

Sedonia Guillone ~ A King for Sarna

A King for Sarna

by Sedonia Guillone

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This is the sequel to

Heart of a Sorceress

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Outskirts of the Pierran Kingdom, 3,556th Year of Galen, Planet Adamah of the Weiran Solar System

Lovesickness! Sarna the Huntress Queen had never thought it would happen to her. But for months now, she had endured the growing restlessness in her heart and spirit, a gnawing hunger that stripped the color and texture from life.

Since her birth, Sarna had been destined to rule the band of women who inhabited the Sylvan Lands west of Pierra. Her fathers had trained her to hunt and fight, while her mothers had ensured her education in the womanly arts. Sarna had great physical beauty and prowess and acquired her skills with great ease, as if she were remembering them rather than learning them for the first time. As a result, the huntress had grown to see herself as invulnerable, a woman who commanded everything and everyone to her.

That is, until the sorceress came.

The young woman, clad in a sorceress' robe and cloak, a pouch of amulets on her belt and a young man she called cousin at her side, wandered into Sarna's village. The Council of Mages had sent her on a quest for another Being of Power, destined to help her vanquish the abusers of magery on Adamah. Sarna knew nothing of such matters, for her village lived in isolation, but she was immediately taken with the sorceress whose mane of white gold, azure eyes and golden skin had beguiled her almost immediately.

Sarna had never before experienced such a conquering of her heart and senses as this. Her surrender was so overwhelming and complete that Sarna even suspected the girl or her companion of using magery on her. But neither of them had. The sorceress, in fact, resisted Sarna at first, telling the Huntress Queen about her years of slavery in the Pierran palace and how, on the eve of her servitude as a bed-slave, one of the other

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haram women had tried to rape her.

The sorceress' story moved Sarna, yet her drive to conquer and possess rose to a pitch by the other woman's beauty and guileless innocence. So she had proceeded to gain the girl's trust, wooing her slowly and carefully until the sorceress had been willing to open to her, body and soul.

Making love to the girl had been glorious and sweet. The sorceress, whose figure was lithe, curved and ripe, was kittenish and pliant in her arms. Sarna delighted in the scent and taste of the girl's flesh, the fullness of her dusky, roseate nipples in her mouth, and the intoxicating musk of her sex quivering and swelling under her caressing tongue. Sarna could still hear the girl's sweet cries and moans of pleasure whenever she had gently separated the folds of silver-gold curls, revealing the wet, swollen flower within, and enclosed it in her lips, kissing it as fervently as she kissed the sorceress' mouth.

Had the sorceress been smitten with Sarna in return, Sarna would immediately have taken her for her life-mate. But the sorceress' heart was not hers for the taking. The sorceress, though appreciative of Sarna's lovemaking and kindness to her and her cousin, was obliged to continue her quest. The planet's survival depended on her and this other Being, for it was their combined powers that would vanquish those who used magery to murder and enslave innocents to achieve their own ends. She even refused Sarna's offer to accompany her, telling Sarna that the Huntress Queen had another destiny, and if she were patient and kind, she would find happiness.

At first, Sarna felt defeated. For the first time in her life, affection was not a pearl that Sarna could grasp and possess as she had done in the past. Sarna's long golden hair and eyes of melted amber, her tall, strong huntress' body had not been her passage to the sorceress' heart, and Sarna learned that there was at least one thing in her life she would have to earn.

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This lesson haunted the Huntress Queen, who continued to ache for the sorceress long after the young woman had left. The pain, spawned by her desire for the enchanting girl, gathered like a storm, stealing from Sarna her former joy in all things, including the hunt. Capturing and killing beasts to feed her women became a mere task for survival, and the athletic games they played, both with each other and with neighboring peoples, became empty and trivial, movements without inherent meaning or worth.

Finally, the time came when Sarna knew she could not spend one more night in her empty bed with her memories. She had never been one to fall to hopelessness, and sensed that if she searched hard enough, she would once again find the love she had come to crave. For the first time in her thirty years of life, Sarna kneeled and prayed to Lord Galen, the Creator, for His help and guidance.

The following morning, Sarna began to pack her belongings in a rucksack of animal skins. She performed the task on her own, foregoing the help of her handmaid, Kirya, whom Sarna knew would be heartbroken when she learned of her mistress' solitary journey. Kirya, however, came on her own to Sarna's hut, concerned when her mistress had not summoned her.

Immediately, Kirya's eye fell on the rucksack and she flew to her queen's side. "What is my lady doing?" She was unable to suppress the panic in her voice.

Sarna stopped and looked at her. The young maid's pretty face was a mask of distress, and Sarna felt a pang in her chest for the maid as she explained her quest.

Kirya's hands came out in a pleading gesture. "But, mistress, you are dearly loved here! There is not one woman among us who wouldn't willingly spare her own life for you!" Sarna had always encouraged frank speech among her women regardless of rank,

Sarna nodded. She understood the magnitude of her sacrifice. "Yes, I know,

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Kirya. But there is a gnawing inside me that nothing else will soothe." She put a gentle hand on Kirya's shoulder. "Please, try to understand."

Kirya sniffled, yet nodded. "Yes, my lady."

Sarna turned back to her packing, and Kirya assisted her. When they had finished, Kirya sat her mistress down so she could fix her long golden mane in a plait for her journey.

"Will my lady seek out the sorceress?" she asked Sarna as she ran a hairbrush through Sarna's shimmering tresses.

"No. The sorceress' heart was elsewhere. There was aught I could do to sway her. I wish her happiness." Behind her, she heard her maid sigh. "Where will you go, mistress?"

"I don't know. I will look to my heart to guide me."

Kirya plaited Sarna's long hair with swift, practiced fingers, securing the end of the long braid with a leather tie. When she had finished, Sarna rose and turned to her.

Kirya's large hazel eyes shone with tears. "May I accompany you, mistress?" she begged. "Who will do your hair?"

Sarna smiled down at her loyal handmaid. Next to her queen, the young woman was almost a child's size. Sarna reached out to brush one of her tears away. "I'm afraid you cannot, Kirya," she said gently. "This is something I must do alone."

"When will you return?"

The sorrow in the maid's voice moved her, and she embraced her heartsick servant. "I cannot lie, Kirya," she whispered. "Maybe never." She held Kirya as long as she dared, then released her. "Go now. Assemble the women for my farewell and have Norrelle pack me some food. I will dress myself."

Kirya looked up at her queen, savoring her last moment in the magnificent woman's presence. Then she bowed to her and left.

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Sarna appointed her most trusted henchwoman, Dasani as regent, then began her journey by following the Hidden River to the east, in the direction of Pierra. She didn't know why she had chosen this direction, but since she had prayed to Lord Galen to reveal her heart, she felt an inner pull to go that way, like an invisible hand on her back, guiding her.

As she made her way along the riverbank, Sarna found herself wondering if she was meant to seek out Karan, the warrior. He lived in the caves beyond the Sylvan Lands. Karan, a Veltlander by birth, had been the Pierran Queen Maya's prize general, and Sarna had fought at his side on several occasions. Karan was handsome in face and body. He bore, in fact, a strong resemblance to the sorceress, who could have passed for his daughter. Karan had suffered horribly at the hands of the Pierrans, who accused him of a crime he hadn't committed. They destroyed the warrior's life and banished him to the hills where he had stayed. Sarna felt her body tingling pleasantly at the thought of Karan as her life-mate. But then she remembered Karan had disappeared from the hills one day, never to be seen again.

Sarna felt a stab of disappointment, for she remembered Karan as a rare example of great loyalty and virtue, qualities she prized. But she had never been one to accept defeat, no matter how great or small. It just wasn't in her nature. So she continued in her chosen direction.

Each day, Sarna followed the river east, stopping only to eat, catch a bit of sleep, and take an occasion handful of water. She knew exactly where she was at all times, for Sarna had spent a lifetime hunting and fighting in these forests and in the surrounding lands, and felt as if this part of the Adaman landscape had become a part of her very soul.

After several months of travel, after searching in the many faces she met for the one whom she quested, Sarna grew a bit weary and decided she wished to have a few

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days' rest. As she had from the beginning of her journey, Sarna allowed herself to be guided by that invisible hand to an estuary of the Hidden river. She followed the smaller river to where it ended in a waterfall.

Down below was a small pool in the midst of the forest, an idyllic spot for a bath. Giant ferns, whose leaves were large enough to cover a grown man, grew abundantly around the pool and in the surrounding forest. The trees were thinner here, so the light of all three Weiran suns shone down into the clearing, warming the air and sparkling on the water. The waterfall tumbled and sang, churning a light spray of foam as it splashed the rocks and fed the pool.

Eager to feel the water against her skin, Sarna undressed amid the giant ferns, folding her tunic and chaya-skin trousers, leaving them in a neat pile next to her boots, rucksack and crossbow. She pulled aside the leaves and prepared to step out from her covering when, suddenly, she saw a man appear through some ferns a short distance away and come to stand at the edge of the water. Sarna caught her breath and ducked back down, maneuvering her body to where she could observe the man, unseen.

The first thing she noticed was his height. He was quite tall, taller even, than she. His hair was darker than night and long, captured at the nape of his neck in a plait. She could not see his face clearly from where she crouched, but as he undressed, pulling off boots, trousers and a leather jerkin, Sarna was given a gloriously clear view of his muscular body, somewhere between that of an athlete and a warrior's. His skin, just the palest hue of gold, indicated a mixture of Pierran and, perhaps, Veltish blood. Sarna intuited, however, that the man before her identified with neither origin nor occupation.

She watched him descend into the water and glide serenely across the pool toward the waterfall, sensing a solitary air about him, a strange mixture of loneliness and self-possession. He turned over in the water, swimming a few strokes on his back and then on his side. The air of guilelessness about him piqued Sarna's heart, as had the

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girl. Such a quality was exceptionally rare in human beings, especially, she thought, in a man who appeared not much older than Sarna herself.

When the man had reached the waterfall, he climbed onto a wide flat rock and stood close to the downpour, letting the edge of the descending waters pour over him. Now, she had a clear view of him from the front, which was just as pleasing. The dark hairs of the man's broad chest, flattened against his muscles by the water, trailed down in a thin line to the dark nest at the base of his cock. Sarna felt the tingle of desire through her body at the sight. Her heart pulsed more rapidly as the sensation filled her breasts and radiated through her vaginal cleft. Watching him secretly like this enhanced the eroticism of gazing on his nude, shimmering body.

Suddenly, the man ceased his leisurely shower and lifted his head, eyes wide open, body tensed. He gazed around the clearing. In one swift motion, he dove back into the pool, gliding swiftly underwater to the bank where his clothes were, not far from where Sarna crouched under the ferns. He emerged onto the bank and stood, naked and dripping in the afternoon sun, looking warily about him. It was then, when he did not reach for a weapon, that Sarna realized he was a Being of Power.

"Who's there?" he called out. "I know I'm not alone! I heard your heart beat from the other side of the pond! I hear it now!" He watched the surrounding forest, waiting.

Sarna's blood froze. In other circumstances, she might have giggled, knowing that he had heard her heart beating because she had been aroused by watching him swim. But now, her pulse raced and she bit down on her lip. Her crossbow and bodily strength were no match against a Being of Power.

"I warn you, I'm a sorcerer!" he called out. "My power is only for Galen's service, but He permits me also to defend myself! If you are wise, you'll show yourself now!"

Fear prickled through Sarna's body and she stood up obediently, emerging from

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the cover of the ferns. The man turned, his eyes widening at the sight of the tall, lithe huntress coming slowly toward him wearing nothing but a golden braid of hair down her back.

Sarna halted in front of him. She stood close enough to reach out and brush her fingertips across the silky dark hair that covered his hillocks of chest muscle, but didn't dare. He was staring at her, his gaze traveling from her face, down to her full breasts, and further, over her tawny pubic curls to her long, huntress' legs. His gaze was not lascivious, Sarna felt, but a mixture of shock and wonder.

His raven eyes, fringed by heavy lashes, came to rest on hers. "Galen's breath!"

Sarna bowed her head. "Forgive me, sorcerer," she said humbly. "I did not mean to give you a fright."

He didn't answer, and when Sarna raised her eyes once again to his, she found him studying her. She submitted herself to his scrutiny, knowing he was now searching her inner being. The sorceress had done the same. It was a Being of Power's way of learning another's soul as deeply as possible. Sarna shivered lightly as the sorcerer's energy passed through her. She knew her soul was now as naked to his sight as her body.

After a few moments, she felt the energy withdraw, and the sorcerer relaxed. Sarna felt a surge of hope that he'd seen, at the least, some integrity in her substance.

"What is your name, huntress?" he asked softly.

Sarna started, realizing that the sorcerer had seen much about her, including her life's occupation. "Sarna, My lord," she replied, bowing her head again. The sorcerer brought out an intuitive respect in her, something she had never felt toward any man, not even the fathers who had raised her. "Again, I'm sorry to have frightened you. I have been traveling for months now without a pause. I thought only to bathe and rest here."

When she dared to raise her eyes again to the sorcerer, she found a smile playing about his lips. Up close, Sarna found his face as comely as his body. His features were

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strong, showing the same mixture of cultures as did his skin, the cat-like appearance of the Pierrans with some of the chiseled quality of the northern Veltlanders.

Sarna ventured a smile in return.

To her surprise, the sorcerer held out his right hand. "I apologize likewise. I, too, caused you some fear. I'm accustomed to being in danger, and caution is a life-long habit."

Sarna accepted his offering. She didn't understand what he meant, but felt overjoyed that he seemed kind. His hand was large and strong, and for the first time since she was a babe, Sarna felt small.

"I'm Elan," he told her as he released her hand. He gestured to the pool. "The water is very refreshing. Please go in. I don't wish to deprive you."

Sarna bowed her head. "Thank you." She turned and made her way down to the bank, aware of Elan's presence close behind her. She descended into the pool, immersing her body up to her neck. The water felt absolutely delicious against her skin and Sarna immediately began to glide around, letting the water soak every inch of her body, loosening the dirt of travel from every crevice and opening.

She dove underwater, and when she came back up to the surface she saw that Elan remained on the bank, watching her. He smiled and followed her in, his body disappearing below the sparkly surface. He swam over to her, diving under the surface to wet his hair, and then emerged. They stood near each other, waist-high in the water.

Elan's gaze was now one of curiosity. "Are you from the women of the Huntress' Village west of here?" he asked.

Sarna noticed that he remained close to her. Perhaps he did so to hear her over the waterfall. But even from a bit further away, he could have heard her easily. "Aye," she answered. "In truth, I am their queen." She bowed her head as a pang of sadness shot through her like an arrow from a crossbow. "Was their queen."

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Elan furrowed his brow. "Were you deposed?"

Sarna shook her head, the long tail of her braid floating on the surface of the water like a snake. "'Twas I who left willingly."

Elan studied her again, then nodded. "Aye," he said. "I see. You're on a quest of some sort."

Sarna cupped her hands and brought some water to her face, letting it sluice down her forehead and cheeks. She looked again at Elan. "Aye, lord sorcerer," she said softly. "'Tis love I seek. I...had some once and find I cannot live without it. I won't rest until I find it, even if it means never going back. My power as a queen means nothing to me now." She fell silent, watching her companion's handsome face for his response.

Briefly, her huntress' eye caught a quiver in his lip. Perhaps she had stunned him, she mused, quite a feat for anyone, knowing how nearly impossible it is to surprise a Being of Power.

She was unprepared for the sorcerer's reaction.

His large hands grasped, drawing her very close, so close, she could feel heat rising from his powerful body. The suddenness startled her and her gaze flew to his. In his dark eyes she saw his sudden desire to possess her, so strong it made them smolder. There was pain and sadness and hope swirling in them, too, and she understood the state he was in. She had felt that way about her sorceress.

"You speak truthfully, do you not, huntress?" Elan asked, his voice husky, ragged, nearly choking on the flood of desire and hope.

Sarna felt her entire body melting, becoming as fluid as the water surrounding her. His touch seared her skin, and desire gathered swiftly down below, in her moistening cleft. "Aye," she whispered. "I mean it with all my heart."

Elan held Sarna in his burning obsidian gaze for a moment longer before pulling her against him, their bare wet skin fusing. Sarna's breasts flattened to his broad chest, and

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she felt his cock rise and harden against her pubic bone. His hands slipped from her shoulders and splayed on her back, cradling her. In spite of their nearly matched size, Sarna felt held in Elan's strength, her body kittenish and pliant, like her sorceress had been, willing to melt open and be filled again.

Elan leaned his face in to hers, nuzzling Sarna's cheek with his lips. His breath was a warm wind on her skin. Her eyes fluttered closed with the pleasure radiating through her body.

His lips were now by her ear. "'Tis a kiss I seek, huntress," he said softly. "Do you feel forced? If so, I'll release you."

Sarna shook her head, bringing her arms up to return the embrace. The muscles of Elan's back quivered as they filled her palms with delicious maleness. "Don't stop, my lord," she told him. "I ache now for your kiss."

Elan pressed his lips to Sarna's, tentatively at first, almost questioningly. But Sarna understood what he was about, for the sorceress had done the same. A kiss, for a Being of Power, was the way he or she deepened understanding of the other's essence. If he went on after the initial touch of their lips, Sarna would know he had admitted her into his heart.

Sarna parted her lips ever so slightly, inviting the sorcerer to taste more of her. Her heart raced, pounding with great speed in her breast, and her stomach felt like a ball of fire burning in her depths. So anxious was she, that the air grew still to her ears, silence drowning the rush of the waterfall.

She waited.

The sorcerer opened his lips, his warm breath filling her mouth. Unable to help herself, Sarna melted against him. She parted her legs, allowing his hardness to slip between them, where it rested against her slit. When Elan ventured the tip of his tongue past Sarna's lips, Sarna surged with joy, a strange small cry issuing from her throat as

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she met his tongue with hers. She dared to let her hands roam over his back, grazing the ridges of muscle along his spine and downward, coming to rest on his hips. Ever so lightly, Sarna squeezed them, unable to stop herself from rubbing against his erection.

Elan moaned softly and slipped his tongue fully into Sarna's mouth, claiming it. He tasted every soft warm corner, suckling her tongue, nibbling her lips. Sarna let out soft moans, her legs rising up in the water to encircle his hips. The sorcerer's warm breath pulsed into Sarna and hers into him as her body begged for their joining.

Elan, however, possessed the restraint Sarna lacked, and she felt him holding himself back. He seemed to want to remain as they were, mouths joined in a deep, exploring kiss, their wet, naked bodies pressed together, inviting the promise of future pleasure and sweet love.

Sarna let him guide her, giving only as much as he asked of her, taking only what he offered. Selfishness and force had no place in a loving heart, and Sarna did not wish to hurt anyone by trying to impose her will, much less on these Beings of Power who had won her devotion.

The sunlight in the clearing had begun to slant and fade when Elan finally ended their kiss. Once again he put his hands on her shoulders and gazed at her. His eyes still smoldered like hot pools of obsidian. "The sorceress told me you would come," he said in a low husky tone.

Sarna stared at him, wide-eyed. Her lips, breasts and sex were swollen with need, aching from the long kiss. "The sorceress?" Her voice was small and far away in her ears, like a distant child's. Their kiss had been so beautiful, so promising, and now she feared he would reject her when she told him the truth. What if he joined with the sorceress? Sarna would have seduced the man who was her sorceress' true destiny! She began to tremble.

Elan held her trembling body against his. "Aye," he said softly. "I know 'twas she

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you loved." He reached up and touched her cheek. "Don't be afraid." With his other hand, he drew her long damp braid over her shoulder, bringing it to lie on her right breast.

Sarna closed her eyes as his fingertips brushed its soft roundness. "Aye, Sarna," he replied. "She told me how good you were to her and how much you craved to love and be loved." Tenderly, he traced her braid with his fingertips, allowing his touch to wander along the skin between her breasts. "She told me to wait here, that you would come and find me. She believed 'twas I you were meant to love."

Sarna's eyes filled with tears. A mixture of intense feelings churned within her all at once, not the least of which was relief. "Oh!" she cried softly. "Did...was...were you the one she sought?"

Elan smiled. "Aye, I was," he answered. "But only for the purpose of helping her to vanquish the abusers. Once that had been done, she wanted only to return to her home, to her master, the man who claimed her heart long ago."

Sarna slumped over, her body sagging from the force with which her emotions passed through her. Elan held her. His embrace comforted her and she surrendered to it fully, allowing her weight to lean on him. His hand cradled the back of her head and he pressed his lips into the soft skin of her neck.

"It's all right, Sarna," he told her. "You have a soft and loving heart." He lifted her away from him so he could peer into her golden eyes. "Would you come and stay with me? I would like your company." A warm smile came to his lips. "We could see in time whether the sorceress was right."

Sarna returned his smile. She felt a surge of joy that brought forth her tears. "Yes, my Lord," she answered. "I, too, wish to know."

Elan kissed her. "Come, then, we should go now. 'Twill be dark and cold soon." He took Sarna's hand and drew her out of the water. They dressed, and Sarna took up her

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rucksack and crossbow. Elan led her from the clearing back up to the river, which they followed again.

Just as the third Weiran sun was about to disappear, they reached another clearing in the middle of which stood a cottage, a humble but cozy-looking dwelling. A well stood in the center of the small yard, around which was a vegetable garden and a few chickens pecking at the ground.

Elan stopped and turned to her. "Welcome to my home, Mistress Sarna," he said, gesturing to the little house.

Sarna furrowed her brow. She had been to this part of the Sylvan Lands many times, but had never seen this cottage before. She looked up at Elan. "My Lord," she began. "I apologize, but I'm confused. This cottage, is it new? I know these lands well and this spot has always been bare."

"Aye," he said bowing his head. "Magery. I've been hidden here all my life. 'Twas only a wizard's illusion that made this clearing appear empty." Elan reached out and took Sarna's rucksack from her shoulder. "Come. It's time for food and a warm fire. I will tell you everything. I wish there to be no secrets between us."

Elan brought Sarna inside and busied himself with building a fire in the hearth and preparing the evening meal. He left Sarna to dry her hair and change out of her traveling clothes, which needed a washing. Sarna put on the one gown she'd brought with her, a beautiful dress of crushed green velvet that clung to her figure and was trimmed in embroidery around the edge of the neckline and bell-shaped sleeves. She also traded her boots for woven sandals, and left her golden hair loose.

When she came to the table, Elan caught his breath. He held her chair out for her. "Mistress Sarna," he said, "You are almost as breathtaking in your gown as out of it."

Sarna smiled. "Thank you, my lord."

Toward the end of their meal of stew with thick slices of bread and freshly churned

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butter, Sarna ventured to ask Elan what he had meant when he said his life had always been in danger.

"My mother was a queen," Elan said. He poured her a second cup of warm mead. "Mayhap you knew her, Queen Maya?"

Sarna caught her breath. She had met the beautiful Pierran queen on one occasion, and had found her an impressive woman. But Maya had been assassinated eight years earlier. Maya's son, Prince Dorian had replaced her on the throne.

"Aye, I met her once at a banquet," Sarna answered. "But I..." She put a gentle hand on Elan's shoulder. "I'm sorry," she said.

Elan stopped and looked at her. "Your sentiment is kind," he said. "But in truth, I barely knew her. I was but five when she sent me to live here with Orax, my teacher." He grinned. "And a passel of beautiful witches who raised me."

"You are King Dorian's brother..." Sarna began.

"Half-brother," he corrected. "Dorian's father was the true king, my mother's husband. My father was a Veltish minister named Sarek. 'Twas he Maya loved. But their affair was, of course, illicit. When I was born, Maya passed me off as a kitchen slave's child as long as she could. But my resemblance to her was strong, and she feared the king would learn of my existence and have me killed. Orax had served her as an oracle. She trusted him and knew he'd take good care of me. He took me in and kept me under a spell of concealment. My hiding ended when the sorceress and I vanquished the abusers."

"I'm sorry, lord Elan, that you had to endure such a trial," Sarna told him when he'd finished speaking.

Elan took a sip of mead. "Thank you," he said. "But 'twas not all bad," he said. "I'd rather be here in this humble place with a teacher of wisdom than in that cold marbled place, dodging corrupt ministers and palace intrigues."

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Sarna nodded. "Aye. What you say is wise." She smiled at Elan and watched his dark eyes begin to smolder under her gaze. She felt the tingling of attraction between them and longed to be in his arms again.

Elan reached out and touched her cheek. Slowly and sensuously he traced a path across her cheek to her lips, parting them slightly with the tip of his thumb. "I am curious about you as well, Sarna," he said, his voice growing husky. "But I really wish right now to pick up where we left off in the water." He stroked his thumb lightly back and forth across her lower lips, watching her gold eyes. "What say you?"

Sarna's lids fluttered halfway closed and her breathing grew heavier. She felt her breasts swell and push against her snug gown and the pulsing begin between her thighs. "Aye, my lord," she whispered. "I wish for the same."

Elan rose from his chair and took Sarna's hand, drawing her to her feet. He led her over to the fire where his bed was, a pallet thickly piled with furskins. Though it appeared modest, Sarna found the bed exquisitely soft and comfortable, such as she was accustomed to sleeping on at home.

Elan laid Sarna back and gently pushed her gown up toward her hips, bidding her to slip it off over her head. As she did he went to her feet and removed her sandals. Then he pulled off his own boots. Sarna sat up and helped him off with his trousers and tunic, tugging at them with growing urgency.

When he, too, was naked, Elan put his arms around Sarna, capturing her lips in a lusciously deep kiss. Sarna parted her lips eagerly, moaning softly when Elan slipped his tongue between them and melted against hers. His lips tasted of the honey from the mead. His skin and hair carried the intoxicating aromas of wood smoke and herbs.

Sarna's hands roamed once again over the ridges and sinews of muscle on Elan's back, his skin warm and masculine. Her need surged down below, and Sarna fell back onto the furskins, pulling Elan down on top of her. She parted her legs so Elan could

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nest between them. His erection pressed along the lips of her vagina and Sarna let her pelvis undulate against him, bidding him to fill her.

Elan, however, showed the same restraint as he had earlier, for though he moaned when she rubbed against him and squeezed his buttocks, he didn't take her. He lifted his lips from hers and smiled down at her, his dark eyes both dusky and mischievous. "I am intent on savoring you, huntress," he said in a husky tone from deep in his throat. "Will you submit?"

Sarna gazed back up at him from her half-closed lids, her body weak and pliant. The throbbing between her thighs reached a pitch and she could feel the cream gathering in her opening, ready for the thrust of Elan's cock.. "Aye, my lord. I submit."

Elan smiled again. "Good," he whispered. He bent his head to Sarna's neck and began a slow, sensuous trail of nibbles and licks on her flesh. Sarna moaned and dug her fingertips into his buttocks, trying to pull her more tightly against him, begging for his shaft inside her. But Elan ignored her plea, gently grasping her wrists and bringing her hands up above her head, pressing them lightly down into the furs. When he had Sarna in hand, Elan continued his slow, tortuous trail of kisses down Sarna's chest to her breasts. Leisurely, sensuously, he tasted each one, suckling and licking each dusky pink nipple to hardness. Sarna moaned from the pleasure and arched against her restraint, lost in the bliss of surrender.

Elan rubbed his erection against her sensitive spot just for a moment before slipping downward on her body, trailing feathery kisses down her stomach and over her tawny curls. His hands slipped from around her wrists, down the soft flesh of her inner arms to rest on her breasts. Elan lowered his face to her opening where the pink skin glistened and swelled with need. He ran the tip of his tongue along the slit, flickering it slowly over her clit, causing her to moan. Then he slid his hands down her body and gently parted the lips, encircling the pink rose of flesh with his lips tongue.

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Sarna's hands stole down to Elan's soft hair, pulling off the leather tie that bound his plait. The dark waves fell about his shoulders onto her thighs and she stroked them gently, entwining her fingers in the tresses. Under her hands she could feel the movement of his head as it moved between her thighs, bringing her to the edge of orgasm.

Sarna moaned loudly and felt her musk surge. Elan lifted his face and gazed into her eyes. Sarna looked back at him, her breasts rising and falling with her ragged breaths, her eyes pleading with him to fill her. He lowered his head again and took her sensitive nub between his lips, suckling until Sarna careened again toward the edge of an explosion.

Only then did he stop and climb up onto her. "Put me in you, Sarna," he whispered before claiming her mouth in a deep kiss. Sarna obeyed, lightly grasped Elan's hard shaft and guiding it to her opening.

Elan slid in, burying his cock in Sarna to the base. Sarna spread her legs wide, her sheath taut and swollen. She squeezed the ring of muscle tightly around him, eliciting another groan.

He began to move, slowly, in long sensuous thrusts, just enough movement to stay hard inside Sarna. Their mouths stayed locked together in a deep kiss, their breaths mingling and flowing into each other. Sarna closed her eyes, her whole body tingling with arousal and a sweet sense of peace all at once. She hugged Elan tightly to her as he caressed her hair. Sarna wished she could stay forever like that, with Elan inside her, his breath pulsing gently into her mouth. Perhaps, she thought, this was the closest she could ever get to her god.

For a long time, Elan and Sarna remained as they were, their mouths and bodies joined. Elan, who had been moving just enough to stay hard, began thrusting harder and faster, grinding against Sarna's clit in tight circles. Sarna was so pent up and her sex

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so fluid and swollen from Elan's licking and kissing and teasing that it took only moments for her to climax, the intensely pleasurable spasms rippling through her womb. Sarna moaned with each contraction and then went limp, gazing languidly up at Elan, who still moved inside her.

The orgasm had left her exquisitely sensitive and Elan's thrusts rubbed her clit and opening deliciously. Sarna tightened her muscle around his erection and began to move with him, eager to bring him to his own ecstatic release. She grabbed onto his buttocks, pulling him deep inside her, squeezing and thrusting her hips in time with his until he, too, moaned and she could feel his seed pulsing into her.

Elan collapsed gently onto Sarna, breathing heavily, his fingers entwined in her golden hair. She turned her face to his and kissed him tenderly on the lips, then stroked his back and hair, her eyes closed, a content smile on her lips.

Gradually, Elan's breathing steadied and he softened and slipped from between her legs. He rolled off of her and pulled her to him, molding his body to hers like a pair of nesting spoons. He held her, placing soft, tender kisses on her back and shoulder. "I think, Queen Sarna," he said softly between kisses, "that very soon you will rule my heart."

Sarna took Elan's hand and pressed it to her lips. "And I think, King Elan," she answered, "That you already rule mine."

Elan chuckled. "What a kingdom we hall have." He feathered her shoulder with more kisses.

Sarna turned over so that she could look into Elan's dark eyes. "What I truly feel, my Lord," she whispered, "Is that Lord Galen heard my prayers and answered them."

Elan reached up and caressed Sarna's cheek with gentle fingertips. "Aye, beautiful Huntress," he answered softly. "'Tis no less than He has done with mine."

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About the Author

Multi-published, award-nominated author, Sedonia Guillone lives on the water in Florida with a Renaissance man who paints, writes poetry and tells her she's the sweetest nymph he's ever met. When she's not writing erotic romance, she loves watching spaghetti westerns, Jet Li and samurai flicks, cuddling, and eating chocolate. She writes both man/man and man/woman erotic romances and hopes you'll find something here you like!

Visit Sedonia at www.SedoniaGuillone.com!

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Excerpt

He brought his fingers to Darelle's lips. "Go on, my lady," he urged gently. "Have your fill." He wiped a bit of honey on her lip, which she licked off. The pleasure of the sweet taste nearly caused her to moan. Without thinking, she grasped Dane's hand and suckled each one of his fingers clean of the amber substance, finding she enjoyed the sensation of his large fingers filling her mouth as much as she savored the honey itself.

When she lifted her face away from his fingers, she heard his ragged breathing. His large chest rose and fell heavily. On her other side, Gareth's breath too, had slipped to a ragged sound, and she realized that witnessing her little feast had aroused him as well. Embarrassed, she released Dane's hand. "Thank you, my lord. I'm sorry for my greed."

Dane chuckled, a velvety, rich sound that deepened the pulsing between her legs. "Don't ever be sorry for that, my lady. However, if you wish to return the favor." He indicated the bucket.

She smiled. "All right, my lord." The honey was warm and sticky as she scooped a bit onto her fingertips.

"Dane," Gareth's voice carried a warning in it. "Be careful. Colette is not here."

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"I'm being careful. For God's sake, man, loosen up."

Darelle stiffened. "Maybe we shouldn't"

"Don't worry," Dane said. "I understand what he means, but I've learned a bit of control in the last few centuries." He threw a mischievous glance in his brother's direction. "Besides, he loves me. There is very little he can refuse me."

Gareth growled softly. "Shut up."

Darelle felt Dane's hand close lightly around her wrist, lifting her hand.

His breath was suddenly warm and the moist heat of his tongue lapped her fingertips, suckling each one with an erotic friction that made her wet down below. He moaned softly, the pad of his thumb caressing the sensitive skin of her inner wrist.

"That was incredible," he breathed. "Gareth, let her give you some honey."

"No." The sound was stiff and Darelle detected how very badly he wanted to give in. "Don't push me."

"Come on. You're far more disciplined than I, even. You can take a taste without taking more."

Gareth sighed deeply. "I'm not certain of that. Not with our lady."

His admission of desire caused her heart to pound. "It's all right," she said. "I'll wait for Colette." Her hand still rested in Dane's, whose thumb continued to brush provocatively across her wrist.

"That would be better." Gareth agreed, his voice tight with obvious need.

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Dane sighed. "If you say so, brother. But I'll remind you, this is only a taste. Even Colette would say it's all right." He looked at Darelle. "If you enjoyed that, wait until you see the other uses to which we can put this delicious substance." He dipped his finger into the bucket and smoothed another tantalizing fingerful onto her lips.

"Dane, ta gueule!" Gareth stared hard at his brother.

Darelle witnessed the exchange between them, noting especially the husky tenor of Gareth's voice that belied his anger.

"How disrespectful you can be at times, brother."

Dane smiled and set the bucket aside. He lay down on his side close to Darelle, his head propped on one elbow. "At times, perhaps," he said, "but not when it counts."

Gareth growled, but assumed the same position on Darelle's other side. "I'll give you that, at least, for however much you taunt me."

Dane laughed softly. He reached out and ran a fingertip across the seam of Darelle's lips.

The touch made her shiver with the desire to roll onto her back, underneath him, her arms encasing his brawny torso.

"You see, my lady? Gareth and I are too close for any obstacle between us. We've always been that way."

"I see." She lay quietly for several moments, staring up into the dark rafters of the barn her body and heart pulsing and pounding with an explosion of desires. Her two guardians lay close on either side of her, their masculine heat surrounding her,

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their musky scent blending with the earthy scent of hay and night air. "Who is Colette?" she asked finally, breaking the simmering tension coiling within her.

"She is the one who will prepare you for your joining with us," Gareth muttered. "A chaperone and guide of sorts, I suppose." Apparently, the strain he felt still plagued him, for his voice was tighter than it had been moments before.

Dane chuckled. "He leaves out some important details. Like, how beautiful and sweet Colette is. She is nearly as old as Gareth and I, yet we've only met her recently. She has been seen playing the role of courtesane in just about every royal setting in Europe for centuries." He leaned into her. "She is very experienced." He smiled and affected a feminine pose. "Oh, cherie," he purred in what sounded like a feminine voice. He reached out and touched her cheek. "How pretty you are. You will be very pleasing to your guardians. Leave it to Colette, cherie. I will teach you." He collapsed into laughter, a beautiful, rich sound, so infectious, Darelle too, began to giggle.

"Enough! The two of you!" Gareth was staring at hard at her and Dane.

Dane stopped laughing, but his eyes continued to glint mischievously and he pressed his lips together, suppressing more mirth.

Darelle followed his lead and looked at Gareth's sober expression, her own smile fading. "I'm sorry, my lord," she murmured. Gareth's use of the word "joining" echoed suddenly in her mind and she felt her cheeks tingle with sudden heat. "Joining" could mean only one thing.

He sighed. "It's all right." A chink of light through the slats of the barn reflected in his eyes. Their silence set off his ragged breathing. "I'm being selfish. You've been through hell."

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She nodded, her heart racing. She felt Dane's hand begin to caress her hair gently from behind. "Perhaps you will let me give you some honey," she whispered, looking at Gareth.

"Si, my lady."

Darelle's breathing deepened. The moonlight outlined Gareth's chiseled face, making him appear god-like. Dane's caresses continued in her hair as she dipped her finger into the bucket and held it toward Gareth.

In a flash of movement, Dane's hand came out of her hair and closed gently on her wrist. He guided her finger to her lips, smoothing the honey on them.

Gareth growled. "Dane, are you taunting me yet more?"

Dane looked at him. A serious expression replaced the mischief in his eyes. "No, brother. I'm not taunting you. She needs this." His hand went again to her hair, his fingers disappearing in the mass of curls. His fingertips gently rubbed her hair, sending waves of pleasure coursing through her body. "Go on, Gareth, kiss her."

Gareth moved closer and took her hand. He brought her finger to his lips and in the next moment, the moist warmth of his tongue caressed the fingertip, licking it clean of honey. He then turned her hand, palm up, and pressed his lips into the soft flesh.

Gareth's lips left warm impressions on her skin, stoking the ache of desire that swirled in her gut and down below. When he lowered her hand and leaned into her, the vision of his face swam before her.

The light touch of his lips made her breath catch. He pulled away a few inches and Darelle watched the tip of his tongue dart out and catch the honey he'd taken off her lips. Her chest rose and fell heavily and she felt drunk from her first kiss.

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Gareth's eyes were smoldering now, practically glowing in the shadows. He appeared to be struggling, restraining himself, yet in the next moment, cupped her cheek and leaned in, closing his lips over hers.

Darelle's eyes fluttered closed and she surrendered to the kiss. Her hand flattened against Gareth's chest. Behind her, a second pair of hands splayed on her back, caressing it gently.

Gareth's tongue, wet and hot swirled over hers and across her teeth, devouring every drop of honey that coated them. Dane's chest pressed into her back. He lifted her hair off her neck, and pressed his hot lips on the nape of her neck.

After several moments, Gareth lifted his mouth from hers. He breathed heavily and sat back, away from her. "I must stop, my lady," he said. Tension coiled in his voice and his heavy breathing filled the space around them.

Dane gently pulled Darelle back against him, his arm around her. He pressed small kisses into the side of her neck.

"Did I do something wrong?" she asked, her heart galloping in her chest. Her lips still tingled from Gareth's kiss and moisture seeped between her thighs.

His chest heaved as he exhaled a deep breath. "Of course not, my lady."

"Don't worry, Darelle." Dane's voice was soft in her ear. "When Gareth loves, his passion consumes his entire being. He's not felt this way in centuries."