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*The*  
**TEMPTRESS**

*Tryst*

ANGELA ADDAMS

**The Temptress by Angela Addams**

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*The Temptress*

*By*

*Angela Addams*

## **The Temptress by Angela Addams**

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### **The Temptress**

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### **Dedication**

I would like to dedicate this book to my husband.

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“Kyle Roberts?”

“Yep.” Kyle looked up from his timetable, a bored expression etched on his face.

With a slight nod, the grad student at the front of the auditorium continued roll call. Kyle watched him with impatience. It was Friday night, the first Friday of his first year in college, and he was stuck in this course. One course that filled a requirement: *Vampire Lore in Literature*—the only one that had looked remotely interesting when he was filling out his selection sheet.

*Yeah, you moron, but you forgot to check the time.* Friday, between seven and nine o'clock in the evening. He wanted to party, and here he was stuck in some boring class with a bunch of boring vampire wannabes. He scanned the massive lecture hall. It wasn't full, by any means, but there were enough people in attendance for Kyle to be awestruck considering his average high school class a few years back had topped out at thirty. The lecture hall had to hold at least two hundred.

*Yeah, two hundred red-lipped, black clad vampire lovers.* He craned his neck to look behind him. Nope, not one attractive or normal looking girl in the place.

“Fuck,” he muttered as he tapped his pen against his notepad and turned to face forward. He only hoped the course wouldn't turn out to be some lame *Twilight* love-fest.

“Hey, dude,” a familiar voice boomed. A huge hand slammed down on his shoulder.

Kyle looked up in surprise to see his roommate, Bobby, hunker

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down in the vacant seat next to him. "What are you doing here?"

Bobby shrugged and blew on his steaming coffee. "Same as you. Lit 101. Need it. Vamps are cool." He took a sip. "Plus, I heard the prof is really fucking hot."

Kyle snorted. "Hot like *vampire wannabe* hot?"

"Who cares?" Bobby scanned the room and cracked a wide smile. "I heard vampire wannabes are pretty wild in bed."

Kyle laughed. "Yeah, if you don't mind your dick being sucked and drained."

The room had grown deathly silent, and Kyle's words echoed loudly. He jerked his eyes to the front of the lecture hall where a tall, impossibly gorgeous woman stood watching him intently, her dark eyes boring into him. His face grew hot under her stare.

He sank down further in his seat, growing more uncomfortable by the minute, his eyes still riveted to hers. He just couldn't look away. And he couldn't help the semi-erection tenting his pants.

She pulled her lips into a tight smile and nodded in his direction, then swept her eyes over the rest of the bodies in the lecture hall. Kyle sighed when her stare left him, discreetly rubbing his cock as he pushed himself up in his seat.

Bobby nudged his elbow. "I told you, man." He pointed at the professor. "She's fucking hot."

"My name is Professor Elizabeth Logan, and you have signed up for *Vampire Lore in Literature*. Now, I know some of you may have taken this course because it fills a graduation requirement." She nailed Kyle with her eyes once again before slowly sweeping them over the crowd. "But I assure you it's not going to be an easy course. Vampire literature requires an analytical approach. It offers us a glimpse into the vulnerabilities of the times. Society's fears, wants, and desires during the time in which the literature was written. It will require your respect and your close attention. Most importantly, it is a literature studies course, so be prepared to read a lot. So, please, if you think this is going to be an easy ride, then I suggest you seek out a counselor and find another course to fill your literature requirement."

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“Great,” Kyle muttered, “more work.” His other instructors had already piled on the reading. He had hoped this one would provide some relief from his work load.

Bobby grunted and motioned toward the professor. “It’s worth it if I can look at her for a couple of hours every Friday night.”

Kyle shrugged his indifference even though Bobby’s words rang true. The woman was a walking wet dream, and he couldn’t keep his mind from wandering as his eyes greedily raked her body. He could only imagine what she would look like naked, with that dark hair cascading over her pale shoulders to tickle the tips of her hard nipples as she crawled toward him, ready to do unspeakable things. Things he could only dream of happening.

He licked his lips, suddenly wishing he had thought to bring a bottle of water to class or pick up a cup of coffee as Bobby had.

With a quick glance around, he realized everyone else was frantically scribbling away on their note pads or tick, tick, ticking on their laptops. He looked down at his own pad of paper and sighed at the lone doodle that stared back up at him.

*Shit, this is going to be a long night.*

Two hours later, with his hands cramping from pages and pages of scribbled notes, Professor Logan finally stopped talking. Kyle sighed with relief and massaged his aching fingers. Not that it hadn’t been a pleasure to listen to her. Her voice mesmerized him. It was rich and warm with a hint of sarcasm, and he’d found himself chuckling a few times at her dry wit. As with everything else about her, her voice was sexy, and he could listen to her speak for hours. He flipped through his notes and was surprised by the quantity. He’d thought for sure he wouldn’t have gotten much down. With his eyes riveted to her succulent body, he hadn’t even noticed his hand keeping up and taking notes.

Bobby nudged his elbow and pointed at the professor, who had bent over to pick up a stray piece of paper. “Take a look at that ass.”

“I’d do her,” Kyle bragged as he stood and stretched. “I’d do her so hard she’d scream my name.” And he meant it. He *would* do her—as he had done many times over the last two hours of the night’s lecture.

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"Mr. Roberts? May I see you for a moment, please?"

*Shit, this is got to be a record. First year college student called to the front of the room for profane and obscene thoughts.* Kyle slowly turned to face the owner of that crisp voice.

Professor Logan was holding a sheet of paper and running her finger along the print. "You are Kyle Roberts, correct?"

"Yes, Professor, I am."

"I need to speak with you. Your friend can wait outside." She motioned for Bobby to leave, then turned back toward her desk.

*Shit. How the hell did she hear me? I'm like fifty feet away.*

Bobby punched him hard in the arm before muttering, "You're a dead man."

Kyle began the slow decent to the front of the lecture hall and Professor Logan. The auditorium, which had been packed only moments before, now echoed in its emptiness. Professor Logan was busy shoving her many books and papers into a leather satchel, and she didn't look up as he approached her desk.

"Professor?" he croaked. He cursed himself. *Great, I sound like a fucking fourteen year-old.*

She looked up and smiled. It wasn't a comforting smile. More like a predatory one. Her eyes flashed with hunger. His cock went instantly hard. He moved his note pad around to hide it. *Fuck, I'm a dead man for sure. What's the penalty for lusting after your professor? Do they expel students for that?*

"Kyle, why did you take this course?"

"Well..." Kyle frowned, not having expected *that* question. He took a moment to consider. *"Vampire Lore in Literature?"* I found it interesting, I guess."

Professor Logan nodded. "Have you learned anything from my lecture tonight?"

"Yep." Kyle deepened his frown. What was this, a pop quiz? He cleared his throat. "You're a great teacher, Professor. The best I've ever had. I learned a lot from you tonight."

*Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit. You learned that your mind can come up with*

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*some pretty devious and gross ways to get your dick wet.*

Professor Logan cocked an eyebrow and ran her hand down her neck, trailing one finger to the top button of her blouse. Kyle couldn't take his eyes off that finger. Her white blouse, which opened only a fraction to tease his imagination, exposed only a glimpse of her perfect pale skin. She wore her dark hair piled in a messy twist on the top of her head. Her long neck was bare, and now her finger trailed down to rest on that button as if inviting him to fantasize about how her deliciously large breasts would look without such restrictive clothing.

"That's not what I'm asking, Kyle," she said.

"Hum?" Kyle murmured, his eyes still riveted on her finger.

"Do you remember the part of my lecture on the role of women in vampire literature? Do you remember how I said a woman can be the temptress who lures men into her arms and then plunges her fangs deep into their necks? That men are often tricked by their lustful thoughts and imaginations, only to be murdered because of it?" Her tone became menacing, and she leaned toward him, pressing one hand on the top of her desk for support. "Women are not always the objects, the victims. Sometimes they're the instigators. The predators. You should keep your lustful thoughts in check, my boy. They could get you into trouble some day."

Kyle's frown deepened as his lusty brain muddled over her words. He shifted his confused eyes to meet hers. They were a deep gray, so dark they almost looked unreal. He could get lost in those eyes. He took a deep breath, inadvertently inhaling her scent. It was flowery and sweet, and his cock stirred again. Man, he just wanted to eat her up. It was almost as if he could taste his lust, it was so powerful. *Fuck, why am I so hard for this woman?*

"Do you understand what I'm saying, Kyle?"

Kyle nodded and blinked his eyes back to focus. His mouth parted to speak, only he didn't know what to say.

Professor Logan smiled and closed her leather satchel with a deafening click. The noise startled Kyle. He closed his eyes briefly. When he opened them again, he found himself alone.