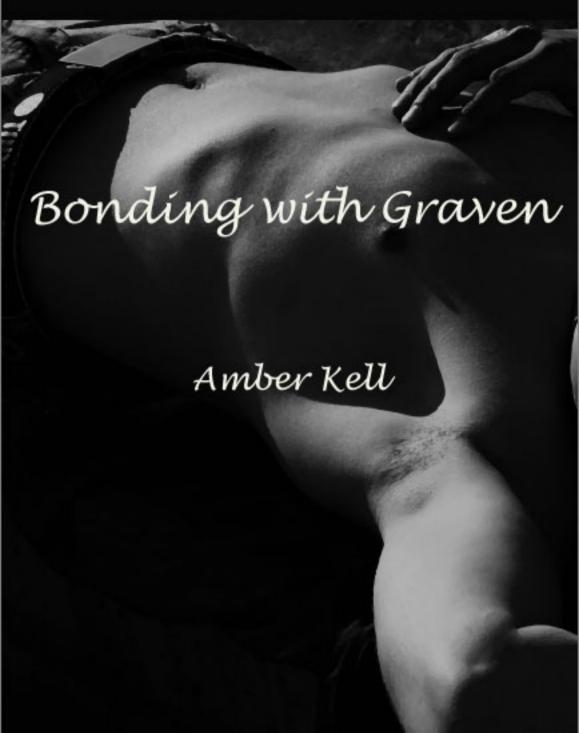
## Líterary Road presents Sexy Níps



## Bonding with Graven

Amber Kell

## A Literary Road Press Publication

Literaryroad.com 6523 California Ave SW, #193 Seattle, WA 98136

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## Bonding with Graven

Steerl didn't know what he expected to see at the castle of the vampire prince, but this wasn't it. Where were the blood-soaked walls and drained bodies lining the walkway? It was anti-climatic to see caramel veined white marble covering the floor and strong healthy men standing as guards.

Forced by his father to accompany his sister, Delilah, he walked through airy hallways glancing with surprise at the numerous priceless objects scattered with artful precision. Not the cold cave-like walls he had imagined in his dreams.

So far it was an easy, if unsettling, assignment. It was difficult to protect his sister from unwanted attention while wearing a veil covering his face. Attention she was unlikely to get in the middle of the vampire prince's palace but it was the job assigned to him and he took his responsibilities and his sister's safety seriously.

He glanced at Delilah in her black captia garb and felt her knowing eyes watching him from beneath the veil. The captia, a traditional full body scarf worn by marriage petitioners, swathed her head and body in black silk. Although the fabric was transparent enough to see to walk, it didn't allow a great deal of head movement. Steerl's outfit was almost the same except his scarf ended at his shoulders and he wore a pair of black flowing pants made out of some silky material he didn't recognize and a fitted black shirt.

Clothes his father presented to him that morning and insisted he wear out of respect to the royal family's traditions. All the escorts he saw in the crowds around them wore the same garb so he suspected his politically savvy father knew what he was talking about. As he understood it the clothes he wore were to prevent distracting the prince from the prospective brides. Bare flesh was enticing to the vampires and they didn't want anything distracting the senses from finding the proper mate.

Few people had Steerl's affection like his beloved sibling. With her blue-black hair and tall form Delilah favored their shared father, while Steerl took after his petite golden mother. There was only a hair's length difference in their heights which made it easy for him to match his stride to Delilah's as he escorted her in slow smooth steps so she wouldn't stumble in her heels. As well as he could, through the black veil, Steerl scanned the people on either side of the walkway.

"Relax baby bro, no one is going to jump me."

"Damn right they aren't going to jump you." Rage, barely checked, vibrated his normally smooth voice to just above a growl. "I may not be much of a guard but I'm not going to let anything stop you from meeting the prince. Larel has never been wrong and if something prevents this marriage father will blame me. He still hasn't forgiven me for not marrying the baron's daughter."

Last week Larel, the family seer, pronounced that the last Raisel of this generation would bond with the vampire prince. The thought of his sister so well set up still sent tremors of joy down Steerl's spine. Money wasn't a concern with their family, but he always worried about his gentle older sister. Not a great thinker, Delilah was the last to get a joke but the first to rush to a friend's side. He could tell from the gleam in his father's eyes that Delilah was his next matchmaking victim. If this didn't work Steerl might send her to a Northern galactic nunnery.

Anything was better than his father's plans. Their father arranged matches for his first three children and as far as Steerl could tell each of them was more miserable than the last.

After seeing the unhappy unions of his other two sisters and only brother, Steerl was determined not to let the same thing happen to the only one of his siblings he actually liked. Even his preference for men didn't stop his father from trying to arrange a match for him every few months. Matches he refused to honor but annoying all the same. After all according to his father his love of men was just a phase he would grow out of as soon as he met the proper woman.

"What if he doesn't like me?" Delilah's voice trembled with nerves. Steerl shook free of his musings and focused on his nervous sibling.

"How can he not like you?" Steerl asked giving the question the brief attention it deserved. His sister was pretty, even tempered and open hearted. "Any man would be lucky to get you."

Delilah continued, talking over her brother, her voice getting more and more distraught. "I'm not beautiful like you Steerl, the prince might not find me attractive."

"Nonsense." He stopped her in the middle of the procession and walked her up to the first knight who didn't give her an inappropriate leer. "Excuse me sir."

The knight went to attention, his back going so straight Steerl was certain a ruler would align with it perfectly. "What can I do for you, mateseeker?"

Mateseeker?

"Oh no. I'm just here for support. My sister is here for the mating." Curious he couldn't stop himself from asking. "I didn't know they allowed male seekers?"

The guard shrugged. "Male, female it doesn't matter we go by soul bonding not sex or appearance."

Steerl shrugged tossing the thought from his mind as he focused on his true purpose. "My sister here is concerned that a mate wouldn't find her attractive. Perhaps you could set her at ease." He whipped back her veil for the knight to get a good look at his attractive sibling.

The soldier's smile had a kindness at odds to the huge sword strapped to his hip. "You would appeal to many, dear lady." He said in a deep voice "Whether you'll appeal to the prince I don't know but if you're still available after visiting his chambers I'd be happy to escort anywhere you wish to go."

It would take a bigger person than Steerl to resist digging his elbow into his sister's rib. "See baby girl I told you we'd find you a mate."

"Shut up." His sweet sister said kicking him with unladylike force. Wrapping a hand around his arm she repositioned her veil and dragged him off.. "I can't believe you did that."

Steer laughed. "Well at least we know you're attractive to vamps and now you have a backup groom."

Delilah giggled, poking him rudely in the ribs to let him know that she wasn't mad at his interference. After all if a beloved brother can't cause embarrassment where was the fun?

The line to the throne room was long but it went quickly since each person was only given a second with the prince. Apparently it some sort of karmic association let the prince know his mate when he found her. Since the prince was four-hundred years old and they did this ceremony every year Steerl thought it might be time for the man to try something new.

As soon as they entered the room all Steerl's attention went to the man on the dais. Even sitting he looked huge. Ropy muscles strained the seams of the silvery shirt stretched across his chest, while black leather pants outlined the man's thick muscular thighs.

A need so strong it almost buckled his knees hit Steerl like a boulder to the gut. He felt a compelling urge to run up there and lick his way across that muscular chest. It took more effort than it should to hold back from leaping up to the throne and throwing himself at the gorgeous prince.

Steerl wondered if others felt the same level of want and need currently pulsing through his body. Was this a long line of horny women waiting to fling themselves at the muscular feet of the stud on the throne?

Barely restraining a laugh, he followed his sister as they moved up the line. The veils prevented him from viewing other petitioner's faces but he could almost see the pheromones drifting through the air.

"I'll wait in the corner by the door. Come get me when you're done." There were more than enough guards to see to his sister's safety. With all of the hormones rushing through his system it was a good idea to put more space between him and prince stud if he wanted to keep his dignity and not ruin his sister's chances.

Delilah nodded her head before turning back towards the prince. "He's really handsome isn't he?"

"Sure if you like the gorgeous, green-eyed immortal type." Steerl teased.

Exchanging a quick hug he left her to go hide in the corner out of the way of the stampeding herds.

Prince Graven smelled the hint of his mate and everything in his body seized. After all the fruitless years of searching, his mate was in the room. He could feel it in every pour of his body. Dormant hunting instincts surged into overdrive as the mating urge overtook him.

"Close the doors. Seal the room." He roared, his deep voice echoing off the walls.

Damn it was hard to focus with his body vibrating like mad. Four hundred years old and he was as anxious as a guy on his first date.

Too impatient to wait for the procession to come to him, Graven leapt from the throne and worked his way down the line not even trying to hide that he was taking in their scents.

Nothing.

After Graven finished with each group he motioned for the guards to release them. Most were reluctant to go, eager to see who would be the prince's new mate. However a show of arms from the stone-faced warriors kept them on the move.

Frustration gave way to anger when an hour passed and he was no closer to finding his mate. There were still too many people around and his mate remained hidden.

The elusive scent slapped him in the face again. Grabbing the arm of a tall figure he leaned in to sniff.

Disappointment speared through him when he felt the soft upper flesh of the arm.

A woman

Somehow it was a man he always dreamed of when he thought of his mate. But if this was what fate decreed he would bow his head to a higher authority.

Leaning over he breathed in the woman and caught a scent of his mate.

Not her but someone close to her, someone who had touched her recently.

"Did you touch someone before coming to me?"

"Just my brother. He gave me a hug." Her voice had a go to hell tone that Graven appreciated. All the fawning got to him after a while. His heart slammed against his chest at the word *brother*.

"And where is this brother of yours?" Graven purred, pleased when he saw a shudder go through the woman. He might prefer men but it was always nice to know he had an affect on both sexes.

"Over in the corner." The woman waved a hand towards the northern side of the room.

Not giving his prey time to move, Graven leapt through the air and landed in front of the only figure standing between a potted plant and an upholstered bench. "Hello beautiful."

A warm, nervous laugh came from the veiled figure. "What makes you think I'm beautiful?"

The voice was smooth and sweet, a seductive siren song, luring the prince forward. Graven leaned closer inhaling the man's scent, his cock hardening so fast he felt lightheaded.

Mate.

"Because you will always be beautiful to me." He responded stepping closer.

The man tried to back away from the prince but unfortunately for his mate the wall stopped him from going further. "You were supposed to mate with my sister."

Tilting his head, Graven took in the covered figure. "Why is that?" "Our prophet said that the last one of my family would be your mate."

"But the last one is you brother." A familiar woman's voice spoke behind him. A little startled that she got so close without him noticing, Graven moved away from her and nearer to the male. He only wanted one person close to him now. To inhale the scent of the one meant to be his. Excitement pulsed through his body at the thought of having someone all his own for the very first time.

"But *you* were supposed to be the one." The smooth velvety voice said with a hint of a pout. "Father's not going to like this."

Damn, would the man's lips be full and lush pursed in a sulky expression? Just the image in his mind was enough to make Graven hard.

Tinkling laughter came from the girl. "Father will have to adapt. The seer said the last of our line. If you take out the male/female quotient *you* are the last."

Irritated with the lack of attention from the other man, the prince grabbed his mate's arm.

"Come with me and we will discuss this in private."

A sigh came from beneath the veil. "Is there any way to convince you this is all a big mistake?"

"No." The prince made sure his voice was solid and firm he didn't want any misunderstandings. This man would be his mate willing or no.

"Okay but could you have one of your men escort my sister to our hotel. I don't want her out there alone."

Pleased that his mate was so considerate of others Graven ordered two of his men to escort the woman.

He watched with simmering impatience as the pair exchanged hugs and the girl was sent on her way.

"Did you catch yourself a little mouse, cousin?" Dail's voice was cold and hard but nothing could ruin this moment for Graven. His cousin yearned for Graven's throne with an unseemly lust. Vampires couldn't ascend the throne until they were mated. But now that he found his fated one nothing would keep Graven from his crown.

"No," He said smugly, "I found my mate."

"Well don't hide her in the corner bring her on stage so we can all see. I'm sure the others want to meet your soulreen. You've waited so long after all."

Damn. Visions of his family frightening off his mate filled Graven's mind. He would kill them all if they harmed what was his.

"Sure let's present *him* to the family." He agreed with a smile as sincere as his cousin's.

He felt a flash of pleasure when Dail missed a step. It was rare for a prince to find a male mate. In the vampire kingships' long and rich history it had only occurred twice. Both times led to reigns still upheld as being the strongest ever.

The goddess did well by him and he hadn't even seen his mate.

"Tell the others they can meet him later. We'll do a presentation in an hour or so."

After marking the man as his. No one was going to take this man away.

Steerl replayed the prophet's words over and over in his head as he stood next to the prince. Delilah was right. The woman did say the youngest of them. The whole family just thought it was his sister since she was the last female.

That will teach them to assume anything.

Fire raced up his arm where the vampire prince touched him. He could feel the man's warmth through the thin cloth. If the prince's touch had this much affect on Steerl when there was fabric between them he was eager to find out what it would be like skin to skin.

The prince groaned. "You're going to kill me if you don't stop projecting. I'm holding on by a thread here."

Images of fucking the vampire prince filled his head until a low growl brought an end to his fun. "I think you have things in the wrong order, my sweet"

"No." Steerl said. "If we're mates and fated to be together you're going to have to receive sometime. I'm not spending the rest of my life as your bottom boy."

His father always said to start negotiations as you plan to go.

The unfriendly vamp that had joined them broke out into laughter. "I like him already." The man's words were friendly but his tone had an iron thread indicating danger. Steerl knew this was a man you didn't turn your back to.

"We'll meet you later." The prince said. "Tell the family we'll see them in two hours. Anyone who disturbs us before then will have to face the consequences."

The chill in the prince's voice let everyone know that whatever the reason for interruption it wouldn't be worth the cost.

Undaunted Steerl let the prince drag him through a thick wooden door and into a darkened chamber. If they were true mates then he was the safest person the kingdom.

It was too dark for Steerl to make out anything other than indistinct shapes in the dim lighting.

When the prince flipped a switch and flooded the room with lamplight Steerl blinked for several minutes trying to clear his vision.

For the first time he was alone with the vampire prince.

Knots of tension ate at him. What the hell was he going to do with a royal mate? Mother wasn't going to be happy she was expecting him back in time for dinner.

Father would be thrilled.

"My mother isn't going to be happy either she expected me to mate with a woman." The prince grumbled reading Steerl's mind.

"Then go out there and bloody well get one." Steerl snapped heading for the door. Or where he hoped it would be in the dark.

"Don't you walk away from me." The prince shouted. "You're my mate and as the laws of our planet demand you will stay and be my husband. There is no divorce, no separation. You will live in my palace and in my bed until the end of our days."

Fury filled Steerl. "Keep it up and your days are going to end just a little sooner than you thought."

\* \* \*

Graven looked at the cloaked figure and burst out laughing. What the hell was he doing? He was starting a fight on his wedding day and he hadn't even properly met his husband.

Sighing he tried another approach. Unlike other people in his kingdom, his new mate wasn't intimidated by his anger. Whether because he knew Graven couldn't harm him without harm to himself or just because the man was stubborn the prince didn't know.

"Let's start with something simple. What's your name?"

"Steerl Raisal."

Fuck. "Like the emperor's youngest son Steerl Raisal?"

"Yes."

The plus side was his mother would be a lot happier that he married royalty. The negative was rumor had it that the only person the emperor loved more than himself was his youngest son. The fallout from this union could be immense.

Swallowing hard the prince said the four fateful words that would change his life forever. "Take off your robes."

"Is there some procedure I should follow?" Steerl's voice was amused adding to the irritation Graven felt at never having seen his mate and already fighting.

"The quicker, the better." He tried for a reassuring smile but passion made his fangs drop down so it was probably more frightening than calming.

He heard Steerl take a deep breath before pulling off the robe and scarf in one sweeping movement.

Graven's heart stopped in his chest as a sleek slightly muscled form was exposed. Gleaming gold hair fell in silky layers as his mate dipped his head hiding his face.

"No look up at me I want to see your eyes."

Bracing himself Graven looked into the face of the man fated to be his mate and forgot how to breathe. Gold eyes with flecks of blue looked out of a perfectly symmetrical face. High cheekbones sculpted into perfection framed an aristocratic nose. Lush lips briefly drew his attention from the goddess kiss on the man's firm chin. If an artist wanted to draw a picture of perfection he could use this man as the model.

The beauty's body was covered in a sleek black shirt that slid across a set of obvious pebbled abs and the thin silk pants that clung in all the best places.

"Strip." The prince demanded in a hoarse voice he barely recognized as his own.

Steerl took off his shirt revealing a chest even more beautiful than the shirt implied.

"By the gods and goddesses you're a beautiful man." The words were soft and worshipful as if ripped from Graven's soul.

"Take off the pants."

Graven was surprised when his mate crossed his arms across his chest, gold eyes flashing defiantly.

"What are you taking off?"

"Me?"

How had he lost control of this situation?

"Yes you. If we're going to be mates I want to see what I'm getting."

A growl rolled out from deep in the prince's chest. "We *are* going to be mates." The thought of this golden beauty touched by someone else made his stomach churn. He felt physically sick.

\* \* \*

Steerl watched the prince. He received one annoyed gaze from those green, green eyes before the prince gave in and peeled off his silver mesh top.

Brutally cut abs ridged a tight stomach and the prince's naturally bronze skin rippled across thick muscles with each movement. A few scars crisscrossed the body giving the acre of hot manhood added interest.

Steerl smiled as he dreamed of licking every last muscle.

His cock filled up so quickly in response to the vision before him that he felt dizzy. The bulge in the prince's leather pants was obvious and attention-worthy. As if in a trance Steerl fell to the floor his knees hitting the plush carpet with a thump.

With nimble fingers Steerl dislodged the intricate fastenings of pants in a matter of seconds.

"Experienced are you?" The prince's voice held amusement and something that almost sounded a bit like jealousy. Brushing the thought aside, Steerl pulled out the prince's long thick cock and admired it for a moment. The bulbous head called to him, luring him closer with its sticky ambrosia.

Entranced with his find, Steerl lapped at the spongy tip.

Graven hissed. "Did I give you permission to do that?"

"Nope." Steerl answered cheerfully before taking the entire shaft into his mouth and deep throating the delicious cock. Swallowing he sucked on the prince trying to get more of the bittersweet flavor. When Graven took a tight grip on his hair he hummed happily and proceeded to drive the royal out of his mind with hot tightly suctioned strokes.

"Mercy baby. Stop or I'll come."

Since that was the point, Steerl ignored the warning and sucked on the prince until he heard a shout and his mouth was flooded with hot delicious come which he swallowed rapidly. Keeping his mouth gentle he slowly released the prince's flaccid cock.

He barely had a few seconds to savor the taste before two hands roughly lifted him up by his hair. Hard lips devoured his mouth sending fissions of heat like small explosions down his spine.

Who knew a pair of hard lips held the secret to paradise?

Moaning he melted, letting the larger man take control. So enthralled with the kissing and strokes of Graven's large hands it wasn't until he felt the air against his bare ass and cock did he realize the other man had dropped his pants.

"Now I can see what I'm getting." The teasing tone brought a smile to Steerl's lips. Worries that his mate was a stern man with no humor faded into the distance.

One large calloused hand gripped him, pumping him with an expert touch. Steerl's head fell back in ecstasy unconsciously baring his neck to the vampire prince.

"Tell me you are mine." The prince's voice slid into his mind as one long incisor scraped Steerl's neck spearing a shaft of desire straight to his cock. It was difficult to focus on words when the actions on his body were unraveling his mind.

He was about to go over when the glorious hand stopped. Steerl gave a cry of frustration as he looked into the pair of glowing green eyes. "What? Why did you stop?"

Closing his hand over the Graven's hand he tried to get him to move back to the intoxicating rhythm.

The prince refused to move. "Not until you agree you're mine. I will have your consent before you come."

Fury filled Steerl's body. He knocked the prince's hand away and pulled up his pants. "Just because you declare me yours doesn't make it true.

Graven's beautiful green eyes darkened to almost black. "No the fact that you are my mate makes you my mate. There is no choice involved." Arms like hardened steel, wrapped around Steerl's back. "It is the blood taking that I need permission for. I will not take your essence without permission."

Steerl felt a chill go up his spine. "If I deny you blood will you end the mating?"

"No. I will throw you in the dungeon and feed your sister to the vampire brigade."

Graven wasn't surprised when his beauty's eyes flared bright with anger. Damn the man was gorgeous angry. "Touch my sister and that will be the last thing you do fang boy."

"Fang boy?" Graven laughed as he pulled his mate back into his arms. "Relax my sweet. I have searched for you for over four hundred years. There is little I wouldn't do for you. What can I do to make you feel more at ease?"

The prince inhaled the scent of his mate and was surprised at the absence of fear. If his mate was afraid there was little hope for a long happy union. There was a hint of anger in the warm golden flesh but no fear. Giving a sigh of relief Graven licked a long trail up his mate's neck.

A low moan poured out of Steerl.

Need filled the vampire until all he could feel was the heat and desire coming off his lover in waves of lust.

"Give over to me. Let me have your blood."

"Yes." Steerl exclaimed. "Take it."

Filled with triumph Graven lowered his fangs and bit deep into his mate's jugular. Steerl's memories flooded his mind. A group of smiling people, the emperor's face filled with love, a beautiful woman with Steerl's eyes leaning forward for a hug. A good life. A life filled with happy memories and people who adored him.

With a pang of guilt the prince retreated his fangs licking his lips to absorb the last drop of blood. "You've had a good life."

The beautiful man's brows pulled together. "You say that like it's over. Am I now going to have a shitty existence? I thought you were supposed to love, adore and cherish your mates."

Graven brushed a hand over Steerl's sculpted cheek. You will now be in a position of power as my mate. Others are not so kind to those who hold high positions.

Steerl's forehead smoothed and he flashed a brilliant smile. "Is that all that's bothering you? I've been part of a powerful family my entire life I'm used to cretins who try to use others with power."

Graven gave the spirited beauty a warm smile while he stroked the golden skin. "Your father has protected you so well that I never even knew what you looked like. You won't have that kind of handling here."

The prince couldn't stop himself from trying to warn this man away. Even though he knew they were fated mates he didn't want the younger man to suffer. He wanted the beauty to continue to live in his bright bubble where he was surrounded by love and acceptance and where the only looks he received were adoring ones. The thought that his vicious relatives could take away even a smidge of Steerl's glow was like a dagger to Graven's heart.

"Don't worry darling. I can take care of myself. Did you want to go and introduce me to your relatives now that I've been claimed?"

"I want to claim you further. Completely."

Steerl slipped out of Graven's arms and his clothes before sprawling across the grand bed and spreading his arms and legs in a sacrificial pose. "Then take me." The beauty said with a grin.

A low growl built in the prince's throat. He barely removed his clothes completely before pouncing on the feast lying sacrificially on his bed.

Like a starved man he licked and nipped every inch of his beautiful mate. Inhaling the other man's scent until it became part of his essence. Graven nuzzled his mate's balls and ran his tongue across Steerl's luscious cock lapping at its head until it rose to its former glory. For a brief moment he wondered what it would feel like inside him but that was a sensation for another day. Now was for the formal mating. Steerl wasn't going to leave this room without a complete mating.

"Turn over so I can do our first mating properly."

For a moment he was transfixed by the shape of his lover's ass but the prince snapped over it and returned to his task.

Ripping open his night table drawer, Graven pulled out a pot of oil and liberally coated his fingers and his cock. With careful nudging he slid one finger, then two scissoring gently before inserting a third to his mate's cursing.

"Fuck me already." Steerl screamed.

Graven laughed feeling carefree for the first time in centuries. "I will, my mate, but you have to be prepared. I'm not a small man."

"No you're not." The prince smiled at the satisfaction in Steerl's voice.

After he was certain his beautiful mate was relaxed enough to receive him, Graven lined himself up and slid inside of paradise.

"Ahh." He sighed. When his body was completely merged with Steerl's he stopped to enjoy the sensation of the two of them becoming one.

After a moment Steerl started wiggling.

"Stop that." He smacked his lover's ass.

Steerl gave a low moan and wiggled some more.

He smacked him harder.

"Ouch." Steerl turned his head to glare at him. "Spousal abuse isn't nice."

"Poor baby." Graven gave Steerl a kiss on his cute nose. "I'll kiss it and make it feel better later. Right now I have other things to do."

Gripping Steerl's hips Graven slid out and then back in, slowly pumping into his lover's body and from the low moans, driving him out of his mind.

With his lover's moans as encouragement, Graven gripped Steerl's cock and pumped it in time to his motions. A few moments later they both came. Steerl collapsed on is lover, his bones melted.

An unfriendly fist smacked his back.

Confused he looked down.

"Get off me." Steerl said gasping for breath.

"Sorry love." Graven slid to one side and gave his mate an apologetic kiss. "That was amazing."

Steerl's eyes lowered then blinked open again.

"Go ahead and take a nap. My relatives can wait. They waited this long, they can wait a little longer."

Content for the first time in centuries, Graven wrapped himself around and bonded mate and slid into a peaceful slumber.