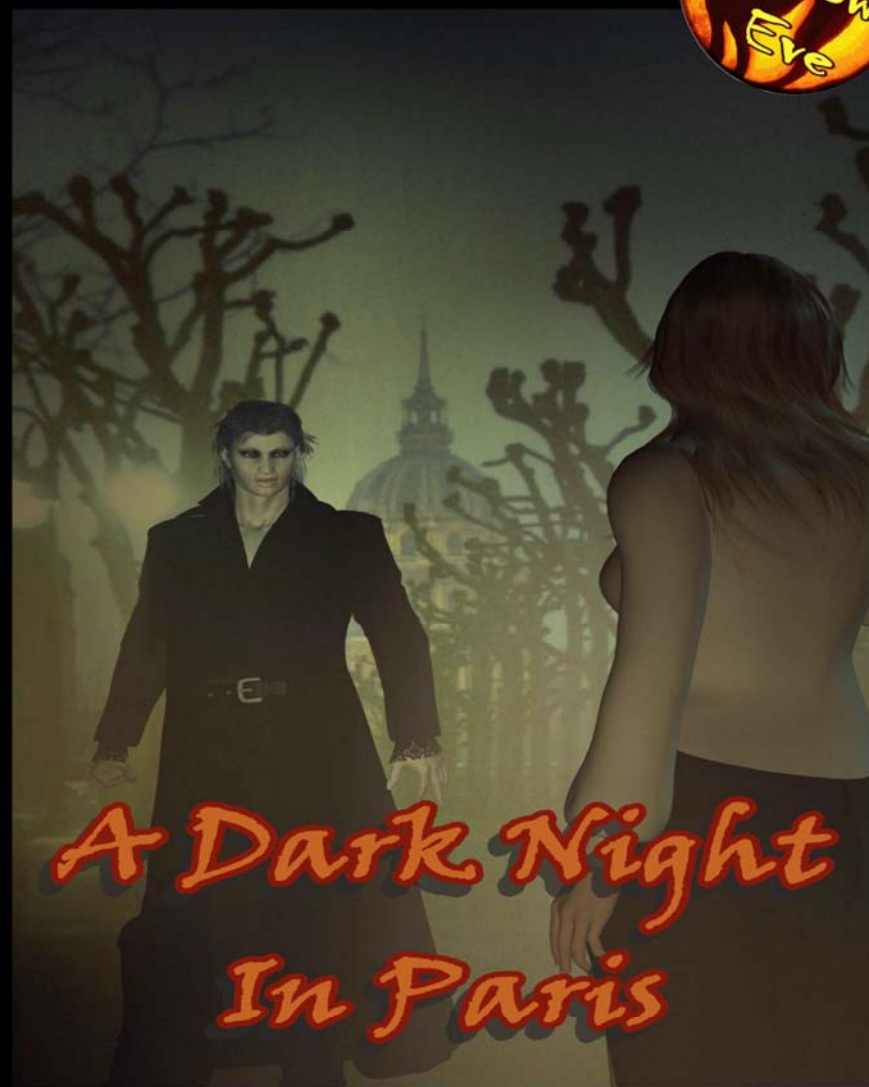


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*A Dark Night  
In Paris*

*Andrea Glenn*

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**A DARK NIGHT IN PARIS**  
**All Hallow's Eve**

**BY**

**ANDREA GLENN**

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## **A DARK NIGHT IN PARIS**

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*Andrea Glenn*

**Dedication:**

To Penny, I love you and miss you. Until we meet again.

## All Hallow's Eve: A DARK NIGHT IN PARIS

### Chapter One

I walked the cobblestone streets next to my hotel feeling the cool night air gently blow my hair and cool my face. There is nothing like Paris at night, or so that's what I've always read. As I looked around at all the couples slowly strolling by, I could see that romance actually did fill the air here. There was a certain chill lingering that fall had brought into the city. I bundled up, bringing the collar of my overcoat up around my neck and cheeks. Despite the cold, I knew I wanted to enjoy my first night in the city of passion.

As I strolled down along the historic Paris streets, I thought about my friends and family back home in Florida, and how they had tried to talk me out of coming here all by myself. They were worried about me, afraid I was doing something rash and completely out of character. I had just broken up with Doug, my fiancé, a few weeks ago, and everyone was terrified that I was going to do something silly. I was taken back by their attitude. I had no idea how old-fashioned they all were. I certainly didn't need a man to make me happy. I just wanted to get away, and Paris is a city that I've always wanted to visit. I knew I would love it here, and so far, I have not regretted my decision. Contrary to what people say, the French have been exceptionally gracious to me, and very understanding about my lack of expertise with the language.

I turned a corner and was immediately bathed in the warm glow of the lights from a small café. The smell of coffee was overwhelming, so I decided to go in and take the chill off. I ordered a cappuccino, and then sat down at a table just inside the doorway, looked out into the street.

A few moments later, I spotted a couple walking down the other side of the street, their arms locked tightly around each other. I couldn't help but sigh. The woman was looking up adoringly into the face of the smiling man beside her. Their love for one another was obvious. I felt my heart squeeze for just a second.

I looked away just as the server stepped up to my table and gently set down my cappuccino. I closed my eyes as I placed my hands around the steaming cup. I realized that I did miss the intimacy of a relationship, but that was all I missed about Doug.

How could I miss someone that was unfaithful to me? I took a long sip of my coffee, welcoming the fiery path as it made its way down my throat to my stomach. The couple's quiet laughter flowed through the open door of the café, and I frowned, feeling a pang of sorrow.

After a while, I realized that the longer I sat there, the more depressed I became about my pathetic love life. This was not what I had come to Paris to do. I laid my money on the table and walked back out into the cool night air. As I turned onto a busier main street, I was suddenly joined by a crowd of partygoers, and felt immediately better. Their excitement and aura of fun was contagious. I couldn't help but smile at the appreciative glances of the men I passed. I took a deep breath and returned my thoughts to the moment, forgetting the past. There were plenty of fish in the sea. Glancing into the fashionable shop windows and looking into faces of other passing tourists, it didn't take me long to get my spirits back up.

Without really noticing, the explorer in me guided my feet as I traveled farther than I had earlier in the day. The warm and inviting windows of various restaurants and bars seemed to beckon to me. I kept walking, and eventually took an odd turn, ending up on a very narrow road.

It was a little darker than the main street, but there was a sign hanging over a door a short distance from me. I could hear laughter and faint music coming from within a restaurant or bar. As I got closer, I could see that it was a small nightclub, and it looked like something the locals enjoyed. I didn't see any tourists around, so I felt like I'd hit something special. I realized that I could use a drink, and this would be the perfect place to have some fun, so I went in.

There were a diverse group of people inside, most of them drunk and laughing, really having a good time. I smiled at a man singing right inside the door. I couldn't help but think of Pepe LePew, the overly sexed skunk on the cartoons. As my eyes adjusted to the dimly lit room, I glanced around. The actual bar area was welcomingly lit, so I made my way over and found an empty stool. I took off my overcoat and placed it across the bar, and blushed at the bartender as he winked at me. I ordered a glass of white wine then turned to look at the myriad of faces around me.

There was a dance floor that took up most of the space in the room, and several people were out on it, grinding and swaying to the music. I could remember a time when I would have been out there, showing people how to do the electric slide. That was, until Doug had decided it was silly to go out dancing. Poor Doug, he used to be so much fun, which was until he became a stuffy attorney; just like his Daddy. I took a long drink of

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my wine and hoped the DJ or whatever he is called in France, would play something I would recognize.

It wasn't long before they did play an American song. Feeling light-headed, I decided to do something crazy. I gathered up my courage and weaved my way into the small throng of gyrating people. There were a few women among the group that appeared to be dancing together and yet alone, so I worked my way over next to them and picked up the rhythm of the song. I loved CC Music Factory, and the song was so easy to dance to. The wine had gone straight to my head, as I hadn't had anything to eat for dinner, so I was flying. The music only intoxicated me further and I closed my eyes giving way to my natural instincts, feeling the beat flow through my limbs.

I wasn't sure how long I had been dancing with my eyes closed, but another song was playing and I continued to move with it. A few seconds later, I suddenly had an urge to open my eyes. I had a distinct feeling that I was being watched. I turned around in time with the music, searching out whatever my tipsy mind was picking up on. The first glance around, I saw nothing but the second time around, a man seated back in a corner caught my eye. There was a small grouping of tables and chairs, and there were other people seated around him, but some sort of energy emanated from him and it seemed to make all others in the room disappear.

He was leaning back comfortably in his chair with his hands clasped in a relaxed manner across his chest. I noticed long legs stretched out in front of him, crossed at the ankles, and ending in what appeared to be rather stately suede leather boots.

This man not only caught my eye because he was staring at me, but also because he was so striking to look at. He had a strange intensity about him. I want to say strange because I felt something like an electric current as I looked at him. I turned as I danced, feeling embarrassed to be staring so intently, but within seconds I was facing him again. It was as though I had no control over my own body.

I glanced away, realizing that I was gaping with my mouth open. Once again as before, I was pulled back and I looked over at him again. Large, dark eyes peered at the scene before him from under equally dark and beautifully curved eyebrows. His skin was pale and smooth, which drew my attention even more to his mouth—a mouth that Michelangelo himself would have had to take pause over to study. The line where the full, red bottom lip met the upper, made the perfect shape of a cupid's bow. His nose and high cheekbones spoke of a noble bloodline, yet there was something softer there also, something welcoming. His hair was black and straight, long enough to be pulled back in a ponytail at the nape of his neck.

I watched his fluid grace as he turned to pick up the drink sitting on the table in front of him. It was only then that I realized I had stopped moving entirely. I shook my head, thinking that my obvious fascination with this stranger must be due to drinking the wine too quickly. Either that or the man was some sort of vampire. I went over and retrieved my coat from the bar, and made my way through the crowd to sit down near the door where the air was the freshest. It was there that I tried to take a few deep breaths.

After a few minutes, I felt much better. I really didn't understand why I had felt so dizzy before. I knew I wasn't a lightweight when it came to drinking, so I knew for sure that one glass of wine shouldn't have made me feel this way. My face was flushed and my knees were a little weak. It occurred to me that I might need to go get a bite to eat, but I felt that I needed to sit and rest for a few more minutes. All I needed to do was pass out in a club. I could just hear my family and friends now saying "I told you so, you shouldn't be so far away from home, alone!"

Just as I was about to stand and leave, I saw the face of the man I had been watching earlier. He was making his way towards the door. I quickly decided to stay and wait for him to pass. I wanted to get a better glimpse of him, up close. As he was striding my way, the paleness of his face floated in and out of visibility as the crowd between us parted and then closed back again. I watched for him intently, not wanting to miss him. I felt that at any instant he would somehow disappear.

Someone touched my shoulder and I turned. A woman asked for a light. After explaining that I didn't smoke, I looked back, trying to see the man once again, but he was gone. I looked around almost wildly for him, a second later I saw him. He was only about fifteen feet away and I suddenly realized that he was staring at me as well. Now that those dark eyes were looking directly at me, their impact was amazing. They were almond shaped and predatory, yet beautiful. I couldn't look away. The black pools were so inviting, so mysterious.

Everything around me seemed to fall into slow motion. His coat swirled dramatically around his calves in response to his movements. His hands were open and swinging at his sides with purpose. My eyes traveled back up to his face, and his stare held me. A smile slowly dawned across his chiseled features.

I was enchanted. He walked straight up to me as if he had known me all my life, and upon reaching me, extended his hand in an open invitation. I watched in a daze as my own hand slipped into his as though it belonged to someone else. He smiled broadly and gave me a slight tug, pulling me up to stand next to him. I had no choice but to follow his lead.



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“Let's go get something to eat, shall we,” he said, his voice purring to me so low that I was almost certain it was no more than a whisper, yet his words were loud and clear inside my head despite the music and chatter in the bar.

I turned my face up to his and again felt my mind begin to spiral. A very distant alarm sounded in the far reaches of my brain. I had never in my life left a bar with a man, so this was disturbing to me on some level. But, as I stood staring into the black depths of his eyes, I felt myself only nod. The warmth he created down the side of my body where we were just barely touching made me smile and I could feel my face flush. He snaked his arm around my waist and pulled me even tighter against him. His firm arm at my back completed my intoxication.

The alarm I had been feeling was drowned out with the roaring of the blood that was suddenly rushing into my ears. He guided me through the door and out into the night.

## Chapter Two

The fresh, cool air hit my burning cheeks and I instinctively gulped in as much of it as I could, trying to get a better grasp on my befuddled mind. The hand at my waist was relaxed but firm, and we were suddenly walking along the empty streets quickly. I looked up into the man's face and was rewarded with another angelic smile as he looked down at me. I was hit by a feeling of relaxation, my arms and legs felt as though they had been washed over with a warm liquid. Every time we made eye contact, it felt like I had tossed back another glass of wine.

This was definitely the most gorgeous man I had ever laid eyes on. The tiny thought of distrust that was trying to form in my head was taken over in a wave of what I believed could only be described as love at first sight. I smiled at myself then, thinking of my sadness earlier at being alone. I had no idea that I would be finding a man so intriguing only a matter of minutes later. We were embracing and walking just like the couple had been outside the café.

Mustering a little courage, I finally spoke. "What's your name?" I asked, wanting to give him more substance in my altered state of mind. I know that wine never made me feel this way after only one glass. For a spilt second, I wondered if the overly friendly bartender had somehow slipped a drug into my drink.

At my question, the man glanced down again, this time with puzzlement apparent on his face. "My name?"

I could see a cloud move across his face as he processed my question. It was as if no one had ever asked him this before. That struck me as odd. "Yes, your name. You do have one, don't you?" I added, giggling slightly.

He gave a little laugh of his own then, and answered me. "Yes, of course I do. It is Vicente Desiderio, but you already knew that."

As he spoke, I realized he wasn't French at all. He was Spanish.

"Vicente? I knew that?" I tried to repeat his accent and ended up laughing at myself. In my fit of laughter, I almost lost my balance.

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His grip tightened on me, holding me steady. "My name strikes you as being humorous?" he asked, watching me closely. "It didn't before."

"Before? Oh, no, it's a beautiful name, fitting for such a beautiful man." I was sobering now and staring up into his face once again. His eyes met mine, and I thought I saw fire flickering in their depths. The feeling I felt when I saw this can only be explained as some sort of love or possibly lust. It swelled inside me and I made a noise in the back of my throat in response. Feeling embarrassed, I laid my head against his shoulder. "I know you, don't I?"

"Yes, but that was from another time and place. You've had quite a lot to drink, haven't you?" he asked me, taking my chin in his hand and examining my face more closely by the street corner light.

I smiled at the warmth of his touch, of his face being so close to mine. But I couldn't suppress the thought that I'd just had one glass of wine. There was no way that I could be drunk from one glass of wine. It was as though I had consumed an entire bottle by myself.

Looking around, I felt that I should try and at least act sober. "Look, you're not making any sense." I paused, trying to sober. "Where are we going to eat? I think the wine is affecting me because of an empty stomach, you know?"

He moved very close to my face, I breathed in deeply. "Are you going to kiss me?" I asked.

Vicente brought his lips closer to mine. "Do you want me to?" he whispered.

My legs became like rubber almost instantly. I had to grasp his arm firmly to steady myself.

"Oh, yes, please do," I said unabashedly in my stupor. It was then that I saw he was lowering his full red lips to my own and I fluttered my eyes closed.

"Si," he whispered.

I parted my lips and waited for the touch, longing for the sensation to envelope me. I felt his lips brush across mine gently as if I had been kissed by the wind. I felt him pull back and I tried to open my eyes, but my lids felt as though they were made of lead, and would not or could not heed my command.

I felt him press his lips to mine once again. Only this time, I let my tongue venture out to slip along the bowed line of his bottom lip. Immediately, he opened them for me, letting me explore the fascinating softness of his mouth. His breathing grew heavier as I slid my tongue down the length of his, creating a sweet tension deep within my belly. I ran my tongue along his bottom teeth, feeling how straight they were then

traced along the edge of the top ones. I barely felt anything at all as one of his incisors sliced across the tip of my tongue, but the effect it had on him was obviously profound.

He pulled away suddenly as though he had been shocked. He held me at arms length and stared at me, his expression was that of horror. The back of his hand went to his mouth as he moaned and swallowed. His eyes rolled back into his head.

“Vicente?” I muttered. With his arms no longer supporting me, I slowly drifted down to the ground at his feet like a leaf, still reeling from the bliss of our kiss, wondering only absently at the copper taste of blood in my mouth. I sat there comfortable in spite of the fact that I was actually in the street. I was staring up at him through hooded lids and was surprised that the only thing I could think of was when I was going to get to kiss him again.

After a few long moments, I felt him scooping me up in his arms. I somehow found enough strength to put my arms around his neck and held on. My nose brushed against the skin of his neck and I inhaled his masculine scent. The wind was whipping around us in an unusual fashion. I was vaguely aware of it, considering there had been barely a breeze earlier. I nuzzled closer to him, thankful for his warm and tight embrace.

Before I could think about what I was saying, I whispered into his ear, “I love you, Vicente.” I felt him turn his head to look at me, but could not open my eyes to read his expression. He didn’t say anything and I suddenly felt myself slip away into my own mind.

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Apparently, some time had passed, and I couldn’t tell how long I had been asleep, if sleep is the right word. I woke, resting on what felt like a bed. I knew only that my head was throbbing and that my tongue hurt like hell. I attempted to lift my head, but a stab of discomfort shot from the back of my skull over the top of my head to settle in behind my eye sockets. “Shit!” I moaned as I laid my head back down. Hangover?

“You are waking now. Good, bueno,” he said softly.

I opened my eyes slowly. I was afraid there would be a light on and the feeling would cause daggers to awake the migraine that was slowly fading away. I was relieved to find that only a soft candle glow enveloped Vicente’s form at the foot of the bed. I tried to say something to him, but my tongue seemed swollen and hurt too much. I only made a croaking noise instead.

“Does that bother you?” he asked. “Your tongue?”

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I nodded and reached to touch the source of it. My arm was finally moving of its own accord, but felt as if weights had been tied to it. My fingers sought to trace the cut gingerly. "Yessss..." I sounded as though I were lisping.

"Let me see," he said with tender compassion, as he walked around to the side of the bed and sat down, cupping my chin in his palm.

I winced a little but let him examine me, then watched with horror rising in my barely conscious mind all too late, as he tore into the end of his finger with the very incisor I had cut myself on. His face was a mask of concentration as he held his finger over my open mouth and warm drops of his blood fell on my tongue, tasting salty and metallic. The cut began to burn. I moved my head, groaning with the fire that seemed to be shooting through my mouth and down my throat.

There was a moment of sheer agony, but it was soon followed by no heat or pain whatsoever. I carefully ran my tongue against the roof of my mouth and was completely surprised to find that it no longer hurt. I reached up to explore this impossibility tentatively with my finger, and found nothing. The jagged tear that had just existed across the tip of my tongue was completely gone.

I looked at him in amazement.

He smiled. "Quite a parlor trick, Si?" he asked softly, smoothing my hair back from my forehead.

I tried to think about the events of the evening, but my head was still throbbing relentlessly. I decided to just try to deal with the here and now. "How did you...?" I began, only stopping when I felt a flame spark up deep inside my stomach. I sighed deeply.

"It's very easily accomplished when you have the blood of a vampire. It's quite ironic actually, that we can heal your wounds with our blood but must kill you in order to heal our own."

I stared at him, his words barely registering in my mind.

"It's a puzzle I have often contemplated," he said, sitting calmly, his body warm where it touched my leg.

I blinked. The words that seemed to be sticking in my mind were 'vampire' and 'kill you'. Everything else he said sounded like erratic mumbling. His gaze was distant, but mine was riveted to his face. I was waiting for him to begin laughing. I remembered back at the club when I was thinking 'vampire,' but I didn't mean it. Vampires don't exist.

He sighed. "Yes, we do."

My heart began to pound. It was the first time I had even considered that I might be in actual danger. What was I thinking? How could I be so stupid? I usually wasn't so careless with my personal safety, ever.

"You weren't being careless," he said with tenderness in his tone. "You were under my spell. Or perhaps you would even say that you were in love with me?"

My eyes widened as the understanding dawned on me that he could read my thoughts. "What the...?"

He smiled then stood up from the bed. "Yes, that was the way you had put it, *mi amor*. I remember it distinctly, 'I love you, Vicente'."

"But—"

"Well, it is what you said, after all."

The terror was beginning to build. "Vicente..." I mumbled.

"The way you're saying my name doesn't sound as sweet now. I wonder why that is?"

The mocking note in his voice brought me back to my immediate danger. I looked around the room furtively. He had to be some sort of maniac, insane, psychotic. I had read where people thought they were actually vampires. In fact, there was supposed to be an entire culture of them living in New Orleans. I knew that I had to remain calm if I wanted to escape.

"I remember..." I began to explain, but could not bring myself to say what I had been feeling. It was love, truly, but I could not understand how my falling in love could have happened so quickly and so completely, unless I was drugged or actually under some sort of spell. Nonsense.

"That is all right. You don't have to explain yourself. You were simply entranced. That is all. I suppose I wanted to prove to you what powers I really do have. I know there is no way you could have such real feelings for a complete stranger."

The look of sadness on his face touched something inside me, piercing through the horror only just beginning to dawn in my mind. Was I laying here helpless in the presence of a monster?

"But, I felt it though, beyond my drunkenness," I whispered to myself, not really caring if he heard me or not. The events of the evening were coming in and out of focus, but the feeling I had since spotting him in the corner of the bar, could not be ignored. I tried to shake my head and clear the fog, but the instant I moved my head the pain shot through every recess of my brain.

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"It is merely a trick of the vampires. You're trying to convince your own mind of its reality. Let me show you."

He leaned over me and a powerful wave of his mental ability washed through me, completely clearing out any negative thoughts I had in response to his being a vampire. His gaze was magical.

Once done, he smiled at me and I laughed at the absurd notion that I doubted that I loved this man, no matter what he truly was. "Oh, Vicente, I'm sorry. I'm not feeling very well. I don't mean to upset or offend you," I whispered and reached up, intertwining my fingers behind his neck and over his thick ponytail.

"Adrianna Elizabeth Wade."

I gasped with the sudden realization that I had *never* told him my name.

His eyes were boring into mine. His smile faltered for a brief instant. "You and I, we were together a very long time ago, another time."

It was as if I knew this to be true and it wasn't a trick. It all made perfect sense to me. I pulled him down to me, feeling only a little resistance, and pressed my lips against his once again. I was scared and confused. I felt as if I needed to taste his sweet kiss in order to feel alive and 'normal' again.

He pulled back. "And now reality."

I felt as though someone pulled a warm blanket from my mind and let the cold air in. I shivered and squeezed my eyes shut. It was true. I could tell there was a distinct difference in him. But somehow, the feelings stirring within my heart did not fade with the removal of his blessed trance. I opened my eyes again as he was still hovering only inches away, but something about him was different. I watched as he began to pull his lips back over his teeth in what soon became a wicked sneer. His eyes took on a threatening sparkle. They were dancing in a swoon of mirth and decadence.

I didn't give him the chance to become that monster again. Looking him straight in the eyes, I felt myself being swallowed by the overwhelming darkness of their endless depth. I pulled myself up to him for another kiss.

I was encouraged as I felt his surprise. His lips were reluctant, frozen in a measure of disbelief. I struggled to keep my lips soft and inviting, letting my tongue once again flick over his bottom lip. I even allowed my tongue to part his lips and very gently glide over his sharp teeth, being extra careful of his incisors, or I should say *fangs*.

In only moments, I felt him begin to respond. His lips softened, his tongue slid out to gently court mine in reply. He turned his head slightly to receive my lips more fully.

Our tongues twining like mating snakes; heat began to burn down the length of my body, focusing in my lower belly.

He pressed himself against me, pushing me into the soft mattress. His breath ragged and hot against my already flushed cheek. I reached up and gently stroke his hair, feeling it between my fingers. I tugged at the black ribbon holding the ponytail in place and watched in awe as the glorious black tresses fell around us, veiling us from the light of the candle. His heated tongue trailed my jaw line, and within seconds, his lips fell against my neck, devouring me. I gave a small squeak as his teeth nicked at the delicate flesh just below my ear. The thought of what he really was came back to me only then.

He paused, feeling my hesitation, perhaps hearing my thoughts. He brought his large eyes level with mine so that we were staring at each other nose to nose. "I won't hurt you, not now," he whispered, his eyes blazing with desire.

In all honesty, I didn't find much comfort in the 'not now' part of his statement. My body was trembling with passion, crying out for consummation of what we had begun yet the fear was there also, tingling in the back of my skull.

"Mierda!" he cursed, looking away from me.

Suddenly, I felt the warm fuzz of his mind trick begin to seep through me once again. "No! No, you don't need to do that again. Please, I just...I want to be here," I said, realizing now that the trance robbed me of who I was. If we were to be together, I wanted all of my senses to be alert, and if he was going to kill me then it wouldn't make any difference one way or the other. And so I chose. I wanted to feel it all—everything.

He was staring at me in disbelief. "You want to be here? Conscious, aware, even though you are afraid that I will kill you?" he asked, leaning over to one side, pushing the hair away from his forehead to get a better look at me.

I nodded. "I do love you, Vicente. Don't ask me how or why, I don't know. But this is how I feel." I was staring into his beautiful face knowing that I meant every word despite my internal confusion.

He lay back on the bed and breathed deeply. I waited for him to say something or to do something, hoping that we could just continue where we had left off. At least I would die happy.

In one swift motion he stood, glowering down at me. My eyes told me he moved too fast for the natural world, but I blocked out those thoughts. There were other things to be pondered on—things that were much more important—like my life.

"I think perhaps I have given you the wrong impression. For I am completely unlovable, I assure you," he said, his voice trembling.



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I made to move towards him, but the low growl that emanated from his throat stopped me. "Vicente, you can't tell me how I feel. Despite whatever supernatural powers you may have, you can't hold power over someone's heart."

"You think not?" he asked in a low menacing voice.

Had I not been trying to prove some point, I would have been more attuned to the danger in that voice. He made a fierce and guttural noise, and I suddenly found myself pinned to the bed, my arms and legs spread out. I tried to pull my hands back, but they would not move from where they were being held by some invisible force. My legs were braced in the same fashion. I turned my attention back to Vicente. I was sure that he would kill me now for my foolishness at trying to argue with him.

He stood there before me, glaring and still, very still. I finally stopped trying to get free, realizing that it was futile. Whatever power he possessed held me as firmly as any iron shackles would have. I stared up at him, pleading with my eyes, not knowing what else to do. Finally, I said. "It doesn't have to be like this, Vicente. You know that, don't you?"

In response, I felt my coat ripping open down my chest, the buttons flying in all directions. I gave a startled cry, looking down at myself. The fabric of my sweater strained and tore down the center as well. I looked at him, terrified, but my attention was drawn back to my chest. My bra was ripped from me as though it were made of gauze. Pain from the scratch the hook left across my ribs registered faintly in my panicked mind. My breasts were bare and heaving with the efforts of my ragged breathing.

His merciless stare unnerved me. I squeezed my eyes shut against the tears that were threatening to come. I had to be strong, had to hold on to his compassion, somehow.

In mere seconds, my shoes, stockings, skirt, and panties all joined the rest of my clothing scattered about the floor. I lay there helpless and naked, various places on my body burning from the friction of the fabric that had been torn from me. I stared up at him in surrender. I had nothing left to lose. Briefly, anger mingled with the raw fear inside me, our stares were now well matched. In vain, I tried to calm my breathing.

His ferocious sneer came back then. "Are you still in love, little one?"

I could see that he was trying to make it into some sort of a twisted joke, but I refused to join him. I clamped my mouth shut before I said something I would regret. His smile faltered again. It was as though he wanted to destroy me from the inside out, yet somehow I could see he wasn't enjoying it.

He nodded at my silence, and then began to take off his overcoat. I watched him, unable to look away even if I had wanted to. He unbuttoned his shirt, pulling it back off

his shoulders and folding it carefully to lay across the arm of the chair behind him. His torso was completely visible to me, and I caught myself drinking in the sight of stomach muscles sliding and contracting with his movements.

I focused on his exceptional beauty, anything to pull my mind back from the edge of panic. His hair was flowing around his shoulders as he came to the edge of the bed and sat down, removing his boots and pants. He glanced over at me, seeing me watching him, and smiled. He stood to lay his pants on the chair, and then turned to face me. My eyes quickly raked over his perfect form.

He was in his mid-thirties, perhaps. I couldn't help but stare at the dark hair on his chest and abdomen. The skin was smooth and youthful, tight and muscular. His buttocks were round and dented on the sides. He was even more magnificent naked than he had been clothed. I let my appreciation of him fill me, beating back the fear. If he would only touch me, then my panic would be gone completely. I did feel some form of love.

He frowned at my obvious lack of fear. A dark shadow shifted in his eyes, and before I could tell what his intentions were, he was upon me, covering my body with his own, staring me in the eye, his quickness meant to frighten me. His lips pulled tight across his teeth.

I swallowed hard.

"And still, no fear from you? Do you not know that I intend to take you?" he asked me, scowling furiously.

All I could think about were the points where his body was touching mine. The heat was indescribable, our thighs, his erection, which was against my hip, his chest against my breasts. Nothing else registered. I looked at him then, letting my lust show plainly on my face.

*Take me. I'm giving myself to you.*

His eyebrows drew together even tighter in response.

"Go ahead," I whispered at him, smiling.

"Maldito!"

His throaty curse brought me out of my reverie, and I blinked.

He sat back on the bed, his look more pensive then threatening now. "I see that I have underestimated you, querida," he said with an apologetic tone.

"Touch me, Vicente. Go ahead. I want you to," I whispered at him, trying to keep him in this softer frame of mind.

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He looked up at me, and then let his gaze begin to slide over my prostrate form. His hand fell lightly on my ankle then slowly moved up my calf to my knee. "Usted es Adrianna hermosa."

I sighed. Even though I didn't speak very much Spanish, I knew hermosa meant beautiful. "Gracias," I said softly.

He looked up at me in surprise, and a slight smile passed over his full red lips. He continued with this light touch up the inside of my thigh, hesitating at my center, his hand hovering there as if warmed by my heat. I moved my hips, longing to make contact with his fingers that were so near. He glanced back up to my face, his eyes smoldering in reaction to this intimate movement.

I bit my bottom lip unconsciously, feeling fire lingering where his hand had just departed from my thigh. I held my breath as I watched his hand hover a moment longer, watching my slight movements. Then, he brought his hand down against the soft hair to cup me gently. I closed my eyes and let out the long breath that I had been holding.

"So sweet, so open." I heard him whisper as he held me, his fingers slowly beginning to dip slightly into the moisture there.

"Open to you," I answered him, turning my smoky gaze on him, wanting to reach out and pull him near.

His lids lowered slightly. I felt him push a finger slowly into my warmth, and I couldn't help but moan, letting my head fall back in a final surrender. I heard him sigh, and felt his movement as he bent over to lick at my navel, ribs, and then my breasts.

His hair stroked my side, and I longed to bury my hands in it, to press his head closer to me, but I still couldn't move anything but my head. I lay there helpless, feeling his fingers circle inside me slowly. I moaned again, the feeling was pure and intense.

"Ahh, it has been so long, so long," he whispered against my skin.

"Let me touch you, Vicente. Free my hands. Please!" I pleaded with him.

He shook his head as he kissed his way across my collarbone and up my neck. He seemed so determined.

I had no fear of him now, only an overwhelming desire for more. "Please..."

"Not yet," he answered me, his deep voice curling my toes.

Then I felt his thighs slide between mine. His fingers pulled out, but still held me open, as his entire length slipped sweetly inside me, perfectly sheathed. It was his turn to moan, and the sound of it sent my mind reeling with unknown passion. He held himself buried inside me for several long moments, taking long deep breaths.

I closed my eyes as the feeling enveloped me in warmth at first, and then incredible heat. I held my breath, waiting for the friction of movement. He was still moaning as though he were in terrible pain when he turned his head toward me. I felt his lips press against my jugular. He pulled himself out and pushed in again, slowly.

“Oh, God.” My own throaty noises joined his as he stroked my throat with his tongue in time with his slow thrusts. Within moments, I found myself teetering on the precipice of a powerful orgasm. He picked up the pace then, pulling back to look at my face, watching the effects of what he was doing to me play across my features. I stared at him in turn, mesmerized by his open mouth, his smoldering eyes, his heavy breath.

“Vicente, Vicente...” I chanted, trying to find the words to tell him that it was time—that I was spiraling out of control.

“Yes, yes, cry out to me, give me everything. Quiero oír que usted gritaba. I want to hear you scream!” he yelled.

I felt my hands freed at last. I quickly wound them into his thick hair and felt him bury his teeth into me, as wave after wave began to crash through my body, into my very soul. The slight pain of his bite echoed the slight pain of his pounding pelvis, both only adding to the fury of my orgasm. I could hear him swallowing, and knew that he was drinking from me, and I didn’t care. My shuddering had not even begun to subside when he tore his mouth away from my throat. I watched as he threw his head back and yelled triumphantly as his own release stormed through him. “Adrianna, mi amor, mi vida!”

I felt lightheaded with lust and from watching him just as much as from the sudden loss of blood. “Oh...”

He fell forward onto me, slowly, shivering from the residual waves. “I--I...”

I held his head in my hands and gently stroked the long black locks. His breathing was slowly calming. I could still feel him pulsing inside me, causing me to tighten around him in obvious reply. The warmth and wetness of my blood seeping under my head and shoulder didn’t bother me at all. I’d gotten what I wanted. Soon, I felt myself start to lose consciousness. I fought to look into his eyes again. “Vicente,” I whispered, while lifting his head weakly.

“Yes, little one?” His brown eyes opened groggily, and a sweet smile began to spread across his lips. He shifted to the side to take his weight off my chest.

The movement caused a surge of blood to flow from the gash in my neck. The world swam in front of my eyes. “You see you are quite lovable after all. To me, that is,” I mumbled before a strange darkness closed in. I thought I could hear him saying my

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name, as if he had not heard me. But it was too late to repeat it. I was now suddenly hovering above us and couldn't get back down to where we lay on the bed.

## Chapter Three

*Am I dead?*

Though my eyes were closed on the bed, from where I was in the air, I could see him jump up and tear at his own wrist with his razor-sharp teeth. Seeing him mutilate himself under so much pain made me wince inwardly. I watched, puzzled, yet fascinated as he let the blood flow from the ragged slit in his wrist just over my lips and into my mouth.

“Adrianna, please come back to me. Now! I command you.” His voice was shaking as he sat up on his knees. He looked up at the ceiling blankly, tears in his eyes. “Come back!”

My attention was drawn to a bright light above me. It was warm and inviting. Suddenly, I was rising up, floating farther and farther away from him. I didn’t understand, and when I opened my mouth to speak nothing came out. He spoke again, and I looked back trying to understand what he was saying. His words came clanging into my mind, bright as the sun.

“You are not to die, Adrianna! Come back to me, I love you!”

Not knowing what else to do, I answered him with my mind. *It’s all right I can’t come back now.*

A strangled cry ripped from his throat as he jumped from the bed and looked up. “NO!” He bent down, picked up my body, and covered my face with his lips, kissing me, cradling me in his arms. He sat up, ran his fingers through his long hair, and began to sob.

I was going higher and couldn’t stop. I could see him straighten as he laid me back down on the bed, and I watched as he took his index finger and slashed down his throat, near his collarbone. He leaned over and brought my face to the steadily flowing blood. “Drink, mi amor, vida...life!”

A flash of lightening flooded the room and I felt myself falling. *No! This feels so good. No more pain, no more fear, no more unhappiness, and no more loneliness...*

“Adrianna!”

I felt my head loll to the side. “Vicente,” I murmured.

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"Yes! I am here." He reached down and kissed my lips. "Wake, mi amor."

Slowly, I opened my eyes. I saw him hovering over me, and just beyond him, I saw the bright light begin to fade. "The light?"

"I'm sorry. I took too much blood. I was so powerless with you."

"I'm alive?"

"Yes and no," he answered, his lips quivering with emotion. "I thought I lost you."

A brand new pounding in my head was growing steady, and my mouth felt as though it were filled with cotton. "I--I don't understand."

"You are alive as you never were before."

The reality of his words hit me. "I'm a vampire?"

He smiled at me as he gently smoothed my hair. "Uno de los no muertos."

"What?" I breathed, trying to focus on his words.

"You are one of the undead."

I felt as though I were going to faint. "This can't be. I have a family, friends," I muttered, feeling the panic begin to rise once again.

"No, now you have me—forever."

"But..."

"You love me, remember?"

My eyes began to water and I felt sick to my stomach. "Yes..."

"Muchacha buena...good girl," he whispered.

I tried to calm my breathing and closed my eyes. "Vicente, I'm scared."

"Hush, little one," he whispered.

I felt his hand brush over my face and down my throat. I began to relax. "Thank you."

"You will be fine. I will take care of you. There will be no more pain." He trailed his hand over the swell of my right breast and kissed it, swirling his tongue around the hardening nipple. I felt the stir of heat in the pit of my stomach as he kissed his way down my body. I opened my legs for him as he dipped his head, licking me, causing a new wave of shudders to wash over my body.

"Do you like this, mi amor?"

"Yes," I moaned, twisting on the bed.

He raised his head and smiled. "We have all eternity to explore one another."

"Yes, eternity," I whispered, and I closed my eyes, allowing the new healing to begin.

*Andrea Glenn*

## About the Author

I've been writing for many years, actually since I was a child. I began writing ghost stories and comic books with a neighbor. Over the years, I've continued my fascination and writing in the paranormal field. Now, I have the opportunity to research and write new articles for a very popular paranormal website. In the last few years, my interests have been leaning towards romance and seduction. I literally fell in love with the genre while reading some fantastic fan fiction in 2002. I live in the hills of Tennessee and am a true Southern Belle at heart. I still consider "Gone with the Wind" one of my all time favorite books. I have a passion for writing that comes from my heart and soul. My romance inspiration comes from the many loves of my life.

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