

# ESCAPE



## Midnight Sun

Alecia Monaco

Changeling Press

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## **Alecia Monaco**

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**Welcome to Midnight Sun... a tropical getaway for vampires and their human consorts, featuring the world's first indoor beach.**

**Midnight Sun is the brainchild of vampire Marco Marciano, but one thing is missing... a line of vampire-friendly sun tan oils. Enter Sylvia Porter, hired by Marco to create a line of sun products for his vampire guests. But when Marco and Sylvia finally get together on the man-made shores, their passion blazes hotter than the Midnight Sun itself!**

**Dedication:**

For Lisa, who gave me her peppermint.

## Midnight Sun

“Ms. Porter?”

Sylvia glanced up. The limo driver had parked in the breezeway in front of the hotel’s entrance. Undead valets in tastefully tropical attire buzzed about at vampire speed, unloading luggage and parking cars.

Houston’s media were breathless to report anything buzz-worthy happening in the local vampire community, and Midnight Sun, a resort catering to vampires, and its drop-undead gorgeous owner, Marco Marciano, was the biggest news so far.

The driver tipped his cap. “Mr. Marciano will be waiting for you in the Fiji Room.”

“The Fiji Room?” Sylvia arched her eyebrows. “That sounds so... Graceland.”

The driver gave her a knowing smile and steered her toward a pair of French doors. “I assure you, Ms. Porter, it’s anything but Graceland.”

Sylvia drew a deep breath. On the other side of those doors stood a vampire with the ability to make panties drop at the speed of light.

Not that hers were about to drop. No, her cherry print briefs were staying firmly put if she had anything to say about it.

\* \* \*

“Ms. Porter.” Marco rose from his seat at the end of the conference table, breathing deeply of the scent he remembered from his brief meeting with Sylvia.

A scent that had haunted his vampire senses like a dream he couldn’t quite remember but had no hope of forgetting.

Sylvia stepped into the room, looking as cheerful as Marie Antoinette on her way to the guillotine. Her pastel suit clung to her curves in all the right places, giving him a teasing hint of the body beneath.

He felt his fangs lengthen with lust. This woman combined lush classical beauty with modern sensibility, a combination as potent and irresistible as any of the custom fragrances she mixed in her boutique.

"Mr. Marciano." She removed her sunglasses, revealing almond-shaped eyes the color of iced tea. "I brought along the product samples you requested."

"Please." He crossed the room to where she stood. "Call me Marco."

"Marco," she repeated, her full lips curving in an awkward smile. "I think you'll be pleased with what I concocted."

"I have no doubt about that." He gestured to the small Chippendale chair at the foot of the table. "Have a seat."

"Thank you." She lowered herself into the chair and placed a bag on the table. He followed her gaze to the waterfall cascading down the far wall, then to the cages of exotic birds fluttering nearby and the tropical flowers spilling over from planters on every surface. "You don't call this the Fiji Room for nothing."

"I'll take that as a compliment." He sat down in the chair nearest her. Everything in his long experience told him that her obvious discomfort had more to do with desire than business concerns.

Getting her to warm up to him... that was another issue entirely.

"You said you've completed construction on the indoor beach here," she said, reaching into her bag and removing several small bottles bearing the logo of her boutique. "I created two different strengths of SPF, for your guests who don't want to tan."

"That would be most of them," he answered with a chuckle. "You wouldn't believe how much pride the undead take in their so-called moon tans."

She peered up at him, a smile playing at the corners of her mouth. "Oh, I bet I would. Pale skin used to be very chic, a status symbol even."

He reached for one of the bottles of sunscreen. "I remember those days very well, actually."

She practically dropped a third bottle on the floor. "I keep forgetting how..." She stopped.

"How old I am?" he finished for her. She was so obviously flustered that he had to laugh. "I am a mere lad of four hundred and sixty-two years." He shook his head. "Compared to some of the local elders, I'm just a pup."

"Well," she began, appearing to recover her composure, "for a mere lad, you've created a beautiful oasis. I'd be very proud to have Scented Seductions associated with it."

A plan began to take shape in his mind. "And you haven't even seen the best of it yet." He rose and offered her his arm. "Let me show you the indoor beach. There's nothing quite like it in the entire worldwide vampire community."

"I'd love to see it." She put her purse over her shoulder and took her sample case by the handle.

"Come, Ms. Porter. Allow me to show you my world." He looked down into her eyes and caught a flicker of something there, something positive.

"Please," she said, wrapping her arm through his, "call me Sylvia."

\* \* \*

"This..." Sylvia gazed around her, at a loss for words. "This is beyond anything I ever imagined."

"Thank you." He made a sweeping gesture that included the entire room -- if the place where they stood could accurately be called a room. "It's been centuries since most vampires have seen the sun." He stared up at the dome of the structure, which looked exactly like a blue sky. "I wanted to give them one more chance to feel it on their skin, to see water that was blue instead of black." He sank into the sand beneath them, kicking off his shoes. "I guess this must sound rather foolish to someone who sees the sun every day."

She kicked off her high-heeled sandals and joined him on the sand. "It sounds generous." She gazed out at the blue water, watching it roll toward the shore, courtesy of a wave generator. The specially created lighting mimicked the sun without the



specific rays that were so lethal to vampires, and he'd had mountains of pure white sand trucked in and banked around his miniature oasis.

"You never finished showing me your samples." He leaned toward her, close enough that she could feel the warmth of him, the flawless perfection of his Mediterranean features and olive skin, from his black eyes to his sable-colored hair.

"Oh." She fumbled with her sample case. Why did he turn her every muscle into jelly? "I made a couple of oils for the customers who want to soak up the rays." She extracted two bottles from her case and passed them to him. "They're coconut scented."

One strong hand twisted the cap from the bottle. He leaned forward and inhaled deeply, never taking his gaze from her. "Delicious."

"Th... thank you." She broke eye contact and trailed her fingers through the sand.

"But how does it feel?" His voice seemed to caress her, to roll over her skin like a satin sheet.

"How does what feel?" Her heart skipped a beat. Hell, if he kept that up, the poor beleaguered organ might start jumping rope.

"The oil." His voice dropped until it felt like being stroked with a velvet lash. "How does the oil feel?"

She didn't answer, certain that he could hear her pulse banging away like a jackhammer. Finally, the silence drove her to look up.

A shimmer of something stronger than lust, deeper than need, looked back at her from his dark gaze. "I don't know. I haven't been on vacation in over two years, so I haven't had the chance to test my own suntan oils."

"That's a shame." He removed his burgundy short-sleeved pullover, revealing bronzed skin over taut muscle.

Oh, this was bad news. She'd promised her panties that they'd stay put. She had a feeling her promise was about to go the way of her self-induced period of celibacy... to the wind blowing across the Midnight Sun.

"Let's give your product a test run." Marco took one of her hands in his, noting the damp palm. She was nervous. He'd have to use all of his abilities -- vampiric and otherwise -- to calm her.

He drizzled the oil into her hand, breathing in its tropical scent before turning his back to her. "Would you?" He gave her a look over his shoulder.

She crawled closer and knelt behind him. When one oil-coated hand touched his back, he let out a moan of pleasure.

"Uh oh." She withdrew her hand. "I'll warm it between my palms next time."

"No, it's fine." He was already harder than steel. He was going to have this woman, and a little cool oil wasn't about to stop him. He turned toward her and reached for the oil. "Allow me."

Sylvia held her breath. It had become very clear, if the bulge in Marco's black pants was any indication, that he was all too willing to fulfill her fantasies.

Now, as he sat before her, one bottle of oil and a massive erection away from taking her to paradise, the ball was in her court. She could politely resist -- she knew he was too much of a gentleman to push if she refused his overtures.

But was that what she wanted? Or did she want him to take her then and there, to let him fuck her on the beach?

It took her seconds to decide. "Marco..." She reached for his hand and placed it on her breast. He needed no other words, his body hearing what her mouth couldn't speak.

"Sylvia," he breathed, sliding her jacket off her shoulders while his lips worked their way down the column of her neck, fangs grazing the skin in such a way as to add a thrill of danger to the heat of arousal.

She helped him with her buttons, nearly tearing them from her blouse in her hurry to undress. He wasted no time in lowering her onto her back. With one twist of his hand, he tore her bra away.

He cupped one breast with his hand, using the other to slather oil over her skin, coating her nipples until they were swollen and painfully hard. She closed her eyes when the slickness of his hands massaged lower, divesting her of the rest of her clothing.

He squeezed a trail of oil over her body, over her belly button and down her thighs, following the trail with his hands, kneading her body into a heightened sensitivity that was almost too exquisite to bear. Just when the pleasure began to ebb, his strong hands pushed her thighs apart.

Using his thumbs to spread her folds, he probed her pussy with the tip of his tongue. No man had ever done that before. Her previous boyfriends had been anything but adventurous, and she'd been too shy to ask for more. But Marco's tongue snaking between her inner lips was beyond pleasure. Or so she thought, until she felt the warm, wet stroke of his tongue over her clit.

He lapped at her, using a fingertip to pull her clitoral hood back, giving him greater access to the tiny bud. With every circling motion of his tongue, she could feel her pussy growing hotter. Tension tightened like a knotted rope low inside her body, and she knew she would come if he didn't stop.

"Marco..." She threaded her fingers through the softness of his hair. "I'm going to come."

"Yes." He continued the steady flicks of his tongue on her clit. "You are."

He slid one finger inside her, and she exploded without warning, her entire body reeling from the strength of her orgasm. She floated on air for what seemed like an eternity.

When she drifted back to earth, the beautiful vampire knelt over her, watching her face with an expression of intensity she couldn't comprehend.

"You seem to have enjoyed that." She could detect the faintest note of pride in his voice, and had to smother a smile. But she was about to turn the tables.

"Not as much as you're going to enjoy this." She reached for her purse, feeling suddenly wicked and wanton, as if the woman she'd always secretly longed to be had taken over.

"You're not leaving, are you?" He rested on his heels, his erection looking almost painful.

"Not hardly." She removed one of the many peppermints she'd taken from the limousine.

"Then...?" He let the question hang in the air.

"I'm going to do something I've always wanted to do." She unwrapped the red and white candy and popped it into her mouth. "Something I read about but never thought I'd actually try."

She watched as comprehension stole over his face, and he rose to his feet. She crawled toward him, a grin on her face as the biting cool of the mint filled her mouth.

He hissed out a breath when she took the hard length of him in her hand and directed the tip of his cock toward her lips. Instead of teasing him with licks and strokes of her tongue, she plunged him into the menthol chill of her mouth.

He let out curses in several different languages, twisting her hair in his hands as her mouth pulled on the head of his cock with deep sucking motions. She knew she wasn't exactly a world-class expert at the art of the blow job, but he didn't seem to have any complaints. In fact, from the steady stream of salty-sweet pre-come leaking from the tip of his cock, she'd say he was having a pretty good time.

Just when she attempted to deep throat him, he placed his hands on her shoulders and pushed her back, gently but firmly. "Let me come inside you." He dropped to his knees. "I'll take you from any direction you wish, but let me come while I'm fucking you."

She arranged herself on her hands and knees, and he read her wordless cue, positioning himself behind her and clutching her hips.

She pinned her eyes shut, wanting to concentrate on the sensation of him entering her. When he slammed his entire length into her with one stroke, she threw her head back and moaned.

Marco had obviously done this before, she realized with the portion of her brain still capable of forming thoughts. His cock mounted a full-scale assault on her pussy, pounding her smoothly in a rhythm designed to please. He reached around to stroke her nipples, to rake his nails over her skin, and then finally to rub her clit in perfect time to his thrusts.

She could feel another orgasm on its way, hovering just out of reach, like the shape of a shark beneath the surface of the sea. Somehow sensing her approaching bliss, Marco grabbed her hips and tilted her body forward until his cock stroked the magic spot on the upper wall of her pussy.

Every ounce of air in her lungs huffed out in a rush. She couldn't think, couldn't speak, couldn't do anything to control the primal sounds issuing from her throat. Her entire being was suffused with the almost unbearable loop of pleasure and pain that came from being aroused to the brink.

Then she crossed the line, the flash point at which her body overtook her mind, and she spiraled into mindless realms of orgasmic ecstasy.

She could feel his cock swell, then it jerked, flooding her deep inside with the heat of his come.

He rode her through the final flutters of their mutual release, and then eased them both back onto the sand, spent and breathless.

Sylvia sighed with happiness when he pulled her to his chest. Why did women always feel so compelled to ask one of those dreaded "where do we stand" questions right after sex?

Why did she feel so damn vulnerable, naked and flushed in the arms of this vampire?

He turned to look into her eyes. "I'd ask if it was good for you, but..."

"I think all the moaning and screaming were answer enough." She let out a small laugh. Thoughts raced through her mind like autumn leaves spinning in the wind. Would he want to see her again after this? Could she take her torn bra and her mind-bending orgasms and walk away, a happy camper? Or would Marco continue to haunt her just as he had before he'd met and exceeded her wildest dreams?

"So, no vacations in over two years, you said?" He let his hand rest on the swell of her breast, a gesture she would've mistaken for possessiveness if it hadn't seemed like so much wishful thinking on her part.

"Trying to get a new business off the ground has taken up all my time." She sighed.

"What if..." He paused, sounding uncertain. "How would you like to stay here for a couple of weeks?" His words began to tumble out. "I realize we keep rather odd hours, but I would like to..."

"Fuck me like a commando?" She grinned up at him, suddenly feeling as if the sun had actually begun to shine on her -- and not just the artificial one in the dome.

"I was going to suggest taking you to dinner, but I'll also happily provide any and all commando fucking that you should desire." He propped himself up on one elbow to stare down at her. "Sylvia... say yes."

With those magnetic eyes boring into hers, what else could she do? "Yes!"

As they lay laughing in each other's arms, it was impossible for them to know that she'd stay for two weeks and decide to remain, saying yes to a much bigger question -- one that involved a ring.

The Midnight Sun shone on them both, that night and always.

## **Alecia Monaco**

Alecia Monaco lives in a Gothic castle on the top of a remote mountain, where she's served by her retinue of vampire loves slaves and...

Oh, whatever. Alecia actually resides rather happily in Houston with her family and pets. She manages to live out her wildest fantasies of sexy night creatures in her fiction, and hopes her stories have fulfilled a few of your fantasies as well.

When she's not churning out her latest heartbreaking work of staggering genius, she enjoys eating too much, sulking, and playing Mah Jong. She loves to hear from readers and looks forward to getting email from you soon! Email her at [AleciaMonaco@aol.com](mailto:AleciaMonaco@aol.com), or visit her site at [www.aleciamonaco.com](http://www.aleciamonaco.com).