

Kissing Orion

Amber Kell

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Chapter One

Shifting the weight of the box to his hip, the deliveryman impatiently banged on the side door with his fist trying not to lose his clipboard balanced on top.

With a groan the metal door opened and a handsome auburn-haired man peeked out. “What do you want, love?” He asked in a thick English accent.

“Blood delivery.”

Cool green eyes looked at him from head to toe before giving him a lusty grin. “You’re not the usual driver.”

He shrugged. “Guy was sick. I was called in. You gonna let me in or not. This box is heavy.”

“Sure come on in.” The man’s smile inferred the words could be taken any way the deliveryman wanted.

“If you could sign here.” He said, slamming down the clipboard with delivery paperwork back onto the box and sliding a pen out of his shirt pocket.

The bartender signed on the line but when the driver went to grab the clipboard back he kept a grip on to it. “How about a kiss love, or don’t they let cops do that on duty?”

To the bartender’s surprise the driver tipped back his head and laughed loudly and cheerfully. When he was done he gave the bartender a cheeky smile. “What tipped me off? I thought I was doing pretty well. Did a little delivery work in college.”

Smiling back the bartender leaned closer. “You smell too fucking good, mate. The bloke who usually delivers smells like three month old cigarettes.” He took a deep breath and the driver saw his fangs peeking through his gums. “On the other hand you smell like sugar and sunshine and look like a gay bloke’s best dream.”

The cop laughed again. “You sweet talker. I’m Detective Aaron Bradshaw, first precinct.” Aaron held out his hand to shake. “I told them you wouldn’t fall for it but I didn’t think it would be how I smelled that tripped me up. I’ll have to remember that. The delivery’s legit though. The rest of your blood is in the truck.”

“Banner Hawkins.” The bartender replied shaking Aaron’s hand longer than necessary before reluctantly letting it go. “I’ll help you unload if you tell me why the cops are trying to get inside the club.”

“I need to talk to your master. Rumor has it he might have the answers I need and he’s ignoring me through the usual channels. I hoped if I got inside some lovely man could help me out.” Aaron batted his eyelashes shamelessly at the bartender.

“I can think of a lot of ways of helping you out.” The bartender said with a smile, “starting with that kiss.”

Aaron couldn’t remember the last time a cute guy flirted with him. It felt good to be admired and he was more than a little tempted to give the man a kiss despite being on duty.

“The man came to talk to me.” A silky voice said behind him. “I believe that kiss is mine.”

Orion marched through the club. The minute the gorgeous detective walked into the bar he'd known. *He's mine.*

Before he saw the man he knew that this one was destiny. After seeing the man he knew he could easily be his obsession.

"I'm Orion." He offered holding out his hand.

"Detective Aaron Bradshaw." The gorgeous cop said shaking his hand. "Nice to meet you Master Orion."

The vampire groaned as their palms crossed. It was hard to resist the almost overwhelming impulse to yank the other man into his arms and sink his teeth into the sexy detective's neck. The urge to sample Aaron's flavor from the vein was so strong it was almost overpowering.

Orion was pleased when he was able to unclench his grip on the other man's hand. Stepping back he gave the detective what he hoped was a professional fangless smile. He could feel his teeth trying to descend. With effort he forced them back into his gums. He didn't want to scare off the detective. He had plans for the man and none of them included the gorgeous man running from the club screaming.

"Follow me and you can tell me what you need." Orion said.

All the things you need. He added silently.

There was nothing he wanted more than to be exactly what Aaron was looking for.

The detective was quiet as he followed Orion down the hall. If he didn't feel the man's aura behind him, Orion would've thought he walked alone.

Quiet for a human.

Orion entered his office and motioned for the detective to sit on the opposite chair. Presumably to speak with Aaron, however, it was the perfect angle to look at him. The ceiling lights shone directly on the dark head displaying streaks of red highlights hidden in the ebony hair, leaving the vampire to wonder if they were natural or cleverly tinted.

"I appreciate you taking the time to talk to me." The detective said, pulling Orion's attention from his hair.

"No problem."

He ignored the man's pointed stare. If he wanted to brush off Aaron's superiors it was his option. If they weren't such overbearing pricks he would've talked to them when they called the first time.

Aaron resisted the urge to take the arrogant vampire down a notch. If he wanted the man's help he'd have to play nice. His superiors would gut him if he lost the chance to talk to the city's most powerful vampire master because he lost his temper.

"We would like your help in catching a drug dealer we think is operating out of this club."

"My club." The vampire's eyes turned red with fury as he jumped to his feet and loomed over Aaron. "Someone dares to run drugs from here?"

“Well that answers the question about whether you knew anything about it.” There had been some discussion at the station whether the vampire master was part of the ring. From his reaction, Aaron would bet his next paycheck that the man knew nothing about the drugs.

“You doubted it?” The vampire master looked almost hurt.

Aaron found himself standing up and patting Orion on the shoulder. “Well I hadn’t met you and was only going by the evidence presented.”

When Orion gave an amused glance to where Aaron was touching, the detective snatched back his hand. “Sorry.”

“Oh honey you can touch me any time.” The vampire purred.

Aaron was taken aback. Was the gorgeous vamp flirting with him? Not that he minded. It was hard to be offended by flirting from six feet three inches of sleek muscles and hot manhood. Orion’s jet-black hair was long enough to cover his ears and nape and short enough to leave the sensitive portion between neck and shoulder bared. Totally his type if Aaron was into the bloodsucking set. However, the detective had known too many people who’d gotten involved with vamps and then completely lost focus in anything outside of their blood bound relationship. That sort of bonding wasn’t for him. He liked his job and didn’t need a bloodsucking distraction.

“With your permission we’d like to set up a sting operation in your club to catch the dealer in the act.”

“Well you don’t have my permission yet do you?” The vampire gave him a smug smile.

He could tell by the playful look in the vampire’s eyes that Orion was going to make this difficult.

“We will keep it as quiet as possible when we apprehend our suspects. If possible we will wait until they leave the premises before making an arrest.” Aaron said, trying to sweeten the pot. Maybe the vampire was worried about his club’s reputation. Though he’d never heard of rumors of drugs bothering a party crowd.

“And who are these officers who will be at my club? My club has a certain reputation and most of your ‘people’ will stand out and scare off anyone you’re trying to capture for drug trafficking. Drug dealers can spot a cop miles away.”

“Don’t worry I’ll make sure we have people who can blend.”

“Will you be here?”

Aaron shrugged. “That will be up to my captain.” He didn’t make the schedule. As far as the drug bust was concerned his part of it was over once he sweet talked his way inside and got a one on one interview with the vampire king.

“No. That will be up to me. I will allow your men here but only if I get a dance.”

“A what?” Surely he’d misunderstood.

“A dance.” Orion gave him a wicked smile. “You know dancing. Two people moving together to music.” He leaned over so his face was only inches from Aaron’s, “so close they could almost be one person.”

Aaron jerked back. “Ummm.” Shit. This assignment was important but he hated to give in. “One dance and nothing more. I’m not willing to whore myself out for the department.”

The wide smile he received was unsettling. “I promise you I’ll never ask you to do anything for the department.”

Wrapping his arms around Aaron he pulled the detective tight against his body. Aaron’s lips were taken over in a bone-melting kiss. By the time the vampire released him his body was buzzing and his lips tingled.

Valiantly he tried to recapture his professional mode. “So is that a yes?” He asked.

Orion traced his finger down Aaron’s cheek. “Don’t think we’re through baby. But yes bring your little cop friends but remember what I said. You have to save a dance for me.”

The vampire’s fingers tangled in Aaron’s hair, holding him still as Orion leaned over and whispered directly in the cop’s ear. “And don’t even think about flirting with other men, baby. I’m a very jealous man and you are mine.”

* * *

“You look fabulous babe.”

“You don’t think it’s over the top?” Aaron examined himself in the mirror turning around to look at how tightly the leather pants cradled his ass. “I don’t want my partner arresting me for indecent exposure before the drug bust.”

Aaron’s best friend, Jack, laughed from his spot on Aaron’s bed. “You said you wanted to hide in plain sight. Trust me everyone will be dressed just like you. Besides Claire will be too busy drooling to arrest you.”

“Claire is married and Jeff is straight.” Aaron said, naming the pair that would accompany him. Claire was his permanent partner and Jeff was on loan for the evening’s events.

“Straight, gay, male, female. Trust me darlin’ no one will be immune to your hot body in those pants. Hell, if we weren’t such good friends I’d jump you.”

Aaron turned to see Jack’s handsome face leering at him. Bursting into laughter he went back to looking in the mirror. “I hope I don’t get an erection because I could do some serious damage.”

Jack walked up behind Aaron, looking over Aaron’s shoulder in the mirror. “Put on the black wife beater, and your motorcycle boots so you can hide your pistol and I’ll get your hair ready. Trust me you’ll fit right in. I hear it’s the hottest club and all the club babies cream their leathers to get inside. Is it true the owner is even hotter?”

“He’s all right.” Aaron wasn’t going to talk about his meeting with the owner. Some details he was keeping to himself since he still didn’t know how he felt about the gorgeous club owner’s kiss.

Shaking his head, Aaron pulled on his tight shirt and let Jack gel his hair while putting a diamond stud in his pierced ear. He had to push hard because the hole had closed over since the last time he’d worn an earring.

Under Jack’s discerning eye, Aaron gave a quick spin. “Well, do I pass?”

Jack leaned over and placed a kiss on Aaron's cheek. "Baby you will kill them all in that outfit."

"Only if I have to." Aaron said with a cold look in his eyes.