

A Love for All Nights

A Short Story Written by Jessica Coulter Smith

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Chapter One

The blood flowed like honey, thick and sweet, as it slid down Carson's throat. When he had first been changed, he had abhorred the idea of drinking blood from someone. Now it was second nature, a necessity, one which he enjoyed. Pulling his fangs from the woman's neck, he licked her wounds, closing them. She was a pretty morsel, blonde haired and blue eyed, like a little china doll. He couldn't remember her name, only that she had been all too willing to follow him. Had she realized that he had something other than a night of passionate, sweaty sex in mind, she would have run the other way. Thankfully, vampires were still just a thing of legend, of nightmares and horror movies.

As Carson sent the woman on her way, with the thought that she hadn't left the bar with him, had simply gone for a walk by herself, he turned and headed down the street. It was almost Halloween. The shops were filled with costumes, candy, and decorations. If only the stupid humans realized that a good portion of what they pretended to be one night out of the year truly existed, things would certainly change. No longer would people idolize werewolves, vampires, ghosts, and demons. No, instead they would run from them, just as his victim's would run if he didn't have the power to plant suggestions in their sponge-like minds.

Shoving his hands deep into his pockets, he strolled down the streets, cloaked in fog and darkness. His blond hair shone brightly under the street lamps, his pale features like a beacon in the night. His blue eyes scanned the darkness. Having fed, he needn't search for prey any longer, but he did need to be certain he didn't *become* prey. While the humans typically let vampires remain in the world of make-believe, there were a select few who knew of their existence... the hunters. Carson hadn't seen a hunter in a decade or more, but he knew they were still out there, still hunting, trying to rid the earth of monsters like him; except he didn't feel like a monster. Yet, he didn't exactly feel like a man anymore either. He wasn't quite certain what category he fit into these days.

Carson has been turned when he was thirty years old. The year had been 1940 and it had been a cold December night. During 1940, *Gone with the Wind* had debuted in theaters; the Pennsylvania

Turnpike had opened - the first of its kind; John Steinbeck had been awarded a Pulitzer for *The Grapes of Wrath*; and the first social security checks had been mailed in January of that year. All in all, it had been a year of change, especially after surviving the Great Depression in the 1930's, but nothing compared to the changes that had occurred since that time. Things today were so much faster, brighter, and harder. Sex was sold on every corner, not literally - well, sometimes it was literal, but sex was openly displayed on television, in movies, on the radio, on t-shirts... it was all around him.

Lost in another time, Carson almost didn't see the young woman walking toward him. At the last minute, he was able to avoid a head-on collision. She was as lost in her own thoughts as he had been in his. He breathed in her scent and his eyes widened in shock and recognition. She was his. His perfect match. His salvation.

Chapter Two

Every vampire had a destined mate, a woman or man who was selected to be with them for the centuries to come. This woman, this delectable morsel, was his. After being a vampire for over sixty years, he had ceased searching for his mate. To say he was surprised to literally run into her now of all times would be an understatement.

Startled, she looked up. Alexa was momentarily stunned as she stared at the tall blond god before her. Sure, he was a little on the pale side, but he had the bluest eyes, a strong nose, chiseled jaw, and lips that looked like they were meant for kissing. She could almost feel the pressure of them against her own; wondered what his hands would feel like drifting over her skin. Her skin flushed and heat spiraled through her as she stared into his eyes, lost in a dreamlike state, mesmerized by the mere sight of him.

She shook the thoughts loose from her head; obviously it had been way too long since she'd been with a man. "I'm sorry. I wasn't paying attention to where I was going," she mumbled, unable to completely find her tongue; hot guys had a tendency to do that to her.

He smiled, showing even white teeth, "Quite alright. I'm afraid I wasn't paying much attention either. It seems to be a good night for daydreaming; or maybe I should say night-dreaming."

She laughed. "Yes, I suppose it is. It's a beautiful, quiet evening."

He nodded. "Indeed." He frowned and looked around. "It isn't very conducive to females walking alone though. Would you like an escort?"

Alexa blushed. She knew she shouldn't allow the stranger to walk with her, but she felt compelled to be near him a little longer. He was intriguing and she felt drawn to him, as if some unforeseeable force was pulling her closer to his side. "That would be nice."

He offered her his arm, as a true gentleman would. Once she had placed her small, thin fingers on his shirtsleeve, they started walking. Just the slight pressure of her hand on his sleeve was enough to drive him mad. Ever since the first whiff of her scent had assailed him, he had wanted to lose himself in her; make long passionate love to her and bury his fangs in her neck claiming her as his own.

"So where is it that you're going?" Carson asked, trying to get his thoughts under control.

"Home; I had to work late. Usually I'm home by dark, but I got caught up in a project today," she answered.

"What type of work do you do?"

She smiled, "I'm an illustrator for children's books. I can work from home, but a friend of mine lets me use an empty office."

"So that you're able to keep work and home separate?" he asked.

"Exactly! Most people don't get that. They think I'm lucky to be able to work from home, but then my home becomes a prison instead of a comfort zone," she answered. "Besides, Zach doesn't mind me taking up some of his office space."

Carson bit down on a burst of jealousy. Who was this Zach person to her? Was he just a friend or more along the lines of a boyfriend? Why would the fates drop his life mate in front of him if she was already involved with someone?

"So you and Zach have been friends for a while then?" he asked, fishing for information.

"Oh yes. We grew up together," she responded.

Carson clenched his teeth. The woman was driving him mad! Couldn't she divulge just a little more information? Was he going to have to just ask her outright if she was seeing the guy? He had noticed she didn't wear a ring so at least she wasn't married or engaged.

"What do you do for a living?" Alexa asked her handsome stranger.

"At the moment, I don't work. I invested my money well; I work when I get bored, but have been enjoying a life of leisure and travel the past few years," he answered.

"I'd love to travel," she said wistfully.

"Why don't you?"

She shrugged. "My job pays the bills, but there isn't enough left over for travelling. I've only been an illustrator for a year; it takes time to make a name for yourself and get the higher priced projects."

"So when you are able to travel, where do you plan on going?"

Alexa didn't have to think for a moment. She already had everything planned out in her mind. "Ireland, Scotland, and Denmark; I've read tons of travel books and those three places have always stood out as places of interest for me."

"Ireland and Scotland are both beautiful, with wild countryside and even wilder cities. I haven't been to Denmark, but I've heard its lovely," he responded.

"You're lucky," she said with a smile.

"Yes, I guess I am," he agreed softly, thinking more of the woman beside him than the places he'd been.

They walked in silence for another block when the woman stopped in front of an iron door.

"This is my stop."

Carson looked up at the three-story apartment building, designed with one floor per apartment. He'd passed the building so many times since moving to this city. How had he never seen her before now? How could she have been under his nose this whole time?

"We never exchanged names. I'm Carson," he said, hoping to prolong their time together.

"I'm Alexa," she responded with a smile.

"Alexa, would it be too presumptuous of me to ask to see you again?"

A blush stole across her cheeks, making them a becoming pink. If he hadn't already fed, the blood would have drawn him in like bees to honey.

"I'd like that," she finally murmured.

"There's an evening celebration in the square Saturday evening. Would you like to go?"

She nodded. "I'd love to go."

"I'll pick you up here at seven o'clock," Carson responded with a smile.

"It's a date," she said, another blush staining her cheeks.

Carson inclined his head, watching her enter the building. He smiled when she gave him one last wave from the bottom of the stairs. Turning, he stepped back out into the foggy night, sticking close to the shadows, blending with them like the creature of the night he was.

After centuries of waiting, he'd found her. His heart sung, his step was lighter than it had been in years. A grin clung to his lips, a smile in his eyes. Only a few nights until he could be with her again. Only a few nights until he could claim her.

Chapter Three

Saturday arrived quick and silent. The day had been gray with overcast skies. Alexa stared out of her apartment window, willing the night to hurry along. She still had an hour before she would see Carson again.

She'd laid out her clothes earlier in the day. It was Halloween night. Alexa had always gone as a witch or fairy before. Tonight she had wanted something special. Tonight she was going as a Greek goddess; the goddess of love, Aphrodite.

Noting the time, she decided to get ready for her date. With one last glance out the window, Alexa walked into her bedroom. Her beautiful white gown and golden sandals were laid out. Trailing her hands over the soft material, she made her way into her small bathroom.

Alexa turned on the shower. Testing the water temperature, she undressed and climbed in, letting the warm water run down her body. She massaged her scalp as she lathered with her natural herb shampoo. Letting the water rinse the suds from her hair, she reached for her cream conditioner. Applying a liberal amount to her long blonde hair, she piled it loosely on top of her head. While the condition set for a few minutes, she lathered her body in soap made from rosemary, sage, and spearmint. Rinsing from head to toe, she turned off the water.

Toweling herself dry, she stared at her reflection in the mirror. She had a healthy glow from spending time outside over the summer. Her blonde hair hung in waves down past her shoulders. Her eyes were neither blue nor green, but a combination of the two, giving them an almost aqua hue. Everyone commented on the unusual color of her eyes.

She hung up her towel and slathered on some moisturizer. Applying a small amount of make-up, she smiled at her reflection. She'd let her hair dry naturally so it would be bouncy and full.

Alexa walked into her bedroom and pulled on her dress. Deciding to be as authentic as possible, she wore it without panties or a bra. Her breasts were exactly tiny, but they weren't large either. She was happy being a B cup.

Slipping on her sandals, she scurried out of her bedroom. Dashing to the window, she looked out at the night. Dark had fallen

while she was getting ready and stars lit up the night sky. A glance at the sidewalk showed that Carson was waiting for her. She looked at the clock, hoping she hadn't kept him waiting, but noticed she still had fifteen minutes. She smiled when she realized he was early. It seemed he was as anxious about their date as she was.

Grabbing her small gold purse, she picked up her keys and hurried out the door. Locking up, she put her keys in her purse and descended the stairs, hoping she didn't appear as eager as she felt.

Opening the iron door to her building, she smiled at Carson.

"Hi," she said softly.

His eyes raked over her costume, taking in every lovely inch of her. "Hi yourself," he said, his voice sounding husky from desire.

"So what are you for Halloween?" she asked, her eyes taking in his black dress shirt and slacks.

He smiled, allowing his fangs to show. "I'm a vampire."

Alexa smiled. "Very authentic. I'm the goddess of love."

"I could tell," he murmured, offering her his arm.

They walked through the streets together toward their destination. When they arrived at the outskirts of the festival, they could hear the haunting strains of creepy Halloween music. Following the throngs of people, they entered the square.

"There's so much to see," Alexa said in surprise.

Carson nodded. "Is there anything you'd like to see first?"

She shook her head. "I want to see everything."

He chuckled. "Then everything it shall be. Let's try this way first," he said, tugging her to the right.

They meandered between booths checking out the local artists' wares. On the far end of the town square were a costume contest and a few games of chance.

"Do you see anything you like?" he asked.

Alexa's eyes crinkled as she smiled. "Too much. Who knew we had so many talented people in our fair city?"

"Indeed," he said with a smile. "It seems they have outdone themselves for this particular event."

"Think we could get away from the crowds for a few minutes?" she asked.

"Of course."

Carson led her through the crowd to the outer edge of the festival.

"Is this better?" he asked.

"A little. It was just getting too crowded and too noisy."

"We could walk for a little bit if you'd like."

She nodded. "That sounds lovely."

In silence they walked through the foggy streets, enjoying one another's company. As they came to a small park, Carson motioned for Alexa to enter the gated entrance. Finding a park bench concealed by trees, they sat.

Chapter Four

"It's been a magical evening," Alexa said softly.

"Yes it has."

"I'm not sure I'm ready for it to end."

Carson gave her a small smile. "Who said it had to?"

With wide eyes, she stared at him, transfixed. Could he possibly feel the same attraction she did? Could he want her as much as she wanted him?

Carson leaned down and brushed his lips across hers. Cradling her face in his hands, his tongue traced the seam of her lips, begging for entry. When her lips parted ever so slight, his tongue delved into her mouth, tasting her, teasing her.

When the kiss ended, Alexa was breathing heavy and her heart was beating against her ribs like a bird's wings beating against a cage. His lips had been strangely cool against hers, yet they'd ignited a fire she felt all the way to her toes. His soul spoke to hers on some level.

"Alexa. My beautiful Alexa," he murmured, caressing her cheek.

"Am I? Yours I mean..."

He nodded. "Can't you feel it?"

She nodded. "From the moment we first met."

"Do you want to be mine? Do you want to be with me for an eternity?"

Her breath caught. "Yes," she whispered.

"Do you understand what I'm asking of you?"

"Your costume... it isn't a costume, is it?"

"No. No, it isn't. This is who I really am. I'm allowed to show my true self once a year, on this night that mortals use to dress as monsters from their nightmares."

She swallowed, not sure how to respond.

"Do you want to know what would be involved in becoming mine forever?"

She weakly nodded.

Gathering her in his arms, he pulled her into his lap. Leaning in close, he spoke softly in her ear.

"First, I would slowly undress you," he said as his hand slid up her leg. His fingers caressed her thigh as his hand slowly moved to her

hip. Feeling no panties on her hip, his eyes widened slightly in surprise. "It seems that wouldn't be too difficult a task."

Alexa blushed.

"Next, I would make love to you, worshiping your body with mine. When you felt you couldn't take any more, I'd sink my fangs into your neck, drawing a small amount of your blood."

She shivered as his hand slid between her legs, his fingers seeking out her moist heat.

"Then, I would allow you to drink a small amount of my blood. It wouldn't turn you into a vampire, but it would gift you with eternal life. As long as I live, you shall live. If I should die, your immortality would also die."

Feeling her wet heat, he slowly slid a finger inside of her pussy. Her legs parted slightly, allowing him entry. Withdrawing his finger, he flicked her swollen clit with his thumb, drawing a gasp from her.

"Does that sound like something you want to do, Alexa?"

"Yes, oh yes," she murmured, arching her hips to meet his thrusting finger.

With his free hand, he gently pulled down the top of her gown, exposing one creamy breast to the moonlit night. The nipple puckered in the cool air. Lowering his head, Carson laved her nipple with his tongue. Sucking on the tight bud, he could tell her release was upon her. With his fingers sliding in and out of her, dripping with her juices, he felt her orgasm spiral through her, leaving her shaking and wanting more.

"I think we'd better move this elsewhere," he murmured, removing his hand from under her dress and pulling her top back into place.

Alexa couldn't think. She'd never experienced passion such as this before and it left her weak with need.

"How about going to my place?" he asked her softly.

She nodded, willing to follow him anywhere if they could continue where they left off.

Carson stood and swept her into his arms. Walking quickly, they exited the park. Two buildings down, he stopped outside of an ornate black wrought iron door. Pushing some numbers into a hidden keypad, he opened the door and stepped into the cool interior of the house.

"This used to be like your building, three apartments in one home. I had it converted back into a house when I purchased it."

Not bothering with a tour, he quickly sought out his bedroom, placing his precious cargo on the black duvet. The room had no windows, walls made of red brick held iron sconces on the walls, candles flickering within them. Antique furniture graced the large room, the floor a polished wood. It was masculine and dark.

Alexa stared up at him, her eyes taking in every mouth-watering inch. She watched as his hands unbuttoned his shirt, watched as the material slid down his arms to pool on the floor. With hungry eyes, she watched him unfasten his belt and step out of his shoes and pants. She unconsciously licked her lips when she saw he wasn't wearing underwear. His cock stood proud and erect, begging for her attention.

Sliding from the bed onto her knees, she pulled him closer. Her tongue darted out to moisten her lips, drawing a groan from Carson. With her eyes fastened on his, she slowly drew the length of him into her mouth. He felt velvety smooth against her tongue as she stroked him. With hands on his hips, she held him in place while she sucked and licked his cock, enjoying every moan he emitted, knowing she was the one responsible.

"If you don't stop, this is going to end a lot sooner than I had hoped," he said huskily.

With a final lick, she sat back on her heels.

Carson reached down and grasped her hand. Helping her stand, he reached for the straps on her gown. Easing first one strap down and then the other, he gently pushed the gown down past her breasts. Cupping them in his hands, he leaned down to kiss her, their tongues tangling together with a hunger neither had ever experienced. His thumbs rubbed over the erect peaks of her nipples. Letting his hands trail down her sides, he pushed the white gown over her hips, letting it fall to the floor.

Naked, Alexa stood in front of him, watching his eyes hungrily roam over her body. From the fire in his eyes, she knew he liked what he saw. She beckoned him to come closer as she backed away toward the bed.

Carson reached out and lifted her onto the bed. Setting her down in the middle, he parted her legs. Crawling between her thighs, he bent his head, intent on pleasuring her as she had done him. He

reached out to stroke her with his finger and found she was even wetter than she had been at the park. Slipping two fingers into her warmth, he licked her swollen clit, eliciting a gasp from her. He felt her body quiver from excitement.

Drawing the swollen nub into his mouth, he sucked on her while his fingers thrust in and out of her. He felt her thighs fall away until they were pressed to the mattress, her hips rising to meet his thrusting fingers. Reaching under her hips, he played with her ass, massaging her cheeks, drawing her closer.

Alexa whimpered, wanting more, but not sure any longer what precisely she wanted more of; she'd never experienced sex like this and she wasn't sure she wanted it to end.

His fingers found the tight hole between her cheeks. He could tell she hadn't done anything like this before and didn't want to hurt her. Gently, he inserted the tip of one finger into the hole, massaging her.

Alexa gasped in surprise, but didn't pull away. As Carson sucked on her, she found herself pushing back against his hand, drawing his finger in further. She hadn't been brave enough to try anal sex before and she wasn't sure she was ready now, but she couldn't deny that she was enjoying everything Carson was doing to her.

Feeling his fingers plunge into her pussy over and over as his mouth sucked and lit her clit, she found herself mindless with pleasure. She thrust her hips forward to meet the fingers in her pussy, and then thrust them back to meet the finger in her ass. She was dizzy with pleasure.

As Carson sucked on her harder, she felt her body letting go. She cried out as her orgasm broke over her, leaving her limp and satisfied.

Chapter Five

"Think you can take more?" Carson whispered as he slid up her body, his cock poised at her entrance.

"Yes."

His throbbing cock slid into her slick, hot pussy, until he was buried deep inside of her. He felt her grind her hips against him and smiled.

He thrust in and out of her slowly, enjoying the feel of her skin against his, the feel of her moist heat clutching him. He watched her toss her head from side to side, obviously wanting more. Reaching between their bodies, he found her clit, still as engorged as it was before. Stroking his thumb over it, he thrust into her harder.

"More... I want more," she murmured.

Carson reached into the bedside table drawer. He'd known she would be adventurous in bed and had purchased a few toys earlier that morning, in hopes they would end up here at his place. Getting out some oil, he dripped it onto his fingers before sliding them between her ass cheeks. Slipping his finger into the tight little hole again, he made sure she was well lubricated.

"Are you sure you want this?" he asked, giving her time to back out.

"Yes, I want everything you can give me."

He reached into the drawer again and withdrew an anal toy. It was rubbery looking, made of a purple gel substance. Lubricating the toy, he lifted her hips, exposing her ass while he was still buried inside of her.

"If it hurts, you tell me," he said.

She nodded.

Placing the tip of the anal toy between her ass cheeks, he slowly slid it inside of her. When it was buried in her down to the base, he turned on the vibrating mechanism. She gasped and arched her hips, drawing him further inside of her. While the toy pleased her ass, he thrust in and out of her pussy, teased her clit with his thumb, and watched her expressions. She was beautiful, a true goddess.

Sliding his hands under her back, he wrapped his fingers around her shoulders, pulling her body toward his with each thrust, slamming into her harder and faster with each stroke. When he felt her body tense, felt her come, he bit down on her shoulder, drawing

a small amount of her blood into his mouth. Swallowing down the manna, he licked the wound until the blood flow stopped.

Carson continued to thrust into her, harder and harder until he finally let himself go. Feeling his semen fill her, he collapsed on top of Alexa, drained. He reached under her and removed the anal toy. Slipping from her body, he pulled her into his arms.

"Are you ready for the last step?" he asked quietly.

She weakly nodded her head, her body spent.

Nipping his wrist, Carson offered his blood to her. She sipped the warm, salty liquid until he drew back.

"Now we are bonded for eternity."

Alexa smiled and nuzzled his neck. "Good. That means we get to do this many more times... after I've regained my strength."

Carson chuckled. "You're insatiable."

"Only for you," she murmured, kissing him.

"I love you, Alexa."

"I love you, too, Carson. I love you tonight and I'll love you for all of the nights to come."

"Speaking of coming..." he said, pressing her hand down on his rising cock.

She giggled. "Now who's insatiable?"

"Only with you."

"So... what other toys do you have in that drawer?"

With a grin, Carson rolled her under body and reached for the bedside table.

~ The End *~*