

VEILS AND VAMPIRES by Cee Bee

EXCERPT

Far up the street, a police car switches on its flashers.

This is getting good.

The driver's side door whips open and out steps Celin MacGregor, my would-be boss. The man does not look happy. He glares right at me.

“What're ye doin', lass?”

Huh. Vass' accent gets heavier when he's angry. Nice to know.

“Talking with some girls from high school.” I gesture to Devon and Shay as evidence.

Only the two of them are gone.

I frown. “Or, I was chatting them up.”

Caelin stalks closer. On reflex, I step backward. Soon my spine hits the glass facade of the building. It's not like sidewalks in Manhattan are super huge.

Caelin sets his hands on either side of my head, caging me against the wall. My blood heats. If I thought there was some kind of energy between us back in his office, it's nothing compared to what zings between us now. The connection becomes a charge of desire that prickles across my body. I might even be panting a little.

“I'll ask ye again,” says Vass, his voice low. “Ye know the likes of them?”

“It's like I told you—I went to high school with those girls. And you're standing awfully close.”

The whoop of a police siren slices through the air. A man's voice reverberates through a loudspeaker. “Move your vehicle.”

I go up on tiptoe and peer over Vass' very broad shoulders. Sure enough, three police cars are lined up behind his badly-parked Porche. One officer stalks closer. The guy wears sunglasses even though it's after ten o'clock. You have to admire that kind of swagger.

Caelin glances over his shoulder and shoots the officer an angry look. The man freezes in place.

I raise my hand to shoulder height. "I'm over here, in case you're wondering. Maybe you can ask Caelin to back off from both the sidewalk and my face."

The officer pales. "I'm so sorry, your Majesty." Without saying another word, he gets back into his vehicle and drives away. The other police cars follow.

Leaving me alone with one very angry Scotsman.