

Encounter: Cemetery Vamp

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Cemetery Vamp

Preparing for an attack, Silvano Conti gripped his super-charged ultraviolet wand. Across the street a shadow moved along the sidewalk. Although the vampire was using the dark storefronts and doorways as cover, Silvano had spotted the creature tracking him. Instead of confronting the bloodsucker, Silvano kept his pace steady and headed in the direction of his patrol vehicle. He'd taken a chance getting out of his reinforced SUV, but sometimes you had to be the bait to catch a vampire.

Silvano caught a flicker of red out of the corner of his eye. Damn vampires were always sneaking into the human zone, looking for unwary humans to feed upon.

"Vano."

Silvano spun on his heel, looking for the source of the soft, female voice. Only one woman called him by that nickname.

"Vano, baby."

The whispered endearment pulled at memories he'd suppressed. Hot recollections of sex-filled nights with Caro tugged at his emotions.

The shadow emerged from the darkness and a pale, voluptuous woman stepped beneath the street light. Wearing a short, low-cut red dress, Caro stood

just a few feet away. She twirled a long hank of dark hair in her fingers, a gesture that was pure Caro. Her eyes were almost black and her lips were blood red.

She stepped toward him. "I love you, Vano."

"Vampires don't love."

"Is that what they taught you at the Dead Souls Agency?"

After losing Caro to the bloodsuckers, Silvano had joined the vampire enforcement agency. Restricted to zones like the Cemetery, vampires weren't allowed in the human sectors.

"You look good in a uniform."

Silvano raised his UV wand. If he hit the trigger, Caro would be caught in a flash of blue light that would burn her flesh. "You're violating the law, Caro."

"You wouldn't burn me, would you, Vano?"

The thought of Caro screaming as her flesh sizzled stilled Silvano's hand. He'd inflicted pain on other vampires and watched them writhe in agony, but could he hurt Caro?

"Go back to the Cemetery," he said. "I'll forget I saw you."

"I want you, Vano."

How many times had she said those words in that same sultry tone before they made love? Hot need shot through him.

She licked her lips and Silvano caught a glimpse of her long, white fangs. She wanted him, but for more than sex. She wasn't the woman he loved. She was a Cemetery vamp and he'd be a fool to let his guard down.

"I've missed you," she whispered. "I miss being in your arms."

"The Caro I knew is gone."

"Please, Vano, hold me one last time."

He stepped back. "I'm nothing more than a meal to you."

"I wouldn't bite you."

"What were you doing outside the Cemetery if not hunting?"

"I've been watching you. Waiting for you to be alone."

Silvano had completed his DSA field training last week and now he was authorized to patrol solo. His thumb slid over the trigger of his wand. "You shouldn't be on the outside."

She flew at him, hitting him with the force of a linebacker, driving him back into a dark, recessed doorway. She gripped his wrists in her cold hands and planted a knee into his groin. His back shoved against a locked door, Silvano was trapped.

"I won't hurt you, Vano. Drop the burner."

He hesitated and Caro tightened her grip on his wrists. Vampires were so strong, Caro was capable of crushing his bones.

She touched her lips to his and sighed, then rubbed her knee against his crotch.

The scent of her perfume filled his nostrils. Memories swamped Silvano, heating his blood. Caro dropped her knee and pressed her body to his, making him aware of the familiar curves and hollows he knew so intimately.

"Make love to me, Vano."

He wasn't sure if she was going to bite him or fuck him. Either way, he was at her mercy. Silvano relaxed his right hand, letting go of the UV wand.

Caro released Vano's wrists. Stronger and faster, she had the advantage, but the last thing she wanted to do was hurt him. She ripped open his uniform shirt, then went for his weapon-laden belt. She pulled at the belt, yanked open his zipper and tugged down his pants and underwear.

A heat wave, ripe with the scent of man and blood poured off his body. Her nostrils quivering, she pressed her lips to his hot skin. Just beneath the surface, his heart raced, pumping rich, lusty blood.

He wrapped his arms around her. "Caro, baby."

Desire consumed her, a welcomed fire to burn away the sorrow of losing her mortality.

She palmed his cock, grasping the hard, searing heat of him. Beneath her fingers, his blood coursed, hot and thick. Caro licked her fangs, then dropped to her knees and sucked his cock in her mouth.

She molded her lips around him, sliding all the way to the root and back again. He was hard as stone with thick blood-filled veins lacing his length. She scraped her fangs along his cock.

He grabbed her by the hair, yanked back her head and pulled her to her feet. Her night vision was excellent and Caro saw the lusty glitter in his eyes. She'd missed that look that was just for her.

"Vano. Vano. I love you still. Don't hate me."

"I don't. I can't."

He kissed her with an old urgency that sent shivers down her spine.

She sucked his blood-rich tongue into her mouth. Desire and hunger surged. She wanted him, needed him to love her.

Vano tore the thin straps of her dress and cupped her breasts. His hands were big, and hot, so wonderful.

She didn't want his blood. She wanted his heat. Most of all she wanted to feel loved again. She broke the kiss. "Vano, take me. Now."

He grasped her upper arms and spun them both around. Her back slammed into the door, but Caro felt no pain.

Vano cupped her bare ass and lifted her.

Caro wrapped her legs around his lean hips and cried out as he entered her. Hot, long and hard, every inch was sizzling. Her cold flesh trembled and warmed.

His thrusts were wild, hard and deep.

Caro buried her face in the crook of his neck and breathed his scent, a delicious mix of heat, blood and man. She licked his neck, tracing the line of his pounding veins.

"Caro. Caro. I can't get enough of you."

She clinched around him, wanting more, wanting a lifetime that would never be.

All she could pray for were stolen moments with her man, fucking her, loving her again.

He groaned and came in a rush of heat so intense Caro felt the burn.

When his hips ceased to move, Vano leaned into her and pressed his forehead to hers. The rapid thumping of his heart was music to her ears, the warmth of his body a balm to her pain and his whispered words a miracle.

“I love you, Caro. I’ll always love you.”

Hot tears splashed on her cheeks. Her big, strong Vano was crying.

She held him tight, wishing she could stay with him, but even in the dark recesses of the doorway Caro was aware of the impending dawn. “I must go. I can’t get caught in the light.”

“I want to see you again.”

Caro stepped back and tied the torn straps of her dress. “It’s dangerous, for both of us.”

“I don’t care.” Vano pulled up his pants and buckled his belt. “I’d rather live dangerously than not at all. It’s been hell.”

Sweet Vano, he had no idea what real hell was like. Caro kissed him. “I’ve got to go.”

“I’m off tomorrow night. I’ll get a room at the Lombardy, top floor. Just like old times.”

Memories washed over Caro. Sneaking out of the Cemetery was dangerous, but Vano was worth the risk. “I’ll come to you at midnight.”

“I love you, Caro.”

“I love you, Vano,” she said, slipping into the darkness. “I will forever.”

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