rose stared coldly at him. “My mate is. My trust is by default.”

Kiyo’s expression remained cool and blank. He couldn’t care less if she trusted him, that much was sure.

“I want to hire you.” Fionn cut to the chase. “I know you provide all kinds of services for a price.”

All kinds?

Rose drew her gaze up and down the wolf. He wore a shirt now, but her mind went to a dirty place.

It was as if he read it. His tone was flat as he replied, “No, I don’t fuck for money, so if you’re after a threesome, look elsewhere.” His eyes narrowed dangerously. “Though, I’ll fuck you on your own for free.”

Fionn pulled back his elbow and smashed his fist into the wolf’s face so fast, Rose barely had time to compute it had happened.

While Kiyo slammed against the passenger bench in the back of the car, Rose squeezed her eyes closed.

He was never going to agree to it now.

When she opened her eyes, Kiyō and Fionn were glowering at each other in bristling challenge as Kiyō wiped away the blood trickling from his nose. For goodness' sake, the last time they'd met, Kiyō stood by Fionn's side in a fight.

For no price.

He didn't have to do it, but he'd had Fionn's back.

"I thought you two liked each other," she huffed.

"I have no patience for mate-whipped males," Kiyō sneered.

"And I have no patience for dogs that disrespect me."

"Okay, okay." Rose gently nudged Fionn back and turned to look at Kiyō from her spot in the front passenger seat. "Fionn trusts you, which is a big deal whether you care or not. And he's willing to pay you a lot of money to find Niamh and protect her."

Kiyō's brows drew together. "Play bodyguard to a fae woman?"

"Got a problem with fae women?" Rose's tone was dangerous.

"I thought you were strong enough to protect yourself, that's all."

"We do all right. But we're targets, Kiyō. We have enemies, and I've had a few close calls. Niamh's brother was killed. She needs backup."

"How much will you pay me?"

Fionn told him and added, "Per month."

For once, the wolf showed a reaction. His eyebrows rose by a millimeter. Rose took that to mean he was somewhat taken aback by the sum. To be fair, so was Rose.

"For how many months?"

"Indefinitely."

"You're kidding, right?"

Before Fionn could respond, however, a cold feeling of dread settled over Rose. Her heart raced and a warning tingle shot down her spine. She and Fionn looked at each other, and she knew he felt it.

“Someone’s here,” Fionn bit out. “Someone who wants to fight.”

“How do you know?” Kiyō glanced out of the car window into the dark street.

“It’s a fae thing. Get out of the fucking car or we’ll be sitting ducks.”

All three launched from the car just as the four coven members appeared out of the shadows.

“Shit,” Rose muttered under her breath.

“And who are these uninvited guests?” Kiyō asked casually. He looked so far from intimidated, Rose couldn’t help but admire him.

“Blackwood Coven,” Fionn replied.

Two warlocks and two witches. Rose didn’t recognize any of them.

“You sure?”

“We have it on authority that four members arrived in Bucharest.”

“We don’t want to fight!” One of the warlocks stepped forward. “We’re just here to take the woman into our custody. This doesn’t need to be a bloodbath. Hand her over, and we’ll leave peacefully.”

It was the wrong thing to say to Fionn.

One minute he was at her side. The next, he *traveled* and broke the neck of the warlock who’d spoken. As the coven members jumped into attack mode, Fionn *traveled* behind the other warlock and did the same to him.

However, the witches were already on the move for Rose.

She braced herself for attack as they raised their hands, running toward her. Suddenly, the air was gone from her lungs and Rose fell to her knees, clutching at her chest. This seemed a go-to for witches and warlocks, and they always forgot one thing:

Rose was immortal. She didn't need oxygen to live. Yes, it was uncomfortable, but not a necessity.

Pushing through the discomfort, she concentrated on one of the witches and slammed out a fist toward her so that she flew into a telephone pole with a sickening crack.

The air returned to Rose's lungs, and she got to her feet in time to see Kiyō with the other witch suspended in the air by the throat. Her hand was on his head, and his body juddered as she sent magic into him, magic that was obviously painful. Yet he held on, teeth bared, canines out.

With a simple twist of the wrist, he broke the witch's neck with one hand.

Impressive.

Rose shot a look at Fionn who had been waiting on the sidelines, watching.

He smirked as if to say, "I told you so."

Yeah, he did.

"Well, that was over embarrassingly fast," she said, coming to a stop by Kiyō's side. "If we hadn't already killed them they'd die of humiliation." Rose snorted at her own joke.

Feeling Kiyō's stare, she looked up at him.

He cut a look from her to Fionn and said to her mate, "Really?"

Rose braced her hands on her hips. "Meaning what?"

"You're... odd. And chatty."

Rose took offense to that. She didn't think she was particularly chatty. Irreverent? Sure.

"Yeah, well my mate thinks I'm delightful."

"Not the word I'd choose, *mo chroí*," Fionn said, staring down at the dead bodies.

“Oh?”

At her snippy tone, he looked over at her. “You’re fucking magnificent.” He said it like that should be obvious to anyone who knew her.

And Rose melted.

“Let me clean this up.”

Rose shot Kiyō a smug look as Fionn turned the bodies to ash with a flick of his hand. The wolf muttered something under his breath that sounded a lot like “mate whipped.”

She ignored him.

He didn’t know what he was missing.

“So?” Fionn marched across the dark road toward Kiyō. “Are you in or out?”

Kiyō considered this. “Indefinitely, you say?”

“You see what we’re up against.”

“That pathetic attempt to take Rose?” the wolf sneered. “I can’t believe you’re worried about the Blackwoods after that.”

“Hey, wolf dude.” Rose got in his face. “There were three of us. Three very powerful immortals against four witches and warlocks. Niamh is on her own. Even if she could fight off two at a time, the other two would take her down.”

“With what? It appears you’re impervious to death.”

Rose and Fionn exchanged a wary look. Since many supernaturals didn’t believe in the existence of the fae, it never occurred to them to research the weapon that would kill them. While silver to the heart could kill a wolf, and a wooden stake to the heart would kill a vampire, both could also be killed by decapitation or by simply ripping their heart from their chest. An explosion would do the job too.

A fae, however, could be killed by only one thing: a pure iron blade to the heart.

Fionn gave Rose a slight shake of his head. Then he turned to Kiyo. “Agree to protect Niamh by an unbreakable contract spell, and I’ll tell you the one weakness of the fae.”

Uh, what?

Rose glanced between the two males; Kiyo’s expression darkened.

“An unbreakable contract? Are you fucking nuts?”

Her mate shook his head. “I’ll double the monthly payment. But I’ll need assurance you will protect Niamh with your life and that you’ll protect our secret. An unbreakable contract assures me of that.”

“What is it?” Rose asked.

Kiyo replied, “It’s a spell bound in the blood of the two parties who make the contract. If I were to fail *deliberately* in protecting Niamh, the spell would bring me to Fionn, and I’d be unable to escape him.”

“And I’d kill him where he stood,” Fionn finished. His cold, detached tone reminded Rose of how ruthless her mate could be.

“Oh.” Rose’s heart raced a little at the mounting tension between the men. “So, no biggie, then?”

Fionn shot her a dark look, but she caught the telltale twitch of his lips.

“Is this Niamh woman as ...” He gestured to Rose with a vague wave of his hand.

“As awesome as me?” Rose answered, glaring at him. “Yeah, she is.”

“That wasn’t the word I was thinking of.”

“Niamh doesn’t have Rose’s ... singular energy,” Fionn cut in diplomatically. “But she has other gifts that make her situation a little more complicated. But I won’t tell you what those are until you agree to the contract.”

The wolf considered them for a few seconds, his arms crossed over his chest. And then he relaxed. “Fine. I don’t have anywhere else to be. But I want the first month’s payment up front.”

## CHAPTER FOUR

Fionn was so agitated after leaving Kiyo in Romania, Rose thought a little relaxation would do him good.

It occurred to Rose as he sat next to her on a beach lounger, talking on the phone to some business associate, that she'd temporarily lost her mind when she convinced her mate to come to the Maldives.

The luxury resort was paradise. Yet, it didn't seem to be for Fionn. As much as Rose liked to be on the move, Fionn liked to keep *busy*. Lounging on white sands with turquoise waters rippling before them wasn't his thing. Rose just hadn't known what to do after Kiyo and Fionn forged their contract and the wolf took off with a phone connecting him to Bran. Bran would help Kiyo locate Niamh based on her activities.

Now that they knew Kiyo would help protect Niamh, Rose no longer had a mission. She'd suggested to Fionn that they hunt vampires who were killing humans, but he said that while the European High Council and others like it around the world kept dark magic users in check with dark magic hunters, there was another governing body that did the same with dark supernaturals.

"Vampire hunters are a thing, Rose," Fionn had explained, "and you need to be registered with the Consortium to hunt them legally."

"The Consortium?"

"Every continent has one. Founded by vampires and werewolves. They send out hunters to deal with supernaturals who are either killing or bringing unwanted human attention to our world."

Rose had suggested they join the Consortium, but Fionn vigorously shot down that idea.

“I’ve been free to run my own life for centuries, *mo chroí*. Join the Consortium and you answer to them.”

So that was a *no* on hunting vamps.

While the sun was free to turn Rose’s skin a golden brown while she wore nothing but a blue bikini, Fionn wore suit pants and a short-sleeved shirt. The sleeves strained against his biceps as he held his phone to his ear. She couldn’t see his expression behind his sunglasses, but she could guess he was glowering out at the water.

Once he got off the phone, she turned to him. “I should get involved in one of your businesses.”

Fionn looked up from his laptop, and she saw a hint of a smirk on his face. “You’re already involved in my most important business—a very valued member of the team.”

Knowing exactly what *sexy* business he referred to, she made a face. “Funny.”

“I wasn’t kidding,” he murmured, tapping at the mouse pad on his laptop.

“I’m serious, Fionn. I need a focus. Otherwise, I’ll go nuts with boredom or with worrying about what’s happening with Niamh and the other fae-borne we haven’t been able to track down.”

“It’s not safe anymore, Rose. We have to stay out of it now.”

She knew that. She did. And she knew it was difficult for Fionn to stay out of it, and the only reason he was, was because he was afraid something might happen to her. “I know. So give me something else to do. You have a million businesses. Surely one of them will interest me.”

He considered this. “Why choose one? We’re partners, are we not?”

Rose grinned. “Yes.”

“Then I’m happy to share the burden of it all with you.”

“But I don’t know anything about *any* of your businesses.”

“You can learn. I’ll take you on as my apprentice.”

There was something in the husky tone of his words that made Rose’s body tingle. “I think you like that idea.”

“I do. I’m particularly looking forward to you fucking up something so I can call you into my office to punish you for the mistake.”

Rose threw her head back in laughter. “Kinky bastard.”

He flashed her a wicked grin.

Shaking her head at his mischief, she swung her legs off the lounge, intending to go for a swim. “Okay. When we get out of here, I’m starting as your apprentice.” She stood. “And I’m not opposed to playing out dirty-boss scenarios with you at all, handsome.”

“Why don’t we start now?”

“Because I’m going for a swim.” She walked away, the sand hot beneath her feet as she made her way down to the water’s edge. Rose had never seen water this color before. It was like every photograph of paradise she’d ever come across. Lagoon blues mixed with emerald greens.

After swimming and floating in the ocean for a while, Rose was in the mood for a cocktail. She swam back to shore and strolled up the beach, the sun drying her wet bikini and skin. As she approached their loungers, however, she felt Fionn’s agitation before their eyes connected.

His shades were off, and he was glowering so hard, Rose wouldn’t have been surprised if he’d produce a little dark cloud over his head with the amount of irritated energy he was expelling.

Rose stopped at his chair, legs braced. “What’s wrong?”

Fionn’s gaze dragged down her body and back up again. She shivered at the angry heat in them. “Nothing.”

“Liar.”

His glower moved beyond her and Rose followed his gaze. A man whose wife was asleep on the lounge beside him was staring at Rose. As soon as she looked at him, he snapped his head forward.

Understanding dawned.

While Rose didn't consider herself a beauty, she'd always been aware that she had something that drew men to her. She'd thought it was her confidence and lack of sexual hang-ups. Now she knew part of it was actually her fae-ness.

While Fionn wasn't a typical, centuries-old warrior type who had been possessive and Neanderthal-like with his women, he kind of was when it came to his mate. Rose knew he tried not to let that side of him become a problem. He didn't want to act like he somehow owned Rose.

But men openly watching her, lusting after her, bothered the shit out of him.

And Rose wasn't going to lie—she liked it.

Because she was possessive of him too. When women watched him, which they did often, Rose was all about touching and kissing him and sending a message that he was taken.

*Back off, ladies. He's mine.*

“I need to get out of this fucking interminable sun.” Fionn pushed up off the flimsy lounge that had miraculously sustained his weight. “I'll be in the hut.”

They had a suite in a hut with its own private mini pool.

Fionn stalked off without waiting for Rose to say anything.

She shook her head.

What had she been thinking bringing Fionn to an island resort to relax? Neither of them was good at sitting still for very long, and her mate was clearly in hell.

Rose glanced around at their surroundings. Only Fionn would think this place was hell.

Yet it spoke a lot to his feelings for her that he'd put up with the resort for her.

It was time to leave.

But first, Rose was going to seduce the happy back into her mate.

After gathering her stuff, Rose walked to their hut, which was connected to other huts by a boardwalk over the water.

She stepped into the air-conditioned space and closed the sliding glass door behind her.

The small sitting room and kitchenette were empty.

Rose found Fionn in the bedroom that overlooked the little pool, his hands braced on his hips as he stared out at the ocean beyond.

He turned his head to look at her, his brow furrowed and brooding.

God, he was unfairly hot.

"Let's get out of here."

He raised an eyebrow. "We just got here."

"And it was a bad idea." Rose dumped her things on the chair at the dressing table. "I say we move on to wherever you want next, whichever business needs your attention, and then we'll just keep moving. I'll learn about it all as we go. When we're ready for a break, we'll spend a few months at the castle."

Fionn turned to her, arms crossed over his broad chest. "Is that what would make you happy or what you think will make me happy?"

"I hope it'll make us both happy. We won't know until we try." She sighed. "Fionn, you had a mission for three centuries. That's gone now. I can't imagine it's easy to adjust."

He took a step toward her, his expression dark. It made her heart pound. "My mission involved killing you, Rose. Believe me, it's fucking easy to adjust to protecting you now."

She raised her hands in a calming gesture. "Don't twist what I'm saying. I just meant you had focus."

“Focus,” Fionn growled. “You want to see my focus?”

Suddenly his large hands were on her waist and she was flying through the air.

Rose bounced with a gasp on the bed.

Magic tingled in the air and the AC caressed her now-naked skin.

She huffed as Fionn came toward the bed, his clothes gone with another tingle of magic.

“Undressing the human way can be fun, you know.”

His answer was to grab her by the ankles and pull her down the bed toward his mouth.

“But this is fun too,” she said with a sigh as he buried his head between her legs.

Fionn pulled her right leg over his shoulder and pressed his mouth to her.

Everything ceased to exist but the two of them. Nothing else mattered but the feel of his tongue as he licked and sucked her until she gasped his name and begged for more.

When he slid his fingers inside her, the tension, already stretched to breaking, snapped into shattering bliss. Rose cried out as her orgasm rolled through her like a tidal wave, her hips shuddering against Fionn’s mouth as he continued to lick her through it.

Before she’d even recovered, Fionn crawled up her body. Rose tried to catch her breath as she reached out to him, smoothing her hands over the ripples of muscle on his abs as he braced himself above her. His size and strength were a huge turn-on for her, but more than anything, staring into those fierce green eyes of his and seeing how much he wanted her made her burn hot.

“Arms above your head, *mo chroí*,” Fionn demanded.

Rose did as he asked, arching her back, pushing her breasts upward.

Fionn’s eyes turned gold as he watched, and she could feel him throbbing between her spread thighs. He made a guttural sound before his head descended to her chest. Sensation tore through her as he wrapped his hot mouth around her left nipple and sucked.

“Fionn,” she moaned, pushing into him, her fingers curling in his hair as he took his time kissing, licking, and sucking at her breasts. He groaned as he pleased her, his hand dipping between her legs to test her readiness.

No need to test.

Rose was ready.

“Handsome, I need you inside me now,” she panted.

In answer, Fionn crushed his mouth over hers and wrapped his hands around her wrists, holding them above her head. She tested him, pushing against his grip, and it tightened, restraining her.

Her stomach flipped with excitement and she kissed him hungrily, telling him how much she liked it without words. Rose wrapped her legs around him, urging her hips against his and groaning at the feel of him hot and nudging at her center.

Fionn thrust into her, and she was in heaven. He grunted in pleasure as he buried his tremendous thickness inside her heat.

Like always, the bliss of their physical connection was as otherworldly as their emotional bond.

“*Mo chroí.*” Fionn moved over her, his hands holding her wrists to the bed as he drove in and out in deep, satisfyingly hard thrusts. His expression was taut with need, his teeth bared as he fucked her with increasing desperation.

It was beyond hot to be this desired by her mate.

She came. Hard. Wrenching. Throbbing and pulsing around him in prolonged waves of climax. Fionn grunted her name, his hips powering harder and faster against her as her climax made him lose control. He released her wrists, one hand cupping her face as he panted against her lips, his other hand squeezing her right breast. Rose clung to him, palms flat to his lower back as he chased his pleasure through the hot pulses of her own.

Fionn tensed and crushed his mouth over hers as his hips juddered against her. She felt his guttural groan of climax through his kiss as he swelled, his release throbbing and prolonged.

He still shuddered with aftershocks as he moved his lips to her cheek and then melted over her. “Fucking heaven. Every damn time.” He ground his hips against hers with a rumbling groan as if trying to wring out every last drop of himself. Then he was kissing her again. Hard, deep, voracious kisses that had her clinging onto him, her legs climbing his hips.

Rose felt him swell inside her.

A smirk played on the corner of her mouth as he kissed her.

There were definite positives to being mated to a supernatural.

Fionn suddenly rolled them, hauling her up to straddle him as he laid flat on his back, hands braced on her hips. Rose sat up and sighed with pleasure as the angle of his penetration changed.

“I thought we were supposed to be leaving?” she asked, scoring her fingernails down his abs.

Fionn drank in the sight of her, his eyes as golden as she knew hers were. “We’ve paid for the place for three nights.” He caressed her torso and cupped her breasts in his large hands. His thumbs strummed her nipples as Rose began to undulate. “I say we get our money’s worth.”

“Agreed ...” Rose gasped, moving over him, bending her head to his mouth. “We’re not leaving until we break the bed.”

His laughter caught her lips. “We keep going at this rate and it won’t take centuries until we have a baby.”

Rose stilled her movements as she stared down into her mate’s eyes. Two months ago, he’d dropped the bomb that two mated fae could produce a child. It wasn’t easy. It could take

centuries. But it was still possible. Since she'd thought any chance of being a mom had disappeared upon learning she was immortal, the news had been shocking.

And not unwelcome.

She throbbed around him in answer, and Fionn's face softened with utter adoration. He reached to cup her face and brushed his lips against her mouth. "My Rose would like that, wouldn't she?"

"Would you?"

His voice was hoarse. "Nothing would make me happier, *mo chroi*."

A beautiful ache scored across Rose's chest. "Then we're definitely not leaving until we break the bed."

He grinned that wicked grin of his. "Have I told you lately that I love you, woman?"

"I love you more." Rose moved against him, hard, needful, until his expression grew taut with want.

"Not. Possible." Fionn flipped her onto her back again, taking over.

"Always a competition with you," she huffed, teasing.

"You love it," he growled against her lips.

Rose decided not to argue. There was no point. Because Fionn was right.

She loved it.

Rose loved everything about her life and the mate who made eternity something to look forward to.