

Love that Kills –

4 Average Sunday Morning

"Come in." I heard the man's deep voice as I opened the door. "I've been waiting for you, Nala." My name came out of his lips as a breathy whisper—a promise of sinful pleasure.

I swallowed and stepped into his office. "Close the door behind you," he said. "I want no one interrupting us." Every word he spoke filled me with anticipation.

I finally mustered the courage to look at him. He was leaning against the front of his desk, his fingers curling on the edge of the desktop. One side of his lips gently curved as his eyes devoured me from head to toe. I stepped toward him and felt a shiver as if I was crossing an electric field that surrounded him. "Come closer," he urged, drawing his teeth through his lower lip.

"Mr. Malachious, I don't think we should be doing this." My words were the exact opposite of what I wanted.

He huffed a chuckle, and it must have been the most sensual sound I had ever heard since I instantly squeezed my thighs. Then he shrugged off his suit jacket and undid the three top buttons of his black shirt. "Do you think it's wrong?" he asked. "It feels right to me." He undid the rest of the buttons as I watched him with my heart accelerating to a mad rate.

"God..." I choked out, staring at every chiseled muscle of his. The next thing I knew, my hand was in his grasp, and he placed it on his bare chest, letting my poor, inexperienced fingertips taste the firm perfection of his unearthly body. His hand led mine lower, sliding through the ripple and hollow inches of his abdomen before stopping at the belt of his slacks. He jerked toward me, his hand wrapping around my waist. He pressed my body close to his, pushing the air out of my lungs. I bit my lip, feeling his rigid length against my lower belly. My hands moved to his strong shoulders, enjoying the cool temperature of his skin.

Our lips collided. He parted them and entered me with careful strokes, igniting my hunger for him. I moaned against his lips, reciprocating his caresses with equal passion. His hands roamed down to my buttocks, lifting me and placing me on his desk. After two heartbeats, I was on that desk naked, although I couldn't recall the exact moment he undressed me. My hands moved to cover my sensitive parts, but he grabbed both of my wrists and held them above my head as he pushed my back against the desktop. His other hand went between my thighs, increasing my humidity, my pleasure, making me soar...

"The doorbell," he whispered to my ear. That word did NOT sound sexy at all.

Confusion surfaced in my expression. What the hell did he mean by that? He released his grip on me and stepped back. I heard a faint bell-like sound, reaching my ears as a distorted noise. He chuckled and stroked my hair. "Nala..." He nuzzled my cheek and kissed it. "The doorbell," he repeated.

"You have a doorbell in your office?" I laughed nervously.

A split second later, the faint sound I heard before turned louder and more recognizable. My eyes opened in a violent motion, and I acknowledged three things: I had just woken up from a dream; I was lying in my bed alone; and that pesky doorbell sound was about to make my head explode!

Growling out a curse, I rose to my feet and walked to the door, shaking off the erotic cloud that was still wrapped tightly around my body. There had to be something wrong with me. I'd just had an erotic dream about the new boss I had seen for the first time several hours ago, and I hadn't even spoken a word to him!

I took a deep breath, silently praying for my sanity to wake up. Then I leaned my forehead against the door and blinked several times to adjust my sight enough to glance through the peephole. "The detective?" I murmured, recognizing the man in the gray suit standing in front of my apartment. "J-just a minute!" I rasped, hurriedly pulling on my tunic-like sweatshirt and combing my hair with my hands. Then I finally opened the door. "Come in, Detective Monroe," I said nervously.

He nodded and walked inside. "I'm sorry to bother you, Ms. Wallace... on Sunday at that, but there's this thing that bothers me... I was in the neighborhood, and I decided that I needed to talk to you about the murder of Mason Kerr."

My eyes widened. "Who?"

The detective gave me a dry smile. "The one who tried to rob you," he clarified.

"Oh," I muttered, leading him to the sofa while abruptly taking off every piece of clothing that lay there. "Coffee?" I offered, hoping that I still had some.

"If it's not a problem, then yes." He smiled stiffly, sitting down.

Since my kitchen area was two feet away from the sofa, I decided to continue the barely started conversation. "So, what kind of a problem makes a hard-working officer visit a witness on Sunday morning?"

He scratched his chin and chuckled. "Do you remember when you mentioned the surveillance camera footage last time?"

"Yes," I tossed, glancing over my shoulder as I searched for a clean cup for the detective.

"The footage from the camera you pointed proves that you were standing just where you showed us," he said, and I smiled in relief.

"I'm glad. I told you—"

"But we also checked the rest of the camera footage," he paused as if he was waiting for my reaction.

"And?" I smiled nervously as I placed a cup of coffee on the table in front of him. "Did you see the killer?"

He shook his head. "There were three cameras that should have captured what happened, but after checking it, we are now left with no image of the culprit."

I blinked several times. The no-image he mentioned, instantly directed my mind to all the vampire stories. The mystical creatures of the night had no reflection. That would also mean no image on the camera footage, right? OK, I admit that assuming that the culprit was a supernatural creature was ridiculous. Unfortunately, I had just woken up and my brain certainly worked slower than my dumb mouth...

"So... the culprit was... invisible?" I blurted before my mind could react.

The detective raised an eyebrow. "What?"

I laughed awkwardly. "You said that there was no image..."

He sighed. "I meant that all three cameras were broken."

"Oh," I mumbled, feeling like a complete idiot.

"Anyway," the detective continued while sipping coffee. "We found out that our victim had an extensive criminal history. He used to steal all sorts of things, and for the last two years, he's been stealing special items on contract."

I swallowed, letting his words sink. "Someone paid him to steal my wallet?"

Detective Monroe laughed. "No, of course not. We think that he might have stolen something else, and that was what got him killed." Then he added, shrugging, "You were just an easy victim standing on the way with a wallet in her hand."

"Gee... thanks," I all but hissed.

The detective ignored my annoyance. "What I wanted to ask you was... did you see anything else on him? Something sparkling? A golden chain necklace, or a ring?"

More annoyance surfaced in my expression as I glared at him. "I resembled a zombie then. I was so exhausted that I probably wouldn't notice him wearing a golden jacket. I wouldn't even notice him passing me by if it weren't for this fucking wallet."

"I see..." He gave me a thin-lipped smile. "Well, the killer cut off his little finger before he or she... did the rest, so I hoped that maybe you saw something."

Dread filled me, making me nauseous. "Someone cut off his finger and then ripped his throat?" I said, nearly breathlessly.

"Well, yes," the detective confirmed, rising from my sofa. "I apologize for taking your time again, Ms. Wallace. If you recall anything else, do call me."

"I will," I muttered as he walked toward the door. But seriously, I didn't want to recall anything else from that night.

"By the way, I will try to solve the money issue with your bank as soon as possible," he said, opening the door.

I gave him a slight bow. "That's OK. One of the police officers helped me find a new job. I got hired, and I will be able to pay for my apartment on time."

His smile widened. "I'm glad to hear it."

I grinned back at him. "Please, if you see the officer named Calvel, thank him for me."

"Who?"

I chuckled nervously. "He said his name is Calvel. I don't know his last name..."

The detective shook his head. "There's no police officer named Calvel in our department. I would remember an odd name like this one."

A cold shiver ran down my spine, alarming all my senses. And yet I forced myself to shrug. "Perhaps I got the name wrong then. I was tired, so..."

Detective Monroe nodded. "Thank you for your cooperation, Ms. Wallace." A second later, the door behind him closed, and I was left with the sudden cold wind that lingered in the air like a warning.

Who was the man who told me about Regale Sanguis? Did I remember his name incorrectly? Or maybe he wasn't a police officer at all? But if he wasn't a policeman... then what was he doing at the crime scene in the middle of the night?