

PHAZE FLARE

FREE FICTION



STARRY STARRY NIGHT

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MORESCA

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Phaze is an imprint of Mundania Press, LLC.

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Starry Starry Night

A paranormal vampire erotic romance by

Sammie Jo Moresca

Also by Sammie Jo Moresca

Diet Another Day

Smolder (coming in 2007)

Type Dirty To Me (coming in 2007)

One particularly miserable, drizzly Alexandria morning, Simon Barrow burped. He held sentry just inside the 'new room' of George Washington's Mansion, Mount Vernon, adjusting the inseam of his royal blue britches. His long, wavy brown hair hung tied with a silk ribbon. Simon's authentic English accent made him a lively docent for the group of attractive women, in their late twenties. They were giggly, whispering about the tightness of his clothing. Simon visibly enjoyed the attention.

"General Washington was both architect and decorator of the mansion. He wrote in his journal that the color green, of the 'new room,' was very pleasing to the eye. The shade is verdigris. The room is set for a formal dessert party with cakes, Jellos and fruits. In colonial times, Jello was called simply 'gel'."

A willowy redhead reached across the rope queue and snatched a silver dinner bell off of the display. She impishly rang it. Simon's thoughts muddled with a scene from a campy old movie where the King of Jelly clutched a plate of Jello. The king resembled a chimp, not unlike Simon's identical twin brother, Nick.

"Now ladies, if you'll proceed into the formal foyer, the next docent will exhibit the key to the Bastille."

As the redhead passed by, she delicately raised Simon's hand and placed the bell in his palm.

"Thank you young lady."

She seemed somehow familiar, but no, not really. An all-American looking blonde called out to her. "Hurry Juliet, look where General Washington placed the front door, it's directly under the stairs, just like on the John Bee"

Simon couldn't resist rounding the corner. "What is the John Bee, ladies?"

They giggled. The ladies in their tour group moved on to the next room. The blonde winked and wiggled out of the foyer, catching up with the others.

Juliet stood at the front door, grinning at him.

"I'm Simon."

In an exotic European accent, she whispered, "Juliet." as she pointed to herself. "Nice to meet you." She nodded toward him.

"Very lovely to meet you Juliet. An historically connotative name for a classic beauty."

She sensed her face flushing, while realizing this guy was laying it on awfully thick--but she hoped he'd keep it up.

Simon asked, "So tell me Miss Capulet, what is the John Bee? An Italian castle?"

"Italian castle called John? I think not. *Giovanni del castello.*"

"So you live in an Italian castle?"

"Hardly. Not many of those around in the United States."

Simon removed a recipe for Martha Washington's cake, from a stack on a tea table. He groped inside his waistcoat and retrieved a pen. Handing them to Juliet, he said, "Write your address down for me."

"I think not." she refused to accept them.

"Where do you live?"

"We're just passing through. Where do you recommend for a hotel?"

"The Barrow Twin Inn. My brother and I own a little bed and breakfast."

"Really? Then why are you working here?"

"For fun. I'm a volunteer. What type of work do you do? No, wait, let me guess. Nurse?"

She rolled her eyes.

"Garbage collector?"

Juliet giggled. "Close. I'm a pilot."

"Oh, so you're here on a layover?"

"Something like that. I need a new um...airplane."

"So you don't work commercially?"

"I'm an independent contractor."

"What type of aircraft do you fly?"

She stepped closer. "Open your mouth."

He did.

"Wide...wider..."

Simon complied.

Juliet tugged his upper lip while drawing his chin down. *Nice sharp incisors.*

"Vampires." she let go of him and stepped back.

A low growl emanated from the Englishman. "You fly vampires?"

"Save a horse, ride a vampire."

"So you are a cowgirl and a pilot?"

"Giddeup..." she purred.

A group of Japanese businessman filled the foyer. Simon realized

he'd abandoned his post in the new room. As Hilda, the bubbly foyer docent began her spiel, he dragged Juliet by the hand, maneuvering her through the throng of thin men, back into the new room.

"Meet me back here at 10:00 p.m." he suggested.

"I'm not paying admission twice." She noticed he persisted in holding her hand. And rubbing her wrist with his thumb. Her eyelids went heavy at the pleasure point.

"We'll be closing anyhow. I'll come up to the front gate and escort you." he whispered clandestinely into her alabaster ear.

"What about Barbie?"

He laughed and raised his eyebrows. "You may bring your doll."

"No, not a toy. Barbie is my friend. The blonde." She nodded toward her.

Barbie waved and winked.

"Sure. Is she your flight attendant...or co-pilot...or navigator?"

Juliet noticed the swelling in his breeches as she too circled his wrist with her thumb.

"Oh well now that depends." she teased.

"It depends on what?" Simon's voice deepened.

"Do you have a friend you can fix her up with? We could...um. ..double date..."

"Nick. My brother. He hasn't enjoyed a date in--."

"Never mind. I don't want to know how old he is. So long as he does not look his age. You vampire centurions freak me out with your life--wing spans."

The door opened and in rolled a group of senior citizens in motorized scooters.

Simon brushed her ear with his finger tip. Juliet shivered in delight as he whispered, "Until we meet again. At 10:00 p.m."

He watched her narrow hips maneuver through the scooter brigade and out the door.

* * * *

US Park Police Officer Nicholas Barrow finished up a traffic incident report along the George Washington Parkway. As the tow truck pulled away hauling a disabled, vintage blue Pontiac, Nick shoved his paperwork in the saddle bag on his bicycle and returned to the meandering hilly asphalt trail. The temperature loomed way below normal, but the Washington humidity reared her ugly head, after the morning thunderstorms. He felt miserably musty.

Up ahead at milepost 2.1 he sighted a pair of women on inline skates, precariously teetering, clinging to each other. Nick pedaled up and rang his bell just before he reached them. "Hello, Ladies. Please keep to the right of the yellow line so that others may pass freely."

The curvy blonde toppled over, taking the redhead with her. They rolled down the grassy embankment, screaming and laughing.

As he engaged his kickstand and dismounted, the police radio squawked out "Possible two-one-one in progress...Caruthers' Boathouse...all available units please respond."

Nick hurriedly helped the ladies up the hill. A sudden wind knocked over his bike. An image of an open porthole flashed through his thoughts. Overcome by the peculiar sensation of not wearing any pants, Nick grabbed his legs. Reassured at the touch of his green uniform shorts, he seated himself, shifted into tenth gear and pedaled onward.

Wearing their inline skates, Juliet and Barbie stomped to a picnic table in a grassy knoll. They plopped down. Barbie lamented, "Too bad he had to leave. That guy was so hot."

"If you like the law enforcement type."

"Handcuffs and questioning and ordering me to obey him..."

"He looked really familiar. Do we know him?" Juliet asked.

"Couldn't really tell with the silly bike helmet. But yeah, he looked a lot like that yummy Brit at Mount Vernon."

"Yeah, that's it. I knew I picked up on the accident."

"Accident?"

"Accent. He's clean cut though, the cop. That's why he didn't click straight away."

"So why did you say accident?" Barbie asked.

"I don't think we met the Barrow twins by accident..."

Barbie questioned, "Did you purposely go to Mount Vernon today, knowing Mr. Simon Barrow would be on the job docenting or whatever you call it?"

"Volunteering. And no, I'd never heard tell of this pair of English Vampires before."

"Vampires? Brit vampires? Are you sure?"

"No. But I'm hopeful."

"Me too. Yum..."

* * * *

Juliet and Barbie lingered peeking in the lighted window of the Mount Vernon gift shop. Juliet's attention befell on the George

Washington Christmas tree ornaments, hung gaily on artificial trees.

Barbie fancied the three corner hats. She sang a little nursery rhyme about three cornered hats. "I've always wanted one, you know."

"You've always wanted a three cornered hat?"

"Yes. Let's go in and purchase a pair. Come on, it'll be fun."

Barbie bought a hat and a George Washington shaped whistle. Juliet purchased a hat and a brooch shaped like the Key to the Bastille. Back out in the summer night, the girls donned their hats. Barbie tooted the three cornered hat into her whistle. Cars retrieved tourists in the circular drive.

"Why didn't you buy a fife instead?"

"They sold fifes?"

"Maybe we can come back some time." Juliet pinned her brooch onto her form fitting yellow camisole, over her left nipple. Her long billowing floral skirt skimmed her legs.

Cars retrieved tourists in the circular drive. Footsteps approached. She detected the electricity of his thumb on her bare skin as she spun on her espadrilles to smile at Simon.

She said, "This is my friend, Barbie."

"Lovely to meet you Barbie...this is Nick, my brother."

Barbie winked. "Nice seeing you again."

"You're the skater girls from this afternoon," he enthused. "Sorry to have peddled off so soon."

Simon suggested, "Come. Let's stroll down to the treading barn."

The two couples paired off as they stepped through a gate and strolled over the rolling terrain in the bright starlight. Well, that and the lantern Simon carried.

Juliet scrutinized it. "Hey, that's not a real candle! It's a battery operated flashlight."

"We can't have real candles burning in these wooden structures."

"Good thinking."

As they reached the sixteen-sided building used for indoor wheat threshing, Nick guided Barbie to a ramp and disappeared into the upper level. Simon grasped Juliet's hand and they passed into the treading barn at ground level.

"What's this place for?" she asked, barely able to see.

"Threshing. Wheat was strewn in the upper level. Horses and mules were led in circles, their footsteps crushing the plants and the wheat kernels fell through slats in the floor down here." He softly kissed her

lips.

She returned it, with a hunger.

Simon's hands brushed the soft cotton of her top, teasing the nipples to life. Juliet moaned. He leaned down and drew one into his mouth, fabric, brooch and all.

She tugged him back. "You'll hurt yourself on the pin."

"But it's the key to your Bastille..."

Juliet tangled her hands in his wavy hair, yanking the ribbon loose. She wound it around her hand as he attended her other breast, nibbling and sucking.

A rustling noise distracted Juliet. She said, "Stop...shh..." He did.

Wheat trickled from above, along with the sounds of intercourse.

"It seems like my brother and your girlfriend have found a common interest."

"Let's watch." Juliet took a few steps.

"No. That's too weird. It would be like watching myself. I'll entertain you."

"How so?"

"I'll take you anywhere you want to go. Where will it be? Tuscany? Casablanca? Las Vegas? Uranus?" he winked.

"I'm not that kind of girl." she teased.

"Come on cowgirl, show me your stirrups."

"Have a seat."

He plopped down in the hay, positioning the lantern to shine on the beautiful exotic lady.

She yanked her camisole over her head, exposing pert white mounds haloed by tan lines.

Juliet dangled the ribbon she'd removed from his hair and threw her head back. She teased him, winding it around her neck, ticking her nipples and tying it around each breast in turn.

Simon groaned as he palmed the straining fabric of his costume.

"Take your shirt off." she commanded.

Buttons popped as he struggled out of it. Juliet knelt next to him and traced her delicate finger from the tip of his right index finger, up his inner arm, over his shoulder and down the other arm. She kissed her way down from his Adam's apple, licking each hard flat male nipple and then followed the soft furry path down to his breeches.

The rutting sounds from upstairs furthered their excitement. Juliet confessed, "Oh I wish we could watch..."

“Sorry love. It would be icky for me, looking at him.”

“Please?” she purred. Standing, Juliet hoisted her skirt waist high and revealed red lace crotchless panties.

He scrambled to his feet. Taking the lantern in one hand, Juliet’s soft fingers in his other, they ascended the ramp, starlight in beaming in each window. He caught glimpse of Barbie’s pleasurable face and double D breasts. Nick was lying in the hay, she riding him, facing his feet. He couldn’t see his brother from this perspective. Setting the lantern down and backing Juliet up ten feet, he guided her to the center railing. She thrust her waist against it and spread her arms over the wooden balustrades.

Simon knelt on the floorboards, wheat rustling under his knees. He lifted her skirt as she spread her legs shoulder width. With a deep inhalation, Simon tickled her clit with his tongue as he let the fabric fall down around, shrouding him.

Juliet thrust her pelvis to meet his touch as Barbie screamed in nirvana. In the dim lantern light, she watched the two uncouple and gasped at the sight of Nick’s thick erection, glistening with juices.

A gush of her own flowed for her lover’s taste buds. Simon lifted Juliet and she wrapped her legs around his neck. He bounced her up and down, squeezing her ass as he lapped her aromatic hot whipped cream.

Holding tight to the railing with one hand, Juliet kneaded her breasts with the other when she caught Barbie’s eye. Her girlfriend nodded and whispered to Nick. He knelt in front of Barbie as she squeezed her breasts together. He pumped his slippery phallus in and out of her cleavage, while he slid one hand up and down the length of his shaft. He twisted his sac with the other.

Juliet ground her pleasure into Simon’s face as she screamed. This sent Nick over the edge, shooting his wad across Barbie’s chest, face and hair.

Simon hesitated when Juliet’s orgasm subsided. Instead of emerging, he gently blew on her and then began sucking.

Nick collapsed on the hay. Barbie pranced over to her friend and kissed her lips. Juliet shoved her tongue inside, just briefly. She drew back and licked Nick’s come from Barbie’s neck, while fondling her breasts in the fluid. Nick joined them, suckling on Juliet’s breast. Barbie drew the other into her mouth and Juliet screamed, grabbing tight to the railing as a massive orgasm ripped through her.

Nick snuck away into the darkness.

Barbie leaned down and raised Juliet's skirt. Nick's first glimpse was of that perfect pair of Pamela Anderson's, only real. He tackled Barbie, tumbling with her on the floor. He moaned as he kneaded the largest handfuls he'd ever imbibed in the pleasure of fondling.

Juliet struggled with the laces on his breeches, until she freed his angry erection. He rolled off of Barbie. Yanking the trousers down to his ankles, he kicked them off. His breath hitched as he watched Juliet licking and cooing as she removed every trace of Nick's come from Barbie's breasts.

Simon lifted Juliet's rear end and rammed his way into her cunt with one determined movement. Juliet French kissed Barbie as Nick pumped her from behind. She loved the sensation of being forcefully taken, yet the position didn't allow enough direct stimulation to her bud. When he sunk his fangs into her shoulder blade and groaned and collapsed on top of her, Juliet felt disappointed. She wriggled out of the sandwich and smoothed her skirt before walking down the ramp. Nick fetched his trousers and followed her. "What's wrong? Where are you going?"

"I told you. I'm a pilot. I wanted a flight out of here. That's not going to happen now."

"Why not?"

"You bit me and came. Your rudder will go soft. I can't fly if I'm not impaled on a stiff joystick?"

Nick grinned and placed her hand on his slippery hard on. "Feel this. It's not soft now, is it?"

"Just a matter of minutes."

"Nope. I think not."

"What?"

"I swallowed a little blue pill before our rendezvous."

"You mean that drug that starts with a V?"

"Yep, Vampiragra."

He extracted a dark cape off of a horseshoe hook on the wall. Slipping it on, tying it around his neck, he laid down on the wheat, careful to spread the leather under him. Holding his erection straight up, he commanded, "Impale yourself Juliet. Fly me to the moon. Or Istanbul or...Uranus..." He raised an eyebrow in the moonlight.

As Juliet lowered herself onto him, she said, "Flight thirteen is cleared for takeoff to Paris."

"Ooo la la" he said.

“We need to stop up at the mansion.”

“Why?”

“To borrow the key to the Bastille.” She kissed his lips and rode his stallion. He dug his fingers into her ass, assisting with the take off. Wings projected from the cape and they flew out the window, into the starry-starry night.

“Do you like Vincent?” he asked

“Vincent Price? No, not really.”

“No, Vincent Van Gogh. The Starry Night. Have you seen that painting?”

“Oh, yes, I do like Vincent,” she cooed, enjoying a slow rhythmic ride on his phallus.

He kissed her neck, tonguing around for just the right spot. They flew past the barn and some out buildings, landing roughly on the lawn in front of the pillared porch. She closed her eyes and beheld Vincent’s The Starry Night. The blues and purples swirled as she shuddered and collapsed on Simon’s chest.

He grasped her hips and moved her up and down, thrusting slow and deep. She wiggled her fingers through his wind blown hair, enjoying her own soft afterglow as he came, tonguing and sinking his teeth into the velvet of her neck.

“Tell me,” she asked.

Simon inhaled. “Anything. Everything. You are the light of something I need more of.”

“Did you see the lights too?”

“Purples and blues.” he answered.

“And a lemon yellow moon?”

“The Starry Night.” He confirmed.

“We experienced the same climax.” She placed his hand on her chest. “Feel that. My heartbeat.” She placed her hand on Simon’s chest and detected his blood pumping. “We’re beating in perfect synchronization.”

“Let’s never leave.” He dreamed.

“Sure.”

“Making love with each other. No one in between. Fly away with me to another world.”

“I’m onboard.” She closed her eyes. “Lovers in the night. We’ll fly into the heavens. No, this is way beyond heaven. We need to reach a new galaxy.”

"If my heart's not too late, I'd like you to hold me. Hold me. Starry nights don't come enough. Hold me. Just hold me." He said.

They lolled in the stillness of the midnight.

"You can play in my dreams until I'm out of your site. In the morning my love can't change where you go. So hold out for our night. That's all we have is this night."

As Juliet fell into her dreams, she wondered what he meant. Was this a one night stand? Was it because he's a vampire and can't see the light of day? Was he going away in the morning? The playful man she'd met today had morphed into a deep sincerity. She hadn't expected such strong emotion from Simon, nor herself.

Juliet sensed movement. He was picking her up in his arms. Juliet chose to stay in her altered slumber. The warm strong arms and the hot summer breeze off of the Potomac River. As long as they possessed the night, this night, she was content. This was the most vivid awakening of her life and she intended to savor it. Praying for the darkness to last.

She could hear him talking. "There will never be any man who can love you just the way I love you. So don't believe the world. As long as we have the night, we have love. Always remember our night, my lovely precious Juliet."

Juliet didn't want to share her dream with anyone else. Yes, for one night, she embraced true love. So what if they'd just met? She would live in the moment. For the moment. Overcome with joy and a safety of his arms.

She listened to his footsteps on creaky floorboards. Feeling ascension. This man was taking her higher. She sensed he laid her down. A crackling noise. Not very comfortable. She became aware of Simon removing her clothes.

He trembled as the wind pelted the roof.

Juliet opened her eyes. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing matters tonight. We're making love on a midsummer night."

"But I felt you tremble."

He kissed her hungrily.

She pulled away.

Simon whispered, "Hold on forever. Try to remember me. Freeze this moment in time. These secrets we share."

"Moonbeams on your arms. Lost in your dark and dangerous eyes. The feeling your body created with mine." *I can wax romantic too.* Juliet

smiled. "Let's get lost in a wide open sky. Come, let's fetch General Washington's key to the Bastille. Fly me to France. We'll share wine and cheese and bread and free the evil spirits."

"Yes! Let's do." He seized her hand and helped her to her feet.

She spotted the pile of her clothes on the floor and leaned down.

"No, stop. Leave them. We're headed to Paris. Buy a new designer dress when we arrive."

"I can't fly naked."

"Why not? I'll warm you in my cape."

"Why not indeed." Juliet cooed.

They crept to the center of the room. She twisted her head to survey the room. "Where are we?"

"In the attic of Mount Vernon. It's seldom open to the public."

"So I'm special. She squinted around in the starlight beaming through the window. One chair and a small bed. "That's a straw mattress, right?"

"Sorry."

"No worries. Let's find that key."

He scooped her in his arms and carried her down two flights of stairs. She reached up and removed the large skeleton key from over the front door. They exited through it.

He gently lowered her onto his erection. She wrapped her legs around his waist. He spread his wings and they ascended.

Juliet beheld the estate as they passed over it. She glided him past the barn, peeking in an open window to see Nick and Barbie quenching one another.

She followed the polluted Potomac River to the Chesapeake Bay. As it opened into the Atlantic Ocean, she lay down flat on him and they ascended to the space above the clouds, below the stars. In the fine line of love and romance.

"Tell me more about Van Gogh." she asked, softly writhing up and down his throttle.

"A Dutchman. Never did find a career he excelled at. He was a misunderstood missionary who turned to painting in his later years. He couldn't afford proper training, so his work was very primal and elementary."

"And sometimes scary."

"Stranger to the strange."

"I'm cold." she said.

“We’re gaining altitude. No worries. I’m your vampire. We’ve got a green light, hang on tight. We won’t stop short of our destination. The speed is right. You’ve got to be strong.”

Juliet grabbed on firmly to his ribs as he wrapped his cape around her, tucking it between her legs. She maintained her rhythm as she rested her head on the warmth of his chest. He grabbed her derrière and took over the piloting.

“Wait. I’ve never let a vampire take control.”

“Trust me.”

“Give me a lesson on love.”

Three strokes up and down his shaft and she beheld the color explosion again. Lightening striking. Purple and green. She should have passed the controls to her vampire a long time ago.

“How was lesson one?”

She licked her dry lips and smiled. Sleep was trying to overcome her again. “Shatterproof.”

“Shatterproof?”

“Simply indestructible. Us. Tonight. Why is it so intense between us?”

“Beware. You don’t want to know too much. Live in the moment. In this night we share. There is no one else in the galaxy.”

Tears trickled out from underneath her lashes. *This is too good to be true. He’s too good. What is it he knows that he won’t tell me?* “Tell me, please.”

“Say you love me.”

“I do. I love you. Like no other male. Never have I experienced this connection as I do with you, Simon.”

“And I love you. I’ve been waiting more than nine hundred years for this night. This coupling. Your love.”

“We’re predestined?”

“Exactly. Come tomorrow...you’ll be gone tomorrow...I’ll be gone tomorrow.”

“No, we don’t have to end it. Stop talking like that.”

“It’s not for me to stop. I was destined to be with you from the day you were born. We’ve finally found each other. We only have tonight.”

“Why?” She protested.

“You can never go home.”

“Why?”

“Too many lights in the heavens. You can not ever go home. We

only have the rest of this night. Only lies last forever. Love is truth. It must fade away. Let me live tonight. Live with me, before our world is torn apart. There is danger on the earth tonight.”

“What danger?” She was fully awake now.

“This is the last night. Shh...don’t waste our seconds. Follow the love in your heart. Release yourself to me. Let go. The hunter will come soon.”

“What hunter? What are you talking about Simon?”

“The rivers will turn to blood. The air will turn to ash. The earth will explode.”

“Why?” She didn’t believe him.

“Because we found each other. The dark forces won’t stand for us. Our love.”

Yeah right. Sure, whatever. This guy was doom and gloom to the max now. I liked his romantic waxing better.. We were having such a surreal time together. Such rapture. I’m changing the subject.

“Tell me about Vincent some more.”

“That’s my girl. Have you seen his Irises?”

“I have a feeling I’m about to.”

He rolled over on top of her and thrust deeper and more methodically than before. He worked her pearl with his thumb. Taking her to the brink.

“Do you want to be the only one?” He stopped thrusting and rubbing.

What does he mean?

“It’s a long way down and you’ve got to figure on a master plan. Do you want to be the last one left? Play the game, but you just won’t win. You can not be all you want to be if you insist on mortality.”

“No, I don’t want to be the last lonely one.” Images of a dry red dusty expanse caught in her mind, in her throat.

She felt them descending. Falling. Spinning. Faster. Too fast. “Stop!”

He thrust deeply. “Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“Then stop looking out to the future. You’ll only see the past. Nothing but lonely nights ahead.”

“I choose you. I choose your love. Take me with you. To the hunter.”

“Then fall in love with me Juliet, but it’s a love that just can’t last.

You know hearts were made to be broken and you will break mine. I will break yours."

"I just don't understand. If the hunter ends the world, if it ceases to be, then our souls will live on."

"No. Creation began from nothing and will end in nothing. I'm trying to make you understand this is the last night."

"Because we are making love? We're ending the world? That's preposterous!"

"Everyone is with their lover tonight Juliet. All of the humans and vampires and shape-shifters and fishies in the sea. Can't you hear them? Can't you hear the hush of their enraptured hearts?"

Juliet smiled. She kissed him passionately through her tears. "Then let's make the most of it."

He laughed. "It's about time. Sheesh. You are a hard headed girl to get through to. This is our salvation tonight."

A bright star lit up the sky.

"I'm done Simon."

"What do you mean?"

"Making love. I'm done. I've enjoyed my night's worth. My life's worth. Let's not waste anymore time coupling up."

"Are you ready to land then my love?"

"Are we there all ready?"

"We've been circling the landing strip for the past hour."

She swatted his shoulder. "Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you land?"

"I had to make you understand first...Kiss me."

They closed their eyes, living their lives in each others hearts as they came to a gentle landing.

Opening their eyes to the lights of Paris, they squeezed each other.

Simon said, "I feel I'm waking in someone else's dream. I've never seen anything as beautiful as you."

"Back at you, lover vamp." Juliet realized she stood naked on a bridge in Paris. "I need clothes!"

"Come, let's shop."

"There are boutiques open in the middle of the night on the last night of time?"

"Not attended, but the doors are unlocked."

Juliet floated into the first shop. No lights inside. She squinted and grabbed the first garb she touched. Pulling it over her head, she hurried

back out. "Well, how do I look?"

"Like Aphrodite."

She hastened to a street light and glanced down. She'd selected a toga. "Sweet. Greek Goddess wear is in this spring. Well, make that summer. Come on, let's go."

"No, baby don't rush. Come on let's take our time. That's all we have, if we rush it will be over sooner. Live in the moment. Love in the moment."

"But I want to walk on the Champs Elysees and see the Eiffel Tower and the Leaning Tower of Pisa and--."

"Sweetheart, the Leaning Tower of Pisa is in Italy. I thought you were Italian, you should know that."

"Who said I was Italian?"

"What is your accent then?"

"I'm from West Virginia. And I know very well where the leaning tower of Pisa is. Contrary to popular belief, we are not all hillbillies."

He wrapped his arm around her waist and they strolled toward the Bastille. "Don't forget, you borrowed General Washington's key."

"Oh, yeah! Let's go and free the prisoners. All the souls ever incarcerated. Free them to be with their true lovers!"

"If you must."

"I must. For General Washington. For the Marquis de Lafayette. For liberty and justice for all."

When they arrived at the prison, she held the key up and placed her lips to the cold metal. Simon met hers on the other side. She pulled it away and stuffed it into the lock.

"Let them eat cake! Off with their heads! Long live King Louie! Ooo la la! French Fries!"

Souls swirled in the night. Like bats out of a cave. Bats out prison. Bats out of hell. Howling but in a beautiful chorus. Spawning like the coral on the Great Barrier Reef.

"The hunter comes. Do you want to let him end existence or do you want to cross the bridge with Vincent and I?" Simon asked.

"Let's cross the bridge."

She grabbed his hand and smiled. He kissed her hand and sighed.

They waked one foot after the other, side by side and stepped off the end of time.

About the Author

Sammie Jo Moresca is a proud card carrying member of the Romance Writers of America, dabbling in erotic romance since 2005. She blushes and tells her friends not to buy her steamy books. Sammie Jo married the firefighter who saved her life and they are living their fairy tale happily ever after.



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