

**Encounter: The Art of Love (Scarlet Nights)**  
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## The Art of Love (Scarlet Nights)

May had seen Blair like this countless times -- barefoot and shirtless, the muscles in his lean torso flowing beneath his paint stained skin as he worked on his mural.

They had moved into this London townhouse just a few months ago, so he had many new walls to cover with his exquisite paintings.

This mural, located in their dining room, was of a peaceful meadow. Purple flowers scattered over lush, green grass. Branches of a weeping willow bowed over a brook that looked almost real enough to bathe in.

"It's gorgeous, Blair," she said, approaching him.

His blue gaze slanted toward her and he smiled slightly.

"I wish I had your talent for art," she said.

"I told you, it's not about talent. It's about passion."

"Well, you have plenty of that, but as much as I love your paintings, I could use some of that passion directed here. It's getting lonely upstairs in bed."

He placed a final brushstroke on the brook and put his brush aside. Then he turned his full attention to her. His gaze, soft yet strong, melted over her. Despite all their years of marriage, she had never become immune to his expressive eyes.

"We can't have that," he said, dipping his head toward hers. "So there's only one thing to do."

"I know," she murmured against his lips.

"You come down here and watch a master at work."

"Blair!" Feigning anger, she playfully shoved him away. "That's not what I had in mind."

"Me either." He chuckled and leaned in to kiss her mouth before pulling back all too quickly. "Before I mar your exquisite skin, I'd better have a bath."

"I'll wash your back."

He grinned. "Last one upstairs gets her back to the faucet."

Blair raced off, heading for the staircase.

"Some gentleman you are!"

She raced after him, but it was impossible to keep up with his ultra long legs that swallowed three steps at a time.

He stopped just shy of the bathroom door and she crashed into his back. Laughing, he turned and gathered her into his arms, kissing her deeply.

Closing her eyes, May melted against him, relishing his taste and the feel of his lean, hard body.

When the kiss broke, she glanced down at herself. "So much for paint stains on my exquisite skin, not to mention my nightgown."

"Sorry, but I couldn't resist. I'll make up for it by keeping my back to the faucet."

She cupped his chin. "I'm afraid it will cost a bit more than that."

"What's your price?"

"Many delightful orgasms."

His blue eyes sparkled. "I'm more than willing to pay."

They stepped into the bathroom and while May ran the bathwater, Blair unzipped his pants and discarded them along with his underwear.

May pulled off her nightgown and tossed it into the hamper.

"You're so gorgeous," he said, placing his hands on her hips and tugging her toward him. His hardness pushed against her and a quiver of desire darted through her as he kissed her again.

She slid her hands up his back, kneading the warm flesh over hard muscle. Blair might be a great artist, but he was also a warrior. Over the centuries, he and May had fought side-by-side, using their skills and vampiric powers to fight evil.

Blair had been the first to teach her how to defend herself, but he had also protected her. He was her husband and her closest friend. Even more, he was her vampiric Creator. She loved him more than she had ever imagined loving anyone.

“Come here,” he said, guiding her toward the tub.

She sat on the edge. He knelt between her legs and leaned down.

May gasped as he covered her clit with his mouth. He teased it with his lips, teeth and even the very tips of his fangs.

Threading her fingers through his ginger curls, May closed her eyes and trembled. Her entire body came alive. Her clit ached and her heart pounded as he sucked and lapped her tender flesh. The first orgasm broke over her so fast it almost took her by surprise. She arched and panted, her fingers tightening even more on his hair.

Blair didn't stop, but used his mouth to tease her to a second climax.

By then, the tub was full. Still kneeling between her legs and gazing up at her with passion filled eyes, he reached over to turn off the water.

“Ready for more?” he asked in a husky voice. Apparently he was, by the way his cock stood nearly at full mast.

“Always,” May said, still quivering in the aftermath.

He stood and took her hand as she rose and stepped into the tub. As promised, Blair sat with his back to the faucet. May straddled him, easing onto his shaft. She braced her hands on his shoulders and her gaze fixed on his.

Blair's lips parted and May's keen hearing detected the quickening of his heartbeat. Her own pounded with anticipation.

While she rocked, controlling their movements, he caressed her breasts and nuzzled her neck.

Then he grasped her bottom and helped speed her movements. When his fangs pierced her shoulder, a fresh wave of passion washed over her. She rocked faster, clinging to him. Unable to resist, she bit his shoulder as well. The taste of

his blood and the motion of their bodies hurled her into another breath stealing orgasm. Somewhere in the midst of it, she felt him come. He groaned and tightened his grip on her bottom, his hips thrusting against hers.

Finally they calmed. May eased back a bit, and then she settled against his side, her head resting on his shoulder.

“This is a lovely prelude to our anniversary vacation next week,” May said.

The were headed to the States--specifically New York City to stay at the vampire haven Burgundy Peak.

“If this is the preview, then I can’t wait for the feature.”

May grinned. It was sure to be an anniversary they wouldn’t forget.

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