

Eva's Last Dance Teal Ceagh

Nearly one hundred years after their last dance together, Eva's long-lost love Edward makes contact again. Eva, now a lonely vampire, can't resist falling into his arms and under his erotic spell. She'll do anything he asks of her...

Until the spell is rudely interrupted by Ryan, a demon hunter on the trail of an incubus. He seduces Eva with a searing night of dance and passion—and attempts to avert the disaster that hovers over the delicate, beguiling creature.

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Eva's Last Dance

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Edited by Helen Woodall Cover art by Syneca

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EVA'S LAST DANCE

Teal Ceagh

Dedication

To the unknown barista who gave me straight instead of decaf. You should be fired, but you did me a favor. Thanks.

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Waldorf Astoria: Hilton Hotels Corporation

Chapter One

Eva brushed her gloved hand down the length of her gown nervously and stepped out onto the roof, her heart pounding. At the other end of the roof, he was standing there waiting for her and she thought she might die.

"Edward," she whispered, coming to a halt.

"Yes, it's me." He came toward her, holding out a rose. "I know it's a shock but I can explain all that." He handed her the rose. "Just as I know you can explain how you came to be here. Now." And he smiled, just like she remembered, his blue eyes dancing, his easy smile lighting up his face. His blond hair was slicked back as always and he wore a white suit, just as she remembered too.

"You don't look any different," she said and her voice was husky.

"Neither do you." He picked up her hand and drew her toward the center of the roof. "It's not the Waldorf, but would you care to dance?"

"I haven't danced since...since then." She looked around at the paper lanterns he had strung. "What about music?"

He pulled a small remote control from his pocket and clicked it. "Modern living has some advantages," he confessed and a Strauss waltz emerged from an MP3 player and speakers set up on a small table. Waltzes. She loved waltzes the best and he knew it. She melted into his arms and wished that she were able to cry, to give expression to the overwhelming joy of being nestled in Edward's embrace once more. Soon she would have to find out how this miracle had happened. But not now. For now she would simply enjoy it.

And dance. It had been such a long time.

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Once, long ago, she and Edward had danced every night, their bodies pressed against each other, their eyes locked, the knowledge of their future together written in each other's gazes.

She turned her head now to look him in the eye. "Edward."

He looked at her and she saw once again the gleam in his eyes. The dancing had often been their only way of expressing their physical needs for each other, which they would not be able to fulfill until their marriage. Now she saw and understood the lust in his eyes and welcomed it. There was no impediment and her heart raced. As their steps slowed to a gentle swaying, his big hand gathered up the skirt of her gown, lifting it, and his mouth captured her lips.

She moaned as his tongue pushed into her mouth, rough and commanding. Fright tore through her. They would never have been this daring when they were first engaged. Their families would have been shocked and horrified at the public display. But the fright was edged with arousal that swiftly overcame the old barrier. She wanted more.

Edward bent her over his arm, his hand sliding under her gown, past her stocking tops, to the tops of her thighs. His hand was cool but nevertheless, she found his touch made her tremble with anticipation. This was *Edward*, the man she had loved and thought she had lost.

His lips trailed down her throat to kiss her breasts above the low décolletage of her gown and his hand pushed between her thighs. She was slick with moisture and bare of undergarments. She longed for him to thrust his hand –

"Hey, asshole!"

Edward turned his head around toward the access doorway, questing like a wolf surveys the landscape.

Eva tried to stand up, for there was a man on the roof a few paces from the door, wearing a three-quarter-length coat against the April chill, his legs spread in an aggressive stance. Black hair, glinting blue in the soft lights, that was supposed to be

short but needed cutting. Dark eyes surveying them with a world-weary expression and a sharp jaw set at a sardonic angle. Worse, there was a double-barrelled shotgun over one shoulder.

Edward made a sound that was inhuman. A banshee howl. And he dropped her. She fell flat on her ass as he turned and strode toward the stranger, careless of the gun he had over his shoulder.

The man flipped the gun over and fired one barrel and Eva screamed as Edward clutched at his stomach with a shocked expression.

"Surprise," the stranger said. "Think I'd use normal pellets on an asshole like you? Salt bound with holy water, with my compliments." He walked up to Edward, put a boot on his shoulder and shoved and Edward fell on his back.

"What are you *doing*?" Eva cried, scrambling over to them.

"Saving your ass, honey. Don't get in the way." The man reached under his coat and pulled out a black knife with a flat, wide blade. Edward lay clutching his stomach and gasping with inhuman, whimpering sounds and the man leaned toward him and thrust the knife into his heart.

Eva screamed. She leapt on his back, reaching for the knife, moving as fast as she could, but before she could pluck it from Edward's heart, he disappeared. She stared at the black, smoking outline where his body had been, disbelief crowding all thoughts from her head.

That was when the man flipped her onto her back on the roof and straddled her, his black eyes glinting dangerously. "You're a *fucking vampire*!" he railed.

Ryan watched the delicate little blonde's crystal blue eyes get very large. "How do you know that?" she whispered. "No humans—"

"I just off'd an incubus. You think I don't know about vampires?" he raged. "Question is, what did the thing want with you? They go after humans. Not your kind." "You're a hunter," she said breathlessly, fear blooming in her eyes.

"Relax," he said, sitting back on his heels. "I took vampires off my hit list five years ago. But that still doesn't answer my question."

"Edward...was an incubus?" she asked. She looked like she was about to burst into tears and Ryan put it together with an almost audible click. "Jesus Christ, they duped you, didn't they? Who was Edward to you? An old boyfriend?" He got to his feet. Normally, he would have let her get up on her own but something about her dress—the *olde worlde* quaintness of it, the long gloves and the way her golden curls were piled on top of her head...or maybe it was just the way her big blue eyes were gazing at him with such desperate need for help and information—whatever, okay, all right, he was a weak-minded idiot—he picked her up around the waist and put her on her feet. And damn but his hands nearly met around her middle.

And just for a second he flashed on a mental image of gripping her waist as he pounded his cock into her petite little package, making her scream his name.

He stepped back, dropping his hands from her waist like she was a hot potato, and picked up the shotgun and reloaded it, giving his suddenly shaking hands something to do.

"Edward...was my fiancé," she said softly. "We were supposed to have married, May 1, 1912. I was to join him in New York and booked passage on the *Titanic*." She looked up at Ryan with a small smile. "I was not one of the women who found an early seat on the lifeboats. But a man who found me as I was dying offered me an alternative and I took it. He made me into a vampire, which allowed me to survive the cold that night and pass as human until we arrived in New York on the *Carpathia*. I could not go to Edward after that. It was part of the price of becoming a vampire."

Ryan expected her blue eyes to swim with tears, until he remembered that vampires could not cry. He cleared his own throat. "What happened to him?" he asked.

"He died in the great war," she said softly. "A hero, they said." She looked over at the still smoking outline of the incubus. "So when I got his note today, saying that he

had returned and wanted to see me, I thought that perhaps he had found a way to live on, just as I had."

Ryan recalled the image he'd seen as he'd first stepped onto the roof – the demon's lips on her breasts, his hands between her thighs, the gown hiked up around her hips and realized that his cock was straining against his pants, beating a steady tattoo that echoed in his temples. He was lusting after a vampire. Shit. Who'd have thought?

He waved toward the blue satin dress she was wearing. It made her waist look tiny and her breasts look like they might spill out at any moment. The sleeves looked like they would fall from her arms if he gave them the slightest encouragement, further exposing her breasts. He already knew that beneath the long panels of the dress she wore delicate stockings that stopped just above her knees and nothing else.

"Is this what you used to wear then?"

"Almost," she said with a small smile. "My momma would have spanked me for not wearing a corset or...other items. But yes, this is what we wore then." And she blushed.

Ryan knew he was lost then. The blush did it. That and the dress that covered up far more than women exposed these days, yet did more to say "fuck me" than most porn. He was gone. Hook, line and sinker. He wanted to wrap himself around her delicate beauty and at the same time pin her to the wall and fuck her until those blue eyes hazed over with sensual repletion.

"So the fucking bastard gives you one dance and you're putty in his hands," he ground out. "Didn't you even stop to ask for his credentials?"

"It was Edward. Why would I ask? And he danced with me. We always danced. We..." Her blush deepened and she dropped her gaze. "We danced instead of..." Then she lifted her head and looked him squarely in the eye. "We danced instead of sex. It was the way of it in those days, Mister..."

"Ryan," he said stiffly as ideas exploded in his mind. "Jesus Christ, you're a virgin," he said softly.

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"I most certainly am not," she said stiffly. "I've been a vampire for nearly a century, Mr. Ryan. I assure you, virginity is a technicality I left behind a long time ago."

"Just Ryan." He held up a hand, frowning. "*Technically* speaking, you might still be. These things count in the demon world, let me tell you. I'm not talking about toys, or other vampires, or the loss of a hymen, if that's what you mean."

Her chin remained up but her blush deepened and he knew he'd hit the mark. He put the shotgun down again to make himself less threatening and dropped his hands to his sides. "Have you ever had sex with a *human* male?" he asked softly.

She took a breath. "No," she admitted.

He nodded. "That's what the incubus wanted—your virginity. They prey upon humans because they're easy marks but finding virgins is becoming more and more difficult for them. But when they do, they get all the power that comes with that virgin's blood. But a virgin vampire's powers? Sex with you would give them power beyond belief. No wonder they went to such effort to fool you."

She backed up and sat quickly in the fold-up chair next to the table, like the strength had suddenly run out of her legs. "I had no idea," she said.

"There's a war on," he said dryly. "Didn't they warn you about this stuff?"

"I've never... I didn't tell anyone," she said.

Ryan knew he had to give her the rest of it. "They're going to keep coming at you, you know."

Her blue eyes looked up at him helplessly.

"They're going to keep coming at you until you do something about it," he finished harshly.

"What do I do?" she whispered.

His cock throbbed. "Have sex with a human," he said. He fought for a casual, offhand tone. "I'm willing to help out, if you want."

Eva's heart jumped. "Have sex with you?" she said, her lips stiff. She pressed her knees together under the dress. "Should I just bend over the table, Mr. – Ryan?"

His brow lifted. "Yeah, that'd be one way to do it. Think I've got a bit more finesse than that, though." He shrugged out of the coat and shivered a bit. "Wish I had your internal furnace, sometimes." Under the coat, he was wearing a normal-looking collar shirt in a dark color and a pair of indigo jeans that had a small rip at the knee. She had a feeling that the rip wasn't for effect.

"You live a hard life, don't you?" she murmured.

"Huh?"

"Nothing. Never mind."

"Under the circumstances, you'd better tell me your name," he said.

"Eva."

"No last name?"

"You know we don't use them. Not unless they bestow one upon us."

"They haven't got around to giving you one yet then?"

"Not yet."

He wandered over to the MP3 player and was studying the controls. Then he slid his forefinger over the surface of the player and the music picked up in volume. "Waltzes. I can handle that." He came back to where she sat clutching her knees, bowed low and offered his hand. "May I have this dance?"

She bit her lip. "You...know how to dance?"

"Just go with it, huh?" he growled and tugged on her hand.

She let him pull her to her feet. He slid his hand around her waist, picked up her right hand, held it out and smoothly glided her into a Viennese waltz. She clutched at his shoulder, feeling warm, lean, hard muscle under the cotton shirt and let herself relax into the dance. They spoke of never forgetting how to ride a bike. Dancing was the same. You never forgot the steps once you learned how. It was the kiss of an old lover.

She sighed. "Where did you learn how to dance so well, Ryan? It is not something I would have expected of..." She hesitated.

"Of a bum like me?" he asked.

"I was going to say 'a human like you'. Men these days do not learn to dance. It's not something they consider necessary. Bumping and grinding is usually enough." She smiled. "And usually, I would agree."

He grinned and the brooding air about him vanished for a moment, making her catch her breath. She saw another Ryan, one who might have been – a man life had not sent chasing demons but who was laughing and finding joy instead. Then his grin faded. "I was married once," he said. "And she loved to dance. So I learned." He reached up and brushed the hair from her forehead. "I'm glad I did, now."

"What happened to her?" Eva asked softly, seeing the old hurt in his eyes.

"A demon got her. Took me two years to catch up with the bastard but I found him." He cleared his throat. "Besides, I learned well enough to know that what we're doing isn't proper dancing. Not really."

"It's not?" she asked and held her breath, because she knew what he was talking about.

His hand on her waist slid around to rest on her ass and pulled her closer to him, until their hips collided. She gasped at the contact.

"That's better," he said softly, his gaze not letting hers go.

She could feel his cock between them. Hard, erect. Demanding. Her heart thudded in her chest. "Ryan—"

"Shhh...." He shook his head. "Just dance."

They danced. Around in great circles and smaller ones. He whirled her, his body melded against hers, growing warmer as they moved, growing more familiar, more comfortable. His cock continued to throb, sending her the undeniable message of want and lust.

When did their arms move around each other instead of the proper positioning for a waltz? She didn't know. She wasn't aware of it. She found Ryan's fingers buried in her hair, hair pins scattering under their feet, her hair loose and brushing her elbows. That was when she realized her gloves had gone. Dimly, she recalled Ryan peeling them from her arms as he turned her about their dance floor.

"Eva," he murmured and she lifted her head to meet his lips, knowing what he sought. She was eager for his kiss now and welcomed it. Her breasts ached inside their low bodice in a way they never had for Edward. Ryan's full lips slanted over hers, his hand on the back of her head as he tasted her. His tongue circled her lips, touched her teeth, even nudged her retracted incisors and he did not recoil. He sucked her bottom lip into his mouth and let it go with a groan. "Like honey," he murmured, then covered her mouth with his lips and thrust his tongue deep inside.

She opened herself up to him, deliberately letting all her defenses fall. The sensations he was creating were delicious...how could she not?

He spun her around a three-quarter circle before bringing her hard against him again. He bent over her, and she felt his hand on her ankle, stroking, circling, weakening her limbs. She knew the path he intended to take and already her pussy and clit were swelling, preparing for him. Her vagina rippled, expelling cream that gathered at the tops of her thighs. She had never been this wet, this ready. Ryan could bend her over that table now and she would not utter a word against it. She would moan and take him into her gladly.

But his hand continued its slow, maddening glide up her leg, bringing her gown up with it, exposing her. She quivered with a building excitement.

His mouth released hers to explore her jaw and her throat, pausing to measure her pounding pulse, before moving on to her collarbone. She had not thought so simple a thing as licking the hollow of her clavicle could make her want to swoon. She clutched at him. "Ryan...please...please, fuck me," she begged.

"Soon," he promised, his lips moving against her upper breast. "Soon, I'll have you screaming my name, Eva. I'll have you coming so hard, you'll remember how to cry and every incubus in New York will rend his garments and beat his chest with regret."

She shuddered with the wicked promise in his voice, the hard certainty. "Hurry," she said, her voice husky.

"Oh no," he replied. "This isn't something you hurry."

His hand cupped her bottom under the gown and she gasped as his fingertips slipped between her ass cheeks. He was watching her reaction and gave a knowing smile. "You like that, hmmm?" A gleam came into his eyes. "You're a perverse little virgin. I'm going to enjoy sliding my cock into your ass, Eva."

She shuddered, her cunt tightening, her clit sending out an aching call to be touched. "Do your worst, Ryan. I can take it."

He expelled a surprised breath. "*Technically* was an understatement," he said. He dropped his hand from her ass and spun her around another circle or two, bringing him next to his discarded coat. He reached into the inner pocket and brought out the long knife. "This isn't for you, so keep your vampire hair-trigger reactions damped down, okay?"

She nodded, although she could feel the hair on the back of her neck already raised and the animal instincts on alert. She calmed them with deep breaths, which pumped even more human endorphins through her body, and watched as Ryan brought the knife blade to the front of her dress and snagged the bodice, between her breasts. The blade was incredibly sharp, for the dress gave way with a tiny whisper of sound.

He used the blade to rip the dress open down to her waist. More tugs with the blade laid the dress open from bodice to hem, exposing her completely. Ryan tossed the knife back onto his jacket, pulled the dress open and just looked at her. Sweat beaded on his temples. "Christ," he said thickly. "You're perfect."

He cupped her breast with a hand that trembled, making her arch. He squeezed gently, stroking and massaging, then slipped to the tip and captured the nipple. She

gave a choking cry and clutched at him as he pulled on the nipple, her balance uncertain. "Ryan, please..." she said desperately, feeling the deep quake of a climax building in her.

"Not yet," he ground out. He bent over her and sucked in the other nipple between his teeth and bit gently on it.

Her climax showered over her, pulled there by his teeth on her breast. Her nails bit into his shirt and she heard it rip as she shuddered through the intense experience, her pussy cramping hard around empty space. She whimpered.

"Fuck," Ryan muttered hoarsely, straightening up. He tore the remnants of the dress from her shoulders, picked her up, his hands around her waist, and bent her over his shoulder. He carried her only a few paces and she was laid down upon something warm and slightly soft. She smelled Ryan's scent instantly and knew she lay upon his coat. There was a lump under her shoulder, hard and unforgiving. His knife. His coat, was spread upon the air vent roof, a table-sized flat metal surface about three feet high that had signs all over it that it was not to be sat upon or walked upon. But there was nothing about lying upon it.

Ryan spread his hands over her abdomen, his eyes hooded and gleaming. The fabric of his shirt was shredded over his shoulders. She had done that. "You're right, it must be now." He unbuckled his jeans and reached into a pocket and brought out a flat packet she recognized by context rather than experience.

"You don't need a condom, Ryan. Vampires and human diseases don't mingle and we don't procreate with sex."

He looked at the package and put it away again. "Yeah, I should know better," he said. "You're blowing my brains away, Eva." He unfastened his jeans and Eva began to tremble anew as he withdrew his cock. It was thick, long, with a nicely rounded head and red and throbbing now with need, the veins pulsing.

Her hips rose, her pussy clenching as she thought of him pushing it inside her. Her breath shortened.

Ryan ran his fingers through her cleft, spreading the juices. "Jesus. You're so ready," he murmured. "Hot, wet."

"Please," she begged, her thighs moving restlessly.

Ryan lifted her ankles to his shoulders, the silk stockings resting against his destroyed shirt. His hot hands slid down her legs to her hips and gripped them as his cock pushed against the entrance to her pussy. He eased himself inside inch by inch. There was no hymen left—she had taken care to remove that innocent membrane herself many years ago. But beyond vibrators and her fingers, no man or vampire had invaded her vagina. She was glad of his restraint now, for the stretching was at first a discomfort.

But just at first. Once Ryan's cock was fully lodged inside her, he paused and gazed at her face. "You've no idea how wonderful that feels," he told her. "Are you okay?"

"More than," she said truthfully, with a smile, as her pussy rippled around him. "Fuck me, Ryan. Hard. I want to come again, this time with you in me."

"Jesus," he said thickly. His hands slipped to her waist as his cock withdrew almost all the way before sliding back into her again. She gasped as her whole body seemed to clench around him. Her clit spasmed. She knew that a few strokes against her clit would make her climax again but Ryan's hands were on her waist as he pounded into her.

Ryan was watching her face. "Touch yourself," he said, his voice hoarse.

She could feel her cheeks heat.

He picked up her hand and brought it between her thighs, close to where his cock was thrusting into her. "It's one of the most erotic things a man can watch. Pleasure yourself." He took her waist again, leaving her fingers lying against her mons.

Hesitantly, she separated the swollen lips with her fingers and exposed her clit and Ryan groaned at the sight. Encouraged, she soaked up the cream with her fingers and circled her clit, feeling the tingling rush through her at her touch. She began to stroke her clit with a firm, familiar touch and bit back her moan. With Ryan's cock impaling her, this was too good. This was overwhelming. It wasn't the quick masturbation she

used to stave off frustration. It was a swift buildup of heady, explosive feeling that threatened to stop her heart, or take off her head...she wasn't sure which.

She just knew it was going to kill her somehow. She snapped open her eyes and found Ryan was watching her. "Come for me," he coaxed. "Come with me."

That she could do. If she wasn't alone, she could risk it. She let herself come and felt her cunt clamp down in an almost painful vise-like grip as waves washed over her, making her clit bloom in soft explosive climaxes. Her heart was a runaway train.

Ryan groaned and shot his seed in her. She could feel his hot cum against the entrance to her womb and his cock jerking within her and it initiated another mini climax, a final one, that made her arch hard.

Ryan withdrew his still-aching cock from her hot, tight pussy and lowered her legs. He wanted more of her. He wasn't done yet. Once wasn't going to be nearly enough. And the thought scared the crap out of him. What had he gotten into here? He stared at her. Eva. Virgin she may have been and a blue-eyed china doll but she was as sexy as hell and he was damned. Even now, post orgasmic as she was, she lay on his coat, naked except for her stockings and garters, was she even aware that she was stroking her mons, with that dreamy expression on her face?

His cock throbbed, his balls ached. No, he wasn't done yet.

He cleared his throat and she sat up, blinking, and curled herself into a selfconscious ball. Her blue eyes speared him. "Well then..." she said stiffly.

He fastened his jeans. "I'm figuring the incubus picked this building because you have an apartment here, right? Vampires are so big on assimilating these days."

She blinked. "Y...yes. Third floor." She frowned. "So what?"

"Why don't you throw on my coat?"

"Why would I do that?"

"You can't exactly get back to your apartment wearing just the stockings."

"Don't you want to leave?"

"Why would I do that?" he said, deliberately mimicking her.

She bit her lip. It was adorable. It made Ryan want to suck on that bottom lip himself, to taste the honey nectar all over again and trace the pillow fullness with his tongue.

"You've fucked me," she said, clearly striving for a firm, no-nonsense voice but not quite making it. "You've met your obligation, for which I thank you. I don't intend to keep you from your business any longer than necessary."

Gotcha. Ryan shook his head. "But you haven't met your obligations," he said flatly.

Her eyes widened.

"You haven't screamed my name."

He made her put on the coat and Eva let him. She knew that Ryan was well aware that if it came to a show of strength, she could overpower him with one hand but physical strength didn't seem to count when he was standing over her as he did, his dark gaze pinning her down, making her feel weak and submissive.

The coat came down to below her knees and covered her hands and forced Ryan to do up the buttons for her. He laughed as he fastened them. "You look very sweet," he said.

"I could eviscerate you before your next heartbeat," she warned him.

"I know," he agreed, still smiling. "Doesn't stop you from being a heartbreaker."

Her heart did a little funny jump and her stomach fluttered. Ryan thought her a heartbreaker? She often fended off human males interested in her blonde-and-blue-eyed classic looks, hungry to bed her. But Ryan's casual comment had more impact upon her than all of those lust-driven men's endearments and poetry, money and importuning. And he knew what she was too. He picked up the shotgun and tucked it under the coat. "You'll have to take it. Your neighbors will object to me carrying it openly."

They took the stairs to the third floor and as they descended, she could feel her tension build. Ryan was going to fuck her again and this time make her scream.

Chapter Two

Barely after they got into the apartment, he took her.

She shut the door behind him and he pushed her up against the wall next to it, his body pinning her against it. The shotgun dropped to the floor and he reached to put it on the table next to the door before slipping open all the buttons he had just closed on the roof above them. He tore the coat from her shoulders and tossed it to the floor.

Eva was hot and ready before the coat touched the floor, her breath shortening to quick pants. Ryan's body came back to hold her against the wall again and his hands brought her arms up over her head. He held them against the wall with one hand as his knee thrust between her legs. "*Now* I can do what I want with you," he muttered and kissed her, his mouth hard and demanding.

His free hand roamed over her body, exploring and teasing, and she could feel every nerve ending twitch in response as his hand passed over it. He lingered over her breasts, toying with each mound, squeezing gently, tweaking the nipples, pulling them, making her moan into his mouth. Her pussy leaked moisture onto his thigh, which was rammed against her mons, making her clit ache with pleasure.

Finally, Ryan lifted his mouth from hers and looked around the apartment. "You have a bed?" he asked, astonished.

"It's to make me look human to the occasional human who comes here."

"Of course," he said. "Well, it'll come in handy now." He picked her up and carried her to the Victorian brass bed and laid her across it. "Don't move," he instructed and pulled his ruined shirt over his head.

He was lean beneath the shirt but with unexpected muscles. If he had been leading the tough life Eva suspected he had, then the muscles would be needed and the lack of fat would be part of the life. Finding food would be a constant scavenger's hunt when living from hand to mouth. His flesh was satiny smooth and she longed to touch it. But he had said not to move and she obeyed.

"When I mentioned toys, you blushed and did not deny it," he told her. "Where are they?"

She could feel her cheeks heating again and pointed to the drawer next to the bed. He opened it and smiled. "Perfect," he breathed, nudging the contents around with his forefinger. He left the drawer open, picked up his shirt and ripped it into strips.

Eva caught her breath as she realized what Ryan intended to do to her. Her pussy quivered and her nipples hardened to marbled nubs.

He grabbed her wrist and tied it to the top of the headboard, the tie extending from the frame a good eight inches before wrapping around her wrist. "I could tear the binding with a flex of my wrist," she whispered.

"But you won't. Not if you know what is good for you," he warned her, his voice low. He tied the other to the foot of the bed, extending the tie the same length.

She shivered with delight, feeling weakly feminine and loving it.

Her ankles were tied so that her knees were spread and her cleft exposed to Ryan's gaze. She could feel her excess cream dripping from her cunt, running over her ass, onto the bed.

Ryan stood at the side of the bed looking down upon her spread-eagled nakedness, his gaze hungry and his cock straining at his jeans. "Beautiful," he croaked. He stripped his jeans off quickly, revealing the rest of his body, which was as lean and muscular as his upper body.

He climbed on the bed and straddled her, his cock in his hand. "I long to see your lips around me," he said. "Take me, Eva."

She eagerly opened her mouth to take his cock into her. It was new to her but Ryan groaned as her lips bumped over the flaring edges of the head of his cock, so she concentrated her attention on the head, teasing with her teeth and tongue and lips. She

found that teasing the seam on the underside of his cock elicited an even deeper groan from him. She tried to take even more of him into her mouth. She grew aware of Ryan's voice, coaching her, encouraging her, coaxing in hoarse, hard words as his excitement built.

Her own arousal was flaring along with him. She wriggled, trying to relieve it, feeling her cunt crawling with longing.

"I'm coming, Eva," Ryan husked. His hand was tangled in her hair and she felt his fist clench. "I'm coming."

She moaned. *Yes.* She could feel his cock swelling, turgid with the blast of cum. Then it was gone. He withdrew, shifting his hips so that his seed showered her breasts with white, hot strands, his cock straining with the power of his climax.

Eva licked her lips, watching him, her pussy twitching. Ryan closed his eyes and took a deep breath, recovering, then leaned down and kissed her lips gently. "I'm sorry," he said. "I suddenly needed to see my cum on your flesh. It was overwhelming. I can't explain it." He picked up the remains of his shirt and gently wiped the liquid from her chest, making sure he collected it all.

"Next time, I want you to come in my mouth, okay?" she said.

"Okay," he agreed. Then he grew still and she caught her breath. They looked at each other, both of them realizing at once what they had just agreed to – a next time.

Ryan turned away and climbed off the bed. He strode to the open drawer next to it and took his time looking through the contents. There were not that many toys to choose from, so Eva knew he was using it as a way of changing subjects. She let him. Instead she imagined what he might choose to use from the drawer, her body flushing as her imagination filled out a number of scenarios and ideas.

Ryan reached in and pulled out a tube of lubricant and her favorite vibrator, a thick, long, silver monster that purred deeply. Her heart fluttered as he prowled back to where she was tied down. His cock was already fully erect again. He put the lube and

vibrator down. "You want to break those ties now? I need you on your hands and knees."

She snapped them with a flick of her wrists and ankles. Ryan picked her up and flipped her over so that she was on her hands and knees, with her knees close to the edge of the mattress. He spread her knees wide, displaying her to his gaze.

Eva expected he would apply the lube but he bent and sucked her labia into his mouth instead. The shock of it made her arch her back and throw her head back. His tongue thrust between the lips of her labia and found her clitoris, before his teeth nibbled on her nether lips. His tongue began to dance around her clitoris, circling, flicking, darting, nudging, lapping. Stroking. Pushing. Demanding.

Finally, his teeth closed around it and pulled.

She bucked, her climax snapping through her unexpectedly, making her cry out and her pussy gush copious fluids from her body. She could barely stay on her knees for her trembling.

Ryan's mouth released her and his hand gathered her juices, spreading them through her cleft, up to her ass. His finger rimmed her anus and probed within, sending silvery shivers of delight through her. "Tiny and tight," he said. "Virgin there too, hmm?"

"Yes," she moaned.

Cool gel touched her ass. He spread it and worked it inside her with his finger and her trembling grew. He gently worked another finger inside and she gasped at the widening sensation.

"You have an advantage over humans, Eva," he crooned. "This canal can be used only for play." As he spoke, he stretched her with his fingers, working the entrance wider, preparing her for him. "I can't wait to fuck you here too. My cock is throbbing at the idea."

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His cock, slick with more lube, nudged her anus. Pressed harder, demanding entrance. She felt Ryan's hands on her hips, steadying her. "Relax, Eva. Let me in. You'll love it."

She took a breath and tried to obey. And abruptly, he was in. She felt herself open up and it *was* delicious. She gasped at the strange sensation, so filling and so widening. She had never understood how sensitive her ass was before now. Her clit began to beg for attention.

"Oh Ryan!" she gasped.

"I know," he replied. He was sliding his cock inside her one painful inch at a time.

"Harder!" she begged.

"Not this time, Eva. Trust me."

"I'm dying. Please, harder."

"Oh there's more to come, my rutty little one. Just wait."

"Now," she pleaded.

Finally, he was buried to the root. She could feel his balls against her pussy and wriggled at the sensation.

"For the love of...spare me, Eva," he said, grabbing her hips.

"More," she begged, looking over her shoulder at him.

"I've created a monster," he said with a grin.

"I am a monster. Haven't they told you that?" She smiled at him. "More."

He picked up the vibrator. "More you will have."

She purred. "Mmmm....."

He withdrew from her ass enough to give him room to move and carefully slid the vibrator into her pussy. She gasped as it pushed into her, for she was already filled with Ryan's cock and the vibrator was wide too. She breathed evenly, adjusting to the sensation of fullness, of completeness and closed her eyes.

Ryan withdrew almost his full length, then pushed back into her, a full thrust. "Fuck. I'm not going to last," he muttered. "You're too tight."

But his single thrust told her she was going to come as quickly as he was. Quicker, if she reached for her clitoris. If she dared. She wanted to. The urge was overpowering. But before she could respond to the impulse, Ryan's hand slipped between her thighs and curled on either side of her clit and began to milk it in easy motions that matched his thrusts.

Eva clutched at the antique counterpane. There was no doubt this time that her orgasm was going to disintegrate her mind, if not her body. She could feel it building from her toes, rushing at her, a howling tornado.

She screamed. She could feel her throat burning as she gave vent to the power of the climax as it tore through her and locked her body in a series of orgasmic waves so strong she stopped breathing.

Ryan came with her. She heard his shout and felt the spill of his cum inside her.

But the lack of breathing had grayed out her world and she closed her eyes, her arms unable to hold her up anymore.

* * * * *

"That's it. Focus now. C'mon, Eva. I know you can hear me. Open your eyes, honey. Please. For me. C'mon."

She screwed her eyes shut harder, for they hurt.

"No, open them. Come on, Eva, open your eyes." It was Ryan's voice. She could feel his arms around her. And his voice. Insisting. He sounded worried.

She was tired. So tired.

It took her a moment to focus on that, to sort it out.

When did vampires get tired?

Her eyes snapped open. Ryan was watching her. His eyes closed briefly in relief. "Hi there," he said. "Welcome back."

She shook her head. "It's all muzzy in my head."

"I know." He wrapped her arms more firmly around his neck and moved her gently, a slow circle.

"We're dancing?" she asked, really scrambling to pull it together now.

"Yes." He grinned. "You not so well but it's dancing of a sort."

She glanced around. It was her apartment but there were subtle differences. A big sofa in front of a television that she had never owned, more props in the kitchenette than she had ever bothered to buy and what looked like real food there. There were far more books on the shelves than she remembered. But Ryan was moving her in the slow circles of a waltz and she couldn't enumerate the changes fast enough.

"Wait," she said. "What's happening? I don't understand."

"I know. What do you remember, Eva?"

"Edward...the incubus. And you. On the roof. Then later, in the apartment..."

"That's all?" Somehow, he seemed disappointed.

She looked at him. "Why? What else is there? What am I missing?"

He came to a halt and plucked her left hand from around his neck, with his own left hand. There were two identical bands on their ring fingers. "We've been married for three years, Eva. I was hoping the gargoyle hadn't taken that much from you but I guess I'm out of luck." He put her arm back around his neck and moved back into the rhythm of the waltz. "You have to keep moving," he said softly, his voice hoarse. He kept his head averted.

The pain in his voice made her heart clamp hard. "What happened?" she whispered. "Please tell me."

"I went hunting a gargoyle tonight. I got careless, or he got lucky. Who knows?" Ryan spoke with his head against her cheek. "He got in a mortal blow but you finished him off for me. I didn't even know you were there. You must have known something was going to happen tonight. Over the years, you've grown this sixth sense for knowing when I was going to need backup and have just been there. But he bit you before he died. And instead of expelling the poison, you spent your time making sure I was okay first. So by the time we could do something about you, it was too late."

She could feel his heartbeat accelerate despite the dry recitation of facts. By the time he finished the monologue, his arms had tightened around her and she could feel the hard tension singing in him.

There was so much unspoken in what he'd just said, she'd need a month to sort it out. Eva took a breath to dispel some of the tension in her that he'd communicated. "You're still hunting?" she said.

"The world thinks I'm in the army. Black ops." He finally lifted his head. "That was your idea. It was brilliant. Gave us an excuse for weapons and odd hours and trips away from home at short notice and not being able to talk about my work."

"I'm still a freelance graphic artist?"

"In fact, rather than as cover. You're doing very well." He spun her in a half circle and pointed to a computer in the corner. "God, I wish you could remember, Eva. We've been so fucking happy the last three years." He brushed her hair from her face. "It took me six months to convince you it would work in the first place, a human and a vampire. But it was all your idea in the beginning. You took me in, almost like a stray dog. A night here, a weekend there. Then I found I couldn't stay away."

Something was nudging her mind. Tapping at it. Persistent, like an errand she needed to remember. But it wouldn't come to her.

So she turned to another point. "The...gargoyle, tonight. You said it bit me."

"Remember anything about them?"

"Not as a hunter."

"Their bite is fatal to everyone but vampires, who seem to be immune to practically every bug, disease and toxin on the planet. But even vampires are vulnerable to gargoyle toxin if they don't expel it fast enough. You didn't act quickly enough tonight. By the time I could do anything about it, it was already starting to act on you, to petrify you."

She shivered. "Why don't I remember any of this?"

"The mind is just as affected as the body. Maybe later, this will come back. You're still moving sluggishly, Eva. We have to get your metabolism back up."

She realized that Ryan was still mostly supporting her as they moved around in their dance circles. She tried to take some of her own weight and felt the creak of muscles and the ache of her bones. She forced herself to it, even though it hurt.

"Yes, the more you can move, the faster you'll recover," he said, clearly sensing her effort.

"You brought me back here?"

"As fast as I could," he replied. "I'd heard a street rumor about a cure...that the mind is actually the last thing to petrify and that the victim's hearing is the last sense to shut off. So if you can keep the metabolism up and talk to them, keep their mind moving, you can bring them out of the petrified state. Literally walk them through the poisoning."

"Walk them through it, or dance them through it?" she asked.

"You love dancing," he said simply. "It had to make a connection for you. So we've been dancing."

"For how long?"

"For about five hours now."

She stared at him. "Oh Ryan..."

He grinned, the cocky grin she'd first seen on the roof. "It worked. I'd do it again in a heartbeat."

"And in all that time you've been talking to me?"

"Yes ma'am."

"What about?"

"Everything and anything. But mostly about us. About anything that is important to you. Anything that I thought would raise your heart rate. Anything that would get you excited."

"Like the night we met," she said slowly.

"Especially that," he said with an equally slow smile. "You've always told me how much you treasure that night. So I gave you a long replay of that night."

"With your side of it as highlights," she said.

He cocked his head to one side, puzzled. "Why do you say that?"

"That's where I've been," she told him. "That's where I was, while you were talking to me. But I was seeing your side of it too, because you were feeding it to me." She could feel her limbs start to loosen as she moved around the floor with him. "You had such wicked thoughts about me, even then. And such...endearing ones." She put her head to one side and looked up at him. "Am I really a china doll?"

He threw his head back and laughed and the sound warmed her. Then he gathered her in his arms and tucked her under his chin. "Yeah, you're a china doll when you aren't driving me crazy, or to distraction with your sexy little pout."

She nestled there, utterly content, until the point she had been trying to remember slammed home with all the horror and despair it deserved. She pulled away from Ryan, staggering backward on her awkward legs, staring at him.

"You said the gargoyle gave you a *mortal* blow." She was trembling.

He shook his head. "You didn't miss it, did you? I was hoping to gloss over that for the moment." His gaze was sad.

"God, Ryan, no...I didn't...please, tell me I didn't turn you?"

"You didn't have a choice."

"There's always a choice," she cried. "There's death."

"I chose this. I wanted to stay with you." He said it evenly, in a way that made her narrow her eyes, studying his face for signs of a lie.

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"You're lying," she said at last. "Because you know I don't remember what happened. Which means you didn't choose at all. *I* must have forced it on you. Why would I do that? I would not dare make someone a vampire against their wishes. No one would. It goes against everything we have fought to become these last centuries."

"You didn't force me," he said softly. He gathered her into his arms. "You begged me." His hand tangled in her hair as he pressed her head against his shoulder and began to dance again. "You could not bear to lose me. You lost Edward once, you said, and that was a minor loss in comparison. To lose me would be to lose all meaning."

She lifted her head. "I didn't threaten to suicide, did I? To let the gargoyle toxin take me if you would not let me turn you? Surely not?"

He kissed her brow. "I didn't even know until I woke a vampire that you had been bitten. You didn't tell me. You must have been in agony but you didn't breathe a word." He closed his eyes. "God, the terror that hit me when I saw the bite. I've never heard of anyone recovering from a bite before."

They danced. In small circles and large, the waltz music in their heads and their bodies fitting together like well-worn gloves. Slowly, her muscles loosened and her mind eased. Images started to come to her – Ryan, coming in the door one hot summer night, dusty from travels, a gym bag in one hand, his favorite sawn-off shotgun in the other and dropping both in order to pick her up and wrap her legs around him and kiss her thoroughly.

Ryan asleep on the couch, in front of a football game, an old dusty tome about demons open on his chest.

Watching him cook in the kitchen.

"We got married in city hall?" she murmured.

"October 31," he said. "Your friends insisted. Weirdest day of the year—I thought the judge was going to burst a blood vessel, with all those characters in his court. My hunter buddies are bad enough but vampires are strange at the best of times. Comes from all that long living. Personally, I liked the honeymoon better."

She reached for the memory and found a name. "Louisiana."

"My folk, what there are of them left. You remember now?"

"It's shadows. Snatches."

"It'll come then." He spun her in a full circle, making her dizzy. "We need to get your metabolism up. It's a pity you can't eat food."

"The dancing is slowly working but I know a sure-fire guarantee," she said.

"And that is?"

"Make love to me."

Ryan's smile softened and his eyes turned smoky. "Trust you to come up with that one." His lips touched hers gently as they turned an elegant arc around their living room floor, the one they had deliberately kept clear of furniture and carpets so they could dance when the mood struck them.

I remember that, Eva thought to herself. She lifted her hand to the back of Ryan's head. "More," she coaxed. "I won't break."

"You forget. I saw you lying there tonight, Eva." His voice was rich with unspoken emotions.

She understood suddenly that Ryan was afraid of hurting her again. He had seen her vulnerable and weakened, something that never happened to a vampire, and it had shaken him. She had to overcome his hesitation.

She lifted her leg and wrapped it around his waist, then quickly twined the other to match. Ryan instinctively shifted his arms to take her weight, his hands cupping her ass. "What are you doing?" he murmured.

She slid her hands into his hair and yanked his head toward her. "Fuck me," she growled and kissed him, thrusting her tongue into his mouth. For a moment he hesitated. But just a moment. His hand steadied her head and his mouth came alive. His tongue tangled with hers and stroked her lips and teeth in slow, deliberate sweeps.

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She could feel her mouth tingling in response. When he let her go, she clutched at him. "More," she said. "It's working."

His eyes were obsidian black with arousal. "You're not the only one it's working on, Eva." He pressed her ass hard, so that her pelvis pushed against him and she could feel his cock rearing between them, a hard, thick rod. It fitted against her crotch, pulsing with heat that radiated through their clothes.

"God, I could come in three seconds," he said thickly.

"The bed," she said. The bed was behind him. A quick turn and he could drop her on the mattress. But he was bearing her backward. She felt the wall against her back as he pressed her up hard against it, driving the air from her lungs in his hurry.

Dim chords of pleasure plucked at her. This she remembered from their first night and the delight she had taken from it. "I let you put my hands up above my head," she whispered.

"*Let* me?" he husked. He grabbed her wrists, yanked them above her head, pinned them against the wall and stared into her eyes. "Fight me *now*, Eva."

She pulled her hands away from his grip...or tried. It should have been easy. Then reality caught up with her memories of Ryan making love to her. He was a vampire now. His strength at least equaled her own. She yanked at his grip on her wrists and her hands didn't budge.

The corners of his mouth curled in a smile that smoked with lust. "*Now* I can truly do what I want with you." It was an echo of their first night together and her body seemed to crackle with sudden energy as she realized that this time Ryan spoke a more profound truth than either of them had understood that first night. Her breath came more quickly and her heart began to beat faster as she stared at him. "What will you do?" she asked.

"For a start..." He pressed her hips to the wall and stepped back so that her legs were unwound from his waist, forcing her feet to the floor. He took a fistful of the black stretch denim shirt she wore and yanked. The shirt tore away from her with a tired sigh

of stressed cotton, proving that his strength was indeed at least equal to hers. He hooked his finger over the center of her lace bra and pulled and the bra also disintegrated.

She was wearing black jeans and there was a rip in the lower left leg. With a start, she realized that this was where the gargoyle had bitten her. Ryan's fingers dipped into the space between the jeans and leather belt and her abdomen, caused by the rise of her hips. The touch of his fingers sliding down her flesh, so close to her labia, sent a feather of pleasure through her, where once she would have moaned with wanting. She was not fully restored yet.

His fingers curled over the belt and the band of her jeans and with a flex of his shoulder, he tore the garment from her body. It gave way at the back and whipped through her legs, brushing across her genitals with a rough stroke that seemed to bring the soft saddle of flesh awake.

The back of her legs tingled where the denim parted and gave way, sliding past her flesh and caressing it.

Cool air bathed her. Normally she was immune to cold and heat but now she enjoyed the feel of the air on her flesh in a new and novel way.

Her genitals throbbed softly as Ryan pressed back up against her. His hand spread over her thigh and slid up her body, as he seemed to taste his way from her knee to her breast with his fingertips.

He cupped her breast, his hand covering it, the nipple caught between two fingers and squeezed.

She gasped as sensations that seemed almost forgotten surged through her, from her breast almost directly to her pussy and her clit, making her clit swell and her pussy seep cream.

Her breath was coming quicker now. "Bite it," she coaxed. "Suck the nipple."

He denied her pleasure by instead running his hand back down the length of her body once more. This time, he stopped at her hip and spread his fingers across her

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abdomen. Her muscles quivered and fluttered as his hand toyed with the flat plane of her stomach, inching closer to her mound, and her hips jerked forward, silently urging him to move his hand lower.

He pushed his strong fingers into the crease of her labia, avoiding her clit, slipping to either side of the growing bud, making her moan at the nearness of his touch.

"Oh, so wet already," he murmured. "You're recovering faster than you let me believe, Eva."

"You're a beast and a bully," she told him.

He smiled, his fingers sliding deeper into her crevice, spreading her lips, soaking in her juices. "And you're loving it," he told her, his lips brushing hers.

His fingers speared her pussy, driving deep, pushing an inarticulate cry from her. Two fingers, then a third, the knuckles rough against the walls of her vagina. He stroked her G-spot with devastating expertise and Eva began to melt around his hand, her body responding with shattering effectiveness.

Then his long forefinger, coated in her moisture, slid into her ass, spearing her and sending shooting sparks of silvery excitement through her body and across the back of her eyes.

She whimpered, her cunt rippling around his fingers, pouring more liquid upon his hand, her clit throbbing with the need for attention.

Ryan dipped his head and took the tip of her breast into his mouth, sucking the whole point in and whirling his tongue over it.

She cried his name, her head rolling back against the wall, her body helpless to resist. Her whole body was responding now, every inch alive and awake.

His thumb pushed up against her clit, rough and knowing, reading her need. It massaged the nub with perfect timing and pressure, making her breath hitch in a series of gasps as her building climax caught at her.

"Come for me," Ryan crooned, his mouth by her ear.

She came with the power of an explosion, her pussy gripping his fingers and milking them, tossed in the orgasmic joy of it for long moments, as sub-waves washed over her.

Ryan picked her up and carried her, finally, to the bed and laid her on her back. "You remember this, I know," he said with a wicked smile as he rested her ankles on his shoulders.

She caught her breath. "Yes," she said, her clit throbbing at the memory. "I remember it like it was only a short while ago. You used the silver vibrator."

"That thing is dead and buried, years ago," he said. "But we can substitute." He reached into the drawer by the bed and brought out a thick butt plug as wide as his own cock and coated it with lubricant. She wriggled at the sight of it and held her breath as Ryan fitted it against her anus, excitement gripping her.

He pushed it inside, spreading her. The fullness and the sensitivity seemed to rush straight to her clitoris, which swelled and ached to be touched. More fluid seeped from her pussy in response.

His cock nudged her pussy. "So wet," he murmured and pushed inside. "So tight." He gripped her hips and slid home with a growl, making her gasp at the sudden impalement. His gaze locked with hers. "Mine," he whispered.

"Always," she said simply. Truthfully.

His hands gripped her waist and he began to push his cock into her in slow, controlled thrusts, designed to drive her crazy in the slowest way possible. Each thrust pushed up against her pelvis and kissed her clitoris. As wet as she was and as stiff and erect as her clitoris was, he stroked it with each inward thrust he made.

Her breath came harder.

"Stroke yourself," he said hoarsely. "I can't last. You're gripping me too tightly."

Eva brought her hand to her clitoris, knowing the sight of it would tip him over the edge. She rubbed her clit, reaching for the pinnacle that was so very close anyway, and

could feel Ryan's control breaking, as he thrust harder and hurriedly, his climax overtaking him.

Eva came with earth-shattering power, her breath locking in her throat, her cunt clenching around him. It gripped her with the power of a fist, not letting go. But, finally, she could breathe and when she *could* draw breath, she rolled her head back and screamed.

* * * * *

Ryan settled her into the corner of the sofa, with cushions on either side and the TV remote next to her. "If you were human, I'd be tucking you into bed for eight hours sleep," he told her. "I'm catering to what's left of my human need to mother you."

She caught at his hand. "I remember now."

He sat on the edge of the sofa, unable to completely hide his hope. "All of it?"

"All of it," she said softly. "I even remember what I told you that made you agree to let me turn you."

His dark eyes were steady upon hers. "That too. I don't know if I'm glad of that or not."

"Why not? It's simply the truth. I want to have my last dance with you."

About the Author

Teal Ceagh is the alter ego of Tracy Cooper-Posey, and was created in mid-2009 to allow her to write the hottest paranormal romance and urban fantasies that Ellora's Cave has to offer without disrupting her already-established readership and genres. Lots of people ask about the name Teal Ceagh. Actually, it's still really Tracy's name. It's her initials: TLC. If you pronounce the initials, you're saying Teal Ceagh. "Ceagh" is pronounced "see" and it's Irish.

Teal welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her <u>author bio page</u> at <u>www.ellorascave.com</u>.

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