

Chapter 180 Good And Evil

Alexander

“You have no idea how badly I needed that.”

Fiona laughed. “Uh, I have some idea.”

We were still damp from the shower, lying naked in a half-stripped bed, content and sleepy with afterglow. She had her head on my chest so I couldn’t see her eyes, but I got the feeling she was rolling them.

I didn’t plan to unload on top of her like that. But she told me to, I guess knowing that I wanted to in the moment, and wow— seeing my gorgeous Luna below me, still quaking with her own pleasure and filthy with the hot, sticky aftermath of mine all over her stomach and breasts, and smiling up at me seductively till I was finished...

My perfect, lovely, beautiful wife was also a fucking vixen. I guess I knew that already. But another thing I’d been worrying about was whether Fiona was going to have the same kind of sex drive now that she wasn’t pregnant, with all those hormones motivating her.

But yes, she was still wild. And now more in tune with me than ever, now that she could feel what I was feeling. Not only did my savage energy not scare her, but she also seemed to like it. A lot. Once she convinced me to let go of all control and I let myself come, I just... kept coming. And coming. It felt so fucking good, and I guess I’d been saving up.

And it felt really good, too, to just be with Fiona now after that incredible release. Lying together in some peace and quiet, petting her soft skin and breathing in that sweet lavender scent of hers.

But as I started waking from the haze, I became acutely aware that I was extremely hungry. And there was in fact something to eat in here. I kissed Fiona’s head and told her I’d be right back, then went after the chocolate covered strawberries and brought them back to bed.

I was chuckling under my breath when I returned to my wife. Just thinking about where we were right now and why.

“What?”

“Your friend is something else, Fiona. She’s really done a lot for us these past few days.”

“Yeah. Nina is the best.”

I could no longer refrain from asking something. My curiosity was at an all-time high after talking with Kayden this evening about his experience at Bad Wolf. “Is Nina an exotic dancer?”

Fiona had begun tonguing some chocolate off one of the big red fruits, licking at it like a lollipop. She paused this delightful behavior to answer simply, “Yes.” She suppressed a smile, then went back to work on the strawberry.

“That makes sense. Kayden is kind of tripping out about everything he learned about her last night. Going to that club with her was a real eye-opener.”

Now Fiona flashed her eyes back to me, looking concerned.

“Don’t get me wrong,” I added. “He’s not judging her. Nor am I. I think it just threw him for a loop. Coming to find that she had a full-blown alter ego like that.”

Fiona gave a little nod and took a big bite of the melty strawberry in her hand. Her energy had changed and I regretting bringing up the subject. Here I was with a rare opportunity to enjoy and spoil my queen, and I was stressing her out talking about our friends’ complicated relationship.

My phone rang.

I had to follow the sound to find it. It was still in my pants pocket, and my pants were in a heap across the room. I dug it out and found it was Brandon calling.

My stomach sank. He and I had a phone meeting scheduled for tomorrow morning. This could only be some kind of emergency.

And oh, it was.

I was told that local law enforcement was on scene already, securing the area against the public.

“Have they gotten it cordoned off?”

“Yes. And a full city block in every direction all around.”

“Good. They need to get the fuck out of there now. Police, medical, whoever else has shown up. It’s not safe. They need to evacuate. Get as far from the area as possible. I mean it.”

Brandon sputtered. “But...”

“I’m on my way. I don’t want anyone else anywhere nearby when I arrive. Tell them to evacuate. Now. Understood?”

“Understood. I’ll call police chief now.”

Fiona had her own clothes on already. She collected mine before I finished the call and now was helping me get dressed. I’d put Brandon on speaker so she could hear whatever it was he had to tell me. Her face had gone pale as we listened to him, but besides that, her only reaction was to hurry into action.

Kayden drove me and Cal into the city. He drove the way I usually do.

We met the blockade first. The police – they were keeping a wide distance from the courthouse as I’d requested, though I wished they were even farther – cleared a barricade so we could pass.

I could smell it in the air as soon as Kayden rolled down the windows. The stench of death.

We parked down the street and walked the rest of the way to the front of the building.

And there at the top of the courthouse steps was the reason for all the commotion. It was a monument to evil, and the obvious work of vampires.

It was a declaration of war.

The pile of bodies was at least seven feet high. It spread wide and spilled down the courthouse steps. I couldn’t even guess at how many corpses were in that heap.

The three of us approached slowly.

The smell was beyond horrific. And I could tell by the reek of advanced rot, as well as the visual appearance of some of the bodies, that they were not all fresh. Many were in a state of severe decay.

They’d been here for a while. The vampires. And there were more of them here than I’d realized.

And they had learned since the last war. Learned not to dispose of their victims in the places where they’d drained them, so as not to leave a trail. I could not fathom, though, how so many of my citizens could have been killed without anyone noticing. Without a rash of missing persons reports hitting my radar.

As I got closer, I saw something that made my stomach turn.

I am not easily shocked or disturbed.

But this...

I knew whose work this was. There was no doubt about it.

Caius. He was here.

Many times over the years I’d regretted not killing this vampire when I had the chance. But never more so than in this moment.

I had captured him early in the last war. And foolishly kept him alive, thinking that we could use him for information. But he’d escaped, teaching me a valuable lesson. That was when I learned that you could take no prisoners when fighting this enemy. That the only way to stop them was to kill on sight.

Caius had said many disturbing things during his captivity. Trying to unnerve and frighten us. He’d confessed, smiling, that his favorite “food” was children.

And front and center of the gruesome display on the courthouse steps was the body of a child. A little werewolf girl.

I had no doubt that Caius had murdered this innocent soul and staged her remains here as a message to me.

The hair on the back of my neck stood on end. And then there was a gust in the air. First an icy chill, and then a sudden rush of howling wind. You’d have thought a storm was brewing.

Cal, Kayden and I turned our backs to each other so we could keep eyes in all directions.

And then they were here. Vampires. At least a hundred of them, surrounding us on all sides. Some on the ground. Some in the air. And all of them charging right for the three of us.