

KNIGHTFALL

Excerpt

“Fuck!”

The steering wheel threatened to crack under Gareth’s grip. Holy shit. He’d gone and done it. He was supposed to watch the assignment twenty-four/seven without her knowledge. Easier said than done. The female hung out in the middle of nowhere, all by herself, begging for trouble. And that damn mutt of hers made the job more of a bitch.

That damned dog—*Beacon*—had followed him like a lost puppy. He didn’t want to kill the dog, so he’d been forced to play with the mutt to keep the thing from yapping and drawing the female’s attention to the worst place imaginable. Face-to-face with him.

Things hadn’t gone as planned.

He’d been forced to interact. To get close. Close enough to know her tight body would wrap perfectly around his. Close enough to want to take his hands and free her blond hair from that blasted pony tail, to grab that hair and pull her to him. Close enough to see the desire in her eyes. Hell, with one bat of her eyelashes, she’d nearly broken his resolve.

He tried to forget how perfectly the female’s skin had felt on him, how his desire for her had consumed him, and how, in the fleeting moments they touched, he nearly betrayed his mission for a kiss, to make her his. Gareth’s body still buzzed with energy from her touch, sending a razor-sharp hunger through him. Such cravings were dangerous. Especially to him. He was a Guardian, a protector of the Seven Seals. He couldn’t risk losing control over a woman. Over a fucking assignment.

He glanced at the rear-view mirror. The woman still stood in the middle of the parking lot, right where he left her. Only now she was giving him the one-finger salute.

He chuckled. The female had spunk, he’d give her that. Bet she’d be a wildcat in the sack. And she smelled light, fruity. Like peaches. He readjusted himself. Damn cock was harder than a sledgehammer.

His lips curled down into a frown. A woman hadn’t controlled his thoughts in well over a thousand years. Hell would freeze over before he would tie himself to a woman again. Sure, the feisty female tested his resolve back at the airfield. He’d admit that. But he’d never let anything get in the way of him doing his job before, and he wasn’t going to start now.

His hand balled into a fist and he hit the dashboard. He needed to get his fucking head back into the game. She never should have seen him. He was supposed to shadow her, not talk to her. And holy-fucking-shit not *touch her*.

Cellach showing up at the airfield meant the Doms were already here in Alaska, gunning for her. He had a job to do. It was simple. Figure out what the Dominion wanted with Kerra Cain. Eliminate her if she posed a threat to the Seven.

Gareth grimaced.

He hoped things wouldn’t come down to that, but he wasn’t going to let a female—no matter how good in the sack she looked like she’d be—get in the way of him doing his job.

There was too much at stake.

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