

Mia Waits Fiction

Warning!! This fiction contains explicit sexual scenes and is not suitable for those under 18.



Waking Up

Mia began to wake from a dream that scared and confused her greatly.

Red. The world was red. The sky in the distance, the trees towering over her, the grass and stones under her knees, was all red. Even her skin was red, her hands, her body, her legs, and her hair.

A copper smell filled the air; copper taste filled her mouth. Abruptly she realized that the red was blood. The world was blood.

She knew that she had to be dreaming because the sweet scent of fresh lavender was the only thing that she could register in her mind. The strong scent pulled her from the darkness to the edge of waking, where she did not want to be.

She could feel the soft, silky touch of something lying against the skin of her cheek and covering the front of her body, although she could not tell what it was she knew it was comfortable and that she was totally naked.

The closer that Mia came to waking the more she realized that the soft, silky feel was the sheets of the bed, but whose bed? She didn't remember what her bed felt like, or if she had sheets like that. Nothing came to her mind.

The scent of lavender was all there was. It calmed and soothed her greatly, but as much as she wanted to open her eyes and see where she was, she couldn't, and that alone caused her strife.

Mia was weak and couldn't move, but she knew that she was lying on her stomach and there was someone there with her. She felt something warm and wet running over her back, almost like a tongue, and she might have gone back to sleep if it were not for the cloth on her bare flesh. Everywhere the cloth touched her, her skin tingled and ached. She wanted to itch to see if it would help, but the darkness was still too close to her. The cloth caressed her body, lingering in her sensitive areas, making her want to press against the cloth, but she couldn't move or say a word.

Mia was scared and aroused at the same time. She wanted so badly to be awake to see who was with her and where she was, but it was hard to force her body, which felt so very weak, to do what she so greatly wanted.

She could almost open her eyes when she heard a gentle, deep male voice say, "Soft...and cool at last."

She knew that she must be, or had been, very ill. But what she didn't understand was that she didn't know her name, where she was, or anything for that matter.

The man's voice was that of an adult, not very old, and one she did not recognize. He spoke to her in French in a low, soft voice that she fully understood.

Knowing that she felt very weak and tired, she decided to lie there for the moment and let the healing, lavender water soothe her senses and her warm skin.

When every inch of the back of her body had been washed, strong hands turned her over, rolling her away from the man she could feel so very close to her. Once she was on her back, he put a hand beneath her neck and another around her thigh to pull her towards him until her thigh and hip were against his knees. His fingers lingered on her skin, raising goose bumps up and down her body which caused her to shiver ever so slightly against him.

A moment later she felt the warm cloth again, running down her arms, washing her. Everywhere the cloth touched her skin; she ached to feel his hand without the cloth. She realized with a start that there must be something in the sweetly scented water that made her body react this way. Every once in a while he stopped for a moment to rinse the cloth, and she could hear him dip it in water, and then wring it out, knowing that he would bring it back to her body.

She tried to arch towards his touch, but found that she couldn't no matter how hard she tried. She just couldn't move.

He had washed nearly every part of her body when she heard him speak again. "You must wake from your dream, Mia." The cloth slid across her breast and for a moment she felt his fingers on her nipple, caressing it ever so softly. His other hand moved slowly to her knee, and then slid between her legs where he brought her knee up onto his thighs. She could feel the roughness, a stark contrast to the silky sheets, of his jeans against her skin. "Let my touch lead you back," he murmured, but his hand moved away.

Again Mia tried to move towards the touch of the man washing her. This time though she moved, not very much, but she managed a bit. She knew the next time and the time after would result in more movement.

She could hear something moving in water, and then felt water falling lightly on her body from her shoulders and on down to her knees, wetting her skin like a warm soft rain. His hands smoothed the water over her, rubbing it in a bit, and then sliding between her thighs, wetting her innermost recesses and setting her body on fire with need.

She arched towards the touch again. Wanting to be able to say something, but simply could not.

"Yes, Mia," he murmured as he bent over her body. She could feel the warmth of his breath on her breast just before his tongue caressed her nipple, bringing it to a painful peak. His hand grew more demanding between her legs, inside of her body. "Wake from your dream, come to me."

She found it easier to move now, so she arched her back towards his mouth and her bottom into his hand.

He took her nipple into his mouth and gave her great pleasure, both there, and where his hand was on and in her body. The pleasure was building quickly, nearly too much for her to handle.

She could move her hands and arms finally, so she wrapped them around him slowly. Upon touching him she realized that he had no shirt on and that his skin was warm and soft to her touch, but strong and muscled as well.

He slowly lay down next to her as he kissed a path from her breast to her neck, then up to her lips for a passionate kiss.

She returned the kiss as she gently ran her hands over his back slowly, still not recognizing the voice of the man she was with, although she did remember hearing the voice in her dreams. The more time that passed, the stronger she felt, and the better she was able to respond to him.

He continued to kiss and touch her for long time, and then when it became obvious that she was ready for him, he pulled back just long enough to take off his jeans. When he came back to her, he felt warm and strong against her still weak body.

When he came to her she began to move more, touching him all over. She knew she had done this before and what he was doing was familiar to her, but the man himself, his touch, his body was not.

She knew that the water that he was washing her with must have contained something more than just lavender. Lavender did not arouse a person like that.

She was finally able to open her eyes and see the man she was with and the room that she was in.

He was strong, tall, and sexy and he had the most striking blue eyes ever, deep pools of dark ocean blue in color. She knew that she could just sit and stare in them for hours, lost. If nothing else, those eyes would be what she would remember over all else.

The room that they were in was decorated in an overall burgundy theme. They were on a pallet or bed, with many pillows of various sizes and shapes, which was near a wall. There were long, filmy sheer panels draped around the bed that were cream and burgundy in color. The material was drawn open on opposite the wall, and by the way the light and shadows flickered against it, she could tell that the room was lit by candles.

The scent of lavender was very strong in the room and there was also the scent of a very fragrant tobacco smoke or incense that she thought might be mingled in the room as well.

Mia continued to touch and kiss him as much as her body would allow. He moaned when she touched him, and when she opened herself up to him, he positioned himself and slide easily inside of her, filling her completely. There was moment of slight discomfort as her body adjusted to his generous size, but when he started moving the pleasure began and he was very good at what he was doing.

Mia wasn't sure what to think, she liked what he was doing and she knew that this was something that she had done before, but not with him. She was too weak to fight him off, not that she really wanted to. More than anything she was very confused about everything, but now was not the time to ask questions about where she was, what happened to her and who was she.

She began to move with him more, touching him and kissing him where ever she could. She looked up into his eyes, and in a whisper she asked, "What's your name?"

He moved closer until he was very close to her lips and whispered against them, "Sloan."

He was a hell of a lover. He began to move a bit faster, more forcefully inside of her, and her body responded to it with an earth shattering orgasm that left her shaken and feeling weak.

Mia cried out at the orgasm that he had given her. But she kept touching him gently as she laid there and relaxed in his arms.

She tried to relax, but he wasn't done. He continued to move, arousing her once more.

After a moment or two she started to move with him again. Feeling stronger, Mia moved so that she was on top of him, taking control of the situation. He rolled when she prompted him, staying inside of her. This different position brought him more fully inside of her, and it felt wonderful. Touching and kissing him she began to move on him.

Looking down at him and his muscular, handsome body she said, "Tell me what you like, Sloan."

In response to her he put his hands on her hips and began long, deep thrusts into her. "I like you, Mia," he said a throaty voice, thick with passion. His eyes closed, obviously enjoying everything that they were doing.

Mia enjoyed their motion as well, enough to arouse her quickly and bring her to another earth shattering orgasm.

"That's it," Mia heard a woman say softly from somewhere nearby. "Show me what I paid for."

Mia stopped and turned towards the voice saying, "What?... What's going on here?"

Mia stopped moving, but Sloan's hands were still on her hips moving her just the way he and she both liked it. Her surprise may have dampened her ardor, but whatever was in the water was still working, because she was still very aroused and the fact that he was still moving was distracting her from the visitor in the room.

When Mia turned to look at the person that the voice was coming from, she saw a beautiful woman with long, dark hair. She was sitting cross legged on a large cushion about two feet from the pallet, about four feet from us, smoking a thin, dark cigarette. She was wearing an expectant smile, and a thin white linen suit with nothing on underneath.

When Mia looked down at Sloan, she realized that he was bigger than he was moments ago. In fact, all of him was bigger and lightly covered with dark fur. His hands were bigger too and they tighten on her hips, moving her to meet his thrusts and as he moved she realized that he was growing inside of her, stretching her until she was sure that he would rip her apart. Instead of the pain she would have expected to feel, pleasure shot through her, hot and deep. Every inch of his penis rubbed her just the right way until she shuddered with the force of the orgasm that ripped through her, sweeping her along like a river raging out of control.

The movements brought a scream or two out of Mia and she rode the orgasm as long as she could hold on to it. She thought to her self that there was no way that she could ever give him the same feelings that he had just given her.

Once the wave of the orgasm passed, Mia realized that while he still felt incredible inside of her, he didn't feel that big anymore. He tangled his hand in her long dark hair and pulled her down to kiss him. She realized that he hadn't gotten any smaller, but she seemed to have gotten bigger, she had the same light coating of hair on her arms, and if she wasn't mistaken, she had a tail...

"Excellent, Mia," the woman purred as Sloan's hand slid between their bodies as his fingers found her clitoris.

Torn between wanting to know what the hell was happening here and what he was doing to her. Mia moved enough so he could touch her and she reached down as well to touch him.

The two of them continued to make love, and it was even more intense than before. By the time he had finished with her, she had several more very intense orgasms, and from what she

could tell, his was just as intense as hers was. They lay quietly together in the afterglow, so tired she couldn't keep her eyes open.

She curled up in his arms where he held her tenderly as she fell asleep.



Confusion

Mia dreamt.

Red. The world was red. The sky in the distance, the trees towering over her, the grass and stones under her knees, the blade in her hand, it was all red. Even her skin was red, her hands, her body, her legs, and her hair. A copper smell filled the air; copper taste filled her mouth. Abruptly she realized that the red was blood. The world was blood.

Mia forced herself to wake from the dream, it was too awful to let continue.

When she awoke she was in almost complete darkness, and it felt that like she was in the same pallet that she had been in before. There was a warm, soft blanket draped over her still naked body.

She was alone though. Feeling stronger than she had, Mia got up, wrapping herself in the blanket and using the walls and furniture of the room to support her, she went looking for a window, TV, radio, phone, a purse or anything to help her tell where she was and who she was.

The room was very dark and she couldn't really see much, and almost immediately tripped over something on the floor. When she reached down to move it she realized that it was the cushion that the woman was sitting on earlier, it was then that she remembered Sloan and his body and those eyes, as well.

Soon Mia found a window with shades that she was able to open, allowing some light in so that she could find a switch in the room. She found that she was in an unfamiliar bedroom that was sparsely furnished with the door to the room, a bi-fold closet with a single sun dress

with an open back hanging in it and a trunk filled with blankets. There were a few paintings on the walls and a mirror but nothing else in the room at all that would help her to figure out where she was.

Mia put the dress on that she had found in the closet and went to look at herself in the mirror. The person looking back at her was unfamiliar; she was of average height with long dark hair and greenish brown eyes, she thought that she was somewhat pretty, not beauty pageant material though. She couldn't remember a thing where she lived, where she worked, did she have a family somewhere that was looking for her.

She turned around and walked to the door and about the time that she reached for the handle it opened and a woman with short dark hair, wearing all black came in, carrying a tray with some soup, fresh fruit and a large bottle of water with her. Again Mia did not know this person.

"Hi," the other woman said as she closed the door behind her. "I saw the light, thought you might be hungry. How you feeling?"

"I'm fine. Can you please tell me what's going on here? I don't understand anything. Where am I?" Mia replied to the woman.

She gave Mia a strange look as she set the tray down on the trunk. "You're at Sky House. You've been sick for a while now, but Gwen said you were feeling better. Are you hungry?"

"What is Sky House and where is it? And who is Gwen?" Mia asked the girl with a look upon her face that said she had so many more questions to ask.

"Maybe you should lie back down," she suggested, coming over and taking her arm to leading her to the pallet. "You don't look so good."

Mia pulled away from her a bit. "No, I'm fine, thank you. I just want to have my questions answered is all."

She seemed surprised that she pulled away from her. "Relax, Mia. I'll answer your questions, just sit down and eat, okay?"

Mia sat down on the edge of the bed and picked at the food, wondering what if it was laced with something to drug her again. She was sure that what had happened between she and Sloan earlier had been because some kind of narcotic was in the water that he had bathed her with. Not that she hadn't enjoyed herself, but she felt that she would need her wits about her. And the dream afterwards was too bad to go back to and it could have been caused by whatever was in the water.

"Why am I here? I don't understand anything," she said to the girl.

"You were sick," she said as she sat down near Mia. She picked up a piece of fruit from the tray and started eating it. "Gwen and Sloan nursed you through it. I guess it was touch and go for a while there. Don't you remember any of it?"

"I don't remember anything at all." Mia said to her. "What happened to me? Who are Gwen and Sloan to me?"

"Nothing?" she asked with no little shock. "You don't remember anything? Jeeze, Mia, I knew you were hurt, but this?"

Mia looked at her a bit scared and asked again, "Who are they to me? And what about you? I really don't remember anything at all."

She reached out to touch her arm. "Mia, it's okay, we're your friends. We'll help you get through this, okay? Don't get worked up, you'll make yourself sick again."

"Friends. That's it? Nothing more? Then why was I having sex with Sloan most of the night with Gwen looking on saying 'show me what I paid for'? What's that all about? There has to be more than you are telling me."

"Sex with Sloan?" she asked, looking genuinely confused. "Honey, are you sure you're all right?"

"I am positive." Mia told her. "Why?"

"Gwen would never let Sloan... have sex with another woman," she replied. "Never. She'd kill him first, you know that."

"Then who was in here with me then? He told me his name was Sloan." Mia stood up and walked towards the door. "I will just have to go ask them myself then won't I?"

"Mia, wait," she said as Mia walked across the room. "I'm not saying they weren't in here earlier, I know they were, but are you sure you didn't... imagine sleeping with him? Or dream it? You were very sick."

"I couldn't have imagined what we did in my wildest dreams. Trust me, I know what we did and it was damn real. Where are they?"

She stood up and came over to Mia. "Tell me what happened."

"I have a better idea. You come with me and let him tell you what happened," Mia told her as she reached for the door handle, opened the door and began to step out.

"All right," she said, following her into the hall. "They've already gone to bed, though." She looked toward a door at the end of the hall that was closed.

Mia walked towards the door that the girl looked towards and knocked on it. "Sloan? Gwen? We need to talk."

"Mia?" she heard a woman say from the other side of the door. "What is it?"

"It's really important that we talk right now, all of us."

Mia heard some movement from inside, and then Gwen opened the door, tying a robe. "You shouldn't be up yet, you've been ill."

"What's going on? I had sex with Sloan tonight, many times. You were there, watching. You even said, 'that's it; show me what I paid for'. What exactly did you pay for? And what does this all have to do with me?" Gesturing to the girl she continued, "She says you'd never let Sloan sleep with another woman. But there is no way that I dreamed that up."

Gwen reached up and felt her forehead. "Honey, are you feeling okay? Your fever hasn't come back. Maybe you should sit down." She took her arm and led her to a chair. "Sweetheart, tell me what you remember."

Mia swatted the other woman's hand off of her head, "I feel just fine. I will tell you after you answer my questions, alright. I just want to know what the hell is going on. Really is that to much to ask for?"

Okay," she said soothingly. "Just calm down. What do you want to know?"

"I want to know exactly what happened earlier this evening."

She glanced at the woman who had brought the tray of food to Mia's room in confusion, and then looked at Mia. "Sloan and I were washing you down again, and your fever broke. You woke up a little, enough for us to know you were going to be okay, then went back to sleep."

"Really? Seems that I remember something totally different. Now tell me who you all are and how we know each other."

"Can you sit down first?" she asked. "I'm worried that you'll fall ill again. Sit down and I'll answer all your questions."

Mia sat down and looked at her expectantly to answer the first set of questions.

The woman in the robe looked over at the bed, where Mia could see Sloan sitting on the edge wearing a pair of flannel pants. "Get us some tea, will you?" Gwen asked.

He nodded, got up and left the room.

Gwen sat on the edge of the bed and looked at Mia. "I'm Gwen Amarosa. I own this house. This is Shea."

The other girl smiled at her reassuringly.

"And how do we know one another?"

"I met you when you came to Montreal," she told her. "That was about six months ago. You were living down on St Jerome's Avenue, and I helped you find a job."

"Where did I work?"

"The Feather," she says. "Shea works there too."

Mia looked at Gwen with a confused look and asked, "What is that? And do I still have my place on St. Jerome's Avenue?"

"Yes, but when you got sick, we brought you here, so we could take care of you."

"What happened to me to make me sick? And what about my family? Boyfriend? Husband?"

"You really don't remember anything, do you?" Shea asked in a confused voice. It was like she finally realized the full extent of Mia's injuries. "I'm going to go call Burt." She turned and left the room.

"Why would I be asking all these questions if I remembered anything at all?" Mia looked down and then back at her. "Well, what about my last questions?"

"I don't know much about your family," Gwen said. "You never talked about them, really. But you were dating someone before you got sick."

"Who is that? And where is he?"

"He got sick too, Mia, but," She hesitated for a moment. "I'm sorry, Jean... he didn't make it."

Mia just looked at her for a moment thinking that she should be getting sad or upset but couldn't be, "What do you mean he didn't make it? Is he dead?"

"Yes, and I'm so sorry." She looked upset about it. "We tried everything, but he wouldn't respond to the treatment."

"What kind of treatment? Did you do the same to me?"

"Yes, we did. For a while we thought you weren't going to make it either, but your fever broke earlier and we thought everything would be all right." She gave her a closer look. "Are you sure you're all right?"

"I'm fine. But if you are my friends like you both have told me then you must know what happened to make us both so ill."

Her face got hard, like she's angry. "We know who did it."

"Tell me what the hell happened to us and why! I deserve to know at least that truth if nothing else."

"It was the pack," she said in a low voice. "Some how they managed to spike your dinner one night. I don't know how or why you didn't realize it, but when we found the two of you it was almost too late."

"What pack are you talking about?" Mia asked giving Gwen a guarded look, remembering earlier this evening.

She stood up and started moving restlessly about the room. "The Raw Moon pack. Bastards are out to get every last one of us."

"I think you had better explain everything to me."

She turned and started to say something, but Sloan came back in with a tray that had a tea pot and several cups. He set it on a dresser and poured 2 cups out, giving one to Gwen, and one to Mia. He didn't look directly at Mia or Gwen.

Mia looked at him and said, "No, thank you. I'm fine."

He looked to Gwen, who said, "Mia, you've been sick for several weeks, you need to regain your strength. Drink." Then she took a drink of the tea. Mia noticed that her tea and Gwen's came from the same pot.

"I'm fine. Really. I'd much rather know the answers to my questions. You seem to have evaded a few of them already." Looking at her and Sloan.

She nodded to Sloan, who puts the cup back on the tray and goes to stand at the end of the bed. "What else do you want to know?"

"Well, what treatment did you use on us? What kind of place the Feather is? Explain this pack that is out to get us and who exactly us is."

She took another drink of her tea and sighed.

She explained to her that the feather was a book store/coffee shop downtown And Mia gave her an expectant look, waiting for her to continue.

"The pack is a group of... people who have been conspiring against the chantry for years.

"Chantry?"

"Sky House," she explained, "is a Chantry, a place for like minded people to gather, live, and practice in peace."

"Wanna be more specific?"

"My grandfather built it nearly a hundred years ago, and my father carried on the traditions until--" She stopped for a moment, obviously upset. "Until they killed him."

"Alright...you are answering my questions but yet leaving so much out. What kind of like minded people? And what do they practice? Why would a group of people be called a pack? And in a large city none the less."

She looked at Mia searchingly. "How much do you remember, Mia?"

"I think we covered this before didn't we? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. I remember what happened earlier this evening and a reoccurring dream!"

She considered Mia for a moment, and then said softly, "Most of the people who live here are special, Mia. We can use magic."

Mia thought to herself that explains some things, but there is a hell of a lot more. "And what else?" Mia looked at her and Sloan questioningly.

"Some of them are normal humans, but," she glanced at Sloan. "Some of them are not."

"And those that are not are what? And where do I fall?"

She looked back at Mia. "Where do you think you fall?"

"I have an idea, but I'm not saying anything until I hear everything from you guys."

At that moment, Shea came back into the room. "Burt is on his way," she told Gwen. "How's it going?"

"She still doesn't remember anything," Gwen replied. "I don't understand why."

Mia stood up and looked at all three of them, "Don't talk like I'm not here. Tell me everything. It's not like I'm going to run off and tell someone all your secrets! How could I? I don't know a damn thing!"

Gwen put down her cup and walked over to Mia, putting her hands on her shoulders. "Mia, calm down. We'll tell you everything, but you have to take it easy. You almost died on us, I don't want you to over tire yourself."

"Not likely to happen talking. And if I were to tire myself out it would have been earlier this evening." She said casting a long glance over to Sloan and then turning her attention to Gwen, "Was the show to your liking?"

She frowned in confusion. "What are you talking about?"

"Doesn't matter."

"No, it does matter," she said urgently. "What happened earlier?"

"You don't know? I thought that I was the one with the memory problem." She told Gwen as she took her seat again. Looking at Gwen and Sloan for their expressions and what they may

have showed her. Sloan's expression really hadn't changed since she'd first seen him. His face was carefully blank, and he didn't look anyone in the eye and Gwen seemed genuinely confused.

"Mia, honey, maybe if you told me what you were talking about, I'd remember."

"You really want to know? Every last detail?" Mia asked.

"Yes, I do." Gwen replied.

"Alright, you asked." And she started at the beginning and told them every last sordid detail that happened, including the two dreams, not leaving any detail out. Explaining how good it felt, that I thought there was something in the water to help arouse the both of them, and that the scent of lavender was everywhere.

They all seem stunned at what she said, but Sloan got pale. When Mia started talking about the two of them having sex, he just stammered in French, "Mistress, I would never--" but Gwen silenced him with a raise of her hand.

Mia just sat back just waiting for someone to say something.

Gwen finally cleared her throat. "The herbal mixture we used to bring your fever down did have lavender in it, but... I mean, we would never..." she seemed very uncomfortable. "Perhaps the antidote had a hallucinogenic effect," she said, looking at Shea.

"Think so?" Mia looked at them all and said, "It was pretty damn good though if that's what it was."

"I imagine it was," Gwen said, clearing her throat again.

"Got any of that left?" Shea asked. "Seems like it'd be a nice ride."

Mia smiled at her, "It was." And then she looked at Sloan.

Gwen looked at Shea disapprovingly and shook her head. "Thankfully, no."

Sloan was very restless and still rather pale, and he looked like he wanted to say something, but kept his mouth shut instead.

Mia looked at her then at Sloan with a knowing smile, "He seemed to enjoy it just as much as I did."

Gwen cleared her throat again. "Tell me about the dream again, Mia."

"The dream isn't as good." Mia replied.

"Everything was bloody?" Shea asked.

Mia told her about the two of the dreams again. "Yes."

"I've heard of rituals like that," Gwen admitted, "But I'd never taken you for one who would participate in them."

"I don't know what the hell you are talking about. I would never do something like that. It's bad enough dreaming about it!" She said as she looked at her closely. "If you have been my friend for over 6 months, I'd think you'd know me better than that."

She met her eye calmly. "I thought I did, but you never talked much about your past, Mia."

"I always thought you were hiding something," Shea added.

"I'd like to know myself. But it's all gone now." Mia stood up again, and walked around looking at things in the room. "What was I like before? What am I? You never did say."

Shea and Gwen glanced at each other, and then Gwen looked back at Mia. "You're a mage, like we are."

"I don't think so."

She nodded her head. "You are, I've seen you do magic."

"I've seen myself furry with a tail too. Explain that one!"

"It was a hallucination, Mia," she said to her. "There's no other explanation."

"I don't think so." Mia said looking directly at Sloan again, "He was too." Smiling, remembering him again.

"He is a werewolf," Shea said with a grin.

Mia was still remembering them tangled together in bed and him looking down at her with those breath taking blue eyes of his.

"Mistress, I would never do such a thing," Sloan protested, taking a step forward but not looking at her. He seemed sincere. Gwen turned to him. "Sloan, if I thought you were fucking anything but me I'd have your balls in an instant. Go downstairs until I call for you."

And Sloan did so without another word.

"Damn he's trained well," Shea said, watching him go. "Too bad you won't share."

"Definitely too bad you won't share. If my little dream is anything like the real thing..." Mia said as she watched him walk off looking just as yummy as she remembered from earlier that night.

"I don't," Gwen said in a hard voice. "He's hard enough to control as it is without chasing every girl in the chantry."

"Pretty tight leash you have on him. Is he that bad a boy?"

"He's a werewolf," she said in the same tone. "Give them an inch and they'll kill you first chance they get."

"I don't think so. He seems pretty docile to me. I think every girl should have one like him." Mia said jokingly.

Mia surprised her into laughter. "Maybe they should. When we wipe out the pack, maybe we'll keep a few of the younger ones for that purpose. Vaughn is handsome enough."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," Shea agreed. "Too bad he's not trained."

"He's a man. Easily fixed. I don't mean to sound rude or anything and since he appears to be your boyfriend and all, but is he as good as I described in my little dream?"

She smiled. "Better."

Mia smiled back, "Too bad it was a dream then, huh?" Mia wasn't sure as of yet that it really was a dream, but played along with her for a while.

She seemed a little disgruntled about what Mia had said, but didn't say anything.

"What else can you tell me about myself?"

"Your name is Mia Quinn," Gwen told her. "You're... 27, I think."

"Is that it?"

"You moved here about six months ago. You work at The Feather. You like French films, and American chocolate."

"That doesn't help much." Mia said a little sadly.

"Maybe if you tell us what you want to know," Shea suggested.

"Everything. Where I grew up, who my friends are, my family, if I lived close where my stuff is, what did I do in my spare time, did I go to college. There is so much more that I don't know that what I do know."

The two women glanced at each other. "We don't know most of that," Gwen said. "You were very private about your life before you came here."

"All your things are at your apartment though," Shea added.

Mia looked at them, "Can we go there now?" Oh there's hope Mia thought to herself.

"Mia, it's the middle of the night, and you've been ill," Gwen told her. "I think we should wait until morning."

"Please? I have to find something out about myself. There has to be things there that will help. And besides I don't want to sleep...that dream always comes back."

"The girl's been sleeping for nearly two weeks," a man said from the doorway. "Blessed Goddess, Mia, it's good to see you awake." He came over and gathered her in his arms for a hug. Burt was a tall, handsome man with a golden summer tan and sandy brown hair. He had blue eyes that glittered with happiness when he looked at Mia.

Mia slowly brought her arms around him to sort of hug him back not remembering who he was, but he was the first person to seem happy to see her and showed it with out treating her like an invalid.

He held her tight, not quite like a lover, but not really like a friend either. "How are you feeling? Better?" he asked without letting her go.

When he finally let go of Mia she looked at all of them and say, "Two weeks?!?!?"

"I told you, you've been sick for a long time," Gwen told her.

"I'm fine, thank you." She said looking at him like who are you.

He smiled and cupped the side of her face, looking down into her eyes as if assuring himself that she really was all right. "I'm glad to see you up and about."

"I don't mean to be rude, but who are you?"

His face kind of fell a little, but he recovered quickly. "Shea said you didn't remember anything, but I--I'm Burt. You don't remember me?"

Her face will fell sad as well when she saw the look on his face and she shook my head, "No. I'm sorry. I don't remember anything but the couple of dreams I've had this evening."

"What kind of dreams?"

And again she told everything to him. The red dream, the sex dream and then the red dream again, leaving nothing out. Mia thought that there might be something there that someone will pick up on that will help her.

Burt seemed little embarrassed when she get to the part about her and Sloan, but he still listened carefully.

Hearing it seemed to put him off a little. But when she was done, he also suggested that there was a hallucinogenic in the antidote.

Mia looked at him and said, "Did I offend you in telling you all that? I'm sorry, if I did."

"No, Mia, it's all right. I just wasn't expecting something like that." he glanced at Gwen. "I don't think she'd let her boy toy go that far, but if she did I wouldn't think you'd let him."

Mia looked at him carefully, "No, why is that? What can you tell me about...well me?"

He came back over to her and took her hands. "Mia, it would take me days to tell you about you, and you said that you wanted to go to your apartment. Do you want to go downstairs and get something to eat while we talk, or did you want to head downtown?"

"No, I'm not really hungry...maybe later though. Will you take me over there?"

"I will." he said with a smile. Mia got the feeling this guy liked her for more than a friend.

"Burt, she needs to rest," Gwen protested.

"I'll take care of her," he replied.

Mia smiled at him; and then turned to the others, "Thank you for telling me all that you have and taking care of me. I wish I could remember so I could help more."

"I wish we could help more, Mia," Gwen said. She looked at Burt. "Bring her back here when you're done, she shouldn't be alone yet."

"I will," he said. "Are you ready?" He asked her.

"Why can't I stay at my apartment?" she asked everyone in the room.

"Because you'd be alone there," Gwen told her. "We want to make sure you're healthy first, okay?"

"I'm alright, really. I'll be fine there. I've already inconvenienced you enough."

"There's been no inconvenience," Burt insisted. "We take care of our own."



Autopilot Car Ride

Mia smiled and nodded as she said, "Let's go."

Burt smiled back and led the way out of the room. Mia followed him through the large house, once we reached the stairs she realized that they were on the second floor and that it went up at least one more.

Mia was checking it all out, "This place is huge." She told Burt.

"It is. Every once in a while I come across a room I haven't seen before," he told her. "Tomorrow we'll give you the grand tour."

"I'd like that I think."

"I'm sure everything is confusing right now, but we'll get it worked out," he assures you with a smile.

"I hope so. Tell me about myself."

"Well," he said as the two of them cross the huge foyer toward the front door. "You look great in that dress, but normally you've got strappy sandals on," he said with a grin.

"Or better yet tell me about you." Mia looked at him, "Hmm... no shoes or anything else for that matter."

Burt gave her a startled look at that, and then his eyes roamed over her body like he'd like to take a look. He had to rein back his libido with an effort. "We'll have to make sure we pick up some of your things from your apartment.

"Good idea. Do I have anything good there?"

"Clothes? Yes. Under things? I'm sorry to say I don't know."

Mia looked at him to see if he meant what she thought meant, that he would like to know what she had and what she had on under the dress. He didn't say anything when she looked at him?

Burt led Mia over to a sporty type car and opened the door for her where she got in adjusting her dress.

He waited for her to get settled before closing the door and coming around to get in as well and start the car. The radio came on, and she didn't know what band was playing, but she liked it. He put the car into gear and they took off towards her apartment.

"Tell me how you're really feeling, Mia," he prompted her.

"Lost, confused, scared...."

He reached over for her hand. "I'm sorry. It will get better, I promise. We'll figure out a way to get your memory back."

Mia held on to his hand and smiled slightly, "I hope you're right."

He smiled back and damn, was he cute she thought.

He turned back to the road. "I have to say I'm jealous."

She turned in her seat to see him better, "Why are you jealous? Do you want to forget all you know?" She asked him half joking of course.

He chuckled a little. "No, I'm jealous that you have this intensely detailed... vision and I'm not in it." He was half teasing her, but only half.

"Yeah? Why are you jealous? Want me to make one up with you in it?"

"That might help, yes," he said, still teasing, but she could tell that there was something beneath the teasing, like he really was hurt that she didn't fantasize about him.

"Why does it bother you that it was Sloan and not you?" She asked honestly, because she had no idea why he would be upset.

"It doesn't," he said, letting go of her hand and putting his on the wheel.

"For some reason I don't believe you. Tell me."

"Mia, it doesn't, really," he said in a tired voice. "I mean, you were seeing Jean."

"I don't remember him. I don't remember anything." She told him as she sat back in the seat with her elbow on the edge by the window holding her head up, and looking out the window as they drove.

He'll was quiet for a few minutes, and then said, "We talked about dating once," he admitted softly. "It didn't really--you started seeing Jean soon after that."

Mia looked at him with a smile and said, "Why didn't we? You seem nice enough and pretty damn good looking too."

He smiled back at her. "Thanks." His smile then faded, as he said, "I don't know why we didn't. You wouldn't tell me."

"Well, I still can't tell you. I'm sorry." I will pause for a moment, look away and then at him again. "Maybe we can go out sometime now."

He glanced over at her, and then down at her body quickly, and then turned back to the road. "I'm not sure. When you get your memory back, there might be a really good reason why you didn't want to see me."

She could tell that he wanted to say yes in a big way but didn't for some reason, one she wanted to know.

"How do you know if I will even get it back?"

He looked at her again. "I'm sure it will, Mia. You just have to be patient. You were sick for a long time."

"Two weeks isn't that long. Two years is long. And there also might not be a good reason at all why I didn't." She shook her head. "You don't have to if you don't want to. I was just....never mind." Turning back to look out the window.

He reached over and took her hand again. "I want to, Mia," he said in a low voice. "Believe me, I want to."

"Then why won't you?"

He studied her for a moment, and then said, "If you're sure about it, Mia..."

She nodded, "I am."

He smiled broadly. "Then we will."

Mia smiled back and said, "But first I think I want other clothes to wear."

Once again his eyes traveled over her body almost hungrily. "I'm sure you'll find something." His hand moved on her, holding it tighter and brushing against her thigh.

And now he had her thinking what it would be like to sleep with him....I'm awful of herself she though. And he's so obviously interested. Mia turned to look at him with a hot look in my eyes.

Burt saw it, and his hand moved again, purposefully this time though, letting go of her hand and laying flat on her thigh. "Mia," he whispered.

"Yes?"

His hand moved again as if he wanted to slide it between her legs, but he stopped himself and turned back to the road. "We'll be at your apartment in a few minutes."

Mia put my hand over his and slide it very slowly up her leg and then towards inside of it.

That was all the encouragement he needed. He slid his hand upward until he reached her sensitive area, and then he cupped her, his fingers finding what he wanted through the thin material of her dress and sending waves of pleasure through her.

Mia arched slightly at his touch, knowing it was real and not a dream this time. His touch felt better as well once she moved since it gave him better access.

Burt touched her through her dress for several minutes until he brought her to a breathtaking orgasm. She cried out in pleasure, and as the orgasm subsides, he said her name again softly. His hand moved away a little, and then she felt both of his hands on her leg. He lifted it until her foot was on the dash and her skirt slid upward to pool in her lap. His right hand moved to the back of her neck and pulled her towards him while his left hand ran up the back of her leg. He rubbed against outside of her body for a moment, feeling the dampness his touch brought out of her body, before he slid his fingers inside of her. At the same time he kisses her, deeply, hungrily, like he's been waiting for this moment forever.

Mia was confused...were they still driving? But the passion that she felt was far greater than anything else at the moment.

She kissed him back, with much passion but she pulled back for a moment and looked into his eyes and said in a low breathy voice, "Burt...promise me this is real. No more dreams..."

"It's real, Mia," he whispered back. "I've dreamed of touching you, but this is real."

His words made her wonder about his feelings for her. And she also wondered who was driving, but the ardor was winning over all else still. She kissed him again, deep and long, letting my hands roam over his body, until one of them settles between his legs to touch him through his pants.

He moaned when she touched him, and his hands continued to move on her body, making her want more than just his fingers inside of her. His kisses were intoxicating, hungry, and passionate, and he was very much into what was going on, so much so he didn't seem to notice when the car came to a stop and turned off.

Mia noticed because she wanted more and couldn't get it to well there in the car. She pulled back from kissing him enough to speak to him, "Are we here?....Take me inside....where we will have more room...please..."

He was breathing hard and it took a moment for him to get what she saying, as he pulled his hand away from her body slowly and he looked around. "Yes, we're here," he told her. "Let's go inside." He gave her one last hard kiss, and then got out, walking quickly around the car to open her door for her and offer her his hand.

Mia took his hand as she got out and smoothed her dress with the other hand. She let him lead the way, since she had no clue where to go. Realization struck, "How did we get here if we were...occupied?"

He smiled as he led her towards one of the buildings that flank the apartment complex parking lot. "It's automatic. I've got it fixed to drive itself when I need it to. Well, Camden fixed it."



Memories Found

A few nights earlier in the week a group from Sky House went to the casino in Montreal for the evening and it was there that Mia met her ex-husband, Vaughn. He was tall with thick dark hair and the same deep blue eyes that Sloan had that drew Mia in.

It was there at the casino that Mia and Vaughn talked for the first time since she awoke and she learned that they had talked about getting back together when the feud between Sky House and Red Moon Pack had been resolved. It was also there that she learned that he still loved her. That alone added to the confusion that Mia had, but it also helped her make a few decisions as to what she had to do.

The following day Mia went to work with Burt, and had planned on finding her sister Susie and then Vaughn.

It wasn't long after leaving Burt at the Feather that Mia found the news stand that Susie had explained to her that if she went there and bought a paper she would be able to get in contact with her. Upon buying a newspaper that Mia had no intention of reading she was given a slip of paper with an address on it. The man at the stand said nothing to her and it seemed that he didn't want her around for any length of time either.

Mia felt a bit guilty for lying to Burt, but Vivian was dead and she needed to go and let Vaughn and Susie know about this, they needed to know and things were not going well it seemed to Mia. Kiran and Sarah showed up earlier that morning as well, her with a gunshot wound and him worried to death and struck with amnesia as well. Mia thought it was odd that he had amnesia as well, it isn't that often you meet someone with it, much less two people who were connected.

The address that Mia was given was one that was unfamiliar, as were so many things since she has awakened. She was given directions where to go and the address was for a small house that was a couple of blocks off the main road. It appeared to be well maintained with a little yard with flowers along the front of the house.

Mia wasted no time at all and knocked on the front door. And to her surprise Susie answered with a sad look on her face, and it was from that one look Mia could tell that she already knew about Vivian.

Mia looked at Susie and said, "I need to talk to Vaughn, now." Susie stepped aside for her to come in as she opened the door further. Mia went inside the house and put her laptop and purse down near the door. Susie looked at her and then gestured toward a doorway that led to what looked like the living room to Mia.

Vaughn was standing at one of the windows looking out his back to her, when she walked over to him, putting her hand on his back and said to, "Vaughn, I need to talk to you."

He didn't turn around to face her, but he answered her in a voice heavy and thick with grief, "What is it now?"

Mia assumed that he already knew about Vivian, "I heard about Vivian. Kiran is at Sky House right now."

He turned about to face her with a surprised look on his face, "Is he alright?" he asked.

Mia nodded, "He was injured, and he has amnesia too."

"What?" Vaughn asked, seeming confused.

Mia told him about the dream that Kiran had about Vivian and that he was to help Mia, and how he got injured and then Mia told him about someone trying to shoot him and got Sarah instead.

Vaughn asked, confused. "Who's Sarah?"

"I told you about her in the e-mail that I sent you."

"I remember." He replies in a low voice, remembering the email that he got from Mia the other day.

Mia took a few steps closer to him and said, "I'm sorry, Vaughn." He looked like nothing was bothering him, no expression at all on his face. This worried Mia.

She moved to stand in front of him and then looking up at him; she took his hands in hers and led him over to the couch to sit down. "Talk to me." she said.

He looked at her sadly, trying to not let things get to him too much. "What is there to say?"

"I don't know, but you can't just sit there like that. I can tell it's bothering you, but you're keeping it bottled up inside."

"It wouldn't do any good," he said shaking his head. "Nothing I do will bring her back."

"I know," Mia told him. "I can't help feeling that this is partially my fault."

"It's not your fault, its mine."

"How is it your fault?"

He looked away and then back to Mia with a look of sadness and doubt, "Because I asked her to come."

"Only because I needed help. If I didn't, you wouldn't have even asked her."

"And if I hadn't asked you to help, none of this would have happened." he told her.

"No," Mia said quietly. "It could have been you instead."

"That would have been better."

"Not for us," Mia replied. Vaughn looked away, the look of stone still on his face. Mia took his face in her hands and turned his head to face her. "What are we going to do now? This is getting too dangerous."

He shook his head and replied, "I don't know. You can't stay there now." Mia knew he meant Sky House.

"Where am I going to go? I don't have a home."

"You know that's not true." Vaughn told her with feeling, letting her know how much he still cared for her.

"Amnesia remember," she told him as she looked at him pointedly.

"You can go back to New York and stay with Jennifer."

"Are you coming with me?"

In a low, controlled voice Vaughn said, "I have to find whoever did this."

"I'm not leaving then. I'm going to stay and help you." She was in this deep and there was no way that she could just leave when things were getting close to being done. There may never be peace, she thought, but at least something would get worked out.

Vaughn started crying when she said that she wasn't leaving and then pulled her into his arms, burying his face in her hair so that she didn't see him cry.

It was hard for Mia to be strong and to try not to cry as well. She had to be strong for herself and for Vaughn though, so she just held him in her arms and comforted him, and giving him her strength as best she could. There were deep sobs that shook his body and tears that wet the side of her neck through her hair, but through it all he did not make a noise. She knew that this was the first time that he allowed himself to break down.

After a while Mia sat back on the couch, taking Vaughn with her. He seemed better, but she did what she could for him. He pulled back from her a little to wipe the tears from his face, obviously still upset. Mia looked at him as she wiped the tears from his face and asked very softly, "Are you alright Vaughn?"

He shook his head, "I can't believe she's gone. I saw her yesterday; she was so excited because she was meeting Kiran." He rubbed his eyes, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't be crying all over you."

Mia smiled at him and said, "It's alright Vaughn. I'm here for you no matter what you need."

Vaughn was sitting quite close to Mia when he looked at her and answered, "I don't know what I need."

"I don't know either, but I'm here."

It was then that Mia thought of Sloan and the deep resemblance to Vaughn he had. Both were tall with dark hair and had those deep blue eyes and both were werewolves. Maybe, she thought, this was why she was attracted to Sloan to begin with, he reminded her of her ex-husband.

Vaughn reached up to move the hair that was stuck to Mia's neck from his tears that had dried. "I've missed you, Mia."

She looked up into his eyes and told him softly, "I wish that I could say the same to you, Vaughn." She looked down slightly and then back up at him and touched the side of his face. "I'm sure that I missed you a lot before I lost my memory."

Very slowly he leaned forward to kiss her, giving her every opportunity to move away from him. But she did not back away; if anything she leaned in towards him more, waiting for him to kiss her.

The kiss was soft and light at first, almost as if he were asking permission. When she did not move away, he put more into it, touching her lips with his tongue lightly.

Mia soon found her arms wrapped him and returning his kiss, giving him permission to kiss her. But she let him lead and make all the moves for now. She didn't remember him, but being in his arms was where she felt she was supposed to be. It just felt right to be in there.

Vaughn deepened the kiss as he pulled her closer to him and laid her back on the couch. It wasn't long before they were touching and kissing each other. Mia pulled back from the kiss enough to say, "Vaughn...is there someplace else we can go to be alone?"

He studied her face for a moment, trying to make sure that it was what she wanted. He stood up and pulled Mia to her feet and led her out of the room and down a short hall in to a bedroom with a double bed in it. He closed the door and took her back into his arms for a blindingly passionate kiss that nearly overwhelmed her with his need for her.

Mia returned his kiss, putting everything in to it that she had as she made her way towards the bed. She pulled out of his embrace and had him sit on the bed so that he could watch her take her clothing off in front of him. Not for one moment did she break eye contact with him, not that she could even if she wanted to. There was a connection with him that she couldn't deny.

Vaughn sat there and watched her undress within arms reach of her, as if he didn't want to stop touching her. He laid light touches here and there as she undressed, reacquainting himself with her body. He watched her intently, and she could see the lines of tension around his eyes from trying to not think about his dead sister.

As soon as Mia's clothes were gone, he pulled her onto his lap and kissed her as his hands found her breasts caressing them in a way that told her he knew what she liked. Mia couldn't sit there long before she stood up again pulling him up with her. She looked up into his eyes and with her hands on his face she said in a low voice, "Think only of me." She let her hands trail down his body to take his clothing off. She touched and kissed everywhere she removed it, taking the time to get to know his body all over again and it seemed that she knew just how and where to touch him to cause a definite response from him.

Vaughn could only take her light touches and kisses for so long. He swept her up into his arms and set her down on the bed, lying next to her so that he could touch and kiss her in all the right places. It was as if he was losing himself in what they were doing, and as he did that he became more passionate and more demanding.

Mia gave in to his demands and what her body wanted from him. But it was her turn so when the opportunity showed itself she rolled over on top of him and took her time to explore his body with her hands, lips and tongue. He let her do what she wanted to him and it was obvious to her that he enjoyed it very much, which only made her happy and even more aroused. Being with Vaughn gave Mia a very strong sense of *déjà vu*, but she didn't actually remember him.

Eventually they came together and it was very much like coming home, it felt right for her like this is where she belonged, where she was supposed to be. There was not just a connection of their bodies, but of their hearts and souls in that moment. Everything was so incredibly intense that it didn't last for long, but it was wonderful. They lay there tangled together, afterward trying to regain their breath.

Mia curled against Vaughn and held him to her as she cried softly to herself, hoping that he wouldn't notice.

"Shhh," he whispered as he kissed her forehead.

Mia wrapped herself around him and when she was calmer she told him, "I still don't remember you, but being with you...everything about you is familiar. It's like we belong together and everything about it feels so perfect and right. I don't know how to explain it really." She looked at him after she wiped her tears away and continued, "It's like a strong sense of déjà vu when I'm with you. I don't want to be anywhere else but with you." And when she said those words she knew that she would never go back to Sky House. She wanted to be with Vaughn and work through the problems that had led them to divorce.

"Oh, Mia," he said softly. He gave her a kiss and then said, "I love you."

She kissed him back and asked, "What do we do now?" She really wanted to be able to tell him that she loved him too because she knew that she had to have loved him deeply before her amnesia, but just couldn't do it right now. She wasn't sure what she felt at the moment other than the deep connection to him.

"I don't know," he said in a low voice. "I-I don't like the idea of you going back to Sky House, Mia. I couldn't bear it if I lost you, too."

"I don't think that I can go back or that I even want to. I still want to help you with everything, but there has to be a better way so that we can be together." She looked at him and she laid her head on his chest and wrapped her arms around him, touching him lightly.

"We'll work something out, amante. Maybe Susie will have an idea." He took a deep breath and then said, "I need to go to the morgue today, and I have to claim Vivian's body."

"Kiran said to tell you that her stuff is at the Holiday Inn East room 112." She paused a moment. "Do you want me to go with you?"

He closed his eyes briefly, and then said, "I-yes, Mia, if you don't mind."

"Alright, I'll go with you then." She held him tight and then kissed him before laying her head back down on him again.

He was running his hand up and down her arm and then started playing with her fingers as she took a look at the room they were in.

The room was small, like the rest of the house, but it was very homey, completely opposite of what her apartment was like. The room was decorated with things that the owner liked a lot, things that were personal and meant something to them. On the wall opposite of the bed was a dresser and on top of it was an alter of sorts, but not the neat, perfect alter that Mia saw at her apartment. This one looked like the things were collected over time and with great thought and care to each item. There were pictures on the wall and on the bedside table and she realized that she really liked this room and if that she would have been the one to decorate it, it would have looked just like this.

Mia took in the room for a few more moments and then looked at Vaughn and asked thoughtfully, "Who decorated this room? I mean whose it....I like it is."

He smiled at her and brushed her hair away from her face. "You did amante, this is your room, your house, actually. You've been meeting Grace here whenever you could get away."

Mia sat up and looked at him, and then around the room and the things in it some more. She looked at the pictures closer and realized that they were of her, Grace, Vaughn, Susie and other people she didn't know. And there were chocolate kisses and a bowl of lavender flowers on the nightstand. "Mine?" She asked him slightly confused. "I don't understand?"

"You bought the house when you came to Montreal. You planned on staying after we settled things between the chantry and the pack. Plus, it gave you somewhere to see Grace. There's a gateway between this house and Susie's, where Grace has been staying."

She looked at him and grabbed a chocolate, ate it and then asked, "Do you live here?"

"No. Most of the time I stay with the pack, but when I can I stay with Grace at Susie's. I have a room there."

She was kind of sad about that, but knew that she shouldn't be, since they were divorced, but for some reason it bothered her. She got up and walked around the room checking things out, the alter, and the pictures. Vaughn had propped himself up on the pillows and watched her as she looked at everything.

When she got to the pictures she took each one in turn picking them up and looking at them, when she was done she turned towards him and said, "Tell me about these pictures."

Vaughn came up and put his arm around her, and standing very close behind her, his body touching hers, he told her who was in the pictures and where they were taken and such. One of the women was Jennifer, her other sister and the other two were his sisters, Lily and Vivian. At the mention of her, he took a deep breath and wrapped his arms around Mia's waist and buried his face in her hair.

Mia turned around in his arms and wrapped hers around him, holding him and kissing his cheek lightly. He held her there in his arms for a long time and eventually he said, "We probably should get going. I'd like to get this over with before Lily gets in this afternoon."

She held him for a while longer and then looked up at him brushing the hair out of his face, "Alright." she told him softly as she kissed him before going to getting her clothes and get dressed.

The two of them finished dressing and Vaughn pulled Mia into his arms before they left the bedroom, and held her there as if he was trying to draw from her strength. After a few moments he took her by the hand and led her out into the kitchen.

Susie was sitting at the kitchen table drinking a cup of tea. She looked up at the two of them and it seemed that she knew what happened between the two of them.

Mia looked at her sister, "Hi...why didn't you tell me that you're my sister?"

"I didn't want to overwhelm you, Mia. You seemed confused enough as it was." She looks at Vaughn, "Is Mia going with you downtown?"

"Yes," he answers. "Lily is supposed to be here sometime this afternoon, do you mind waiting here for her?"

"Not at all," she replies. "Is there anything else I can do?"

Vaughn shook his head no.

Mia looked at Susie again and said to her, "We'll talk later, ok? But I'm not going back...I'm staying with Vaughn.

After a long moment she stood up and walked over to Mia and gave her a hug and said, "It's probably for the best. I would have worried to death if you went back."

Mia returned the hug, "It is for the best, Susie. I want to be with Vaughn, with him I feel like that's where I belong; it's where I'm most comfortable. Things will be alright, don't worry. You look like you do that too much."

She smiled, "I'm supposed to, I'm the oldest." She puts her hand on Vaughn's arm. "I'll stay here and wait for Lily, and I'll have something ready to eat by the time you get back."

Mia and Vaughn left her house hand in hand to go and identify his sister at the city morgue together.