

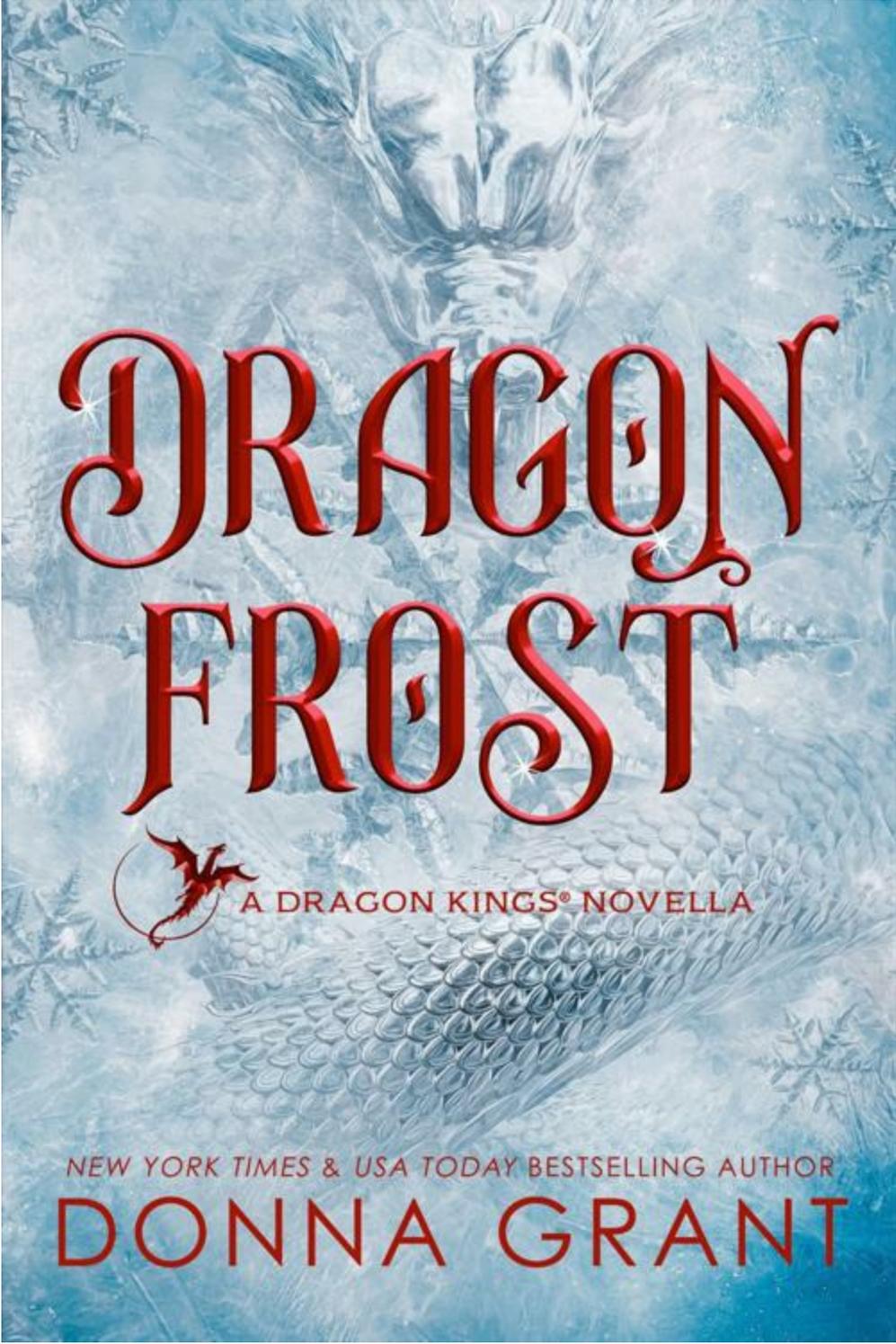
# DRAGON FROST



A DRAGON KINGS® NOVELLA

NEW YORK TIMES & USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

DONNA GRANT



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DRAGON KINGS®

BOOK 6.5

DONNA GRANT®



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**Peek at DRAGON KISS**

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# CHAPTER ONE

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## Zora

The dragons' roars pulled Rhi from sleep. It had taken her some time to get used to the sound when she first arrived on Zora. Now, it was as common as birds chirping to greet the morning sun.

Rhi stretched and rose, yawning as she readied for the day. The cottage was quaint and cozy—and on loan. She opened the shutters to find gray skies as night reluctantly released its hold. Her gaze wasn't on the striking mountain view or even the numerous dragons flying around the peaks. It was locked on her mate, standing alone and staring at the dragons.

As King of Dragon Kings, Con had spent eons searching for them. And when the dragons were finally found, there wasn't a heartwarming reunion as she might have expected. Instead, the dragons hadn't bothered to hide their loathing and animosity.

Never mind that these weren't the same dragons who had been forced to leave Earth. No one wanted to learn the Kings' side of things. The dragons carried the anger of generations toward any and all Dragon Kings and didn't bother hiding it.

They especially resented Con.

Part of Rhi wanted to leave Zora behind and let the dragons face the enemies closing in on them alone.

The other part of her wanted to heal the wounds for all involved.

She smiled, love filling her heart as the first rays of sunlight glinted over the mountain peaks, alighting upon Con's wavy blond hair and bathing his face in golden rays. Each time she didn't think she could love him more, all she had to do was look at him.

They had fallen in love quickly, but circumstances had pulled them apart—and kept them separated for far too long. They had overcome the odds stacked against them until fate gave them a second chance. She'd never stopped loving Con. And she never would. He was the other half of her heart. The reason to her recklessness. The calm to her chaos.

He was her person.

For now.

And always.

Rhi made them coffee and carried the mugs outside. There was something special about the softness of morning. The bright start to a new day where anything could happen.

Con's head swiveled to her as she approached. He pinned her with his black gaze that softened at the sight of her. "Rhi."

She shivered at his husky Scottish brogue that made her knees weak. He was gorgeous. In both his true form and that of a human. His face was perfectly proportioned, utterly masculine. Heartbreakingly handsome. His lips were full and wide—a sensual mouth that could steal her breath with a kiss.

He accepted the cup and wrapped an arm around her with a grin. "I was about to come wake you."

Dragons didn't need sleep like humans or Fae. Con always went to bed with her and stayed until she fell asleep, but then he left. Many mornings, he woke her with his hands and mouth on her body.

“I can always go back to bed and pretend to be asleep,” she teased.

He chuckled and moved his cup away from her when she attempted to grab it. “Too late. You brought me caffeine.”

She leaned into his side and found her gaze moving toward the dragons. Rhi didn’t need to ask what he was thinking. Con had been trying to figure out how to ease the dragons’ hatred of the Kings since they’d arrived. However, his attention had been diverted by new enemies that seemed to be coming at them from every direction.

She breathed in the crisp, cool air. Autumn had arrived in Zora a few weeks ago. The mornings were steadily getting cooler, and the leaves were turning brilliant colors. If she were still on Earth, she would begin decorating Dreagan for Halloween and fall. She missed the sprawling manor in the Scottish Highlands at times. The three-story mansion was home to all Dragon Kings and always full of conversation and laughter. When they left for Zora, the mated Kings remained on Earth to guard Dreagan and the realm.

Con kissed her forehead. “What has you so deep in thought?”

“I was going to ask the same of you.” She lifted her face to look at him.

“I was thinking of home.”

“What about it?”

Con tightened his arm around her. “The change of seasons has made me think of what we would be doing at Dreagan.”

“It’s nearly summer on Earth, though. Dreagan will be awash in color,” she said with a grin. She had planted many of the flowers on the sixty-thousand-acre property herself.

“So it is. But we’re here. Winter will be upon us soon.”

She wrapped her hands around the mug to warm her chilled fingers. “Very observant of you.”

He faced her. “I’m no’ kidding. I know how much you enjoy decorating this time of year.”

“Love, I appreciate what you’re saying, but they don’t have the same

traditions on Zora as we do.”

“We’re on dragon land, away from the prying eyes of humans and elves.” He glanced behind her. “Brandr’s cottage is small, but it is still a place. You know you want to.”

They were using their son’s cottage because he was traveling Zora. His twin sister, Eurwen, remained behind at Cairnkeep and lived in an identical cottage with her mate, Vaughn. “I do, but I don’t know if that’s a good idea.”

“Why no’?” he pressed.

She shrugged. “It just doesn’t feel right.”

“You might be fine now, lass, but when winter hits, you willna be able to hold off adorning anything and everything you can get your hands on for the holidays.”

He was right. But how could she give in to something so frivolous when everyone was doing their best to impede a war? Con sighed and returned his attention to the dragons. His body stiffened next to her. She wasn’t the only one in need of a distraction. “You’ve been talking for weeks about returning to Dreagan. How many times have you told me you need to check on things there?”

“And how often have you told *me* that Ulrik is handling it?”

“It would be just for a day or so. The Kings know where the doorway to Earth is should something happen. They could easily come and get us.”

Con took a drink of coffee. “I know.”

“We could walk the Dragonwood. I’m sure you’d like to check on the distillery. Oh, and let’s not forget the special whisky blend you and Rhys did fifty years ago. It might be time for a taste.”

His black gaze slid to her, and his lips curved into a grin. “Are you telling me I need a holiday?”

“I’m saying it might do you some good.”

“Just me?” he asked, a dark brow quirked.

She shrugged one shoulder. “Me, as well.”

His grin faded. "But should we?"

"Yes."

"Because you doona think this is our fight."

Rhi sighed. "Of course, it's our fight. It involves the dragons. We will always stand with them."

"But?"

"They're not making it easy for us to be here. Especially anyone who looks human. They don't care that I'm Fae."

Con grunted. "I doona blame them for being wary of humans. Zora was supposed to be free of them."

"What about the dragons' hostility toward the Kings?"

"That'll change," he replied with a nod.

He had been clinging to that statement for some time, but she wouldn't disabuse him. Con and the rest of the Kings had to keep the hope alive. Otherwise, what were they even doing?

Rhi smiled. "You're right. We just need to give them time."

She didn't plan on giving the dragons too much of it, however. They needed a swift kick in the arse. If she could do it herself, she would.

Their conversation halted with the arrival of more Kings. There were brief exchanges of morning pleasantries before Con kissed her and then left with them to strategize their next moves. Rhi usually joined them, but she wanted some time to herself. She had a lot on her mind.

She turned to survey Brandr's cottage. Should she decorate it as Con had suggested? It could be fun and give her something else to think about. He was right about one thing, though. While she had a blast decorating for Halloween and fall, Christmas was her time. She always went all out, but once she and Con mated, she expanded things even more so that each King had their own tree decorated in their dragon color.

Rhi put a themed tree in every room of the manor and had garlands strung everywhere. Then there were the delicious smells that seemed to constantly

emanate from the kitchen. Just thinking about the baked goods and the mouthwatering aromas of their holiday feast made her stomach growl.

Would they be able to have such a gathering at Dreagan for the next holiday? Rhi worried it wouldn't be possible. The Kings had recently gathered on Zora for Cullen and Tamlyn's mating ceremony. They could come again for a party. It wouldn't be the holidays without her family around her, no matter what realm they were on. Though they would have to be careful about it as they had for the mating. The dragons had gotten riled up at all the Kings, humans, and Fae coming to Zora.

It wouldn't matter what her intentions were or how she tried to keep the arrival from the dragons, the simple fact was that the Fae doorway was on dragon land. Which meant the dragons were aware of everyone who came and went through it. Rhi could craft another one outside the border, but that would allow anyone on Zora—especially their enemies—to stumble across it and go to Earth, which wasn't an option.

She walked to the edge of the cliff and looked across the wide valley to the mountains beyond. Cairnkeep was to Zora as Dreagan was to Earth. And the dragons had stayed away since the Kings' arrival. She knew it upset not only the Kings but also Eurwen and Brandr, who ruled the dragons.

The twins had lived simply at Cairnkeep. Their identical cottages—at least on the outside—were small and crafted to blend in to the surroundings. The dragons obviously knew about Brandr and Eurwen's homes, but Rhi's children had been accepted.

Not so the Kings.

The plans to build a manor similar to Dreagan for those who came from Earth had been put on hold. And not just because of the new enemies. Even if there weren't new foes, they wouldn't build anything new because the dragons didn't want it.

No one asked what would happen if they never accepted the Kings. But Rhi knew. The Kings would return to Earth, even though a piece of them

would forever remain behind. Just as they had lost a piece of themselves when they were forced to send the dragons away during the war with the humans.

Rhi pulled a strand of hair from her face that got caught by the autumn wind. She was on Zora to fight alongside Con. But she was also here to support her mate however he needed. And right now, he needed some time away.

## CHAPTER TWO

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Con watched the wind lift Rhi's long, black hair. He couldn't see her face but knew where her silver eyes were trained—on the dragons. Just as his had been earlier. They didn't speak much about the dragons' attitude. There wasn't much to say about it. They hadn't forgiven the Kings for a decision that had forced their ancestors from their home.

The sad part was that the Kings hadn't forgiven themselves either.

They had made the best decision they could in a no-win situation. Not a single King hadn't wondered how different things would be if they had instead wiped out the humans that long-ago day.

Con ran his gaze down Rhi's lithe body. She wore a black sweatshirt with a gold dragon on the front, black leggings, and black mini Ugg boots. There wasn't a day that went by since they had rekindled their love, that he didn't thank the Universe for giving him a second chance with her.

And just as they had been settling into life as a mated couple, their friend Erith had dropped a bombshell on them. She had watched over the couple when Con had stupidly and foolishly ended things with Rhi, and unbeknownst to either of them, Rhi had been pregnant with the twins at the time.

His mate hadn't taken the breakup well and visited the dying Fae Realm

to grieve. While there, she got into a fight with some other Fae that nearly cost her her life. Erith had taken the babies from Rhi since her wounds were significant enough that she couldn't heal herself *and* care for the twins. Con had known something was wrong with Rhi and somehow found the hidden Fae doorway to their realm. Erith hadn't been there when he finally found Rhi and used his ability to heal her, and by the time Erith attempted to return the twins to Rhi, they refused. And Erith didn't tell him or Rhi what she had done.

Instead, she took the twins to her realm, where they grew in a bubble of magic meant to mimic a womb. Once the twins were born, it didn't take long before they took Erith to the very world she had created for the dragons. Eurwen and Brandr remained on Zora from that day forward.

While he and Rhi hadn't known about the twins, Brandr and Eurwen knew about *them*. If only he and Rhi had known about their children. They'd wasted so many years they could've had together. The twins had their own reasons for not seeking out him or their mum, and the four of them were working through all of it.

Someone touched his arm. Con turned his head to find only he and Vaughn remained from the meeting. Con looked around for the others. "Where did they go?"

The King of Teals shrugged, his blue eyes holding Con's. "We'll reconvene later. Your attention has been elsewhere this morning."

"Shite." Con ran a hand down his face.

"Want to talk about it?"

"No' really."

Vaughn crossed his arms over his chest and waited.

Con blew out a breath. "It's nothing."

"You forget that we've seen each other at our lowest. We've been to Hell and back so many times we've worn that particular road down. And we're going through it again. I'm no' standing here as your daughter's mate. I'm

beside you as a friend. A brother.”

Con found his gaze drawn to Rhi once again.

“You’ve always held your feelings close,” Vaughn continued. “All those centuries you pined for Rhi and thought we didn’t know. We did. Just as I know something is bothering you now. If you doona wish to speak to me, then talk to your mate.”

“I can no’,” Con admitted and faced Vaughn. “It’s about her.”

Vaughn’s brown brows drew together. His light brown hair which he had always kept meticulously trimmed had grown longer and a bit unruly of late. It was a nice change for the attorney. “What about her?”

“I doona think she’s happy.”

Vaughn blinked. “She’s happy anywhere you are.”

“She’s worried about the dragons no’ accepting us.”

“We’re all concerned about that.”

“I want her to decorate, and she willna for fear of upsetting things more than they already are.”

“She might have a point.”

“She thinks I need a short holiday.”

Vaughn dropped his arms to his sides. “This isna about Rhi. It’s about you.”

“Excuse me?”

“Doona play dumb with me, old friend. You’re one of the smartest people I know. Con, you’ve ruled as King of Dragon Kings far longer than any King was meant to.”

Con curled his hands into fists. “Because we sent the dragons away to save them, and there hasna been any others to claim our positions.”

“My point is that you’re used to being the one making the decisions. You chose to set that aside when you came to Zora.”

“I doona rule here. My children do.”

Vaughn glanced at the ground. “You’re no’ the only one having difficulty

looking to Eurwen and Brandr to make the final calls. We all are. Eurwen—and even Brandr—is aware of this. She and I have talked at length about it. We’re all doing the best we can and are working well together.”

“Aye, we are.”

“You and Rhi should take a few days to yourselves.”

Con thought over Vaughn’s words. A few days alone with Rhi did sound nice.

“We’ve gone up against many adversaries since we became Kings,” Vaughn continued. “We’ve defeated each of them, and no matter how many others pop up, we’ll stand against them. It’s how it’s always been. It’s how it’ll remain. We’ve got things covered here, brother.”

Con ran a hand through his hair and imagined a few days alone with Rhi without any obligations weighing on him. Just the two of them. “Aye. You’re right. I should take her away.” He grinned at his friend. “And I know just what she needs.”

“Good. What can I do to help?”

“I need a location. I doona want to remain here. The land of the dragons is huge, but they doona want us around, and I doona want to antagonize them more.”

Vaughn grunted. “Nor would it be wise to venture outside our borders when our enemies are waiting for just such a move.”

“Exactly.”

“You could return to Earth. There are plenty of places to choose from.”

Con scratched his cheek. “I was thinking somewhere she would never guess.”



By the time Con had everything set, Rhi was no longer on the cliffs. He found her in the cottage, painting her nails. Her hair was gathered atop her

head in a messy bun with a few wavy tendrils hanging around her face.

She looked up from her spot at the table and smiled. “You’re back earlier than I expected.”

“What color did you choose?” At one time, he had despised the sound of an Irish accent. But now, he couldn’t get enough of listening to her speak.

Rhi lifted her hand and waggled her fingers to show off her nails in a burnt orange color. “Have Your Panettone and Eat it Too.”

“Ah. You’re sticking with a fall theme.”

“For the moment,” she replied with a wink.

He walked to the table and sat in the chair opposite her, watching as she finished putting the topcoat on her nails. “No design?”

“Sometimes, simple is better.”

Con nodded. Then they started talking at the same time. They shared a grin before he nodded again. “You go first.”

“No, you go.” Rhi tightened the cap on the polish and set it aside. She crossed her legs on the chair and waited expectantly.

He gazed at her oval face, from her high cheekbones to her seductive lips and stubborn chin. She carried the beauty of the Fae, but there had always been something more about Rhi. There was a light inside her that shone brighter than any other. He had recognized it the first time they encountered each other. Even during the darkest of days, it had only dimmed a little.

“I think we should go away for a few days,” he said.

Her brows rose on her forehead. “What changed your mind?”

“A reminder that we must take the time to enjoy each other because no one else will do it for us.”

“Well said.”

He jerked his chin to her. “What were you going to say?”

“That we’re going away for a few days.”

He laughed and leaned back in the chair. “Great minds.”

“When do you want to leave?”

“Now.”

Her face went slack with surprise. “Are you serious?”

“Absolutely. Are you ready?”

“Ready?” she squeaked. “Where are we going? I have to think of clothes.”

Con got to his feet and pushed in the chair. “Lass, you’re a Fae. We both know you’ll create whatever you want with magic. Which means we can leave right now.”

“Well,” she said, drawing out the word as she grinned. “Look who has decided to take matters into his own hands.”

“Am I wrong?”

She tested her nails to see if they were dry and then got to her feet. “Sometimes. But not this time.”

“Come, my love,” he said, holding out his arm.

Rhi slid her hand into his, and they walked from the cottage together. “Where are we going?”

“It’s a surprise.”

Her eyes widened as she practically skipped along beside him. “I love surprises.”

“I know,” he said with a chuckle.

“Give me a hint. A little one,” she begged.

Con shook his head. “No’ a single one.”

“You can’t tell someone there’s a surprise and not give a hint.”

“I most certainly can.”

“That’s not in the rules.”

“There are no rules for surprises.”

“Of course, there are,” she argued.

He quirked a brow. “You mean *your* rules.”

“You said there weren’t rules. I merely said there were. You didn’t ask whose they were.”

Con stopped and pulled her against him to press his mouth to hers, letting his lips linger for a heartbeat. “Turn around.”

“Turn around?” Her brows furrowed. “We both said we were getting away. That means going somewhere that isn’t,”—she paused and looked around—“here.”

Con pointed his finger down and twirled it. “Turn around, or we willna be going anywhere.”

“I don’t know if I like this bossy side of you.” But she complied with his command.

He leaned his mouth near her ear. “We both know you like it.”

She turned to look at him over her shoulder and released a breathy sigh. “Oh, I certainly do.”

He kissed her again. It was a mistake, though. Desire flared, heating his blood until all he could think about was sinking into her wet heat. He had to force himself to end the kiss. Con cleared his throat. “Close your eyes, lass.” When she hesitated, he whispered, “Trust me.”

Rhi’s eyelids fell shut, and she faced forward. Con took the blindfold from his pocket and gently set it over her eyes. She briefly started but didn’t balk. Once he had it tied, he moved beside her and took her hand.

“No peeking,” he warned.

She had a wide smile on her face as she said, “No promises if the blindfold slips.”

“It willna slip.”

“Slips happen,” she stated.

He shook his head at her reasoning and moved to stand before her. He walked backward and took both her hands. “It willna be because you just happened to have an itch or something.”

“I can assure you that itches do happen. Like now. I have one on my nose. If you’ll just let me have my hand back.”

“I’ll handle all itches.”

Rhi tilted her head back. “The tip of my nose, if you please.”

Con used his index finger to scratch. When he didn’t get the precise place, Rhi moved her head until he got it. “Are you ready now?”

“Yes,” she replied cheerfully. “Take me to my surprise.”

He guided her all over the area so she wouldn’t figure out they were headed to a new Fae doorway Eurwen had created a few moments before. Con had been ensured that no one would be around to give anything away before they departed. He glanced to the side and spotted his daughter at her cottage. He shot her a smile that she returned before he walked Rhi through the doorway.

“You know a Fae realizes when they go through one of our doors,” she told him.

“Aye.”

“Can I take off the blindfold now that I know we’re on Earth?”

“No’ yet. You’ll take the fun out of the surprise.”

Her forehead wrinkled, and her lips compressed. “Sweetheart, I figured out the surprise.”

“Did you now?”

Rhi halted and refused to budge another inch. “Constantine.”

“Rhiannon.”

Before he could stop her, she yanked her hands from his and ripped off the blindfold.

## CHAPTER THREE

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Rhi's jaw went slack as she looked around in shock, taking in the beauty of the Fae Realm. The war between the Light and Dark Fae had destroyed their world and forced them to find a new home on Earth.

She'd always had the ability to create and destroy worlds, but she'd learned that she could also heal them. Rhi might have begun the healing process of the realm, but she hadn't been back to enjoy it.

"We can leave if this isna to your liking."

Rhi's eyes burned with tears as she threw her arms around Con. "I love it. I would've never thought to come here. Thank you."

"I wanted a place where neither of us would feel obligated to do anything but relax and spend time together."

She leaned back to look at him, her eyes brimming with fresh tears. "Very smart thinking. Where should we go? Last I heard, some Fae had begun returning here to live, but it's still fairly uninhabited. Which means we have the entire realm."

"I have a plan." Con released her and moved back several steps.

Rhi knew what was coming, but seeing him shift into his true form was always a thrill. One moment, he stood before her as a gorgeous man. The next, he was a magnificent, breathtaking dragon.

His gold scales gleamed in the sunlight. He stood on all four legs, his leathery wings folded against his broad body, and his tail stretched out behind him. A row of quills ran down his back. Two horns extended forward from his forehead while a mane of bony spikes sprouted from the back of his head.

Con's royal purple eyes followed her as she walked to him. She laid a hand on a metallic scale to feel his warmth. He and the other Kings had hidden themselves from the humans on Earth, which meant they weren't able to take to the skies as they wished. He had more freedom on Zora as long as he remained within the dragon land borders.

But on the Fae Realm, nothing bound him anywhere.

"Let's fly, my love," she told him.

She teleported to his back and settled herself atop him. Con unfurled his wings and flapped them once. It was the only warning she got before he leapt into the air. He surged upward, the air rushing around them as the *thump* of his wings drowned out all other sounds. She felt the power of him beneath her. The strength, the might.

The supremacy.

He climbed higher, taking her toward the clouds. The wind whipped her hair out of its hold to stream behind her. The ground became a blur of color. She didn't pay it any attention. Not when she felt this free.

Rhi leaned her head back and gloried in the sensation of flying. She spread her arms and closed her eyes. The wind threatened to snatch her breath and succeeded a few times. If it felt this good for her, she couldn't imagine what it was like for Con. Yet he and the other Kings had been limited in their time in the skies because of the humans.

She opened her eyes and dropped her arms. The Kings were relatively free to move about Zora as they wanted as long as they stayed within the dragon-land borders. It wasn't like now, where Con flew wherever he wanted, however he wanted. None of the dragons had had such freedom since before the war on Earth eons ago.

Rhi splayed her hands on Con's scales. The tension that had held him in its sway on Zora slowly melted away. It was a privilege to be allowed to ride a dragon, something most would never know. It was difficult to keep her thoughts from falling into the past. Like when she had lost Con. She wouldn't dwell on the circumstances that had pulled them apart—and kept them at odds for centuries. They were together now.

That's what mattered.

Yet that didn't stop all her worries. On Earth, there were no other dragons to challenge Con for the title of King of Kings. Zora, however, was another matter entirely. Erith had created it in Earth's image, and it mimicked much of the dragons' home world. But not all of it. What would happen if one of the dragons challenged Con or one of the other Kings?

On Earth, the magic looked into each dragon's heart and saw their power and goodness. It was the magic that decided who would be King of each clan. The dragons on Zora had kept their distance so far, but she knew that wouldn't always be the case. Their anger would continue to grow, and their resentment would only fester and multiply. Eventually, the dragons would demand that the Kings and their mates leave.

It didn't matter if that time came before Con and the others defeated the enemies threatening the dragons or after. It would destroy her mate and shatter all the Kings. Only the hope of one day being reunited with the dragons had kept them going before.

That wasn't today, though. And those were worries for another time. She refused to allow them to encroach on her holiday with her mate—a much-needed one for both of them. Rhi leaned low over Con, and a rumble moved through him, vibrating against her as he flapped his huge wings faster.

She had no idea how long they flew or even where they were. It didn't matter. Nothing did but the two of them and their love. She saw large bodies of water, vast deserts, and infinite forests. Con dipped low so his claws just barely missed the tops of the canopy of trees. Birds scattered, squawking in

protest.

The larger birds of prey weren't frightened by his presence in the sky. A few even dared to fly beside them. Con slowed, gliding so the birds could stay with them for a time. Ultimately, they left the forest behind and encountered an ocean of grass as far as the eye could see.

Rhi had been to the Fae Realm as it was healing, but she hadn't explored all of it. It was nothing like Earth or Zora. The sky was blue, the oceans a deep cobalt, and the trees were green. At least some of them. There were also the ones with pale pink leaves and those nearly the same purple as Con's dragon eyes. But her favorites were the black-barked trees with their vibrant white leaves.

And there were so many flowers. In every color and design. Some tiny plants, and others as large as a cottage. When Con passed over a grouping of wildflowers, their scent was unmistakable. It took her back to her childhood when life had been simple, and her future stretched endlessly before her.

Con dipped his wing and turned them slightly. She spotted the mountain range looming far in the distance and extending to the right and left on the horizon. Her mate flew at a slower pace, so the ground was no longer a blur. Rhi sat up and looked around. Sometimes, if she looked hard enough, she could spot the ruins of an ancient city. She wanted her people to return to their home world, but not if infighting tore it apart again.

The Dragon Kings kept that in check on Earth. And the new Fae Council was supposed to be stepping into that role for both realms since the Light and Dark were no longer ruled by a king or queen. She didn't know what was going on with the council since she had vacated her seat. She had prioritized her position as Con's mate. Some Fae hadn't understood her choice. Many were angry. But she had fought for the love she now had, and she wasn't about to let it go again.

The air became cooler. Rhi tucked her hands into the sleeves of her sweatshirt to help keep them warm. The flat land started to gently undulate.

She spotted clearings within the pockets of forests. Not long after, they flew over a winding river with fast-moving patches of rapids any thrill-seeker would be happy to raft through. She smiled when she spotted animals jerking up from drinking to dart away to safety.

Rhi shivered as Con flew ever closer to the mountains. The gently rolling hills gave way to steep rises in the landscape. She pulled her arms closer for warmth and gazed at the rough-hewn white mountains with awe. They towered majestically toward the heavens. The sunlight shining upon the snow made it look as if the peaks glittered with diamonds.

The temperatures dropped dramatically, made worse by the wind whipping around her. Rhi didn't hesitate to use her magic for a coat, gloves, and a beanie for her head. She was thinking of thermal-insulated pants when Con reached the mountains. She forgot about freezing as he circled around a tall peak.

Rhi leaned the opposite way so as not to slide off, but Con wasn't finished. He stretched his wings wide to glide along the strong currents and wove between the summits. He brushed so close to one mountaintop she could've reached out to touch it. She glanced behind them as they passed and saw the snow twirling in their wake.

Con lashed at a small overhang of snow and quickly dipped a wing to turn around. He flew them beneath the falling snow, causing her to laugh as it pelted her. He might have the upper hand now, but she would return the favor the first chance she got. And he knew it.

There was still a smile on her face when Con wove through the mountains a second time. She couldn't feel her nose, but she didn't care. This was the most fun she'd had in months, and she wanted to absorb every wonderful second of it.

The mountain range was vast, and the valleys granted her glimpses of a sea of white that tempted her to run through it. Other valleys were no more than narrow bands of land before the next slope rose. There were also those

with snow-covered evergreen forests begging to be explored. Then she spotted the lake nestled between two mountains and ringed with soaring evergreens. The water was a nameless shade of brilliant blue that took her breath away.

Rhi craned her neck to continue staring at the lake as Con flew past it. It was picture-perfect. The snow undisturbed, and the water still as glass, reflecting the land around it. Just as she was about to ask him to go back, she realized Con was already turning in a wide circle.

She held her breath as he steadily descended. He found a clearing wide enough for him to land and gently touched down. Rhi swung her leg over his neck and slid down his body on her butt to drop to the ground. She sank into snow up to her calves and had to struggle to make her way to the rock-lined shore.

“This is...I have no words,” she said and turned around.

Con was once more in his human form and clothed in a sweater, jeans, and boots. The temperature didn't affect dragons as it did others. He brushed his blond waves from his face and walked to her. His lips were curved into a smile as he wrapped his arms around her and pulled their bodies close. “Do you like it enough to stay for our holiday? Or should we keep searching?”

“Let's stay. I love it here.”

“I agree.” He looked over her head to the lake. “It is perfect.”

She rested her cheek on his chest and listened to the silence broken only by the sounds of nature. “I had no idea there was such a place on the Fae Realm.”

“Everywhere I flew seems to be completely healed. The wildlife is returning, which is a good sign.”

“I didn't see any Fae, but I wasn't really looking either.”

He tightened his arms around her and rested his chin on her head. “I spotted a few, but they were no' interested in being seen, so I pretended they hadna been.”

That made her chuckle. “Who would’ve thought you wouldn’t antagonize the Fae.”

“It has something to do with my mate being one,” he teased.

She looked up at him and wound her arms around his neck. “I think it’s safe to say we won’t be disturbed.”

“That’s exactly what I was aiming for.”

“Oh?” she said and rose on tiptoe to press her lips against his. “Then you won’t mind warming me up.”

“I have just the thing,” he replied, his eyes glinting playfully.

## CHAPTER FOUR

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Con swung Rhi up into his arms. Her laughter rang out around them, making his heart swell. He spun them around to where he had landed. “I think this is a good location for a tent.”

“A tent?” she repeated and shot him a flat look.

“Is there something wrong with a tent?”

“You mean besides the fact that we’ll be sleeping on the ground?”

“I doona think we’ll be doing much sleeping,” he teased.

She eyed the snow dubiously. “It’d better be a big tent with all the blankets I’ll need.”

“Are you saying I wouldna be able to keep you warm?”

“You may not feel the cold, but I certainly do.”

He bit back a smile. “All right. I’ll make it a *big* tent.”

“Why don’t you let me handle that?”

His brows rose as he looked at her. “You really doona trust me, do you?”

“I trust you just fine, my love.” Her gaze skated back to the snow. “I love winter. I just prefer to remain warm.”

“Are you cold now?”

She thought about it for a moment. “I’ve warmed up since we landed.”

“Then you won’t mind playing in the snow for a wee bit.”

Her head swiveled to him. “I thought we were headed for some sexy time.”

“I seem to remember one snowy night in the Dragonwood where you didn’t mind being naked.”

She crossed one ankle over the other and bit the side of her lip. “I admit, I was caught up in the moment, but you’ll also recall that I teleported us back to our bedroom the instant I became too cold.”

“Right in the middle of—”

“Are you ever going to let me live that down?” she interrupted.

He grinned. “Here’s your opportunity.”

Her mouth went slack. “You mean...now? In the snow?”

“I’ll make sure you remain warm.”

“Sweetheart, I love you more than you’ll ever know, but the only way we’ll be having sex in the snow is if you can crawl into my pants. Because no clothes are coming off until I’m warm.”

He grunted. “Where is your sense of adventure?”

“At a sunny beach. Or in a room with a roaring fire and more blankets than one person could ever need.”

“So, you mean something like that?” he said, jerking his chin to an area he had seen from the sky.

Rhi’s brows furrowed for a moment. Then she turned her head. The gasp that followed was just what he had been waiting for.

“Oh, Con,” she whispered in happiness.

He had to admit, the steep-roofed log cabin with floor-to-ceiling windows facing the lake was quite pretty. He’d been thinking about what he would create for them as he flew. As soon as he saw the lake, he knew exactly what to craft.

“It’s charming and utterly perfect. Just like you,” she said and kissed him.

He dropped her legs and held her body against him as he deepened the kiss. Con ended the embrace and pressed his forehead to hers. “I know this

isna Dreagan Manor, and our friends and family are no' here, but I want you to decorate this place as if they were."

"I seem to remember a time when you frowned upon the...what did you call it? Oh, yes. My *frivolous use of magic*." She peered pointedly at him, a knowing smirk on her lips.

Con looked at the cabin and shifted closer to her, meeting her silver eyes. "It's true. I did once think like that, but someone taught me that if we have magic, we should use it. Besides, there is nothing I wouldna give you, lass."

Her expression softened as she touched his jaw with her gloved fingers. "There's nothing I wouldn't give you either."

"I have to say, you're being verra calm instead of yanking me into the cabin."

"You were being sweet. We had a moment."

"I'm guessing that moment has passed?"

"A Fae can only hold her excitement back for so long," she stated with a smile.

Rhi turned and took his hand, pulling him behind her as she hurried to the steps leading up to the expansive deck. Within moments, they were inside. Con had purposefully left the inside bare. If there was one thing he knew about his mate, it was that she loved to make a space her own—no matter how short a time she spent in it.

The minute they were inside, she released his hand and spun around the room with her arms out. Then she rushed to the large stone hearth with a fire roaring on the right. She touched the mantel before making her way to the door that led to the bedroom. She didn't remain long before returning to look at the kitchen and then going to stand at the windows overlooking the lake.

"The trees are going here," she declared.

Con nodded. "Sounds good. How many are we talking about?"

"I've not decided." She pulled off her beanie and then her gloves as she looked at him. "Do you have any preferences?"

“Just that we’re here together.”

Rhi tossed the items to him before unzipping her coat and shrugging out of it. “Would you be terribly upset if I began now?”

“This was part of the reason we came here. Have at it.”

The smile she gave him was blinding. She snapped her fingers, and a speaker appeared that played Christmas music. But her attention was quickly diverted as she slowly turned to look at the room with new eyes, her finger tapping her lip. Con took her coat from her, but she barely noticed. He brought it to the kitchen and laid it on the counter with her gloves and beanie.

He rested his hands on the wooden counter and watched her for a few minutes, talking to herself as she moved from one area to another. He didn’t waste any time using his magic to call a bottle of Dreagan whisky to him, along with two glasses. He poured two fingers into each glass and admired the woman who had stolen his heart.

The years he had lived without her had been like walking in a fog. He had been such a fool thinking he had to choose between her and his position. They’d lost so much time. When he finally came to his senses and decided to win her back, it hadn’t been easy, but Rhi was worth everything they had endured to be together and more.

By the time Con finished his first glass, Rhi had already filled the living area with a deep-cushioned beige velvet sofa with festive pillows and a lux gold-fringed throw blanket folded over one arm. A Persian rug in cream and gold covered a portion of the wooden floor.

White paper snowflakes of all sizes hung across the expanse of windows soaring above them. Three lightly flocked trees dripping with lights stood together. In the middle was a twenty-foot noble fir. On one side was a twelve-foot Fraser fir, and the other was a seven-foot Norwegian spruce.

Con made his way to the sofa and sank into the comfy cushions to watch. Rhi could have used her magic to have everything decorated in a matter of seconds, but she preferred to hang things herself. Which is what she was

doing now. She began with the tallest tree by weaving strung crystals among the branches. He liked how the lights glittered against the stones.

The ornaments were in white and comprised of antlers, deer, snowflakes, spiraled horns, and globes in different sizes. Some of the ornaments were matte, others glitter, and more adorned with small crystals. At the top of the tree was a huge glitter and crystal snowflake. Around the base, she laid a faux fur tree skirt, and then on top of that, she set out a pre-lit wooden Christmas village.

She stepped back to admire her work. After adjusting the strung crystals and moving a few ornaments, she took another look. Satisfied, she turned to the twelve-foot tree. Rhi chose a beaded white ribbon. There were clusters of white glitter berries, clear icicles, large, snowy-white owls with faux feathers, small white birds, and mini mercury glass ornaments. The topper looked like a bird's nest with white twigs dipped in glitter that sat at the top like a crown. A white cable-knit tree collar was around the base. Rhi spent more time moving ornaments around before nodding and turning to the spruce.

For the seven-foot tree, she chose a pearl garland with a high sheen to sparkle against the lights. The ornaments included large white bells, glittery white pinecones, white acorns with goldish tops, white squirrels with fluffy tails, and arctic foxes. The topper was a champagne tinsel star. The tree collar was a natural capiz shell with a gilded frame in matte gold.

While Rhi toyed with getting the garland just right, Con rose and refilled his glass. He took the second and brought it to Rhi. She flashed him a quick smile but shook her head. He resumed his seat and absently sipped his whisky as she looked at the trees in different locations around the room until she was happy with everything.

Rhi blew out a breath and faced the hearth. White pearlescent flameless candles in various heights appeared on top of the mantel. On one end was a white cone-shaped tree, and on the other, a standing white reindeer. In a blink, flocked, lighted garland draped the outside of the mantel. Rhi filled the

garland with the same ornaments she had used on the three trees.

On either side of the fireplace itself were two more reindeer. One standing, the other sitting. Around them were white pinecones as big as his forearm. But his mate was far from done. She turned her attention to a section of wall that separated the living area from their bedroom. She sprinkled fake snow in a large spot and then slim, white-barked, limbless trunks appeared in a semi-circle, reaching all the way to the ceiling. More mini flocked, lighted trees in different heights appeared. A large white reindeer stood in the middle of the trees. A rabbit and fox joined the deer. Two owls in mid-flight appeared on the scene. Next, Rhi added large and small pinecones to the grouping.

It was another hour before she finished stringing more of the garland around the doorways and plopped onto the couch next to him. A bottle of water appeared in her hand, and she quickly drank it down. He tried to hand her the other glass of whisky.

“I’m not finished,” she stated and waved away the drink.

He eyed her as she leaned against his side. “It isna like you to stop once you’ve started.”

“True, I usually don’t. Then again, there is nothing usual about this.” She tilted her head to look at him with a smile. “Is there?”

“No’ in the least.”

“I’m wondering how long it’ll take before you carry me into the bedroom.”

Con was on his feet with her in his arms in the next breath. “No’ long at all, lass.”

“Good,” she said with a smile as she wound her arms around his neck. “I can’t wait for you to see what I’ve done.”

He started toward the doorway. “No time like the present.”

## CHAPTER FIVE

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Rhi kept her eyes on Con's face as he stepped into the room. She knew he liked it by the way his lips curved on one side.

"Wow," he murmured.

Only then did she turn her head toward the room. The A-frame wall of windows mimicked the front of the cottage, but instead of a view of the lake, it was a stunning landscape of the forest. Snow fell in clumps that looked as big as her hand. It was a spectacular winter wonderland on one side of the windows, and a cozy space on the inside. The windows were the main focus. How could they not be? On the left side was a stone hearth that took up nearly the entire wall. On the right was the bed.

She had kept the room simple. A thick, off-white rug sat atop the dark wooden slats. The wooden bed had gold legs and was layered in cream and white. The bedside table tops were thick end-grain tree slices held up by gold metal legs, each with a tiny lighted tree. A chaise lounge sat at an angle between the windows and the hearth, with an end table to match the others. The mantel had garland like the one in the living area. On either side of the fireplace were three-foot lighted flocked trees, decorated with gold.

"I may no' ever want to leave," Con said, breaking into her thoughts.

Rhi slid her hand into his thick hair, letting the cool strands slip through

her fingers. “Who says we have to?”

“This was supposed to only be for our holiday.”

“I know, but there is something special here.”

He blew out a breath. “This is the Fae Realm. We were none too happy when they came to ours.”

“And you’re worried about what they’ll think of you.”

“Aye.”

She shrugged and pressed a kiss against his neck. “Why don’t we worry about that later?”

His dark eyes swung to her then. The love she saw reflected made her heart catch. For far too long, others had pulled them in different directions—Con because he was the leader of the Dragon Kings, and her because she felt obligated to help the Fae and then those on Zora.

But this time was theirs.

No outside worries. No one to interrupt them.

Nothing but each other.

He strode to the bed and placed a knee on the mattress before lowering them down. She used her magic to remove their clothes. He grinned down at her and shook his head.

“Always taking the shortcuts,” he said, placing his hands on either side of her head.

Rhi smoothed her palms over his bare chest. “If it bothers you so much, I can bring the clothes back.”

“Nay, you willna.”

“Make up your mind, dragon.”

He leaned down, his lips just above hers. “Oh, I have, lass.”

Then he kissed her. Rhi sighed into it, her arms winding around his neck as he settled on top of her. She wrapped her legs around his waist and moaned at the feel of his arousal against her. He tilted his head and deepened the kiss.

He cupped her breast with his large hand and teased her already turgid nipple until she was rocking her hips against him. She had wanted him the moment they met. No matter how many times they were together, it was never enough.

He groaned and ripped his mouth from hers. They were both breathing hard, each gripped by passion. He rose over her, his arm muscles rippling. Rhi flattened her hands on his chest and slowly caressed downward. She let her nails lightly scrape against his nipples. He sucked in a breath and rocked against her.

She grinned, holding his gaze as her hands neared his cock. Yet she didn't take hold of him. She continued downward over his narrow hips to his thighs. He closed his eyes, his body tense. They played this game often. Sometimes, she would tease him mercilessly, touching him everywhere but where he wanted it the most. And Rhi wouldn't give in until she had pushed him to his limits.

Then he would ruthlessly turn the tables on her.

But tonight, she wanted him inside her. Now. Rhi took hold of his thick shaft, circling the head with her thumb. His eyes snapped open as he released an answering moan. As tempted as she was to spend the next thirty minutes focused on his cock, she brought him to her entrance. He slid inside her in one thrust.

Rhi gasped at the feel of him. He began moving, pumping his hips. His lips claimed hers in a fiery and passionate kiss as he drove into her again and again. Deep and hard. Slow and steady. It was a tempo that always brought her to climax quickly. And that night was no exception.

She tore her lips from his and gasped, even as desire tightened low in her belly, building toward the exquisite release she knew was just out of reach. Con slipped a hand beneath her arse and shifted her hips.

“Now, love,” he whispered.

As if her body had been waiting for his order, the orgasm seized her. The

explosion of pleasure was so strong, so forceful that time stopped. Ripples of ecstasy rolled through her body. Just as the climax began to ebb, Con buried himself deep and filled her with his seed. She clenched around him, making him moan and thrust once more.

They remained locked in each other's arms for several moments, their bodies still joined. Her eyes were closed as she listened to Con's breathing and the pop of the fire. Eventually, he lifted his head. She felt his gaze on her and opened her eyes.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

She closed her eyes again and smiled. "Very satisfied and content."

"Just what every mate wants to hear." He kissed her softly on the lips.

Rhi forced her eyes back open before she went to sleep. "And you, my handsome Dragon King?"

"Utterly satiated."

"You mean for the next hour."

He grinned and winked. "Is it my fault I can no' get enough of you?"

"You're impossible, but I wouldn't have you any other way."

"Have I worn you out?"

She ran her fingers through his hair to shove it away from his face since she knew how much he hated it falling into his eyes. "Do you have something in mind?"

"How about dinner and a movie in bed?"

"You're taking this holiday seriously."

He looked affronted as he asked, "Did you think I wouldna?"

"I know you, sweetheart."

"The troubles on Zora will be there when we return. And there are others to take care of things until then. As for Earth, Ulrik and the other Kings are keeping things in line there. The only thing I'm concerned with is you."

She brought his face down for another soft, lingering kiss. "What movie do you want to watch?"

“Your choice.”

Rhi eyed him. “You always veto my choice.”

“Because you always choose *The Holiday*.”

“Because it’s the best. How can you not agree when it has Cameron Diaz, Jude Law, and the iconic Kate Winslet?” she demanded.

Con laughed and fingered a strand of her hair. “We can absolutely watch your movie. Then we watch *Violent Night*.”

“I knew there was a catch.”

His grin widened. “What can I say? A Santa that kicks arse? What’s no’ to like?”

“Fine. And after that, we’re watching *White Christmas*.”

“Sure.”

She narrowed her eyes, waiting for what was coming. It didn’t take long.

“*Christmas Vacation* will be after that.”

“How about you make your list, and I’ll make mine?”

His black eyes crinkled at the corners. “I’ll be in charge of the food.”

“Only if I get to decide what we’re wearing.”

His smile slipped. “Now, lass, I thought we’d be naked.”

“We will be.”

His brow furrowed. “What’s the catch?”

Rhi smiled. “No catch.”

“Right. I know that look. You have something in mind.”

“Of course, I do.”

Con rose from the bed with a grin. “Have your fun but know that the next time I get you naked, we’ll be staying that way.”

She shifted onto her elbows to watch him walk from the room, her gaze lingering on his tight bum before catching sight of the back tattoo of a dragon lying down with his wings open and tail wrapping around him from left to right, ending on his right side. The minute he was out of sight, Rhi jumped from the mattress and yanked back the covers. She hung a sizable television

above the fireplace and plumped the pillows so they would have the perfect recline in order view the telly.

Rhi already had *The Holiday* ready to begin playing when she heard Con headed back to her. She moved to the farthest side of the bed and swept her hair away from her face. Con halted the instant he saw her. He busted out laughing and nearly dropped the tray laden with food.

She looked down at the black shirt that said *Most Likely to Pet the Reindeer* written in large white letters and decorated with Christmas trees and ornaments along with the black and white buffalo plaid pants.

“I doona think there’s a more fitting shirt for you,” he said, still chuckling as he walked to the bed.

She raised her brows and said innocently, “Ditto.”

Con’s steps faltered as he glanced down. He looked at her and slowly set the tray on the bed so he could better see the shirt with her same design, except his said *Most Likely to Drink All the Whisky*. His lips twisted as he nodded. “I think this accurately describes me.”

She jumped into the bed and patted the spot beside her. He climbed in, their legs in matching black and white plaid stretched out atop the covers. The only difference was that her feet were encased in thick, fuzzy red socks with candy cane grippies on the bottom. She loved grippies.

Rhi wiggled her toes, deliriously happy. He passed her a plate filled with different cheeses, sliced meats, olives, bread, and tapas. But she was eyeing the sweets he kept just out of her reach. She settled the plate on her lap.

“Doona get too full,” Con warned.

She held the remote, ready to push *Play*. “Don’t worry. I saw the desserts.”

“Each movie means something different to snack on.”

“Oh,” she said, drawing out the word as she grinned. “You’re really liking that you control the food choices, aren’t you?”

He shifted until he got the pillows where he wanted them. “Consider food

mine from now on.”

“It’s yours, my love.”

Con leaned over to kiss her as the movie began.

## CHAPTER SIX

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Con carefully took the half-empty mug of hot cocoa from Rhi's lax fingers and set it on the table beside him. They had gotten beneath the covers between *Violent Night* and *White Christmas*. He wasn't exactly sure when his mate had fallen asleep. She had rested her head on his shoulder during the first part of the movie, and when he next looked at her, she was out.

He could turn off the movie and put on the next one, which happened to be his, but he didn't. He might joke about her choice in movies, but the truth was, he loved hearing Bing Crosby sing. He'd met the movie star long ago when Bing made one of his many trips to Scotland.

Con kissed the top of Rhi's head before gently shifting her so his arm was around her as she lay on his chest. His gaze moved to the windows. Night had fallen long ago. The snow had slackened to flurries that twirled elegantly in the air. Through the tall trees, he could make out bits of the sky ablaze with stars.

The Fae Realm. It was a complicated place for him. The few times he had visited had left a sour taste in his mouth. He had nearly lost Rhi here. His power to heal anything had been put to the test. Rhi had hovered between life and death. If he had gotten to her a second or two later, he wouldn't have been able to save her.

It wouldn't matter how many years he had her by his side, he would never forget that moment. The pain of seeing her bloodied and broken body. The agony of realizing she was dying. The terror of fearing that she was past the point of his power.

And then the joy of feeling her heartbeat as he held her against him.

She was his everything. His heart.

His very soul.

The credits to the movie started to play. Con shut off the telly and put his other hand behind his head. The glow of the fire reached the end of the bed. Along the bottom of the bedframe were soft lights, giving off a golden amber luminosity. There were other such lights around the room for ambiance. Nothing intrusive. Because if there was one thing Rhi knew, it was how to make a room cozy and inviting.



It was near dawn before Con moved. He had been content to lie there all night holding Rhi. He knew just how to disentangle their bodies without waking her. Then again, Rhi slept like the dead.

He wore a smile as he walked into the kitchen with what remained of their food, not bothering to change out of the pajamas. It wasn't that long ago that he would've foregone using his magic to clean up the mess. But he had plans for them, and he didn't want to waste any time manually washing anything.

Con returned to the bedroom with two steaming cups of coffee. He sank onto the edge of the bed on Rhi's side and waited for the aroma to wake her. It didn't take her long to stir. She gave him a smile as she opened her eyes.

"Coffee?" she asked, sitting up to take the mug. "You must have something planned."

"I do."

She eyed him over the rim of her cup. “And what, pray tell, is that?”

“It’s better if I show you. Trust me,” he said when she looked dubious. “You’re going to like this.”

“Do I get breakfast first?”

“There are chocolate croissants waiting in the kitchen.”

She leaned forward to kiss him. “My favorite. Where are we going?”

“Nice try. You want breakfast?”

“In bed,” she said suggestively.

He grinned and rose, yanking the covers back as he did. “That will come later.”

“It has to be special if you’re passing up getting naked now,” she replied as she rose and put her feet into her Ugg slippers.

Con said nothing as he took her hand and led her to the kitchen. He had their round table laden with pastries, jam, butter, and fruit. Rhi lowered herself into a chair and filled her plate. Con sat across from her, eating strawberries.

Their eyes met, and her lips curved into a slow smile. Her gaze swung to the side to look out the windows to the lake. A large white fox-looking creature with enormous ears took a drink before bounding off.

“It feels like we’re the only people on the entire realm,” she said after swallowing. “I quite like it.”

Con leaned back to sip his coffee. “Me, too.”

“I’m relatively certain we’re far enough north that these mountains stay piled in snow most of the time.”

“Probably.”

“We could cloak the cabin. Hide it from anyone but us.” She slid her gaze back to him. “That way, we can visit as often as we like.”

He nodded slowly. “We could.”

“You doona think we should?”

“I’m just thinking how I’d feel if someone did that on Earth.”

Her nose wrinkled. “We did.”

“Aye.”

Rhi sighed and rubbed her hands together to get the crumbs off. “You’re right. We can always return and recreate this.”

“We certainly can.”

She touched his feet beneath the table with hers. “When do we leave for this new surprise?”

“As soon as you’re finished.”

Rhi popped the last bite of chocolate croissant into her mouth. Once she had swallowed it, she asked, “Are we going outside?”

“We are.”

She stood and, in a blink, the Christmas pajamas were gone. Rhi now wore a black sweater with faux leather leggings and sherpa-trimmed hiking boots. Over the sweater was a black fur-lined puffer jacket with a hood. She left her hair down and covered her head with a black beanie with a large pompom. Around her neck was a plaid Burberry scarf.

“What are you waiting for? Let’s go,” she said with a flash of a smile.

Con finished his coffee and set the cup down. As he stood, he swapped his pajamas for jeans, a navy sweater, and hiking boots. Rhi looked him over and nodded in agreement. Then they were out the door.

The fresh snowfall from the previous night meant they sank deep the moment they stepped off the deck. Con walked ahead and carved out a lane for her in the snow with his legs. He walked to the back of the cabin toward the mountains.

“You have to give me a hint,” Rhi said behind him.

Con chuckled. He had wondered how long it would take her to try to get something out of him. “You can guess.”

“We’re going hiking.”

“That’s obvious.”

“All right. Skiing.”

He shrugged. "We could. There are some nice slopes."

"I give up."

"You only took two guesses," he said with a laugh.

"Hints work very well."

"What is one thing a dragon can do no matter where they are?"

There was a pause before she snickered.

Con rolled his eyes as he grinned. "Besides that."

"Oh! You can always find caves."

"Aye." When the snow became more packed, he paused to let her catch up to him so they could walk side by side. "I found several while we were flying over the mountains, but there is one in particular I want you to see."

Rhi's silver eyes glittered with excitement. "Is it as impressive as your mountain at Dreagan?"

"No' quite, but you'll enjoy it all the same."

They hiked through the forest and halfway up the mountain before Con led them to the entrance. Rhi could've teleported them there, but there were times when simply being in the moment somewhere was worth foregoing magic. This was one of those times.

Con had to turn sideways and wedge his way into the tall, narrow entrance. Rhi got through easier. After a few feet, the tunnel widened so they could walk normally. He created a small light to hang above them since Rhi couldn't see in the dark as he could. The passageway meandered, taking them ever deeper into the mountain. Sometimes, the floor was smooth. Other times, they had to pick their way over rocks of various sizes. There were stretches where the tunnel floor dipped downward, and moments it led them up.

Con loved climbing over difficult rock formations. The drip of water from the stalactites hanging from the ceiling broke the silence. Rhi gasped when she spotted one of the large icicle-shaped mineral deposits so big and long that it went from the ceiling to the floor, telling of centuries of

formation.

They rarely spoke. Instead, each pointed out different things they spotted to show the other. There was always much to explore in any mountain, each holding hidden gems rarely seen by anyone.

Not long after, they reached the end of the tunnel, the path giving way to nothing. Rhi stood beside him and peered over the side. The glow of the light following them couldn't penetrate the darkness.

"How far down?" she asked.

His enhanced eyesight took in the sizable opening and scanned the cliff face for any jutting rocks. "I've jumped deeper."

"I like to see where I'm going first."

"I can see just fine," he joked.

She cut him a flat look. "Don't rub it in."

"Come," he urged her and held out his arms.

He lifted her, cradling her body against his, her arms wrapped around his neck. She gave him a nod, and then he stepped off the side. The air *whooshed* around them. Rhi's arms tightened, but he heard her laughing. He couldn't contain his smile as they dropped to the ground. He bent his knees to soften their landing.

"That was a considerable drop," she said breathlessly.

He shrugged and released her legs so she could stand. "It was fun. Admit it."

"Oh, it was fun," she stated with a wide smile.

They took a moment to look around the opening to see other rock and mineral formations before Con took her hand and led her through a low opening they both had to duck to get through. She was so enraptured by the cave that she hadn't yet realized they were about to emerge on the other side of the mountain.

Con kept his eyes on her as they made their way toward the illumination. He extinguished the light above them. Rhi glanced at him as her footsteps

quicken toward the daylight. He could feel the heat the closer they got to the opening. And then they were outside.

Her mouth dropped open as she stared at the pool of steaming water and the surrounding rock and snow crafted from nature. The fact that it was on the side of the mountain, the water corralled by low-lying boulders to give them an awe-inspiring view of the surrounding peaks and the valley only made it more beautiful.

Rhi said nothing as her clothes vanished and she stepped into the hot spring. She sighed and sank into the water before pushing off to glide to the edge. For a moment, Con merely watched her, feasting his eyes on her glorious body. But soon, that wasn't enough. He needed her. His clothes were gone with a thought as he entered the water.

His mate turned to him then and held out her hand. "I don't think I'm ever leaving now. Look at this."

He swam to her before putting his arms on the rock to take in the view. "It is something."

"You know, I've been thinking about what you said about not leaving the cabin. You forget that I'm Fae. This realm is as much mine as it is any Fae's. There's no reason we can't have a place here. To get away."

He turned his head to her and met her silver eyes. "You're right. Let's cloak the cabin so no one else stumbles upon it when we're no' here."

"You gave in pretty easily," she said as she moved his arm to be against him.

Con put his back to the rock so they faced each other. "I never said I didn't want to leave the cabin. I merely pointed out the obstacles, but I was trying to figure out a way it could remain. You did that."

"So I did." She ran her wet fingers through his hair. "Thank you for showing me this. The water feels great, and the view is one of the best I've ever seen. Plus, I get to share it with you."

He lowered his head and kissed her languidly, but it wasn't long before

the spark of need ignited and swept through them.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

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Rhi was encircled by Con's strong arms, his chest at her back as they reclined against a boulder lying beneath the hot springs. She felt something drop onto her cheek and opened her eyes to find it snowing. It would be hard to leave, but whenever things got too tense, they could return. It was good to reconnect with nature—and each other. It was too easy to get caught up in other things and forget what it meant to love and have that connection with someone.

Con lifted her hand from the water and chuckled at her wrinkled fingers. “Are you ready to get out?”

“Nope.” She couldn't tell where the sun was because of the clouds, and she didn't care. They had been in the water for hours. Time wasn't a concern. It was one of those rare instances when nothing else mattered but the two of them.

“You're going to turn into a prune if we remain much longer,” he teased.

She laughed. He was right. Besides, there was something she had for him back at the cottage. “Only if we return tonight. I'd love to sit beneath the stars after I have my way with you again.”

“How could I possibly refuse that?” He kissed the side of her head.

Rhi took one more look at the view before teleporting them onto the sofa in the cabin. She couldn't hold back her giggle when Con sighed at another

set of Christmas pajamas. The pale gray pants had white trees, and the red shirt said *Merry Christmas* in white.

“I should’ve known,” he said, though there was a smile in his voice.

Rhi turned to give him a long kiss. Then she sat up and swung her legs over the side of the cushion, her gaze on the trees. “Well, look at that. There’s a present beneath the tree.”

Con glanced at the trio of trees and spotted the box wrapped in white paper with a white ribbon. “So there is.”

“Want to open it?” she asked, already on her feet to get it.

“First, we eat.”

Rhi halted and slowly turned to him. “Eat?”

“I’m famished. I worked up a large appetite pleasuring you.”

“I seem to remember someone else being pleased, too.”

He grinned and sat up. “Oh, aye. But no’ as many times as you.”

“True,” she admitted and thought about their time at the springs. His hard body against hers, the steam mixed with the cold temperatures, the hot water gliding over them...

Con pushed to his feet. “If you doona stop looking at me like that, food will also wait.”

“I’m fine with that.”

They reached for each other. Just as their lips met, her stomach rumbled. He quirked an eyebrow in response.

She threw up her hands. “All right. All right. Food first.”

Rhi walked to the trees as Con made his way into the kitchen. She loved the easy smile that remained on his lips. Her eyes were locked on the present. Within moments, he returned with a plate of food in each hand. He beckoned her to follow as he sat before the fire and waited for her to join him.

Her mouth watered at the sight of seared salmon and lemon green beans. They talked about everything and nothing. It had always been that way with them, and she hoped it always would be.

“What would you like to do tomorrow?” he asked.

She speared the last of the green beans. “More of this.”

“I’d be good with that.”

She swallowed and pushed aside her empty plate. “That was very good. Now it’s time for you to open your gift.”

Rhi jumped up to get the present. Except when she got to the trees, there was a second box beside hers. She looked over her shoulder at Con, and he gave her an innocent look.

“I’ve had it since we arrived. It was just hidden,” he said.

She grabbed both. The one from him was heavier than hers. She shook it to see if she could figure out what it was, but there was no sound or movement.

“Oh, I’ve learned how to box your gifts so nothing moves within,” Con announced.

Rhi straightened and walked back to him. She handed him the square box before she sat with her gift. “You first,” she announced.

“Nay, lass. I want you to open yours first.”

She knew by his look that she wouldn’t win this argument. So, she pulled at the white ribbon with gold edges and ripped the white wrapping paper with large white glitter snowflakes. Once it was off, she held a thick, dark green rectangular box in one hand. It took some effort for her to lift the lid. Inside was black satin, and sitting amongst it was a gold dragon bracelet with sparkling amethyst eyes.

Rhi carefully lifted the bracelet, noting the heft of the gold, and slid it onto her wrist. She marveled at the way the dragon wound around her arm twice before the head rested on the back of her hand, watching her. She looked closer at the head of the dragon and realized it was a replica of her mate. Her eyes snapped to Con.

Her heart swelled with love for a man—a dragon—who knew her as no other did. And loved her just the same. She flew into his arms and showered

him with kisses. “Thank you. It’s beautiful. I love it.”

He tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. “You’re verra welcome.”

She sat back and admired the bracelet. Then she remembered he had yet to open his gift. “Your turn.”

Con took his time unwrapping the box. Rhi’s heart thudded loudly in her chest. Would he like it? Would he be excited? Those questions and more flooded her head as he opened the box. He stilled and stared at the contents within. The moment stretched as he sat there in silence. Her stomach churned with nervousness.

Finally, he looked at her, his dark eyes were filled with tears. “Does this mean...?”

“It does,” she said as tears fell onto her cheek.

Con carefully lifted the crocheted baby booties. “We’re having a baby.”

“We’re having a baby,” she confirmed.

Then they were in each other’s arms again, laughing and crying as they soaked in the news. She had been so worried he wouldn’t think the time was right. It wasn’t as if either of them had planned it. Things just happened.

“How long have you known?” he asked.

She lay on the rug, facing him. “A few weeks. There never seemed to be a right time to tell you with everything going on.”

“We need to make sure we make the time for each other.”

“Agreed.” She smiled as he pulled her closer.

“I love you.”

She smoothed back a lock of his hair from his forehead. “And I love you,” she said, right before their lips met.

No matter what came at them, Rhi knew they would always stand together. In life, love, and hardships, as long as they had each other, they had everything.

THE END



Thank you for reading **DRAGON FROST**. I hope you enjoyed the story as much as I loved writing it. It's always so much fun to revisit fan favorite characters to catch up on what is going on with them.



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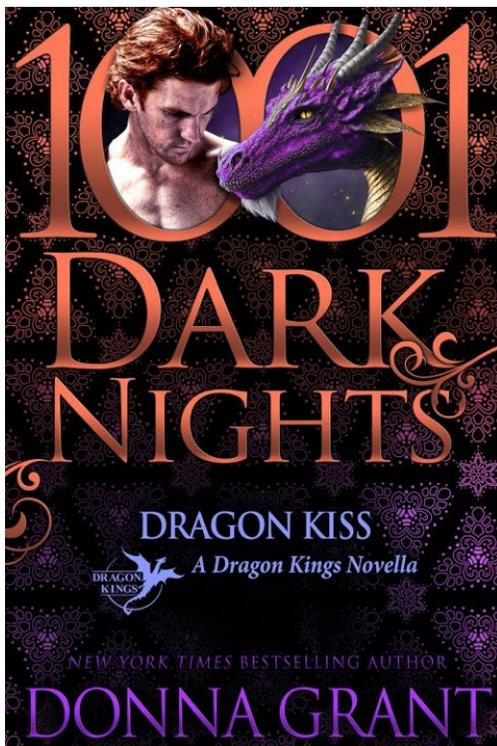
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# DRAGON KISS

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## DRAGON KINGS, BOOK 7



*New York Times* and *USA Today* bestselling author Donna Grant's latest installment picks up where *Dragon Arisen* leaves off. Alasdair and Lotti return to face the biggest foe the Dragon Kings have met yet—and the stakes have never been higher.

Lotti has come a long way since finding love with Alasdair and uncovering her true origins as a Star Person. She has embraced the magic she once shunned—as well as the label of Destroyer by her own. And it has made her powerful. But will it be enough to

stand against her family as they target the Dragon Kings?

Alasdair has faced many adversaries who rose up against the Dragon Kings. But nothing could prepare him for the Star People and the discovery

that they once enslaved his kind. It's more than his life on the line this time. It's the very existence of all dragons. It will take Alasdair and Lotti, together, to defeat their enemy.



Keep reading for a sneak peek at DRAGON KISS...

# DRAGON KISS EXCERPT



## **Iron Hall**

The last of the preparations had been made for the journey, and Alasdair was ready to set off—more than ready, actually. He wasn't the only one, though. There were dangers, but there always were. He understood them. As a Dragon King, facing threats was just a part of life. Always had been. Even on Earth.

Zora might be a near replica of his home world, but it was also different in many ways. Not to mention the enemies around every corner. Not much worried him, but he would freely admit to being apprehensive about their upcoming expedition. Not for him, though. Nay, his concern was for his mate, Lotti.

Just the thought of her had a flush of desire and love surging through him. Not for the first time, Alasdair wondered if they should have taken this mission. Then again, he and Lotti had set things in motion. They would be the ones to clean things up. Yet a niggles of unease had plagued him for the past few days. One that grew with each passing hour.

Alasdair knew better than to suggest that Lotti remain behind. Just as he would balk if she proposed that to him. Lotti wasn't just any woman. She was

special in so many ways. She was one of the Star People, an immortal race of beings who dominated the universe and once held dragons as slaves. Which meant she was more powerful than even a Dragon King. But Lotti had only recently learned who she was and about her powers.

His boots thumped on the stones as he made his way through Iron Hall's vast corridors. The hidden underground city was massive. It had been abandoned many years before, and as a result, some of the hallways had caved in. It now had occupants again. They uncovered more secrets every day while also slowly bringing Iron Hall back to life. What they didn't know, is what happened to the former inhabitants. And they may never uncover that.

The sound of children's laughter reached him as they ran through the corridors, playing. It brought a grin to Alasdair's lips. He was amazed at the bairns' resilience after what they had endured at the hands of those at Stonemore, intent on taking their lives simply because they had been born with magic.

At the thought of the mountainside metropolis, a flood of anger pooled in Alasdair's gut. The source of most of the evil that spread over the land had begun at Stonemore. Iron Hall was the closest city. It also sat halfway beneath the dragon land border, which gave them a slim advantage.

He didn't want to think about the dragons. His kin. Descendants of those from Earth. The same dragons who hated every Dragon King. Not that he blamed them. They had a reason. The Kings had sent the clans away. It didn't matter that they had done it to save the dragons from humans. All those on Zora knew was that they had lost their home to the very species that showed up on their new realm. The Kings wouldn't let the same things that happened on Earth affect Zora.

Alasdair shook off the thoughts that threatened to drag him into melancholy and lengthened his strides. He turned the corner to his and Lotti's chamber to look for his mate. He scanned the room, but there was no sign of her. Alasdair turned on his heel and headed to the main area of Iron Hall. It

took him some time. Lotti had wanted a chamber far from the others. Even though she had gained control of her magic, years of unintentionally hurting others was ingrained too deeply. It would take time, and him absorbing her magic if it ever got loose, before she realized she wouldn't harm anyone again.

He picked up voices as he drew near the common area. Alasdair descended a flight of stairs and glanced toward the center where a large pool of water stood. Above it was a huge knot of roots that spread across the open ceiling from a massive tree that hung suspended. Liquid dripped from them into the pool while sunlight filtered through the tangled mass.

"Here he is," Varek said.

Alasdair nodded in greeting and made his way to the trio in the room. Varek ran a hand through his blond hair to shove it away from his face as he said something to his mate, Jeyra. Cullen's mate, Tamlyn, was on Jeyra's other side, her hazel eyes crinkling at the corners as she chuckled.

"I'm looking for Lotti," Alasdair said when he walked up.

"She wanted a quick training session before you left," Tamlyn said before glancing over her shoulder as Sian attempted to corral the children. "I need to help get the kids together. The mission will succeed. I know it."

Alasdair watched her rush to Sian. Tamlyn was a Banshee who saw the tragic deaths of children with magic. She, an Amazon named Jenefer, and Sian, an Alchemist, had worked to save the children. They had been fairly successful even before Cullen joined their undertaking, bringing the Dragon Kings' attention to the problem and thus rescuing even more kids.

Sian shook her wavy brunette locks from her face before putting her fingers to her lips and whistling shrilly. Alasdair winced at the high-pitched sound. The last of the children came running in response. Before Sian followed them, she waved at Alasdair and then cast a look toward the main entrance—something she had done ever since Jenefer left to search for her fellow Amazons to join the fight against Stonemore.

“Are we ready?”

At the sound of Jeyra’s question, Alasdair turned to the redhead. Her amber eyes were locked on him. She was a warrior of Orgate, and at one time, Varek’s jailer. Varek had been pulled to Zora from Earth by a crone and captured by Jeyra so she could get justice for her family and other Orgateans. Instead, the two uncovered a nest of lies and deceit that rocked the land. They also fell in love.

When Jeyra sided with Varek, her people banished her. Yet she still wore a thick, silver armband on each arm that indicated she hailed from Orgate. And there was a new addition to her left shoulder. A dragon eye tattoo in the same black and red mix of ink as the tattoos on each King that signaled her as a Dragon King’s mate.

Alasdair’s gaze slid to Varek. His friend watched him carefully with deep brown eyes. He and Varek, like all the Kings, had seen too many villains and wars, but something about Zora was different. The more they dug into its people and history, the more evil was uncovered, and questions arose.

And the more enemies came out of the woodwork.

“You ready, brother?” Varek asked when Alasdair didn’t respond.

“Aye. The sooner we get the massirine stone, the better.” Anger churned each time Alasdair thought about Villette’s people who viewed the dragons through the stone to learn of their movements and locations.

Jeyra nodded as she looked between the two. “Then let’s collect Lotti and head out. The sooner we leave, the sooner we can return.”

Alasdair agreed. The sound of a crying baby made him pause. It was the bairn who had brought him and Lotti together. Alasdair had already said his farewells to wee Benneit, so there was no reason to delay. Why, then, did he linger?

“What is it?” Varek asked. “Surely, you’re no’ worried about Lotti. She has more power than we do.”

He was worried. His mate might have finally discovered her origins, but

there was still so much Lotti didn't know about her abilities or limits. The Star People had once enslaved the dragons. One might have eventually freed them, creating Earth as a refuge—and a hiding place—from the others, but the Star People had found Zora, using it as their playground. They interfered at will, fashioning their own rules as they went. And one of them ruled Stonemore.

Villette. Alasdair clenched his hands into fists. He despised her with every fiber of his being. She was known as the Divine to those who called Stonemore home, using fear and mystery to keep everyone in check. He could lay many crimes at Villette's feet, including the sacrifice of children with magic. But she also held one of theirs—Merrill.

Yet it was another Star Person, Eurielle, who had helped him and Lotti. Despite that, Alasdair didn't trust her. She had let Lotti suffer for years without helping. There was no excuse for that.

“Alasdair?”

He shook himself at Varek's deep frown. “Your mate's correct. There's a lot going on. The Star People, Villette, Merrill still at Stonemore—”

“No' for long,” Varek interrupted. “We'll set him free.”

“There's also the invisible foe that has it out for us. And let's no' forget the elves. They want a piece of us now, too. Zora was supposed to be a place of peace for the dragons. Maybe they're right. Maybe we brought this. They were fine until we came.”

Varek snorted. “They were far from fine, and you know it. They're frightened, and they use us as a place to lay the blame. We're going to sort things out. We'll bring peace once more. But first, we have to find the stone and make sure Villette can no' use it again.”

“I know.”

Alasdair and Lotti had gotten the stone away from Villette and her people so they could no longer spy on the dragons. The problem was, only a certain group of people on the realm could touch it without the stone killing them.

Luckily, Jeyra was one of those people. They guessed it had something to do with those with red hair living longer than other mortals on Zora.

“Then let’s go stick one to Villette,” Varek said, slapping Alasdair on the arm.

He took one last look around the city before following Varek up the steps to the doorway and then heading outside into the lush canyon. There was a hint of fall in the morning air. The sky was clear, and the canyon teemed with life. Alasdair stopped and raised his gaze to the lip of the canyon. He stood at its narrowest point and spotted Jeyra on the left, climbing her way to the top. Varek jogged in her direction and was beside her in two jumps. Alasdair’s gaze swung to the right, and he saw Lotti’s wavy, blond hair that just barely touched her shoulders. She had her back to him as she moved her arms. Ever since she’d learned she was a Star Person, she had been pushing herself to learn more about her magic.

For over two hundred years, she had denied her power, fearing it. Alasdair had been the one to convince her to embrace it. She had, yet there was so much for her to learn. He feared there wouldn’t be enough time before the brewing war was upon them.

Alasdair heard a chuckle from his other side. He looked over and found Cullen with his legs dangling over the canyon’s side. Beside him was none other than the wildcat, Nari. It was as big as a lion with black spotted fur and intelligent green eyes. This particular wildcat had saved Cullen, Shaw, and Lotti from their invisible enemy.

Nari hung around the canyon and could often be found with Cullen. There was a shared fondness between them, given how the cat lay beside Cullen with her large head on his lap as he ran his hand over her thick fur. Alasdair glanced at Varek and Jeyra to see they had reached the top. In two leaps, he was next to Cullen on his other side.

Nari shifted her head and pinned him with her bright green eyes before lazily yawning and stretching out her massive paws, extending her very long,

very sharp claws for a heartbeat.

“She likes you,” Cullen said as he scratched under Nari’s chin.

Alasdair didn’t answer because his gaze had landed on his mate. The morning sun made her hair appear almost golden as she turned first one way and then the other. He ran his eyes down her body. She had rolled up the sleeves of her light brown undershirt to her elbows and replaced her linen overtunic with a leather corset that conformed to her curves like a second skin. Deep brown breeches hugged her arse and legs before disappearing into knee-high leather boots. She didn’t carry a weapon because she *was* a weapon. Lotti hadn’t slept much the past few nights. She believed she had something to prove to him and his brethren and had yet to listen, no matter how many times they told her she didn’t.

“Are you afraid Lotti can no’ handle herself?” Cullen asked.

Alasdair frowned and looked down at him. “She saved my arse at Stonemore.”

“Do you no’ think you and Varek are up to this task?”

Alasdair rolled his eyes and grunted.

“Then you must be concerned about Jeyra.”

Alasdair squatted next to Cullen, knowing what he was doing. “You know I’m no’.”

“Yet you’re worried, brother.”

“We’ve always been the strongest, the ones with the most power.”

“On Earth.”

“Aye. My point. This isna our realm.”

Cullen nodded and smoothed a hand over Nari’s huge head. “And you’ve found your mate. It’s always that way for a King. We never had to worry about losing anything once we sent the dragons away. Our family, our friends...they were gone. Finding love shows us so much, but it also makes us verra aware of what we could lose. Especially those who have no’ undergone the mating ceremony.”

A ritual that bound the two together so the mate would live as long as the Dragon King. It wasn't exactly immortality, but it was close since it was damned hard to kill a King. Or it had been. He didn't know if the Star People could kill them. He dreaded the idea that they just might be able to.

"At least your mate is protected," Cullen continued. "She is probably more difficult to slay than we are."

Tamlyn bore the dragon eye mark on her left shoulder that pronounced her as Cullen's mate. Alasdair rested a hand on the King's shoulder.

Cullen flashed him a smile and seemed to shove aside his worries. "My point, brother, is that everything will go fine. You and Lotti got the stone away from Villette, and you'll soon discover where you tossed it. Jeyra can retrieve it from the lake. Then, when you four return here, we'll have the stone. And no one can spy on the dragons again."

Alasdair didn't mention that getting back with the stone would be the most dangerous—and difficult—part. And they all knew it. He returned his gaze to Lotti. She faced him now, a smile curving her lips as she watched him with her turquoise eyes. He would never tire of looking at her heart-shaped face or delicate features. Her wide, expressive eyes. Her full lips that could have him on his knees in an instant.

She started walking to the end of the canyon and to him. He straightened, his heart skipping a beat as it always did when she was near. Cullen gave Nari one last pat before climbing to his feet. By the time Lotti reached them, Varek and Jeyra had arrived, as well. Nari hadn't moved from her spot and idly waved the end of her tail.

Alasdair released a long breath. "It's time."

"We'll be here if you need anything," Cullen said.

Varek grinned, a twinkle in his brown eyes. "You're just trying to figure out how to join us."

"I am," Cullen agreed with a wide smile.

They laughed, but it died quickly.

Cullen's pale brown eyes met Alasdair's. "Be safe and hurry back. All of you."

"We will," Lotti replied.

Alasdair took the lead as their journey began. Varek joined him a short while later with Lotti and Jeyra ten steps behind, deep in conversation. Alasdair glanced at Varek to see his gaze turned toward Stonemore. They couldn't see the mountain city lurking like a malevolent soul through the forest that separated them, but everyone knew it was there.

And so was Merrill.

"We'll get him soon," Alasdair vowed.

Varek looked ahead, a muscle ticking in his jaw. "All these weeks of no communication, and when you did get a chance to talk to him, he wouldna leave that hellhole. He stayed."

"To help us."

"Alone. Disconnected from his family. That could put him in a dark place."

Alasdair scoffed. "Merrill? He's the one who always lifts everyone else up. It will take a lot to pull him down."

"I said the same thing. But Jeyra told me something that hasna left me since."

"What's that?"

"She said it's usually the jovial ones like Merrill who have the darkest parts of themselves locked away."

Alasdair glanced at Varek. "You were closest to him. Is that true? Does he have something buried?"

"We all have something buried."

"That's true, but you didna answer my question."

Varek blew out a breath. "Merrill was despondent when we sent our dragons away after the war with the humans. He went to a place I'd never seen before. I couldna reach him, Alasdair. I thought...I thought he was past

help. I wanted to do something, but we were all dealing with the loss of our families, friends, and clans. Weeks went by before he reached out.” He paused and audibly swallowed. “I was the one who sank to that awful place. Merrill pulled me out of my despair. I wouldna be here if it were no’ for him.”

“He did the same for me.”

“He did it for *all* of us.”

Alasdair winced as the truth dawned on him. “He helped everyone but himself. He buried it.”

“Aye. I think he did. And if that gets released while he’s trapped in Stonemore, alone with Villette...”

Varek didn’t finish. He didn’t need to. Alasdair knew exactly what might happen to their brother.



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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR



*New York Times* and *USA Today* bestselling author Donna Grant® has been praised for her “totally addictive” and “unique and sensual” stories.

She’s written more than one hundred novels spanning multiple genres of romance including the bestselling *Dragon Kings*® series that features a thrilling combination of Druids, Fae, and immortal Highlanders who are dark, dangerous, and irresistible. She lives in Texas with her dog and a cat.

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