

Confessions of a Vampire's Lover

By Kelli A. Wilkins

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Confessions of a Vampire's Lover

The moment Brian spotted Anya sitting on the moonlit beach, he was hooked. Beautiful, smart, and sexy, Anya was the girl of his dreams. She didn't mind that he spent the hot summer days riding the ocean waves, because once the sun set, he belonged to her—all night long!

Everything is perfect between them—until Brian discovers Anya's shocking secret. Can Brian give up the sun, sand, and surf to be with the woman he loves?

Read Brian's first-hand account of their unusual love story in... *Confessions of a Vampire's Lover*.

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ROMANCES BY KELLI A. WILKINS

*A Deceptive Match**
*A Secret Match**
*A Most Unusual Princess***
*A Most Intriguing Temptation***
*A Most Unfortunate Prince***
Beauty & the Bigfoot
Confessions of a Vampire's Lover
Dangerous Indenture
Four Days with Jack
Killer in Wolf's Clothing
Lies, Love & Redemption
Loving a Wild Stranger
*Midsummer Night's Delights****
*Midwinter Night's Delights****
Trust with Hearts
*Ultimate Night's Delights****
The Viking's Witch

* *A Deceptive Match* and *A Secret Match* are related titles with shared characters. However, each novel can be read separately.

** These titles make up the *Royal Desires* series.
Although connected, each book stands alone as an individual read.

*** These novellas complete the *Naughty Nobles* trilogy.
It is recommended that they are read in sequence.

Visit Kelli's website: www.KelliWilkins.com for additional titles as they become available.

CHAPTER 1

I first saw her on the beach. I came up over the top of a dune and spotted her right away. She was sitting on the sand, about ten feet from the water. It was almost midnight and the beach was deserted, except for us. The moon beamed down on her, and she seemed to glow with a strange luminescence.

I stood still, listening to the roar of the crashing waves. Seeing the girl had stopped me in my tracks. I felt drawn to her, like I had known her before. But that was impossible, wasn't it?

Who are you? I wondered.

A gentle wind ruffled the blonde hair cascading around her shoulders, allowing me to see her more clearly. Her head was bent down and she was staring at something she held in her hands.

I inched a little closer and watched her for a few minutes. She looked close to my age, somewhere near thirty. I longed to ask her some inane question to break the ice, but I froze. What could I say to her? Lone figures on the beach at night were probably not interested in making conversation.

I'd never had much luck with women. They thought history teachers were boring and considered surfing

nothing more than a juvenile waste of time. Most of the women I had dated wanted successful, professional men like lawyers and doctors who drove fast cars and had money to burn.

What kind of woman would fall in love with an unemployed thirty-year-old teacher who drove a beat-up car littered with sand and surf wax?

I turned and gazed out over the ocean. The sets were breaking just offshore. The surf would be good tomorrow morning if the wind didn't shift.

A minute later, I glanced back toward the girl. She was gone. Not just gone from that spot—but gone, vanished. I looked up and down the beach, but I didn't see her anywhere. Had I scared her away? Where did she go? I knew she hadn't passed me, and there were no footprints leading off into the distance.

I wandered to where she'd been sitting and found a paperback book half buried in the sand. I picked it up and squinted at the cover in the dim light. A couple dressed in Victorian clothing was locked in a passionate embrace. *Had she been reading this out here?*

I heard a whisper behind me, and I whirled around. Nobody was there. The darkness and the roaring waves were playing tricks on me. At least, that's what I thought.

I headed home. I couldn't stop thinking about the girl as I gathered my surf gear together. Who was she? Why was she alone on the beach at midnight? I wasn't sure why I was so entranced by her. Maybe she—like me—was hoping to find some solace in the eternal ocean waves.

Each summer, I rented a small beach house somewhere along the east coast. My teaching degree gave me a few months off to do what I loved most—surf. I was at peace when I rode the waves. Nothing mattered to me except the sun, the sand, and the surf.

But this summer was different—I had nothing to go back to. My three-year teaching contract had ended in June, leaving me free to do anything I wanted with the rest of my life. The only problem was, I didn't know what I wanted.

I had hoped that fate would lead me to my destiny this summer, but the long, hot days had slipped away from me, as summers usually do. It was already after Labor Day, and I had no idea what I wanted out of life.

I felt bored and restless, and I was tired of always being alone. Seeing the girl on the beach had sparked something inside me, and I ached to see her again.

* * *

Two nights later, I went to an “end of the season” party at Doug’s house. Doug was a surfing buddy who threw wild parties every weekend. He invited anyone he met to join in the fun, and there was always plenty of booze and girls.

I stepped into his crowded living room and looked around. A porno movie was playing on the TV, dance music blasted from a stereo in the corner, and the girl from the beach was sitting on Doug’s couch.

Up close, I could see she was thin-boned and pale, with dazzling green eyes. Her high-cut denim shorts accented her long, lean legs, and the red tank top she wore stretched tight across her breasts.

What is she doing here?

She sat perched on the arm of the sofa, with Doug drooling all over her. He kept staring at her chest and running his finger along the edge of his beer bottle. Whenever he took a drink, he “accidentally” brushed the bottle against the side of her thigh.

She pulled away from Doug and let out a little laugh. It sounded like a tinkling bell or an echoing wind chime. When I saw her roll her eyes, I knew she wasn’t buying Doug’s latest line of bull.

I inched closer to hear what Doug was saying. To my surprise, he was telling a story about riding a big

wave off of Oahu. I scowled. The closest Doug had ever come to the Hawaiian Islands was watching reruns of *Hawaii 5-0*. I shook my head. He would say or do anything to get a girl into bed.

All of a sudden, the girl stared right at me. I took a step back as the room seemed to fade and spin. The music and boisterous crowd dimmed to quiet background noise. My skin prickled, and I found myself frozen to the spot.

“I’ve been waiting for you, Brian,” she whispered.

A second later, the room returned to normal, as loud as ever.

The next thing I knew, a guy named Mike was tugging on my arm.

“You’ve gotta see this, Brian. Come on!”

He dragged me into the back bedroom. Two tanned, topless brunettes were starring in their own porno scene. They drizzled beer down each other’s chests, then eagerly lapped it up as a group of drunken men cheered them on. A guy in the far corner of the room was recording everything with a movie camera.

I wasn’t fazed by their performance. If anything, this was just a warm-up for the spectacle I knew would take

place later on. Doug's parties were notorious for turning into live sex shows—and he was usually the star.

“That’s great, Mike,” I muttered. As I turned to leave the room, I bumped into my mystery woman. I looked down at her and realized she stood only about five-foot-four. I was nearly a foot taller than her, and I could see into her low-cut shirt.

“So, you like to watch girls?” she teased.

I grinned and leaned against the wall. “Girls, yes. But I’m not into brunettes. I prefer blondes.”

“I’m glad to hear it,” she said with a wink.

I noticed she spoke with an accent. With her pale skin and blonde hair, I wondered if she was Swedish or Norwegian. “I saw you on the beach the other night. I wanted to talk to you, but you vanished before I had time. I was wondering if you’d like to—”

“Hey, buddy, I see you found Anya,” Doug slurred as he stumbled toward us.

I groaned. Doug was the last person I wanted to see right now. He had been making a move on Anya and wouldn’t like the fact that she was talking to me.

“What are you doing over here, honey? Are you going to strip down and join the show? Or maybe you’d like to take me one-on-one?” he asked.

“Shut up, Doug. Do you always have to be a pig?” I snapped. “Anya, would you like a drink or—”

“Don’t waste your time. Miss Priss doesn’t drink, loverboy.” Doug gestured at Anya with his bottle and splashed half his beer down the front of her shirt. “Oh, sorry. Maybe you should take that off,” he said, chuckling.

Anya glared at Doug. Before I could stop him, Doug leaned closer to her and tipped the beer bottle to her lips.

“I think you need a drink. It’ll loosen you up.”

Anya tried to squirm away, but Doug grabbed her shoulder and pinned her against the wall.

“That’s enough, Doug. Leave her alone.” I knew the situation had gone sour, fast. Doug was known to start trouble when he didn’t get his way.

Doug ground his hips against Anya’s. When she didn’t respond, he took a swig of beer and kissed her hard on the mouth.

In the blink of an eye, Doug flew halfway across the room and landed flat on his back.

I glanced at Anya. She took her hands out of her pockets and wiped the beer off her mouth. Her green eyes were narrowed to slits. She muttered something in a language I didn't recognize, then darted into the living room.

"Anya, wait!" I chased after her as fast as I could, pushing my way through the crowd of drunken partygoers. Anya beat me to the patio door and was gone before I fumbled it open.

I raced out onto the deck, expecting to see her running down the beach—but there was no sign of her. Anya had vanished, again. At least now I knew her name. *Anya*. The word sounded like a whisper carried by the wind.

I cursed and went back inside, as mad as hell at Doug for chasing her away. I found him sitting on the couch, sucking down another beer. He looked up at me, his eyes dulled and glassy from too much alcohol. Would he even remember what he'd done tonight?

"Hey, Brian, my man. What's up?"

"Why did you do that to Anya?"

He shrugged and watched the couple humping on the TV screen. "What do you care, anyway? You just met her."

“Where does she live?”

“How the hell should I know?” He took another sip of beer. “She’s gone, and good riddance. There’s something weird about her.”

* * *

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Kelli A. Wilkins is an award-winning author who has published more than 100 short stories, 19 romance novels, and 5 non-fiction books. Her romances span many genres and heat levels.

Beauty & the Bigfoot, a paranormal-comedy, was published in September 2017.

Kelli released ***Trust with Hearts***, a contemporary romance, in July 2017. Her third gay romance, ***Four Days with Jack***, was released in June 2017. Kelli's trilogy of erotic romance novellas, ***Midsummer Night's Delights***, ***Midwinter Night's Delights***, and ***Ultimate Night's Delights*** was published in spring 2017.

Loving a Wild Stranger was published in January 2017. This historical/pioneer romance is set in the wilds of the Michigan Territory and blends tender romance with adventure.

Kelli's third Medallion Press romance, ***Lies, Love & Redemption*** was released in September 2016. This spicy historical western is set on the Nebraska prairie in 1877.

Her writing book, ***You Can Write—Really! A Beginner's Guide to Writing Fiction*** is a fun and informative guide filled with writing exercises and helpful tips all authors can use.

Kelli posts on her Facebook author page:
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