

Encounter -- Bloody or Nothing: Miguel

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Bloody or Nothing: Miguel

"It's been a long time, Carla."

That rough, sexy voice touched with a Spanish accent sent a shiver down Carla's spine, as did the sight of the tall, lean hunk seated in the chair outside her suite. His arms folded across his chest, he leaned his broad shoulders against the back of the chair and stretched his long legs in front of him, crossing them at the ankles. Elbow length hair draped him like black velvet and smoldering brown eyes stared at her from beneath dramatically arched eyebrows.

Just looking at him made her tingle all over.

She'd caught Miguel's delectable scent when he'd arrived at Bloody or Nothing hotel an hour ago. On duty at the front desk, she hadn't seen him, so that meant he'd entered through one of the private doors. Her senses sharp, she'd waited for him to approach her, but to her disappointment he hadn't.

Most likely he had business with Sudsy regarding new reign activity. Keeping Las Vegas safe from vampiric crime had never been easy. Lately Sudsy and his force, including Carla, had been working double time. "You could come around more often," Carla replied, sounding steadier than she felt.

Miguel had always done magical things to her -- weakened her legs and wiped her mind of anything but him. "I've been busy." He moistened his full lips. "Chasing minions of the Evil Creator across Spain."

"Then why did you come? The new reign isn't defeated. Yet." She approached slowly. At the moment her hands trembled too much for her to try her room key. She didn't want him to see how much he affected her, though no doubt he could smell it.

He stood and drew a deep breath, his chest expanding beneath the crisp white shirt open at his throat to reveal his strong neck that she longed to bite. Miguel's blood was the sweetest she'd ever tasted.

"I came because-" He gently grasped her shoulders and his eyes burned into hers. "Because the time of reckoning is near. Soon this war against the new reign will end. Some of us will die and I don't want to leave this life without seeing you again, *querida*."

Hearing that endearment from his lips raised more emotion in her than she thought possible. She missed him terribly, but their split had been her choice. Carla loved her freedom and after so long with the same man, she had felt restricted. Miguel wasn't the sort of lover to share. He gave his heart to one woman and expected the same dedication in return.

After their breakup, Carla realized her mistake, but how could she return to him after the things she'd said? Freedom hadn't been as sweet as she'd imagined and the potential lovers she'd longed for turned out to be less desirable than she'd dreamed. "These are dangerous times," she admitted and tugged away from him to open the door. Not that she felt any steadier, but at least busying herself would keep her from looking at him.

She fumbled with the room key and cursed under her breath. Miguel stood behind her and reached around her. Carla's heart skipped a beat and she closed her eyes for a moment, relishing his warmth, the scent of his cologne and the sensation of his breath against her ear. He took the key from her and opened the door. As they stepped inside, he said, "Good will prevail."

Carla spun toward him. "How can you believe that? Since the new reign how many of our friends and family have died?"

"And others have survived. We're still fighting, still hoping. As long as even one of us does battle, then evil hasn't won."

Deep inside she knew he was right, but she feared losing those she loved to their enemies.

"Carla, I know you don't want to be tied down. If you want me to go --" He gestured toward the closed door and she impulsively grasped his arm.

"Please don't."

He tugged her closer and gazed into her eyes. Caressing her cheek, he said, "I want you, but I need you to tell me you want the same."

"I do." She threaded her fingers through his hair. "Oh, Miguel, I've missed you so much."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

She swallowed hard. "When you left you said never again. If it ended then it was forever."

"I spoke in anger and pain. Your refusal --" He sighed deeply and traced her lips with his fingertip. "I've thought of you every night since we parted."

"So have I."

"Then we should wait no longer." He swept her into his arms.

Carla held his neck tightly, her eyes closed and her entire body flooded with the most wonderful sensations.

He carried her to the couch and sat with her on his lap. Carla straddled him, caressing his face and kissing him. Their tongues met with heated strokes. She unbuttoned his shirt and in her eagerness several buttons popped off, but he didn't seem to care.

Miguel released her hair from where it was pinned on top of her head and ran his fingers through it. He unzipped her dress and she leaned back only to shrug it off her shoulders. When she stood to discard it, he grasped her waist and kissed her

deeply, then allowed her to rise. She pushed the dress down her curvy hips and kicked it off along with her black pumps. Miguel removed his shirt, exposing his lean torso.

As she slid down her hose, Miguel bent forward and caressed her ass. Leaning back, he unzipped his fly and shifted his hips upward to push down his trousers. Carla, now completely naked, straddled him again.

Her heart racing and fangs aching for his gorgeous flesh, she took his face in her hands and kissed him hard. Miguel thrust his tongue into her mouth with strokes so possessive that Carla moaned and melted against him. Her breasts pressed to his rock-hard chest and she purred, rubbing her nipples against the dusting of hair over steely muscles.

A passionate growl escaped Miguel's lips. He cupped her breasts and lifted them while lowering his head so he could swipe his tongue across her nipples.

"Oh, Miguel!" she gasped, arching her neck and thrusting her breasts closer to his marvelous lips and tongue. She wiggled her hips and thrust her pelvis against him. The sensation of his hard cock against her aroused clit made her tingle everywhere. Panting and moaning, she rubbed against him, then rose up and grasped his cock to guide it into her soaked pussy.

For a moment they stared into each other's eyes. Carla braced her hands against his shoulders and rocked slowly at first, wishing to draw out their pleasure. Yet the desire between them burned too hot and they had been apart for too long.

"My love," he said, his deep voice even huskier than usual.

"I love you, Miguel," she murmured against his lips. "I didn't know how much until you were gone. I'm so sorry. I'm --"

"Don't, querida." He covered her lips with his fingertips. "It's past. Now is what matters."

"Oh, Miguel!" she gasped, arching her back and rocking faster. She clung to his shoulders and his hands roamed over her, lightly pinching and stroking her breasts and caressing her back and hips.

When she leaned down to bite his shoulder, he nipped her as well. The exchange of blood drove them wild. A powerful orgasm struck her and she cried out, pulsing and writhing on top of him. With a shout of passion, Miguel climaxed too.

They sat, locked in a relaxed embrace. Carla lifted her head and their gazes met. "How long are you here?" she asked, dreading the reply. No doubt he would leave far too soon. His blood father needed him in Spain just as her blood father needed her here.

"Two days."

She sighed, but forced a smile. Caressing his face, she said, "That's not very long, but I'm glad you're here."

"I'm glad you want me here. But I wish --"

The phone rang and Carla reached for it, annoyed by the interruption.

"Hello? Oh, Sudsy. I'm kind of busy -- Yes, he's definitely here. What? -- But I can't -- I love you too. And thank you."

She put down the phone and Miguel asked, "Is something wrong?"

"I'm fired."

"What?"

Carla stared into his eyes, her heart filled with love not only for him, but for her wonderful blood father, Sudsy Waters. "He said I'm free to go."

"With me?" Miguel smiled, his expression one of deep affection.

She narrowed her eyes at him. "Did he say anything about this to you?"

"I spoke to him when I arrived, but he made no mention of releasing you. Tell me it's what you want."

"It is. I love you and I'll never again be fool enough to let you go."

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