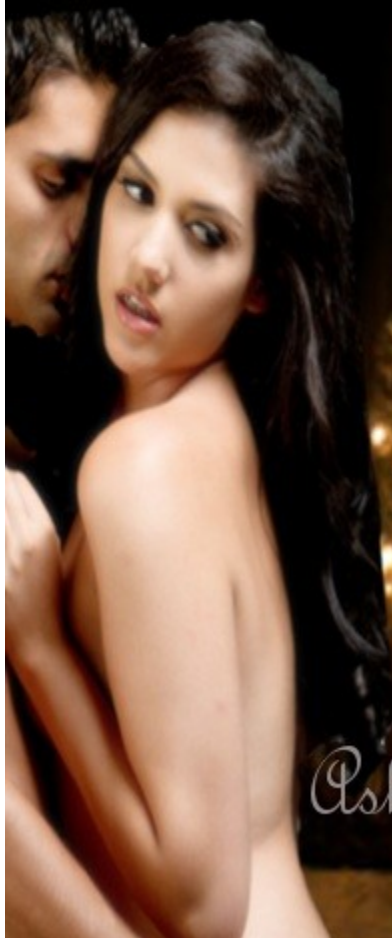


Eternal Gift



Ashlynn Monroe

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Dedication: Dear Reader, my greatest Christmas wish is that you'll have love this Christmas. I'm wishing blessings to you and yours this holiday season, thank you for reading my work.

“We’re losing her. Clear.”

Distantly I hear the words. A man spoke. He was right. I’m dying. With a last pained sigh, I feel myself drifting into a comma.

Four Hours Earlier

A full week remains until Christmas, yet the annual company Christmas Party is in full swing. Camera flashes remind me everything I do has the potential to haunt me on Monday. I’m jubilant it does feel like Christmas. We received our bonus checks tonight and mine is already burning a hole in my pocket. I can’t wait to go to the bank so I can put a down payment on a new car. Mine died, costing more than it’s worth to repair. Sick of bumming rides, I’ll be glad to get back behind the wheel.

“Oh my God, Max do you see what she’s wearing?” I can’t stop the giggle as I speak softly. I’d hit my limit of alcohol, hours ago. I normally don’t let myself get drunk, but tonight I am. The light-headed feeling of euphoria is making me much snider than I’d normally be. I point at Ginger Snaps. That’s not her real name, but it’s what we call the slutty, unnatural red head. The woman had stolen more boyfriends than I’d be able to count on my fingers and toes.

Thoughtlessly she’d recently stolen Tony’s boyfriend. Tony dated him for three years; he’d even given her a ring. Ginger Snaps had already thrown the horn dog aside. Too bad the damage was done, the relationship was over. Tony’s heart was broken and Finn wasn’t getting a second chance. He’d groveled, but Tony already knew he was capable of cheating. Once a cheater, always a cheater, Finn was out of her life forever. My heart broke for her. There wasn’t anything I could do to help. Except to listen and sympathize with how wronged she’d been. Ginger Snap seemed drunk too. She was wearing the most awful shiny silver dress.

“That dress makes her look fat.” Lakeisha giggled after she spoke, which caused me to giggle again. Lakeisha sounded drunk. She’s supposed to be my

driver. I'm a little bit nervous that she's been drinking, but I'm so much drunker, the worry is fleeting as Tony hands me another shot. I've no idea what I'm drinking. Honestly, I don't care. It's fun. I'm out with my best friends. I, Angelica Tomas, have decided to give myself permission to enjoy a good time. Letting my hair down felt long overdue, I'm in no hurry to sober up.

"Look at the whore; she's flirting with Joy's husband now. He's eating up the attention. Should we go...never mind she sees it. Horary; Ginger's getting her ass chewed. Ahhh, look at the poor girl go slink away to pout." I'd never hear such bitterness in Tony's voice before. The lighthearted girl normal brought sunshine with her.

I'm giggling as I see Ginger stumble away and I'm glad my co-worker chastised her. Joy obviously knew better than to leave her man unattended around the thief.

"Look over there. Yummy, where's the mistletoe and could you go tell him to stand under it?" As I speak, my eyes never leave his. His stylishly cut brown hair is begging for my fingers to run through it. His face is lean and chiseled, yet holds an endearing boyish quality. The man's body is smoking. I just want to touch him; he looks so perfect it makes me wonder if he's real. I've made eye contact with him, boldly and very out of character. He smiles at me and I smile back. The excessive amount of alcohol is making me feel braver and more beautiful than I'd be sober. The look he's giving me is making me hot. I feel my pussy actually responding to his expression. This has never happened to me before. I'm feeling so turned on. Biting my lip a small very quiet moan escapes me. His smile widens. There is no way he could've heard me all the way across the room, yet I can feel the heat creeping up my pale neck as I flush. I always blush tomatoes red, so knowing that I'm blushing is making my embarrassment grow. He winks at me. I'm mortified. Tony puts her hand on my forearm, gaining my attention.

"Are you okay?"

Looking into her concerned face, I pause. Even drunk I realize for a moment it was as if the man held me enthralled unnaturally. The spell is broken. When I look up, he's gone. Looking at my glass, I shudder, wondering if the booze is giving me some kind of delusions.

"I think I've had enough." Tony laughs as if I'm kidding and hands me a fresh glass. Shrugging, I tip it back drinking deeply. Max claps her hands and throws back what's in her glass too. The four of us laugh together. We never drink so it's odd, yet tonight it feels perfectly acceptable.

Music swirls around me. I can't remember whom I was just talking to; I'm losing all track of time. Laughter battles with the rabble of voices in my head until I have to step out into the cold night air. Stumbling out of the side door, I find

myself standing on a snow-covered deck. A group of people stand off to the side smoking and talking quietly. They don't pay attention to me and I ignore them as I hold on to a railing for support. Feeling the world spin, I regret drinking myself ill.

"You look like you could use some help?" A voice speaks, causing me to jump. His voice is so smooth it makes me think of chocolate and sin. Turning my vision adjusts on the handsome mystery man. I'm able to focus long enough to realize he's the handsome man who'd disappeared inside.

"I don't work with you, do I?" My question is soft and slightly slurred.

"I'm actually an investor in the company. I thought I'd come over tonight and see the people who keep making my investment grow. I wanted to just mingle, and see something more human than reports and spreadsheets. I'm Bastian Mead."

"Never heard of you, I...Sorry that didn't come out just right, I'm a tad drunk."

His wonderful smile makes my stomach clench and leaves my core tingling. My pussy is wet and actually aching as I stare at Bastian Mead.

"I noticed. Let me help you back inside Angelica."

My foggy mind wonders if I told him my name. I can't remember telling him my name. Deciding it must just be the overindulgence I allow him to lead me away from the smokers. We don't go inside. He all but pushes me into a waiting car. I'm too drunk to fight, ready to pass out. Is he kidnapping me?

"Shh, it's okay Angelica. I just want to taste you. It's a hangover cure, I promise. I'll take some of that nasty contaminated blood away and give you a few drops of mine; just enough to sober you up a bit and keep you from feeling poorly on the morrow, sweet."

His words sound old fashion and I don't like his blood talk. Hasn't he heard of AIDS? I don't even like the doctor to take my blood. Struggling, his eyes catch mine and I'm frozen. I feel like I did at the party. I was right he's done something to me. Even drunk I realize his hold over me is unnatural and I try to fight it.

"You are a strong one sweetAngelica. I've seen you leaving the company when I arrive late, after dark. You always look fresh and alert, even after a long day. The others flow out of the building like dejected zombies, but you are life. I've wanted to taste you for a while now. I came to the party just to meet you. You haven't disappointed me. I've been pushing you and your cohorts to overindulge this evening. I'm so pleased to have you alone. You haven't been easy I've been working on getting you outside and alone all night. I admire strength."

"Why are you telling me this? You're totally creeping me out." I fight to say the words. I feel so strange.

"You won't remember my tasting you, or my talking to you. It's so nice to have someone just to be myself with, unconcerned. Haven't you guessed my

secret yet Angel?”

“Don’t call me Angel. I hate that nickname.”

“Angelica, have you guess yet?”

“You’re a vampire.” It sounds ridiculous to my own ears, but I know I’m right.

“Smart and beautiful, I’m thinking HR needs a raise for finding you. I own the company. I’m a silent partner however. Vampires aren’t good for PR. Are you afraid of me Angel?”

“Don’t call me that. No.”

His dark chuckle causes me to rethink my answer for a moment. “No I’m not scared.”

His long strong fingers push the hair out of my face. There is an undeniable longing in his expression, and it makes me sad to see it.

“Everyone reacts differently to a vampire bite. Some experience pain, but others have intense orgasms. I wonder how it will be for you. I want to see your face Sweet. When I bite, you look into that mirror. Be brave, show me.”

His strange hold ends. If I want to push him away and run I could, or at least stumble. I’m too drunk to escape so I decide to show him I *am* brave.

“You’re all I could ask for, for Christmas. Thank you Angelica.”

I see that the mirror I’m looking into reflects into another. My long curling blonde hair tangles around me. He holds my legs up over his lap and my white go-go style booted feet hang in the air over his knees. My black silk dress has slipped off one shoulder, exposing just the rise of my right breast. Looking into the mirror, I see my wide grey eyes staring back at me. I don’t know if I’m terrified or confused, but I know I’m not at all ready for what Bastian wants from me.

He can see my face as he readies to bite me and I can see his. My pussy tingles and I wonder if he knows I’m wet. I’ve never been into anything kinky, but this unique experience is a turn on. I like the idea of his bite causing me to spontaneously orgasm. I’m hoping he wasn’t kidding. I hear him moan and somehow I know he knows what I’m thinking. That knowledge makes me feel even wetter. His hand slides up under my dress over my bare leg. It’s cool, and the sensation makes me squirm.

“Angelica.” He breaths my name a fervently as a prayer as his fangs penetrate my skin. It hurts. He’s biting me. I’m almost ready to push him away and fight him when I feel it. My heart is pounding and my blood is racing. I like it. No, I love it. Gasping and panting I feel my pussy spasm. I’m going to cum it feels so wonderfully right. Holding him to me, I scream. It’s primal. He tries to pull away but I hold him to me.

“Bastian, yes God yes.”

He’s gentle as he releases me. I’m panting, exhausted. It was wonderful.

“Bite me again Bastian.” He chuckles at my innocent request.

“No, Sweet as much as I’d love to bite you again, I can’t. Not tonight Angelica, I wish I could keep you. I’m taking you back to your friends now.”

Keep me, what a strange thing to say.

“Now, I must give you a few drops of my own blood.” I’m shaking my head no and my hand darts towards the car’s door handle.

“You will drink.” His eyes catch mine and I feel the thrall of his spell again.

He pricks his finger on one of his sharp fangs and presses it to my lips. I’m unable to fight his spell. I’m compelled to lick his blood. If I have to, I’ll do it my own way. Fighting the thrall, I grab his hand with mine. His eyes widen. Sensually, I suck his finger into my mouth and swirl my tongue around it. Bastian moans. I smile around the mouthful and pull his finger out of my mouth, but at the last second I suck it back in. Then I release him and rush from the car. He doesn’t follow.

Feeling less drunk, I wait for him to attack me, but he doesn’t.

Stepping into the bar, I feel dizzy, sick to my stomach. What was I doing outside in the freezing cold? Unable to remember I regain my composure and go looking for the girls. Somehow, my head is clearer. I drank far too much, but the cool air must have sobered me up a bit. I make it back into the main throng of party-goers. It’s late and many people have left. My friends are very drunk, but happy to see me. Max throws her arms around me and hugs me. “Ang is here, time to go home.” I catch her before she falls. We all stumble out into the crisp night air and our breath fogs around us.

“Should you be driving?” I’m worried and sober enough to be scared.

“I’m cool.” Lakeisha’s slur isn’t convincing me.

“Why don’t I drive? I’m feeling better.”

“No way Hun, this is my car. No one drives her but me. You get your scrawny white ass in the back and let me show you how good I drive when I’m feeling no pain.”

Tony pushes me in. I wonder if I should push my way out and take a cab. No one else seems worried so I relax.

Driving down the highway we’re singing Christmas carols, horribly, and out of tune. Laughing I turn around to watch Tony. Lakeisha screams. I don’t see what causes her to scream, it’s only the impact that tells me what’s happening. I turn, pain ripples through my body darkness envelops me.

Sirens and voices wake me. I feel something drip onto my forehead, but I can’t move. I want to wipe at the tickling annoying drops but I’m frozen. Panic starts to well inside.

“I can’t believe this one is alive. It’s a miracle that at least one of them is still alive.”

My heart sinks, they can't be dead.

"We're losing her. Clear."

Distantly I heard the words. A man spoke. He was right. I'm dying. With a last pained sigh, I feel myself let my mind drift into death. Pain sears me as the electricity starts my heart again. I'm alive but I'm too weak to fight anymore. I feel the coma pulling me in and I willingly let it take me away from the pain, and grief.

Christmas Eve

Bastian sat in the boardroom. It was quiet. He hated the holidays. His employees were all home eating food and basking in the warmth of loving families. Everyone he ever loved was dead. He'd never eat a holiday meal again. Drinking the cold, bottled blood, he grimaced.

His mind wandered to the previous week and the sweet nectar he'd taken from Angelica's veins. He'd thought drinking from her would take his fascination with her away. It hadn't. He wanted to drink from her again. He wanted to smell her perfume and hold her again. He wanted to see her fearless expression as she defied him to frighten her with what he was. Taking away her memory of their encounter caused him a touch of melancholy. He wondered why. Did he really want to risk coming out to a mortal again? He'd done that once and it'd cost him a very dear friend. He hated the thought of killing another mortal he cared for.

Vampires could read mortal minds with the exception of the mentally ill and those with very strong will. Angelica's mind had been like a cell phone with bad reception. He'd catch a stray thought here or there and the few he caught made it clear that she desired him. His cock grew hard just thinking of how good the car had smelled from her wet needy cunt. Groaning, he added more vodka to the blood. Swigging the vampire style Bloody Mary his phone vibrated.

"Hello." Listening to his investigator's voice, he was silent. "Thank you, I understand." He hangs up his phone softly, but with a sudden burst of rage, he throws the device across the room. It designates as it hits the wall, indenting the plaster with the force of his tantrum. He slammed his hand against the table. His action caused the heavy oak table to shake. A fine crack appeared when he pulled his hand back. He'd been hoping for Angelica to recover. He'd placed a watch on her at the hospital, around the clock. Tonight's news wasn't good.

Bastian felt a bit like a stalker. He'd watched her for weeks and learned all that he could about her. Angelica was a good employee with a very unremarkable history. He'd found out as much as he could without actually meeting her. He

wanted her to know him. The Christmas party was a great excuse to talk to her. He'd tried not to taste her, but the temptation was far too great. Without planning it, he'd shared blood with her, bonding her to him. He'd felt her pain and fear during the accident but had been helpless to save her.

He'd put her in danger. He'd pushed her friends to drink, uncaring of their safety. They'd all died; she'd only survived in the barest of comatose states because of his blood. Doctors kept her alive at the hospital with life support; he'd been searching his soul ever since he'd felt the ghostly echo of her injuries. He'd been such a fool. Immortality made it easy to forget how easy mortals bleed, how easy they die. Bastian hadn't felt, as he did for Angelica, since he was a mortal. Three hundred years was a long time to walk alone.

When a vampire took a mate, there was no changing his mind. A mate that can read your thoughts is a serious thing to contemplate. She'd know where he was, anywhere on earth, for eternity. He'd be tied to her with a blood bond, the strongest a vampire could have. Making another was a big decision. He'd never considered it before.

He wasn't old enough to have blood strong enough to save her human life. He was barely old enough to turn her. If it went wrong, there was no telling what would happen to her. She was as close to death as she could be, it was now or never. If he didn't do it now, she'd never wake up no matter how much of his blood he gave her.

Soon his loneliness would be over, but would she thank him or curse him for his choice?

The stroke of midnight, Christmas Day

I'm floating. My consciousness is nowhere and yet it's everywhere. What's happened to me? I taste a metallic flavor in my mouth. Thick rich fluid runs into my mouth and down my throat. I'm tasting blood. Gasping, choking on the awful liquid I struggle to sit up. Strong hands grab me, pulling me forward. I feel a strong firm hand pounding on my back. It's slightly painful, but I'm able to cough out most of the wretched stuff. Blinking my eyes adjust to the darkness. I let my eyes search the room. Everything looks strange, it's almost as bright as noon, yet I know it's dark. Sounds fill my ears making me whimper. I realize I'm in a hospital.

Clatters, cries, a screaming woman being told to push, nurses gossiping, and a squeaky wheel are just a few of the atrocious noises that battle for supremacy in

my ear drums. It hurts. I feel as if all of this noise is happening right in my room, yet I'm alone with the man. He looks vaguely familiar. I tilt my head, it doesn't help, but squinting at him does. I think about before the accident. Drinking too much, becoming the drink, I flush at the memory of how good it felt. Gasping, I push myself as far back as I can go in the bed. A pointless defense, he just stands looking at me. A look of joy battles deep sorrow on his face. It's the strangest expression I've ever seen. Somehow, I know it's for me. I feel it, him. His presence is suddenly suffocating me. I feel as if the room has run out of air. He looks sympathetic. I can understand his emotion as if it belonged to me. He's felt this before. He knows how much I'm suffering. I can't speak. I want words. I sense him in my head. My whimpering stops as he speaks. Tears slid down my cheeks.

"Angelica, you've been in a terrible accident. Your body wasn't healing. You would've been in this bed for the rest of your life. I didn't want to see that happen. Now that we bonded you can see into me, see what I've done. Look into me. See my sin."

Tiny quiet sounds, silent screams, warble from my throat. I'm afraid to let go of my screams completely, I might never stop. He sits down on the bed in front of me. Looking into his face, I feel shocked at how I understand why he did the horrific thing. How he could ignore our safety. I see how living as he has for an impossibly long time changed his perspective and morality. I'm angry, yet I feel how contrite he is, it's genuine. My best friends are gone. I have no one, my parents died and without siblings, my friends are all the family I've had for a very long time. Grief washes over me, and I know he feels that pain with me. It's oddly comforting.

A sound in the hallway causes him to move with unnatural speed. I feel him pick up my weak body. His movements are so fast I must close my eyes. Even with my eyes closed it's making me queasy. I've no idea where he's taking me. I don't even care. I feel safe. I know there's a change happening to my body and he's trying to protect me. I'm exhausted. Letting sleep take over, I put my trust in a man who may have killed me.

Christmas Morning two hours until dawn

I wake up clutching my cramping stomach, screaming between clenched teeth in agony. The pain is suffocating. He's there by my side, Bastian. His arms hold me and I feel him press something to my lips. The cold blood should repulse me, but instead I gulp it down like cool water. It feels good on my dry throat and

when pulls the glass away I try to grab his arm.

“No Angelica, too much too soon will make you sick, believe me you don’t want to feel that kind of pain.”

I know that he’s done this because I get an echo of the terrible cramps from his memories. He’s right; I don’t want to hurt like that. Looking into his handsome face, I feel something profound. I want him as I’ve never wanted another man. I feel the belonging we have to each other. Without words or explanation, I know I’m his mate, and he is mine. I accept this. I should hate him, but if I did, it would be as if I hated myself.

We are in his home. No sunlight will touch us here. He’s hired well-trained guards to protect us. The room is beautiful. The carpet is very plush and a nice fresh cream color. The walls are eggshell blue, peaceful. Each piece of furniture is at least a hundred years old. State of the art electronics are hidden but accessible. He designed this room for the day he brought a mate home. I almost feel like I’m in some other woman’s bed, yet this is my room. I’m his only mate.

Pulling his face down to mine, I kiss him. At first it’s like kissing granite, he’s unmoved by the persuasion of my soft lips. I keep kissing him. I feel the response inside, even if I’m left with stone outside. Pulling back, breaking the kiss, he takes my face between his hands and his eyes look deeply into mine. I feel him searching for nothing he can name or understand. His intense need makes me want to cry. Bastian has needed this moment for centuries. I see it all, every memory or thought he’s ever had about taking a mate.

I don’t know him and yet I want him.

“How can you forgive me? It’s Christmas day and all I’ve given you, Dear One, is death.”

“Bastian, you’ve given me a second chance. I know what you’ve made me. I’m a vampire, aren’t I?”

His sad nod confirms it. “I’m sorry Angelica. I never even meant to taste you.”

Feeling his confusion, I want to cry. It’s been hard for him, this decision. He hates the vampire who created him. He thinks I’ll grow to hate him, even if he doesn’t feel hate from me now, he dreads that one night I’ll rise from the death sleep and hate him.

Slowly, I get up on my knees. He lets go of my face. I lean forward and press a kiss to his lips. This time he responds gently. His skittish tenderness amuses me. I’m sure I will eventually love him, but now I lust for him. He might be my killer, but he’s also my savior. His gift to me is the darkest of Christmas gifts, eternity as an unnatural being. I don’t hate him. I should yet his pain draws me, just as his handsome face fuels my lust.

“I will always belong to you. Bastian I want you to fuck me. I want it, just

like you've fantasized."

His groan is full of pain and desire. His mind tries to shut me out. The act tells me he didn't expect me to go digging through the fantasies that he kept filed away about me. He's wanted to turn me, even if he won't admit it. Bastian wants to fuck me and bite me at the same time. My pussy is wet just thinking about it. I want him so much. He wants me too.

I issue one soft word, a subtitle plea. "Please." It breaks down his defenses.

"Mine." Bastian growls the possessive word in my ear as he all but devours me in his kiss. No kiss before this one has held so much passion for me. Hot breath and clawing desperate desire pull me into him. I feel overcome by how good it is. Each moment of desire and pleasure, he feels echoes off his consciousness and I feel the reverberations of it within my own body. His talented mouth sends white-hot sparks of pain and pleasure through my core. His lust feeds mine until I no longer know if it's mine or his I'm feeling. My pussy throbs with need and I feel his cock straining against the fabric of his pants. Freeing it, my hand caresses the velvet shaft, wringing a moan out of him. Smiling I lean down and take the tip into my mouth. I taste the salty flesh and Bastian gasps.

I begin to give him head. I've been told I give good head, but as I feel the echoes of his intense pleasure, it's the first time I truly understand what that means.

Feeling a chill, I realize I'm naked. He used some kind of magic to remove my hospital gown.

"I can't wait to see your body. Stand up for me Angel."

I stand, unashamed. I know he means every syllable. He wants to see me naked. He wants to feel the softness of my woman's body under his fingers. I hear it, as clearly, as if he's whispering the words, yet he doesn't intend for me to know those thoughts. His eyes widen as he inspects my pale nude flesh. My pussy is dripping wet from his gaze.

"You're beautiful." His words are honest. For the first time I'm not shy to stand naked in front of a man.

"I want to taste you. Lie down and spread your legs Angelica." I do as he asks.

"Wider." It hurts a little I've spread them so far apart.

He lies between my thighs and takes the nub of my pussy into his mouth. I feel him draw on it, hard. I gasp. It's wonderful. His teeth carefully nibble making me writhe in delight as varieties of sensations overwhelm me.

I've never been so close before, or so wet. Feeling his pleasure has only made mine better. I want him so much it hurts. I feel how his cock aches, engorged with blood. It's odd, but wonderful.

Groaning he uses two fingers to plunge inside of my needy pussy as his tongue swirls my clit lovingly. Crying out, I want more.

“Bastian, please God yes please bite me.”

He chuckles, taking his mouth away from my cunt for a moment. I know he’s denying my demand.

“Soon Angel, Do you want to bite me too?” I hear the amusement in his voice and it gives me pause. Do I want to bite him? I’m not sure. This is my first night as a vampire. My body is changing. I’m not fully vampire yet, but I’m definitely no longer human.

“No.” I decide that I’m not ready to bite him.

He can't hide his disappointment from me. He kisses my thigh and I feel a poke from his sharp fangs. Jerking away, he looks up at me with a wicked smile. Laughing I place my hand in his thick soft black hair and direct him forcefully to my needy hot sex. I feel his joy.

“Bastian I’m glad you won’t be alone anymore.” I mumble the strange words absentminded; he pauses, just for a moment, before loving me with his mouth again. I’m so close. I feel him blow his cold breath on my body the small sensation sends me over the edge. I arch my back and cry loudly. In that moment, He moves with amazing speed. His cock impales me and I feel his fangs penetrate the flesh of my exposed neck. His hips buck into me, and I feel the delight of his long hard shaft stretching me. At the same moment, I feel the intensity of his vampire “kiss” on my neck. His Left hand finds a nipple and squeezes it, hard, while his right supports his body. I don’t close my eyes as I look down to see his muscular pale body over my naked form. His skilled lovemaking brings me to nirvana.

The moment is almost too much. I’m overwhelmed with pleasure. My emotions short circuit and I’m helpless to do anything except cling to Bastian and ride the waves as he fucks me senseless. I couldn’t ask for a better way to spend the remaining hours of my sort-of-mortal last Christmas. His deep growl tells me he’s ready to join me and I feel his hot seed spill into me.

Unwilling to let me go of me Bastian cradles my thin body to his own. There is a dark intensity to his thoughts. I’m languid and satisfied, but he feels overcome with the need to keep me close, never to be alone again. I stroke his cheek with the pad of my thumb, wishing I could bring him peace not just pleasure. Suddenly his eyes find mine and he searches my face for the truth of my thoughts.

“You are my peace Angelica. You are more than I could hope to hold.”

Smiling at Bastian, I know he’s telling me the truth. He’s my darkest gift and greatest desire. I’m so young that the death sleep comes to claim me without my consent.

Feeling his arms around me, I know my life will never be the same again when I wake up. However, knowing Bastian will be there makes me feel that my transition will be all right.

"I won't let anything hurt you. You're mine Angelica. I fight for what's mine."

I know, from his memories, even being at the top of the food chain doesn't guarantee safety. His fear of losing me battles with his joy. I desperately want to soothe him, but it's getting hard for me to move now. Dawn will be upon us in minutes. With caring concern, I reach out and touch his face. My voice sounds muffled as I speak. I've never felt this drowsy before.

"Bastian, you've lived three hundred years without me. I'm yours you said it yourself. I don't plan on going anywhere."

I feel him kissing my forehead. Just as the sleep forces me, away from him, I feel his hands rubbing my back and I hear the timber of his sexy voice. "I might have been a vampire for three hundred years, but I don't think I've lived until today. Sleep well in my arms. When you wake I have so much to show you."

I slept and for me Christmas was over but I'd have the gift Bastian gave me for eternity.