

**Blood That Binds SNEAK PEEK**

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“This...ache...” She places a fist on her stomach, eyes on the table, “Is this what you feel?”

Dolan turns to look. The tension in his shoulders relaxes slightly. He takes his hands from his pockets and leans with one elbow on the island. “That, and other things. Dizzy, sometimes. Mad. Like the noise in my head gets too loud and I’m going to just...fade away into it.” The corners of his mouth twitch. “Of course, we Fae live peering off the edge of sanity.”

“All the time?” She flicks her eyes up to his.

He shakes his head, drawing patterns on the countertop with his index nail, “No, not always. Not with Linda.” He gazes off the tip of his nose into a far-away place. After a moment, he returns his eyes to Maeve. They are still glowing. “In the beginning, of course, it’s almost always like this. Getting used to a new...partnership. I’ve done it almost a dozen times, but...” He examines the nail, picking something out from under it with his other hand. “Each person has their own energy. It’s like learning to resist the hunger all over again. Besides the practical side, learning to get along, learning each other’s patterns.” He clears his throat.

Maeve contemplates him a moment, then pulls out the stool next to her, patting it’s seat. Dolan raises an eyebrow at her.

“Sit down.” She insists, and he complies hesitantly.

“What are you doing?”

Maeve pulls the takeout box closer to her, fishing in the brown bag for utensils with one hand as she holds her other arm out to him. She raises a bite of the vegan food to her mouth and gives him a grim smile.

“Having a goddess-damned sit-down meal.”

He smiles back, his fangs flashing, “Language.” He chides just before sinking them into her.