

1: All I Want for Christmas Is a Vampire | HuffPost

*All I Want for Christmas Is a Vampire (Love at Stake, Book 5) [Kerrelyn Sparks] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Toni Davis's Christmas wish list 1. Springing my best friend from the psych ward.*

Yer cheeks are on fire. The Vamps were singing a hymn. Who would need redemption more than a vampire? Chapter Fifteen Ian found comfort in the old, familiar chants and prayers. Over the centuries, the world powers could change, technology advance, mortal friends pass away, but Mass remained much the same. And the scent of Christmas remained the same. He breathed deeply, enjoying the scent of fir tree garlands and lit Advent candles. Tonight there was another scent, one that kept luring him away from holy thoughts. It emanated from Toni, who sat beside him in the back row. Her hands clenched together so tightly her knuckles gleamed white. What had happened to make her desperate enough to reveal her secrets to him? By the looks of her clenched hands and pale face, something at the hospital had upset her. Was it somehow connected to her taking the job as their guard? Father Andrew began his homily, and Ian tried to focus on the priest instead of the heavenly body next to him. You feel you are not worthy. You fear God can never forgive you. Ian saw her eyes were squeezed shut. And do not let your past sins torment you. If God can forgive you, why can you not forgive yourself? Why would she be so upset? She was only twenty-four years old. She was an angel compared to the bloody Vamps in this room, himself included. Father Andrew droned on and on and showed no sign of stopping anytime soon. And Toni was off somewhere, crying. He slipped out the door and followed the sound of her sniffles. She was sitting in the refreshment room, doubled over with her face in her hands. The lass was crying. She sat up and wiped her face. Did the priest upset you? I learned to do the chores. And I was used to getting myself up in the morning, and fixing my lunch, and catching the bus. I always hugged Grandma before I left. I could hear her up a lot. But that morning, when I came in to say good-bye, she was sleeping well. But when I came home that afternoon, she was still there. It wasna yer fault. I keep thinking about what I should have done differently. If I had called that morning, she might have lived. She sent me to a boarding school. I was fifteen when I was transformed. I thought I could go back home, but my mum wouldna accept me. I was a monstrous creature from hell. She feared if I got a wee peckish, I might slaughter my younger brothers and sisters. Anyone who knows you would know you could never hurt someone you love. Intelligent, not so intelligent. But I was wrong. We actually have a lot in common. We share the same worries and fears. He touched her face and smoothed his thumb over her damp cheek. I feel a lot better now. He could hear her heart racing. He dragged his thumb along her jaw. Her mouth opened slightly, and she licked her lips. Ah, he wanted to feel that. He slid his thumb over her bottom lip, gliding over the moisture. She drew in a sharp breath. Her gaze drifted down to his mouth. The napkin fell from her hand and fluttered to the floor. Slowly she raised a hand, then touched the dent in his chin. It was simple movement, but he interpreted it as permission. To hell with the rules, to hell with reason. He held her face and kissed her lightly once, twice. She leaned toward him, and his passion broke loose with a wild, devouring kiss. He pulled her close, one hand at the back of her neck, the other at her waist. He pulled her so close, her feet came off the ground. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back. Her lips, her tongue. He explored her mouth and nibbled her lips. She was sweet; she was trembling; she was clutching him tight. And he wanted more. He trailed kisses down her neck, then tickled her with his tongue on a path to her ear. She moaned and ran her fingers into his hair. He was returning to her mouth for more kissing when he heard someone clearing his throat. He glanced over his shoulder. Connor stood in the doorway. Ian released Toni and stepped back. She glanced at him, then at Connor, her eyes wide. Ian cleared his throat. I take full responsibility for it. He tried to give Toni a reassuring smile. He hurried into the hallway to catch up with Connor. Halfway to the foyer, Connor opened a door to a conference room. People were leaving the chapel and wandering into the refreshment room. He hoped Toni would be all right. Ian shut the door. I wouldna expect less from you. It was true--she had been willing. And he wanted to shout with joy. She was verra upset, and I took advantage. Hundreds of phone calls and e-mails. Women camped out on the sidewalk. I heard ye dated fifty ladies in one night, and then there was that interview. Why would ye seduce the one woman ye canna have? Is it because she is forbidden? I never

misbehaved with any of them. He had to come up with something fast, or Connor could be erasing her memory tonight. If we fire her and erase her memory, she would be totally defenseless against an attack. I willna interfere with her duties. I could let her complete those two weeks before making a final decision.

2: All I Want for Christmas Is a Vampire - Avon Romance

All I Want for Christmas is a Vampire by Kerrelyn Sparks may have a very unappealing title along with a cover that looks like the Batman signal in the sky, but this was an enjoyable read. Her vampire men are beyond sexy and the majority of her heroes are highlanders in kilts! This latest tale is about Ian MacPhie.

Contributor All I Want for Christmas Is a Vampire I still have a magnet on my refrigerator that my daughter gave me which says, "My husband has my heart, but my neck belongs to Edward. Breaking Dawn Part 1. The deal announced Friday, Jan. I replied with the obligatory, "I have all that I need" response, and it felt true from a material standpoint. He wanted me to jot down at least one desired item, and before I knew what I was doing, my pen wrote down one word: While in high school, she stood over me until I read the entire Twilight series by Stephanie Meyer. I still have a magnet on my refrigerator that my daughter gave me which says, "My husband has my heart, but my neck belongs to Edward. Of course, they stop aging at the point they were turned, which is amazingly always around the ages of 25 to That would make me quite the catch. To a vampire who has seen several centuries, my 52 years would be a drop in the bucket. That choice should have been made about 25 years ago. That possibility is too violent to even consider. The vampire focus in our house died down temporarily during the hiatus between Twilight movies. That is, until my daughter dragged me, not kicking and screaming, into the television world of "The Vampire Diaries. Especially those rare specimens who are in the bodies of men age 45 and older. In fact, vampires tend to decapitate little sorority girls with perky boobs and perkier attitudes. I like that about them. In addition, vampires value a good vein. They can smell the blood flowing and that puts them into throes of ecstasy. I mean, better than sex. I have some veins on the backs of my thighs that would send them into an absolute tizzy. Stefan, Damon and Edward would be following me around like dogs on a leash. As far as hot flashes go, vampires are notorious for being ice cold. I cannot imagine the absolute delight of taking my burning face and laying it upon the firm, cold chest of my vampire. It would be like having a traveling ice pack with me. And those nights when insomnia strikes, I would walk out of my bedroom to the site of my gorgeous nocturnal friend, wide awake and ready to talk. Then a hot flash would hit, and my head would go straight to his chest and all would be well. My vampire would say, "Donna will not attend the candle party, and you will be fine with that. In fact, you will be so pleased she did not attend that you will send her five free candles.

3: All I Want for Christmas is a Vampire (Love at Stake #5) read online free by Kerrelyn Sparks

All I Want for Christmas is a perfect quick escape read melding humor, heat and romance with holiday celebrations and Scottish vampires. The heat generated by these two will unquestionably warm up readers on a cold day.

Kerrelyn Sparks fond of them, and I love Ian. I really like to eat. How did I heal so fast? He grinned at Toni. How do ye feel? He was looking great in his jeans and blue sweater that matched his eyes. Ian looked at the broken railing on the floor. I just pushed a little and Ye could have heightened senses and abilities. I hope ye doona mind. Toni will be like the bionic woman, but without the metal parts. She glanced at Sabrina, and her friend was staring at her with a shocked expression. Ye see, vampires heal naturally during our death-sleep because of our blood. We thought my blood might be able to heal Toni. He--he helped me, too. Would she be able to levitate or teleport? You had so many nasty burns. Ian looked her over carefully. And I love those flowers. I can smell them from here. The white lilies are from me, and the red roses are from Vanda. I gather she had some bad history with him. Anyway, she wanted me to tell you that she was wrong about you. I should be now that I have some super Vamp abilities. It always irked me that you guys were superior. I have never considered you less than worthy. Ye rescued yer friend from her greedy uncle. And look at what ye did last night. He was desperately trying to stop you from staking him, and ye just kept coming. I doona know how ye did it. My love for you was more powerful than his hatred. I admire you and respect you. Just the way ye are. Ye doona need vampire blood running in yer veins to be worthy. Ye were always a superwoman. I am worthy to be loved. Ian squeezed her hand gently. Our bodies replenish themselves over time. The wood frame house in rural Virginia was small--small enough that they had to very quiet. He could hear the parents snoring in a nearby bedroom, their four children crowded in a second bedroom. Sabrina had given them the information about this family. The father had been injured in a farm accident, and they were barely scraping by. Only four little presents, wrapped in newspaper, sat under the Christmas tree. Ian opened his sack, and Toni helped him remove several boxes of warm winter clothes. A plastic bag contained a frozen turkey. Then came the toys--a video game set, some books, and a pretty doll for the little girl. With his bag empty, Ian grabbed hold of Toni to teleport. She pointed up to the roof. With a wry look, he did as she asked. They landed on the roof, ankle-deep in snow. He held her steady. Where do we go now? My bag is empty. Ye look half frozen. When I think about these people waking up in the morning to find all that stuff--I love it! Should he give it to her now? Back at Romatech, they would be surrounded by noisy people, rushing to get all the presents out tonight. Stars twinkled in a clear sky. Moonlight gleamed off white, snow-covered pastures. The air smelled of cedar and fresh snow. He took the black box from his pocket. I hope ye like it. He went flying off the edge of the roof and fell on his back on a thick bank of snow. She jumped off the edge and landed neatly beside him. He pulled off her mitten so he could slide on her ring.

4: All I Want for Christmas is a Vampire Quotes by Kerrelyn Sparks

All I Want for Christmas is a Vampire read online free from your Pc or Mobile. All I Want for Christmas is a Vampire (Love at Stake #5) is a Romance novel by Kerrelyn Sparks.

He pulled it over his head and tossed it aside. She eyed his bare chest. The patch of black, curly hair, the strong pecs, the six-pack abs. His red velvet pants were tied at his hips by a white drawstring. She took the end of the white cord in her fingers and gently pulled. Her eyes stung with tears. She kissed him back with all the passion that had grown inside her for days. He slanted his mouth over hers and invaded her with his tongue. Her knees grew weak. There was such hunger in his kiss. It made her feel desperate. She raked her hands down his smooth, bare back. Her long-sleeved red T-shirt soon followed. Before she could lower her arms, he had her bra unclasped. Her nipples hardened under the gaze of his red, glowing eyes. She squeezed her thighs together. He suckled, teased her with his tongue, then gently tugged. She shuddered and leaned back in his arms. Through a haze of sensual pleasure, she recalled that word feast. He was tormenting her nipple with his tongue. Were his fangs next? Do ye have any objection to letting me kiss and suck on you? He smiled as his hands curved over her bare rump, dragging her tights down further. With her tights rolled halfway down her thighs, he grabbed her at the waist and set her on the table. Then he grasped her tights and finished dragging them down her legs. Toni squirmed on her bare rump, becoming more and more aware of the slow, throbbing need between her legs. He moved forward, coming closer to her core, kissing the inside of her knee, her thigh. The red glow of his eyes in the dark sent a thrill through her. God, she wanted him. She hooked her feet around the back of his neck to pull him closer. He stroked his fingers across her belly, and she trembled. I canna resist tasting you. She opened her thighs to him. His eyes burned red. He dragged his fingers into her curls, then leaned forward. She shuddered as he stroked her gently, easing his way between her sensitive folds. She saw a flash of white teeth as he smiled. He pressed against her, and she pushed back. She dug her fingernails into the table. Meanwhile, he cupped her bottom and pulled her up to his face. Toni squirmed, and he held her steady. She panted, closing her eyes as all sensation centered on her hot skin and his glorious mouth. He tickled her clitoris, then sucked on it gently. A heart-stopping, delicious shudder crashed over her, then swelled up to crash over her again and again. Her body was a melted heap of frazzled nerve endings. With vampire speed, he buttoned it up and yanked on his boots. What bloody awful timing. He would have been tempted to let Connor or Angus deal with this, but the alarm had been triggered by an emergency psychic call for help from Phineas. Ian had taught the young Vamp how to fence. He had to be there for Phineas, no matter how much he wanted Toni. And God, he wanted her. She was leaning over to pull on her red tights. Her long blonde hair fell forward, partially hiding her flushed face. She straightened, flipping her hair back as she wiggled the tights over her hips. She paused with her bra half on. It was still snowing, so visibility was bad. Phineas must have been making the rounds. He heard the clash of swords in the distance. Drawing his own sword, he zoomed toward the noise. As he entered the woods, the snowfall became lighter as snowflakes were caught by the canopy overhead. He spotted a dozen red Santa suits in a clearing. They were standing still, so each had a slight dusting of snow on his hat and shoulders. Most of the Santas had formed a loop around a pair engaged in a duel. Phineas and a Malcontent, dressed in black. They circled each other slowly. Two more Santas had a second Malcontent pinned against a tree with their swords poised to strike his heart. Ian joined the circle of Santas. We sounded the alarm and came running. He parried the attack and forced the Malcontent to retreat. They appeared evenly matched, though he detected more desperation from the Russian. Ian recognized his French accent. Aye, no need to look surprised. I know who ye are. So I say we slaughter you now. Both men eased slowly to their right, their legs bent, their swords ready. I always thought you were pretty decent. You were the only Russian I could stand to talk to. Phineas blocked each move, and Stanislav fell back, breathing heavily. You can be killed by me, killed by Jedrek, or you can join our side. Ian turned just in time to see Yuri teleport away, too. We kill when we have to, but we doona relish it. Angus rested an arm around his shoulder. Ian sheathed his sword. He waited till all the Santas had entered Romatech, then he zoomed down to the silver room. With vampire speed, he showered and redressed. He sprinted to the stairs.

When he heard a dinging sound behind him, he glanced back. The elevator doors opened, and Toni stepped out. So much for her doing as he asked and staying in the conference room. What are you doing down here? I received a similar warning. Unfortunately, a few others have noticed, too.

5: All I Want for Christmas Is a Vampire (Love at Stake Series #5) - free PDF, DOC, FB2, TXT

Best of all, if after reading an e-book, you buy a paper version of All I Want for Christmas Is a Vampire (Love at Stake Series #5). Read the book on paper - it is quite a powerful experience. All downloaded files are checked.

Chapter One The air hummed with bass guitar and rampant lust. Ian MacPhie strode across the renovated warehouse, his steps falling into rhythm with the pounding drums. The Horny Devils was the best place he could think of for finding a woman. The nightclub was teeming with them. All lovely and all Vamps. They surged in time with the pounding music like a wild sea at high tide, and he was sucked toward them in a greedy undertow. One of the red lights zoomed past him, flashing in his face and blinding him for a few seconds. A burst of panic shot through him. What if none of these ladies found him attractive? None of the ladies were looking at him. They all faced the stage, their gazes riveted on the male dancer who strutted down the runway with an Indian warbonnet on his head. The war paint on his hairless chest depicted an arrow that pointed south where a bunch of strategically placed eagle feathers hid his wampum. Ian took a deep breath and assessed the situation. These lassies were certainly in a lusty mood, so his chances were good. Time to put his new face to the test. He eased into the crowd. Now what should he say? Jean-Luc had successfully courted Heather using charm and wit. They turned their heads and boldly inspected him. Ian gave them what he hoped was a charming smile, though it faltered a bit when he noticed the second girl was wearing black lipstick. He supposed the modern lassies considered that attractive, but it gave him flashbacks of the bubonic plague. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Ian Mac--" "Oh, I thought your kilt was a costume! He needed a witty, charming response. A sudden surge of high-pitched screams distracted the two girls, and they turned back to the stage. Feathers were flying, and the crowd of women bounced up and down, determined to catch a feathered souvenir. Ian stepped back, dismayed at how the ladies were pushing each other. He glanced at the stage and gulped. By all the saints, the women had plucked the dancer like a chicken. When it came to finding his mate, he had assumed he would do the hunting. Ian moved back to keep from getting jostled by the frantic feather-grabbing women. Perhaps it was a matter of timing. Aye, timing was very important when hunting prey. He would sit back and wait for the right moment. Sooner or later, the dancers would have to take a break, and maybe then the ladies would be more easily impressed. He strode toward the bar. He had it all figured out. He was searching for a girl who was honest, loyal, pretty, and intelligent. And of course she would need to be madly in love with him. That last part was a little tricky. How did he go about making the perfect girl fall in love with him? He doubted his alleged cute knees would be enough. The female bartender had a phone to one ear and her hand pressed to the other to muffle the loud music. She snapped her sparkly rhinestone-covered cell phone shut, then dropped it into her shiny handbag. The second girl pointed toward the stage. Ian lifted a hand in greeting. What was the world coming to when a man with honorable intentions had to compete with a male stripper? How could he impress these modern lassies? Maybe Vanda could advise him. And a very successful one since Vamps were teleporting from the West Coast to come to her club. Ian settled on a stool at the bar and received a bright smile from the bartender. Miss Cora Lee Primrose no longer wore hoop skirts and her blonde hair in ringlets, but she still sounded like a Southern belle from the Civil War. Synthetic blood mixed with--" "Beer? The aroma of blood and yeast made his mouth water. He took a long drink, then licked the reddish foam off his lips. Are you new in town? He took another gulp of Bleer to ease the sting. Had he changed that much? Ye must have thought I was too young to be eyeing the curve of yer hips or the way the corset pushed yer breasts--" "Why, I never! She tilted her head to study him. Who else would I be? I was quite fond of him, really. I just look twelve years older now. How did you do that? You wanted to look older? Being trapped for centuries with a fifteen-year-old face had been a living hell. Cora Lee studied him, frowning. Maybe I can help. The Indian dancer had left the stage, and the female natives were restless. He needed advice quick. I need to see her. Lady Pamela stood and examined him. Her frilly Regency gown was gone. She had to know he could hear her. This could be interesting. Leave it to Lady Pamela to make him feel like a circus freak. He silently raised the attribute of intelligence on his wish list from number four to number three. Cora Lee cracked the door and peeked in. He strode into the office. Vanda glanced away from

her computer screen. She was wearing her usual purple catsuit with a black whip around the waist. Ian stepped toward her. And I--I need to talk.

ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS A VAMPIRE pdf

6: Olivia Olson - Wikipedia

All I Want for Christmas is a Vampire, the fifth book in the Love at Stake series, is the perfect companion to snuggle up to this holiday season! Be prepared to laugh and have fun with Kerrelyn Sparks' latest!

I really like to eat. How did I heal so fast? He grinned at Toni. How do ye feel? He was looking great in his jeans and blue sweater that matched his eyes. Ian looked at the broken railing on the floor. I just pushed a little and Ye could have heightened senses and abilities. I hope ye doona mind. Toni will be like the bionic woman, but without the metal parts. She glanced at Sabrina, and her friend was staring at her with a shocked expression. Ye see, vampires heal naturally during our death-sleep because of our blood. We thought my blood might be able to heal Toni. He--he helped me, too. Would she be able to levitate or teleport? You had so many nasty burns. Ian looked her over carefully. And I love those flowers. I can smell them from here. The white lilies are from me, and the red roses are from Vanda. I gather she had some bad history with him. Anyway, she wanted me to tell you that she was wrong about you. I should be now that I have some super Vamp abilities. It always irked me that you guys were superior. I have never considered you less than worthy. Ye rescued yer friend from her greedy uncle. And look at what ye did last night. He was desperately trying to stop you from staking him, and ye just kept coming. I doona know how ye did it. My love for you was more powerful than his hatred. I admire you and respect you. Just the way ye are. Ye doona need vampire blood running in yer veins to be worthy. Ye were always a superwoman. I am worthy to be loved. Ian squeezed her hand gently. Our bodies replenish themselves over time. The wood frame house in rural Virginia was small--small enough that they had to very quiet. He could hear the parents snoring in a nearby bedroom, their four children crowded in a second bedroom. Sabrina had given them the information about this family. The father had been injured in a farm accident, and they were barely scraping by. Only four little presents, wrapped in newspaper, sat under the Christmas tree. Ian opened his sack, and Toni helped him remove several boxes of warm winter clothes. A plastic bag contained a frozen turkey. Then came the toys--a video game set, some books, and a pretty doll for the little girl. With his bag empty, Ian grabbed hold of Toni to teleport. She pointed up to the roof. With a wry look, he did as she asked. They landed on the roof, ankle-deep in snow. He held her steady. Where do we go now? My bag is empty. Ye look half frozen. When I think about these people waking up in the morning to find all that stuff--I love it! Should he give it to her now? Back at Romatech, they would be surrounded by noisy people, rushing to get all the presents out tonight. Stars twinkled in a clear sky. Moonlight gleamed off white, snow-covered pastures. The air smelled of cedar and fresh snow. He took the black box from his pocket. I hope ye like it. He went flying off the edge of the roof and fell on his back on a thick bank of snow. She jumped off the edge and landed neatly beside him. He pulled off her mitten so he could slide on her ring.

7: All I Want for Christmas is a Vampire (Kerrelyn Sparks) Â» Read Online Free Book

Page 32 on. " "Number three is I will achieve something meaningful with my life. " "That is important. That's why I fight the Malcontents.

8: All I Want for Christmas is a Vampire (Love at Stake #5) Page 24 - Read Novels Online

Most of all, a real vampire wouldn't care if I put on a little weight, or if things drooped or if skin thinned. "The better to get to your veins, my dear," he would say.

9: All I Want for Christmas is a Vampire (Kerrelyn Sparks) Â» Page 32 Â» Read Online Free Book

Page 1 Chapter One The air hummed with bass guitar and rampant lust. He'd come to the right place. Ian MacPhie strode across the renovated warehouse, his steps falling into rhythm with the pounding drums. The Horny Devils was

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ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS A VAMPIRE pdf

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