

Chapter One

“Are you ever going to tell me where we’re going?” I snuggled closer to my new husband. Glory St. Clair married. Would I ever get used to that? Didn’t matter. We were hitched and I had to accept it. Was I sorry to be tied to the love of my life forever? I slid a hand down his scarred and very masculine chest. Are you kidding me? I couldn’t quit smiling.

“You’ll see when we get there.” He grinned and grabbed my hand when it dove under the sheet. “You’re going to have me too weak to get off the plane, you insatiable wench.”

“Wench? You’ll pay for that.” Laughing, I threw him to his back and climbed on top. I couldn’t imagine ever tiring of our love play. Amazing after over five hundred years. “Jeremiah Campbell, I’ve never known you to be too weak for anything. Now,” I wiggled over his erection, “you’ve just shown me proof you’re up for another round before we land.” I leaned down to drag a fang over his jugular. “I promise not to take your blood this time if that will help you save your strength, poor baby. What do you say?”

He grinned and was running his hands down my back to draw me even closer when the intercom came alive.

“We’ll be landing in about thirty minutes, Jerry. You might want to get ready to leave the plane.” The pilot cleared his throat. “I know you two are on your honeymoon and all, cuz, but the locals will expect you to be wearing clothes. And the weather is a brisk twenty-seven degrees.”

“All right, Sean. We’ll be ready. Now shut off the intercom and mind your manners.” Jerry flipped us so that I was under him and kissed me thoroughly. “That’s what I get for asking my cousin to fly us here. Cheeky bastard. But he’s right. Time to face the public. Now stay where you are. I have a surprise for you.”

I lay there watching him untangle the covers and stride to the closet. Oh, but I loved the way the muscles twitched in his perfect butt. Hmm. If I followed him and kissed the dimple there . . . But he flung open the door, surprising me that it was full of clothes *I* certainly hadn’t packed. We’d both brought suitcases aboard the private plane, packed for cool weather per Jerry’s cryptic instructions. Now he plucked a white velvet cape out of the small closet and tossed it on the bed.

“Jerry!” I stroked the white fur lining the hood. It was an exquisite vintage piece and exactly the kind of thing I loved. “Where did you get this?”

“Lacy at your shop helped me order it on-line. Like it?” He tossed a few more things on the bed--tan wool pants, cashmere sweaters in bright red and emerald green, and a pair of brown suede boots that made my mouth water.

“Love it all!” I jumped out of bed and hugged him tight. “You are so amazingly thoughtful. How did I get so lucky?”

“You stuck with me through a hell of a lot, my wife. You deserve everything I can give you and more.” He smiled down at me.

“You put up with even more. We’ve fought demons and my parents who have to be the worst in-laws any man could imagine.” I stood on tiptoe to kiss his chin. I loved that he was bigger, stronger than I could ever be. And the way we fit together so perfectly. Even though I could hear the jet engine’s sound change as we obviously must be approaching an airport, I knew

I wanted him again. And I could feel Jerry's cock, eager against my stomach. I needed him inside me. Now.

"My parents have been horrible to you, lass. It's a wonder you didn't leave me long ago. My mother..." He shut up when I grasped him and backed us toward the bed, knocking those beautiful clothes to the floor with a sweep of my other hand.

"You really don't want to talk about your mother now, do you, Jer?" I whispered in his ear as I sat on the edge of the bed and guided him into me. I was wet and welcoming, sighing as he filled me. God, but I loved him. I wrapped my legs around his waist, my hands on his back.

"Hell, no." He kissed me then, moving as he held me with one hand and braced us on the bed with the other. The aircraft angled toward the earth, the shift sending me tighter against my man. I moaned with pleasure as we surged against each other, gaining momentum as the plane raced toward the ground. By the time the wheels hit the tarmac, we were jolted into climax, each shaking with pleasure. Our mouths and tongues tangled, words impossible.

As the plane rolled to a stop, we peeled ourselves off of each other, agreeing that it hadn't been our most elegant bedding but right for a honeymoon—hot, eager and with a little of the unusual. Now I had only minutes to pull myself together and slip on a new outfit. I could feel cold seeping into the plane already. Jerry didn't seem to care that he had a relaxed, well-loved stride to his step. I was trying to add some makeup to cover whisker burn and to brush out tangles that seemed permanent.

The outer door opened and the cold air became frigid.

"Welcome to Stockholm." Sean, our pilot and one of the Campbell cousins who had attended our wedding, now wore a parka, his breath making white clouds. "It's a clear night and should be perfect for your journey north."

"You brought me to Sweden for our honeymoon?" I stared at Jerry. "Why?"

“Twenty hours of darkest night out of every twenty-four, darling. Why do you think?” He frowned.

“Oh. I guess I didn’t sound exactly thrilled, did I?” I rushed to wrap an arm around his waist. “Twenty hours to stay awake? What a brilliant idea!”

“It really is, lass.” Sean grinned. “And the Ice Hotel north of here is famous for its spa and other excellent accommodations. It’s a great place for a honeymoon.” He looked around to make sure the ground crew wasn’t close by. “Especially for vampires.”

“I called ahead and another of our cousins has stocked our honeymoon suite with everything we need to drink, including that synthetic blood with champagne you like, Gloriana. I know it’ll be cold, but I’ve been assured that the rooms are climate controlled and very comfortable.” Jerry looked like he was worried that he’d made a mistake.

“I’m sure it’ll be wonderful. It just took me by surprise, that’s all.” I kissed his frown. “Now let’s go. I packed my new clothes and left some of my old ones on the bed. Is that a problem, Sean?”

“No, I’m going to spend the day here sleeping then I’ll refuel and head back to Austin to pick up the family for the trip home to Scotland. I’ll leave your clothes with one of your friends at your shop.” He held out his hand to Jerry to shake. “I’m going to be here in three weeks to pick you up. That’s on the family. Have fun, you two. The limo will take you north until you catch the dogsled to the hotel.” He laughed. “Enjoy the adventure!” He hugged me then grabbed our suitcases and bounded down the steps.

“Dogsled?” I started to follow Sean.

“Like my cousin said. It’s an adventure.” Jerry put his hands on my shoulders to stop me before I stepped outside and settled my new cape around me. “There will be lots of surprises when we get there. Is that okay?”

“I’m not big on surprises, Jer. You should know that by now. But so far, this is a good one. As long as it stays that way? We’re fine.” I turned in his arms. “It is our honeymoon. We laugh, make love and enjoy being together. No worries. Right?”

“Exactly. And no nasty surprises.” Jerry held out his hand. “What could possibly go wrong?”

I took his hand and let him help me down steps that had become icy in the short time since workers had rolled them out to the plane. I hated when people said things like that. What could go wrong? It was like tempting fate to come at us with both barrels. No, everything would be fine, starting with the black stretch limo waiting at the curb a short distance away. I was warm in my fabulous new cape and Jerry was close by my side, eager to be with me for the longest nights I could imagine. It was a dream come true for a vampire. Three weeks of bliss. I walked carefully across the icy pavement and slid into the warm cocoon of the limo. No more negative thoughts. This was going to be the best honeymoon in the history of the world.