



WICKED KISS and WICKED BITE extra content

By Rebecca Zanetti

Hey all! Thanks so much for pre-ordering the books. Here's a fun scene of some of the Dark Protectors. I hope you enjoy it!

XO

Rebecca



Part I

Sneaking around while eight months pregnant wasn't as easy as it sounded.

Emma Kayrs drummed her newly manicured nails on the open window of the convertible jeep, tilting her face to the sun. "I can't believe that worked."

Felicity Kyllwood-Dunne, her partner in crime, snorted. "Seriously. Like vampire guards thought we'd try and leave the spa."

Emma opened her eyes and tilted her head. "Who can blame them? I can't believe we left that very nice, relaxing, and indulging spa." She rubbed her very pregnant belly. "My peace and quiet is about to end, and here you have me slinking out back doors when I should be getting a lovely leg massage."

Felicity lifted a delicate shoulder. Pure-bred female demons were notoriously petite. Tiny. Incredibly dangerous. Her white-blond hair fell to her shoulders, and her midnight dark eyes sparkled with fun. "Come on, queen. We're just doing a quick casing of a bank and then we'll be back before anybody knows we're gone. Aren't you tired of the constant hovering?"

Well, when she put it like that. Dage was a hell of a vampire king, but he was driving her crazy with the overprotectiveness. Like women didn't get pregnant every day. Emma grinned, noting the busy traffic around them. "It is nice to plan an adventure."

Felicity honked at a bus going too slowly and then ripped around it, honking some more. “It’s not a full-blown adventure, you know. We’re just casing the bank. I’ll rob it next week when you’re safely back at Realm headquarters.”

Yeah. As much as Emma would love to rob a bank right now, she had to think of the baby. Once he was born, she’d maybe rob a bank or two with Felicity. “We there yet?”

“Not quite.” Traffic clogged the streets of Las Vegas with taxis zipping in and out dangerously. “It’s on the edge of town and away from the strip.”

Emma glanced down at the stack of files at her feet. “It’s hard to imagine there’s a bank in Vegas being used to fund human trafficking.” She shook her head. Wasn’t even a human bank. “Rogue vampires own it. So sad. We should turn them in after you take all the money.”

“Good plan. We’ll have to do it anonymously,” Felicity murmured, taking a left right and stopping the ongoing traffic as she zoomed across the way.

A pain hit Emma’s side, and she gasped.

“What?” Felicity said, punching the gas.

“Baby kicked. Hard.” The little guy had been kicking her for months, but he kept getting closer to her bladder, damn it. “He’s got his father’s temper. Probably thinks this is a bad idea.” They were just looking the bank over. Not taking anything.

Felicity took another hard left, and horns blasted. “You sure it’s a boy? After everything, could be a girl.”

Emma chewed on her lip. She’d been a geneticist as a human and still was after mating a vampire. In fact, she was still technically human but with additional chromosomes that made her immortal. Pretty much. “I think it’s a boy,” she murmured. Vampires were male only. Or at least, they’d been male only until a series of crazy events had created a female vampire baby. Her niece actually.

Felicity grinned. “It’d be fun if it’s a girl, though.”

Emma rubbed her stomach, and a small fist pushed against her hand. At least it felt like a fist. “I’d love a girl. Or a boy.” Most of the male vampires had been infected with a virus that the stem cells of the female vampire had cured, so there was a theory floating that now vampires could pass on an x chromosome and have females. All of her research, and all of her

experience said otherwise. "I don't think the virus cure changed them at a genetic level. But we'll see." Immortal babies couldn't be seen through ultrasound, so it'd be a mystery until the little one arrive next month.

"I could have a girl," Felicity murmured. "Now that I've mated a witch."

A witch-demon girl with a bank-robbing mother and a rather cranky badass enforcer of a daddy? "I want to be godmother to that little girl," Emma said, humor bubbling through her.

"You got it," Felicity said, finally slowing down the vehicle. "I'm thinking of maybe getting pregnant this year."

"You'll have to halt your career as a bank robber," Emma said dryly.

Felicity nodded. "Maybe in the last trimester."

Oh, no way was Daire Dunne letting his pregnant mate rob banks. Emma blinked. "You didn't tell Daire you're planning on robbing this bank next week. Did you?"

"Nope. Sometimes a girl needs her own hobbies, you know?" Felicity asked, whipping the jeep around and hitting the brakes at a small spot on the curb. "I mean, it's fun when we rob together, and he prefers that, but he's been busy with witch nation stuff."

Yeah, that made sense. "Word always gets out. He'll find out," Emma warned, her side aching.

"I know." Felicity flashed her a daring smile. "I'll handle him."

Emma shook her head and stretched from the Jeep, holding her belly. Man, the little guy was seriously active today. "What's my job?"

Felicity plunked a huge straw hat on her head. "You go up to the table and just look like you're filling stuff out. I'll deposit money with the teller, ask to open a safety deposit box, and we'll go from there. This is just a look and see day."

Emma slid her refractive sunglasses on, glad she'd worn a comfortable sundress to the spa. "All righty. We have about two hours before the guards check on us."

"No problem." Felicity moved for the bank door and held it open for Emma.

The lovely whish of air conditioned air cooled Emma instantly, and she sighed with pleasure, moving her glasses up her head.

Quiet and peace instantly surrounded her. The main entrance led to several tellers to the right and discreet offices to the left. Luxurious chairs took up the middle for people to sit and what? Count their money? She strode over to a tall table and took a pen and a deposit slip.

Felicity moved forward and paused in the center. Her back stiffened.

Emma tried to look natural but edged around the table to see what her friend was seeing. Nothing. Just people doing banking.

Felicity looked around as if searching, spotted the table, and hurried toward her, taking a pen as if she'd needed one. "We have a problem."

Emma smiled and leaned in, her body going tense with the effort to look normal. Her heart rate sped up, but she took a deep breath. "All right. Did Dage and Daire find out we're here?" She couldn't sense her mate, so he wasn't there. But it didn't mean the guards weren't closing in. Man, he was going to be irritated.

Felicity started scribbling on a deposit sheet. "No. There's about to be a bank robbery."

"Next week?" Emma hissed, looking down.

"Right now." Felicity put the paper in her pocket. "Get to the door. Fast."

Emma turned to go just as a huge man with tattoos down the side of his face barricaded the front door and took out a gun bigger than her arm. He pointed it at the ceiling and fired several shots.

People screamed, and everyone dropped to the floor.

Emma crouched with Felicity next to her. Panic shook her, and she held her stomach. "What now?" she asked.

"Just hold tight. They don't know who we are," Felicity said, half-covering her. "I recognize them, though. I've seen security files. It's a bad gang."

Another man emerged from an office, similar tattoos down his neck and an even bigger gun in his hands. He looked around, spotted them, and then kept surveying the room. Then his gaze returned to them. Cocking his head, he moved their way, his movements graceful.

Definitely an immortal.

He reached them, focusing on Felicity. "You have got to be kidding me," he said, his voice a loud boom.

Felicity stood, keeping her body between Emma and the guy. "Excuse me?" Her throaty voice gave her away as a demon.

The guy was at least seven feet tall and broad across the chest. Definitely a vampire. One Emma had never seen before. He looked past Felicity and grabbed Emma by the hair, dragging her up. "Not only do I have Felicity Dunne but the actual Queen of the Realm?"

Pain lanced along Emma's scalp, and she loosened her arms in case she needed to fight. "You don't want the king for an enemy," she said, trying to jerk her head free.

"He already is," the guy said, delight in his maniacal eyes.

Felicity made a move, kicking the guy beneath the chin. He released Emma with a harsh bellow and swung out, nailing Felicity in the cheek. She fell into Emma, who hit the side of the table.

Agony roared through Emma's stomach. Oh God.

Part II

Dage Kayrs sat back in the conference room chair, looking out over the city of Las Vegas. In full sun, the lights on the strip barely twinkled. His brother, Talen, sat on his right, and his good friend, Enforcer Daire Dunne, on his left.

“We’re done, right?” Talen asked, groaning. He tugged his tie free of his dress shirt. “This has been excruciating.”

Dage rolled his eyes at his younger brother. “I ask you to put on a suit once in a blue moon, Talen. It didn’t kill you.” Though truth be told, Talen looked more like a jaguar forced to hide his true nature. The humans had instinctively avoided him, not knowing why. Dage knew why. The guy was pure danger. “And yes, we’re done.” He’d been negotiating for land in the desert for testing new weapons. The humans had owned it.

Having Talen at the table had just motivated them to get to business and not mess around. Dage grinned. “You were a big help.”

“I didn’t say anything,” Talen countered.

Enforcer Dunne glanced up from whatever he was texting on his phone. “You didn’t need to.”

Dage snorted and looked at his watch. “When does Cara land?” he asked, referring to Talen’s mate.

Talen looked at the wall clock. “In about an hour. In fact, I might as well head to the airport now.” He stood just as his phone dinged in his pocket. Sighing, he drew it out and read the face, his entire body going still. Six and a half feet of pure muscle tensed.

“What?” Dage asked, shoving away from the table.

Talen swiveled toward Dunne. “Is your mate robbing a bank today?”

“Of course not,” Dunne said, standing to his full and impressive height. His green eyes darkened, and he shoved back his black hair before grabbing his phone. “She’d better not fucking be robbing a bank.”

Talen glanced at Dage. “The Meteor bank just sent out an alarm an hour ago. It’s owned by the MT Corporation.”

Dage scrubbed both hands down his face. “All right. We’ve been meaning to investigate them, anyway.” He looked toward Daire. “Do you have your mate?”

The witch enforcer read his phone and then shook his head.

Warning clawed down Dage’s throat. He grabbed his phone and called in his guards. “I want a visual on the queen and Felicity Dunne. Right now.” He waited, his gut starting to roll.

“Negative. They’re not here,” came back the response.

“Fucking damn it.” Dage shoved his phone in his pocket and started for the door with Talen on his heels. “She wouldn’t. I mean, eight months pregnant, she wouldn’t just go and rob a fucking bank.”

“No,” Talen said, loping into a run next to him. “She wouldn’t.”

Dunne followed them to the elevators, rapidly dialing. “Felicity wouldn’t take the pregnant queen to rob a bank. Wouldn’t happen. It can’t be them.” But his voice lowered, and his grip on his phone tightened.

Dage paused and reached out mentally. Most immortal mates could reach each other telepathically, and he and Emma had become rather good at it in the last decades.

Em? Where are you, baby? He kept his thoughts gentle, when his body was rioting.

Nothing.

He reached out again.

Her voice, always so soft in his head, slammed into his brain. *I’m in trouble. Bank robbery. Not us.*

Everything in him went cold. Hard and cold. *We’ll be right there. I promise.*

Dunne ran by him. “Caught Felicity in my head. They’re in the bank, but it’s being robbed by somebody else. She’s pretty sure it’s the Riksha gang.”

Talen breathed out hard. “Shit. How does she know?”

The Riksha gang was a blight on the demon population as a hole. Unusually violent, they usually stole from corporations and rarely from banks to fund more illegal activities. Dage

had two task forces after them right now. "I've shared Intel with the witches and the demons. She's probably seen it."

They reached the elevator bank and jumped in one, quickly descending to the first floor.

A shrieking pain pierced Dage's head, and he flew back against the wall.

"Dage?" Talen grabbed him by the shirt and yanked him closer, his golden eyes concerned. "What the hell?"

Dage's chest heated. Pain. Raw, terrible, deep pain. From Emma.

He couldn't breathe. "She's hurt, Talen." He reached out, trying to connect with her, and only felt pain. She was unable to form a thought.

The elevator door opened, and he burst out of it, heading for the door. *I'm coming, love. Just hold on.* God, he hoped she'd heard him. Nothing would stop him from getting to her side. She just had to hold on.

Part III

Agony ripped through Emma's back. She grabbed her abdomen, gasping and falling to her knees.

Felicity reached for her. "Emma?" Her dark eyes widened. "What's happening?" "Baby," Emma gasped, the pain excruciating. She allowed Felicity to help her onto her side.

The guy with the gun stared down at them. "This is bullshit. Get up."

Emma groaned and drew her knees up to her chest, tears filling her eyes. "Something's wrong. Felicity. Do something." She tried to reach out to Dage again, but nothing happened. There was only pain.

Felicity turned. "If you've harmed her, Dage will fucking kill you." A dark bruise was already forming on Felicity's face, but she ignored it.

The guy stared at them. "Fine. But you're coming with us when we leave here." He gestured to his friend to watch them and then turned and strode toward the back. "Is the vault open yet?"

Emma forgot all about the vault. Ripples shook her abdomen. Her breath started to pant out, and something wet formed on the floor. She moved a little and looked down to see water and blood. A lot of it. "Felicity?"

Felicity looked wildly around.

People were stretched out on the floor, hiding their eyes, probably hoping not to die.

Pain ripped through Emma.

Felicity drew in a deep breath. "Okay. You're okay. She helped Emma to sit up. "I'm pretty sure the baby is coming right now."

Now? In the middle of a bank robbery? Where was Dage? He had to be close. She tried to reach out again. Her husband could teleport, so where the hell was he? *Dage? Where are you? The baby is coming.*

Just outside, love. Give me the locations of anybody with a weapon in there.

She cramped again and groaned, grabbing her abdomen and wrapping her arms around herself. Then she described the two men, and looking down the way, she could see at least one more. *Why can't you teleport in?*

It's shielded. Vampire bank. No teleporting. His words were short but peaceful, as if he was trying to reassure her. *Get away from the windows.*

We are. She sent the thoughts to him, trying to stay strong. Was there something wrong with the baby? All day long she'd felt off, and now she'd hit the table hard enough that at least one of her ribs was bruised. Had it hurt the baby? Tears clogged her throat.

Felicity took her hand, squeezing tight. "You'll be okay. Just hold on."

Red and blue lights lit up outside. Thank God. Somebody had hit an alarm. But how were the robbers getting out?

Somebody screamed down by the vault, and a rifle fired.

Felicity flinched. "Don't look."

Were they going to kill everyone?

The man who'd hit Felicity stomped toward them with a backpack over his shoulder. He reached them and manacled Emma's arm, jerking her to stand.

Pain swept her, and she doubled over.

"We're going now. Out the back," the guy ordered, his hold absolute. He turned to Felicity. "Kick me again, and I'll kill you. I want the queen."

The air seemed to hold its breath.

The guy paused.

In perfect symmetry, Dage Kayrs and Daire Dunne leaped through the bullet proof glass in the front of the building.

No matter how long she lived, no matter how much she witnessed in her life, Emma Kayrs would never forget the sight of Dage Kayrs crashing through shards of glass to rescue her. His eyes were a fierce silver shot through with sizzling blue, his jaw was hard cut and fixed, and his body one long line of muscle and strength in a business suit.

Faster than she could track, he had his hands around the robber's throat. With a fierce roar, one that sounded much more animalistic than human, Dage ripped the vampire's head off his head.

Emma sank back to the floor, her abdomen undulating.

Daire Dunne dispatched the robber at the door and ran full bore for Felicity, lifting her up and holding her tight. "We are discussing your penchant for robbing banks later, my demon. You're not going to enjoy yourself." The enforcer dropped his face into her hair and breathed, relief in every word.

Emma tried to breathe normally.

Dage dropped to a knee and supported her shoulder, his gaze on hers. "Love? You trying to get out of trouble here?"

"Baby's coming," she gasped, needing to push really badly.

Talen stalked in from the back vault, blood across his white dress shirt. "I've taken care of the two back there," he said, pausing at seeing Emma panting on the floor. "Oh, shit. You in labor?"

"I...think...so," she gasped, her entire abdomen moving oddly.

"Eesh." Talen tried to sound relaxed, but his gaze was full of worry. He looked around. "I'll, ah, go flash a fake badge and get the authorities to leave you alone until you can get her out of here." He moved off to intercept anybody.

Dage gently moved her onto her back, love in his gaze. "You're going to be okay. Let's get this little one out, and then I'll take you home. I promise." His jaw was hard, and his hands trembled a little, but his face was calm.

Panic shook her. "I hit my side. It's not okay."

Dage smiled, flashing his fangs. "That's a vampire baby in you, love. He's fine. Just ready to come out."

Was that true? Maybe the baby was okay even though Emma had been hurt. Her body took over, and she bore down. God, it hurt. Nobody said it would hurt this badly.

Felicity moved between her legs and tugged down her underwear. "I've done this three times. Believe me, it's worth it in the end." She checked Emma out and then lifted up. "Yeah. Push again. You're close."

Emma grabbed on to Dage's hand, holding as tightly as she could. "Dage?"

He leaned in, his mouth next to her ear. "I existed for centuries, not really living, until you came into my life, Emma Paulsen Kayrs. There wasn't light until you. Not really."

She arched and pushed, looking up into his eyes that had gone fully silver now. "I love you," she whispered. How had she found such an amazing being to be hers? Just hers alone?

"You're everything. Always have been and always will be," he whispered, his voice hoarse. "Thank you for being mine."

The pain shook her again, and she pushed, crying out at the pain of it. A sudden relief hit her, and the baby came all the way out. Slippery and sliding, the last bit hurt, and then the pain calmed a little.

Dage ripped off his shirt and handed it over. Felicity swaddled a little bundle with a lot of black hair on its head and then handed it up to Emma.

Whoa. A baby.

The little being opened its mouth and cried. Relief filled Emma. The baby could breathe. "You're a month early. Figures." The Kayrs family was notoriously impatient.

Dage leaned over her and smoothed back the dark hair. His eyes filled. "Perfect."

Emma opened the shirt and took a good look. "Well. No doubt about that."

Dage grinned. "I knew it'd be a boy."

Yeah, she'd known that as well. Didn't mean the next one wouldn't be a girl, but she kind of doubted it. The vampire genetics were too strong, and they were male only.

The baby turned silver-blue eyes her way, studying her. Oh, she knew he couldn't see yet, but even so. It looked like the newest Kayrs was taking her measure. His pink lips curved as if in approval.

Yep. Definitely Dage's son.

Dage kissed her on the forehead and looked around. "Let's get out of here. Talen will have cleared a path."

Emma snuggled her baby close, her heart filling more than she would've thought possible. "We haven't chosen a name yet."

Dage grinned. "We can do that later. There's no hurry."

Fair enough. She smiled at her mate. The man she loved more than her own breath. More than life, itself. "Thank you for rescuing me."

He looked at her, his hold protective, his gaze possessive. "Always, love. Forever."