

## Excerpt

### *Tansy's Titan*

#### Cosmos' Gateway book 3

By S. E. Smith

Mak moved through the level. His shoulder burned where one of the weapons had sliced through but it was a minor wound that would heal within a couple of hours. He had surprised the two men as they were talking to someone through a device in their ear. He could smell the other three men and was about to go after them when a new scent struck him so hard it almost brought him to his knees.

He smelled blood but it was sweet and tangy. He knew it was his mate's blood and a dark rage filled him at the thought of her being wounded and hunted. He lifted his head and drew in a deep breath. She was on this level, but he could not be exactly sure where. The device he had that tracked her was good to within fifty feet. He was closer than that. He moved out of the room he was in and onto an open platform. He hadn't taken more than a dozen steps when he saw a beam of red light focus on the center of his chest. Cursing at letting his guard down, Mak froze and waited.

"Who are you?" One of the deep voices from before called out.

Mak did not reply. They would not understand him anyway, so he did not bother with wasting his time. He merely looked at the man in front of him

while listening to the two coming up quietly from behind.

Karp moved closer, holding his assault rifle up. A wave of cold dread passed through him as he saw the glowing silver eyes of the man standing in front of him. At least, he thought it was a man. He had never seen such a huge bastard in his life. There was a cold calm that belied the fact the man had three weapons aimed at him. It was almost like he knew they could not kill him before he killed them.

“What are you?” Karp asked.

Mak grinned letting his canines lengthen as he did. He watched the human male standing in front of him pale and fall backwards a step. He could feel his muscles tightening. He would take a couple of bullets probably but he would kill the men before they could kill him.

Mak watched as Karp opened his mouth. Before he could say a word, a dark figure flew out of the doorway firing at the man in front of him. At the same time, it hit Mak at waist level with such force it knocked him sideways into the railing. Gunfire erupted missing Mak by scant inches. The dark figure rolled and continued firing at the same time.

Mak growled out a warning, wrapped one of his beefy arms around the slender waist and rolled so he was on top. The figure lying under him suddenly went limp. Mak raised up enough to see if the female was alright. She quickly shifted the gun from one hand to the other with a flick of her wrist. She grabbed the back of his head and pulled it down

against her chest, firing another two rounds to his right just as a bullet whistled by where his head had been.

“Next time, keep your fucking head in the game if you want to keep it attached to your body. Now, if Cosmos sent you, get the fuck off me. If not, I’ve got a round for you,” Tansy growled out, pressing the hot tip of her gun against Mak’s temple.

Mak froze as he felt the hot metal against the side of his head press harder the longer he waited. It was difficult for him to move. The body under his was so slight, so fragile he was afraid he would crush her if he put any pressure on her at all.

Mak gingerly rolled off of Tansy. Once he was clear, he rolled to his knees, keeping his hands up, palms forward as Cosmos told him. He let his fingers move slowly to the back of his head in a position to show his mate he meant her no harm.

“I will not hurt you,” Mak said softly, staring down into the thin, tired face of his mate.

Tansy bit her lip as she never sat up, taking her gun off the figure that even on his knees was almost as tall as she was standing up. She was staring at his eyes. They were glowing. They were silver. They were not fucking human. Neither were his teeth if the fangs hanging down were real.

“Who the fuck are you?” Tansy asked cautiously. “What the fuck are you?”

“I am Mak ‘Tag Krell Manok,” Mak replied, knowing she couldn’t understand him. He looked down at the platform when she asked her last

question. Until he was able to insert the translator, she would not understand anything he said. "I am Mak," he repeated instead.

In truth, he was afraid to look into his mate's eyes and see the rejection he had experienced time and time again from the other females as they looked at his massive size and harsh features. He knew this female was his bond mate. She had to be. Even though she had touched him and he did not feel the shock like his brother described, he knew she was his mate. Her voice, her scent, everything about her called to him on a level he had never felt before.

He started when he felt a cool hand under his chin. He slowly lifted his eyes up until he was staring into a pair of dark green ones. It wasn't until she lifted one of her hands that he noticed she was wearing gloves. She bit the end of the glove on her left hand and pulled it off so she could touch his skin.

The moment her hand touched his heated flesh, a shock went through them both. He watched as the pupils in Tansy's green eyes dilated with surprise and her breath caught as she felt it course through her. Her left hand jerked away from him and she clenched it protectively against her chest. Mak slowly let his left hand move from behind his head so he could gently cup the one she was holding against her body in the palm of his. Her whole hand disappeared as he wrapped his larger one around it.

He carefully turned her hand over, letting his gaze drop down to the intricate circles beginning to form in the center. His eyes rose again to meet hers as he

slowly brought her hand up to his mouth and pressed his lips to the center of her palm. He would never forget the look in her eyes at that moment. The look in them burned its way down to his soul.