



*Dragon*  
**KING**

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR  
**SARA FIELDS**

# DRAGON KING



# SARA FIELDS





# CONTENTS

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Afterword](#)

[Books of the Alpha Brotherhood Series](#)

[Books of the Omegaborn Trilogy](#)

[Books of the Vakarran Captives Series](#)

[Books of the Wolf Kings Series](#)

[Sci-Fi and Paranormal Romances by Sara Fields](#)

[Books of the Kept as His Series](#)

[Mafia and Billionaire Romances by Sara Fields](#)

[Books of the Captive Brides Series](#)

[Books of the Terranovum Brides Series](#)

[More Stormy Night Books by Sara Fields](#)

[About the Author](#)

Copyright © 2023 by Stormy Night Publications and Sara Fields

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Published by Stormy Night Publications and Design, LLC.

[www.StormyNightPublications.com](http://www.StormyNightPublications.com)

Fields, Sara

Dragon King

Cover Design by Korey Mae Johnson

This book is intended for *adults only*. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults.







# CHAPTER 1



*H*ayleigh Ward

The light flickered for a moment, illuminating the room in an eerie, sinister glow. Then it went out completely and plunged me into total darkness.

Because fuck my life.

Why not this too, right?

Because nothing could go right this week. I'd just gotten home from college on winter break to nothing more than a quickly scribbled handwritten note from my dad telling me he had to go to a law conference in Hawaii and was going to miss most of it.

That was a big fat fucking lie.

He wasn't at a conference or even doing any work as a lawyer. He was probably spending it getting laid with his too-young-for-him girlfriend rather than with his daughter.

Asshole.

A clap of thunder rumbled so loudly that it vibrated the marrow in my bones, and I sat back on the couch with an annoyed huff. There wasn't a single flashlight in sight. There wasn't a candle in the room either, but it would be useless without a lighter.

A few months ago, my dad had uprooted and moved to a big house in Greenwich, Connecticut without asking my opinion,

not that it really mattered. He'd checked out of my life pretty much the day I turned eighteen. I'd never understood why. It didn't really matter though. Understanding it wouldn't make up for any of it.

I tried to blink a bit more quickly so my eyes would adjust faster, but that didn't work as much as I hoped it would. A flash of lightning lit up the room again, cutting through the windows and casting the whole house in a ghostly, supernatural hue before that disappeared too.

With a rising sense of gloom, I glanced around, trying to figure out what I could do to pass the time until the power went back on. I had an overwhelming amount of classwork to do, but I still had plenty of time to complete it. My college classes didn't resume for another two weeks anyway. I was never the type that got my homework done earlier than the night before it was due.

I had this big mansion to myself. Back home in Arizona, I might have invited my friends over and had a party, but I didn't have any friends here. I could order Chinese or pizza, I guess. I picked up my phone off the side table, glaring at the television for a second for having the absolute audacity to shut off too before I tapped the screen. I didn't have much battery left. I was always pretty shit at keeping it charged. Back at school, my friends would constantly ask for my battery percentage updates. Sometimes they even made it into a drinking game.

Not knowing how long I was going to be stranded here, I did a quick search to see what kind of hellhole had weather like this just as another round of thunder shook the walls. Apparently we were smack dab in the middle of one of the biggest winter storms that Connecticut had experienced in the past one hundred years. Tonight, there would be thunderstorms and freezing rain, but tomorrow the snow would begin, and it wasn't forecasted to stop for at least two days straight, dumping nearly three feet of snow by the time it was over.

Great. Just fucking fantastic. The only thing that could make this whole thing even better would be getting my period too.

I hated everything.

My birthday was in a week, and it wasn't just any birthday. I was finally turning twenty-one. I could finally go out to bars and meet people and I was probably going to be stuck in a snow apocalypse for all of it. Since I was going to be stuck here, I might as well start exploring. My cell phone battery had already ticked down another percentage point, so I was working on borrowed time.

I forced myself to get off the couch and turned on the flashlight on my phone. I wouldn't be able to rely on it forever, so I needed to find some other form of light, be it candles, flashlights, glow lights, whatever really. Maybe dear old Dad had a lantern and a secret camping addiction he never told anyone about. I wandered down the hallway, opening a few doors. I found a barely decorated office, what could be the lamest guest room I'd ever seen, several closets, and the kitchen. I searched all the drawers, cussing my father out several times when I came up empty handed.

I continued exploring the house until I eventually stumbled on what appeared to be the basement. It didn't look especially promising. It was dark and especially creepy, and my phone only had like ten percent battery left. I stared down, unable to see anything at the bottom of the stairs. With an exaggerated, annoyed sigh, I descended one step at a time and kept my phone flashlight up so I could at least make out where I was going.

At the bottom of the stairs, the room opened up into a big space. There were several storage racks to the right and a bunch of unpacked boxes to the left. I steered in the direction of the racks, seeing at least some semblance of organization. I scanned over the shelves, and I finally squealed in victory when I found a box of unused candles. I frowned when I realized there wasn't a lighter or even a pack of matches from some dingy bar.

I continued pawing through everything until I found one of those large utility flashlights on the back of one of the shelves. With a triumphant grin, I reached for it and my elbow brushed against an unlabeled cardboard box that was teetering on the

edge to the right of me. As I wrapped my hand around the handle of the flashlight, the box lost its fight with gravity and tumbled to the floor.

I pulled the flashlight out and looked down, initially not caring enough to even think about cleaning it up. I wasn't the maid, after all.

Then I stopped cold.

Right there on the floor by my foot was a picture of my mother. I stared at it for a long time before I knelt and hesitantly picked it up. She was smiling. I never remembered her being happy, only her sadness. Even when I was a little girl, there was this lost look in her eyes, like she had demons inside her that were chasing her all the time and no matter how hard she tried she couldn't outrun them. I'd always attributed that to the fact that she had given birth to me when she was young, that somehow, she was depressed that she'd missed out on life by having me. That was my best guess, at least.

I brushed my thumb over her face. She was young here, maybe nineteen or something. I turned it over, finding a legible date written in the upper corner. I did the rough calculation in my head and figured out she'd been only seventeen in the picture. She'd had me a year after that. I turned the picture back over, staring at her face and trying to commit it to memory. It had been so long since I'd seen it.

My mom had died in a car crash when I was ten. The circumstances surrounding the whole thing in my head were hazy, but I remember visiting her in the hospital once with my dad. He never took me back after that, and he never told me anything else about it. A few days later, my nanny had laid a black dress on my bed. The funeral had been later that day.

With a hard swallow, I glanced down at the rest of the contents strewn out all over the floor. There was a bunch of old books, manila folders stuffed with papers, a vintage ruby necklace, a silver pendant, and a bunch of other stuff. There was a pretty leather-bound journal too. I knelt and flipped it open. It was my mother's diary. Immediately, I wanted to get back upstairs so that I could read every single page.

In a hurry, I gathered everything and tossed it back in the box. I saw a box of batteries and tossed them in too, thinking I might need them in case the ones in the flashlight went out. I'd probably thank myself later—if they happened to be the right ones, that is.

I carried everything back up into the living room and camped out on the floor with the big utility flashlight in the middle of the rug. It was still dark outside, and from the wet look of things, the freezing rain had started. There was no hint that the power might come back on and honestly, I just hoped it wouldn't be out for this dumb once-in-a-lifetime storm. Wasn't the northeast supposed to be equipped for this sort of thing? Like... with power grids and whatnot?

Once I was all set up, I didn't waste any more time before I dove into the box. I carefully spread everything out, trying to take it all in at once. The necklace sparkled when it caught the light just so and the silver pendant shone in places and was tarnished in others. Did they belong to her? Where had they come from?

I picked up the necklace first. The chain was made of gold, the links thin enough to be dainty but thick enough to give it strength. The glimmering pendant itself was quite large. The ruby was oval shaped and showcased the advent of time, but the gemstone sparkled still as if it had a flame inside it. It was surrounded in what I expected were diamonds encased in a border of gold set off with silver filigree. It was exceptionally beautiful for something that looked like an antique.

I reached up and clasped it around my neck, somehow feeling closer to my mom and more at peace than I had been in a long time. The pendant settled right at the center of my chest, and I traced my finger over the ruby. It felt warm and especially comforting.

Rain pelted against the windows outside and I settled in. I reached out for my mom's journal, opened it, and started to read from the first entry. It began on the day of her twentieth birthday.

*I can't stop looking at her.*

*The happiness in her eyes and the way she can experience everything with the untainted innocence of a life unlived.*

*How do you go about living when you know the day your life will inevitably end?*

*Ever since I was a little girl, I've been told that day would be my twenty-first birthday. I've spent all my days trying to figure out how to stop that from happening. I've read and collected everything I could find of all the women before me, and all their stories end the same way. They've tried it all. What hope could I have to escape what they couldn't?*

*I'm going to end up like all the others. On the dawn of my next birthday, I'm going to be taken. I don't know where; all I can tell is that it's a terrible place from the broken renditions of what happens to all the others.*

*Do I tell my daughter what's coming for her that day? Do I take away her innocence? Would it be cruel to wrench that away from her?*

*I don't know.*

*I don't even know if I'm going to tell her father what's coming. I've kept it to myself all these years.*

*I wish I had the answers. I wish someone would tell me what to do.*

I kept reading, trying to understand what she meant. She didn't really go into detail about what she meant. Who was going to take her? Did she have a debt of some kind? Did our family owe someone else money? I couldn't tell.

Hour by hour passed as I read through the pages looking for answers. At times, it seemed nonsensical. She mentioned dragons and other terrible monsters from time to time, but as the day of her twenty-first birthday loomed closer, the entries grew more and more unhinged with her growing panic. I had known she had battled with various mental illnesses in the past, but I hadn't quite known it had gotten this bad. Her fear

was palpable. I kept pressing forward, wanting to find out what happened next. When I finally got to her birthday, there was no entry. There was nothing but blank pages until at long last, there was one six months later.

*I'm never going to tell her.*

*She deserves to live a happy life, at least with the days she's been given. Henry hates me. He thinks I disappeared for six months and left him with a toddler, but he doesn't know what it was like.*

*He's never going to know.*

*And neither will she.*

After that, the entries got shorter. Sadder. More broken.

Before, there were at least some happy memories and that bled through with her words. Now, there was only ruined sorrow. She spoke of going to sleep and never waking up, and just how peaceful that would be. Dad had made her go to endless therapy appointments. There was even a point that she was in danger of getting committed and she vowed to never tell her story to anyone again.

One more year.

More broken entries.

More talk of the peace that would come with ending it all.

Then I reached the final entry. It was dated the day before the car crash that took her life. Before, I'd simply assumed that it was an accident, but now, things started to come together. She'd been the only car involved. The funeral hadn't been well attended. No one had looked me in the face that day, as if they were too ashamed to meet my eyes. Now I understood why.

My mom had taken her own life.

I sat back, the weight of that knowledge settling on my shoulders so heavily that it hurt. I kept rolling the

circumstances over in my head, knowing it all tied back to whatever happened during the time she had disappeared. I looked through everything piece by piece, searching for answers. There were old journals belonging to other members of the Ward family, all of them women. Every account was the same. All of them disappeared on their twenty-first birthday.

Every single one.

Some of them were gone for simply a few hours. Others were gone for week, or months—there was even one that vanished for a whole year. But they all came back the same.

Shattered. Shells of the women that they once were. All just like my mom.

I wrapped my arms around my knees.

What did that mean for me?



## CHAPTER 2



*H* ayleigh

I fell asleep on the floor that night, surrounded in historical accounts that my mother had collected throughout her life. I woke up in the morning to starkly bright sunlight. I blinked blearily, noticing that there was an annoying beeping sound coming somewhere from down the hall. I picked myself up off the floor and staggered into the kitchen, trying to make sense of the terrifying thoughts that were whirling around in my head.

Had I dreamt all that? Was it real?

The leather of her journal had felt real. Even standing there in the kitchen, I could still feel the soft conditioned surface that her touch had wrought.

*Beep. Beep.*

Fuck. What was that?

I wandered in a bit further, looking around before I finally realized it was the fancy coffeemaker on the counter. I pressed the power button and it stopped, but then it started whirring to life like it was about to brew a cup of something. In my sleepy panic, I threw open the cabinet close by and found a coffee mug before it could start spewing hot liquid all over the counter. I caught it just in time.

I watched the hot milky coffee pour into the cup, only just concluding that the power must have come back on. I glanced

out the kitchen window and my jaw dropped. The whole world had turned white. Everything was covered in a thick blanket of snow, and it was still coming down. The back porch had at least six inches of snow on the ledge and there was no sign of it stopping anytime soon.

I'd never seen a fresh snowfall like this. In a way, it was extraordinarily beautiful.

The coffeemaker dinged again, and I glanced down to see a freshly made latte macchiato in the cup. I breathed in deep, inhaling the scent before I curled my fingers around it. Might as well enjoy it, right?

I sipped and groaned, feeling the rush of heat that descended into my belly. I glanced back down the hall to the living room, knowing that the contents of the box still waited for me there. The mystery of my mom's disappearance had burrowed into me and wouldn't let go. I carried the still steaming mug back with me and dove back in. I read everything one more time and then again. By the time I was finished, I felt no closer to understanding what had happened than when I had started. With an uneasy breath, I reached up and ran my thumb over the ruby once again, chasing that calming feeling I had felt before. I closed my eyes, trying to figure out my next move.

My dad's office.

I got up, brewed another latte, and took several of the books from the box with me. I plugged my phone in an outlet since it had died sometime during the night and settled down. I powered on his computer and started my own search for answers. I started with my family history.

My family name was old, far older than I could have ever imagined. There were accounts of women disappearing back to the 1100s and back further, but surnames hadn't been used in England before that. Some women were burned at the stake, others committed in women's sanctuaries, which was just another word for an insane asylum at the time, and others just vanished.

The more I found, the more unsettled I became. The web took me on a journey, and I wasn't sure if it was even a remotely

helpful one because I ended up deep in a rabbit hole of theories—insanity, schizophrenia, and the Ward family curse being the nicest of them.

None of it made sense.

I tried to come up with a rational explanation, like maybe our family owed money to the mafia or some secret royal family that dated back to ancient times, but nothing fit. By the time I sat back in defeat, I could only think of one thing.

What was going to happen on my birthday? Was someone going to come for me and kidnap me? Were they going to hurt me? Was I going to lose my mind like the women that did before me?

I couldn't let that happen. I had a life to live, a college degree to finish. I hadn't even ever dated or fallen in love. Hell, I was a fucking twenty-year-old virgin.

Fuck it.

I wasn't going to allow it to all come to an end in less than a week. I started opening the drawers of my dad's desk. He always left a credit card for me in one of them in the past just in case of emergencies and this time was no different. Flights out of Connecticut were down for the day and they looked to be out for tomorrow too, but they weren't the day after. I booked myself a flight out of Bradley to Málaga, Spain as well as an Airbnb in the middle of nowhere just outside of a national park in Compéta.

No one was going to find me. I was going to make certain of it.

\* \* \*

I spent the next several days reading and rereading everything I could get my hands on. I packed a bag and stuffed my mom's journal in it. By the time it came time to call an Uber, I was positively terrified of what was coming. Maybe I had a brain tumor that no one had diagnosed, and no one had figured out

that it was just a genetic anomaly that happened in all the women in the Ward family?

Weird shit like that happens sometimes, right?

I tried to put it all out of my head on the drive to the airport, but I had a difficult time. I checked my bag and numbly wandered through security. My father's credit card status got me access into one of the private upscale lounges, and when I finally boarded the plane after several weather-related delays, I found myself in first class. I ordered a glass of champagne as soon as someone came by. No one asked for my license, and I didn't offer it, feeling like if my life should indeed be over in just a few days, I should at least be able to enjoy what was left of it.

The flight was long, with a layover in Madrid. I slept for some of it after taking a Tylenol PM, which always knocked me out in about an hour. When I woke up, I ordered a mimosa and enjoyed it along with a delicious breakfast of fruit, yogurt, and granola. The coffee and blueberry pastries they brought were tasty too.

I'd left my phone behind, not wanting anyone to track it or to get a phone call from my dad wanting me to explain the sudden expensive charges on his card. Honestly, it was the least he could do after disappearing for both my birthday and the holidays. It's not like he couldn't afford it.

The airline staff didn't make me get off the plane for the layover and I fell back asleep, only to wake up to the announcement for the final descent into Málaga. I used some cash that I stole from my dad's desk to pay for a driver to take me out to the Airbnb.

When I finally arrived at my destination about an hour later, I breathed a sigh of relief. I'd be safe out here. The site was remote. It was a small, fully furnished cabin that was way off the beaten path. The road to it wasn't even paved but made of dirt and gravel. Since it was set on the edge of a national park, it was surrounded by greenery. I'd left the snowy landscape behind and come to something much lush. It was still cold, probably about 40°F, but it was far from the 10°F that I'd left

behind. There were mountains on the other side of the lake. There were wild slopes covered with trees and the peaks were covered with either mist or snow. It was all really quite beautiful.

I tipped the driver after he carried my luggage inside and he drove off. He didn't ask any questions about why a lone American girl like me would come out into the wilderness by herself, and I appreciated that. I probably wouldn't have answered him anyway.

I wandered inside and looked around. It was cozy in a homey sort of way, which made me feel a bit more at ease. The kitchen was fully stocked, which was nice considering there wasn't much around for miles. I was still pretty full after eating a meal at the airport, so I unpacked my things in the bedroom closet and started to explore. I checked the windows. All of them had locks. There was a back door and a front door. Those had locks too. The more I found, the more relaxed I became. When I noticed that it was getting dark outside, I got ready for bed.

I was exhausted. Travel days always knocked me out.

I fell asleep in minutes.

## CHAPTER 3



*K*ol

“There is another pack of hellhounds that have escaped the rift, your majesty.”

I sighed, looking up at the warrior that had rushed into the throne room.

The problem was getting infinitely worse. It seemed like more and more monsters were escaping into my realm and endangering the lives of my people with each passing day. Hellhounds were a particularly vicious lot, sent by the Dark King himself as the front-line soldiers in preparation for an all-out war if the boundary between realms ever fell.

I pushed off the padded armrests of my throne and rose to my feet. My seat towered above me, blood red and carved with the insignia of my ancestors. I traced my fingers along the gold, feeling it heat beneath my touch. The throne itself was lined with red gemstones that sparkled quite beautifully when it was surrounded with fire. My throne room itself was massive, large enough to house a dragon if the need called for it.

Duty called, however.

I strode toward the massive wooden doors and the warrior stepped aside, dropping his head in respect for his king.

“Ready the men. I want the city gates as well as a force ready at the entry of the badlands should any hellhounds break through,” I directed, and he nodded once.

I gazed at his face. I'd seen him before on the training grounds some time ago. Since then, it seemed like he had come a long way. He was human, which made him inherently weak, but that couldn't be helped. Humans were undoubtedly the most common type of creature that inhabited Blazelheim, and it was my duty to protect them even when they couldn't themselves. His armor was fine, which spoke to his experience on the battlefield. It was made of fine metal, a special type of ore that was only mined in the deepest mines by the dwarfs.

"Tell me, warrior, what monsters have you killed?"

He jerked his head up, hesitantly meeting my eyes. He hadn't expected me to say anything to him at all. I saw the instant spark of fear in his gaze that I always did whenever someone looked at me, but I was used to that. All I had to do was reach out and use the tiniest bit of strength to snap him in half and I was only in my human form.

He'd stand even less of a chance when I shifted.

"I have killed two wargs myself, your majesty," he answered quickly. I noticed the slightest tremble of his voice, but he covered it up well.

"That is indeed impressive," I replied, and a grin broke out over his face before he remembered himself.

Wargs were a creature that had broken through the rift some time ago and made Blazelheim their home. They were wolf-like creatures with a tough scaled skin that was quite difficult to pierce. My warriors were on constant watch for any that made it their mission to use the city streets as their hunting ground.

"Thank you, your majesty," he said, his chest a bit puffed up with pride.

"Do you know how many hellhounds came through this time?" I asked.

"I'm not sure. Maybe a dozen, my king." He lowered his gaze as he bowed.

"You're dismissed now, warrior," I snapped.

He nodded once and scurried out the door to deliver the message I'd given. The breaks in the rift were happening more and more often, which was alarming. It meant that Helheim was readying for a full breach. If that happened, my realm would be overrun, and all manner of my people would die.

I knew what was coming.

I had a duty. One foretold by prophecy that I had no choice in fulfilling. I didn't want to think about it, and I left the castle. I embraced my fire with a roar and flew off toward the badlands to defend my realm once again. My wings cut through the air, and I pressed my tongue to the roof of my mouth, allowing the fiery blaze within my belly to grow. The visceral feeling of the chilly air raced down my back and I released a roar, invigorated as I spun through the clouds.

The hellhounds were racing through the deep valley, waiting for me, and I unleashed destruction upon them. I ripped through their flesh with my teeth and my talons as they tried to use theirs to pierce my iron scales.

They failed. I did not.

By the time I was finished with them, they were nothing more than a mess of limbs bleeding black blood into my soil.

They had never stood a chance.

And neither would the woman that was fated for me.



## CHAPTER 4



*H*ayleigh

I woke up with a start. I'd fallen asleep on the couch in front of the fire. I looked at it blearily, noticing that the logs had burned down and there wasn't much left other than a pile of weakly glowing embers. I blinked in confusion, trying to remember where I was and figure out what had woken me up so suddenly. I rubbed the bridge of my nose, trying to chase my sudden headache away. I could have sworn I heard a voice, but it had to have been a dream, right?

Oh. *Fuck*. It was the night before my twenty-first birthday.

I'd done absolutely everything I could to prepare. I'd spent the past couple of days combing the internet for everything I could find: books, newspaper articles, Reddit threads, you name it. I read for hours trying to figure out what kind of crazy thing happened to all the women in my family, but I didn't get any logical answers. All I could fathom was whatever happened to them instigated some kind of mental break that led them to imagine such things and that caused long, lingering side effects like depression, to say the least.

I didn't really know. That was my best guess.

With a heavy sigh, I pushed myself up, wanting some form of comfort. The sudden craving for a hot chocolate came over me and I padded over to the kitchen to heat up some water. Once that was on the stove, I went around and rechecked that all the windows and doors were still locked.

They were.

I'd probably done that five times today. Maybe more. I'd stopped counting.

The pendant felt warm on my neck, and I wrapped my fingers around it. I turned my head and stared at the flickering flames of the fire as a much stronger tingle raced through me. The fire had seemed to have gone out, but now it was larger than before. Maybe I was seeing things. I told myself that everything was going to be okay, that I was going to wake up in the morning and it was just going to be another normal day. In a few days' time, I would fly back home, walk into a bar, and order a drink now that I was finally of legal drinking age back in the United States.

The fire crackled and the loud snap of air escaping a log made me jump. The flames flared upward as the blaze grew to the size of the hearth. I yelped at the heat that came with it, but then it died down to what it was before. I opened and closed my mouth, unable to shake the ominous feeling that rattled deep into the marrow of my bones.

Was I still dreaming? Had I already gone insane like the rest of them?

The water started boiling on the stove and I rushed to it before it could boil over. I turned off the gas and slowly poured it into my waiting mug. With a shaky breath, I stirred it with a spoon and glanced to the counter. There was a bottle of Bailey's on the counter, like the Airbnb owners had known I'd want a mug of hot chocolate and wanted to make it even better.

So, I did. I poured in enough to make sure that I fell asleep again in a few hours.

When I was finally ready, I returned to my spot on the couch and sipped away at my warm drink. I picked up the book that had fallen to the floor and returned to reading the lighthearted romantic comedy between an intern and her devilishly sexy and infuriatingly grumpy boss that I'd found on one of the bookshelves here. Eventually, I felt the simmering buzz from the alcohol burning through my limbs and I fell back asleep.

By some miracle, I didn't wake up again until dawn.

\* \* \*

*"I've come for you."*

I woke up with a startled scream. I looked around, squinting in the dim light as I tried to find the deep rumbling omnipresent male voice that had spoken, but I found nothing. Feeling exposed out on the couch, I slowly stood up. I could see out of one of the windows and I saw nothing, but that didn't mean I was still alone. I crept through the living room and down the more sheltered hallway into the bedroom.

There was no one there either. Maybe I was actually losing my mind, but at this point I wanted to be more safe than sorry. If some crazed assassin was coming for me, I wasn't about to go quietly. I slipped into the closet and closed it behind me, breathing as silently as I could. My heart pounded deafeningly loud. I feared that its perpetual drumbeat would give away my position and I tried to do everything in my power to calm down.

*"Run."*

It didn't work. Now that I was fully awake, I knew that it hadn't been a dream. It was a real voice that I was hearing, but I couldn't quite tell which direction it came from. It kind of felt like it was coming from everywhere all at once.

Fuck. Get it together, girl. *Focus.*

Slowly, I pulled in a silent breath and let it out. My heartbeat settled into something of a normal pace, and I crouched down, peering out through the small crack between the door and the frame. I didn't see anything, not yet at least. I pressed my hand to my chest, trying to reconcile what just happened.

Maybe all of this was just the voices in my head trying to break free.

*"It's so much more fun when you try to get away from me."*

I swallowed hard, panic and adrenaline surging through my veins. Closing my eyes, I listened for any hint that someone was in the house. There had been no signs of a break-in. I hadn't heard any shattering glass. The front door was squeaky because the hinges needed to be oiled, but there had been no sign of someone opening that either. By all logic, I should be alone.

In my heart, though, I knew I wasn't.

After about a minute, I started to hear footsteps somewhere at the other side of the cabin. Hiding there in the closet, I suddenly felt trapped. My head whirled with possibilities. If he found me, there would be nowhere to run. I looked through the crack again, seeing that it was beginning to lighten outside. The sun was rising.

Dawn had come.

With a deep breath, I turned the knob as silently as I could. Thankfully, this door didn't squeak like the front one did. I'd made certain of it before when I had made my initial plans to hide out. Someone was in the house with me, and I didn't want to be found. I had to escape.

With as much care as I could muster, I crept through the bedroom and around the bed. I paused for a moment, listening and hearing nothing. When I finally felt it was safe enough, I reached up and unlocked the window. I stopped, my fingers shaking.

This was it. I had to be brave. I had to run.

My heart hammered as I stood up and pushed the glass open. It was silent as I climbed over the ledge and hopped down to the ground. I knelt down, crouching. When I'd landed, my shoes had made a crunching noise and I was fearful that the man might have heard it.

One minute passed. Then another until I was certain that I'd made it out of the house unnoticed. Now I had to figure out where to go.

To my right, there was a lake. Past that, there were mountains and trees. To my left, though, was a thick forest that went on

for miles. Heading that direction would give me my best chance of escape. With one final survey all around me, I took off.

*“That’s it. Run for me, my pretty little fawn. I’ve always enjoyed the chase.”*

The pendant heated against my chest, tingling with electric static. My body warmed along with it and the sudden fear that there was a tracker inside it raced through me. Was that crazy? Why would someone bank on me going down into that basement and finding it? That seemed unlikely, but I couldn’t shake the feeling anyway. I reached up and pulled it hard.

It didn’t break.

I tried again as I ran toward the forest, but it wouldn’t come off. The sound of heavy footsteps behind me made me quickly forget about the necklace. Looking back, I saw nothing.

I didn’t stop.

The safety of the trees closed in around me. I ran hard, like I’ve never run before in my life. I was suddenly grateful for all those late night runs back on campus. I had originally started doing them as a way to avoid my roommate and her utterly clueless boyfriend, but now they were actually proving useful. I did my best to soothe my burning lungs by taking full deep breaths. I kept pushing my limbs forward, knowing the ache was sharpest at the beginning and that my body would eventually acclimate to the exercise. My legs were strong, and my fear kept me going.

Leaves and branches whipped against my limbs. One scratched my face and I flinched. Reaching up to touch my cheek, I whimpered, finding it wet. When I pulled my fingers away, I could see that I was bleeding. I didn’t let it stop me though.

I kept going, spurred on by the sound of him closing in on me.

I raced forward, and then I saw a ledge. I threw myself over it and then beneath it, hiding in a small alcove beneath a thick tree limb. Even though it was difficult, I silenced my breath and hoped that he would lose my trail.

The crashing footfalls slowed and then came to a complete stop. I stopped breathing and closed my eyes, listening for any sign of my pursuer and finding none. I didn't dare move a muscle, not even when something crawled across my fingers in the dirt. I squeezed my eyes shut even tighter, trying to stay calm.

*“Every one of you is the same. You run from your fate, thinking you can hide and escape me even though you are nothing more than a feeble human. Even now, I can hear the blood surging through your veins, your terrified heartbeat. I can smell the scent of your fear and soon, I will touch every inch of your vulnerable flesh.”*

I said nothing, not wanting to give away my position. He was goading me. That was all. He was just trying to get me to speak so that he could find and kidnap me for whatever weird shit his family had done to all the women in mine.

I tried to ignore the way his voice rumbled through me. I pushed the sudden yearning to run to him aside, thinking my mind was playing tricks on me.

*“You don't even have to speak. I know where you are.”*

I could hear him walking toward me, the telltale crunch of leaves under his feet deafening in the eerie silence. I wavered between absolute terror and courage as I tried to decide what to do next. Should I run? Should I keep hiding?

My panic won out.

I started to run, and he laughed as he gave chase. The sound of it rattled me and I cried out as I sprinted through the thick brush. I didn't care which direction I was going, be it deeper into the forest or straight into the frigid waters of the lake.

I didn't make it far.

A massive hand reached out, closing around my upper arm and jerking me backwards. Desperately, I dug my fingers underneath his, needing to break his hold and failing completely. He pulled me back and slammed me against a tree trunk. I resisted, trying to break free and his other hand wrapped around my throat. I brought my knee up hard and

slammed it right into his balls. I tried not to think about how there was something about his features that seemed supernatural. I didn't let it stop me from trying to get away.

I heard him make the most delicious sound of shocked pain and his grip on me lessened. I took advantage of that single moment of weakness and jerked out of his hands. I ran harder than I had ever run in my life. For a brief few seconds, I thought I was a free woman. Then he grabbed me, only this time his grip closed around the back of my neck. A growl reverberated behind me.

Were there bears in Spain?

The mind went to scary places in times of fear. It didn't really make sense for me to worry about bears, but I found myself focusing on them instead of the massive angry monster of a man that had come for me. I cried out as he used his grip to slam me against another tree. This time, though, he used his body to pin me into place. His other hand gripped my chin, turning my face this way and that as he studied me.

I refused to look at him.

*This isn't real. None of this is actually happening. All of this is nothing more than a dream.*

He chuckled as if he was amused, and my heart pounded so hard that I thought it was going to burst out of my chest. Gently, he lifted my chin. I refused to look at him, focusing on a silver-colored pebble on the ground instead.

"Not a single one of you has ever dared to lift a finger against me," he rumbled.

With my free hand, I slapped him with all my strength. He simply laughed louder, like my efforts were pointless. I didn't like that one bit. My stomach pitched forward with fear as he traced his fingertips along the line of my jaw. I did everything I could to hide my terror.

"You must let go of your hopes of escape. I will not allow it. You will only return when I'm finished with you and not a moment before."

"Fuck you," I retorted.

“You have fight in you. That’s going to make what happens next that much harder on you,” he answered coldly.

I didn’t know what he meant so I didn’t say anything at all. His touch dropped from my chin to glide down the chain of the necklace. He stopped when he reached the pendant, picking it up and tracing his thumb over the gemstone.

“The magic will always find you. It is your destiny.”

“Don’t touch me or I’ll kill you,” I blurted out, unable to keep myself quiet any longer. Roughly, he forced my chin upward, and in my shock, I looked directly into his face.

He wasn’t a man. He was a monster.

He towered over me by well over a foot. I guessed that he was nearly seven feet tall, but that wasn’t the part that made my heart pound fast enough to burst. In fact, that was the most normal thing about him.

He appeared to be human, but only just. His irises were bright red and if I looked close enough, I could see tiny flames flickering inside of them just like the ones that had been in my fireplace this morning. A thick, dark beard covered his mouth, but the ends of his hair glowed dimly like burning embers. His hair was long enough to reach his shoulders, which only made his unnatural gaze smolder that much brighter. I noticed that his nose was slightly crooked, like someone had broken his nose and it had never healed quite right.

His scent surrounded me. All at once, I was cast in a world of smoke and ash. When I focused, I could sense hints of jasmine and something sweet that I couldn’t quite identify. I snarled at myself when I noticed that I was leaning toward him, that it was drawing me in.

“I love the look on a human’s face when they really see me for the very first time,” he rumbled.

“You’re not *real*,” I spat, needing to say it out loud just in case that doing so would trigger this nightmare to end.

It didn’t.



“I’m very real,” he grinned. The blazing fire of his gaze flared red hot, revealing his eager anticipation of what was to come even when I didn’t want to see it.

“Please wake up,” I begged.

“This isn’t a dream, human. It’s time for you to fulfill your role in my world,” he continued.

His world? What did that mean?

Even more desperate now, I tried to knee him in the balls again, but he was ready for me. He twisted his hips and thwarted my attempt with embarrassing ease. When I dared glance at him, his irises had darkened to a more subtle red glow. His mouth set in a hard line for a second before the edges of his lips curled up in a dangerously sinister smirk.

“I usually dread the taking of your kind, but I have a feeling I’m going to enjoy this next part very much,” he growled.

His fist closed around one wrist and then the other before I had time to even think to defend myself. With a hard jerk, he pinned them high above my head and it was only then I realized that his single hand was large enough to hold them firmly in place.

I squeaked in surprise.

“I’m going to savor every moment of this,” he added, his blazing eyes now burning a bright ferocious orange. I quivered as he dragged his gaze up and down my body.

What was I even wearing?

For a moment, my head was blank, but then I remembered. I’d been dressed in a warm fleece-lined pair of leggings. The rest of my outfit was unremarkable. I’d found a soft green plaid shirt in the closet back in the cabin and worn it over a heather gray tank top. As a precaution, I’d kept my dark gray combat boots on, laced up and ready in case I had to run.

Like that had done me that much good...

His one knee pressed between my legs, forcing them open just a little and making me hyper aware of just how much larger than me he was.

In an all-out brawl, I wouldn't stand a chance against him. All he'd need was one good hit, and he'd knock me out cold. That would be mere child's play for someone as strong as him, yet still I struggled to break free from his grasp.

His other hand traced down my jawline and I turned my head. He grabbed my chin and forced me back. Without delay, he continued his journey of exploration down my throat as I trembled. He looked at me like I was nothing more than an ant beneath his shoe and I tried not to let on how terrifying that was. Carefully, he fingered the material of my shirt as if he was studying something foreign.

"You humans like to wear such different types of fabric. From dresses to pants to short skirts to horridly ugly patterns like this," he mused.

He was quiet for a moment, his expression introspective. If he was waiting for an answer, I wouldn't give him one.

"But it all looks the same when it's torn off and thrown into a pile on the ground," he continued.

Without warning, he tore the front of the shirt open with a hard jerk. The buttons popped off with ease, but he didn't stop there. I watched with horror as his nails sharpened to points and he clawed the rest of it to shreds. The straps of my tank top offered little resistance, as did the rest of the fabric that covered my upper half. He stripped the shreds away from me, somehow careful not to scratch my skin in the process.

He left my bra alone for a long moment, like he was trying to let the nakedness of my flesh really set in, and it did. His fingers traced across my belly lightly, causing my skin to erupt in goosebumps from nothing more than his touch.

I wanted to hate it. I wanted to hate him.

His closeness made those thoughts turn muddy, as though I was swimming deep in murky water and didn't know up from down. He changed his movement slightly, dragging the tips of his talons against the hem next. I shivered, only vaguely aware that my nipples were hardening while still safely encased in my bra.

They wouldn't stay that way for long.

He turned his hand and sheared right through the fabric connector between my breasts. The cups popped outward, immediately exposing me. I tried to get my hands back to cover myself, but his grip was firm.

I wasn't going anywhere.

He used his claws to tear through the rest of my bra as though it was nothing more than a sheet of paper. I cried out as it fell away. My chest rose and fell as I struggled to make sense of what was happening. I couldn't stop myself and I hated that I was putting my breasts on salacious display. My nipples grew impossibly harder. I scowled up at him as he peered down at my naked chest. He flattened his palm, smoothing it over the erect peak. A frisson of reluctant pleasure raced through me, and I hated myself for it. He smiled as if he knew what I was thinking and I sneered back in return.

"I think you know by now that I'm not human, don't you?"

My scowl deepened and I didn't glorify him with an answer. Instead, I stared off to the side at the ground trying to pretend that none of this existed and it was all just a mind game that my head was tricking me into. At this point, insanity would be a blessing.

"I'm not from your world, Hayleigh," he continued.

How did the bastard even know my name?

"Let me go. I'll kill you," I demanded.

He laughed and the sound chilled me to the bone. I pulled in one deep breath after another, my breasts rising shamefully with all of them. His fingertips closed around the tip of my nipple, squeezing softly. I held on strong, not flinching. Maybe he would tire and leave me be if I just outlasted him.

"You couldn't kill me if you tried, human," he answered.

His hold on my nipple tightened as he pinched down hard. Pain blossomed from the center of my breasts, radiating outward with an agonizing heat. I cried out, trying to get away from him even though there was nowhere to go.

“Don’t touch me,” I warned.

He released my nipple and my shoulder pitched forward as I let out a relieved cry. The ache lingered, a reminder of just an ounce of his capabilities. He cupped that same breast with his palm, enveloping it with its massive size. I lifted my eyes to his only to notice that they were an even brighter orange than before, alarmingly vivid and tinged with venomous intent.

“No one has ever threatened my life so blatantly and lived to tell the tale.”

The flames swirled, making the thick scorched line surrounding them stand out in contrast. It was like someone had outlined them with black charcoal and smudged it. I don’t know what about it was so intriguing, but I couldn’t look away. I raised my chin in defiant challenge. I wasn’t going to let him scare me.

“You would do well to remember your place, human.”

I spit in his face.

He froze as it dripped down his cheek. He pulled his hand away from my breast and wiped it off. For a long moment, he just stared down at me as if he was deciding what to do with me. The air was heavy with his disbelief and my heart hammered in my chest. His gaze sparked and my belly rolled. He’d come to some sort of conclusion.

I lifted my chin once more.

In silence, he reached down and tore through my leggings. I kicked and fought him, but I was no match for him. In less than a minute, all that remained of my pants were strips of fabric. He left my panties in place. There was no hope in my mind that those would remain for much longer.

Without warning, he jerked me away from the tree and dragged me over to a fallen log where he sat down. He threw my body facedown over one thigh. He was so enormous that I couldn’t reach the ground with my hands or my toes. By the time his leg pinned over the back of mine, it was already too late.

The hand that had been holding my wrists was now firmly pressed down on my hip. I tried to squirm, but my movements were extremely limited. His other hand settled on my panty-clad bottom. It was only at that moment that I truly began to grasp what was happening.

He'd put me over his knee.

I was facedown and his hand was on my ass.

He was going to spank me.

I'd read about it in books enough times. I'd seen it on television and in a movie or two on occasion, but I'd never thought it could happen to me. Not in a thousand years. He didn't do it right away. Instead, he smoothed his palm over my backside like he was trying to prolong the moment and really let it sink in.

"Don't," I warned him.

"Are you going to threaten me again?" he asked, the warning blatant from his tone.

I opened and closed my mouth several times, immediately thinking better of saying the first thing that came to my mind, at least for the moment.

"Please don't," I finally settled on.

"It's time you understood something, human. You don't get to decide anything anymore. I'm going to decide everything for you, as your king," he growled.

The sound of his voice had changed somehow. Its supernatural rhythm rumbled through me and swirled inside my core. I whimpered shamefully as my pussy clenched and my clit throbbled.

I wasn't... I couldn't be... There was no way.

I'd lost it. Complete insanity was the only explanation. There wasn't any way that I could actually be turned on by this.

His fingers dug into my right cheek, squeezing hard enough to hurt just a little.

"You dared to threaten me," he scolded.

“Please don’t... *sp...* do this,” I whispered. I couldn’t even utter the word let alone imagine it actually happening.

“I’m going to punish you for your defiance, human.”

He said it like it was the simplest thing in the world, like he had every right to tear my clothes off and put me over his knee so he could spank me like a naughty little girl. Heat surged beneath my skin even though I tried to will it to stop. His leg was strong against the backs of mine. I tried to kick, but I hardly budged an inch. I attempted to roll my hips, but he held me captive like it was the simplest thing in the world.

His hand left my backside and when it firmly slapped back against it, I finally realized that this was happening and that nothing I could do or say was going to stop it. The noise of it startled me at first. Nothing could have prepared me for how loud it would be. It echoed through the woods like a gunshot, and I blinked, wondering absently if someone might hear it and know that a spanking was happening, or worse, that someone might see.

It was stupid really. I’d booked this place knowing there would be no one around for miles. Not only that, but I had probably run a fair distance into the national park that had a record low number of tourists in the winter season.

I was alone with this monster. No one was going to save me.

A second smack fell, and I was just as alarmed by the deafening slap as I was by the first. This time was different, however. As if delayed, a stinging wave of pain followed, and I yelped in surprise.

“Wait!”

He didn’t. He only spanked me faster. At least a dozen fell before he finally paused, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

It was finally over.

His finger slid beneath the hem of my panties. I froze, just now remembering that I’d worn a brand-new pair of lacey ones, a special purchase I’d made because sometimes a new pair of underwear made you feel beautiful even if there was no one that was going to see it.

I had never imagined someone actually looking at them and I felt my cheeks burn with embarrassment. I'd even looked at them in the bathroom mirror. I knew what he was seeing.

They were made of a sheer, delicate blue lace that was thickly embroidered at the top and gradually became more see-through as the fabric went down my cheeks. My private places were covered, but only barely so.

"This naughty little garment is blocking my view."

I cried out loud, reaching back and trying to prevent him from doing what I knew to be inevitable.

"Please don't," I tried, wanting to preserve any amount of dignity.

I thought he would just pull them down, but he didn't do that. He gave no warning and tore them off.

I yelped as the delicate cloth pinched my sensitive folds. It punished me just as much as the exposure did, and I tried my best to clench my thighs together so that he didn't see anything more than he needed to see.

"Even more beautiful than I could have even imagined," he observed.

My cheeks flamed red hot, knowing full well he was looking at my freshly bared backside.

"Please let me up," I squeaked.

"Your punishment hasn't even begun, human," he warned. His palm settled back on my exposed ass, and I started.

"You already did that!" I tried.

He didn't acknowledge that I had spoken. Instead, his hand crashed down on my backside far more firmly than before. I squeezed my eyes shut. This was really happening. The least I could do was take this with some tiny shred of dignity.

I clamped my lips shut and tried to stay silent. For a few moments, I was successful, but the intensity only seemed to get worse after that. His palm was massive, and it nearly covered the expanse of my entire cheek every time he spanked

me. The sting was sharp, as if an entire hive of bees had attacked me all at once and it only burned hotter with the passage of time. It was easy for him to punish every inch of my bottom, but he didn't stop there. He smacked the backs of my thighs too and I was alarmed to find out that stung far more than the ones on my ass.

I only managed to stay silent for six slaps to my naked backside. A particularly vicious bite to my right thigh made me cry out. I pressed them shut again, but that didn't last long either.

"Wait," I tried.

He didn't respond.

I thought the spanking had started off hard. I'd been so naïve. It only got more painful after that. In the beginning, I was embarrassed. I thought him stripping me bare was supposed to scare me, that he might throw me on my back and have his way with me, but I had been wrong. The shame of being naked was only the start. This was the real punishment.

The worst part of it all was that I wasn't strong enough to get away. Nothing I could do or say would make this end. It would stop when he decided I'd had enough, and I didn't know what that measure might be. I didn't have even a shred of control, and that was the most humbling realization of my life.

His palm was relentless. It bit into me over and over again. It was as if my ass had caught fire and my flesh was instantly scalded, only it kept on burning hotter. He didn't show any signs of stopping for even a second and I cried out as a particularly cruel smack stung my inner thigh.

"You act like you've never been punished before, human."

"I haven't," I choked.

For a single moment, he paused, and I caught my breath.

"This pleases me," he finally answered.

I had hoped it was over, but then the spanking started anew. Once again, I was reminded that he had started off gentle and that this punishment could still get harder. I didn't even try to



keep quiet. My muscles clenched, but that didn't make it better. My scalded flesh stung more than I thought even possible and my eyes watered.

I wasn't going to cry, was I?

I didn't want to, but I had the sinking feeling he was going to make me. I sniffed the tears back, trying to blink them away when he started focusing on the place where my bottom met my upper thighs.

"I want you to remember this lesson, human," he warned.

The heat from his hand intensified more and I panicked. It hurt so much. What if I couldn't take much more? All my attempts to hold back my tears soon turned futile and soon enough, the first one trailed down my cheek. A second followed.

I don't know how many times he spanked me or how long the punishment lasted, but none of that mattered. All thoughts other than the painful bite of his hand and my naked bottom left my head.

"I'm sorry," I tried, but my words were thick, and I didn't know if he could understand me.

The fight left my body, and I sobbed, tears freely trickling down my face. Eventually, the spanking slowed, each blow hard and unforgiving. When he finally stopped, he smoothed his palm over my burning bottom as I cried quietly over his knee.

"You look even more beautiful than I could have ever imagined, lying over my knee like this with your bottom bright red," he said.

My face burned with shame. I didn't know what to say. In my heart, I'd know that to him, this was probably gentle, that he'd used only a tiny, insignificant portion of his strength to punish me like this. Instinctually, I knew that he could have easily killed me.

So why hadn't he? Why do this?

As my tears dried, his palm soothed me. It circled my lower back, my scorched backside and all the way down the backs of

my punished thighs. I'd grown comfortably slack when he suddenly repositioned his leg between mine.

I was already pinned in place before I could do anything about.

Not only was I pitched forward further than before, but my thighs were spread wide apart with his leg between them. There would be no closing them for the sake of my own modesty.

I was exposed more completely than I had ever been in my life.

The breeze chose that exact moment to pick up, grazing across my bare flesh and causing a fresh wave of panic to soar through me. It brought to light the one thing I had never wanted brought to light. I was wet, and not just a little bit.

I was absolutely soaked.

## CHAPTER 5



*H*ayleigh

Fuck.

This couldn't be real. This was obviously my mind playing tricks on me because there was no way I could be getting turned on by having my clothes torn off by this monstrous brute before he put me over his knee. I had to be having some sort of serious mental break, because I definitely wasn't thinking about the same hand that had just punished me to tears sinking between my thighs and touching me where no man had before.

There was no way this was actually happening. I wasn't thinking those things.

Right?

Then why did his touch feel so real? Why did blistering heat spiral through me just at the slightest graze of his fingertips against my thigh?

"I want you to know something, human."

My heart seized in my chest, palpitating frantically as I tried to figure out what he might mean. I hoped that maybe he would tell me that this was all a figment of my imagination, and he was nothing more than a sordid wet dream, but even I knew that had zero possibility of being true.

“Right now, you’re probably telling yourself that this is nothing more than a nightmare, but this is all very real.”

I drew in a shaky breath, trying to focus on his words and not the sizzling tingles from his fingertips brushing back and forth across my inner thigh.

“I may be a creature from another world, but that doesn’t change the position you’re in right now, does it?”

My lower lip trembled as I closed my eyes, feeling my body careen out of my control despite my reluctance. Why was I reacting to him like this?

“Answer me, Hayleigh,” he pushed and there was a glimmer of warning in his tone. His hand slid backwards to cup my scalded backside and I swallowed hard.

How did he know my name?

“No,” I managed to answer. I hated how my voice trembled, yet there was no changing it. He was right and that was the part I loathed even more than my own audible weakness.

“Over the coming days, there is going to be much you don’t understand, but there is something very simple that I want you to focus on first.”

His touch had returned to caress my more sensitive flesh, edging dangerously close to the wetness I only half accepted was actually there.

“You are destined for me. That is a fate you cannot fight.”

I scoffed. He sounded like he was talking straight out of a fantasy world. Maybe I wasn’t the crazy one. Maybe it was him.

“I’m here because your body called for me. Your soul knows its master, and do you know how I know that?”

My thighs quivered and I bit back a shameful moan. I couldn’t let him know what kind of an effect he was having on me. He was nothing more than the villain that manhandled and punished me. I told my body to ignore him, to imagine that I was somewhere else where I was cozy and safe and not here naked in the middle of the forest.

“I know because you’re absolutely soaked,” he rumbled, and the sound of his voice cut through me like a knife.

Before I could even think about denying it, his fingers slid through my arousal. I bit through my lip and tasted blood in my mission to keep quiet. My shame overwhelmed me when a small whimper slipped free. My cheeks flamed red hot, and I was suddenly very thankful I was staring straight at the ground so he couldn’t see my face.

“I’m not...” I tried, but it was pointless.

He edged closer to my pussy and despite everything in me that tried to stop it, a terribly exposing moan escaped my lips.

“What you’re feeling right now is magic, human. Does it feel like you’re burning from the inside out? Is this soaked pussy calling out for me to touch it?”

He could see right through me. I tensed, trying to hold onto what still remained of my resistance as much as I could, but it was like trying to catch a cloud with nothing more than my hands. Closing my eyes, I willed myself to wake up.

With painstaking slowness, his fingers crept up my thigh and only just touched my outer folds. My breath stuck in my throat with how easily he slid over my most sensitive flesh.

“No,” I lied. My voice shook even harder than it had before.

He slid the side of that single digit against me, and I gasped.

*Out loud.*

“You’ve been wet for me since the moment I first laid my hands on you.”

“I haven’t...” I tried once more, and he cut me off.

“I can smell it, human. I’ve been able to since I set foot on this earth.”

His fingers slid between my folds, exploring my soaked pussy, and making certain that I couldn’t ignore that shameful need any longer. My clit pulsed hard, almost as if it was calling to him and I soon forgot about anything else. My resistance seemed to falter, and I tried so hard to hold onto it, but I felt

like I was falling down a slippery slope. I tried to climb back up, to tell myself this wasn't something I wanted, but I fell even further with every passing moment.

"I... Who are you?" I panted.

"I am your king," he growled.

A mystical flame spiraled through me the moment the pad of his finger grazed over my clit. The longer he touched me there, the stronger it became.

"Can you feel it now?"

*Fuck*, could I ever...

I could only answer with a pleading moan. The seconds passed, as if he was waiting for me to say something. I tried to hold on for as long as I could, but then a minute ticked by and the brutal need twisting through me grew stronger than my iron resolve. I moaned again and then it got infinitely worse. He started to circle my clit with not one finger, but two. Without meaning to, I rocked my hips against him, seeking out his touch with an unwilling mind and a fully consenting body. I pulled my lower lip behind my teeth, but there was no keeping silent now. That ship had sailed long ago.

All I could hope for now was keep myself from begging to come.

I wasn't completely innocent. While it was true that I'd never laid with a man or even let one touch me, that didn't mean that I didn't know what an orgasm felt like. There were times when I'd laid awake at night and explored my body all by myself. I'd looked at myself in the mirror, trying to understand what women in books or movies might feel like when a man touched them for the first time. My fantasies were nothing compared to this, though.

This was so much more than all of those combined.

I couldn't even speak, let alone think about what I wanted to say or do anymore because it was quickly becoming a thick haze. My thoughts veered sideways, sliding through the fog, and quickly losing direction.

Did I want this?

Did I hate this?

My pelvis ground against his thigh, forcing his touch more firmly against mine. The sudden fear that he might pull away raced through me and as much as I attempted to keep myself still, I did it again.

The growl that surrounded me was that of a beast and not a man.

In that moment, I felt like nothing more than prey about to be pounced on by a savage predator. My nipples were hard enough to cut glass and I shivered hard as his free hand traced up the length of my spine. With exceeding gentleness, he brushed my hair to one side. I sighed, arching against him when his grasp surrounded the back of my neck. The searing heat of his magic danced through me all at once, coming at me from multiple angles now. I moaned again, this time that much louder.

“Do you feel the heat of my magic now?”

“Yes,” I whispered, my voice hardly audible.

Instinctually, I knew he would hear me. Every part of me felt like it was on fire. The electric tingle of my nerves firing had turned ablaze. Sweat beaded at the edges of my brow and at the base of my spine. I realized something then. There was never any question that I was going to come for this man. I didn't have a choice. It was simply a matter of when now.

I bit my lip, still fighting it in my mind even as my body practically leapt at the chance.

“You should know something else, girl.”

I froze and my clit throbbed.

“My magic will only let you come when my will allows it.”

My jaw dropped. I knew exactly what he meant.

The spanking had left my ass scalded and been hard enough to make me cry, but that wasn't the true punishment. He was

going to teach me my place by making me beg for it. I was strong, but I knew in my heart that he was infinitely stronger.

“Please,” I began, hoping against hope that he would let me up and end this before I had to do something as shameful as beg for his permission to come with my ass bright red and my pussy throbbing over his knee.

He was silent as his touch pressed more firmly between my thighs, dancing over my flesh as if he knew exactly how to play me. As the seconds passed, I was hit with the sudden terrible fear that he might know my body better than I did, and I frantically pushed it away.

I felt so hot. Was I sick with a fever of some kind? Every muscle in my body twitched and a shameful thing happened. I pushed back against him, seeking out his touch rather than trying to fight it. My body was going to force my mind to accept this.

I cried out, the sound twisting into a moan by the time it broke free of my lips. The longer he teased me, the more desperate I became. My breath escaped me with frantic pants. My hands opened and closed as I tried to claw myself away at the same time I tried to push right back.

I was lost and the balance slowly tipped toward need, like I was nothing more than an animal seeking out a mate. My core simmered with blazing heat. It swirled and crackled and grew as he fanned it into an open flame. The burning embers swirled up, and it wasn't long before it was a roaring bonfire of arousal and desperate greedy instinct.

I wanted to come. I needed to come. I told myself I wouldn't beg for it, but it was a false hope.

As the minutes passed, my body swiftly spiraled out of my control. I writhed with wild abandon, seeking out the release I so desperately yearned for. He made soft noises of approval, which only made me careen that much more. I approached that edge far more swiftly than I imagined possible.

Then he kept me there.



No matter how I moved or ground against him, I couldn't make myself come, and I tried. My core turned molten hot, and I whimpered, overwhelmed and consumed by my arousal. I'd never felt anything like this before, not with my own fingers or even the little vibrating bullet I'd secretly bought online one time when I was feeling brave.

Images of the blazing heat of his steely eyes burned through me. His firm-handed expectation between my legs never wavered. The only thing that did was my resolve. It evaporated like a boiling pot of water left forgotten on a campfire. Then I did the thing I'd vowed not to do.

I begged.

"Please. I can't take it any longer," I pleaded.

"I don't think you're ready just yet," he answered.

I cried out, but he still didn't stop. I knew now that what he'd told me was right. His magic was preventing me from reaching orgasm and there was nothing I could do about it. He had total control over me, and the worst part about it was that I wanted it.

Badly.

"Please, my king," I tried next.

My eyes watered and I blinked back tears for the second time that day, but they weren't from pain this time. They were from complete desperation. My clit was pulsing harder than the heart in my chest and my pussy was clenching around empty air, wanting to be filled more than anything.

"Please let me come, my king... I can't... I need..." I managed to whisper.

I wouldn't be able to speak for much longer. A sob stuck in the back of my throat, and I choked back tears. This man had stripped me, spanked me, and now here I was begging him to grant me release like a wanton slut. My shame rattled through me, but that only sought to intensify the surging flame in my veins.

“Please, I’m sorry, my king,” I tried again, and I was embarrassed over the need that was exposed in every single syllable that fell off my lips.

He used his leg to open mine wider and I groaned, wanting more than anything for him just to give me one sweet release. The spanking had only been meant to get my attention.

It was this moment, *this very one*, that was meant to truly punish me.

I choked back a sob, the agony of denial cutting through my core. My chest shuddered and my lower lip quivered.

“Come for me, bad girl. Come for your king.”

His touch grew infinitely rougher. Three fingers brutalized my clit, and I couldn’t even begin to fight against them.

I came hard.

That moment changed me completely. For the first time in my life, a man had forced my shameful surrender and it was glorious. Liquid heat surged through me, blinding me with its bright white light. I squeezed my eyes shut, feeling as though I’d been caught in a tidal wave and there was no escaping until it obliterated me. Exquisitely tantalizing bliss flowed over me, and I opened my mouth. I began to scream. My determination to fight him burned to ash in that moment. I didn’t know if I could ever get it back.

I imagined the picture that the two of us showcased and my orgasm intensified that much further. Shamefully, I writhed over his knee as he tortured my clit, dragging my pleasure on and on until I drowned in it. It wasn’t until my passionate need finally crested that I realized that there were tears dripping down my chin.

He’d made me come so hard that I’d cried.

I laid there for a few long seconds, completely still as I tried to comprehend what just happened. His fingers pulled away from my over-sensitized flesh. In a daze, I hardly noticed when his other hand wrapped around my hair in a fist. Without warning, he wrenched me up so that he could stare directly into my eyes. My legs felt like jelly, and I struggled, but I didn’t need

to. He held me up and somewhere deep down a part of me knew that he wouldn't let me fall.

He raised his hand and I vaguely noticed that his fingers were glistening. With a sudden flush, I realized that it was my own wetness coating them. He pushed them against my lips, and I knew what he wanted without him needing to say it. I opened my mouth. He slid them against my tongue and the taste of my own arousal was suddenly my whole world. A sweet, musky flavor took hold of me, and I blushed hard, both ashamed and aroused at the same time.

"You are utterly breathtaking," he whispered, and I got the feeling the words had just come out before he could think through them. He stared at me with sudden extreme interest, almost as if he didn't understand his captivation with me and I trembled before him.

He pumped his fingers in and out of my mouth as he remembered himself.

"I will never forget the sight of you bare for me, the trails of your pretty tears still wet on your cheeks, your pussy swollen and your ass sore," he murmured.

I blushed hard. His hold on me was steady as he pulled his fingers free from my lips with an audible pop.

"I want you to remember this and know that if you defy me, I will not hesitate to punish you."

"I understand," I answered, my voice quivering.

"Good."

## CHAPTER 6



*K*ol

I wanted to hold her.

For reasons I did not understand, I sat back down on the log and gently pulled her into my lap. Maybe it had been the sparkling glimmer of vivid defiance in her eyes as she'd glared back at me, a look I'd never seen in one of her ancestors ever before. It was haunting in its intensity.

*Like I'd finally met my match.*

I shook my head and wrapped my arms around her trembling form. When her tentative arms curled around my neck, I sighed with relief. I don't know why, and maybe I didn't want to know, but I did. A feeling of calm settled over me and I closed my eyes.

Her ass was hot against my thigh. I'd spanked her hard, but I'd only used a fraction of my strength. I didn't want to hurt her. I'd wanted to teach her a lesson, nothing more.

*I never wanted to hurt her.*

I closed my eyes. What was this sudden weakness? She was nothing more than a means to an end and a temporary one at that. When I took her, it would seal the rift for a limited amount of time. It was never permanent, but it offered the only lasting protection for my people from the true beasts of hell that threatened to break through from the Dark King's reaches.

She was a thing to be used and taken, a tribute to the powers that governed the realms. That's it. Nothing more than that.

*Why did I feel this way then?*

She clutched at me a bit tighter, sniffing. Did she not want to let go of me? Was she seeking out my comfort? Hesitantly, I reached for her face and used my thumb to gently wipe the remains of her last tears away. Her lower lip quivered as she chanced a look into my eyes, an act that would have been seen as far too bold back in my home.

She dared to look in the eyes of the king and she hadn't asked permission.

Inside the inky blackness of her pupils was a burning ember, a deep reddish hue that was just beginning to ignite. Her dark mahogany irises only set it off that much brighter. It was like I was looking straight into the pit of a volcano getting ready to erupt. The breeze cut through the clearing, whisking her long brunette hair off her shoulders and making that ember flare an even brighter red.

All at once, her scent surrounded me. Oranges, apples, wildflowers, and unparalleled sweetness overwhelmed my senses. Sheer temptation pulsed through me, and I did the one thing that I had never done with any other woman in the past.

I kissed her.

It was happening before I could think to stop it. My hand cupped her cheek gently, lifting her chin and bringing her lips to mine. I told myself it was just because I wanted a taste. Just a taste and nothing more.

Her hesitation was even sweeter than I could have ever imagined. Reluctance intertwined with curious arousal simmered through me. The softness of her lips molded perfectly against mine and my blood boiled with my own need.

I kissed her harder and her surrender was everything and more.

I prided myself on acting with a clear head and a sound mind. I made rational decisions to protect those that dwelled in my realm, and I took each chosen woman simply out of duty. I

erased their faces from my memory after it was all said and done. They didn't mean anything to me.

This kiss did, however.

Her hand tightened around the back of my neck as if she wanted to pull herself even closer to me than she already was. My arm squeezed around her waist and my fingers dug into the thick mane of hair at the base of her scalp. Her breasts pressed up against my chest, her breath becoming one with mine.

She moaned and I swallowed the sound.

A deep percussion clapped all around us, a thunderous wave of magic that poured ominously over the land and I stopped cold. I heard tell of such magic in the recesses of ancient prophecy, but I hadn't believed it was anything more than a myth or folklore until that very second.

It was a sign, a siren's call for destiny to take heed. The first requirement of a prophecy had been fulfilled and the choices that came next would decide the fate of the world. Only one human culture had acknowledged its true existence here on Earth in the past. The Vikings had called it Ragnarök. They hadn't known it was an ancient prophecy of the end of times that wasn't meant for this realm.

It was meant for *mine*.

I pulled away harshly enough to catch the look of confusion on her face. I stared at her swollen lips and swallowed hard. Whatever this was, I had to stop it, and it had to be now. I needed to do my duty and move on. I couldn't let emotion control me like this again. My people's lives depended on it.

Her eyes searched mine for an answer and I didn't give her one. I stood up and forcibly lifted her from my lap by her hair. Her whimper was more of shock than pain, but the sound wasn't entirely free of it. She set her lips in a firm line, keeping quiet as she watched me closely. Her tense stance revealed her renewed strength as a sign that I may have tempered her for a period, but I hadn't broken her.

I would eventually. They all broke.

Her chin rose defiantly even as her cheeks still burned with shame. I glanced down, noticing that her slickness had dripped down onto her thighs. It was glimmering in the sun like oil on water. I looked away, but the image of her breasts rising and falling with every heated breath was burned into my memory. With a furious roar, I threw my free hand outward and called on the power that was mine by rights. I took a deep breath, calming body and mind as I drew the fiery magic to me. Lightly circling my wrist, I bridged a connection between worlds.

The light from the sun beat down and centered to a single point. The imagery of the forest started to blur. Lines bled into one another, rotating around slowly at first. I funneled more power into the connection, and it spun faster until at long last it stabilized into a portal that would lead back to my home. I hazarded a glance back at her, briefly enjoying her riveted expression of extraordinary wonder at seeing such a thing.

“You will come with me to my realm. Your fate lies there with me,” I explained, and her gaze shot toward me.

If a single look could kill, this would have been it.

The scent of her need grew heavy on the air.

I grabbed her upper arm roughly and pulled her through the portal, certain that her bare ass was still burning at the same time her pretty pussy was still throbbing for more.

When the time was right, I would take it.

\* \* \*

During the journey, she fainted, and I carefully hefted her into my arms, holding her close against my chest. I tried not to think about how right she felt there or how she looked like a fallen angel as she slept soundly in my grasp.

It wasn't unusual for a human to pass out during the journey between worlds. The magic of the portal often overwhelmed their fragile human systems. It gave me a little time to think. I

needed to steel myself against whatever I was feeling for her. I needed to get that under control immediately.

I carried her until the door to Blazelheim opened and I passed through. The familiar scent of cinder and ash surrounded me, and I breathed in deep. It wasn't that I didn't like traveling between realms, but coming home was always a bit of a relief. Anytime I left my kingdom, my people were in danger. It was my purpose to protect them.

I was deep underground in the Smoldering Mountains, my castle built straight into the cliff side of the largest peak. It had been built ages ago by my forefathers and their fathers before them. This place was thousands of years old. There was still debate around when it was first built since there was no record of its creation in all our written records. I glanced around, assessing my chambers and seeing that there was a meal laid out on the table.

I strode over to the bed and laid her down on it. For a long moment, I just stared at her, unable to tear my eyes off her angelic features. I sat down on the edge and carefully unlaced her boots before I pulled them off. Thick socks covered her feet, and I took them off too, only just noticing that her tiny human toenails were painted with a deep glittering red. I looked to see that her fingernails were done up just the same. What a peculiar thing to do. Did it mean something in the human world? I'd have to ask her.

I shook my head again, reminding myself that I would do no such thing. There wasn't time for such pleasantries. It would be better if I just got my duty over and done with. I couldn't let her get under my skin any more than I already had. Out of nothing more than merciful kindness for her human frailty, I lifted the covers and tucked her into my bed. I should have walked away, but I sat back down beside her and continued to gaze at her instead.

Her dark lashes stood out in stark contrast against her pale skin. There was still a flushed rosy glow on her cheek, and I reached out to touch it. I brushed my knuckle against her cheekbone, and she pressed against me with a soft sigh, still somehow seeking me out even though she was fast asleep.



That pinkness darkened just slightly, and I couldn't help but remark at her beauty.

She was perfect.

I brushed a few stray hairs off her temple, and she nestled into my bed as if it was her own. I pulled the covers up higher, wanting to make certain she wouldn't be cold. I would protect her for as long as she needed to be in my realm and once this was all over, I would return her to her own where she belonged.

I stood up, meaning to return to my throne and resume my duties, but I couldn't bring myself to walk away just yet. As a means of stalling, I threw a stream of fire into the hearth. In an explosion of embers, it roared to life. I watched her and the memory of that kiss slammed into me like a feral hellhound. I swallowed, my whole body suddenly tense as I remembered how right her lips had felt on mine. The decadent taste of her was vivid in my mind as if it had happened no more than a second ago.

In those moments, I had shown weakness for the first time of my life.

For *her*.

That weakness had set off a series of events that I did not yet know or understand, but I needed to find out for the sake of those that counted on me. I would not let her distract me from that again, no matter how tempting those soft, pretty lips were to me.

I jerked my shoulders back as my temper detonated deep in the pit of my belly. What right did she have to make me feel these things when I was her king? She was nothing more than a human.

I was the Dragonborne.

## CHAPTER 7



*H*ayleigh

I woke wrapped in a warm cocoon of blankets. I didn't open my eyes just yet, not wanting to ruin such a restful sleep. I curled up, pulling the soft quilt tighter around me. Then I froze. There wasn't a single shred of clothing on my body.

I was *naked*.

I never slept naked.

On high alert now, I opened my eyes to find myself in a room I didn't recognize. To call it a room would be a lie, actually. This was a cavern.

A royally decorated one, but a ginormous cavern, nonetheless.

I was surrounded by a vast amount of rock on all sides. If I focused, I could see the markings of stone tools carved into the rock, at least I assumed that would be how a place like this would have been created. When I looked more closely, however, I guessed that it could have been carved out by talons too. I couldn't be sure.

My clit pulsed and I pushed myself up to a seated position. I flinched as my backside pressed against the bed and at once it all came flooding back to me.

I hadn't escaped. I'd been kidnapped from my world by a monster king and brought to his, but that wasn't the worst of it. I brought my knees up to my chest and hesitantly reached

down to brush my fingertips against the lower curves of my backside. I closed my eyes with a gasp when I felt that it was still warm.

If the spanking had been real, that meant that the incredibly shameful orgasm I'd had over his knee had been too.

*Oh, my god. It was all a dream, right? Tell me it was a dream, and he wasn't real.*

I opened my eyes just as quickly, searching around the room to see if he was watching me, but I saw no one.

I was all alone.

I sighed with open relief. I would be able to gather myself for a moment at least. I pressed my fingers to my lips, remembering his kiss at last. I closed my eyes, still feeling the tingle from it. It almost seemed to intensify at the memory, and I jerked my hand away with alarm before I touched my mouth again. The look in his eyes had been warm, like for the briefest of seconds he wasn't a cold-blooded monster. There had been wonder and awe, and if I wasn't mistaken, actual interest when he'd looked at me.

I didn't know what to make of it. I should be furious, but I wasn't. Why did that temper my anger the way it did? Why did it make me think about what his kiss would feel like on other places, like on my neck? On my collarbone? On my breast?

A hard shiver quaked my body, and I hugged my knees even more tightly to my chest as I looked around again, searching the cavern as if it would give me any sort of answers. It didn't offer any at all, but it distracted me for a little while.

The bed was massive, big enough to house maybe ten people comfortably. The material of the comforter was plush, some variation of a kind of velvet, but even softer somehow. It was a rich reddish burgundy set off by metallic gold embroidery and I followed the pattern with my fingertip, figuring it was a family crest or maybe something else. I wasn't sure. The base of the bed was made of rock. The mattress on top of it was soft, almost like sleeping on a cloud.

It was a bed fit for a king.

*My king.*

My muscles tensed, recalling just how much fire his touch had stoked within me. I tore my eyes away from the bed and started searching in the dark corners of this massive chamber. There were several heavy pieces of furniture carved out of heavy mahogany, far richer in color than any I'd ever seen back home. A glint of steel caught my eye.

Wrapping myself in a soft fur that was lying on the edge of the bed, I pressed my feet to the floor. I expected the rock beneath my feet to be cold, but it was as if it was heated from something far below. There was a quiet rumble beneath me, and I stared down, picking up on the slightest red glow before it faded away.

What the heck?

With a nervous shrug, I padded over to a towering suit of armor. As I approached, I soon realized it wasn't just a carved hunk of metal meant to protect a man, but a piece of art. The silver was matte in color with ruby gemstones inlaid within it like an embroidered thread. I reached out to touch it, not really believing it was real and the glittering colors grew brighter, as if the metal itself was reacting to me. The sight of it took my breath away.

When I pulled my fingers back to my chest, the glow subsided. I studied the suit for a few moments longer before I continued my explorations. There was a massive wooden armoire full of clothing fit for a man, but it was all far too large for me. None of the garments looked even close to my size, so I ended up taking an oversized t-shirt and cinching it around the waist with a leather cord I found in a nearby dresser.

Someone cleared their throat not far away from me and I started. I jerked my head around and a tall woman with pointed ears dragged her eyes up and down my body before finally landing on my face. Her ethereal beauty took me by surprise. Every single inch of her was perfect, from the dewy glow of her skin to her dimples. She looked like an elf, straight

out of *Lord of the Rings* or something like that. For a moment, I just stared, not really believing what I was seeing.

“What are you?” I whispered, not even realizing that I had spoken out loud. She didn’t dignify me with an answer.

“The king has dictated that you are to be prepared for him tonight,” she spoke, her voice floating like the musical chords from a mystical flute.

Her dress was pale blue, set off by sparkling silver thread. Her long blonde hair shone, perfectly straight as if she’d spent all morning brushing it, yet it still had the kind of volume girls like me would die for. Her eyes were brilliantly blue, stark in contrast to her skin. They were nothing like the boring brown of my own.

Standing in front of her, I felt like a hot steaming pile of garbage in my repurposed shirt.

She looked at me expectantly and I didn’t dare move a muscle. The two of us stared at each other. I was almost certain she wasn’t blinking when another creature came bouncing on into the room from behind her.

“You could try being nice first, Elysia.”

He sounded clearly annoyed, but there was something about him that I liked immediately. The woman peered back at him with the kind of disdain I imagined she would look at a bug with. He rolled his eyes and flounced past her. With an understanding wink, he bounced over to me with what appeared to be excitement to see me. Honestly, it took me aback.

“Ignore her. She’s always like that. Now let me look at you.”

His eyes were bright green, set off by his rich caramel skin that shone as if it was made of copper. A soft line of highly manicured stubble decorated his chin, following his angular jawline all the way up to his earlobes. Somehow, his long dark hair was even shinier than hers.

Elysia rolled her eyes and I imagined that it was just because he was prettier than her.

“I can work with this,” he grinned, and his joy was contagious.

I smiled back at him, ignoring her for the time being.

“You don’t really get a choice about that,” Elysia scoffed at him, and he shook his head, also ignoring her. I decided I liked him even more.

“My name is Kenna. What’s yours?” he pressed. His irises glimmered like emeralds. They were really quite fascinating to look into.

“Hayleigh,” I replied shyly. He reached out and plucked at my shirt sleeve.

“No, this won’t do,” he muttered, his eyes narrowing a little in disgust at my choice of clothing. He took a step back and gave me another onceover.

“What did she mean by prepared?” I asked him and his gaze softened.

“You will be bathed and dressed in a gown made by me. It will be a dress fit for a queen,” he replied.

“I can wash myself,” I said quickly.

“That may be true according to Earth’s standards, but that won’t do here,” he replied.

“Where am I?” I asked quietly.

“You’re in Blazelheim, the realm of fire, my dear.”

I blinked at him like he had two heads.

“Blazelheim? You can’t be serious,” I echoed.

“I am, I’m afraid,” he answered. His expression remained gentle, his eyes calm.

I took a deep breath, and he reached out to take my hands.

“You’re wasting time, Kenna. We need to get her ready for the king’s return,” Elysia complained behind him.

He rolled his eyes again and winked in my direction.

“You’re prettier when you don’t speak, Elysia,” he sassed, and I couldn’t stop myself from giggling.

I tried to mute myself, but it was already too late. She leveled me with a glare at the same time Kenna grinned wickedly with his own amusement.

“I’m sorry about this first part, but you’re going to have to go with her to the bathing chambers while I prep your gown for this evening. Tolerate her as best you can and know that you’ll forget all about her when you come to me,” he said softly, looking back warily at Elysia like she was about to pounce.

“I can still hear you,” she said flatly.

“I’ll do my best,” I smirked at Kenna, and his gaze practically danced with glee.

“Good. Don’t take away too much of her Earthen glow, Elysia. I’m going to use that to my advantage,” he called out.

She looked back at him with palpable disdain.

“If you insist,” she replied, but it was clear she wasn’t happy about it.

Kenna bounced out of the room, and I immediately missed his energy. It felt nice to run into a friendly face with my own reality literally turning upside down.

“Follow me,” Elysia demanded. She turned to leave, and I glared at the back of her perfect head before doing what she wanted.

I told myself it wasn’t because I was intimidated by her, but because I just wanted to see more of Blazelheim. I raised my chin defiantly as she led me out of the cavernous bedchamber into a wide hallway. There were stone carvings etched into the walls offset by statues of courageous-looking men in battle armor. If I looked closely, I could see dragons and other creatures I didn’t recognize at first glance. Elysia’s legs were long and she moved quickly, so I couldn’t study it quite like I wanted to for fear of losing her and facing whatever repercussions that might wreak.

We climbed up several flights of stairs. When we finally passed by a window looking out, I stopped cold.

The only thing I could think of was hellfire.

There was rock, ash, and fire. Hidden amongst the valleys was a city that seemed to be carved right into the plunging cliff sides. I couldn't see the streets anywhere from above, so I knew they had to be far below. There was no knowing how many stories were in any of them either. The rock itself seemed to be shimmering with lustrous fiery embers and when the wind picked up, I could see flecks of it whisking throughout the sky. It was like we were encased in a volcano.

"We don't have all day," Elysia droned.

Out of sheer defiance, I looked out for a moment longer, taking in the living, breathing volcano of a world before I turned back and silently walked in front of her. She rushed forward and I smirked as she flew by me. She led me up a spiraling staircase where the sweet fragrant scent of jasmine was thick in the air. We walked through a carved stone archway to the most magnificent set of hot steaming pools I had ever set eyes on.

Elysia guided me to the back where a group of women rushed forward. They were dressed in long violet cloaks, similar to a druid. Their ears were pointed as though they were elven, but they appeared more human than Elysia. Before I could say anything to stop them, they were grasping at the cloth that covered my body. Their deft fingers untied the cord around my waist and at least three of them together lifted the shirt easily over my head. I squeaked in surprise and quickly covered my breasts with my arms.

"Wait!" I cried out, but it was already too late.

What if my ass was still pink?

My face flared hot with shame, but none of them said anything about it. In fact, they remained silent and calmly guided me over to one of the pools. Elysia stood aside and I focused instead on the kind faces of the women attending me. One offered her hand and helped me step down into the dark glowing pool. As I dipped my toe into the water, it glowed a muted red color and only grew brighter as I lowered myself beneath the surface.

It was so deliciously warm.



The women entered the pool with me still dressed in the soft violet cloth of their robes. Soon, their hands were smoothing over my flesh with scented oils and fragrances. I groaned with pleasure when they started washing my hair.

Soon, they started chanting something low. I couldn't make out their words, but I instinctually knew they weren't English and something ancient of this world. A strange calm came over me and then Elysia started to sing. The water surrounding me glowed brighter, pulsing with magic as it tingled through my veins. I peered down at my hands, watching threads of it flow into my fingertips.

“What's happening?” I asked.

Elysia didn't stop singing and the others kept chanting all around me. For several minutes, I didn't speak, and then waves of mystical energy coursed through me.

I felt alive.

When I finally looked up, I could tell that my skin was more vibrant. I could see my reflection in the water and my dark hair shone with body. It had also seemingly grown at least a foot longer. I reached out to touch it, not really believing what I was seeing. I was led out of the hot spring to a flat stone table. One of the druid women started rubbing heated oil into my skin and I laid there, flushed, entirely naked, and feeling more alive than ever before in my life.

By the time the mystical bath was complete, I felt invigorated and refreshed. Elysia came forward with a thin red slip. One of the druid women took it from her with a bow of the head and brought it over to me. With careful reverence, she dressed me in the nearly sheer garment before she knelt and pressed each foot into a black satin ballet flat.

I was thankful for that. I'd probably break my neck in a pair of heels.

The druids retreated to the back of the room after that, leaving me with the sullen Elysia to contend with. She led me back through the archway and up a few more flights of stairs. I huffed, imagining how strong my legs were going to get here.

I shook my head. This wasn't my world. I didn't belong here.

I'd slowed down, so I dashed forward to catch up with her. Thankfully, there wasn't much further to go, and she stopped in front of a wooden door painted with something akin to a Celtic cross. It simmered with mystical energy. Elysia knocked on the door and it opened, but I didn't see anyone behind it. I peeked in and saw Kenna in the center of the room with his arm outstretched in my direction.

"Come in, Hayleigh. You can leave Elysia by the door," he called out.

"I didn't want to see you anyway," she scoffed at him.

"That's not what you said last night," he smirked.

"Gross," she said with a huff. She tossed her long hair over her shoulder and flounced off, but not before I noticed the very slight pink tinge to her cheeks.

"She wants me," Kenna winked suggestively, and I chuckled as he approached me. He ran his fingertips through my hair, assessing its new length. His palm pressed against the small of my back as he walked around me.

"The magic of this world welcomed you indeed," he said in wonder and then he glanced up at my eyes. "How do you feel?"

"Alive," I answered honestly.

"Good. I've been weaving something special for you," he teased, and I watched him with curiosity.

He drew his palms apart and I gasped when golden, mystical threads wove between them. He started walking around me and in moments a sparkling gray fabric wrapped around me one strand at a time. Soon enough, I was dressed in a long gown. The bottom hem of the skirt sizzled with fire. The sweetheart neckline was a rich black. The fabric glittered as though it was studded with diamonds, but when I ran my hand across the cloth it was soft as silk.

Kenna snapped his fingers and an enormous floating mirror appeared in front of me. I gasped out loud.

Was that me? It couldn't be me...

"My job here is done," he grinned.

The gown was magnificent. It was designed with one shoulder covered with black roses, all of them simmering as though they had caught flame. The pitch-black torso was offset by the sparkling thread woven into the cloth. The dress hugged my body close, only veering outward below the knee in a shower of flame. I stared at it for a long time before I even began to notice the differences in myself.

My eyes seemed brighter, almost as though my irises had a slight scarlet hue. My skin was radiant, and it looked like I had gotten a makeover without wearing a single dab of makeup. My lashes were long, and my brows seemed fuller. I brushed my fingers through my hair, noticing how much thicker and longer it was.

"Wow," I whispered.

"Thank you for allowing me to make you my masterpiece," he nodded, and I couldn't help but smile in his direction.

"I have no words," I admitted, and he shook his head.

"There is no need. All that you need to do is take my arm so I can lead you to the throne room. The claiming will begin there," he said, with a gentle bow of his head.

I took his arm when he offered it and he led me deep into the castle, or what I assumed was a castle, until we reached our destination.

"Claiming?" I asked.

Kenna didn't elaborate. I guessed that he may not be allowed to.

I gulped as we made our entrance, noting that the throne room was even larger and more cavernous than the king's bedroom. Kenna released me and I walked forward a few steps before the door closed behind me. I looked back, wanting to see his kind, comforting eyes one last time, but he was already gone.

I turned back around and then I locked eyes with the king. Feeling renewed, I lifted my chin and stared at him with open

defiance. If he meant to conquer me, I wasn't going to make it easy on him.

He stood up and at once, the air between us crackled with tension. I found myself staring at his massive hands, the same ones that had punished and pleased me so shamefully not long ago. My heart hammered in my chest, and I swallowed back my arousal as best as I could.

His footsteps sounded like gunshots against the rock floor, each one bringing him closer to me until at long last he was standing right in front of me. I wanted to reach out and touch him, but I resisted the temptation.

Looking into his eyes was like looking straight into the fiery pits of hell.

He reached for me first, sliding his fingers beneath my chin and lifting my face so that he could see me more clearly.

"You are the most intriguing creature I've ever seen," he murmured.

His eyes searched mine, and his thumb grazed across my cheek. My gaze dropped to his lips, and I suddenly wanted to feel them on mine again. I wanted to feel their softness in sharp contrast to the rugged burn of his beard against my skin.

"I don't even know your name," I whispered.

"Kol," he answered.

For a long time, he just gazed at me as I tried to figure out what he was thinking. Everything about him was a mask of mystery except I could see one thing. Curiosity.

Eventually, the silence grew too heavy, and I spoke. "What is it?"

"None of the ones before you have ever even thought to ask," he replied.

I swallowed hard, knowing his meaning. Tentatively, I closed the distance between us by the slightest bit, glancing down at his lips again. His thumb dragged across my lower lip a bit roughly and a quiet sound of pleasure escaped me. For a

moment, he seemed taken in by the tenuous energy between us before he pulled back with a start.

“Kol?” I asked.

He shook his head before releasing me, striding away from me in sudden anger. He said nothing as he walked back and forth, and I knew better than to question him further. He burned hot or cold and right now, it felt safer to tread with caution.

This was not my kingdom.

It was his.

## CHAPTER 8



*K*ol

For fuck's sake. Why couldn't I control myself?

I didn't understand what was happening. I couldn't stop thinking about taking her into my arms and kissing her again. Before her, I'd never kissed a woman and now I couldn't stop thinking about her. Sure, I'd fucked them, but it had never gone beyond that. She was different. From the moment I'd left her in my bed, my every waking thought was of her.

In preparation for her role, she had been bathed in Blazelheim's natural hot springs. Since the beginning of time, those waters had restorative effects and would make her strong enough for the claiming to take place. Occasionally, it would awaken magic in beings not from this world, and that had seemingly happened with her. Her fiery gaze glimmered with magic, and I couldn't tear my eyes away.

Nothing about her had fundamentally changed. She was just as beautiful as she had been when I'd first set eyes on her, but it seemed that it had been enhanced. Her lustrous hair was longer. Her eyelashes seemed thicker. Her skin held a deeper glow than before.

She looked at me with confusion, like she was trying to figure out what I was thinking. She would never know, though, because I was never going to tell her. I had to stop whatever this was. I couldn't risk getting attached to her. That would only make what I had to do that much more painful. It would

be best if I just got the claiming over with and sent her back home. I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and quieted my mind. I would get myself under control. I needed to.

She took a startled step back when I grabbed the back of her neck. I pulled her body flush against mine. I wasn't gentle about it. I delighted in the feeling of her seething against me, and my cock turned to steel.

“Can you feel that, human?”

Her snarling attempt at a growl was adorably arousing and I spread my hand across her lower back, ensuring that she could feel every inch of my cock against her belly.

She was a means to an end, nothing more. If I kept telling myself that, I would make it true. She didn't answer me, but her glare sizzled with fury. Her human body was calling out to mine with every fiber of her being. I could sense the scent of her wetness on the air. I didn't have to see her breasts to know that her nipples were hard, or that her thighs were slick. Even now, her pupils were dilated with her arousal.

My eyes dropped to her lips once again. I was so distracted that I didn't even see the slap coming before it hit. The sting of it caught me by surprise. The audacity of it even more.

My chest rose and fell with restrained ire. Her ensuing glare contained more than just anger. There was something else hidden deep inside those fiery pupils that gave away her true feelings. I smirked when I recognized it for what it was.

She wasn't angry at me. She was furious at herself.

She wanted to hate me for what I'd done to her in that clearing, for overpowering her and tearing her clothes off before I put her over my knee and spanked her gorgeous little bottom bright red. But it wasn't only that...

She was thinking of how I'd made her come despite all that. Right now, she was probably imagining my cock between her legs, wondering what it would feel like, and how hard she would come that way.

Was she trying to instigate that by slapping me? Did she want me to slam her against the wall and take her right now in the

middle of my throne room?

She was different than any human I'd met before in all my centuries as king. All the ones that had come before her were meek and subservient. But not her.

No. Hayleigh was something special.

Her chest seethed against mine, her cleavage an enticing view from above. She glared up at me, her gaze storming with one emotion after the next, and I couldn't resist the temptation of her any longer.

I kissed her, needing to taste that fiery fury within her. She fought me at first, nipping at my lower lip as she tried to deny me. As the seconds passed, I could feel her body give way to mine. I gripped the hair firmly at the back of her head, fisting it tightly and groaning as she whimpered into my mouth. Her aroused cries soon turned to a moan, which only made me that much harder.

Just when I felt her starting to melt into me, the door to my throne room banged open and I snarled with open annoyance. Eventually, I reluctantly pulled away from the savage kiss to see who had dared interrupt me on a night as important as this. It was the head of the lesser dragon army, Syr.

"I apologize, my king, but I bring news that cannot wait," he breathed. He remained by the door safely out of reach almost as if he knew the dangers of me lashing out at so pivotal a time as this.

"What is it?" I demanded, my aggravation painfully clear.

He shrank a bit by the door as I slowly focused on him. At the same time, I was careful not to tighten my grip on her. She was still human, and I had to be careful with my strength.

"A convoy of hell beasts have broken through the rift, sire. There are several packs of hellhounds, werewolves, and at least a dozen wraiths. The soldiers are only just holding their ground," he explained, and I closed my eyes in exasperation.

It wasn't his fault. This was an alarming uptick in activity through the rift and I feared what it might mean for the fate of



my people. I dropped my head with a sigh. The claiming was going to have to wait. I had to deal with this first.

I wrapped my other hand around her throat at the same time that I tightened my hold on her hair. Carefully, I brushed against her cheek with my lips and growled low in her ear. She quivered rather deliciously in my arms.

“You’re going to pay for that slap soon,” I promised.

The daring innocence of her gaze almost undid me. It took everything in my power to let her go and follow Syr out that door.

*Everything.*

## CHAPTER 9



*H*ayleigh

I stood there for a long moment as his vow echoed in my ear. I had felt every syllable of it in my core and I struggled to catch my breath. I pressed my hand to my chest and hesitantly followed in the king's footsteps. One step turned into two, and soon I was running after them until I stopped short at a big arched window.

I hadn't caught up to him after all.

I gazed out, seeing the entryway into the castle below. I could see more of the vastness of this new world from here. When I looked down, I stopped short, catching sight of the man that had turned my whole life upside down in less than twenty-four hours. Kol strode across the wooden drawbridge, stopping once he reached a stony outcropping. He glanced over his shoulder and locked eyes directly with me.

The distance between us did nothing to quell the spiraling desire in the pit of my belly. I knew something more now, though. I made him just as aroused as he'd made me. I'd felt how hard his cock had been against me, and that made my core tighten. I finally drew in a breath when he looked away and threw his arms outward.

I stopped breathing when I saw what happened next.

His arms transformed into massive, outstretched wings. His spine rounded unnaturally, and I watched as spikes emerged

from each vertebra as he grew in size more quickly than I thought possible.

He was shifting in a motherfucking dragon.

I blinked, trying to reconcile what I was seeing before my eyes versus what my mind wanted to believe, and failed. In seconds, he'd changed into a fully formed dragon that put all the ones in movies or on television to shame. His eyes were a terrifyingly bright red. Three incredibly sharp horns emerged from his skull like an unnatural crown. His body was encased in dark gray scaled armor, and with every breath I could see the smoke from the fire in his belly. His wingspan was massive. All four limbs had sharp talons that could no doubt rip through stone if he put his mind to it.

When he opened his mouth and roared, every part of the kingdom rumbled. I could see the sinew in his muscles tense as he pushed off the ground and used his massive wings to lift his enormous body up into the sky. I watched in wonder as he sailed off into the distance.

I'd been fighting him all this time. When I'd slapped him a few moments ago, I'd thought I had won. I knew now that there would be no winning against him. No matter what I could do, he would always be stronger. I could kick and punch him all I wanted, but it wasn't going to stop him from taking what he desired from me. I took a hesitant step back as I realized something else just as jarring.

Thus far, he'd been gentle with me. There was no doubt about that now.

When he'd torn my clothes off, he'd been careful not to scratch my skin. Even when he'd overpowered me, he'd only gone far enough to get my attention and no further. My ass wasn't even sore anymore and somewhere deep inside me, that tiny detail disappointed me. Even now, when he'd fisted my hair and kissed me despite my reluctance, it had only stung the slightest bit.

I didn't need to ask anyone to know that he could have snapped my neck in a heartbeat if he wanted to. Why was I drawn to a monster like him? Why was I thinking about the

things he would do to me in his bed when I should be thinking about escape?

I shivered, trying to wrap my head around my wanton thoughts. I slapped my hands against the rock ledge in frustration. The stone stung my palms, and I pulled them away only to wrap them around my waist. I didn't even know what I wanted anymore.

Eventually, I leaned against the wall and watched the happenings of the world below me. I could see more of the stone buildings dug into the ground from this new vantage point. Several of them were five or more stories high. Thin rock bridges connected them at several levels. I could see several humanoid creatures walking along them, but I couldn't make out the details of what species they might be. I already knew that elves and dragons existed here. It wouldn't be a stretch to know that dwarfs and all manner of other things lived in this realm too.

I looked up into the gray sky, noticing that the giant red sun was beginning to set on the horizon. Soon enough, it had grown dark and several torches along the walls near me illuminated with no one having to light them. I tried not to question it.

Not being able to see anything below now, I wandered off and eventually found myself in a massive sprawling library. It was several stories high, a breathtaking measure in architectural design. The shelves were carved directly into the surrounding rock walls. Massive wooden beams spanned across the ceiling. Spiraling stairways gave way from one floor to the next, and I slowly traced my fingers against the spines of the books housed within this very special place.

I paused on the weathered leather spine of a book, the gold binding still glimmering despite its age. I pulled it out very carefully, admiring the menacing dragon etched on the cover. I found a small nook with several soft pillows and curled up, opening the front cover to find a collection of ancient tales and myths of this world. I lost myself in stories of gods, goddesses, and fairy-tale creatures that weren't real back on Earth, yet very real here. I kept telling myself they weren't just fantasy

anymore, that I'd seen Kol shift into a dragon right before my eyes, but it was still very difficult to accept.

I learned that he wasn't human, but something called Dragonborne. His kind was granted with unnaturally long life and supernatural strength. There were studies that hinted that he couldn't be killed by simple means, which made killing him in his sleep not possible. I sighed. Maybe I should try it anyway.

His family line was ancient. Apparently, they had been ruling Blazelheim for thousands of years, some with an iron fist, some with fear, others with a fair reign that garnered respect. Kol's reign had begun more than four hundred years ago. During his time, there was much peace, but it had become increasingly unstable over the last fifty years. His world was split into five realms, all separated by magical barriers. The one between Blazelheim and Helheim was beginning to tear and that required the release of a powerful magic collected from other worlds to seal it, but it seemed that was only temporary.

I had just reached a section that mentioned a prophecy when the lights started to flicker all around me. I started and looked around. I almost screamed out loud when I noticed that I was no longer alone. There were several elven men dressed in deep red leather armor waiting a short distance away and one of them stepped forward, clearing his throat. He had his hands behind his back, but there was no question in my mind that it would take only a fraction of a second to pull his sword free from its gilded scabbard on his waist.

"You are to return to the king's chambers by his orders," he commanded, and I glared back at him.

For a little while, I'd felt like I was a free woman, but it was now clear that had only been temporary. I was a prisoner here. I needed to remember that.

I stood up, pulling my shoulders back and bravely lifting my chin. My dress gave me an air of regality and I walked off back in the direction of the king's chambers, not dignifying the soldier with an answer. He purposefully strode in front of me,

and I followed him down several flights of stairs until a door closed behind me, noisily locking me back into Kol's wing of the castle.

I expected him to be waiting for me, but there was nothing but a table full of food and wine. I sighed, not really able to decide if I was disappointed or relieved to find myself alone. My stomach growled and I sat down in one of the oversized carved wooden chairs that had probably taken someone months to make. I stared back at the massive steel door that closed me in, growing angry and frustrated with every passing moment.

What did I want? Did I want to go back home?

I reached out, seeing a silver goblet full of what looked like wine and reminding myself that it was still my birthday. Maybe I should just celebrate all by myself.

I took a sip and sighed as the delectable flavors of berries washed over my tongue. They hinted of raspberries and blackberries, but there was something else in there, an unidentifiable fruit that was somewhere in between a strawberry and a grape, but also maybe a touch of pineapple. I'd always been bad at identifying flavors and I swallowed another mouthful, enjoying it for what it was.

There was a block of cheese that was already sliced, as well as what looked like homemade wheat bread. When I picked up a piece, I shrieked with delight to find it still warm. There were several dishes that I didn't recognize overtly, but they were at least some that looked like a dish from back home, which gave me the nerve to try them. One platter had a meat that tasted like chicken. I imagined that it was pheasant or something ritzy like that while I chewed on a slice of smoked cheese. By the time I'd eaten my fill, I was starting to feel the gentle buzz of the wine beneath my skin. It was kind of nice, really.

His threat still rang out in my head.

*"You're going to pay for that slap soon."*

My nipples pebbled beneath my dress, and I hesitantly reached up to brush my palms over my breasts. I could feel a gentle tingling spread out across my skin at my own touch. I glanced

down, noticing that the fabric of my gown was glowing. Alarmed, I brushed my fingers against the reddish embers, unsure of what was happening. My core spiraled hard and I closed my eyes.

What would happen if he returned? Would he put his hands on me after all? Would he make good on his threat?

I breathed, unable to contain my nearly rabid excitement at the thought. I looked around, afraid that someone might see me even though there was no one here. With a sigh, I searched the table and found a whole pitcher of the wine that I'd been sipping on. I poured another glass and took the goblet into my hand as I headed deeper into the room. My eyes settled on the bed, and I pulled in a heated breath. Despite everything against it rattling around in my head, my body yearned for his return, for him to make good on that promise even if it hurt.

Especially if it hurt.

Something was wrong with me. There could be no doubt about it now.

I put the goblet down and reached behind my back, slowly untying the cord that held my dress in place. It loosened around my waist, and I gradually pushed it down past my hips. My nakedness felt stark as I stepped out of the magnificent gown. I lifted it and laid it across the end corner of the bed. I stared at it a moment before I turned away and pulled one of his soft white shirts from his chest. It smelled of him, and when I crawled into bed I couldn't keep him from my mind. I breathed in deeper, and it was like he was surrounding me, the scent of smoke, fire, oranges, jasmine, and all that was him.

I don't think my nipples could have gotten any harder. My fingers sought them out, squeezing just enough to make myself gasp. The image of us together in the forest blazed across the back of my lids as I closed my eyes. I bit my lip and quickly slammed my eyes back open, but the vision didn't go away.

If he came back, what would he do to me?

I pulled the covers up, gasping quietly as the fabric brushed against my sensitive bare legs. The shirt rode up and I didn't bother to pull it back down. With a shiver, my fingertips trailed down my belly, descending inch by reluctant inch until I brushed the top of my pussy. Knowing that I'd turned him on too had made everything spin on its head and sent my body into overdrive.

Fuck.

I slipped my fingers between my thighs and squeezed my eyes shut when I found myself slick with desire. I snatched my fingers away like I'd just burned myself on a hot stove. I laid there for a while, staring at the sharp stalactites on the ceiling. The tips smoldered and it only reminded me of everything I was trying to avoid.

*No one would know if you touched that needy pussy.*

I cried out and covered my face, ashamed of myself for thinking such a thing even if it was true. For a while longer, I held out, but the heated simmer brewing beneath my skin was too much. I slid my hand back down, finding the aching bundle of nerves between my thighs. It was easy to smooth my wetness over it and I bit back a moan. I circled over it slowly, groaning quietly as pleasure burned through me. I started to go a bit faster, imagining what would happen if he did come back and found me like this.

Would he come in and tear the covers off me just so he could lift me up and put me over his knee? Would he spank my bottom bright red before he threw me on my back and fucked me? Would his cock hurt? Would I like it?

I closed my eyes, feeling naughty even as I drew closer and closer to the edge. I pushed myself, using my fingers in the best way that I knew how and soon enough, I was on the precipice.

*"Bad girl. Did you think you could run from me?"*

My body went rigid and my thighs pressed together, my muscles burning with heat. I bit back a cry as I came, white-hot bliss simmering through my veins and threatening to boil



over. My hips rocked back and forth, grinding against my fingertips as my reluctant ecstasy took over me. By the time my orgasm finally crested, I was breathless, my chest rising and falling with every molten lungful of air.

With a sigh, I drew my fingers back and melted against the soft mattress. I hoped that maybe I could get him out of my system now, but as the moments passed by, I soon realized my intense attraction to him wasn't going to disappear that easily.

I reached for the goblet and pushed myself up just enough to take another sip before I curled up under the covers and put my head on the pillow. I closed my eyes, sated at least for the night and too tired to think about what tomorrow might bring.

I told myself exhaustion was the reason I never pulled the shirt back down, but that was a lie. The truth was that I hoped he would find me like this in the middle of the night.

## CHAPTER 10



*K*ol

The forces from beyond the rift were growing infinitely bolder and the people that lived in the borderlands were suffering for it. I wasn't certain if the creatures of Helheim were coming of their own accord, but I doubted it. The Dark King had never been happy to rule his own kingdom. He was a conqueror and the barrier between realms was something he'd always intended to surpass one way or another.

My people were suffering for it.

Just last night, a young man had been ripped to pieces when he tried to defend his family from a pack of hellhounds that had torn through one of outlying towns. I didn't have the kind of numbers to guard them all. I did the best I could with those I had, but that sometimes meant that my kingdom suffered.

I flew over my lands with a roar. I'd been fighting swarms of them for hours, and my stores were running low. They'd been ready for my arrival. Swarms of them had passed through the rift the moment I'd touched my feet to the ground. Since then, I'd been battling by both land and sky. I swooped down low to the ground to ferret out any other beasts that might be left.

A single warg leapt out from behind a small shed, looping across the plains with a violent growl. The creature appeared to be headed in a singular direction and I looked ahead to see a young child sprinting off into the fields in search of safety. Exhausted, I pulled the last remaining dregs of energy from

my depleted stocks and shot forward. My wings burned with exertion as I spun through the air. The warg must have sensed me because it pushed harder, but it was too late.

I descended close enough to the ground that my belly almost brushed against the long grasses. The child looked back over his shoulder, seeing me and his eyes rounded like saucers. He veered right and I used that change of direction to my advantage. I opened my mouth and called on everything left in me. I brushed my tongue against the roof of my mouth, sparking my fire before I opened my mouth and released it. My flame licked across the ground, catching at the warg's heels as if to give it warning, but it couldn't outrun me. I flapped my wings hard and dove with a spiral, opening my jaw wide.

I clamped down hard, the strength of my jaw too much for the warg. Bones snapped against the sharpness of my teeth and the rotten taste of hell blood seeped across my tongue. In a fraction of a second, the monstrous howl stopped cold. I spat the remains of the creature down on the ground and looked up, searching the plains for any sign of life.

The child raced onward, safe. I breathed a sigh of relief and rose back up into the sky, turning back toward the mountains. I scanned my lands one last time before I set back in the direction of home.

Time was of the essence now. I had to close the rift as soon as possible.

\* \* \*

As I strode through the castle, all I could think about was that she was waiting for me. I tried to steel myself against my emotions, putting duty above all else, but it was even more difficult than I could have imagined. Questions swirled in my mind and all I wanted was answers.

Did she feel what I felt? Did she want me the way I wanted her? Would she be willing when the time finally came to take her?

I shook my head, pulling my shoulders back and willing myself the strength to forsake my emotions this once just so that I could do what needed to be done. I unlocked my chambers and walked through the threshold, stopping short when I finally laid eyes on her in my bed.

Her hair was strewn out behind her like an angel. She was sleeping so peacefully. I watched her for a long moment and then the scent of her arousal slammed into me like a sudden storm. The headiness of it nearly undid me and I slapped my palm against the wall in order to keep upright.

My cock hardened, my balls squeezing like a vise with terrible need. I looked down, disgusted with the black blood still coagulating on my chest from the monsters I'd killed today. I turned around and left the room, wanting to get the beast inside me under control before I approached her again.

I didn't want to hurt her, not with something like this.

I stormed into my bathing room, tearing the rest of my clothes off in my impatience. My cock was so hard it ached, and I slid underneath the warm natural flowing waterfall at the center of the room with hope of some relief. The pressure against my skin was harsh, but it took the edge off some of the raw need burning through me.

For a moment, at least.

I reached for the pitcher of freshly made soap and poured it over my skin. I used my fingers to scour my flesh free of blood, delaying as long as possible before I reached down and took my turgid length into my grasp. Images of her flashed before my eyes unbidden. The way her lips parted as she stared up at me. The fire burning in those soulful depths. The sweetness of the taste of her kiss. It all played on repeat and before I knew it, my fingers were stroking up and down my cock.

When I'd made her come back in her home world, she had been facedown over my knee. I'd been able to see the beautiful way her body tightened as she came, but my one regret is that I hadn't been able to savor the sweet look on her face as she writhed in ecstasy. I would claim her tomorrow and

correct that oversight when I had more control over myself. If I went in that room now, I would undoubtedly hurt her. I wouldn't be able to control my dragon right now, as exhausted as I was. Her destiny was to fall apart beneath me, but that wasn't the only thing that I was thinking about.

I wanted to breed her.

It was a stupid thought, really. None of my kind had ever had children. Conception wasn't possible. We were born deep in the belly of the mountain out of the ever-burning embers that lie beneath. My kind walked out of that fire a fully grown man.

I still thought about filling her with my seed anyway.

I wanted to fuck her so hard that she screamed for me as her body squeezed down around my cock, over and over again until I filled her with my cum. The vision of her belly swollen with my baby seared through my thoughts and my cock jumped. I tried to turn my thoughts back to the vision of her red ass over my knee, but I kept thinking about her barefoot and pregnant in my bed. My fingers worked my length up and down, moving faster and faster as I envisioned my beautiful angel carrying my child. No matter what I did, I couldn't chase it away, so I finally just embraced it.

My heart raced and I threw my head back, coming with a sharp roar. My pleasure surged forward from the base of my spine and my fingers squeezed tighter as my seed spurted into the traveling water draining out across the room.

It was a waste.

I stood underneath that waterfall for a long time before I stepped away and wrapped a towel around my waist. I didn't go back to my chambers that night.

I slept in one of the guest wings instead.

## CHAPTER 11



*H* ayleigh

The next morning, I woke up to find myself alone again. I tried to quell my disappointment as I blinked my grogginess away. With a sigh, I pushed myself up and pulled the shirt back down past my waist, noticing that the door to the king's chambers was ajar. Someone had been in here last night. Was it him? Had he turned his back on me after all?

I padded over to the restroom and tried to wash the sleep off my face as my head cleared with a splash of cold water. For the first time my mind felt like it was once again in control and my body was finally tempered.

This was good.

The longer I stayed here, the more danger I was in. What was I waiting here for? Did I want him to come back and rape me? What would happen after he had me? What was it that had broken all the women before me?

I couldn't wait for my fate to find me. There was no time to waste.

I searched the room, finally finding what appeared to be a small set of women's garments buried in one of the side room chests. It was a bit big in places and snug in others, but it worked better than walking around in nothing more than a long shirt with ballet flats on my feet. I had no idea who the

clothes originally belonged to, I didn't want to know, and I wasn't going to stick around to find out.

There was a small coin purse on one of the tables and I picked it up, shaking it just enough to hear the clink of metal against metal. I stuffed it in my pocket, hoping it would prove useful at some point.

I packed a small bag full of food before I snuck off down the halls. The castle was guarded, but I found that the deeper I explored, the fewer people there were. I descended all the way down the base of the mountain, accidentally stumbling upon the servants' quarters. It was even more vast than I had anticipated. There were people everywhere, but they kept to themselves, heads down, focusing on their work rather than their surroundings. The outfit I had on was worn, fitting in with the others until at long last I found an exit.

No one said anything as I slipped by. My stomach growled and I ignored it, wanting to break free of as many sets of eyes as possible before I risked enough time to stop to grab a bite. It was early morning and the township seemed to be just waking up. The working class was already up and moving, but the scarlet sun was just beginning to make its wayward trek up into the sky.

I looked up to either side of me, taking in the towering cliff sides surrounding me. There were windows carved into the rock, decorated with dark red flowers or drying laundry. I saw several creatures I didn't recognize, as well as some humans, sipping steaming mugs of what I assumed was coffee or something like it before I remembered to turn my gaze back to the ground. If any of them recognized me, my escape attempt would be over before it even began.

The rock was smooth beneath my feet, and I noticed that there were tiny rivulets of water flowing across it. I stepped clear of some of them, not wanting to slip. Down here, the air felt moist, but I had a feeling it wasn't going to feel that way toward the surface. I kept moving as quickly as I dared.

The sun was high in the sky by the time I finally risked a moment to reach into the bag on my back for a piece of bread

and cheese. I nibbled on it and kept going, just wanting to satiate my stomach enough so that I could come up with some semblance of a plan. So far, I'd acted solely on impulse, taking advantage of an unlocked door and a distracted staff. I needed to come up with something more concrete.

The likelihood of being able to get back to Earth was slim, so I struck that aside at the start. Maybe I could find someplace safe to hide and live my life here, free from the king and any manner of fate or destiny. Maybe I could go far from here and have a home of my own. The possibilities were endless. I just had to get there, wherever that was.

I turned down another street and reached what looked like a stable. A young man with a straggly blond beard bowed his head in my direction as he shoveled hay. His ears were pointed. Maybe that meant he was an elf of some kind, but I couldn't be sure.

"Do you have any horses for sale?" I asked and he jumped.

He apparently hadn't expected me to say anything to him. His gaze searched my face, and I watched him anxiously, hoping that I didn't just make a huge mistake.

"Yes," he offered eventually. I reached into my pocket and extracted a single coin. I held it up and his eyes grew round.

"What will this buy me?" I asked.

"Any horse in the stable, miss," he replied quickly.

He hadn't taken his eyes off the golden coin, and he gestured for me to follow him as he opened the gate. He strode into the building and kept looking over his shoulder. Instinctually, I knew the coin was valuable and I was about to overpay for whatever steed he provided me with. Honestly, I didn't much care.

He waited for me as I walked up and down the stalls. One of the gray dappled mares nuzzled at my shoulder as I passed and I stopped short, looking into her kind, dark gray eyes.

"Her?" I asked.

"She is a good horse. Very reliable," he answered.



“Saddle her for me and we’ve got a deal,” I offered.

He jumped to work immediately, and my horse was ready in five minutes flat. He held out his hand and I placed the coin directly into his palm.

“Good day, miss.” He bowed his head.

“Good day,” I answered in return.

Then I pressed my foot into the foothold and pulled myself up onto her back. When I looked back for him, he was already gone.

I was familiar enough with riding. I’d taken a few lessons as a kid and was perfectly capable of an easy trail ride back home, so I used my heels to urge her forward. She tossed her head and started walking right away. I guided her out of the stables and kept going along the city streets until the cliffs started opening up into less civilized territory. The outskirts of town remained quiet, much of it abandoned. The few people I did see kept their heads down and didn’t say a single word as I passed by. All of them were heading in the direction of the city. Not even one was leaving it.

Except for me.

Anxiously, I pulled the cloak I’d stolen up a bit higher above my head, covering my hair in case anyone was looking for it. A nervous shiver raced down my spine as I kept riding. Eventually, the soreness of my body outweighed my will, and I came to a stop on a grassy plain. The terrain was unique. The tall grasses were very much alive, but a deep red color. It looked like a scarlet sea swaying in the wind.

I tied my mare’s reins to a nearby tree, leaving enough give so that she could graze. The tree trunk was a muted gray and the leaves were a slightly lighter shade than the surrounding grasses. She shook her head, and I rubbed the side of her neck.

“I should give you a name, shouldn’t I?”

She neighed like she was answering me, and I chuckled.

“How about Luna?”

Her colors reminded me of the mottled surface of the moon back home, which was comforting in a way. She lifted her head and nuzzled my shoulder, appearing amenable to the name and I took a long moment to pet up and down her muzzle. Eventually, she turned back to eat, and I took a seat against the trunk of the tree. Luna grazed around me, and I dug into the bag, taking out a few pieces of meat to tide me over.

I then pulled out an apple, which immediately sparked her interest. I gave in and held it out to her, delighted when she took it right out of my palm. She chomped through it in seconds and came back looking for more a short while later. I shook my head with a laugh and hugged my knees close to my chest.

The sun had begun to set, the sky quickly darkening to a pitch black lit only by sparkling stars high above. There were bands of silver rock spreading across the sky, beautiful and eerie in the same breath. I hoped for a moon to rise to give off more light, but it never did. Eventually I settled in, finally accepting that this new world might not have one or it was just not going to rise tonight.

The temperature began to drop as a cold wind bit across the mostly open plain. I wished I had the skill to build a fire, but there had never been a need. My father wasn't woodsy. The closest he got to a tree was walking in his incredibly landscaped backyard as he barked orders to his contractor about what kinds of flowers he wanted planted by the house.

Shivering from the chill, I curled the cloak around me closer as the winds picked up. I propped my head against the tree and closed my eyes, hoping to fall asleep for at least a little while to pass the time until morning. I was so tired that I dozed off for a little while until something made the hair on the back of my neck rise in alarm.

Immediately, I was wide awake.

I didn't move a muscle or open my eyes as I listened, hoping to hear any sign of whatever had awakened me. Luna was neighing with alarm beside me, tossing her head back and

forth and I hesitantly peered around me, searching for whatever threat was close by.

I couldn't see a damn thing.

As cautiously as I could, I pushed myself to my feet using the tree and silently stepped over to her. I hadn't unsaddled her mostly because I didn't know how, so I cautiously untied her reins and climbed on her back.

I looked out over the grassy plain, searching for any imminent threat, and that's when I saw at least half a dozen pairs of blood-red demonic eyes staring at me from a good distance away. I was being hunted. Right now, they were in the process of surrounding me before they pounced, and I'd woken up before it was too late.

I leaned down, tightened my legs around Luna, and firmly flicked the reins.

"Run," I cried out.

Fueled by her own fear as well as mine, Luna took off in a full gallop. Her hooves pounded into the dirt, and I risked a glance back over my shoulder, only to see all those red eyes following me at a dead sprint. Quickly, I swiveled my head back, focusing on the dark plains ahead. Luna raced as swiftly as she could, but whatever was chasing us was even faster. I could almost feel the monsters' hot breath on my heels. The group of them yipped and howled with the excitement of the hunt as fear roiled in my belly.

I was terrified. If Luna couldn't escape them, what hope did I have?

Her eyes were wide open with panic and her spittle was frothing at the sides of her mouth. It splashed against my fingers, and I tightened my grip on the reins. I knew she couldn't go any quicker, but I kept egging her on, flicking the reins and petting her sweaty neck to try to offer her some form of comfort and support.

It wasn't enough.

The pack surrounded us, and she reared back, her hooves flailing and knocking one of the wolf-like wraiths' heads to

the side. It was almost like it hadn't happened because it didn't even flinch. The feral creature nipped right back at her, but Luna swiftly sidestepped and avoided the bite. I held on, but I wasn't trained for anything like this. When she reared back again, my fingers slipped and I fell with a panicked scream, landing on the ground so hard that it knocked the air right out of my chest.

*Fuck.*

Her hooves stomped at the ground beside my head as she tried to stay to defend me. I struggled, still caught in a daze from the impact before I managed to push myself up to my feet. I staggered, screeching as I stared straight into the face of a demon.

It might have been a wolf or a dog once, but the spherical red eyes made it nothing short of a monster straight out of a nightmare. Rotten flesh peeled off its snout as it growled, its teeth jagged and sharp. Saliva foamed at the sides of its mouth, dripping onto the ground beneath its feet.

I was going to die here.

A flash of fire lit up the sky above me, casting a menacing red glow over the land and illuminating the near dozen beasts hunting and circling around me. Their eyes turned upward, looking for the source of the flame when a haunting roar made the ground rumble beneath my feet. I knelt, trying to gain back my balance when a massive creature crashed down beside me.

It was a dragon, the same one I'd seen Kol shift into only yesterday. He roared with fury, but the wolf wraiths didn't falter. They came at him with a vengeance, forgetting about me like I wasn't even there. I threw myself back up into Luna's saddle, directing her away to safety. The battle raged on behind me and I dared a look back, watching as Kol's talons and teeth ripped into the terrifying creatures. His fire raged through the valley, burning the things alive. They kept fighting even when they were aflame. I tried not to think about how little of a chance I would have had against them.

It wasn't even a battle. It was a massacre.

My fingers squeezed around the reins. I sat there, mute, as I contemplated what my next move should be, if there even was one, that is.

Kol roared with what sounded more like pain than fury, and I faltered. I don't know why I stopped or even cared if he got hurt, but the vicious snapping of his jaws stopped one of the feral beasts in its tracks. The visceral sound of ripping flesh made my insides shiver. By the time the monsters' numbers dwindled down to a few, I was openly trembling.

I wasn't going to be able to outrun him. I could see that now. He'd probably been able to scent me and followed my tracks. What hope did I have at escape against such a powerful creature like him?

In defeat, I slid off Luna's back, waiting at her side as the battle raged on. When it was finally over, Kol turned those vividly heated eyes on me. He didn't even need to tell me that he was angry. I could feel it in the harshness of his breath. Smoke billowed out from his nostrils as he leveled me with a menacing glare. Hooves beat into the ground from a distance. A short while later, I was surrounded by men wearing his insignia. I hardly noticed that the sun was rising on the horizon when one of them took Luna's reins from me. A clawed talon closed around me, and I shrieked as my feet left the ground.

I wasn't going to return to the castle on horseback. Kol was going to carry me back himself.

With increasing apprehension, I wrapped my arms around his thick scaled limb, holding on for dear life. His armor was hard to the touch, like a natural form of metal that was even stronger than steel. I laid my cheek against it, feeling the warmth of his massive body through it and it comforted me in a strange way.

I expected him to rise up high in the air, but he kept close to the ground as if he could sense my fearful tension. My heartbeat raced in my chest, and I closed my eyes, but all I could see were the terrifying red eyes of the monsters that tried to tear me apart. I opened them again, preferring to stare down

at the ground flying by below me rather than in the petrifying depths of memory and what could have been.

Kol flapped his wings, and we flew higher into the sky. From above, I could see the city streets burrowing deep beneath us. Faces lifted to gaze at the dragon flying over their homes and not even one looked the slightest bit afraid. Instead, many of them appeared to be relieved to see him. He started his descent by circling over the castle and I took a long time just admiring the vastness of his kingdom.

Eventually, Kol swooped down low toward the ground, and I yelped with alarm before his back limbs dug into the dirt. Carefully, he placed me down on the ground and I stumbled as I tried to get my bearings, my balance a bit off. Slowly, I stood straight up and stared into those burning eyes. He seethed, smoke billowing out his nostrils.

I reached forward as his head dipped, tentatively placing my fingertips on the end of his snout. I'm not quite certain what happened in that moment, but it was like the fury bled out of him and the blaze of his gaze turned to a glowing simmer.

He softened right before my eyes.

In a rush of movement, he shifted right in front of me. He didn't take my hand or even ask if I wanted to walk beside him. He didn't give me a choice. Instead, he just strode toward me and lifted me in his arms as if I weighed nothing more than a feather. The woman inside me wanted to rage, but I pushed her aside and wrapped my arms around his neck. His fingers dug into me, almost as if he didn't want to let go.

Had he been afraid to lose me? Did he care about me?

I hid my face in his chest, not wanting to see where we were going. Eventually, I heard the familiar creak of the steel door that guarded his chambers. It shut behind him and he strode purposefully into the room. I tensed, anticipating his painful retribution.

Was this when he was going to take me? Would he break me into whatever those women had become before he thrust me out of his world forever?

I whimpered, half expecting him to throw me on the bed, tear my clothes off, and force himself on me, but he didn't do anything remotely like that. With extra care, he sat down and settled me in his lap. It was hard for me to relax, anticipating his ire at any moment.

Instead, he simply held me.

I opened and closed my mouth, too shocked to really comprehend what was happening. His arms tightened around me and as I settled my cheek against his chest, I noticed that I could hear the steady beat of his heart. I listened and the fear that had been blazing through me since I'd first seen those demon eyes started to fade.

Eventually, my terror fizzled into nothing, and I tried not to think that it was the protective embrace of his arms around me that had settled me. Soon after that, his fingers started to trail up and down my spine. It soothed me. He sighed quietly and pressed his cheek against the top of my head, and I couldn't shake the feeling that I wasn't the only one that had been afraid today.

Was it possible that he was too?

Tentatively, I lifted my chin to gaze into his eyes. There was no anger. There wasn't expectation there either. Instead, I felt his warm adoration and that took me more by surprise than anything else. For the first time, I saw the man within. I reached for the back of his head hesitantly before I braved threading my fingertips into his hair. I waited for the inevitable rebuke, but it never came. His eyes searched mine with a melancholy wonder and I moved my body so that I was still in his lap but facing him now.

"I can't even begin to describe what I felt seeing you out there, falling off your horse and then when the wargs moved in to finish their hunt, I saw red. I thought I was going to lose you," he murmured, his voice thick with emotion.

"I'm sorry," I whispered, not knowing what else to say and he shook his head.

“I don’t know what it is about you,” he continued, and I shifted in his lap. He didn’t allow me to move away, instead clutching at my waist and holding me even more firmly against him.

“I’m just human,” I whispered, and his fingers moved forward, lifting my chin, and forcing me to look back at him.

“No, you’re more than that,” he mused, and his gaze dropped to my lips.

I swallowed hard and then he moved his face closer to mine. The tension between us simmered with heat and my heart pounded so hard I thought it might burst. I breathed in his scent, losing myself in everything that was him. I could discern the sweet saltiness of his sweat and the smokiness of his fire, as well as the lingering aroma of battle and his raw masculinity. My core swirled with tingling desire.

This time, I didn’t wait for him to kiss me. I kissed him first.

I don’t know what changed in that moment, but the magic swirling through me swelled. The world fell away completely. If there had been an explosion right outside the room, I wouldn’t have heard it. Nothing mattered except the two of us.

My breasts pushed up against his chest as my hands clutched at his shoulders. His fingers dug into me with the same desperation, his lips possessing mine with a savage fervor that caught me by surprise.

He wanted me as much I wanted him.

That single kiss awakened something deep within me and I knew that I would never be able to push it aside again. My hips rocked, and I could tell in an instant that he was rock hard for me. The nature of his kiss was brutal, leaving me with no question that my lips would be good and sore by the time it was over.

His palm slid up my back slowly. I moaned when it grazed the back of my neck, and I bit back a cry when he gripped the hair at the back of my head firmly in his fist. A fiery tingle of pain blossomed across my scalp. He pulled just enough to level my gaze with his, and I saw that the emotion in his eyes from



before had darkened considerably. My stomach tightened with anxiety.

“Don’t you dare step outside this castle without me or my soldiers to protect you ever again. Do you understand me?”

His growl rumbled through my body like an earthquake, and I trembled in his lap.

“Yes,” I whispered, suddenly afraid that there were going to be repercussions for what just happened, and I was already too overwhelmed to deal with anything else.

“Never again,” he pressed.

“Never,” I promised.

He reached to the side, and I only just noticed the platter of food beside us. When he tore off a piece of bread and pressed it to my lips, I opened my mouth. He fed me, bit by bit until my belly was full. With the utmost care, he lifted a goblet and tilted it so that I could take a sip of wine. When I tried to take it from him, he pulled it away and clicked his tongue in warning. His quiet admonition made me blush and I nodded, my movement only slight enough so that he could see it.

“Good girl,” he praised before bringing the silver cup back to my lips.

I drank my fill and when I was done, he placed it back on the table. I curled back against him, sudden exhaustion overwhelming me. I closed my eyes and sighed, thankful to still be alive.

I told myself that it wasn’t because I was safe in his arms.

“Thank you for saving me,” I whispered, my voice hardly audible and his palm cupped protectively around the back of my head.

“I don’t know what I would have done if I lost you,” he answered.

To be honest, I wasn’t even certain I heard him correctly. Sleep claimed me then and I rested there, safely in his embrace.

When I woke up, I was in his bed with his strong arms still surrounding me. The lingering heat of his kiss burned at my lips, and I stiffened only slightly against him. His hold on me tightened and his palm flattened against me, splaying across my tummy in a slightly possessive way.

I much preferred waking up like this rather than all alone.

I realized that he must have undressed me at some point because I was naked against him. His chest was bare against my back, but he was wearing a soft pair of pants that covered his legs. He'd stayed with me the whole time. A warm, soothing comfort burned through me, and I nestled back against him, wanting this singular moment to last forever.

Maybe this wasn't just a temporary thing. Maybe this was something more than that...

He kissed the apex of my bare shoulder, sending fiery jolts of arousal straight down to my core. I gasped without meaning to and he pulled me even closer to him than I thought possible.

"Are you angry with me for what happened yesterday?" I asked tentatively and his arms surrounded me with their seemingly everlasting comfort. I nervously held my breath as I waited for him to answer.

"No. Yesterday is done. We won't speak of it again," he answered.

I sighed in relief, and we laid there for a while longer in silence, just enjoying each other's company in some sort of tenuous unspoken truce. I didn't know why, but everything about it felt right. Then he cleared his throat and the energy in the room changed in an instant.

"The last time I had my hands on you, I made you a promise, didn't I?"

I shivered as his hand slipped down my belly to cup my bare mound. I blushed as his fingertips slid across wet flesh, embarrassed of how my body responded to him.

*"You're going to pay for that slap soon."*

I remembered those words like he had only just uttered them in my ear. My heart fluttered and I nervously imagined him doing what he'd done to me in that clearing. Would he spank me? Would he punish me again?

"Yes," I breathed. My chest rose and fell heatedly at the insinuation in his tone.

Roughly, he grabbed my shoulder and pressed me flat against the bed. His massive form leaned over me, staring into my eyes as his fingertips teased over my clit.

"You're soaked, my little human," he murmured, searching my face for any hint of what was swirling around in my head.

My cheeks heated even further, and I tried to do everything in my power to mask my expression so that I didn't give away what I was thinking. His rough fingers kept circling my needy bud and my thighs tightened around him, yet it did nothing to stop him.

"Were you dreaming about me?"

I bit my lip, swallowing hard. Fragmented visions of him taking me over his knee and then him sinking deep in between my thighs flashed before my eyes. I didn't often remember my dreams, but these seemed so visceral that they could have almost been real. His fingers didn't stop dancing over my clit, and it was difficult to focus on anything beside his expert touch.

"Kol, please," I whispered, my voice still breaking with sleepiness.

"Tell me what you're thinking," he pressed. There was a hint of a warning hidden between the lines and I tensed just slightly, imagining what he would do if I pushed him.

"I wasn't thinking about anything," I lied. I tried my best, but I couldn't help it when the right-hand corner of my mouth turned upward in a smirk.

I didn't notice that he'd pinned my legs apart until it was too late. He stared straight into my eyes and cupped my pussy so firmly that it ached. Then he lifted his hand and spanked it

with the flat of his fingers. The wet sound of it made me blush even redder.

His gaze bored into mine as the sting finally registered in my system. I yelped, my thighs clenching as I tried to protect myself, but I hardly moved an inch. He'd used his leg to pin mine open and I couldn't close them. A soft whimper escaped me, and he cleared his throat.

"Lie to me again and I'll spank this pretty little pussy bright pink," he warned.

"I can't..." I began.

His palm punished me there again and I yelped, breathing through the terrible sting as my muscles tightened. As it crested and began to fade, something else much stronger followed.

Desire.

As much as I wanted to deny it, I couldn't, especially when his fingers glided across my soaked flesh. I knew instinctually that I was even wetter than when he first touched me and there wasn't a single thing I could do to hide it.

"You enjoy it when I punish you," he observed, his voice blatant with his own arousal. He ended the statement with a third firm slap against my pussy and I blushed hard.

"I don't..."

"Don't lie to me," he scolded.

He peppered between my thighs with hard slaps and the sting quickly overwhelmed me. Despite the pain, my clit throbbed incessantly underneath his touch, and I cried out.

"Yes! I do like it!" I finally managed to blurt out and his palm cupped my pussy again.

I wasn't sure if he was going to continue to punish me or use his fingers to make me orgasm like he'd done once before. I shivered through my fear of the unknown, somehow hoping for a little bit of both.

I chewed my lip as his fingers slowly teased my clit, edging me closer and closer to the brink. It was the only thing I could think of.

“Kol,” I whined.

His touch slowed, becoming more torturous than anything I thought possible. I struggled to remain still, tensing over and over again against the pads of his fingers, desperate for release.

“I was dreaming about you,” I confessed, and his mouth curved up in a victorious smirk.

“Go on,” he pushed. He kissed my cheek, trailing his warm caress down the length of my throat. I moaned, finding it incredibly difficult to focus.

“About you punishing me,” I continued, trembling beneath him.

His body confined mine only slightly, but just enough to remind me how he was that much bigger and stronger than me. He could overpower me with ease, but he wasn’t doing that.

At least... not *yet*.

“How?” he growled, and my pussy clenched down hard.

“Over your knee,” I whispered. I hoped that would be enough, but he kept teasing and soon I cried out with frustration.

“More, angel,” he pressed.

“I thought you’d... sp... *spank* me for slapping you,” I wailed, struggling with my shameful arousal. My voice shook with embarrassment and raw need.

“You’d thought I’d put you over my knee and spank you like a bad girl?”

“Yes,” I breathed, and his touch grew a bit firmer.

He moved above me and suddenly his hand had left my pussy. I cried out, pouting visibly as he grabbed my wrists and pinned them above my head. I furrowed my brow as he tied a silken rope around one wrist and then the other. Finally, he wound it

around the bedpost. I stared up at the silk bonds in surprise, like I didn't really believe what I was seeing.

I hadn't anticipated that.

He moved on top of me and kissed my lips, claiming me with a brutally savage kiss that left my mouth good and sore. In contrast, he tenderly trailed kisses down my throat, slowly and surely until I was quivering beneath him. My thighs shook harder when his lips lazily descended to my clavicle and then just between my breasts.

My nipples were hard enough to cut through stone. He reached up and tweaked one of them gently. My back arched clean off the bed and he pinched it even more firmly, causing deliciously painful pleasure to radiate across my breasts. His palm drew downward, caressing the flat curves of my torso before he gripped my hip firmly enough to make me gasp.

This was it. It had to be. He was going to fuck me.

He let go of my nipple and surrounded it with his mouth. Blissful pleasure quickly replaced aching pain as his tongue laved over my erect peak. His other hand smoothed over my breast, teasing me with gentle roughness as every nerve in my body came alive.

"Kol," I begged.

I felt like I was coming unglued. I wanted to feel his body on mine. I wanted him to take me.

I could feel our connection simmering deep in my bones and for the first time I felt like he was my destiny, that I was meant to be here with him. Time meant nothing when you found the person that was meant for you. I arched into his kiss as his teeth gently bit down on my hard bud, threatening me with pain that would ultimately be followed by soul-crushing pleasure.

"I will leave that promise for tomorrow, little human. Today, I just want to take care of you."

I don't know why, but a part of me was just a little disappointed. I don't know if it showed on my face. His gentle caress on my cheek told me that it had.

“You should know something though,” he teased, and I trembled with anxious anticipation.

“What’s that?” I asked tentatively.

“I’m going to do more than just spank you before I put you to bed,” he growled, punctuating his words with sensuous, soft kisses along the curve of my breast.

“But...”

“I’m going to mark your defiant little bottom with my belt,” he finished.

“Your belt?” I stilled, needing to break the silence. I couldn’t have heard that correctly. My voice trembled, revealing my trepidation.

His dark returning smile was all the confirmation I needed, yet he answered me anyway.

“Yes, naughty girl. My belt,” he rumbled, and my pussy clenched hard.

My arousal amplified and I couldn’t stop thinking about his thick leather belt whipping my bare backside. His mouth trailed down my belly to the cusp of my thighs. I jerked my hands against the fabric ties, suddenly very aware of the mortifyingly explicit view he had right now.

My wrists didn’t come free.

He looked up at me knowingly as my heart raced. His stare was molten, and I shivered at the intense promise in his flickering gaze. He turned his eyes downward, staring directly at my soaking wet pussy as I blushed all the harder. I tried to rock my hips so that I could at least hide myself somewhat, but his arms had my legs pinned wide apart.

There would be no escaping whatever came next, and that excited me.

My arousal spiked dangerously high. I tried my best to push it back, but it was like a tiger that had been released from its cage. My body was in control now and there was nothing I could do about it.

Then he kissed directly on top of my clit. His teeth grazed against my sensitive flesh, and I whimpered with sudden fear. Before my nerves could get to me, he nipped my needy bud and I cried out, not sure how to read my reaction. My thighs were quaking now, and his tongue lapped gently against my clit as though he was offering it comfort.

This was a whirlwind of sensation with no way out.

Despite how shameful it felt to have him between my legs, I couldn't deny that I enjoyed it on some level. The warm wetness of his mouth descended on my sensitive bundle of nerves once more and my body responded immediately. I cried out, yanking my arms again so that I could push his head away from between my thighs. Bound and laid bare for him, there was nothing for me to do but lay back and suffer in ecstasy under his lips as his desperately wet and willing captive.

Was I willing? Did I want this?

My thoughts quickly flashed to his promise for tomorrow, of the thick belt that he was going to thrash me with, and my entire body heated. My nipples ached as I tried to imagine what it might feel like.

Would it hurt? Would it make me as wet in reality as the fantasy of it was making me right now?

His fingers grazed across my inner thighs, and I quivered, unable to stop the raging heat flowing through me at the boldness of his touch. I tensed and relaxed over and over again as sparks of mystical energy flowed between us.

This couldn't just be attraction or even lust. This was more than that.

He felt like the *one*.

His tongue laved over my clit and my spine arched clean off the bed. My hips rocked back and forth, grinding my sensitive little bundle of nerves against the rough surface of his tongue. I took a shaky breath, trying to get ahold of myself but I was quickly spiraling out of control.

"Please," I begged.



His mouth between my legs was too shameful, his tongue too perfect and as the seconds ticked by, I knew my release was inevitable.

I couldn't come this way. I *shouldn't*.

He wasn't going to give me a choice.

My fingers clutched at the silken bonds, and I closed my eyes, trying my best to fight against what would inevitably be a losing battle. My core squeezed tight. My blood surged red hot and tiny beads of sweat dotted my brow. As if he could sense my struggle, he suckled at my clit even more firmly and slid his fingers up my thigh.

Overwhelmed with sensation, I shattered with a scream. My legs started to quake hard, and he pinned me down, keeping his lips on me as he dragged out every second of that devastating orgasm that he could.

I squeezed my eyes shut, blinded by the white-hot ecstasy soaring through me in soul-shaking waves. I drowned in the hazy bliss, floating somewhere in the depths of a great sea and the bright lights of the clouds high above. My release reached heights that I'd never experienced before and when it finally crested, I was having trouble drawing in a full breath.

He didn't stop. He didn't even pull away for a second and I shrieked at the sudden intensity between my thighs.

"Please! I'm too sensitive!"

His only response was to punish my clit with his tongue harder than before. I moaned, but the sound slowly transformed into a scream as he pushed past my initial soreness to something even greater.

He was going to make me come *again*.

I'd never come twice so closely in my life, and I cried out, yanking against the silk rope above my head despite knowing I wouldn't be able to get free. My eyes rolled back when he started firmly circling my clit once more and I knew the threshold to that second release would come much faster than the first.

I tried to fight it anyway.

I failed.

My body surrendered, but my mind was slower to follow. His hands dug into my thighs, reminding me that I had no choice but to take this. I cried out, the ache pulsing through the insane pleasure spiraling in my core. My nipples pebbled into tight peaks, and I yearned to reach down and touch them, which only seemed to make my need surge.

“I’ve never,” I tried, but forming words soon became too much for me. My voice broke into a strangled moan, and I rode his tongue shamelessly like a wanton slut.

His hand slid up to spread the folds of my pussy wide open. Then he used his finger to pull the hood of my clit back so that he could focus on it directly. I whined with nervous arousal as he sucked my sensitive bud inward, using the tip of his tongue to overstimulate me in an instant.

I came for a second time with a harsh scream.

Brutally savage pleasure tore through me, and my legs quaked. I lost control completely. My body writhed beneath him, and he pinned me down with ease. For some reason, knowing that made my orgasm spiral that much deeper.

I felt like that second release came from the dark depths of my soul.

I screamed and my throat grew hoarse. My muscles were so tense that they ached, but still my orgasm went on. With a strangled cry, I wondered how long it would go on for. His mouth gave me that answer. My release would keep going until he decided it was over.

When that second orgasm finally crested and my body slumped against the bed, he didn’t stop then either. He forced another. His fingers swept up toward my entrance and with a hard thrust, he pushed two thick fingers up inside me. I cried out and immediately lost control, coming for a third and final time.

The initial pain from that orgasm was sharper than the pleasure that came with it. I suffered through several moments of

delicious agony before it transformed into overwhelmingly perfect ecstasy that devastated me completely.

He pumped his fingers in and out of me again and again, and my body clutched at him. He speared into me so deeply that it ached, but that only made me come even harder. His rough fingers were like heaven inside me, and I suddenly wanted to know how his cock would feel slamming into me instead.

It was so much bigger than just his fingers.

I mumbled unintelligible words, begging and pleading for more at the same time that I didn't think I could take it. His mouth dragged that third orgasm on and on and by the time it finally began to fade, my heart was pounding so hard I feared that it might burst free from my chest. I panted, trying to catch my breath as he slowly lapped at my over-sensitized pussy. Each touch made my legs quiver and my hips rock. My body reacted as if it had a life of its own and I melted into the bed, finally accepting the fact that I was his to do with as he saw fit.

He'd forced my surrender and I'd enjoyed it.

He climbed over me and kissed me. I lifted my chin, quivering into his kiss. His lips tasted of myself, and I blushed. The kiss deepened and took on a possessive tone that set my already spent body on fire. His tongue speared into my mouth, forcing me to fully taste my own arousal. It was sweet and musky and shamefully creamy, reminding me of vanilla ice cream melting on top of a slice of apple pie.

I wanted to deny it, but I liked it a lot.

I pressed back into him as he reached over my head and unlaced the silken ropes.

"You taste even sweeter than I could have hoped for," he whispered, and my heart swelled.

I gazed up into his burning gaze as I wrapped my arms around his waist. I blushed hard, able to see my own glistening wetness on his lips. His hand cupped the back of my head, holding me more gently than I thought him capable of.

"I don't know what it is about you, but I don't ever want to lose you. I want to keep you as mine," he confessed.

He pulled me close, and I pressed myself firmly against him.  
I couldn't say it, but a part of me wanted to stay here with him,  
too.

## CHAPTER 12



*H* ayleigh

The rest of the day passed by in a blur. I napped on and off in his arms until a knock on the door woke me. Kol answered it and wheeled in a cart full of silver platters. He allowed me to dress in a simple wrap dress, but he warned me that it wouldn't last long.

After enjoying a delicious dinner together, Kol took me into a massive bathing room that I hadn't found in my initial explorations. When I ran my fingers underneath the water, it was steamy and warm. The whole room was created around natural hot springs and right at the center was a free-flowing waterfall that cascaded down to the floor from at least twenty feet above my head. I looked up, just enjoying the feel of the hot water against my skin when he grabbed my wrist and roughly pulled me toward him. He tore off my dress like it was a sheet of paper.

I pouted playfully and he raised a single eyebrow. I shivered, but I pushed my lower lip out a bit further. He leaned forward, nipping my pouty lips with his teeth and I quivered, trying to remember to keep control of myself and failing. I stared back at him, remembering how incredible those lips had felt between my legs.

Who even was I anymore?

"I liked that dress," I said, unable to keep myself from smiling as the words left my mouth.

“I will have another made for you, a better one,” he answered.

“Will you now?”

“I am king, my sweet human. After tomorrow, I don’t think you’ll forget that again,” he teased. His eyes sparkled with dark promise and my bottom tensed reflexively.

Unable to help myself, I shivered in anticipation.

“Why don’t you just do that tonight?”

I glanced up, trying to read the expression on his face. It was mysteriously seductive, as if he was imagining the whole thing happening right then. He cocked his head, smirking as he pulled his shirt over his head. He stepped out of his pants next, revealing his naked body to me for the first time.

My mouth went dry as I tried to figure out what to do, but I froze.

I couldn’t tear my eyes away from him. It was as if the gods had imagined absolute perfection and then created him. His body looked like it was carved out of marble, every chiseled plane hard and molded with immaculate care. My gaze moved downward, trailing down the magnificent expanse of his abs. I swallowed hard as I took in the massive beast between his legs. His cock was so big that I took a nervous step backwards as if I could escape it.

There was no way I was going to take that gracefully. A fucking with that was going to hurt.

I didn’t know how my body would be able to withstand all of it, but I couldn’t help but yearn for it at the same time. My aroused apprehension showed as I stepped from one foot to the other and I couldn’t stop wringing my hands in front of me. When a single drop of arousal slipped down my inner thigh, I bit my lip to keep my cry of shame quiet.

There had to be something wrong with me. I told myself that it was just basic human lust, but I knew it was far more than that. He cleared his throat and I remembered to lift my eyes and look at his face. He reached for me, grasping the back of my neck as if I belonged to him and honestly, I kind of liked it.

His grip tightened firmly enough to ache, and my breath stuck in the back of my throat.

“There’s a reason I’m not going to punish you tonight,” he began.

With bated breath, I held onto his every word, searching his eyes for answers, but he didn’t give them yet.

“What’s that?” I whispered, shaking a little against him and his other arm wound around me to press on my lower back, steadying me on my feet. I’m not sure if he knew, but it offered me comfort.

He leaned in and brushed his lips against my ear, filling my core with molten heat. “I want you dreaming about what’s going to happen when you go to sleep beside me in my bed tonight, and I want you thinking about it all day tomorrow so that by the time I walk back through that door, you are soaking wet and ready for the hard fucking you have coming,” he vowed, and I gasped, my entire body aflame.

Gently, he grasped my upper arm and led me toward the natural waterfall. Hazy steam surrounded us, and in that moment it felt like there was nothing else in the world other than me and him. Truthfully, I was already spent from the pleasure he’d forced from me with his tongue. I blushed just thinking about him seeing me up close, but I was quickly distracted from my thoughts as he started to bathe me. His touch was gentle yet thorough as he soaped my body. When he massaged shampoo into my scalp, I moaned as visceral pleasure cascaded through my body. He used a soft cloth to caress my skin, smoothing away the events of the previous day for good.

I whined when he swept the soapy cloth between my thighs. My clit was sore to the touch, and he knew it. I whimpered much more desperately when he pressed the cloth between my bottom cheeks, pausing for a moment with his fingertip directly on top of my asshole.

“There’s something else,” he whispered, his breath tickling the side of my neck.

“Kol,” I breathed, embarrassed and uneasy with the unexpected desire that surged from that incredibly shameful touch. I bit my lip, going quiet and hoping he didn’t notice how much that simple touch made my pussy clench.

“My tail is going to enjoy taking this tight little hole tomorrow night, too,” he whispered, and I froze.

My head told me I should be disgusted or maybe even angry, but my body was telling me something very different. I shouldn’t want to be touched there, but when his finger started to circle my reluctant hole, a surge of pleasure raced straight to my clit.

“Your tail?” I echoed.

He held up his other hand and I watched a part of him shift slightly in front of my eyes. His fingers thickened, but it was his nails that held my rapt attention. They sharpened to pointed claws and then he slid them lightly across the sensitive flesh of my throat. I trembled, but I adored the stinging pleasure that came with it.

“Yes,” he confirmed, and it was then that I dared a glance downward.

I swallowed hard, seeing that he’d allowed that part of him to shift too. It showcased all the characteristics of his dragon tail, but it wasn’t quite full size. The scales that covered its surface were softer somehow as it slid against my ankle with a gentle caress. I chewed my lip as it curled around my thigh, teasing me just as though it was his fingers. I couldn’t help but notice that the tip was rounded and that it gradually increased in size. I tried not to think about what that might mean... how it might hurt when it penetrated me there.

How I might like it.

The muscles of my ass clenched, and he chuckled, his fingers still in between my cheeks. I felt so exposed, but there was nothing I could do to hide my body’s reaction.

On one hand it was freeing. On the other, it felt so incredibly shameful.



“I had thought that might intrigue you, my naughty little human. Don’t worry. I’m going to deal with you in every way tomorrow. You can protest as much as you like, but I have a feeling you’re going to beg for all of it and more by the time I’m through with you,” he promised, his voice like a lightning bolt shooting straight through me over and over again.

“I won’t...” I protested, trying to pretend that I wasn’t intrigued by such a sordid promise. Another droplet of arousal dripped onto my thigh, and I lied to myself that it was just soap.

He smiled, saying nothing for several moments, just letting the weight of his unbelieving stare settle on me. I turned my eyes away, not wanting to give anything more away as he bathed me. His claws retracted and his tail disappeared as he finished washing me.

“Why me?” I finally asked, breaking the silence between us.

“I need you. My realm needs you too,” he ventured softly.

His hand wrapped around my throat as he spun me around and pulled me against him, my back to his chest. I could feel his hard length nestled right in between my ass cheeks and a terribly shameful thought occurred to me.

Would he ever take me there that way?

I stiffened, the horror of my thoughts taking me by surprise. As quickly as I could, I pushed them away and just tried to focus on his big, strong hands holding me. It wasn’t enough. Tentatively, I took the soapy cloth from his hand.

“I think I need you, too,” I admitted. I didn’t dare look at him when I said those words, not even sure where they had come from and why I felt the need to voice them.

Trying to distract myself, I poured more soap from the wooden pitcher onto the cloth and started to wash him in return. Slowly, I brushed away the dirt and sweat from his flesh, reveling in the simmering fiery glow that sparkled beneath his skin.

I slid the sponge across the hard planes of his chest, really taking in the firm muscles of his physique. Each ridge was

deep, and I drew in a breath, watching as the soap dribbled down the chiseled planes of his stomach. I stopped breathing entirely when it slid down to the hard length of his cock. It pulsed, the veins to either side of his shaft pumping full of blood.

I should slow down, but I didn't want to.

I lifted my gaze to his as I brushed the sponge against his length. His eyes sparked with sudden interest. He hadn't expected me to touch him like that and it showed on his face. I glanced back down, and he took the cloth from me with tender care. Maybe I'd gone too far, or he didn't want me like that. Suddenly feeling emotional and insecure, I stared down at the stone beneath my feet, trying to figure out what to say. Was this rejection? Should I apologize?

Without a word, he grasped my hand and pressed the flat of it fully against his shaft, telling me in silence that he was more than okay with me touching him, that he wanted it as much as I did. I gasped out loud, a bit ashamed and aroused as it throbbed against my palm. For a moment, I wavered, not knowing what to do. Then my fingers hesitantly closed around his shaft. He was so big that my fingertips didn't touch, and I couldn't help but imagine what that might feel like sinking deep between my thighs.

"Would you like the chance to earn a gentler punishment tomorrow?" he asked, his voice husky with his own desire.

I licked my lips, nervous at what he might be insinuating while also yearning to find out.

"Yes," I whispered.

"Kneel," he commanded. He moved under the warm spray of the water, rinsing off the soap that remained on his body as I slowly lowered myself down to my knees.

I wavered, tentatively pressing my hands against his thighs so that I could remain steady.

"Open your mouth," he purred, and I couldn't help but want to obey. He moved toward me, gently cuffing my cheek with the

hard length of his cock. I shivered, the weight of it feeling like a shameful slap.

“You look so beautiful like this,” he continued.

I blushed hard.

“I’m going to use my belt on your bare bottom tomorrow, my little human. That part is not up to you.”

I whimpered, glancing straight down at his cock. His reminder made the inevitability of tomorrow wash over me and it set my body on fire. He chuckled softly and lifted my chin with his finger.

“You want to know what my belt feels like, don’t you?”

“Yes,” I breathed, a bit horrified at myself for admitting something so shameful.

“You’ve thought about that time over my knee quite a bit, haven’t you?”

“Yes,” I confessed. I wasn’t even certain I’d spoken aloud until his eyes glinted dangerously with anticipation. My mouth went dry. I’d never done this before.

“Then show me with those pretty lips how much you’re looking forward to tomorrow night,” he growled, and I opened my mouth wide.

Using my fingers, I lightly directed the head of his cock in front of my lips. I leaned forward and felt my pussy clench down hard as I slid the tip of my tongue along his turgid flesh. The taste of pure masculinity washed across my tongue. It was salty and sweet, yet slightly bitter and unbelievably perfect. I wanted more of it.

I’d seen videos of women doing this before and I’d never quite understood how they were so enthusiastic, but I did now. Feeling bolder, I opened my lips and took the head of his cock into my mouth. He was thick enough that it stretched my mouth wide open, but I didn’t let that deter me. Slowly, I twirled my tongue around his shaft. My tentative explorations soon became bolder as I started to suckle him, taking more of

him into my mouth. When the head of his cock eventually reached the back of my throat, I paused and pulled back.

“You’re going to have to show more enthusiasm than that, pretty girl, or else I’m going to decide to use my belt between those gorgeous little thighs too,” he warned.

My pussy nearly spasmed at the thought. Why was I like this? Why was I getting turned on at his threats to hurt me?

I closed my lips around his cock and put my all into suckling him. I swirled my tongue around him and slowly took him deeper little by little. When I pushed in a bit too far, I gagged and pulled back, but I quickly gained control and returned to sucking his cock, and he groaned with pleasure. The sound of it slammed through me like an iron spike. I whimpered as his cock throbbed against my tongue.

“You will swallow everything I give you,” he growled.

I whined loudly. I hadn’t actually thought about that part until now. He must have sensed my immediate hesitation because he growled and reached down for me. His hand wound around the wet hair at the back of my scalp and fisted hard as he started to pump into my mouth. I cried out at his sudden roughness.

“I had planned on being gentle, but I can’t control myself with you,” he rumbled.

I whimpered, suddenly afraid and impossibly aroused.

He started fucking my face roughly. His cock pushed past the back of my throat, and I tried my best to take him gracefully, but I choked around him. He sensed my struggle and pulled back just enough so that I could catch my breath, but he only allowed me to get so far. Then he thrust inside me once more. I swallowed around him, struggling to take him as best as I could.

His cock throbbed against my tongue, and he groaned. I gave everything I had to give in that moment, swirling and suckling as enthusiastically as I could. With a roar, he thrust forward hard, and I swallowed around him as my eyes watered. His seed spurted into the back of my mouth, and I choked for a

moment before I managed to open my throat and swallowed it down. I struggled to take all of it, but I didn't pull back.

My thighs tensed as I knelt before him, my own clit throbbing between my legs just as hard as his cock on my tongue. When his own release tempered, I pulled back and met his sordid gaze as I thoroughly cleaned his cock with my mouth. The taste of him was stark on my tongue. He groaned and my core spiraled. With a satisfied sigh, he reached down to take my hand so that he could help me to stand.

“That’s my good girl,” he praised, and he grasped the back of my head and pulled me in for a possessive kiss that left my lips feeling bruised and sore.

When he finally pulled away, his eyes were practically smoldering with heat. I shivered in his arms with my own molten arousal. He lifted me off of the floor and carried me back into the bedroom. When he finally put me down, he reached to the side and grabbed a soft blanket. He dried me off gently before he let me climb into bed.

When he joined me, I couldn't help but snuggle close to him. I slid my palm up the hard plane of his chest and brushed my cheek against him. His hand flattened over the small of my back as he kissed the side of my throat gently enough to make me sigh happily. When my ass brushed up against his cock, I sucked in a breath.

He was still hard.

“Is there something you need, angel?”

His voice was a husky whisper and it set me on fire once again. His fingers slid down to cup my mound and then slid further still into my soaked folds.

“Did sucking my cock make this little pussy wet?”

My face felt like it had gone up in flames, but there was no hiding this. His fingers circled my clit slowly and I gasped with pleasure.

“Yes,” I answered.

“Would you like an orgasm before bed?” he asked.

“Please, my king,” I breathed, my voice trembling with need. I could feel the edges of his lips rise with a contented smirk against the side of my head.

“Well, when you beg so *convincingly* for me,” he growled.

Immediately, the pressure of his touch increased, and my desire came to a head with fervent intensity. Already well used, there was no hope of holding my release back. My whimpers started off quiet before turning to all-out cries as my orgasm slammed into me.

I came hard and fast, my entire body quaking with tingling pleasure. I tried to keep still, but it was pointless because his finger kept firmly working my clit and wringing out every possible second of bliss from me that he could. By the time it finally started to fade, a wave of exhaustion had swept over me, and my eyes fluttered closed.

I didn't wake until morning.

\* \* \*

When I finally opened my eyes, I turned my head and reached for Kol beside me. His side of the bed was cold. Pouting, I opened my eyes, searching for him yet finding the cavernous room empty. I sighed with disappointment, but then I noticed that there was a note on his pillow. I tentatively picked it up, reading the neat script that he had written in his absence.

*There's breakfast waiting for you on the table. I have several matters that I need to see to today, so the castle is yours for the afternoon.*

*You will return to my chambers by sundown.*

*Do not make me come and find you.*

*Kol*

I bit my lip, reading his threat several times. My legs had pressed together defensively, and I whined even though there was no one there to hear me.

Had he really meant what he said? Was he really going to use his belt tonight? Even more than that, was he going to fuck me?

My pussy clenched as if that alone would be able to protect me, and I immediately put my hands behind me over my ass. Would he really use his tail back there? Would he do it while he was fucking my pussy?

Fuck me.

I lay back on the bed with a huff, already a molten, aroused mess. I needed to distract myself. I had to stop thinking about how much I wanted to know what he was going to do to me tonight and if I was going to even like it or how hard I was going to come for him while he did it.

I glanced over to the table to see there were several platters of food waiting for me. There was a soft red velvet robe waiting for me on a chair and I pulled it on, shivering a bit in the morning chill. There was no underwear to be seen and I was forced to walk to the table with the reminder of my wet arousal between my thighs with every step.

I hated that he did this to me.

I sat down and crossed my legs, sulking just the tiniest bit. Frustrated, I uncovered some of the platters and found a selection of fruits that I didn't recognize, as well as several different kinds of meats and cheeses. There was a pile of sweet pastries covered with an orange raspberry glaze. I sampled a great many of the dishes, taking small bites. It was all incredibly delicious. There was even a hot beverage that tasted like a hot chocolate and espresso had gotten together and had a baby.

The more I ate, the better I felt. When I was full, I dressed myself, deciding to wear the gown Kenna had designed for me because it made me feel beautiful. I hoped Kol would tear it off me later.

With a scowl, I left his chambers, needing to get some space between myself and the bed I was going to lose my virginity in that night. God, I was hopeless. Completely and utterly insane.

In a desperate ploy to take my mind off things, I took my time and explored as much of the castle as I could, losing myself amongst the books in the library and the endless guest wings, private sitting rooms, dining rooms, armories, and kitchens. The staff kept to themselves and didn't go out of their way to disturb me. A few of them asked if I needed anything and I shook my head, thanking them as gracefully as I could. When it came time for dinner, I made my way back down to the king's chambers, finding fresh platters laid out on the table. I glanced at the bed as I ate, unable to quell thoughts of what was going to happen soon enough. I sipped at a glass of wine.

Had he said all of those things just to turn me on? Had he really meant them? I kept telling myself that maybe I was crazy, that it was all just some dirty talk or foreplay to arouse me and that it wasn't going to happen that way tonight. He wasn't going to take off his belt and use it to thrash my bottom before he fucked me. He'd probably said all those things just so I wouldn't try to escape again. It worked like a fucking charm too, because here I was sitting at his table and enjoying his wine.

That's it. I needed to be committed.

My blood ran cold when the door opened, and I stared down at the red liquid in my goblet for a long moment before I dared lift my gaze to the door. His eyes were like tiny bonfires, they blazed so brightly. He strode over to me, looking positively regal in a burgundy velvet-lined shirt and a pair of dark gray slacks. His black leather boots shone as the light caught them and I hesitantly stood up to greet him.

He wound his arms around my waist, kissing me so sweetly that I wondered if I'd imagined everything up until this point. His palm cupped my cheek and his thumb brushed against me as he stared down into my eyes with tender gentleness.

Like he wasn't the man that had torn my clothes off and spanked my ass bright red back in that clearing.



Like he wasn't the man that had tied me to his bed only yesterday...

"Did you miss me?" he asked, his voice rumbly and seductive.

"A little," I replied, drawing in a shaky breath.

"I've been thinking about you all day," he answered, his tone dropping with intentional huskiness, and I couldn't stop the shiver from racing down my spine. The corner of his lips perked up and I knew he'd felt it.

"You have?" I asked shakily.

"I've been thinking about how gorgeous that tight little ass is going to look thoroughly marked from my belt and how wet that pretty little pussy is going to be before I fuck it," he growled, his voice raspy with desire, and I could have sworn my stomach dropped from right out underneath me.

"You can't mean that," I scoffed, my heart pounding with hopeful fear in my chest.

He pressed his hand to my lower back, using it to push my body firmly against his. His cock was rock hard, and my pussy tightened reflexively as it pulsed against my hip.

"I meant every word, my pretty little thing," he murmured.

His fingers slid up along my back, deftly untying the cords that held my gown in place. The heat between us was palpable as my dress loosened just enough to expose my chest. He sucked in a breath through his teeth and grasped my left breast, digging his fingers roughly into my flesh.

"Yesterday, I wanted to do everything to make you smile, to make sure you were okay after your terrifying encounter with those wargs, but tonight I'm going to be very different with you," he warned.

I gasped, unable to cope with how molten my core was becoming at his words.

"Tonight, I'm going to finally take what is mine."

"Kol," I breathed.

"You're mine, angel," he growled.

He grasped the back of my neck roughly and pulled me into a kiss. His mouth plundered mine, his kiss bruising, hard, and possessive. Taken aback, I gasped with sudden need and when his tongue pressed between my lips, I twirled mine with his. When he pulled away, I was breathless with want. I wavered from side to side, my legs feeling jelly. Without a word, he loosened the gown from the rest of my body. He pushed it past my hips and groaned when he found me bare for him underneath.

“I don’t think I’m ever going to allow you to cover this gorgeous little pussy.”

I hated how that made my clit throb.

“Do you know why?”

“No,” I breathed.

“I could smell the sweet scent of your arousal the moment I walked through that door. I knew you were soaked for me before I even laid a single finger on you,” he murmured, and I shivered hard.

“Please,” I breathed.

He said nothing, simply offering me a hand so that I could step free from the dress. He moved back, letting his gaze roam up and down my naked body. I took a moment to pick up my gown off the carpet so that I could lay it on the gray leather armchair nearby. When I was done, I looked back at him, nervous and aroused. He hadn’t taken his eyes from me and that made my face heat. He took a step toward me, and I took one back. His molten stare burned into me, almost as if it had a direct connection to my core, and I trembled.

This was crazy. I was crazy, right?

“What did I tell you was going to happen tonight, angel?”

“Your belt,” I hazarded.

“That was only the first part of it, wasn’t it?”

“Yes.” I blushed hard, immediately envisioning the thick cock I’d sucked only last night slamming into my virgin pussy, but I

turned even redder when I thought of what he promised to do with his tail.

“Come here and kneel before me, little human,” he directed, and I didn’t move right away, my body frozen. He offered his hand, and I finally found the courage to reach out and take it.

“You slapped me, didn’t you?”

His hand wandered dangerously close to my breast, teasing around my nipple and I sucked in a breath. My sensitive bud hardened painfully under his touch.

“Yes,” I ventured shakily.

Unexpectedly, he spanked my breast. I yelped, not expecting the abrupt sting, and was horrified to see the pink peak tighten even more with desire. He spun me around so that I faced away from him and spanked the other side just as firmly, causing stinging agony to radiate across both breasts. He kept going and I struggled as he punished me with the flats of his fingers. My skin turned pink, his fingerprints slowly reddening pale flesh. It stung far more than I could have ever anticipated. My eyes watered by the time he paused for long enough to firmly pinch my nipple, twisting it and making me cry out.

“Tonight, I expect obedience. Any hesitation will result in immediate punishment,” he warned, and my body flushed with heated desire.

“Yes, my king,” I whispered, trying to quell the hammering of my heart. I felt so impossibly needy, and I pressed my thighs together so that I could keep my balance. He’d hardly touched me, and I was already aching for him to push me flat on the bed so that he could have his way with me.

“Kneel,” he commanded softly.

I did what he asked this time without question, my stinging breasts a lasting reminder of what he was capable of if I wasn’t obedient. His fingers tenderly caressed the back of my head and I leaned into his soothing gentleness.

“I want you to take off my belt and hand it to me.”

I squeaked nervously, hesitating for only a second before I reached up and touched the thick black leather strap around his waist. I tensed, expecting retribution, but none came. It was soft, like it was freshly conditioned, and I wondered if he'd done that purposefully for me. The oiled surface was deceptive because I had a nagging feeling that it was going to sting quite a bit when it whipped across my bare backside.

My heart fluttered with excitement even though I told myself I should be afraid. I slid the end of the belt through the buckle and pulled the metal pin clear. With a deep breath, I listened as the strap cleared his pants. I held the leather in my fingers, sliding my thumb back and forth across the surface before I finally held it up and presented it to him with rising trepidation. He took it with a dark smile and folded it in half, letting it hang ominously by his side.

He reached down with his other hand and grasped my upper arm. He pulled me up to my feet and purposefully led me over to the bed, using just enough force to let me know that what happened next was no longer up to me.

That made me even hotter.

Carefully, he bent me over the bed. He used his foot to separate my legs and spread me open wide. The same silken rope he used last night suddenly wrapped around my wrists right in front of me and he tied it tight. I wouldn't be able to reach back. When he was finished, he grabbed my bottom possessively and I shuddered with anticipation. Even though I wasn't quite sure what was going to happen, I felt safe with him.

"I'm going to mark this gorgeous little ass of yours, but I would never truly want to hurt you," he growled in my ear, and I shook hard.

The thought that he cared enough to make sure that my hands weren't injured during my punishment struck me by surprise and my pussy tightened reflexively. A quiet moan escaped me, and he chuckled knowingly. The sound made my clit ache.

He grasped my other cheek and I gasped, his grip causing my flesh to ache. When he released it, he slapped both sides hard.

The tips of his fingers caught my pussy and I yelped, my sensitive folds seared in an instant. I turned my head and grasped the quilt beneath me. Roughly, he grabbed my hips and lifted me up further on the bed so that my feet no longer touched the floor. Immediately, the change in position left me feeling small, like a little girl about to get a real spanking for being naughty.

My pussy clenched.

I lifted my hips, and he took the opportunity to lightly slap my pussy. The wet sound was shameful, but it made my clit throb all the same. His other hand trailed down the length of my spine and he was quiet for a second.

“Is something wrong?” I asked, suddenly feeling insecure and vulnerable.

“No, nothing’s wrong. I was simply taking a moment to admire you. You’re so very beautiful when you’re like this. Naked. Exposed. Afraid,” he began. His hand dipped further, sliding down the cleft of my ass before fully cupping my pussy.

“Soaking wet and aroused, needy for my belt and my cock. All of it is so very beautiful,” he continued.

His fingertips found my clit with ease, circling around it and making me gasp. He teased me, intensifying my pleasure until I moaned with desire. He pulled away and a jolt of denial pierced through me. I bit my lip as he picked the belt up off the bed, the leather making an audible swish against the fabric of the quilt coverlet. My ears picked up the sounds of his footsteps as he moved behind me. His hand settled on my lower back, pressing down and pinning me in place for what was to come.

“This next part is going to hurt, angel, but you earned it, didn’t you?”

“Yes, my king,” I breathed, lifting my bottom while the belt cut through the air.

The quiet whoosh was deceptive and when it contacted my bare cheeks, I laid still for a moment, not really believing that

it was finally happening. The leather molded to my bare skin, curving across my ass and I gasped at its shameful embrace. The sound was even louder than his hand and it took me by surprise, but that all paled in comparison to the sting that followed that initial strike.

I squeaked in shock, a line of fire rising on both cheeks. The end of the belt hit the hardest and that single point burned more than the rest. I went to push up against the bed, forgetting that my hands were bound, and his palm pressed down firmly on the small of my back. The belt swung again. And again. And again.

That cruel strap punished every inch of my backside, from the tops of my cheeks to the middle of the backs of my thighs. I squirmed and kicked, but his aim was true each time. There was one lash that fell right between my legs, punishing my pussy and setting it on fire as soon as it struck. I yelped and quickly pressed my thighs closed, but it happened again a short time later and I realized I was vulnerable either way.

There was nothing I could do about it.

The belt rained down, and soon I found myself beginning to writhe. This man had taken complete control of me, and I'd allowed it.

It hurt so much.

With each whistling blow, the lines of fire across my ass burned hotter. I could feel each welt rising, but worst of all, I could feel my body beginning to react to the pain. The belt rained down terrible agony, but delicious pleasure inevitably followed. My core was seizing with desire and my clit was throbbing with astoundingly intense physical need. For a few precious moments, the belt stopped falling and I caught my breath, but he immediately stole it away when his fingers slipped in between my legs. He caressed my stinging folds, and I hid my face in the bed, his touch bringing into sharp focus how soaking wet I was.

“Such a bad girl,” he mused, sliding his fingers up and down my wetness.

His teasing made my entire body tremble, and I desperately tried not to rock my hips so that I rode the flats of his rough digits.

I failed.

I ground my pussy against him, desperately seeking release. When I had just reached the edge, he pulled away and the belt slapped against my ass once more. This time, I wasn't quite certain if it hurt or if I enjoyed it. He did it again, and I moaned. The belt struck just at the bottom of my ass, jostling my cheeks in such a way that it tortured my aching pussy. This was supposed to be a punishment, and I was more turned on than I had ever been in my life. His hand returned to my lower back and then he started using the leather strap a bit harder. The sounds I made were somewhere between a moan and a cry. I couldn't quite tell the difference anymore, and I stopped trying.

I just enjoyed the ride.

Pain and pleasure became one and when he reached between my legs once again, my arousal seeped down enough to coat my thighs. I blushed as I felt a drop roll down my flesh and he slapped my pussy lightly. I expected it to hurt, but it didn't. It was magnificent.

"Kol, please," I begged.

I couldn't even begin to deny it anymore. His belt had turned my body into a sizzling mess of needy arousal and there was nothing more that I wanted than to come and for him to force it from me.

"You used that pretty mouth so wonderfully yesterday, didn't you?" he asked, using his finger to lightly tease my clit and I had trouble even thinking about a response.

"Yes," I eventually managed. My voice trembled with that single syllable, showcasing how much I was struggling with my passionate heat.

"Because you were such a good girl, I'm going to give you a choice now."

I trembled, afraid and aroused.

“Would you like more of the belt? Or are you ready for my cock?”

My breath stuck in the back of my throat, and I opened and closed my mouth, trying to find the words and none came. Both options would hurt, but in two very different ways. His belt painted fire across my ass and his cock would undoubtedly split me in two. As if he understood my struggle, the pads of his fingers pressed more firmly on my clit.

“I want to come,” I whined.

“That’s not what I asked, angel,” he scolded.

Without any warning, he pulled his hand away and used the tip of the belt to spank my pussy directly. He did that twice more until my sensitive folds burned with fire. It was brutal at first, but when it started to fade, a simmering desire took its place.

His touch burned. I needed more.

“Please,” I tried.

“My belt or my cock, angel,” he demanded.

I knew that I was treading on thin ice. If I wavered for much longer, he would likely punish my pussy even harder. I closed my eyes. I knew the answer. I just had to will myself to say the words.

“Your cock,” I forced myself to whisper.

After I said the words, it seemed like the entire world went silent. The only thing I could hear was the frantically nervous beat of my heart. My pussy seemed to beat in tune with it, throwing me in a tailspin of desire and panic. I closed my eyes and licked my lips, waiting for what was to come.

There. I’d said it. I’d asked for him to fuck me and now my fear was spiraling out of control. I knew how massive his cock was. I’d never taken any man before, and I was begging for him to take my virginity and fuck me with that absolute beast.

I prayed for time to stop. It didn’t.

His hand pulled away from my pussy, venturing up the cleft of my ass and circling along my lower back. His touch traced



liquid fire across my skin, igniting every nerve and overwhelming my senses. My heartbeat was borderline frantic. He laid the belt down beside me and I stared at it, consumed by the heat it had painted across my ass and stoked within my body.

He reached over my head and slowly untied the ties around my wrists. I watched the silken cloth fall away on the bed and I stretched my fingers, now free. His body pressed against mine and I could feel the steel of his cock against my scorched backside. I bit my lip and closed my eyes. The tips of his fingers trailed down the length of my spine, making me shiver. I sucked in a breath when his touch left me.

Waiting was the cruelest part.

I heard the rustle of fabric behind me and swallowed hard. I imagined him removing his shirt and envisioned the hard planes of his chest. He sat down beside me and untied the leather cord of his boots, pulling them off and jostling the bed slightly as he did so. I bit my lip when he stood up and I started when he laid his clothes beside me.

My pussy clenched expectantly.

This was it. He was going to take me just like this, from behind. Would it be hard and fast? Would he go slow at the beginning? Would it hurt more than I could bear?

My legs trembled and he placed a steadying hand on my waist. Then, unexpectedly, he wrapped his arms around me and laid me down flat on my back. Startled, I gazed up into the bonfire burning in his eyes. I bit back a cry, flinching slightly as my scorched ass pressed against the bed. He climbed up on the bed beside me, keeping his gaze on mine. Balanced on one knee, he used the other to spread my legs open as his hand trailed down to cup my pussy.

He teased me for a moment and I pouted, already incredibly sensitive and needy. With a knowing smirk, he leaned down and nipped my lip. The hard line of his cock pressed against my thigh, and I could have sworn I felt it pulse. That was going inside me. Fuck.

How was I going to take it?

My pussy clamped down hard, wanting it despite my nervousness. When I pushed my lower lip out further in what I thought was most certainly the best pout of my life, he chuckled and kissed me so hard that I was convinced my lips bruised. His hand slapped my pussy firmly enough to sting and I whimpered into his mouth. As if I had somehow fueled him to kiss me harder, he grasped the back of my neck and slid his tongue between my lips. By the time he pulled away, I was breathless.

I must have looked like a starry-eyed doe staring back at him.

“I love the taste of you when you’re afraid of me,” he growled, and he leaned down to lightly bite my nipple.

“Please,” I tried.

He moved over me, and his cock brushed against my pussy for the first time. I couldn’t stop myself from whimpering in nervous arousal, and he kissed my cheek.

“This is your first time, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” I breathed as he pulled his hips back, angling the head of his cock so that it just touched my entrance.

I glanced up into his eyes, unable to quell my rising panic.

“I’ll be gentle at first, angel,” he reassured me. He pulled back and forth, teasing me with his length against my tender clit until I was practically writhing beneath him.

“Kol,” I whispered.

“Are you ready for me?”

I gazed up at him, losing myself in all that was him. He could take me if he wanted regardless of if I was willing or not. He was stronger than any human. He could overpower me in an instant, but he hadn’t done that. He’d left it up to me. My clit throbbed, and I began feeling things for this man that I definitely shouldn’t.

I was willing. I did want this even though I knew I shouldn’t.

“Yes,” I finally managed.

“I’m going to make you come so hard for me,” he growled and in an instant, he thrust into me, and my vision went red with sudden pain, but then he stilled.

The agony was sharp for several seconds and I struggled to take it. Desperately, I cried out and he kissed me, swallowing my sounds as he lightly caressed my breast, trying to comfort me through the initial pain. Slowly, he coaxed me back and the pain lessened, dimmed by the blossoming surge of pleasure from his soft touch. Eventually, the pain turned into a dull ache and my body started to grow impatient. I kissed him back with just as much fervor and then he pulled out a tiny bit before thrusting deep inside me again. I cried out, the pain returning for a brief second before it billowed away like ash on the wind.

“Please. I want you to fuck me,” I begged.

My entire body was trembling, as if I was a rubber band stretched tight and about to snap. He teased me, thrusting into and out of me slowly. It drove me wild, and I rocked my hips, trying to force him to take me deeper and faster.

“I’m enjoying myself, angel,” he whispered, his voice tickling the hair beside my ear.

“But...” I tried and he cut me off.

“I will fuck you good and hard when I’m ready, angel. You may have had a choice to take my belt or my cock, but that was the only thing up to you.”

My heart palpitated and I panted hot and heavy. I had thought for a moment that he’d given me control, but it had only been for a fleeting moment. I burned hot, my core an absolute inferno of passionate desire. He worked his cock into me slowly, inch by inch until I could feel the head brushing against my cervix. My body fought him, the burning stretch painful and wonderful all at the same time.

“You’re so tight,” he breathed.

He was so big.

I wound my arm around his neck, holding on as his thrusts started to increase in both pace and intensity. Every single one

brought a fierce bite of pain, but that only made me even needier.

“Please, I want to come,” I begged.

He kissed the side of my neck, and I moaned. His other hand grasped my hip firmly and then he slammed into me hard enough to make me cry.

“I’m done being gentle. It’s time you screamed for me.”

His cock pumped into me so roughly that I thought he was going to split me wide open. His pelvis brushed against my clit, rubbing it just right with every thrust. With vicious intent, he took me hard, forcing his massive cock into my sore pussy and I writhed beneath him. I found my body rocking in tune with him. I lifted my hips so that each thrust felt deeper. The head of his cock slammed against my cervix, and I knew that I would feel this fucking for days after.

I turned my head, just catching a glimpse of the belt. The welts on my backside throbbed and my pussy tightened around his thick length, giving me pleasure and pain all at the same time. I moaned, the sound shameful and needy, and his lips started kissing down the line of my shoulder. My body started to tremble.

I was so close.

I gripped at him, holding on as he rode me hard. My release threatened to break at any moment, and I didn’t know how much longer I could hold on.

“Are you going to come for me, angel?”

“Yes,” I cried.

“Good. Come for me,” he demanded.

My body obeyed him. There wasn’t even time for me to think about it. Mind-numbing ecstasy rolled through me, hot and intense and consuming from the start. My thighs quivered as my pussy clamped down like a vise around his cock. It hurt, but that only spurred my orgasm that much higher. I dug my nails into his back. My nails were longer and would have scratched a normal human man, but he wasn’t that.

He was a monster.

*My* monster.

I shattered beneath him, losing myself in the savagery of pleasure, and by the time my head came down from the clouds, I realized something that terrified me to the core. He hadn't come yet, and he showed no signs of slowing down. He pumped into me with just as much fervor as he had at the start. My sore pussy revolted. My muscles tried to push him out, but at the same time my body accepted every inch of him with staggering greed.

That first orgasm had exhausted me, but I had a feeling that whatever came after was going to destroy me.

He slammed into me repeatedly, and I fearfully succumbed to my pleasure when it inevitably rose again. I tried to push it away, but the way he was taking me was driving me wild. His fingers dug into my hip, forcing me down time and time again so he could fill me up to the breaking point.

"Kol," I pleaded, wanting more at the same time that I was afraid to keep going.

"I'm far from through with you, angel," he purred. He accentuated every syllable with a rough thrust, and I clenched down around him as my fears came to life.

"I can't," I whispered.

"Yes, you can. You're far from done," he answered, his tone leaving nothing open to negotiation.

I shivered, knowing he was right. His arm wound around my waist, lifting my lower half off the bed. Just when I thought he couldn't fuck me any deeper, he did. Every last inch sank into me with excruciating savagery and something broke within me. I started to seek it out again. My need rose and rose until I couldn't tell pain from pleasure, and everything just pushed me toward a second more devastating release. I shook my head back and forth, wanting to fight it even though I knew it was inevitable.

"That's it, angel. Come all over my cock," he breathed.

My eyes rolled back in my head. I dug into his shoulders, holding on as that brutal orgasm savaged me. Pleasure surged out from my core, traveling down every limb, and settling in the tips of my fingers and toes. Every muscle tightened with bliss and then I started to quake.

I expected him to slow down. He just fucked me harder.

My moan quickly transformed into a scream, and his lips descended onto mine. He swallowed my screams as I suffered beneath him, and a terrible thought occurred to me.

My ass was striped bright red from his belt. My pussy was aching and sore from his cock.

He wasn't going to stop after a second orgasm. I would be lucky if he finally came with my third one. He had so much more stamina than I thought. He would force as many orgasms from me as he wanted.

That frightened me, but at the same my body kept responding. His fingertips flitted across my breast, and I arched into his touch. When he kissed me, I kissed him in return and when he fucked me, my hips kept rising to meet his thrusts.

I was lost and he knew it.

He lifted my hips a bit higher and then I opened my eyes, finally catching a glimpse of his tail. The muscles of my ass tensed, and my pussy clamped down on his cock, but my clit throbbed hard enough to make my hips jerk. The soft scales slid against the side of my ass, before it slipped down and swirled in the wetness that had dripped down my thighs. He coated the tip of his tail thoroughly with my own arousal before he brushed it along the cleft of my backside. It was slick. I tried to fight him, but he pinned my arms above my head with embarrassing ease.

“You will take my tail or my cock in that tight little bottom, angel. Your choice,” he warned.

“You can't,” I begged, and he used his cock to punish my pussy. His thrusts took a cruel turn and pain flitted through me.

“Choose, angel,” he demanded.

His cock was far larger than his tail and there was no question in my mind that it would hurt far more. I bit my lip, my head not wanting either, yet my clit seeming to demand both.

I went with the lesser of two very shameful evils.

“Your tail,” I whispered, my pussy more thoroughly used than I thought possible.

The tip of his tail prodded between my cheeks, and I tried my best not to clench around it. It finally settled on top of my bottom hole, and I tried to do my best to remain calm while my needy arousal seemingly surged out of control.

I shouldn't want this.

Worse, I shouldn't want to come with both my pussy and bottom full of him.

But I *did*.

“Good choice. I'll leave the fucking of your final virgin hole for another night,” he whispered, and it was at that moment that his tail forced itself inside me.

Slickened by my own wetness, the narrow tip slipped into me with ease. It felt foreign at first, pinching slightly and I bit my lip, trying to keep quiet so that he didn't find out that it had caused a jolt of pleasure to race straight to my clit too. I couldn't keep quiet for long. He pushed more of it inside me, and I quickly realized that his tail widened far too quickly for my liking. The further it sank inside me, the more it stretched my tight little hole wide open in a way it wasn't supposed to be stretched.

“Fuck. I knew that pretty little ass would be tight, but it's better than I could have hoped for,” he purred.

My asshole clenched around his tail, and he groaned.

“It hurts,” I whined, and he thrust it in deeper.

Pain radiated around my tender hole, surging up and down my spine with wild abandon. I was already full of his cock and his tail made me feel like I was stuffed to the brim. The stretching burn was intense for several more agonizing moments before he pulled his tail out a bit and thrust it back in. It hurt a little

less, but it still burned red hot. He did that several more times and soon I was thrashing beneath him with passionate desire.

I shouldn't like this.

"Please," I begged.

"Do you need to come like this, angel? Stuffed full of my cock and my tail?"

I did need to come that way. I rocked my hips up and he pumped his cock in and out of me. His tail thrust in hard, sinking in a little deeper each time and stretching my tight little hole open for his sordid use.

"Yes," I wailed.

"Then beg for me, angel."

"Please! Please let me come, my king."

"More," he demanded.

"Please fuck my sore little pussy with your cock," I tried, and he kissed the side of my neck, thrusting into me slowly.

"Please fuck my ass with your tail," I finally tried, struggling to get the shameful words out of my mouth because it was hard enough to admit to myself what I wanted, let alone straight to his face.

"Fuck. You're perfect, angel," he whispered and then my true fucking began.

It hurt.

I loved it.

Pleasure and pain morphed into a single harrowing sensation. My blood surged and I half thought it was boiling inside me. My mouth opened and I couldn't contain my screams anymore, so I stopped trying. My whole body started to shake, and I held onto him as tightly as I could.

"That's it. Come for me," he roared.

My third orgasm hit me like a freight train, exploding in a crescendo of light and sound that devastated me completely. My toes curled and every muscle in my body clamped down,



yet still he fucked me hard, dragging out every second of that soul-shattering orgasm that he could. I moaned. I screamed. I writhed and thrashed, but still my fucking continued. My reluctant asshole convulsed around his tail and my inner walls milked his cock for everything that it was worth.

“Please come with me,” I finally managed to beg. I didn’t know if I could stand another orgasm like this.

White blinding ecstasy circled around me, and I closed my eyes, focusing completely on the scorching hot pleasure surging between my thighs. My clit throbbed and my legs convulsed.

“Please,” I pleaded.

“You want my seed, angel?”

“Yes,” I cried out, increasingly frantic with desperation.

His hips surged forward, and his tail fucked me harder.

“Then you’ll come once more for me,” he demanded, and I cried out. I didn’t know if I could take it, but I knew it wasn’t up to me.

He wanted me to come, and I gave him my surrender.

That fourth orgasm had no lead up, but it didn’t need one. My sore body simply obeyed his demand, and a mystical tingle sizzled through my body. Maybe this was my destiny. Maybe ending up with this beast of a man was my fate after all.

I closed my eyes, drowning in a black hole of soul-crushing bliss as he roared. I felt his cock pulse inside me and every part of me shook. My thighs tightened around his waist as he surged forward and slammed so deep inside of me that my eyes started to water. The first spurt of his seed inside me was like a firestorm. My pussy burned and then another one followed. And then another.

I came for a fifth time. There was nothing I could do to prepare for it. My screams turned my throat hoarse as my body took over completely. There was nothing other than agonizing pleasure.

I held onto him as we came together, needing him to hold me together as he broke me apart. I shattered into a million pieces as his cum surged deep inside me, bouncing against my cervix as he kept fucking me.

By the time that final orgasm ended, I was delirious. It took everything to keep pulling air in and out my lungs so that I could slow the frantic beat of my heart. My skin was so warm I felt feverish, and I was thankful for his arms wrapped around me because they felt as if they were the only thing keeping me together.

I sniffled, tentatively reaching up to touch my cheek only to find it wet. That orgasm had made me cry and I hadn't even realized it. I began to sob, and he held me even tighter, leaving me full of him as I came down. When I started to tremble, he kissed my shoulders and every part of me he could possibly reach with his lips.

"Such a good girl. You came so hard for me, didn't you," he praised.

"Yes," I breathed, unable to utter anything else.

Without meaning to, my muscles clenched around him, and I moaned, feeling every bit of soreness throughout my body all at once. He brushed a lock of hair off my forehead, his gaze searching my face. I was too exhausted to even blush for him anymore.

"I want you to know how radiant you are right now. I'm going to remember you like this forever, angel."

His thumb brushed across my cheekbone, gentle and tender. When his digit passed over my lips, I kissed it, and he smiled down at me.

"Simply breathtaking," he whispered.

For a while he laid there beside me. He didn't rush to pull out of me, leaving me full of him and his seed. As much as I expected to hate it, there was a much bigger part of me that was comforted by it. I curled up against him, pressing my forehead against his chest as my tears dried and the numbness

in my body faded. A deep satisfaction spread outward from my core, making my limbs tingle, and I sighed happily.

When I'd finally calmed down, he kissed my forehead and removed his tail from my sore bottom hole. He gently thrust his cock in and out of me and I blushed at the indecently wet sound of it. When he pulled out of me, I closed my eyes, a bit disappointed at the emptiness that came with it.

I closed my eyes and fell fast asleep in his arms.

## CHAPTER 13



*K*ol

I was in way over my head.

I'd done my duty. I'd taken her just as fate had demanded and now the rift would be closed for a period of time and my people would be safe. Today, I would need to send her back and I didn't want to. I wanted to keep her here safe in my bed.

Tentatively, I reached for her, wanting to touch her, but I pulled back at the last second. My heart hurt as I gazed at her. This was only supposed to be temporary, and I'd done things with her that I'd never done with anyone else. I'd kissed her. I'd held her and dried her tears. Her happiness had been paramount to me, and it still was.

I feared I'd feel that way forever.

The terrifying moment when the warg gnashed its jaws with full intent to maim her flashed before my eyes. She wouldn't have stood a chance. That beast would have torn through her fragile human flesh like it was nothing more than a game. I'd moved as fast as I could, knowing every second counted.

I'd seen the fear in her eyes, and I'd lost control, ripping through the pack of wargs with a sense of viciousness that only a monster like me was capable of. I'd done it all to protect her. Then, when I'd brought her back, all I could see was that fear and I'd wanted to do anything to chase it away. I wanted her to feel safe here.

I wanted her to feel safe *with me*.

I don't know why that was important to me.

I was a king. I had more important duties to attend to than a frail human female, so why did I keep coming back to her?

Why did I want to keep her as mine?

Centuries ago, an ancient royal seer had uttered a prophecy. She had forecasted the end of the world should the barriers between realms fall. It would be an apocalypse of epic proportions. The magic that had passed through her was so strong that it bled into other worlds, even the human one. Throughout history, several groups had been touched by that fateful foretelling. The Vikings called it Ragnarök. Christians foretold Armageddon and the Greeks told it as Titanomachy. Many cultures had stories of the end of times, but what they didn't know was that apocalypse was meant for my world, not theirs.

The barriers between realms were not permanent. The magic keeping my realm safe from Helheim or Icegard needed to be reinforced with the magic that was released upon a mating between my kind and a human female touched by realm magic. If I neglected my duty, the barriers would collapse and a war to end all wars would fall upon us. Ancient magic would be released, and terrible beasts would set upon my lands and my people. Once the barriers fell, there would be no going back. My world would come to an end.

It was my duty to prevent that.

Hayleigh's bloodline contained a latent, magical ability that originated from the beginnings of Blazelheim. Taking her as fate demanded would save the realm, but I felt like there was more to her than just that. She was different. I'd felt the thunderous boom of magic when I'd first kissed her. She'd set something in motion that couldn't be stopped, and I needed to find out what that was.

And it was all pivotal on me sending her back home or staying here with me.

I stared down at her for another moment, wanting to stay here like this forever, but I knew that I couldn't. I slowly uncurled myself from her arms and dressed, moving as silently as I could as to not wake her. I'd used her hard last night. With a wistful smile, I headed to the king's table. I needed a full report on what had escaped through the rift during the last day and what needed to be handled now that it was closed.

I walked down the hall and climbed up several flights of stairs until I reached my throne room. I segued into the main conference room, where my royal attendants were already gathered. They looked nervous. Giles appeared especially agitated. Beside him, Piplan was wringing his hands and pacing back and forth. Giles was my hand and the sitting chair of my council. He acted in my stead on my orders when certain circumstances demanded it. Piplan was my master of coin, the realm's treasurer. He directed the funds of all the affairs of Blazelheim, or at least the ones that demanded a king's voice.

"My king." Giles bowed his head respectfully.

His voice was trembling just the slightest bit. This was unlike him, and it put me on immediate edge. I looked around the room. My entire small council was here. They were all seated, aside from Giles and Piplan. It was obvious that the two of them had been volunteered to deliver whatever news I needed to hear. The commander of my armies, the master of law, my chief advisor, as well as a representative from every species from elves, to humans, to dwarfs, all looked petrified. They fidgeted with their hands, putting them on the table and off it. The tension kept mounting and I cleared my throat in annoyance.

"Out with it," I demanded.

Piplan looked wide eyed. He jerked his gaze away from mine to Giles, as did everyone else in the room. He gulped hard enough for me to see his Adam's apple bob up and down from across the room.

"My king, there has been a development," he began.

I waited.

“Our mages sensed the expected release of magic from your mating with the destined human,” he continued, trying to beat around the bush.

This whole charade was starting to test my patience.

“Yes. I fucked her,” I replied flatly, and he dropped his gaze for a second in embarrassment before deciding to continue.

“We had several units posted in the badlands, set in place to deal with whatever broke through the rift as it was sealed, but it didn’t go as expected, your majesty,” he wavered.

Not knowing what to do with his hands, he’d folded them behind his waist. He had pulled his shoulders back and lifted his chin, but it didn’t make him appear any more confident.

“I’m waiting, Giles. What do I need to know? Why have you gathered my whole council for me this morning?”

“The rift didn’t close, my king. It did the opposite, in fact. It ripped open even wider,” he finally managed to say, and I stilled.

“It didn’t close,” I echoed. I couldn’t have heard that right.

“No, my king.” He dropped his gaze.

“Do the mages have any ideas why? Did the magic falter? Do I need to fuck her again?” I asked, my disbelief rising.

“I met with the mages before coming here and they informed me that the magic was just as expected. Nothing was wrong with it. It was a perfect mixture of light and dark. It should have sealed the rift,” he explained.

I stood there, more than a little dumbfounded. I’d done everything I was supposed to do. My realm was supposed to be safe.

“We await your orders, my king,” Giles finally managed, and I let out a breath.

I lifted my hand, running my fingers through my hair. I understood their tension now. They were afraid and they needed their leader.

“What is the current status of the badlands?” I asked wearily.

“For the moment, activity has slowed. We were able to capture a single succubus in a pulse net. With no prodding or force at all, she offered a warning that Helheim was preparing for an attack. She said that the Dark King was planning to burn Blazelheim to the ground,” Giles continued.

Piplan took a seat and I slid into mine at the head of the table.

“We need to begin preparations ourselves,” Arathorn said simply. He was my master of war and the lord commander of all armies in Blazelheim. He directed the humans, fae, elves, dwarfs, and mages, coordinating all of them in times of war.

There was no time to waste. We had to be ready now.

For the next several hours, I worked together with my council to direct preparations for a battle like we’d never seen before. All the kingdom’s funds would go toward making weapons and building our armies. Every nonessential function would be canceled. Food would be rationed in case travel routes and sources were destroyed. Protective walls would be built by magic, making the city a veritable fortress that would protect all those inside it.

When the meeting ended, I released everyone aside from Giles and the lady commander of the mages, Zilyana. Her piercing lavender eyes searched mine and I wondered absentmindedly if they were her own. Some mages chose to keep their real faces, others decided on a glamor and a rebirth into the world with a new name along with it. I wasn’t certain which she had chosen. Her kind generally kept that choice a closely guarded secret.

She dipped her head, as did I. By birthright, she was the most powerful mage in the realm and as strong as I was, I wasn’t certain I could defeat her in battle. I had no idea how old she really was, but I knew the time of her birth was more than a thousand years ago. She’d been sitting at the king’s table for a very long time and her knowledge was invaluable. I gave her every bit of respect she deserved.

“My king,” she said softly. Her long brown hair fell in waves over her shoulders. She lifted her eyes, her irises glinting with tension.



“I need you to gather the mages and call upon the seer,” I replied. It wasn’t really an option, but a demand.

“We haven’t called on the seer in centuries. That’s unprecedented, my king,” she said quietly. Her gaze sparked with fear.

“I want the circle of mages prepared. We will perform the ceremony and open the portal without delay,” I commanded.

“The spell is a dangerous one,” she said softly.

I knew it was. During my reign, we hadn’t once called the seer, nor did my father or my grandfather, or his father before that. The ceremony to call on the seer was perilous for the mages involved. To call on the seer meant to open a portal between us and the in-between, and that sometimes required sacrifice, be it a mage’s life, their magic, or something else. The seer never met with anyone without a tribute, but they were the ones that decided what they took. There was always a price for the seer’s advice.

“This might be the end of times, Zilyana. I can’t leave a single stone unturned. The realm depends on it,” I answered.

“I will make preparations, my king.” She bowed her head.

“Thank you.”

I turned to walk away and check on the state of the city and the castle, but she cleared her throat.

“Your majesty?” she asked tentatively.

“What is it, Zilyana?”

“The human... What if something’s wrong with her? What if the Dark King sent her to infiltrate our ranks and tricked us all?” she offered. Her eyes were ablaze with mistrust and challenge. She was true to her nature. Mages didn’t generally trust other species, be it elf or dwarf or human.

I swallowed hard, not wanting to even think about the possibility of her words, but I needed to take her warning into consideration anyway. If I had taken the wrong human, it could have backfired. There wasn’t a single instance in the past of such a thing happening. If it was possible, this would

be the first such occurrence. The worst part about it was it made sense.

If she wasn't the human fated to mate with my bloodline, the tearing of the rift would be my fault. Maybe she'd seduced me into taking her in, into taking care of her and fucking her. The demon that sat on the throne of Helheim was vicious, but he was strategic and calculated. He could have been preparing for the end of times and he could have started it all with her.

He could have sent her to be my realm's downfall.

"I will question her myself," I rumbled.

"I will take my leave, your majesty." Zilyana bowed her head.

I nodded once and watched her walk out of the room with her head held high. I wanted to hate that she had thought of something so simple and obvious, but I knew I couldn't.

I was king and I had to deal with the possibility of betrayals and coups every day. This one just hit that much closer to home.

If it was true, a part of my heart just might die.

## CHAPTER 14



*H*ayleigh

A sudden chill swept through the room, and I shivered hard, pulling the covers over my shoulders in an effort to keep warm. I opened my eyes, turning and searching for Kol. When I found myself alone again, I sighed with open disappointment. I wished he would stay with me through the night. It would be really nice to wake up safe in his arms for once.

I glanced over to the table, noticing that there was a fresh set of platters laid out for breakfast. For a moment, I wondered how they got there. Was it magic? Did someone come in and deliver them? Had they seen me naked?

I blushed at that last thought.

I laid there for a while before I finally convinced myself to climb out of bed. It seemed colder in the room than usual, and I hurried over to his wardrobe to dig out a thick long-sleeve shirt. I tied it around my waist with the same belt he'd used last night. I brushed my fingers against the soft leather, remembering the sordid events with a warm, fuzzy fondness. I reached back and cupped my bare backside, noticing that it was just as sore as my pussy.

I was slightly disappointed that my bottom hole wasn't just as sore as the rest of me.

I shrugged a soft fur over my shoulders and settled down to enjoy one of the flaky berry pastries. The crust was so crumbly and the fruity flavor so vibrant that I savored every bite. Every meal I'd had here topped the one before it. I really didn't know how they could get any better, but they did. Honestly, I was really starting to like this place better than back home. The longer I was here in Blazelheim, the more I felt like I'd escaped what would have been a miserable life back on Earth.

I didn't have to deal with my father or the hardships of the real world anymore. I didn't have to worry about money or bills or the people in my life that didn't give a damn about me. Here, I actually mattered to someone. Hell, I cared more for Kol than I'd ever had for anyone else in my life.

If I was honest with myself, I might even love him.

I put down the pastry and stared at it. Did he feel the same way about me? I lifted my fingers to my lips, reigniting the tingle that his lips had left on mine. I didn't know how he felt, but I did know that when he held me, he squeezed me tight, almost as if he didn't want to let me go. When he'd rescued me from the wargs and we'd flown back here safely, I'd seen the fear in his eyes, and it wasn't from the bloody battle. He'd been afraid to lose me, and I'd felt that through my entire being.

Every touch of his fingers tracing down my spine, every hard grasp, every soft kiss revealed his feelings for me. At the very least, he cared about me. At the most, he loved me.

I curled the furs around me and breathed in deep, taking in his comforting scent with a soft sigh. I could get used to life here. I was just taking a sip of the delicious drink that was something between coffee and hot chocolate when the steel door burst open and slammed into the wall so hard that I could have sworn the rock walls rattled. I glanced up, startled. Kol stood in the doorway, his face an utter mask of anger and viciousness the likes of which I had never seen, and it was directed solely at me.

"I want answers," he demanded. His eyes were blazing hot, a bright red that flickered with murderous rage, and it terrified me.

“What?” I managed. Afraid, I pushed up from the chair and took a step back, wanting to put as much distance between us as possible.

“Who sent you?” he roared.

“Sent me? What are you talking about?” I asked, confused and equally horrified.

“Did Helheim send you? Is that where you’re from?” he pushed.

“What? No,” I blurted out, furrowing my brow in bewilderment.

“It would make sense. Helheim has been looking forward to the severing of the barriers between realms for a long time. I wouldn’t put it past the Dark King to send a woman in his stead to secure his place as the one that sits on the final throne,” he yelled.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” I whispered, my terror growing in spades.

“It was your fate to lay beneath me. You were supposed to be the one that would seal the rift,” he explained, his patience waning.

“Did it not?”

“No. You tore the rift even further,” he snapped.

“I don’t...”

“I want answers. Are you the devil’s whore or not?”

All words left me, and my heart broke a little at the wild accusation. I had no idea what he was talking about. He’d been the one to come to Earth. He’d been the one to rip me away from my home and bring me here. I bit my lip.

Maybe this was why all the women in my family had come back a broken shell. Maybe they’d fallen in love only to have their hearts torn right out of their chests by a heartless dragon king.

“Kol... I...” I began, shaking my head and losing sight of what I wanted to say in an instant.

“Leave,” he roared.

“What?”

“Go back to Helheim and tell your master that you accomplished what you were sent to do. Make sure you tell him that we are ready for him and his armies. Blazelheim will not lay down without a fight,” he exclaimed, his voice radiating with hatred and fury and utter ruthlessness.

“I didn’t,” I tried, and he shook his head.

My throat swelled and I fought back tears as he pointed toward the door. I wanted to tell him that I loved him, and I didn’t have anything to do with such terrible allegations. The fury in his eyes told me he wouldn’t listen.

The pastry fell from my fingertips and rolled on the floor. I took one step and then another until I reached the door. I turned back to face him, hoping he would suddenly realize his mistake, that I was only here for him and him alone, but his face twisted with the exact opposite of love.

Pure hatred.

I wouldn’t be able to fight against that. I dropped my head, fighting back tears as I walked out the door. I’d only just gotten past the threshold before it slammed behind me. The deafening sound was like a knife straight to the heart. It hurt nearly as much.

I only made it to the next room before I crumpled. The first sob racked through me without warning and then the tears flowed down my face like a river. I sank down to the floor and curled my arms around my knees. I shattered into pieces. I wept for a long time, mourning the loss of my true love.

He never came to find me.

\* \* \*

I’m not sure how long passed before Kenna found me. I didn’t even realize it was him until his soft, friendly voice swirled

around me and I lifted my head, vaguely aware that I wasn't alone anymore.

"Hey there," he began gently, and I couldn't stop another sob from racking my small frame.

His arms surrounded me, and he just held me in support until I managed to get a few words out.

"I need to leave the castle," I whispered, my voice breaking with emotion.

"What happened?" he asked, his genuine concern refreshing.

"The king. He thinks... He thinks I'm a traitor... from Helheim," I cried.

His expression softened with understanding.

"Come with me," he said firmly, grasping my arm and lifting me up. He practically carried me up to his chambers. When we finally stopped, I stared back at him in confusion.

"Why are we here?" I asked. I sniffled, searching his eyes for answers.

"You look like a woman that has lived a pampered life in the castle. If you want to get out of here and escape into the city, you're going to have to look like you belong there," he stated, dragging his gaze up and down my body. His lips twisted in a firm line, his entire expression perplexed.

"I've got it," he exclaimed excitedly. His hands lifted in the air, and he closed his eyes, and I watched magical threads come out of nowhere right in front of me. In a matter of minutes, a cream tunic wove together. Then a dark gray ruffled skirt threaded into one piece, along with an embroidered set of undergarments that seemed fit for a queen.

"Those look very pretty though," I pointed out and he winked suggestively.

"No one but you will know they're there, so what's the harm in it?"

His light mood was contagious. I laughed and he grinned wider. He'd given me a little levity and I adored him for that.

When he was finished weaving the clothes together, he nodded his head and turned around while I dressed. I stripped and pulled on the corseted chemise, the gorgeous pair of matching panties, and the underskirt. The undergarments he'd made for me made me feel sexy, and that only sought to fuel my confidence, which was sorely needed. I pulled on the fitted shirt and then wrapped the skirt around my waist over it.

"I'm decent," I offered, and he turned around.

In his hands was a muted scarf, a soft lavender that I adored. He slipped it beneath my hair and wrapped my hair in it.

"You look like a peasant," he gloated, smirking down at me.

"Thank you, I suppose," I said. For a moment, I was quiet.

"I'm not a traitor," I blurted out.

He reached for me, his hands squeezing my shoulders in support.

"I know you aren't," he replied quietly.

A sudden harsh knock rattled the door, and I started. My eyes must have been wide as saucers, but he shook his head.

"Don't worry. It's Elysia," he answered.

I tried to keep my answering scowl at bay, but I must have not done a good job because he chuckled.

"She's here to help," he explained, and I looked suspiciously at the door as it opened.

Somehow, she'd taken her beauty and muted it, too. She was dressed in servant's garb, but she still had the air about her that she was better than everyone else.

"Why?" I asked hesitantly.

"Elysia knows the ins and outs of the city more than anyone else. She will be your guide and find you someplace safe to go," he explained.

She nodded, her eyes softening. I stared back at her like she was some sort of strange creature that had suddenly appeared with emotions.



“The king’s fury is not something that can be tempered. When his fuse ignites, it is best that you leave him be and wait till until it burns out,” she offered.

I smiled weakly.

“Go with Elysia. She’ll lead you out of the castle and take you someplace safe,” Kenna urged.

Elysia motioned for me to follow, and when I finally took a step toward her, she smiled. It was a weird development and it left me feeling unsettled. I looked back toward Kenna to see his soft, gentle smile. I wished he’d take me instead.

“Thanks for being such a good friend,” I whispered.

“You deserve the best. Now go break some poor, unsuspecting peasant hearts,” he said, waggling his brows suggestively and I couldn’t help but laugh again. I shook my head, my smile wide, and I brushed my cheeks free of any last remnants of my tears.

I lifted my chin. I’d get through this. I was a survivor.

## CHAPTER 15



*H*ayleigh

Kenna was right. Elysia knew her way through the castle like it was the back of her hand. I was lucky to find an out the first time. This place was like a maze. She navigated through the servant wings with ease and by the time we finally ended up outside, I was sure I'd have gotten lost all on my own.

I stuck to her side as we walked the streets. We'd entered into one of the poorer sections of the city and I did my best not to look around. I didn't want to be recognized by anyone just in case Kol had changed his mind and decided to make me a fugitive of the crown.

It was hard not to dwell on how much his anger and rejection had hurt me, that he thought me capable of being a mastermind of deceit that was intent on destroying his kingdom and his people. He hadn't even given me enough time to convince him that I wasn't the evil person that he thought I was. He'd just thrown me out.

I'd envisioned today going so very differently. I had hoped he would return and pull me in for a kiss before he told me that he missed me. It hadn't gone anything like that.

I sighed as I stepped over a large bit of volcanic rock. The harsh light of the sun was beating down on the back of my neck, so I did my best to stay out of its reach. Elysia led me into the dark depths of the city, sinking deeper and deeper until the light from the red sun high overhead no longer reached us.

The gravel walkways were dark as night, and when she finally stopped and knocked three times on a scarlet red door, I breathed a sigh of relief. I could use a break. We'd walked far enough that my feet were beginning to hurt. I probably even had a blister or two on the backs of my heels.

I walked behind her into what appeared to be someone's house and I looked around, wondering if anyone lived here. It was clean enough that it didn't look abandoned, but there weren't any other obvious signs of life. I slowly moved past her as she shut the door behind us. The sound of a deadbolt turning was jarring, but it was probably necessary in case we'd been followed.

"The king thought you were a traitor then," Elysia began.

I'm not sure how she managed it, but every syllable out of her mouth felt judgmental, and I had to remind myself that she was the one that had been there for me to help me escape the castle. I should be grateful for her help.

"I don't know why," I answered quietly. I did my best, but I couldn't really hide how much it had hurt me. I looked back at her, and she cocked her head. For a second, she even seemed warm and approachable, and I thought that maybe the two of us could be friends after all.

"You're not a traitor. It was dumb for him to think that of you," she offered, and I smiled back gratefully.

"Thank you. I appreciate that," I whispered. I took a seat on the forest green couch, finding it more comfortable than it appeared. I settled in, trying to relax enough so that I could rest.

"He wasn't wrong about everything though," she continued, and I jerked my head back up.

Her expression had twisted into something darker, her eyes glinting with danger. I was instantly on high alert.

"What are you talking about?"

"There was a traitor in the castle," she stated, and my mouth went dry. The air around us had chilled and I shivered.

“How do you know?” I tried and she smiled, an evil smile that iced straight down to my core. A bad feeling started to boil over in the pit of my stomach.

“I know because that traitor is me,” she explained boldly, and my blood ran cold.

I sat there, dumbfounded for a second before a very real fear tore through me.

“Why am I here?” I finally asked with a hard swallow.

I thought she was an elf, but I knew from the books I’d read that there were various subspecies of elves, from dark to light to wood elves. I knew that she was likely much faster than me and that if I ran to the door, she’d probably catch me with ease. Slowly, I assessed my surroundings, looking for any sort of weapon and finding none.

“Not all of Blazelheim wants to keep the realms separate. My king, for instance, wants to unite them all as one under a single rule,” she began.

“Your king,” I echoed.

“Most people refer to him as the Dark King.”

“You’re from Helheim,” I accused, flying up to my feet in alarm.

“I am indeed. I’m from a very special unit that slipped through the rift when it was unguarded long ago. I’ve been working my way into the castle, all in preparation for your expected arrival,” she continued.

“What are you going to do to me?” I asked, trying to remain brave even in the face of danger.

“We’re going to make sure you never close the rift,” she stated, her voice cold and unfeeling.

At once, the room was swarmed with people in black cloaks. I couldn’t see their faces, but I could see their eyes and that was more terrifying than anything else. They were a hauntingly bright, supernatural shade of violet.

They screamed of pure evil.

When I lifted my fists to punch the closest one, myriad hands surrounded both of my arms. They pinned them roughly behind my back and I started kicking, but that only resulted in my legs being captured, too. Someone pressed a black cloth to my mouth and a sweet, flowery scent washed over me. My vision dimmed at the edges, and I tried to hold my breath, but I could only hold out for so long. My lungs burned and I struggled, trying to break free.

There were too many of them. Eventually, I had to pull in a reluctant breath. I wheezed as the sweet scent grew stronger and a wave of dizziness passed over me. My vision blackened and my limbs grew weak. I'd escaped the castle only to fall into the clutches of someone infinitely more dangerous.

I was going straight to hell.

\* \* \*

It felt like someone had taken a hammer straight to my skull. When I went to press my hand to my scalp as if that could make it better, I froze.

My wrists were bound in front of me. The rope was wound all the way up my arms, making it extremely difficult to bend them. I quickly gave up on bringing my hand to my scalp as panic billowed up inside me.

Where the fuck was I? My head felt sluggish, like I was pushing through fog to find the answers.

I laid there a while as bits and pieces came back to me. I swallowed hard, risking opening my eyes just a hair so I could see around me. Everything was bathed in a murky darkness. I could just barely make out the outlines of several people around a campfire. My head pounded and I suppressed a sigh, needing to keep quiet so that I didn't alert my captors of the fact that I was awake. I tested the bonds again, finding that they had no give. The rope was so tight it hurt.

I was lying on my side, my head pressed against the ground. Several small pebbles dug into my skull, and I did my best to ignore them. My heart was pounding loudly in my chest. I

drew air into my lungs deliberately slowly, trying to calm myself down. When I felt more in control, I tilted my head a bit to look up at the sky. From what I could tell, we were somewhere in the city, but it was far enough underground where the light from the sun didn't really reach. I lifted my head a little more, trying to get a better view.

The figures were gathered in a circle. All of them were hooded so I couldn't tell one from the other. Their cloaks were the blackest black I'd ever seen, so dark that it seemed like the fabric swallowed all the light around them. In this world, I suppose that might even be possible.

They were chanting something, their voices a low rumble that mixed together and sounded as one. I closed my eyes and listened, wanting to gather all the clues before I gave myself away.

*We see you, Dark King*

*We bow in the shadow of your darkness*

I stiffened slightly. I knew enough of this world from my readings and what Kol had mentioned in the past. They were talking about the demon king in Helheim, the one that wanted to rip apart the barriers between realms and bring about the end of times.

*We are your disciples, Dark King*

*It is our mission to free you from your cage*

I shivered, cold fear freezing in my veins.

*We will unite the realms in your honor*

*And you will finally take the one true throne*

They started mumbling something else, but it was unintelligible. I imagined that it might be some other sort of language because soon their voices started to rise in song. I didn't know what the words were, but the intention of it came through loud and clear. It rang through my body, and a truly bad feeling settled deep in my bones. Unable to stand the pebbles digging into my head, I slowly lifted it and groaned as the world started to spin. My head pounded and one of the cloaked figures stood up.

“Our little prize is finally awake,” a voice purred, and I vaguely recognized it as Elysia's. She sounded different. Her voice was less elegant somehow, and her skin had a taken on a grayish hue.

“What are you?”

She smiled, her eyes glinting with a dark purple that almost bordered on black.

“Did you think I was an elf, sweet child?” she asked, and I stared at her.

Gooseflesh rose over every inch of my body, revealing my anxious nerves. If she noticed, she said nothing.

“Where am I?” I tried.

She cocked her head, her crooked smile growing with amusement. Then it surpassed anything that could be remotely natural. Her villainous stare burned into me and then she threw her head back and laughed.

“Who are you? What are you going to do with me? Where have you taken me?” she mocked, cackling with laughter, and I did my best to lift myself up enough so that I was sitting upright. The sound of her voice burrowed into my heart like a worm, and I anxiously scooted backwards.

“Your fear is absolutely divine,” she purred. She crawled forward on all fours, and I noticed that her nails had sharpened into claws.

“The Dark King sent you,” I said bluntly.

She clicked her tongue like a cricket, and I did my best not to grimace at the sound.

“Yes,” she answered, sitting back on her haunches like a feral dog ready to strike.

“Was Elysia ever real?” I asked softly.

“She was... Once,” she answered, and my blood ran cold. Her malicious smile said everything.

“You killed her,” I whispered, horrified.

“She was a spiteful thing, but well worth it. I especially enjoyed the taste of her flesh. You see, I’m a changeling, naïve human. When I consume someone, I can take on their appearance and I especially like this one. She’s very pretty, no?”

In all the books I’d devoured in the library, not even one mentioned her kind. I swallowed hard, taking in the bitter darkness in her gaze as she stared back at me.

“I have no plans to take yours. You’re not exactly my type,” she snapped.

“What are you going to do with me?”

“You’re just full of questions this morning,” she barked, her annoyance with me at a peak.

I decided to change tactics.

“Tell me about the Dark King,” I tried. I kept my expression free of anger, trying to feign genuine interest so that I could figure out how to navigate myself out of this.

“He chose me, you know. Out of all the creatures in Helheim, he chose me,” she grinned, her aggravation disappearing in the advent of raw devotion. “I don’t know what he sees in you though. I don’t think you would make a very good queen.”

I stilled for a second, digesting her revelation. Why would the Dark King want me? I was nothing more than a simple girl from Earth. I guessed that her role was to get me through the rift to him alive, or at least I hoped so.

I kept pressing.



“He must think pretty highly of you if he picked you out of all the monsters of his realm,” I praised. She seemed to respond well to the compliment, and she grinned again, this time without murderous intent. That was a win, I guess.

“He knew I could infiltrate the castle to find you. My ability for mimicry is beyond reproach. I’m the best in the kingdom,” she answered proudly.

“And the people with you? Did he pick them as well?”

“My disciples? They follow me.”

“Your disciples?” I echoed in confusion.

“We are the most devout sect in all of Helheim, anointed by the Dark King himself. The Clan of Eternal Darkness has been in power for millennia and I have the honor of carrying the highest title,” she gloated. She was proud of herself, and it showed.

I kept playing on that.

“Should I call you Elysia or do you go by another name?”

She studied me for a moment, cocking her head and assessing me.

“Mais,” she answered.

The others stood, and she peered back over her shoulder. She glanced up at the darkening sky, her gaze following the setting of the sun.

“Enough of this talk. It is time to go,” she spat.

Roughly, she reached down and grabbed my upper arm. She forced me to my feet, and I cried out as her nails dug into my flesh. With a look of annoyance, she squeezed tighter, and I bit my lip in order to keep quiet. There would be no mercy from her. The best I could do was to go along with it until I could figure out how to escape.

She grabbed the end of the rope and jerked me toward her. I pitched forward, almost falling flat on my face. I was able to recover though, walking behind her as she glanced mockingly

over her shoulder. There was a disappointed look on her face, and I knew that her actions had been deliberate.

The rest of her disciples followed without a word, billowing out behind us in a protective formation. The streets were abandoned at this time of day, and if anyone caught a glimpse of us, they disappeared quickly into their homes. My wrists burned from the rough rope fibers and several of the knots dug into my flesh. I kept my lips shut, knowing better than to complain. It would only result in more of her cruelty.

I stumbled and Mais yanked the rope a bit harder. I bit back a cry as the bonds dug into my skin. There was no doubt in my mind that my wrists would be at least bruised, if not bloody. I studied the streets, keeping track of every turn and landmark we passed. The cliff sides reaching up to either side of me were overpowering, making me feel more like a prisoner with every step. I caught sight of several pairs of eyes watching us from above, but not even one said anything. They just hid and my hopes diminished.

No one was going to be looking for me. Kol had turned his back on me, and Kenna had sent me off with Elysia, not knowing she'd been a changeling that was hell bent on delivering me straight into the hands of the enemy. My hopes fled. The night grew long, and I looked to the sky, hoping the dawn would come soon. The disciples didn't stop for anything. They drove forward and I kept with them as best as I could even though exhaustion started to billow inside me.

I had a feeling they wouldn't stop till morning, and I was right. When the reddish glow of the sunrise finally broke through the darkness, I could see that we'd reached the city limits. Even though I'd escaped this place once before, I didn't recognize where we were now. I couldn't see past the overarching cliffs to discern any kind of direction, not that it much mattered at this point.

Mais dragged me ahead and she sent one of her cloaked disciples to scout out an abandoned cave. I followed her inside. It grew so dark I could hardly see my hand in front of my face. I tried to slow down and feel out my steps, but I fell anyway and scuffed my hands on the sharp edges of a rock.

Mais reached down and lifted me by the back of the neck. Her eyes were glowing purple now. Her pupils were far larger, rimmed by thick-lined irises that shimmered with a ghostly hue. It was deeply unsettling.

It took a long time for my vision to adjust to the dim lighting. The others moved about with ease, naturally acclimated to the darkness. One of them built a fire in the center of the cave and as much as I hated the smoke, I moved a bit closer as I sought out its warmth. It was the only thing that gave me comfort that day.

And the day after that. And the one after that.

In that time, we left the confines of the city and entered into the bleakness of the burning badlands. Towering rock pinnacles belched with fire and smoke. The ground beneath our feet was hard sand and gray, sooty ash. There were several sulfurous hot springs in which we paused just long enough to gather water, and the terrible scent lingered on our clothes long after we left them. When I caught a glimpse of my reflection, I saw that my face was covered in streaked gray soot. I went to dip my hands in the water, but then I saw that it was boiling.

This land was hellfire.

I pulled back, not wanting to burn myself. The disciples of the eternal darkness looked right at home. If they were comfortable in this horrific place, then what was Helheim like?

I never caught sight of the faces under their cloaks. Mais was the only one that ever revealed hers. The others remained ominously nameless and faceless. To keep myself sane, I named them, and imagined that their heads were shaped like potatoes. It was my only source of amusement for a long time.

The night was even darker out here in this desolate place. Sometimes, in the waning minutes of sunlight, I caught sight of red eyes watching us in the distance. In the dim light, I could make out several packs of wargs about a mile out. They didn't attack. It was almost as if they were accompanying us on our journey. I saw them again on the next night, but they

were higher in number. It was like their forces had gathered, and they were all guarding us along the way.

Occasionally, Mais would offer me scraps of food. I didn't question what it was, but it was some kind of lightly seasoned jerky. Most of the time, I went hungry. My mouth was constantly parched. When I was offered water to drink, it was warm and metallic tasting, but I gulped it down anyway. The path we took cut through the mountains. It appeared as if it was never used, or it was abandoned a long time ago.

In the early morning light, I looked over my shoulder to see the castle coming to life. Magical fires glowed in the windows and one last glimmer of hope brewed inside my heart. I imagined I was calling out to him then. A thunderous wave of magic quaked over the land, causing the tiny pebbles to rattle against the ground.

I hoped that he would hear it.

## CHAPTER 16



*K*ol

The pain that struck through me was so vast that I couldn't move.

I stood there for a long time after Hayleigh left, feeling like a piece of my heart had been permanently torn away. I had wanted her to deny everything, to tell me she was mine, but my fears won out and I pushed her away. I hadn't given her even the chance to explain. If the Dark King had sent her to infiltrate my kingdom, I would never be able to forgive myself.

Right now, my duty to my kingdom felt like agony.

I wanted nothing more than to run after her, take her in my arms, and tell her everything was going to be okay, but I couldn't do that. If the rift was tearing, there were going to be many dark days that lay ahead.

I couldn't focus on her, and I hated that.

Needing to do something to release my pain and anger, I swung at the wall and punched it hard. It didn't matter that it was stone. It crumpled under my strength. A deep hole opened, my fist crushing rock into ash that fell to the floor in a puff of smoke. Turning my head, I called upon the warrior king inside me. I pushed my emotions aside and focused solely on doing what was best for my kingdom and my people.

A man like me was meant to rule, not to love. That was my destiny.

With a sigh, I left my chambers. My boots clomped against the spiraling stone staircase, and I descended deep into the pit of the mountains where the magic of this world was at its strongest. When I approached the sacred cavern, I paused to appreciate the magnificent beauty of this underground world.

The rock around me glowed with a soft reddish hue. A steaming hot spring shimmered with magic at the center of the room. Creatures that looked like scarlet eels swam by in flashes, but I knew better. They were simply flashes of mystical light, so powerful that they flickered into reality right before my eyes. When I was younger, I would sometimes just sit and watch them. Now I looked at them with a cautious sense of hope.

I walked around the edge of the pool to the curving rock slope that dropped off at the center point of the cavern. Here, the power was at its strongest and it caused the ground to vibrate just the slightest bit.

Zilyana was waiting there for me. Her fingertips were glimmering with power. Even her lavender eyes glowed with it as she approached me. Mages filed in and circled around the edge of the pool, their steps in tune with hers.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” she asked, her hesitation clear.

“I have no choice. If the seer knows a way to stop the end of times from destroying my kingdom, I need to know what it is,” I vowed.

She nodded once and raised her hands up, her power radiating from her fingertips. The veins beneath her skin glowed as her magic passed through her into the air all around. As it intensified, it began to crackle around her. She started chanting, and the gathered mages echoed along with her. She reached for me, and I placed my hand purposefully in hers.

The magic hit me like a bolt of lightning. My head flew back as my spine arched far enough that I feared it might snap. The

pool blazed with a flash of mystical energy. Flames danced across the water's surface, quickly billowing out in semi-contained bonfires that threatened to consume the entire cavern.

I took Zilyana's other hand with purpose. The second jolt wasn't as strong, but it began to build after I'd completed the circle. Power billowed beneath me and all at once, it exploded. I gritted my teeth as it surged through me, rattling every cell in my body until it felt like it was going to burst. At long last, it dimmed, and I opened my eyes to see a staircase of shimmering light leading up to a portal right above the pool. The chanting continued, only at a much lower volume now. Zilyana released my hands and bowed her head.

"I await you, my king," she whispered. Her irises were much brighter now, the chaotic power still swirling inside her. She was wild with it.

"Thank you, Zilyana," I nodded gratefully.

"Be careful. The seer is said to be vicious if you displease her," she warned.

"I will do what needs to be done for the sake of Blazelheim," I vowed.

She bowed her head and I looked to the gateway to the ancient place.

This was a journey I was going to have to take alone. I took in a deep breath and climbed the stairway. Without hesitation, I passed through the portal. In an instant, my world turned on its head. A tornado buffeted around me, dragging me into the air and tossing me around like I was nothing more than a fallen leaf. I roared, calling upon the beast inside me, but nothing happened. My dragon failed me, and the heavens shifted.

Somehow, I landed on my feet, finding myself in what appeared to be a foggy swamp. The clouds around me felt heavy and I stood up straight, feeling water droplets slide down my skin. I was surrounded in a forest consisting of thick weeping willow trees. I gazed back and forth, trying to figure out which direction to go. When the wind picked up, I decided

to follow it. I strode through the forest and then above my head the sunlight streamed brighter.

*“Who is it that dares set foot in my home?”*

I started at the harsh feminine voice. It felt like it had come from every direction at once. I’d come looking for the seer and she’d been the one to find me first.

“The Dragonborne,” I replied simply.

*“I knew you’d come to me. It was simply a matter of time.”*

A bright light appeared out of the corner of my eye, and I turned. I ventured forward, pushing aside the willow boughs. When I finally reached a small clearing, I found a small cottage made out of branches and leaves. I climbed up the ladder and pulled the beaded fabric door aside.

“I need to know if the rift is failing,” I began, wanting to get answers as soon as possible so that I could return to my people and make any preparations necessary.

*“It will if you make the wrong choice.”*

“What is the right one?”

A white glowing sphere circled around me, settling in the middle of the room with a bright burst. When my eyes started to adjust, I could make out the form of a seated elderly woman. Long white hair fell past her shoulders, shining with a muted, ambient glow. Her gaze was unsettling, dark black inky voids that stared right back at me. She cocked her head, her subsequent smile all-knowing.

“The right choice is your destiny. You will know what that is when it is time,” she replied coolly.

While holding my gaze, she snapped her fingers, and the world went black.



## CHAPTER 17



*H*ayleigh

I stared at the rift in horror. It looked like the sky had split open and magic was bleeding from the inside out with eerie violet flames. If I focused on the darkness, I could see a savage landscape in the distance and that was enough to make my blood run cold.

That was Helheim, home to the Dark King that wanted to take me as his queen. I still didn't know if he preferred me dead or alive.

After nearly a week of traveling on foot through the badlands, we'd reached our destination. The sun had just set, and the disciples were beginning to prepare the ceremony that would unite me with the Dark King. As much as I'd tried, there had been no opportunity for escape. Even if I could have managed to get away from my captors, the wild beasts tailing us as protection would have ended me in an instant.

Even though I was weak, hungry, and dehydrated, I still fought when they took my arms and legs and held them straight out so that I couldn't move or run away. I scowled as Mais marched toward me, her expression a vicious mask of hateful glee. My gaze tore to her hands, one of which held a silver goblet studded with shimmering purple gemstones, while the other held an obsidian blade glinting black in the falling light of the sun.

I kicked and struggled in their grasp. I couldn't get away. I couldn't even move an inch as she took my one free arm and forced my palm up. The rest of the disciples circled around me, chanting under their breath. I swore as the blade bit into my skin. A single drop of blood beaded on my flesh, and she tilted my hand down. Then she used the goblet to catch it as gravity did its work. I glared back at her as she held it up to the sky.

"A tribute for you, my Dark King," she whispered, and a blinding flash of purple lightning sparked across the sky.

I screamed as it struck the goblet dead center. I expected an explosion, but it acted as a collection tool, gathering all the energy into a single black hole of light. A terrifying roar echoed from inside the rift.

I stopped cold. A supernatural, greenish glow appeared in my field of view. Three green spherical pairs of eyes stared back at me, slowly growing closer with every passing second. Massive talons reached through and tore the rift further. An awful snarl echoed again, and several sets of claws reached through.

I watched in terror as a giant monster left his world and climbed into mine. Behind it, I could make out a horde of beasts lying in wait.

Helheim had come for us.

I swallowed hard as the hands holding me slowly let go. There was nowhere to run, not out here.

"What does the Dark King plan to do with me?" I asked nervously.

"He plans to kill you so that he can crown your soul as his queen," Mais grinned, the look in her eyes venomous with victory.

The massive hell beast ripped its way through the rift and an army followed. In a panic, I started to run. No one tried to catch me. An angry roar echoed in the distance, originating in the direction of the castle. I saw a spiral of fire erupt in the sky and a small glimmer of hope began to swell in my heart.

“Kol!” I screamed and a furious growl followed.

He was coming for me after all.

I looked over my shoulder, getting my first full look at the hell monster, and it was petrifying. It was a massive giant made completely of stone scales, the dim gray somehow swallowing the light around it. The cracks between its armor glowed with black magic. Its form was like that of a gorilla, but its beady eyes glowed with a sinister red that chilled me to the bone. It rushed forward on all fours and threw its head back to release a frightening roar of savage intent. Its massive limbs crashed down onto the ground, and it rumbled beneath my feet. I stumbled, struggling not to pitch forward.

Kol flew overhead, his answering roar enough to make my heart pound. I watched the skies above me, fearful for my life. Several portals opened up around me and Kol’s forces streamed through, battle ready. Elves, dwarfs, fae, humans and all other creatures alike lined up in formation. Their armor shone and their weapons glinted in the light.

Seeing them meant I had a chance.

A group of women in purple cloaks appeared behind them. They pushed down their hoods and stared out at the battlefield. Their soft chanting echoed across the valley and my heart pounded along with them. They formed a circular formation around a brunette woman as she raised her arms up to the sky. Slowly, the sky started to lighten, and I stilled when I realized what was happening. A reddish glow appeared on the horizon right where the setting sun had only just disappeared. Their chanting grew louder as the sun rose, casting the badlands in the same ethereal red light as if it was the middle of the day.

Kol swept down, breathing fire on the enemy front. Creatures that looked like men screamed, and all at once, the battlefield exploded in a fit of action.

I was right in the middle of it.

Behind me, Helheim’s army surged forward at the same time as Blazelheim’s warriors. I looked back and forth, trying to find a gap in the fray. Seeing a small one between formations,

I sprinted as fast as I could, but the armored beast was faster. Thick fingers reached down and wrapped around my waist. Frantically, I kicked and screamed, trying to escape even as it lifted me off the ground.

Kol circled around the giant and his teeth slammed into its throat. The beast let out a surprised grunt and I fell down to the ground, landing on my back. The impact felt like a kick to the gut and every bit of air was forced out from my lungs. With a wheeze, I tried to gather my bearings. An ax flew down directly at my face, and I screamed, immediately rolling to the right to avoid the sharp blade. It sank deep into the ground in the same spot my head had been. Someone grunted trying to lift the blade and I took advantage of that moment to frantically crawl away. A pair of hands wrapped around my upper arm, and I shrieked, but a comforting voice rang out beside me.

It was Kenna.

I didn't know how he'd gotten to me, but I didn't ask any questions. Instead, I let him haul me up beside him. His armor was a brilliant burgundy leather stitched with thick tan thread. It molded to his elven form like a glove. His gaze drew up and down my body and he shook his head.

"This won't do," he grumbled. He snapped his fingers and my clothing disappeared, only to be replaced by a set of armor of my own.

"What? How?" I squeaked, sliding my fingers across the rich red leather.

It hugged my body's every curve. The scarlet color was striking, as was the burning flames embroidered into it with metallic gold thread. The surface was soft against my fingertips. A warm, tingling thread of energy passed through me, and I took a deep, settling breath.

"You were born for this," Kenna exclaimed.

His voice rattled with excitement as he pulled a sword from his back and handed it to me. I wrapped my fingers around the handle, testing the weight and finding it perfectly suited for

me. Kenna's kind gaze found mine and he smiled gently. With a curt nod, he rushed off into battle. For a moment, I allowed myself to watch him. His movements were elegant, his battle form against the oncoming horde like a perfected dance, and I found myself struck by his beauty. He fought with a long broadsword, hefting it with ease.

He spun, whipping his sword over his shoulder and slipping the blade against a gray zombie-like creature's throat. The monster yelled out in fury, but his fight was short-lived. Black blood spilled down the front of his dull metal armor as he collapsed to the ground. Another flew straight at him in fury, but Kenna was ready for him. With an elegant front flip, Kenna closed the distance and sank the tip of his blade right into the gap in between the enemy's armor at the waist.

A spiraling blaze of fire rained down onto the oncoming horde. Several shouts echoed across the valley as the enemy fell prey to its flame, and then I looked back up to the sky to see that several much smaller dragons had joined Kol in the sky.

For the first time, I felt like I might have a chance to survive this day.

The stone giant stomped hard, making the ground quake. I stumbled backward as a monster ran straight for me. My mind registered that it was an orc, but its gnashing black teeth and flaccid gray skin were far more terrifying in person than in the movies.

I leapt to my feet, jumping up and slashing my sword down with all my might. The orc parried my blow with ease, and I countered with a quick spin. Slashing upward, I caught him by surprise and my sword glanced off the vulnerable skin of his throat. A slim cut beaded with inky blood, but it wasn't enough to take him down.

My necklace swung heavily around my throat and my free hand reached up to grab it. I wrapped my fingers around it, and I grimaced when the angular edge of it slid against the cut on my palm. My blood boiled red hot and everything inside me burned with mystical flame. I threw my head up, feeling

the energy flowing through me from beneath the ground and from the red sun in the sky.

It was as if the gods of this world had chosen me to fight for them.

My fingers glowed and the gold thread in my arm blazed as red as the sun. I wasn't sure what was happening, but when the orc surged at me with deadly intent, it seemed a simple thing to spin and quickly slash my blade across his throat. He fell without a sound, his death so mercifully quick it was almost disappointing. I sliced my way through several more, battling as though I was a warrior that had trained for years.

I stared across the battlefield, watching the clash between the stone giant and Kol's dragon form. His talons sought out the weak points between stone scales, but the monster was at least twice the size of him. Kol spiraled through the air, bathing the creature in his fire, which only sought to enrage it. The fire sizzled across the stones, but it didn't seem to have much of an effect against the creature.

Elemental balls of magic flew across the valley, smashing into the oncoming horde with devastating effects. The deafening clink of metal smashing against metal and the constant hum of arrows zipping through the air echoed all around me.

This was war. Today, one of the realms would fall and I had to do everything in my power to make certain that Blazelheim rose as the victor.

I ran toward the giant, gliding across the ground and leaping over fallen soldiers with grace. Along the way, several orcs cut me off and I sprang up, easily killing them with a well-placed slice of my blade.

*"Find your destiny. Take it for yourself."*

I wasn't sure where the voice came from, but I instinctually sensed it was an ancient entity of this place. Spurred on by the magic tingling through my veins, I approached the stone giant with savage intent.

Kol's blood-red eyes swept toward mine and in an instant, I could feel him within me. My heart raced, wanting to feel his

touch on my skin. I knew in my soul that he was here to save me from whatever nightmares awaited me in Helheim. He reached down and I leapt upward. He lifted me and I used the momentum to surge up onto the stone giant's back. Once up there, I noticed a spot at the back of its neck where a stone plate had chipped off. I thrust my arm out, holding my blade ready.

Kol met my gaze, and I could see the fire glowing in the pit of his belly. I nodded once and his jaw opened, revealing rows of sharp teeth that could easily snap me in half. A ball of flame glowed at the back of his throat, and I stood there, trusting in him as his fire burst free. In a second, crackling flames engulfed my blade. I could feel the heat, but it was as if it couldn't touch me. Instead, his power raced through my veins, making me feel stronger than ever.

I lifted my sword up and slammed it straight down into the weak point in the giant's neck. My blade sank in like it was melted butter and the beast roared in pain. I pushed my sword in deeper, severing through as much unprotected flesh as I could. I used my foot to sink it the rest of the way, slicing right through the creature's spinal cord. Then I sprinted along its broad shoulders and leapt off it onto Kol's back as he spun back around. I flew through the air, landing on soft feet and crouching between his shoulder blades. The giant swung its fist, but Kol flapped his wings hard and deftly avoided the blow.

The creature wavered, dizzying confusion apparent all over its face. Its thick, heavy leg slammed down into the dirt, shaking the ground beneath. Out of balance, it swung toward the right and then toward the left. Kol shot forward and I held on with all my might as he savagely tore into the beast's weak spot with his teeth. Using his legs, he pushed off the beast and it clattered to the ground with a resounding boom.

It didn't get back up.

Using the power of his wings, Kol flew up into the air, safely out of the heat of battle. He propelled forward, raining his fire down on the opposing forces until he shot back in the direction of the castle with me safely on his back. I slid my hand down

his spiny scales, squeezing my thighs tight against him. I chanced a look over my shoulder back at the battlefield. The scent of blood and death was thick and gruesome, even far above it on his back. Then I started, seeing the black-cloaked disciples slip back through the rift. One of them looked back long enough so that I could catch sight of her face.

It was Mais.

As if she knew I was looking, she stared right back at me and grinned, her gleeful smile deviously cunning.

The fight raged on as Kol flew away from the battleground where his people were fighting for the sake of the realm.

He was leaving them for me.



## CHAPTER 18



*H* ayleigh

When we finally landed outside the castle, I could still hear the echoes of battle far away. I climbed down and looked in that direction, not noticing when Kol shifted into his human form beside me. There wasn't even a chance to say anything before he swept me off my feet and carried me inside the castle. I wrapped my arms around his neck as he strode through the halls. He didn't stop until he reached his throne room. I didn't lessen my grip either.

Without pomp or circumstance, he put me down on the plush fur rug in the center of the room and gripped my face firmly, kissing me with enough open desperation to leave me trembling and breathless. I held onto him as I fell prey to his bold kiss, pressing against him and hating that my armor was keeping our bodies apart. I took in a shallow breath when his lips finally pulled away from mine and I stared up into the blazing fire of his soulful gaze.

"I'm so sorry," he breathed. His fear was written all over his face.

My heart pulsed with emotion in my chest, and I rose onto my tiptoes, seeking another kiss that was just as possessive and rough as the last. I pressed my forehead to his chest and just breathed in all that was him.

"I know you're not a spy. I was afraid for my kingdom, and I said things I didn't mean. I'm sorry, angel," he continued, and

I dug my fingers into his shoulders, wanting to hold on as if he would disappear at any second. His arms squeezed me even tighter, seeking my salvation.

“I forgive you,” I whispered, and he kissed me with such fervor that it stole my breath away. His fingertips brushed against my cheek. With a sigh, I gazed up into his burning irises and he stared down at me like he wanted to devour me whole. He grasped me firmly.

“I love you,” he said softly, and my heart swelled in my chest. Butterflies danced in my belly and every part of me tingled with feeling.

“I love you too, Kol,” I whispered.

His features began to swell with obvious emotion.

“I need to touch you, but I can’t make any promises to be gentle,” he growled.

My heart fluttered and I swallowed hard. With a growing smile, I shook my head and reached for him, sliding my fingertips down the coarse hair of his beard.

“I don’t want gentle,” I replied quietly, and the flutters in my belly dropped straight down into my core. Even beneath the leather armor, I could feel my nipples pebbling as if they were already begging for his touch. I sighed with relief when his hand slid up the nape of my neck, circling around and wrapping his fist around the hair at the base of my scalp.

His other hand tore the laces that held my armor together. In his impatience, pieces of cording fell to the floor. When I tried to help him, he knocked my hands away and pulled my hair roughly enough to make me cry out. He swallowed my whimpers with a kiss as he worked through the rest of them until my chest piece fell to the floor.

He tore straight through my cotton undershirt and the supportive bustier beneath, leaving my chest bare. He reached for my right nipple and grasped it between his thumb and forefinger. The relief at finally feeling his touch on my skin was short lived as he pinched it hard and twisted it in his grasp. I arched straight up against him with a cry before he

released me and roughly palmed my breast with his hand. His touch soothed my aching nipple for a long moment before it slid down my belly. He let go of my hair and knelt down before me.

“When this is all over, I’m going to make you my queen,” he breathed, and a surge of heat raced through me with wild abandon.

“You will bow to no one but me,” he continued, slowly unlacing my boots and pulling them free.

He tossed them aside with the rest of my armor. He caressed my ankle, sliding up underneath my leggings to pull down the thick socks underneath.

“I give you my kingdom,” he breathed, and I shuddered with need.

“I will give you everything if you only agree to be mine,” he rumbled, and I reached up to wrap my hand around the necklace hanging from my neck.

Not long ago, I’d thought my life was over, and the truth was that it had only just begun.

“I’m yours,” I whispered, and his answering growl nearly set my soul on fire.

His kisses trailed up the line of my foot, continuing up past my ankle and then all the way to the hem of my pants. With care, he unbuttoned then loosened my pants until he could push them past my hips. Slowly, he dragged them down my legs and I unthreaded one foot after the next.

“Someone might see,” I blushed.

“Let them see. They will know you belong to me and no one else,” he stated boldly, and a shiver raced down my spine. His possessiveness lit my soul on fire and my whole body trembled as I held onto him, slightly afraid that I might topple over to the floor.

He pressed his lips to my belly, right over my core, before he stood up and held me steady with the flat of his hand against my lower back. My panting turned shaky and uneven as his

fingertips trailed along the line of my panties. Honestly, I didn't even know what they looked like. I glanced down and blanched, finally seeing what Kenna had designed to put beneath my armor.

"These are especially naughty, sweet girl," he purred, staring right down at them along with me.

They were a beautiful burgundy lace embroidered with an exquisite swirling fire detail that was sheer enough to reveal everything that lay beneath. His fingers trailed along the bones of my pelvis and slipped just beneath the waistband.

"Don't tear them," I whispered. They were without a doubt the prettiest panties I'd ever owned, and I wanted to keep them.

"Then take them off for me," he demanded, his voice latent with liquid heat.

I glanced up at him, seeing that he was practically seething with it. His restraint was tenuous at best. Teasingly, I took a step back and cupped my breasts, watching the way his expression darkened with feral intent. His nails lengthened into sharpened claws, and I grinned, feeling more victorious than I ever had in my life.

"Patience, my king," I commanded, and his eyes glinted with an even more savage need. I could tell he was calling on every bit of restraint he could muster and that made me feel powerful. To be honest, I found that I liked it.

I'd been the one that had brought this savage king to his knees. I smiled gleefully as I slipped my fingers down my sides, only just sliding them beneath my panties when he growled in warning. When I slipped my hand down far enough to cup my mound, he snarled, making it clear that I was testing his limits. Honestly, it was kind of exciting not knowing when he'd strike.

Turning my head, I pretended not to notice as I gradually slipped the fabric down my hips inch by inch. His chest rose and fell as he stared back at me. I felt like a lamb about to be pounced on by a wolf.

I liked that.

With a heated look, I pushed them past my thighs and stepped out of them as gingerly as I could. I tossed them aside and he took a step forward, but I stopped him with the flat of my hand against his chest. I could feel the powerful rise and fall of his chest, but I looked up and stood toe to toe with him. He raised a single brow in amusement.

“It’s my turn to undress you,” I commanded.

His palm lifted my chin. He traced my cheekbone with his thumb.

“When I finally get my hands on you, I’m going to make you *beg* for me,” he warned.

“I’m counting on it,” I dared.

I slipped my hands beneath his shirt, running my fingers along the hard planes of his stomach. His face hardened with an unspoken threat, and I knew that I was going to get my bottom smacked good and hard before he sank that massive cock deep into me where I wanted it the most.

Finally, I lifted his shirt over his head and when I couldn’t reach any higher, he finished the job for me. My touch tempered his fire as he growled down at me. He reached to cup my breasts and I grabbed his wrist, putting it back at his side.

“Keep teasing me, little human, and I’ll use my belt to mark that gorgeous little ass before I use it between those pretty thighs,” he warned.

My pussy clenched hard, remembering how that vicious strap had felt across my bare flesh. I gripped his chin and pulled him down for a kiss. I was keeping my own need at bay too, and his threat had only stirred the storm inside me. It threatened to break at any moment.

More quickly now, I reached down and unbuckled his belt. I tugged it free, and he took it from me, letting it hang ominously by his side. Unable to look away, I watched it swing out of the corner of my eye while I unbuttoned his pants with painstakingly slow deliberateness. He grabbed my chin and made me stare into his eyes as I knelt and untied the laces of his boots. His irises were sizzling, blistering with

unreleased heat as I pulled them off one foot and then the other.

I reached back up and slowly wrapped my fingers around the waist of his pants, tugging them down gently until they pooled on the floor. I slid my hands down the backs of his calves and guided his feet free. I chanced a glance up, needing to see him. His cock was just as massive as I remembered, if not larger. It was rock hard, and I could see the veins to either side pumping with blood. He needed to be inside me as much as I needed him.

His breath shook and I knew the time for him to take back control had come. Using nothing more than his fingers beneath my chin, he forced me to stand up. I whined, both in excitement and at the sudden sting just his fingers wrought across my flesh.

“It’s time for you to bow for your king,” he growled and the sound of it raced down my spine with vivid intensity.

My pussy clenched hard, not really knowing what was coming and both fearing and wanting it all the same. I knew that he loved me and that he would never truly hurt me, so I decided to push him. My hands slid across the soft bristly hair that smattered his chest and I took a deep steadying breath.

“Then make me, my king,” I taunted, raising my eyes to meet his.

He cupped my cheek gently. His broad palm dwarfed the side of my face and he smirked purposefully, causing my belly to flutter with nervous butterflies.

“Careful, my sweet girl. You’re playing with fire,” he cautioned.

“I’m not afraid of getting burned,” I taunted.

Without wasting a moment, he put a single foot up on the stairs that led up to the throne. I watched him with a quizzical look until his hands wound around my waist and lifted me up off the floor only to deposit me facedown over his thigh. I cried out in alarm, unable to reach the floor with either my hands or feet. When I tried to reach forward, I shrieked as I

threw my body off balance, but then his strong hand clamped down on my hip to hold me in place.

He'd turned the tables in an instant.

I'd gone from feeling like a powerful tease to a vulnerable girl in a matter of seconds, and that made my core squeeze tight with anxious arousal.

I hadn't really anticipated something like this. This position left me feeling helpless, like a naughty girl about to be thoroughly handled. His fingertips grazed against my naked backside, and I tensed just slightly, only just realizing how much on display I was for him like this.

Even though I had my legs firmly pressed together, I could feel the air caressing my bare pussy. I wailed with shame as he traced my inner thighs, highlighting all the places that my arousal was stringing between them. I shivered with need.

"Kol," I breathed.

With the flats of his fingers, he lightly tapped the folds of my pussy and I tensed, expecting it to sting. Instead, it just made my greedy flesh come alive with sizzling arousal.

"Do you feel like a sassy little tease right now?" he asked, and my face heated.

I was thankful I was staring down at the floor with my hair hiding everything as I struggled to come up with words. Jackknifed over his thigh like this, I was feeling less and less powerful, but I didn't want him to know that just yet.

"Maybe," I replied, and he used those same fingers to slap my pussy.

I squealed, knowing that there was nothing I could do to protect myself from the firmness of those strong hands.

"Try again, my little human," he warned, and I moaned softly as he stroked my punished flesh.

I arched my back as much as I dared before I threw myself off balance, trying to seek out more of his touch. I sucked in a nervous breath, knowing what came next was going to hurt in the most delicious way. My clit throbbed with passionate

greed, almost like it was pounding louder than my own heartbeat. I bit my lip, suddenly nervous that someone would come in and see me like this.

My pussy practically convulsed in excitement. His palm smoothed over my right cheek, teasing me gently and making my thighs tense in anticipation. He lifted his hand and I tightened, expecting the sting of his palm, only to be surprised by a rough squeeze in its place. Using his fingers, he spread open my bottom cheeks wide to reveal my tightest hole. He paused and I clenched reflexively, but he did nothing just yet. I could feel him staring down at me, looking at my most private place and I whined with growing shame.

“How about now, my sweet girl?” he asked, and I shivered hard. I bit my lip, knowing that he could see my struggle written all over my body.

“Please,” I whined.

“Tell me. Do you feel like teasing me when I’m looking right at this tight, beautiful little hole?” he pressed, and he forced my cheeks even wider.

“No, my king,” I finally whispered, unable to bear it for any longer.

He shifted his hand and used a single finger to tap me there and I yelped.

“Good,” he answered, and he finally released my backside.

I had just gasped in overwhelming relief when the first smack of his palm struck my bare bottom, and I yelped in surprise. A part of me had hoped he just wanted to look at me before he fucked me, but I knew better than that. He’d promised me a rough taking and he was going to follow through with it. His palm was massive, covering almost all of one cheek with a single blow. He cupped his hand just slightly, ensuring that the entire surface punished my backside. He didn’t start lightly, and I didn’t expect him to.

The spanking started with one stinging blow after the next. There was nothing for me to do other than take it. If I kicked or struggled, I feared falling on my face even though I knew in



my heart that he would never let me fall. I'd thought about his hand and his belt many times, but right now, I was surprised as to how much it stung. My backside was stretched bare for his stinging palm, and I cried out, but he didn't slow.

His pace was punishing and hard, biting into the fullest part of my backside without mercy. I rocked as much as I dared from side to side, feeling each smack jostle my pussy. I bit my lip, trying not to moan out loud. His palm punished from the tops of my tender cheeks down to the cusp of my thighs, and then down a bit further. The smacks to my thighs were especially biting, but they paled in comparison to the ones where his fingertips clipped the exposed folds of my pussy.

I didn't keep quiet for long.

My backside felt scorched within seconds, the burn intensifying as the spanking went on. Soon enough, my yelps echoed and bounced off the walls all around me.

"Do you know why I'm spanking you, my sweet little human?" he asked, his voice rumbling with seduction, and I couldn't help it as my pussy clenched hard.

"Because I teased you?" I tried and he grunted, squeezing my stinging right cheek hard.

"No, that's not the reason," he mused, and he slid his fingers between my thighs.

I blushed, realizing that I was much wetter than before.

"I... I'm not sure then," I whimpered.

"I'm spanking this gorgeous little ass because I want it bright red before I fuck it," he stated, and my eyes opened wide.

My bottom hole clenched, and he chuckled knowingly. My face heated even further. There wasn't a chance to say anything else because his hand lit into my bare bottom hard enough to take my breath away. I don't know how, but his hand got harder and all I could think about was the delicious agony of it. I whimpered and whined, but it didn't stop.

Truth be told, we both needed this. He needed to spank me, and I needed to take it. This world had torn us apart and now

we were coming together with the dark blazing fire that made us whole.

I cried out, my voice rising in desperation as his stinging palm rained down on me. I blinked, trying to ward off tears even as the scorching agony glazed through me. Then something unexpected happened.

The pain bled away, and a deep calm overcame me.

This was the way it needed to be. It was my fate, to be here with him. As if a barrier had been breached, a wave of pleasure washed over me, and I wailed. Sheer bliss quickly overcame me and then every nerve in my body tingled with powerful energy that left me feeling like my entire body had caught fire.

My scalded backside had only been the beginning.

His palm finally stopped falling and I sighed in relief. He lifted me up off his thigh as though I weighed nothing at all, placing me gently on my back on top of the fur rug. The white fur was soft against my flesh, but it was nothing compared to the feeling of his lips against my skin. He kissed my lips, then down my neck to my breasts.

His tongue curled around my nipple as he took it into his mouth. The edges of his teeth grazed against my hard peak, causing painful tendrils of ecstasy to radiate down every nerve. I couldn't help but arch into him and he bit down harder. I cried out, but he didn't allow me to escape him, which only made me turn more molten. When my nipples were sore to the touch, he descended downward, teasing me with soft, feathery kisses. Sometimes, he would lightly nip my skin, biting just hard enough to make me cry out at the sudden piercing sting.

It lit my soul on fire.

He kept venturing downward until he reached the apex of my thighs. My legs trembled and I tried to bring them together only for him to pry them apart. His hands tightened around my ankles, and I whimpered. I bit my lip, watching as he lowered himself between my legs. He kissed the top of my mound

suggestively and I shivered, a wave of heat crashing down over me. The fiery touch of his lips pressed on top of my clit and a hard jolt crackled through my core. I couldn't keep a sharp cry from escaping me and that only seemed to fuel him on further. My legs started to quiver, and his hands squeezed me hard enough to hurt.

"You're mine," he growled.

"Yes," I moaned.

His mouth closed around my clit and I threw my head back, writhing as he pushed me to the edge. I couldn't stop myself from arching against him, trying to grind my clit against his tongue, and he chuckled knowingly before pulling away. He leaned over me and replaced his kiss with his fingertips. I moaned, thinking he was going to make me come that way. His touch wasn't firm enough, though.

I needed more.

His weight shifted above me, and he pulled his fingers away, only to replace them with the head of his cock. I shivered beneath him, both fearing what was coming and wanting him all the same. I could do nothing but wait for the inevitable as he stared straight down into my eyes.

"Mine."

"Yours," I breathed.

"I've held back long enough," he warned, his voice practically feral behind his last bit of restraint.

I didn't want him to hold back any longer. I wanted the beast that took me from my world and brought me to his.

"Then *don't*," I dared him, staring right back at him with as much challenge as I could.

His eyes darkened and he chuckled.

"My sweet human, you have no idea what you're asking for," he whispered, his voice deliciously perilous.

He was wrong. I did know and I wanted all of it.

One broad hand moved to wrap around my throat and cup my face. I had thought I was ready, but truth be told, there was no readying myself for what came next. His hips surged forward, and I tensed, but the sopping arousal between my thighs was more than enough for him to slam inside me. My mouth opened in shock as agony pierced straight down into the pit of my core, and I screamed.

His enormous girth stretched my pussy wide open and I could do nothing but take it. I struggled for a moment, but he held me still as he bottomed out deep inside me. When I'd taken as much of him as I possibly could, he groaned and stilled.

"I love the feel of you wrapped around me," he whispered hoarsely. His voice was like heaven's song against my ear and more of the initial pain began to fade.

For a moment, we laid there as one while my body became accustomed to his massive size. I wrapped my arm around his waist and his hand around my throat tightened. I knew that it was simply to remind me that he was in control, and I wasn't. My inner walls clenched around him, and he groaned. I couldn't help but clamp down even harder and the sound of his enjoyment deepened.

Well, maybe not *full* control.

I smirked and hid my face in his chest as he drew back and slammed his hips straight into mine. His weight was heavy all around me, forcing me to take every brutal inch inside me and still, my body wasn't used to him. The stretching burn was like fire between my thighs, a never-ending sizzling inferno that spiraled deep into my core.

There was no slowing this down. I wanted him so badly and he wanted me. I arched my back and tightened my hold around him, digging my nails into his chiseled upper back. His shoulders tensed as he thrust into me once again. His pelvis dragged against my clit, forcing my pleasure to surge up into the heavens. My legs started to tremble, and a whine escaped my throat. Trying to quiet myself, I covered my mouth with one hand, and he growled in warning.

"Don't you dare hide your sounds from me."

My clit throbbed even harder. As if he'd taken the whole thing as a dare, he started to pick up the pace. My core squeezed so tight that I cried out and he pitoned into me with the power of a feral beast. What started out as a moan quickly transformed into a scream. My toes curled and my fingers dug in deeper, holding on as the first vivid tendrils of my release started to take hold. Wisps of pleasure ignited deep in my core, and I tried to hold them back, but it was a losing battle. My orgasm brewed deep in my belly and then it exploded in a brilliant firework display of utter savagery.

Blinding hot bliss spiraled through me, making my legs shake even harder. My hips rocked back and forth as he pumped every long inch into me, pounding hard against my cervix as if he owned it, because he did.

I was his now.

My inner walls convulsed around his cock, squeezing hard at the same time that I tried to force him out. I wailed, his massive girth still painful, and that made everything spiral that much harder. He fucked me with savage intensity, and I took every thrust. I thrashed my head back and forth, but he didn't slow down. If anything, he picked up his brutal pace and I writhed beneath him. My hips rocked back and forth, taking him deeper with every sordid moment. I moaned and I screamed.

Soon enough, I didn't really know the difference.

My orgasm raged on, a violent storm that spiraled on and on, buffeting me with one wave of pleasure after the next. I felt like I was falling with no landing in sight, deliciously agonizing ecstasy spiraling through me unabated. I cried out and his grip around my throat tightened. He fucked me through every last second of that orgasm and when it finally began to crest, I panted and tried to catch my breath.

He didn't stop. He didn't even remotely slow down. I whimpered and opened my eyes, staring up at him in desperation. I'd already come.

He hadn't.

His eyes were bathed in a dark, fiery haze. Deep reds and feral scarlets flickered down at me and for a moment, they captivated me. Then his cock ferociously slammed into me, and the cycle began all over again. His pelvis ground against my clit, causing electric surges to burst out from my core and tingle all the way down my arms and my legs.

“Kol, please,” I begged.

Did I want him to stop? Did I want to come again?

“You’re going to take my cock for as long as I want you to take it, little human,” he growled.

Fuck. Every syllable made my body vibrate. My inner walls convulsed, fluttering endlessly around his massive girth, and I shuddered hard. His thumb slid across my lower lip, his touch firm enough to make me gasp at the sudden ache on top of all the other things happening in my body. I lightly nipped at his fingertip, and he proceeded to punish me with his cock.

There was nothing for me to do but take it.

When he released his hold on me, he dragged his hand down my throat and then he grasped my left breast. I tensed, anticipating the harsh pinch on my nipple that followed. I couldn’t stop myself from arching into his touch. My echoing cry surrounded us and then he curled his hips as he slammed into me. His cock brushed against a place deep inside me that made me shatter.

“Come for me,” he demanded.

Those words threw me into a passionate spiral. When I tried to fight it, I caught myself in a riptide of devastating pleasure that took me captive and held me prisoner for what felt like forever. I tossed and turned within its violent embrace, but it didn’t let me go.

I suffered.

I soared.

I floated in a place of consuming pleasure that was more powerful than I’d ever known.

When I finally came down, he was gazing back at me tenderly. Still caught in the after haze of such a powerful orgasm, I smiled up at him. He leaned down, pressing his lips against mine in a sweet kiss that left me reeling. His thrusts had slowed, causing a delicious spark of pleasure to shoot straight to my core. His roughness had been sated, or at least it was for the moment, and I just allowed myself to enjoy the ride. I reached up, tracing one hand across the chiseled expanse of his chest.

“You’re going to come for me again with my cock in this deliciously tight pussy, but I want something on your mind when you do,” he murmured.

My mind raced, trying to run through the list of possibilities, and then it hit me.

“You can’t,” I sputtered, and he thrust into me with brutal roughness.

“After I’m through with your pussy, my sweet girl, I’m going to flip you over and take that tight virgin ass good and hard so that there is no question in your mind of who you belong to.”

My mouth went dry, and then he started fucking me. This time, it wasn’t for my pleasure, but for his. My body heated anyway, feverish flashes blinding me. My pussy was sore, but that didn’t stop my reluctant need from rising again. It billowed upward as if it had a life of its own. His length speared into me over and over again. My inner walls fluttered around his constant pounding. I cried out when his pelvis ground against my overly sensitive clit, forcing me past that initial wall into the overwhelming passionate need that lay beyond it.

I bit my lip, fearful of what was coming, yet knowing it would come regardless. My legs quaked and my nerves seared with electricity. I bit down on my tongue, tasting blood.

He let go of all restraint and I lost control. My whole body went into convulsions and my eyes rolled back. My head thrashed back and forth, and his hand lay against my cheek, holding me still. The rest of his massive form pinned me down and forced me to take every second of pleasure that he could.

I drowned in it, and he roared.

I felt every searing spurt of his seed deep inside me. The head of his cock slammed into my cervix, and I was full of him in every possible sense. His grip on me tightened as he finally began to slow and my body throbbed hard, coming down along with him.

He'd come.

I told myself he wouldn't need anymore. I hoped that he was done now, and he wouldn't take my ass like he'd warned me he would. For a few seconds, his thrusts slowed, the wet noises of our coupling shamefully loud. I blushed and hid my face in his chest. Then I closed my eyes, breathing in the delicious, musky aroma of his sweat intermingled with his smoky scent.

"You took my cock like such a good girl," he praised.

My hope soared higher. My asshole clenched, thinking for the moment that it was safe.

"Yes," I moaned.

His thumb was gentle as it dragged against my cheekbone. As he thrust into me ever so slowly, I realized something terrible. His cock was still monstrously hard. I bit my lip, suddenly feeling a nervous flutter deep in my belly. He hadn't moved off of me yet and I tried to quell the anxious butterflies in my stomach, but something was telling me that this was far from over. He said nothing, but his touch said everything. He leaned down, kissing my cheek gently and I whimpered, my body already thoroughly used and sore.

"I can see it written all over your face, beautiful," he whispered.

"I'm not sure what you mean," I whispered, trying to play coy and innocent.

He kept teasing me, pulling his hips in and out of me as he trailed kisses down my neck. As soon as I started to inevitably respond, his low laughter tickled the tiny hairs of my neck. The warmth in my body practically bled out of me in an instant at the intention of that sound.



He wasted no time as he pulled his cock free from me. I blushed as his seed and my wetness seeped onto my thighs. With a startled cry, I tensed when his arm wrapped around my waist. Without any effort at all, he lifted me off the fur rug and flipped me over. He put me down delicately on my hands and knees, tracing his rough palm down the length of my spine. I didn't know how it was possible, but his touch still ignited fire beneath my skin.

"You thought I was done with you," he chided quietly.

I hadn't just thought that. I'd *hoped* for that.

"You can't really mean to," I answered, quivering slightly, and hating how much those words sounded like a challenge falling from my lips.

The flames of his irises swirled with suggestive intent, and I know at once that he most certainly did.

"Can't mean what, sweet girl?"

I shivered harder this time.

"You know," I answered, blushing ferociously.

He chuckled again, leaning over me to place a light kiss directly on the peak of my shoulder. I opened and closed my mouth, the fiery tingle racing down my limbs with ravenous intent.

"I want to hear you say it," he purred.

"Kol," I protested, and he responded with a stinging smack to my aching backside.

I yelped out loud, and he roughly grasped that same cheek in his hand, extending the cruel ache even more than I thought possible. I whimpered, and he squeezed me tighter before he finally let me go. I sighed in relief but then he did the same thing to the other side.

"This can go one of two ways for you, naughty girl."

I opened my mouth, but his warning had made my heart palpitate in my chest. My core spiraled with molten need, and I closed my mouth quickly, taken aback by its sudden betrayal.

A series of firm spansks peppered my scorched backside. He made certain to cover as much area as quickly as he could, starting from the tops of my cheeks and ending just below the middle of my thigh. When he finally stopped, his thumb rested on top of the cleft of my bare bottom and that was more than enough to make every muscle in my body clench down hard.

“Kol, please,” I protested.

He used that single hand to spread open my cheeks. I wanted to try to crawl away, but he wrapped his other arm around my hip and held me in place. It was at that moment that I realized something about myself.

I didn't want to *give* him this willingly. I wanted him to *take* it.

For a long moment, he just held me open before he reached down and gathered the thick seed between my thighs. Very slowly, he slid a finger up my cleft, swirling it around my bottom hole. I stiffened, pulling away from him just a bit, but he jerked me back into place. My core squeezed so tight with heat that I thought I would internally combust.

He gave no warning for what came next.

He forced his finger inside my asshole. His seed made his advance simple, but that didn't mean that it didn't hurt. I yelped as it stretched me open. Even though he'd taken me with his tail once before, it felt like he was beginning all over again.

And this was just his finger. His cock would be worse.

I cried out in both shame and embarrassment as he pumped that single digit in and out of me. Pain shot up and down my spine with spiraling intensity.

“Where am I about to fuck you?”

He accentuated each word with a hard thrust of his finger and I yelped. My pussy clenched down at the same time and he chuckled, leaving no question in my mind that he had felt it. He wasn't going to let me get away with hiding my pleasure any longer.

“My asshole,” I whimpered, and the rough finger fucking slowed.

“That’s right, my naughty girl,” he purred, and I hated how much those words rattled me senseless.

I forced a breath out, trying to lower my body temperature, but it didn’t work like that. Instead, it seemed to throw my body straight into a broiler. His finger felt even more shameful than his tail. I could feel every thick knuckle and ridge sliding into my bottom hole and all I could think of was how it wasn’t supposed to be there. I wasn’t prepared for how much my clit throbbed in response to it either.

I kept telling myself that I shouldn’t like this.

I told myself that it was sordid and wrong, and only dirty girls enjoyed this kind of thing. Even as my mind denied it, my body gave away every mortifying detail. My asshole clenched along with my pussy, clamping down around his finger and causing a fresh stinging wave of agonizing pleasure to pierce directly into my core.

He added a second finger, and I cried out. The sizzling ache was much fiercer this time as he stretched me. I knew he was slowly working me open, but that only added to the fear inside me at finally having to take his cock deep inside me there. I cried out as those fingers thrust in and out of me. The pain was scorching hot at first, sharp and intense, but it eventually calmed, and I reluctantly enjoyed the feeling of his knuckles pressing in and out of me.

I was mortified to realize that my cries of pain had slowly transformed into moans of pleasure. It was enough that he could feel my body tightening around his fingers, but it was even worse when he could hear my pleasure too. His other hand traced up my back, fisting around the hair at the base of my scalp. I gasped when he pulled it hard, pain radiating in a spiraling blossom across my head. He used that hand to push into me a bit more roughly, and I finally released a shameful moan that gave away everything I was trying to keep secret.

There was no way he wouldn’t have heard every mortifying second.

I jumped when something else slid against my hip. For a second, I thought about his fingers in my bottom and my hair in his fist, but then I remembered his tail. The tip slid through the remainder of his seed on my thigh, and I whimpered, just as its smooth surface pressed over my clit. Held in place, there was nothing I could do but quake as one jolt of pleasure after another arced through me.

Another moan escaped me and then he added a third finger. I tried to fight it for as long as I could, but eventually my hips bucked beneath him to fully expose my mortified arousal. When he finally pulled his fingers free, I bit my lip, stifling a cry of disappointment at no longer being full. He released his fist from my hair, and I shuddered as his cock brushed against my thigh. He used his free hand to fully slather his cock with his seed and my arousal before I felt him spread me wide open once again.

I wanted it to continue at the same time I wasn't sure if I could bear it.

His tail circled my clit, slowly building up my need for what was to come. My clit throbbed with ferociously greedy desire, almost as if my heart had traveled down into my core and settled there instead of my chest. My sore muscles tensed as I tried to ready myself. His tail slithered over my clit, feeling much more like his tongue than I wanted to admit. It started to move faster, and I could no longer keep my hips still.

His seed was heating on top of my skin. Even my asshole started to warm up, the sizzling fire of his cum beginning to turn my insides molten. His hand wrapped around my hip, holding me tightly as I tried to breathe.

As much as he had prepared me, there was no readying myself for what came next.

His hips thrust forward, forcing the head of his cock past my tight rim of muscle. Even though he'd stretched me with three fingers first, his girth was much wider than that. The burning ache that tore through me renewed with agonizing vigor. I cried out as he slowly worked himself inside me. I whimpered

and moaned, but he kept pressing onward as scorching hot agony burned through every fiber of my being.

When the pain faded to a dull throb, I sighed with relief and then his tail brushed against my clit again. My entire body bucked hard. He pressed further inside me and I moaned, but there was something in me that still tried to fight it.

This was shameful. I *shouldn't* like it.

But I did.

Inch by inch, he pushed himself inside my asshole, taking me because I needed to be taken like this. My core was squeezing tighter, spiraling with desire even as I fought it every step of the way. With gradually harder thrusts, he pushed every inch of his monstrous length inside me. The tip was the widest and most painful part, but the taking of the rest of him was far more shamefully arousing than it should have been. Eventually, his pelvis met my scorched cheeks, and I knew he was fully inside me. For a moment, he held himself there and allowed the full weight of what was happening to crash down upon me.

“Your ass is so very tight. I’m going to have to make use of it often.”

My mind fought it in spades, but my body clenched down hard around him. I had never been more exposed in my life. His tail continued to tease along the edges of my entrance until it pushed up inside me. I cried out, my arousal and shame mixing into one mortifying sound. His tail rubbed my clit at the same time it pressed up into my channel. When he started to move, I had difficulty keeping still. He pulled most of his length free of me before surging back inside. His tail thrust in and out of me too, and I was quickly overwhelmed with the dual sensations from being full in both holes at once. The longer he fucked me this way, the more I realized that we both knew what was going to happen.

I was going to come with his cock inside my ass and his tail in my pussy.

I held it off for as long as I could, but it was like a train hurtling off its tracks at full speed. I'd already sailed clean over the brink before I even realized it was happening. My body clamped down around him like a vise. I would have kept quiet if it was possible, but I screamed the moment my orgasm began. White scorching pleasure sizzled through me, igniting every nerve in my body with brutal electricity. My screams echoed in the throne room and his tail pressed further inside me, driving my orgasm to burn through every fiber of my being with bewildering ferocity.

I closed my eyes and drove my hips back as he fucked me, my orgasm tearing through me like a tornado. I writhed and bucked, taking his cock as deeply as I could in my last virgin hole and enjoying every devastating moment. My body surrendered to him as if he'd molded it out of clay. That first orgasm with him fucking that way was pure pleasure.

It was the second one that started to hurt. It followed right on the wake of the first. It caught me by surprise and before I even realized it, I was coming again. Sweat beaded around the edges of my brow and my legs started to give way beneath me. As if he was prepared for that very thing, his arm wound beneath my hips, and he held me up. I came countless times after that. I'm not sure if it was magic or some sort of dragon sorcery, but they hit me one after another like waves against a rocky coast.

Pain and pleasure became one spiraling sensation and I drowned beneath it.

His stamina outperformed mine by a longshot. My screams died down into hoarse cries as I suffered through each terribly delicious release. He roared and at last, his fiery semen spurted deep inside my bottom. One final tumultuous orgasm seared through me, and I was still caught in the throes of it when I felt his teeth graze against my shoulder.

Without warning, he bit me.

A brilliant scarlet light surrounded me as his teeth pierced into my flesh. Magic soared through me, suddenly making me feel as if I was floating on air. My fingers and toes tingled with

energy as a magical link tied my heart together with his. It was as if our hearts now beat as one and the same. His emotions sailed through me without bounds.

“My beautiful mate,” he whispered.

I wasn't certain he'd said the words out loud, but that didn't matter. I didn't have to hear them because I felt them through every fiber of my being.

“I will never have need or want of another,” he vowed softly, and I shivered against him.

“I love you,” I whispered, and his arms tightened around my waist.

He lifted me up, fiercely pinning me against his chest. I could feel his heat and his emotions running through me, and it was enough to make my breath catch in my throat.

“I love you too, my mate. Forever and for always.”

## CHAPTER 19



*K*ol

I stared down at my mark, the taste of her blood still fresh on my tongue. I hadn't been able to stop myself from marking her as my mate. It had been pure instinct. In all my time, there wasn't a single song, myth, or written source that even mentioned the Dragonborne's mark, but here I was staring straight at one of my own.

I'd done that. I'd taken a mate.

To my knowledge, it was the first one known in the recorded history of Blazelheim. I hadn't thought a man like me was meant to find a mate, that my only duty was to rule and protect.

This was so much more intense than that.

My hand cupped her shoulder, and I gazed down at the mark that claimed her as mine, for now until the end of time. It was burning with magical energy. The flames of the mark shifted in shape until it became the symbol of fire, the seal that represented Blazelheim and my family.

I leaned down and pressed my lips against it. A fierce jolt of magic pierced through our linked hearts, forever connecting us as one. I sighed, basking in the love and adoration that poured through me along with it. I would love this woman until the end of my days, and I knew she would do the same. She was the one, my sweet, beautiful mate.



“Mine,” I whispered.

“Yours,” she sighed.

Suddenly, a bright scarlet light expanded from a pinpoint between us. The wind rushed through my hair and the familiar feeling of the magic of a portal summoning rumbled through me. I reached for Hayleigh, but it was too late.

*The seer had warned me there would be a price.*

I roared, fear spiking through me at once. Her message had been deceptively vague. She’d warned me of the end of times and the rift tearing open completely if I made a wrong choice, but she had not given me any insight into that choice. I had asked question upon question, and she’d ignored all of them.

Instead of answering anything, she’d shown me what the end of times looked like. It had been my worst nightmare. The fire of Blazelheim had completely gone out. The dark magic of Helheim had taken over the whole of my realm. The city was destroyed, and the castle was nothing more than a pile of rubble. My people were chained, being led one by one through the open rift into the desolate landscape of the neighboring realms.

Their fates were not kind ones.

She’d told me there was only one thing I could do that would save my realm and she’d said nothing about what I needed to do. The only hint she’d given me had been a single image she’d sent into my mind.

It had been Hayleigh’s beautiful eyes, only they’d turned bright red with flame.

After that, she ended the meeting and I’d been swept back into the cavern with Zilyana and the gathered mages. Her exhaustion was written all over her face. Bridging the connection had taken the vast majority of her power and she needed to rest.

*Had I made the wrong choice?*

The fur rug and the floor fell away from beneath our feet and the room faded away into ash. Hayleigh screamed and I tried

to grab her, but she was already too far out of reach. The world spun and I closed my eyes, taking one last deep breath before I descended into the black void.

To Hayleigh, she would feel like she was underwater and unable to breathe, but it would last only a few seconds for her. I could sense her panic and it hurt me.

All of a sudden, my feet crashed into the ground. When I looked down, I saw that my talons had dug into the dirt beneath me. Already, my fire was roiling deep in my belly, sensing the danger all around me. I vaguely recognized that I was in my dragon form and that we had returned to the battle right outside the rift, but that was not what concerned me right now.

*Where was my mate?*

With a savage roar, I jerked my head from side to side, searching until a familiar scarlet light blossomed far up above me. It was too blinding to discern anything at first, but then I saw the outline of her fragile human form in the light. Her arms were stretched out wide, her fingers spread apart. She was glowing. A sudden panic raced through me.

*What if she was the price?*

Using all my might, I pushed up off the ground with every intent of rescuing her, but a powerful source of mystical gravity kept me tied to the ground. Seeing red, I released every bit of fire in my belly, taking out my anger on the incoming forces from Helheim. Their screams as they burned didn't make me feel even the slightest bit better.

I needed to get to my mate, and it needed to be *now*.

The light around her spiraled brighter and brighter. She curled up in a ball and then my heart broke when she threw her head back and screamed. Was it hurting her? Was she afraid? Did she think I wasn't there to protect her?

My panic spiraled.

I roared and the bright light imploded with a thunderous wave that spread across the land. The enemy soldiers were thrown to the ground, their corpses instantly becoming a swirling pile of

ashes. I jerked my head back to Hayleigh and she screamed again, but this time the sound vibrated with magic.

Fire sigils flared in mass across her skin and great feathery wings burst out of her back. They were white, but the tips blazed with mystical fire, and I stopped short as my mate transformed right before my eyes.

She floated above me, her flesh glowing with otherworldly light. Her wings slowly flapped behind her, gorgeous and ethereal like an angel. She held out her palms and small, mystical fireballs appeared above them. She was controlling fire magic. There could be no other explanation.

*“I told you there would be a price.”*

The seer’s voice echoed around me, and I stopped short.

“Don’t you dare take her from me,” I roared, my vision growing hazy with furious panic.

*“Her humanity is the price.”*

In my rage, I bellowed another fiery blaze across the battlefield. Hayleigh wrenched her arms forward, throwing the growing balls of fire magic straight into the rift. The tear flashed bright time and time again. It began to seal right before my eyes. Threads of golden light stitched from the top down and closed the rift.

In seconds, the rift was gone.

I looked back up at my mate and she’d turned her head to face me. The vision the seer had granted me had come to life, and my heart bloomed with love and adoration. Her irises blazed with bright red fire.

The same as mine.

*“I’ve extracted a price from every visitor that has come to me seeking guidance, but for you, I would like to grant you a gift.”*

“Give her back to me,” I pleaded, my voice shaking with emotion. I didn’t care if I had to fall to my knees and beg before my entire realm. I would do absolutely anything if I could just keep her.

*“I give you your Dragon Queen. She will stand by your side for the rest of time.”*

“Thank you,” I murmured, digging my talons into the dirt.

The bright light that surrounded my mate slowly faded and her form descended until her feet pressed against the ground. Her skin had a pale glowing elvish hue, and her ears were pointed slightly, but it was the scarlet of her gaze that was the most striking. She had transformed on a cellular level.

She was no longer human.

“Kol,” she whispered.

Her palm reached out to touch my snout and I nuzzled against her soft touch, grateful that she was still here with me. She turned her head, slowly appraising the battlefield. A strong wind picked up and it carried the remains of the enemy off with it. The only ones left standing were my people.

It was over. The rift was sealed, and my kingdom was safe.

A massive sense of relief fell over me as I shifted back into my human form and took my queen in my arms. I cupped her cheek with my palm, and she pressed her hand over mine. She stared into my eyes and our hearts beat as one.

“You are everything I could have ever asked for, my beautiful mate,” I whispered.

My other arm wrapped around her waist, and I pulled her against me. Her wings wrapped around me, and her scarlet gaze flickered that much brighter.

“I love you, my king,” she answered softly.

“I love you, my queen,” I murmured.

Unable to wait another second, I leaned down and captured her lips with mine and the entire battlefield erupted in a chaotic cheer of approval.

Their king had found his queen.

## EPILOGUE



*H* ayleigh

*Four months later*

I stood out on the balcony, looking out over the realm with fresh eyes. Everything was sharper, more focused, and much more vivid than before. The badlands were renewed with life, colorful blossoms bursting through the dirt from the fiery ashes of before.

My magical transformation had rid the realm of any remaining monsters that might have slipped through the cracks. Blazelheim was finally safe once again.

I breathed in, sensing the familiar scent of Kol's smoky presence. I turned my head and looked back over my shoulder to find him walking toward me, and a grin broke out across his face.

"I can't sneak up on you any longer," he joked, and I laughed lightly.

Even the sound of my voice hinted with a musical tone. Whatever I'd become, I was the first of my kind. I looked back out over the kingdom, reminiscing on the months that had gone past.

After the battle, the realm had begun to pick up the pieces. Those who were lost were mourned and burned with honor in

a warrior's funeral pyre. Now everything was coming slowly back to life. Several more weeks had passed as the realm recovered and today was the day of my wedding. In conjunction with such a momentous occasion, I was going to be crowned in front of the city as their queen.

Blazelheim had never experienced anything like it. There wasn't a single instance in history where the king had taken a queen. Every hotel or bed and breakfast in the city was booked solid. People had set up tents along the streets. When I gazed down below, I could already see crowds gathering in wait.

I was wearing a gorgeous white dress, expertly designed by Kenna with a couple of my own small touches. The A-line skirt was covered in glittering lace, and the bottom of the hem glimmered with my own fire magic. The top hugged around my waist and my breasts. There was only one strap, leaving the shoulder that bore Kol's mark bare and exposed. This was by far one of the most magnificent things that I had ever had the opportunity to lay eyes on, let alone wear.

It was perfect.

"Kenna outdid himself with this one," Kol murmured.

He took my hand and spun me around, dragging his gaze up and down my body with a heated glare. His palm settled on top of my swollen belly, and I couldn't help but smile.

"You look more and more radiant with every passing day, mate," he whispered, and he pulled me in close to him, my back flush against his chest.

"I love everything about you, especially the fact that your belly is swollen with my child," he added, and I blushed.

"Kol," I scolded lightly.

"Do you know what's going to happen after the ceremony, my beautiful mate?" he asked, and I shivered against him, feeling the hard line of his cock pressing firmly against my back.

"No, my king," I braved.

"After I carry you across the threshold into our chambers this evening, my queen, you're going to have one opportunity to

strip or else I will tear every bit of this dress off you.”

“Kol,” I blushed.

He continued and my heart pounded excitedly in my chest.

“After that, I’m going to spank your pretty pink nipples, your bare beautiful pussy, and your bottom bright red simply because I want all of you sore before I fill every tight little hole with my seed.”

My core clenched hard in anticipation.

“Promises, promises,” I teased.

As much as I was looking forward to the ceremony, now I had something even more exciting coming after it. The two of us had very little time together since the battle. His duties seemed endless, and I’d been spending a lot of time with Zilyana and her mages so I could learn to control my own magical abilities. There hadn’t been much left for us.

His hands cupped my belly, and he held me close. His lips pressed against my cheek, and I sighed happily. My clit throbbed and a delicious thrill raced through me.

“Are you bare underneath your dress as you were told?” he asked.

“No, my king,” I answered mischievously.

“Do you want to be punished on your wedding night, my naughty queen?” he asked, and his voice had a very dangerous glint to it.

“Yes,” I breathed.

He let go of my waist and knelt down beside me. His gaze didn’t leave mine as he reached underneath my gown and trailed his fingertips up my bare leg. I shivered as he slipped his hand under the waistband of the pretty white panties I’d chosen in a naughty ploy of defiance. He pulled them down my legs gradually, dragging the fabric across my bare flesh, and I shivered. He lifted one foot and then the other, before standing back up and slipping my panties into his pocket. His hand wound around the back of my neck, careful not to mess

up my hair but possessive enough to tell me that I was in trouble, just like I'd wanted to be.

"Then I will have to punish you, won't I?" he smirked, clearly amused by my mischievousness.

"What are you going to do?" I asked nervously.

He shook his head, his eyes twinkling with promise.

"That's for later, my queen. Now, it's time for me to show you off to my people," he said.

Without any further explanation, he took my hand and led me to the balcony that overlooked the city. I looked out at the gathered crowd as music started to play. I could see the mages working their magic so that the entire city could hear it along with me. Wedding bells rang and when I walked forward with Kol by my side, the city suddenly reigned with awed silence.

He stepped forward and I saw that every face was looking up at him with overwhelming reverence. He was a great king and a good man, protective, loving, but most important, he was mine.

"My people," he began resolutely, and a massive cheer roared all around us. It carried on for several minutes, but as he lifted his hand, it cut off with a resounding hush.

"As your king, I have taken a mate, and I ask that you accept her with grace because it is now time to present her to you as my wife, and your queen," he roared, and a deafening applause followed.

He turned and held his arm out to me. I went to him, taking his hand and he guided me forward so that I was in full sight of the city. An attendant came up beside him, a silver tray in hand. In the center of it was a small velvet box and my heart stopped as Kol picked it up. My eyes were glued to him as he opened it, revealing a breathtaking ruby and diamond ring. I lifted my hand to my throat and brushed my fingers against my mother's ruby, still safely around my neck. I remembered the day I'd found it and how different my life was now.

Gently, Kol took my left hand and stared into my eyes, his gaze warm and seductive.



“Do you take me as your husband and your king, to have and to hold and *obey* until the end of our days?”

“I do, Kol,” I answered, my whole body ablaze with overwhelming emotion.

I blushed at his mention of obedience, knowing what was going to happen when he carried me back into our chambers to have me in whatever way he wanted. I smiled, overcome with emotion.

An attendant approached me, a matching platter and velvet box intended for me. I took it with trembling fingers, opening it slowly. There was a thick gold band with a single ruby at the center to pair with mine. My eyes watered and my fingers shook as I took his hand in mine.

“Do you take me as your wife and your queen, to have and to hold until the end of our days?” I echoed, intentionally leaving off the part about obedience.

His eyes sparkled knowingly, but it was with more love than I could ever dream to hope for.

“I do, my queen. Forever and for always.”

I slipped the ring onto his finger, and he cupped my face with his hand. There was no one to pronounce us man and wife, but there didn't need to be.

The kiss that followed said everything.

The crowd roared with approval, and I could hear them vowing their allegiance to the two of us. My heart pounded so hard I thought it was going to burst as raw emotion spiraled through me. I had come here afraid, taken by an enemy, only to fall in love and to stand here forever changed, no longer human, and his wife.

I had found my one true love, not in my world, but his.

He turned away for a moment, only to return with a glittering crown of diamonds in his hands. My wings fluttered with excitement as another attendant placed a pillow on the balcony. I knew what to do next.

I knelt before my king.

“I crown you, my beautiful wife, as the first queen of Blazelheim.”

He placed the crown on top of my head, and I pressed my hand to my chest. He reached down and took my hand, safely encasing it with his.

“Rise, my queen. From this day forward, you will kneel for no one but me,” he roared.

I blushed and a massive round of applause sounded across the city. I blinked back joyful tears, overcome with every emotion I could think of as he pulled me close against him. For a long time, we stood there as the realm watched.

“Let the celebrations begin,” Kol announced.

His contagious excitement erupted across the city. The streets roared along with him. Without warning, he swept me off my feet and up into his arms.

“It is time I taught my wife her place in my marriage bed,” he said, his voice low enough so that only I could hear, and I squealed in embarrassment.

His patience seemingly at an end, he turned and carried me back into the castle. It was only after he’d entered our chambers and kicked the door shut behind us that he set me down on the floor. He stared at me, waiting.

I stripped. Completely.

His gaze feasted on me with every shameful moment. When I stood before him fully naked, his looked at me like I was the most ravishing thing in the world.

He strode to me with three large steps and plucked the pins free from my hair. It fell in a spiraling whoosh down my back.

“I will never tire of your beauty, but it is your heart that holds me captive. I love you so very much, mate,” he breathed, and I felt his emotion with every syllable that fell from his lips.

With a hard shiver, I squeezed my fingers around his forearm, needing to touch him. His palm cupped my breast, and he grazed his thumb over my overly sensitized nipple. They had become much more responsive over the last few weeks,

growing along with the child in my belly. He pinched the hard peak lightly, his eyes igniting with passionate need for me.

He knelt down before me and kissed my swollen belly.

“I vow to always keep you and our baby safe from harm.”

When he stood back up, his gaze had changed, now glimmering with dark intent.

“I also vow to always care for you and give you exactly what you need when you need it,” he continued, his words carrying a threatening message, but it only made the excitement quiver inside me that much more.

“My king,” I blushed.

“Go and bend over the bed for me, my queen. It’s time to deal with the matter of your defiance,” he commanded, and a nervous thrill raced through me.

When I stepped toward our marriage bed, I saw that the white comforter was covered with red flower petals. My thighs brushed against each other, already soaking wet. I leaned over and placed my hands on the bed, knowing I was giving him a rather salacious view of everything between my thighs and more.

“Spread your legs properly, mate. Show me those pretty holes that are soon going to be full of my cock.”

I hid my face in the bed as I obeyed him.

For a moment, I could feel his eyes on me, but then I turned my head to see him walk by me to fetch a pillow. He wound his arm around my hips and lifted me, placing it beneath me so that it hiked my hips up higher. I situated myself so that I was comfortable. My belly wasn’t swollen enough for it to be uncomfortable lying face down yet, but this made it far easier. I flushed, realizing that my toes could no longer reach the floor.

He gave no warning when his hand grabbed my pussy so roughly that a jolt of pleasure raced through me while a ferocious ache burned across my flesh. He let go just as quickly and spanked it hard enough to sting.

“You were told to be bare underneath your dress for me, weren’t you?”

“Yes, my king,” I whined, and he spanked my pussy again.

“Were you?”

“No, my king,” I answered bashfully.

“Tell me why,” he demanded, and my face burned that much hotter.

I opened and closed my mouth, struggling for a moment before he swiftly smacked my pussy three times in quick succession. The wet sound was mortifying, but the agonizing sting was far more overwhelming.

“Because I need a spanking,” I admitted, and my cheeks flushed hot enough to make me question my sanity.

“Where do I need to spank you?”

“My bottom,” I stammered, my clit pulsing with every word.

“Where else?”

My heart dropped to my toes and my stomach pitched forward with anxious butterflies.

“My pussy,” I whispered hoarsely, absolutely mortified to be admitting such a shameful need out loud.

“And?” he pressed.

“My breasts,” I shivered.

“And who do you need to punish you?”

“My king. My husband. My *mate*,” I murmured, and his fingers pressed forward, roughly finding my clit, much to my delight.

“That’s my good girl,” he praised.

I shivered as his rough fingertips teased me right to the edge of orgasm. I was seconds away from falling apart when his hand pulled away from me. He slapped my right cheek hard. The spanking I’d been waiting for began hard and fast, the delicious, stinging agony racing through me and taunting my clit with the release I’d been so cruelly denied. His other hand

braced my hip, gently holding me in place so that he could punish my bottom as thoroughly as he saw fit. It stung terribly, but as his palm rained down on my bare flesh, I knew I was exactly where I was supposed to be.

I didn't try to hold in my sounds because I knew I didn't need to. I yelped at the sting of his broad palm, but I also welcomed it. With each vicious spank, my pussy clenched reflexively, thinking about the massive cock that was going to be sinking into it not long after.

"Your ass is perfect, especially when it's been spanked bright red."

I cried out especially loud when his fingers clipped the wet folds of my pussy, lighting my entire body on fire. My core spiraled with heat and my nipples pebbled against the bed. It hurt, but a part of me instinctually knew he was being at least a little gentle with me because of the baby. Regardless, he made sure that I felt every stinging smack. I kicked my legs a little and he paused to dip his hand between my thighs. I moaned when he roughly circled my clit, but it wasn't enough to send me over the brink just yet.

He dragged my wetness across my bare cheeks before he spanked me, his palm striking flat so that it stung even more than before. I squealed, but he only stopped when my bottom was as red as he wanted it to be. When he was satisfied, he lifted me off the bed and placed me gently down on my back. I sucked in a breath through my teeth and flinched when my burning bottom pressed against the bed.

He removed his dark gray overshirt, and I took a moment to admire the gold and burgundy thread of his sigil, the same one that marked my shoulder now. His pants were still on when he climbed up on the bed beside me.

"Hands over your head, pretty mate. I'm going to spank your beautiful breasts and that soaking wet pussy bright pink. It's going to sting and you're not going to be able to keep still for me, so I will help you take it," he murmured.

"I want to come," I whined, and he took my right nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

He pinched it lightly, raising his eyebrow in warning. I slowly put my hands over my head, and he pinned them there with no more than a single hand wrapped around my wrists.

“You’ll come when I give you permission,” he growled.

The flats of his fingers snapped over my nipple and I keened, the burning sting that came with it far more striking than I had expected. I didn’t mean to flinch when he did the same to the other side, but I couldn’t help it. I bit my lower lip as he spanked both breasts firmly, punishing all over until I could see light pink outlines of his fingers on my flesh. I thrashed back and forth as the stinging spanking continued, but I knew it was far from over because I still had to be punished in between my thighs too. I squirmed when I thought about his hand there, but it didn’t stop him from making sure my breasts burned just as much as my bottom before he was through. When my breasts were peppered with his pink fingerprints enough to his liking, he cruelly pinched one nipple after the other firmly enough to make me arch right off the bed.

“Your breasts are just as pretty as I thought they would be spanked bright pink,” he murmured.

I took a shaky breath, trembling beneath him as he walked his fingers down my chest. For a long moment, he rested his palm on my swollen belly. He leaned forward, taking my stinging nipple in his mouth. I moaned, the wet warmth of his mouth soothing after being punished so harshly by his hand. My body quaked with pleasure. I didn’t know how it was possible, but I had zero doubt in my mind that I could come just from this alone. When he moved to give the other side the same attention, I almost did.

“Look at how sensitive you are,” he mused, and I blushed up at him, unable to hide my face from him this way. The connection between us pulsed and I knew that he was just as aroused as me.

“Spread your legs for me, my pretty mate,” he demanded.

“Please, my king,” I begged, even as I obeyed him.

My clit throbbed hard, and I wanted nothing more than for him to fuck me.

“You need that naughty pussy spanked bright red, don’t you?” he growled, and his hand slipped down to cup between my thighs.

His grip was rough, almost as if he was claiming me with that single touch.

“Yes,” I said, writhing.

He slipped a single finger over my clit, and my whole body quaked with need. For a few moments, he waited, just holding me and I started to grow impatient. Without meaning to, I squirmed, pouting a little bit at being held on edge for so long. He gave no warning for that first smack and the sting caught me off guard. I was so sensitive that it felt like fire had ignited between my thighs and set my tender flesh ablaze in an instant.

Each spank was deliciously cruel. I would have tried to count, but it wasn’t possible. He spanked the top of my mound as well as all over the wet folds of my pussy. Several smacks even landed on my inner thighs. I twisted and turned, trying to avoid his merciless fingers, but when he finally paused and rested his hand on top of me there, I found myself panting for his touch.

“Please,” I begged, my voice trembling with my fervent desperation.

“Do you feel like a punished girl, my sweet mate?” he asked, his fingers once again teasing my clit.

“Yes, my king,” I whispered, biting back a moan as he rubbed between my thighs that much more firmly.

“I think you’re almost there,” he warned.

His hand slapped between my thighs three more times, firmly enough to make me wail. My eyes watered and I blinked back tears. For a few seconds, I struggled to get a hold of myself. The stinging ache remained, but the arousal that followed soon did me in.

Gently, he released my wrists. I couldn't stop myself from hesitantly wrapping my fingers around my nipples. Even my gentlest touch caused them to ache, but it only served to make my arousal spike through me with feral intensity.

I felt like a wild animal.

The bed jostled as he climbed off the bed, and I chewed my lower lip as he stripped off his pants. He lay beside me on the bed and cleared his throat.

“Climb on top of me now, mate. Fill yourself full of my cock.”

I didn't waste a moment. I straddled him and he helped me to remain steady as I lifted myself up above his erect cock. Impulsively, I leaned forward and kissed him, needing to feel his lips on mine. My stinging folds brushed against his cock, and I flinched, which only made him smile as he kissed me.

“I love the taste of you, your pleasure and your pain,” he murmured as I pulled away.

He reached down and held his cock steady for me. When the heat of it brushed against my entrance, I trembled at its girth. I sucked in a pained breath as I lowered and impaled myself on his cock.

I would never get used to that.

“You will take all of me, naughty girl. Your punishment isn't over yet.”

Inch by inch, I forced my body to take him. I whimpered and I cried, but he granted me no mercy and I wanted none. When I was fully seated, a stray movement caught my eye, and I realized it was his tail.

“You can't mean to...”

“You defied me, naughty mate, so both of your tight little holes are going to be very sore for your fucking,” he growled.

The tip of his tail rolled through my rampant wetness. In anticipation, I clenched my bottom in hopes of stopping him, but there was no hiding myself when I was mounted on top of him this way. Like he knew what I was trying to do, he grabbed each side of my bottom with his hands, spreading me



open for his tail. The tip slid on top of my most reluctant hole and I tensed, but that didn't stop him from pushing past my tight rim.

I cried out, the burning ache instant. It was different than the spanking to my bottom, breasts, or pussy. This pain burrowed that much deeper, and my legs quaked as it rolled up and down my spine. Already full of his cock, the stretching of my bottom hole seemed to hurt more than I ever remembered, and I wailed as his tail sank deeper into me. It burned, but it made my pussy clench around his cock all the same.

When his tail was deep inside my bottom, he released me. Then he used the fingers of one hand to spread open my folds and pull back the hood of my clit. I stilled, looking down to see his other hand flexing. A nervous jitter danced around in my core, and I whimpered, not knowing what was going to happen next.

"I thoroughly spanked your bare bottom, your pretty breasts, and your pussy, didn't I?"

"Yes, my king," I whispered.

"There's one last place you that needs to be spanked, my naughty mate."

My face flushed and I tensed, suddenly catching onto his meaning.

"Please. Not *there*," I begged.

"Who decides how you're punished?"

"You, my king," I wailed.

"I've decided you need this very naughty clit spanked too," he growled.

With a simple flick of his wrist, he used the flats of his fingers to punish my clit. I screamed as I came. He continued peppering my clit with firm, stinging spanks and my orgasm rolled through me like a hurricane. I couldn't have kept still even if I wanted to. Out of uncontrollable instinct and insatiable need, I rolled my hips, riding him with initial reluctance. After that, I lost complete control.

Every muscle fiber in my body trembled as white-hot agony and bliss scorched through my veins, sizzling me from the inside out. My wings outstretched wide, and I felt the tingle of pleasure through every feather right down to the tip. My hands toyed with my breasts, teasing at my nipples and throwing me into one quaking wave of pleasure after the next.

I came so hard that I saw stars.

“You’re going to come many more times for me, my queen,” he warned and my whole body twitched, sore and full of him, yet wanting so much more.

He knew it too.

“Reach down and rub that pretty clit for me,” he rumbled.

I obeyed, hesitantly sliding my fingertips over my sensitive bundle of nerves. I trembled the moment I made contact, a jolt of pleasure racing straight to my core. He used his hold on me to roll my hips, grinding me back and forth on top of him. His tail started to roughly fuck my bottom and in moments, I was on the cusp of another orgasm that threatened to be far more powerful than the first.

“Take me, my king,” I begged.

“As you wish, my queen,” he grinned.

And he did.

Over and over again until I collapsed on top of him.

Not yet through with me, he rolled me onto my back and fucked me harder. He didn’t stop until my throat was hoarse from screaming, my body was covered in a sheen of sweat, and tears were pouring down my face from an endless series of powerfully hard orgasms that shattered me completely.

Destiny had found me, and I was here to stay.

*Don't want it to be over? Need more?*

*Join my newsletter for an exclusive scene where Kol and Hayleigh check on their baby together before they meet up*

*with a mysterious new character, the frigid ice dragon king of  
Icegard!*

<https://BookHip.com/NPKAQTN>

The End

# AFTERWORD

Stormy Night Publications would like to thank you for your interest in our books.

If you liked this book (or even if you didn't), we would really appreciate you leaving a review on the site where you purchased it. Reviews provide useful feedback for us and our authors, and this feedback (both positive comments and constructive criticism) allows us to work even harder to make sure we provide the content our customers want to read.

If you would like to check out more books from Stormy Night Publications, if you want to learn more about our company, or if you would like to join our mailing list, please visit our website at:

<http://www.stormynightpublications.com>

## BOOKS OF THE ALPHA BROTHERHOOD SERIES

### *Savage*

**I thought no alpha could tame me. I was wrong.**

Many men have tried to master me, but never one like Aric. He is not just an alpha, he is a fearsome beast, and he means to take for himself what warriors and kings could not conquer.

I thought I could fight him, but his mere presence forced overwhelming, unimaginable need upon me and now it is too late. I'm about to go into heat, and what comes next will be truly shameful.

He's going to ravage me, ruthlessly laying claim to every single inch of me, and it's going to hurt. But no matter how desperately I plead as he wrenches one screaming climax after another from my helplessly willing body, he will not stop until I'm sore, spent, and marked as his.

It will be nothing short of savage.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Primal*

**I escaped the chains of a king. Now a far more fearsome brute has claimed me.**

The Brotherhood gave him the right to breed me, but that is not why I am naked, wet, and sore.

My bottom bears the marks of his hard, punishing hand because I defied my alpha.

My body is slick with his seed and my own arousal because he took me anyway.

He didn't use me like a king enjoying a subject. He took me the way a beast claims his mate.

It was long, hard, and painfully intense, but it was much more than that.

It was primal.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Rough*

**I came here as a spy. I ended up as the king's property.**

I was captured and locked in a dungeon, but it was only when I saw Magnar that I felt real fear.

He is a warrior and a king, but that is not why my virgin body quivers as I stand bare before him.

He is not merely an alpha. He is my alpha.

The one who will punish and master me.

The one who will claim and ravage me.

The one who will break me, but only after he's made me beg for it.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Wild*

**She's going to scream for me and I don't care who hears it.**

I traveled to this city to disrupt the plans of the Brotherhood's enemies, not tame a defiant omega, but the moment Revna challenged me I knew punishing her would not be enough.

Despite her blushing protests, I'm going to bare her beautiful body and mark her quivering bottom with my belt, but she won't be truly put in her place until I put her flat on her back.

I'm her alpha and I will use her as I please.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

*Enigma*

**An alpha could not tame her. Now she will kneel before a god.**

For endless ages I've kept this world in balance, and over the centuries countless women have writhed and screamed and climaxed beneath me. But I've never felt the need for a mate.

Until today. Until her.

When I touch her, she trembles.

When I mark her defiant little bottom with my belt, her bare thighs glisten with helpless arousal.

When she lies next to me blushing, sore, and spent, my lust for her only grows stronger.

The world be damned. I'm going to claim her for myself.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

## BOOKS OF THE OMEGABORN TRILOGY

### *Frenzy*

Inside the walls I was a respected scientist. Out here I'm vulnerable, desperate, and soon to be at the mercy of the beasts and barbarians who rule these harsh lands. But that is not the worst of it.

When the suppressants that keep my shameful secret wear off, overwhelming, unimaginable need will take hold of me completely. I'm about to go into heat, and I know what comes next...

But I'm not the only one with instincts far beyond my control. Savage men roam this wilderness, driven by their very nature to claim a female like me more fiercely than I can imagine, paying no heed to my screams as one brutal climax after another is ripped from my helplessly willing body.

It won't be long now, and when the mating starts, it will be nothing short of a frenzy.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

### *Frantic*

Naked, bound, and helplessly on display, my arousal drips down my bare thighs and pools at my feet as the entire city watches, waiting for the inevitable. I'm going into heat, and they know it.

When the feral beasts who live outside the walls find me, they will show my virgin body no mercy. With my need growing more desperate by the second, I'm not sure I'll want them to...

By the time the brutes arrive to claim and ravage me, I'm going to be absolutely frantic.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

### *Fever*

I've led the Omegaborn for years, but the moment these brutes arrived from beyond the wall I knew everything was about to change. These beasts aren't here to take orders from me, they're here to take me the way I was meant to be taken, no matter how desperately I resist what I need.

Naked, punished, and sore, all I can do is scream out one savage, shameful climax after another as my body is claimed, used, and mastered. I'm about to learn what it means to be an omega...

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

## BOOKS OF THE VAKARRAN CAPTIVES SERIES

### *Conquered*

I've lived in hiding since the Vakarrans arrived, helping my band of human survivors evade the aliens who now rule our world with an iron fist. But my luck ran out.

Captured by four of their fiercest warriors, I know what comes next. They'll make an example of me, to show how even the most defiant human can be broken, trained, and mastered.

I promise myself that I'll prove them wrong, that I'll never yield, even when I'm stripped bare, publicly shamed, and used in the most humiliating way possible.

But my body betrays me.

My will to resist falters as these brutes share me between the four of them and I can't help but wonder if soon, they will conquer my heart...

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Mastered*

First the Vakarrans took my home. Then they took my sister. Now, they have taken me.

As a prisoner of four of their fiercest warriors, I know what fate awaits me. Humans who dare to fight back the way I did are not just punished, they are taught their place in ways so shameful I shudder to think about them.

The four huge, intimidating alien brutes who took me captive are going to claim me in every way possible, using me more thoroughly than I can imagine. I despise them, yet as they force one savage, shattering climax after another from my naked, quivering body, I cannot help but wonder if soon I will beg for them to master me completely.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Ravaged*

Though the aliens were the ones I always feared, it was my own kind who hurt me. Men took me captive, and it was four Vakarran warriors who saved me. But they don't plan to set me free...

I belong to them now, and they intend to make me theirs more thoroughly than I can imagine.

They are the enemy, and first I try to fight, then I try to run. But as they punish me, claim me, and share me between them, it isn't long before I am begging them to ravage me completely.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Subdued*

The resistance sent them, but that's not really why these four battle-hardened Vakarrans are here.

They came for me. To conquer me. To master me. To ravage me. To strip me bare, punish me for the slightest hint of defiance, and use my quivering virgin body in



ways far beyond anything in even the very darkest of my dreams, until I've been utterly, completely, and shamefully subdued.

I vow never to beg for mercy, but I can't help wondering how long it will be until I beg for more.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

*Abducted*

When I left Earth behind to become a Celestial Mate, I was promised a perfect match. But four Vakarrans decided they wanted me, and Vakarrans don't ask for what they want, they take it.

These fearsome, savagely sexy alien warriors don't care what some computer program thinks would be best for me. They've claimed me as their mate, and soon they will claim my body.

I planned to resist, but after I was stripped bare and shamefully punished, they teased me until at last I pleaded for the climax I'd been so cruelly denied. When I broke, I broke completely. Now they are going to do absolutely anything they please with me, and I'm going to beg for all of it.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

## BOOKS OF THE WOLF KINGS SERIES

### *Alpha King*

I thought I could defy the most powerful mafia boss in the city, but as Lawson Clearwater rips off my nightgown and pins me to the bed I'm certain he can smell more than just my fear.

This beast isn't just here to punish me. He's here to mount me, rut me, and mark me as his.

Forever.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

### *Alpha Boss*

She came here to find her sister. Her mate found her instead.

When she blew off my offer to help rescue her sister, Natalia Kotova learned the hard way that defying an alpha shifter will get you spanked until you are sobbing, then mounted and rutted.

But she's not bound to my bed with her dress and panties in shreds and every hole sore just because she needed a shameful lesson in manners from the most powerful mob boss in the city.

She's here because she's my mate.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

### *Alpha Brute*

I knew Elijah Baumann was a brute before he ripped off my clothes and blistered my bare backside with his belt. I knew it even before he mounted and rutted me with that same belt pulled tight around my throat to hold me helplessly in place for every desperate, shattering climax.

It was the way he looked at me.

Not like he hoped he might have me one day. Like I already belonged to him.

Like I was his mate.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

## SCI-FI AND PARANORMAL ROMANCES BY SARA FIELDS

### *Feral*

He told me to stay away from him, that if I got too close he would not be able to stop himself. He would pin me down and take me so fiercely my throat would be sore from screaming before he finished wringing one savage, desperate climax after another from my helpless, quivering body.

Part of me was terrified, but another part needed to know if he would truly throw me to the ground, mount me, and rut me like a wild animal, longer and harder than any human ever could.

Now, as the feral beast flips me over to claim me even more shamefully when I've already been used more thoroughly than I imagined possible, I wonder if I should have listened to him...

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Inferno*

I thought I knew how to handle a man like him, but there are no men like him. Though he is a billionaire, when he desired me he did not try to buy me, and when he wanted me bared and bound he didn't call his bodyguards. He did it himself, even as I fought him, because he could.

He told me soon I would beg him to ravage me... and I did. But it wasn't the pain of his belt searing my naked backside that drove me to plead with him to use me so shamefully I might never stop blushing. I begged because my body knew its master, and it didn't give me a choice.

But my body is not all he plans to claim. He wants my mind and my soul too, and he will have them. He's going to take so much of me there will be nothing left. He's going to consume me.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Manhandled*

Two hours ago, my ship reached the docks at Dryac.

An hour ago, a slaver tried to drag me into an alley.

Fifty-nine minutes ago, a beast of a man knocked him out cold.

Fifty-eight minutes ago, I told my rescuer to screw off, I could take care of myself.

Fifty-five minutes ago, I felt a thick leather belt on my bare backside for the first time.

Forty-five minutes ago, I started begging.

Thirty minutes ago, he bent me over a crate and claimed me in the most shameful way possible.

Twenty-nine minutes ago, I started screaming.

Twenty-five minutes ago, I climaxed with a crowd watching and my bottom sore inside and out.

Twenty-four minutes ago, I realized he was nowhere near done with me.

One minute ago, he finally decided I'd learned my lesson, for the moment at least.

As he leads me away, naked, well-punished, and very thoroughly used, he tells me I work for him now, I'll have to earn the privilege of clothing, and I'm his to enjoy as often as he pleases.

**Buy on Amazon**

***Marked***

I know how to handle men who won't take no for an answer, but Silas isn't a man. He's a beast who takes what he wants, as long and hard and savagely as he pleases, and tonight he wants me.

He's not even pretending he's going to be gentle. He's going to ravage me, and it's going to hurt.

I'll be spanked into quivering submission and used thoroughly and shamefully, but even when the endless series of helpless, screaming climaxes is finally over, I won't just be sore and spent.

I will be marked.

My body will no longer be mine. It will be his to use, his to enjoy, and his to breed, and no matter how desperate my need might grow in his absence, it will respond to his touch alone.

Forever.

**Buy on Amazon**

***Prize***

Exiled from Earth by a tyrannical government, I was meant to be sold for use on a distant world. But Vane doesn't buy things. When he wants something, he takes it, and I was no different.

This alien brute didn't just strip me, punish me, and claim me with his whole crew watching. He broke me, making me beg for mercy and then for far more shameful things. Perhaps he would've been gentle if I hadn't defied him in front of his men, but I doubt it. He's not the gentle type.

When he carried me aboard his ship naked, blushing, and sore, I thought I would be no more than a trophy to be shown off or a plaything to amuse him until he tired of me, but I was wrong.

He took me as a prize, but he's keeping me as his mate.

**Buy on Amazon**

***Alpha***

I used to believe beasts like him were nothing but legends and folklore. Then he came for me.

He is no mere alpha wolf. He is the fearsome expression of the virility of the Earth itself, come into the world for the first time in centuries to claim a human female fated to be his mate.

That human female is me.

When I ran, he caught me. When I fought him, he punished me.

I begged for mercy, but mercy isn't what he has in mind for me.

He's going to force one brutal climax after another from my naked, quivering body until my throat is sore from screaming and he's not going to stop until he is certain I know I am his.

Then he's going to breed me.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

*Thirst*

Cain came for me today. Even before he spoke his name his power all but drove me to my knees.

Power that can pin me against a wall with just a thought and hold me there as he slowly cuts my clothes from my quivering body, making sure I know he is enjoying every blushing moment.

Power that will punish me until I plead for mercy, tease and torment me until I beg for release, and then ravage me brutally over and over again until I'm utterly spent and shamefully broken.

Power that will claim me as his forever.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

*Alien Conqueror*

He's going to take me the same way they took our planet. Without gentleness or remorse.

I dared to defy him, but as this alien brute rips my clothes off and mounts me with my bottom still burning from his punishing hand it is clear what is in store for me isn't mere vengeance.

It is conquest.

Soon I will know what it means to be utterly and shamefully broken, my helpless body ravaged and plundered in every way imaginable, and when he is done I won't just be sore and spent.

I will be his.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

*Guardian*

After watching over this world for millennia, a girl wandering in the woods should have been of no interest to me. But the moment I saw her bathing in a stream, I knew Emma was mine.

I kept myself from throwing her over a fallen tree and ravaging her... but only for a few hours.

If she had been obedient, I might have held instinct at bay a little longer. It was the scent of her helpless arousal as I reddened her bare bottom that tore away the last vestiges of my self-control.

But it would have made no difference in the end.

Sooner or later, she was always going to scream my name as I mounted and rutted her.

A beast must claim his mate.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

*Dark Beast*

Many a blushing lass has screamed my name in bed over the long years I've walked this land, watching over humanity even after they turned their backs on me. But I've never claimed a mate.

Until Layna.

When I first set eyes on this beautiful creature she was fighting for her life against more men than I could count, and at that very moment I vowed to protect her... and to make her mine.

That is a promise I plan to keep, even if it means stripping her bare, marking her bottom with my belt, and forcing her to one heart-stopping climax after another until she surrenders completely.

I'm not just going to keep her safe. I'm going to keep her forever.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

### ***Blushing Bride***

No man had taken a woman as his and his alone for centuries... and he hadn't even asked.

He'd just told her she was to be his bride, watched her blush at the shameful term, then fisted her hair and pulled her in for a brutal, possessive kiss the moment she opened her mouth to protest.

A kiss that made clear this wasn't up to her, and that even if it were they both knew she would choose to wear his ring, share his bed, and one day bear his children. A kiss that said she was his already, and there was so much more to come as he taught her what that meant in every way.

She climaxed then and there as his tongue claimed her mouth.

She didn't say yes, because she didn't need to. Her body said it for her.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

## BOOKS OF THE KEPT AS HIS SERIES

### *Mine to Keep*

I can still remember the moment I first heard Cyrus Holt's deep, commanding voice.

I didn't know who he was or about the life he'd left behind. I was just a trembling orphan on the run from a monster, and he was the man offering me shelter and not giving me a choice about it.

This boss of bosses didn't assign someone else to watch over me. He slept on the floor next to my bed when I woke up scared, then spanked me like a naughty little girl when I lied to him.

He could have claimed me that night, ravaging me without mercy or remorse.

But he didn't.

He made me beg for it first.

Because he didn't just want me as his for a night. He wanted me as his to keep.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Mine to Hold*

*Baby girl.*

The man whispering those words in my ear isn't just a powerful mob boss. He's the brute who stripped me bare, whipped me with his belt, and claimed my virgin body roughly and shamefully in front of his men as I screamed and begged and came for him until I collapsed in his arms.

I should hate it when he calls me that.

But all I do is blush as I wait for him to make me his all over again.

Because I'm his to hold.

Forever.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Mine to Take*

After escaping both my father's plans to marry me off and the Russian mafia, I woke up this morning thinking I was a free woman... until I saw the man sipping coffee in my hotel room.

He's a billionaire as powerful as any mob boss, yet even as he spanks me into soaking wet, shameful surrender I can't help begging him to ravage my virgin body right then and there.

I can run, but I know soon I'll be kneeling at his feet, bare, blushing, and ready to be claimed.

Because I'm his to take.

**Buy on Amazon**



## MAFIA AND BILLIONAIRE ROMANCES BY SARA FIELDS

### *Fear*

She wasn't supposed to be there tonight. I took her because I had no other choice, but as I carried her from her home dripping wet and wearing nothing but a towel, I knew I would be keeping her.

I'm going to make her tell me everything I need to know. Then I'm going to make her mine.

She'll sob as my belt lashes her bottom and she'll scream as climax after savage climax is forced from her naked, quivering body, but there will be no mercy no matter how shamefully she begs.

She's not just going to learn to obey me. She's going to learn to fear me.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *On Her Knees*

Blaire Conrad isn't just the most popular girl at Stonewall Academy. She's a queen who reigns over her subjects with an iron fist. But she's made me an enemy, and I don't play by her rules.

I make the rules, and I punish my enemies.

She'll scream and beg as I strip her, spank her, and force one brutal climax after another from her beautiful little body, but before I'm done with her she'll beg me shamefully for so much more.

It's time for the king to teach his queen her place.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Boss*

The moment Brooke Mikael's walked into my office, I knew she was mine. She needed my help and thought she could use her sweet little body to get it, but she learned a hard lesson instead.

I don't make deals with silly little girls. I spank them.

She'll get what she needs, but first she'll moan and beg and scream with each brutal climax as she takes everything I give her. She belongs to me now, and soon she'll know what that means.

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *His Majesty*

Maximo Giovanni Santaro is a king. A real king, like in the old days. The kind I didn't know still existed. The kind who commands obedience and punishes any hint of defiance from his subjects.

His Majesty doesn't take no for an answer, and refusing his royal command has earned me not just a spanking that will leave me sobbing, but a lesson so utterly shameful that it will serve as an example for anyone else who might dare to disobey him. I will beg and plead as one brutal, screaming climax after another ravages my quivering body, but there will be no mercy for me.

He's not going to stop until he's taught me that my rightful place is at his feet, blushing and sore.

**Buy on Amazon**

***Pet***

Even before Chloe Banks threw a drink in my face in front of a room full of powerful men who know better than to cross me, her fate was sealed. I had already decided to make her my pet.

I would have taught her to obey in the privacy of my penthouse, but her little stunt changed that.

My pet learned her place in public instead, blushing as she was bared, sobbing as she was spanked, and screaming as she was brought to one brutal, humiliating climax after another.

But she has so many more lessons to learn. Lessons more shameful than she can imagine.

She will plead for mercy as she is broken, but before long she will purr like a kitten.

**Buy on Amazon**

***Blush for Daddy***

**“Please spank me, Daddy. Please make it hurt.”**

Only a ruthless bastard would make an innocent virgin say those words when she came to him desperate for help, then savor every quiver of her voice as she begs for something so shameful.

I didn't even hesitate.

I made Keri Esposito's problems go away. Then I made her call me daddy.

The image of that little bottom bare over my lap was more than I could resist, and the thought of her kneeling naked at my feet to thank me properly afterwards left me as hard as I've ever been.

Maybe I'm a monster, but I saw the wet spot on her panties before I pulled them down.

She didn't come to my door just for the kind of help only a powerful billionaire could offer.

She came because she needed me to make her blush for daddy.

**Buy on Amazon**

***Reckoning***

Dean Waterhouse was supposed to be a job. Get in. Get married. Take his money and get out.

But he came after me.

Now I'm bound to his bed, about to learn what happens to naughty girls who play games.

The man who put his ring on my finger was gentle. The man who tracked me down is not.

He's going to make me blush, beg, and scream for him.

Then he's going to make me call him daddy.

**Buy on Amazon**

***Bride***

This morning I was a businesswoman with no plans to marry, but that didn't matter to him. He decided tonight was my wedding night, so it was. All he let me choose was the dress he would tear off me later.

When I told him I wanted him to be gentle, he laughed at me, then ripped off my panties.

I shouldn't have been wet. I shouldn't have moaned. But I was, and I did.

When he threw me on the bed, I told him I'd never be his no matter how he made me scream.

He just smiled. The kind of smile that said this was going to hurt and he was going to enjoy every moment of it. Then he bent down and whispered something in my ear that shook me to my core.

“You're already mine. You always have been.”

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

### ***Daddy's Property***

As Cami Davis stands in front of me in her nightgown, cheeks blushing and voice quavering, I know what she's come to ask me even before she can muster the courage to speak the words.

Did I really mean what I said to her earlier tonight?

Would I really take her over my knee and spank her like a naughty little girl?

She's a nineteen-year-old orphan and I'm a billionaire with plans to run for mayor. I shouldn't even be thinking about pulling down her panties and turning that cute little bottom bright red, let alone bending her over the dining room table and claiming her roughly right then and there.

But the moment I found her squatting in my newly purchased estate I knew what I needed.

Her.

Calling me daddy.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

### ***The Count***

**Jasmina Harker is an innocent virgin, but it doesn't matter.**

I want her.

No, I need her.

From the very first moment I laid eyes on her, I knew she was the one. I craved nothing more than to tear the clothes right off her and force one screaming climax after the next from her quivering body until she admits that she needs me too.

I may be the worst kind of monster, but she will still be mine.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

### ***Take Me, Daddy***

Kieran Murphy is an Irish mob boss and one of the most powerful men in Boston, and when he walks me home people step aside out of respect for him. He could have any woman he wants.

So why does he have eyes only for me?

Is it how he has to lift my chin with his fingers to keep my eyes level with his when he scolds me, and how I cover my bottom instinctively when he tells me that I've earned a spanking?

Or is it how I quiver at the thought of everything I'm too ashamed to beg him to do to me, and how hard I come for him when he does all of it and more without me even having to ask?

Maybe it's all of those, but I'm pretty sure there's something else too.

I think he loves how I blush when he makes me call him daddy.

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

## BOOKS OF THE CAPTIVE BRIDES SERIES

### *Wedded to the Warriors*

As an unauthorized third child, nineteen-year-old Aimee Harrington has spent her life avoiding discovery by government authorities, but her world comes crashing down around her after she is caught stealing a vehicle in an act of petulant rebellion. Within hours of her arrest, she is escorted onto a ship bound for a detention center in the far reaches of the solar system.

This facility is no ordinary prison, however. It is a training center for future brides, and once Aimee has been properly prepared, she will be intimately, shamefully examined and then sold to an alien male in need of a mate. Worse still, Aimee's defiant attitude quickly earns her the wrath of the strict warden, and to make an example of her, Aimee is offered as a wife not to a sophisticated gentleman but to three huge, fiercely dominant warriors of the planet Ollorin.

Though Ollorin males are considered savages on Earth, Aimee soon realizes that while her new mates will demand her obedience and will not hesitate to spank her soundly if her behavior warrants it, they will also cherish and protect her in a way she has never experienced before. But when the time comes for her men to master her completely, will she find herself begging for more as her beautiful body is claimed hard and thoroughly by all three of them at once?

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Her Alien Doctors*

After nineteen-year-old Jenny Monroe is caught stealing from the home of a powerful politician, she is sent to a special prison in deep space to be trained for her future role as an alien's bride.

Despite the public bare-bottom spanking she receives upon her arrival at the detention center, Jenny remains defiant, and before long she earns herself a trip to the notorious medical wing of the facility. Once there, Jenny quickly discovers that a sore bottom will now be the least of her worries, and soon enough she is naked, restrained, and shamefully on display as three stern, handsome alien doctors examine and correct her in the most humiliating ways imaginable.

The doctors are experts in the treatment of naughty young women, and as Jenny is brought ever closer to the edge of a shattering climax only to be denied again and again, she finds herself begging to be taken in any way they please. But will her captors be content to give Jenny up once her punishment is over, or will they decide to make her their own and master her completely?

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Taming Their Pet*

When the scheming of her father's political enemies makes it impossible to continue hiding the fact that she is an unauthorized third child, twenty-year-old Isabella Bedard is sent to a detainment facility in deep space where she will be prepared for her new life as an alien's bride.

Her situation is made far worse after some ill-advised mischief forces the strict warden to ensure that she is sold as quickly as possible, and before she knows it, Isabella is standing naked before two huge, roughly handsome alien men, helpless and utterly on display for their inspection. More disturbing still, the men make it clear that they are buying her not as a bride, but as a pet.

Zack and Noah have made a career of taming even the most headstrong of females, and they waste no time in teaching their new pet that her absolute obedience will be expected and even the slightest defiance will earn her a painful, embarrassing bare-bottom spanking, along with far more humiliating punishments if her behavior makes it necessary.

Over the coming weeks, Isabella is trained as a pony and as a kitten, and she learns what it means to fully surrender her body to the bold dominance of two men who will not hesitate to claim her in any way they please. But though she cannot deny her helpless arousal at being so thoroughly mastered, can she truly allow herself to fall in love with men who keep her as a pet?

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

### ***Sold to the Beasts***

As an unauthorized third child with parents who were more interested in their various criminal enterprises than they were in her, Michelle Carter is used to feeling unloved, but it still hurts when she is brought to another world as a bride for two men who turn out not to even want one.

After Roan and Dane lost the woman they loved, they swore there would never be anyone else, and when their closest friend purchases a beautiful human he hopes will become their wife, they reject the match. Though they are cursed to live as outcasts who shift into terrible beasts, they are not heartless, so they offer Michelle a place in their home alongside the other servants. She will have food, shelter, and all she needs, but discipline will be strict and their word will be law.

Michelle soon puts Roan and Dane to the test, and when she disobeys them her bottom is bared for a deeply humiliating public spanking. Despite her situation, the punishment leaves her shamefully aroused and longing for her new masters to make her theirs, and as the days pass they find that she has claimed a place in their hearts as well. But when the same enemy who took their first love threatens to tear Roan and Dane away from her, will Michele risk her life to intervene?

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

### ***Mated to the Dragons***

After she uncovers evidence of a treasonous conspiracy by the most powerful man on Earth, Jada Rivers ends up framed for a terrible crime, shipped off to a detention facility in deep space, and kept in solitary confinement until she can be sold as a bride. But the men who purchase her are no ordinary aliens. They are dragons, the kings of Draegira, and she will be their shared mate.

Bruddis and Draego are captivated by Jada, but before she can become their queen the beautiful, feisty little human will need to be publicly claimed, thoroughly trained, and put to the test in the most shameful manner imaginable. If she will not yield her body and her heart to them completely, the fire in their blood will burn out of control until it destroys the brotherly bond between them, putting their entire world at risk of a cataclysmic war.

Though Jada is shocked by the demands of her dragon kings, she is left helplessly aroused by their stern dominance. With her virgin body quivering with need, she cannot bring herself to resist as they take her hard and savagely in any way they please. But can she endure the trials before her and claim her place at their side, or will her stubborn defiance bring Draegira to ruin?

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

## BOOKS OF THE TERRANOVUM BRIDES SERIES

### *A Gift for the King*

For an ordinary twenty-two-year-old college student like Lana, the idea of being kidnapped from Earth by aliens would have sounded absurd... until the day it happened. As Lana quickly discovers, however, her abduction is not even the most alarming part of her situation. To her shock, she soon learns that she is to be stripped naked and sold as a slave to the highest bidder.

When she resists the intimate, deeply humiliating procedures necessary to prepare her for the auction, Lana merely earns herself a long, hard, bare-bottom spanking, but her passionate defiance catches the attention of her captor and results in a change in his plans. Instead of being sold, Lana will be given as a gift to Dante, the region's powerful king.

Dante makes it abundantly clear that he will expect absolute obedience and that any misbehavior will be dealt with sternly, yet in spite of everything Lana cannot help feeling safe and cared for in the handsome ruler's arms. Even when Dante's punishments leave her with flaming cheeks and a bottom sore from more than just a spanking, it only sets her desire for him burning hotter.

But though Dante's dominant lovemaking brings her pleasure beyond anything she ever imagined, Lana fears she may never be more than a plaything to him, and her fears soon lead to rebellion. When an escape attempt goes awry and she is captured by Dante's most dangerous enemy, she is left to wonder if her master cares for her enough to come to her rescue. Will the king risk everything to reclaim what is his, and if he does bring his human girl home safe and sound, can he find a way to teach Lana once and for all that she belongs to him completely?

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *A Gift for the Doctor*

After allowing herself to be taken captive in order to save her friends, Morgana awakens to find herself naked, bound, and at the mercy of a handsome doctor named Kade. She cannot hide her helpless arousal as her captor takes his time thoroughly examining her bare body, but when she disobeys him she quickly discovers that defiance will earn her a sound spanking.

His stern chastisement and bold dominance awaken desires within her that she never knew existed, but Morgana is shocked when she learns the truth about Kade. As a powerful shifter and the alpha of his pack, he has been ordered by the evil lord who took Morgana prisoner to claim her and sire children with her in order to combine the strength of their two bloodlines.

Kade's true loyalties lie with the rebels seeking to overthrow the tyrant, however, and he has his own reasons for desiring Morgana as his mate. Though submitting to a dominant alpha does not come easily to a woman who was once her kingdom's most powerful sorceress, Kade's masterful lovemaking is unlike anything she has experienced before, and soon enough she is aching for his touch. But with civil war on the verge of engulfing the capital, will Morgana be torn from the arms of the man she loves or will she stand and fight at his side no matter the cost?

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *A Gift for the Commander*

After she is rescued from a cruel tyrant and brought to the planet Terranovum, Olivia soon discovers that she is to be auctioned to the highest bidder. But before she can be sold, she must be trained, and the man who will train her is none other than the commander of the king's army.

Wes has tamed many human females, and when Olivia resists his efforts to bathe her in preparation for her initial inspection, he strips the beautiful, feisty girl bare and spansks her soundly. His stern chastisement leaves Olivia tearful and repentant yet undeniably aroused, and after the punishment she cannot resist begging for her new master's touch.

Once she has been examined Olivia's training begins in earnest, and Wes takes her to his bed to teach her what it means to belong to a dominant man. But try as he might, he cannot bring himself to see Olivia as just another slave. She touches his heart in a way he thought nothing could, and with each passing day he grows more certain that he must claim her as his own. But with war breaking out across Terranovum, can Wes protect both his world and his woman?

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**



## MORE STORMY NIGHT BOOKS BY SARA FIELDS

### *Claimed by the General*

When Ayala intervenes to protect a fellow slave-girl from a cruel man's unwanted attentions, she catches the eye of the powerful general Lord Eiotan. Impressed with both her boldness and her beauty, the handsome warrior takes Ayala into his home and makes her his personal servant.

Though Eiotan promises that Ayala will be treated well, he makes it clear that he expects his orders to be followed and he warns her that any disobedience will be sternly punished. Lord Eiotan is a man of his word, and when Ayala misbehaves she quickly finds herself over his knee for a long, hard spanking on her bare bottom. Being punished in such a humiliating manner leaves her blushing, but it is her body's response to his chastisement which truly shames her.

Ayala does her best to ignore the intense desire his firm-handed dominance kindles within her, but when her new master takes her in his arms she cannot help longing for him to claim her, and when he makes her his own at last, his masterful lovemaking introduces her to heights of pleasure she never thought possible.

But as news of the arrival of an invader from across the sea reaches the city and a ruthless conqueror sets his eyes on Ayala, her entire world is thrown into turmoil. Will she be torn from Lord Eiotan's loving arms, or will the general do whatever it takes to keep her as his own?

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *Kept for Christmas*

After Raina LeBlanc shows up for a meeting unprepared because she was watching naughty videos late at night instead of working, she finds herself in trouble with Dr.

Eliot Knight, her stern, handsome boss. He makes it clear that she is in need of strict discipline, and soon she is lying over his knee for a painful, embarrassing bare-bottom spanking.

Though her helpless display of arousal during the punishment fills Raina with shame, she is both excited and comforted when Eliot takes her in his arms after it is over, and when he invites her to spend the upcoming Christmas holiday with him she happily agrees. But is she prepared to offer him the complete submission he demands?

[Buy on Amazon](#)

### *The Warrior's Little Princess*

Irena cannot remember who she is, where she came from, or how she ended up alone in a dark forest wearing only a nightgown, but none of that matters as much as the fact that the vile creatures holding her captive seem intent on having her for dinner. Fate intervenes, however, when a mysterious, handsome warrior arrives in the nick of time to save her.

Darius has always known that one day he would be forced by the power within him to claim a woman, and after he rescues the beautiful, innocent Irena he decides to make her his own. But the feisty girl will require more than just the protection Darius can offer. She will need both his gentle, loving care and his firm hand applied to her bare bottom whenever she is naughty.

Irena soon finds herself quivering with desire as Darrius masters her virgin body completely, and she delights in her new life as his little girl. But Darrius is much more than an ordinary sellsword, and being his wife will mean belonging to him utterly, to be taken hard and often in even the most shameful of ways. When the truth of her own identity is revealed at last, will she still choose to remain by his side?

**[Buy on Amazon](#)**

# ABOUT THE AUTHOR

## **Do you want to read a FREE book?**

Sign up for Sara's newsletter and get a FREE copy of Sold to the Enemy!

<https://www.sarafieldsromance.com/newsletter>

## **About Sara Fields**

Sara is a USA Today bestselling romance author with a proclivity for dirty things, especially those centered in DARK, FANTASY, and ROMANCE. If you like science fiction, fantasy, reverse harem, menage, pet play and other kinky filthy things, all complete with happily-ever-afters, then you will enjoy her books.

Email: [otkdesire@gmail.com](mailto:otkdesire@gmail.com)

