

# Encounter -- Rough Waters: Awakening

## Kate Hill

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### Rough Waters: Awakening

Beneath the dark, churning waves, John and his vampiric son, Geoffrey, tore at each other, releasing years of pent up frustration. After all John had done for Geoffrey, his offspring still refused to fully accept the life of a vampire. One day his strange moral code would destroy him.

Perhaps it would finish John as well. In his day, John had done his share of battling evil, but who was he to judge right from wrong?

Geoffrey was his one surviving link to his "good" side. John had done everything possible to corrupt his offspring, but those attempts had ended here. Instead of having Geoffrey by his side as he'd hoped, they now fought to the death. Yet despite his anger and disappointment, John didn't want to kill Geoffrey. Part of him still loved the man. John didn't want to die, either, and if anyone could destroy him, Geoffrey had the power. Not only was he a great fighter, but the mind control John had perfected even before becoming a vampire didn't influence Geoffrey.

He had saved Geoffrey from human death, but here, breathless beneath the waves, John realized part of true love was knowing when to let go.

The men grappled under the stormy sea. Instead of continuing the fight, John turned his deadly hold into a firm embrace. Closing his eyes, he imprinted on his mind

the feel of Geoffrey's strong body against his. He knew Geoffrey suspected John had romantic feelings for him, but that wasn't true. Geoffrey was his closest friend, or at least he had been once.

The men broke apart. No sooner had they released each other than a powerful current swept John away. He struggled against the waves. Desperate for air, he headed toward the surface. Panting, he looked around, confused by the storm and the violent ocean.

He caught sight of a raft from his sunken yacht. The ship's doctor peered out from beneath the canopy and John swam toward the raft. "John!" shouted the doctor. He grasped John's arms and helped him climb aboard.

For several moments John lay, panting and drained from his struggle with Geoffrey and the sea. When he caught his breath, he glanced around and asked, "Wayne, you're the only one aboard?"

"One of the Tiger Triplets joined me, but I tossed her overboard when she attacked me with a garden claw."

Other than Geoffrey and his lover, Samantha, the doctor had been the only person aboard without a history of criminal behavior. John wasn't as bad as his guests, but he'd done his share of crime. As much as he enjoyed his cruises for "sadists and serial killers" as Geoffrey called them, this trip might just be his last.

\* \* \*

John wasn't sure how many days he and Wayne drifted in the raft. They shared the food and water supply, but John hungered for blood. If help didn't arrive soon, he would be forced to change the doctor. As vampires, they could survive off each other's blood longer than either would live in their current situation. Wayne agreed. Instead of waiting until they weakened further, John performed the ritual immediately -- a deep bite, an exchange of blood and the hope that Wayne had the strength to endure the change.

The following afternoon, Wayne died.

John dumped his body overboard, his chest heavy with dread and... could it be guilt?

He didn't care that a ship full of brutal murderers had perished, but Wayne had been different. John had thought he could keep him safe. He'd also believed he could keep Geoffrey safe. He hoped Geoffrey had returned to his raft and the annoying human woman with whom he'd so quickly fallen in love.

John wasn't sure how long he'd been at sea before lack of blood weakened him almost to the point of death. He slipped into the sleep of ages, during which his vampiric body mimicked death. Such a state could last for centuries before death truly took him, but he didn't care. In the sleep of ages, he no longer felt pain or guilt. Sometimes oblivion was preferable to living.

\* \* \*

The scent of fruit, flowers and a sexy woman tickled John's nose. An unfamiliar heartbeat filled his ears and a small, soft hand caressed his face. The hand moved down his shoulder and rested over his heart.

"You've been asleep for a long time, handsome," whispered a husky female voice. More than anything John wanted to see the face it belonged to. "It's time to wake now."

He struggled against the oppressive darkness that threatened to drag him back into the sleep of ages, but her wonderful scent and the warmth of her hand drew him in the opposite direction. His heavy eyelids opened and he focused on a rounded face with tanned skin, full lips and wide set brown eyes that stared at him with a hunger as powerful as his own.

"I know what you need," she said and slid down the straps of her floral print sundress. It tumbled to her hips, exposing full, luscious breasts tipped with rosy nipples. It was then he realized this woman's scent was quite strong --vampiric.

"Who are you?" he asked in a voice rough from lack of use. He had no idea how long he'd been asleep.

“Ambra. This is my island. As your hostess, it’s proper that I offer you a drink.” She leaned closer. One of her gorgeous nipples hovered over his lips.

Groaning with lust and an almost agonizing thirst, he captured her nipple in his mouth and rolled his tongue over it. The last thing he wanted was to hurt this woman who had saved him from oblivion, but he needed...

“Bite me,” she said, weaving her fingers through his hair. “Drink.”

Again he groaned and lightly scraped his teeth over her tender flesh. The first taste of her blood sent waves of pleasure through him. His cock swelled and ached and his ass tightened as he shifted his hips upward.

“You have such a sweet bite,” she breathed, straddling him. She wore no panties beneath her dress and he felt her wetness on his belly. Her lush ass wiggled against his cock and he longed to bury it inside her. “It’s been so long since I’ve had someone like you. A powerful male. Everything a vampire should be.”

Damn, was she part of a fantasy created by death throes, or was he truly here with her?

“I’m here,” she murmured. “Yes, I can sense what you’re feeling. You have mind powers too. I can feel it.”

At full strength, he had strong psychic powers, but his ordeal at sea had weakened him and she was in control at the moment. That would change, however. With every sip of her rich blood his strength returned.

John growled, a sound of animalistic desire, and guided her onto her back. Still drinking from her, he used his knee to spread her legs, not that she needed much convincing. She eagerly parted her thighs for him while her hands roamed over his back and kneaded his ass.

The tip of John’s engorged cock pushed gently against her, but she was so wet and ready that he entered her easily. Lost in passion, he thrust while she clung to him, her fingers biting into his shoulders and her feet caressing his legs.

“Please, John, please fuck me hard. It’s been a long time since...”

Pleasure built and John wondered if he could hold out much longer. He'd never wanted anyone this badly. A few more thrusts and she cried out, her hot little body convulsing. Finally! He came so long and hard that when it ended he lay panting and sweat drenched on top of her, little tremors rolling through him.

He lifted his head and gazed into her dark eyes. "Ambra, where are we?"

"My island. My lover abandoned me here."

"Abandoned," John murmured, his brow furrowed.

"It's complicated. He stole a magical item in my possession. If I die, it loses its power, that's why he left me here instead of killing me."

John knew every story had two sides, but he felt Ambra was telling the truth. His intuition rarely guided him in the wrong direction. "My raft?"

"It's still seaworthy."

She could have taken his raft and left him here, as her former lover had, but instead she'd saved him. "We're getting off this island, Ambra. Together."

She smiled and caressed his face. "I knew the moment I saw you there was something between us."

John covered her mouth in a kiss that made him tingle all over.

It seemed this would be a new beginning for them both.

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