



OF
CRIMSON
AND COLLARS

STELLA & AUDRA PRICE

— AMERICAN SATYRS —

A Total-E-Bound Publication



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Of Crimson and Collars

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

American Satyrs

OF CRIMSON AND COLLARS

Stella and Audra Price

Dedication

To our fans. Without you Ben never would have come to be. Thank you for taking the walk into Satyr territory with us, and we hope you will love Ben as much as we do.

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Chapter One

Ben awoke to soft lips kissing their way down his chest, and he opened his eyes, growling.

Katie smiled and moved lower, licking him. "Um...good you're awake," she whispered and kissed the tip of his now turgid cock.

"So it would seem," he rasped groggily, narrowing his eyes at her. "Why aren't you in your box?"

She pouted. "You didn't tell me to leave last night, lover. I thought I would surprise you," she said as she licked a slow line up his shaft. "You like when I use my mouth on you, so I am."

"So you are, pet." He smirked down at her, all traces of sleep fading fast. He stroked over her soft hair. Kate was a perky little blonde thing, but she would need to learn her place soon. Human pets often did. The only thing Ben hated more than pawing was being woken up. It was his own fault for not putting her back in her box, which was more of a small room, when he'd finished playing with her the night before. It wasn't a mistake he'd make again or one that he'd readily admit to making. She'd have to be punished for this, a task that, with her hot mouth working him so sweetly, he was more than ready to take on.

She smiled again and slipped down his shaft completely then came back up slowly, sucking sweetly but firmly on him. She pulled off his cock with a pop and licked her lips. "Does this please you, my darling?"

"Less talking, more sucking," he growled, pushing her mouth back down his turgid cock.

She set to work, moaning and humming as she palmed his sac. She was enjoying herself, luxuriating in the feel of him in her mouth.

"This is about me, not you," he instructed, pinching her nose with one hand. The other drove her head further down his shaft. "I told you there were rules," he drawled lazily. He pumped himself deep into the back of her throat, enjoying the suction every airless gasp for breath that she made. "Countless ones. You dare wake me then make it up to me by giving

lazy head?" He shook his head, disgusted, ripping her off him and pushing her further back on the bed. "On your knees."

She shivered and nodded, doing as he asked, and licked her lips. On all fours, she knew better than to make him give her more direction. She lowered her shoulders to the bed and put her ass higher in the air and let her legs part ever so slightly. Her pussy glistened with her ever-growing juices, waiting for him.

"I don't make you stay here, you know," he told her, moving up behind her and stroking over her soft fleshy ass. "You can leave any time you want." He waited to hear her response.

"I...I don't want to. I need you..." she moaned and wiggled her rump at his attentions. "You...you're everything."

"Of course, I am, but there are rules to follow if you want to stay with me. I've already explained them to you, and I hate repeating myself." He knew she wouldn't leave, she couldn't, and they never did. One taste of him, and women couldn't refuse him, some trick of genetics nobody quite understood.

His mother had been a Strigo, a royal, time demon. Ben had inherited all her time abilities. As for his father, well, that was another story. Since his mother had abandoned him on the court steps, no one was really sure what he was. Neither mother nor father was around to answer any questions that he might have had, and Ben did have them, a lot of them.

"Forgive me. I'm sorry, my darling. Please...please, don't send me away. I will fade without you."

"I'm not going to do that just yet," he warned, not dismissing the idea right away. New pets were always a chore. "But you'll have to prove to me that you want to be in my bed, pet. Tell me, what do you think would be a fitting punishment?"

"Anything you wish to bestow on me, my darling. Anything," she panted and shuddered. "Only, don't turn me away."

"I'm not your darling, I'm your Master, and I want you to come up with a fitting punishment, or I'll leave you on your own for two weeks to think one up."

She whimpered and shook her head. "Please..." She frowned. "Deny me release? Or the use of those stunning tricks you pull with me," she offered and bit her bottom lip, looking over her shoulder at him with pain-filled eyes.

"Very well," he nodded, pleased with her answer. "Don't you dare come, or I promise you, you'll be out." He moved up behind her, slapping her ass hard and leaving a red imprint.

She gasped and nodded, closing her eyes, but before she did, he spied a small look of relief in them. "Anything, Master. I shall endeavour to obey you in all things. Your pleasure is my own."

"A much better attitude." He smiled proudly, stepping up behind her. "Now, be a good girl, and don't disappoint me." He took his cock, guiding it into her slick heat.

She shivered as she always did as he entered her and gasped as he reached the hilt of his body and hers. She moved slowly, knowing how he liked to play, rolling her hips to give him room to manoeuvre.

He pushed her face down into the bed in no mood to go easy on her. Taking her hard and fast, he held nothing back, feeling her body quiver close to the brink more than once, but she always managed to rein it back. He owned her body, dominating it, owning it with every deep thrust.

She gifted him with muffled moans, though he wasn't sure if they were of pleasure or frustration. She gripped the sheets and wrenched them from the bed.

He thrust more desperately into her as his pleasure exploded through him, spilling into her. Gripping her tightly, he used his powers, slowing the moment and feeling every sensation from the slick heat of her tight body to the feeling of his balls contracting tightly. He wanted her to feel it all, as well, to draw out her denied pleasure as much as possible. This was her true test.

Katie moaned and shivered, pleading with him in pathetic little mewls between the pants she was so desperate to get out, but she didn't falter.

Taking pity on her, and indeed himself, he snapped his powers back, ending it. He collapsed fully on her, breathing hard. "Good girl."

"Thank you, Master," she said in a choked, strained voice. Her body was on edge. A fine tremor slowly built through her.

“Well done. Now go to your room and finish yourself off.” He rolled from her onto his back. “I’ll call for you next time I need you.”

She stood on shaky legs and trembled. “Thank you, Master. You’re too kind to me.” She gave him a small smile and walked out of the room, slowly.

He watched her go just to make sure she got safely tucked away in her room. With the promise of keeping her hands to herself in the future, he grabbed a quick shower and managed a light lunch. His calico cat weaved its way onto his breakfast bar, moving through cooking utensils and showing a blatant disregard for the vital documents splayed out before him as she stepped on to his newspaper and demanded his attention. He ignored her for a second before giving in to the cat’s purrs and snorts by lifting his hand to stroke the soft fur of her neck.

He’d taken her in shortly after his exile from the demon courts. Not that he’d been exiled. It was just strongly suggested that he leave and not dare return. It saved him the bother of a full exile and allowed him to keep his acquired souls.

The cat had wandered into his gardens, and he’d half-heartedly adopted her, in as much as anyone can claim to own a cat. She’d been a straggly little kitten, and he assumed no one wanted her—much like himself—and, although he loathed admitting it, as he’d watched her grow into the fine huntress she’d become, he’d found a certain kinship with the feline, despite her gender. She was fierce, brutal and despised everyone she met. She’d take everything and give absolutely nothing in return, and he loved her style.

For so long, she’d been his only constant companion, and he wouldn’t have it any other way. Keeping her alive as long as he had wasn’t much of a problem. He’d simply called a tweaked version of a time bubble around her. She aged but more slowly than a normal cat.

He’d never named the cat, although he had in the past called her many things. At the time naming her had been the least of his concerns. Now it was years down the line, and the thought of naming her rarely sprung to mind. By now she most likely had her own name, and he wasn’t one to take such liberties with a creature he respected. Katie, however, *her* name would have to be changed. He’d never liked the name Katie. He’d have to come up with something new for her. Something interesting.

At the time he’d found the cat, he’d had his own life to consider. A life with no demon contact, cut off from everything he’d ever known. He’d always known he was different—a

lot of the full-blooded demons took great pleasure in reminding him of that fact as he'd grown up. Coupled with the fact he was part Strigo and the Strigo were considered second-rate demons to start with, a half-breed amongst them was lower still. The loss of the courts and his few friends had hit him rather hard. His cousins, Sandor and Murphy, had made no attempt to contact him despite the fact their father, the king, wasn't likely to punish them for a short visit. That had hurt him the most. He'd always been close to them. Being cast out of the court that had barely tolerated him was one thing, but being ignored by the two people he'd really considered family had been too much. It had killed something inside of him he hadn't had a whole lot of to start with.

Ben scratched the cat behind her ear. Pleased at the attention he'd given her, the cat stopped him with a swipe of her paw and a growl before bouncing off the counter and running out into the gardens, no doubt in search of her next victim, which was fine with him as long as she didn't bring the rodent into the house to play with. He finished his coffee, picking the cat fur out of it first.

The papers open in front of him demanded his attention. Part of living on his own meant he had to finance his living and support himself. Not something he'd ever had any experience with before his exile. Thankfully, in that department, he'd landed on his feet. The mansion he lived in had been his grandfather's, something he'd inherited when the old goat had been killed in a duel. Ben's childhood years spent sucking up to the old bastard had paid off as far as digs were concerned. He had been hoping for a little more cash though.

He'd had to re-mortgage the mansion and sell off part of the land in the back in order to pool together enough cash for the investments that, only now, fifty years later, he was beginning to see a return on.

He wasn't a naturally talented investor. In fact, all of his talents lay elsewhere, more in the pleasure department. One taste of him and no other could ever hope to satisfy, quite literally. He'd found himself in dire need of a steady income. Short of whoring himself out, which would have gained its own set of problems as every woman would then be bound to him, he'd been stuck for ideas. The thought of binding to a rich woman just to leech off her cash had made him squirm. He wasn't a particularly moral demon, however the thought of being some sort of kept man was distasteful as working.

Naturally very lazy, Ben soon overcame his distaste and set about gathering moderately wealthy women. It wasn't as if anyone had truly believed that he was above such things. He was a bastard, literally, figuratively and whichever way anyone wished to put it. He didn't care anymore what people thought of him. There was never anyone around worthy of judging him anyway.

His attention shifted back to the papers and his current situation, one with which he had absolutely no idea how to deal.

Annabelle, one of his human pets, had died in an incident which had very little to do with him. He rarely took it upon himself to kill his pets. They tended to stain the carpet, and if he had to resort to killing a human for disobedience, then what type of demon master was he? Her body had finally given in and killed her for him.

Her family seemed to think he had no right to the rather generous inheritance she'd left to him. He couldn't have disagreed more. He'd put a lot of time into that woman. They'd had fun together, and her loss had generally saddened him. That was his story, and he had to stick to it as far as the human courts were concerned. He did despise the black widow routine, though. It left him queasy. Interestingly enough, his mixed heritage strengthened his time powers and no doubt his irresistibility. He was always finding new things that he could do. His cat's tweaked time bubble had been an interesting development since it was unheard of to be able to stop a creature from aging.

It was a pity it didn't work on humans—not that he'd have wanted to keep any with him. He could have made his money there. Ben might have the power and the will to use it, but he was still a young demon, maybe even the youngest. At only one hundred years old, he had yet to cut his teeth in the demon world. Now, due to his banishment status, he'd never get the chance to show his potential.

He felt a familiar presence move past his wards and smiled. Ah yes, a swim would be the perfect distraction for him and the delightful little water Nymph he sensed would make such a distraction all the more worthwhile.

He left the papers unread and unsigned, easing himself out to the pool where he stripped off the few items of clothing he wore. The water was perfect as always as he sank deep into his favourite corner of the pool, letting the warmth lap over his shoulders. The Nymph smiled seductively at him as she dove into the pool and moved up to him from

under the water. It wasn't like him to keep acquaintances other than his human slaves, but she'd insisted, and he'd always enjoyed the underwater play human bodies just weren't built for.

He closed his eyes, resting his head on the ledge behind him as her cool lips surrounded the tip of his cock. She drew a small groan from him as her tongue ran possessively over his shaft, forcing him further into her mouth. He sighed as she began to suckle lightly on his head as she made her way down. Coming for a swim had been a very good idea.

The Nymph's mouth surrounded him as she truly set to work on his cock, the sensations thrilling. She excelled at this, and his cock felt quite at home down her throat as she hummed on him. His hands found her hair as it glided in the water, and he threaded his finger through it, pulling it taut in his hands as he guided her further down his shaft. He knew she could take it all, and that she was just playing with him. He wasn't in the mood for her games, his pleasure being first and foremost on his mind. Her lips kiss his groin, her mouth encircling the root of his shaft. Her bottom lip worked softly on the upper reaches of his sac as she had him swallowed to the hilt.

He slipped her off forcefully, her tight mouth making the most delicious sensation as he did. The motion caused ripples on the surface of the otherwise placid pool. He watched it and grinned as he moved her head below the surface to his sac and felt her mouth surround him, sucking him into her mouth. He hissed as he felt teeth, and he pulled her hair sharply. Her hands, now on his thighs tightened, and he grinned down to the eyes that looked up to him with malice.

His grip loosened as she changed her approach from aggressive to gentle, his sac warm and secure in her mouth as her tongue lazily rolled over him. Normally, he took her any way she was willing, but today, after Kate's transgressions, he was in no mood to be generous.

Her attentions where he wished then, he left one hand balled in her hair, the other slid to her shoulder to help her stay down. Water Nymphs didn't really need the help, but she always lost concentration when she serviced him while fully submerged.

She squeezed his thighs, and he let up on her hair. The sensation of her mouth on his sac was starting to numb him, and that was not what he wanted. She let go of him and quickly went back to his cock, her mouth seemingly hungry for it. He chuckled and sighed at the feeling of the fluid heat of her mouth surrounding him once more as she set to work once

again, this time with more purpose. He smirked. She knew full well he wouldn't let her up until he was satisfied with her performance. He groaned and closed his eyes as she showed him yet again why he kept her and her skilled mouth around.

A little twinge at the back of his mind informed him something else was making its way through his cleverly placed wards. The creature wasn't familiar to him, yet it was deemed sentient enough to warrant a twinge. Normally, he felt a lot more than a twinge when a stranger crossed the lines. He dismissed the feeling quickly as the Nymph brought her hands into the party as she sucked furiously at him. Balling his hand in her hair he pulled hard, causing a squeal that vibrated through his core. He kept her pressed against him though, only wishing to cause her a little pain and not to stop her. He wanted this to last.

There was a small scuffling sound from beside him then the unmistakable sound of someone clearing their throat. Forcing back a sigh, he opened his eyes to address the intruder only to be taken aback by its appearance.

"Well, that's something you don't see every day," he said, mostly to himself since the Nymph was busy, and he wasn't sure if the small oddly shaped creature in front of him could talk. It was small, about a foot tall, maybe taller since Ben was below it. He supposed it was man shaped, and it wore a pair of glasses that barely fit its humanoid head, the stems hanging awkwardly off its pointy ears.

"Master Esben Chambers?" the imp said quietly and looked down, averting its eyes.

Its voice was rough like tree bark, but the use of Ben's full name that made him flinch.

"It's Ben," he snapped warily. He hated his name, what type of crazy person named their son Esben? Obviously, the type of crazy who abandons said kid into the care of callous relatives. "And what of it?"

The imp bowed and cleared his throat once again, opening a scroll he held in one of his hands. "Master Esben Chambers, your presence and pedigree are summoned to the Solar Convergence summit in New York City in two days time. Confederation leader Milton Bronwich wishes your attendance."

Ben gritted his teeth at his name again, trying to figure out just what in holy hell this little freak was talking about. *Presence and pedigree? Solar convergence summit? Confederation leader?* None of it rang any bells. Instead of displacing the Nymph, who was doing lovely

work, and throttling the little man, he coolly raised an eyebrow, a skill that had taken him the better part of fifty years to perfect. "Summoned?"

The imp nodded and bowed once more. "All Princes of the confederation are summoned to New York City for the gathering."

"Uh huh." He considered pulling up the Nymph to ask her what she knew of this but decided against it. He could ask her later if he had to. Ben hated ignorance, especially his own. He decided to let the Prince comment go. It was true his mother had been the King's sister and so technically he was a Prince, but why split hairs? He was a Prince no matter where he was, and it didn't mean shit. If this was really a message for Murphy, he'd scream. No, he severely doubted it was. The thing had his name, his full true name. Nobody but his cousins and the king knew that.

"Exactly what confederation are you talking about? I'm aware of there being quite a few." He knew no such thing, but it sounded good.

"Why, the only true confederation, Sire. The Satyr confederation. Your presence is requested by the head of Rictus Arcane."

"Really...and why would that be exactly?" he asked, trying to think on what a Satyr was and why they'd be summoning him. As far as he knew, he hadn't stepped on anyone's toes or horns—he could remember something about them having horns. Big ugly nasty things, not anything he'd have anything to do with at all, let alone submit to being in a conference full of the dirty beasts.

"Rictus Arcane is the governing clan of the confederation. As a Prince of the Tempest clan you should know that, Sire." The imp looked around then back at Ben. "Is there some problem, Sire?"

He frowned at the little imp. "A problem? Yeah, I think there's a problem." He roughly pulled the Nymph off him. She was becoming almost as irritating as the messenger in front of him. "First of all, you're clearly on drugs, and while I suppose I agree with drugs as a whole, I'd rather not have a junked up troll-imp-man break through my wards and fill my extremely busy day with this crap. Clans and Satyrs," he scoffed. "I have better things to do with my time than discuss the politics of lower beings. Now get the fuck out of my home before I'm forced to squash you with a really large book."

The imp, horrified at the tone Ben took, stepped back. "Then it's true. You don't know, do you? Many apologies, Master Chambers! I should not be the one to break this to you, and Lord Milton did say this was a possibility..." The imp dropped the scroll and wrung his hands clearly awash with dread.

He'd been jesting about the book, but Ben had the sinking feeling the imp's reaction had nothing to do with his insults. Lower beings, eh? God, he knew just how to put his foot in his mouth. He knew with clarity what exactly the imp was going to say, but he needed it said anyway.

"Possibility of what?" The words were steadily wrenched from his mouth. Damn, his mother and her perversions.

"The possibility that you weren't aware of your status. I'm truly sorry, Master Chambers. Maybe, I should start over. You're a Prince of the Satyr Clan Tempest, and as such, you're summoned to the Convergence Summit as a representative of your house."

"Why me? Surely, there are others better suited to the job. Surely, there's my..." He trailed off unable to say the word.

"Esben Chambers is the sole Prince of the Tempest clan. I was informed this by Lord Milton himself. He requests your presence personally."

"Okay..." he said, his voice sounding far away, his mind whirling with thoughts. "And just what does that mean?"

"It means that you are to come to Belvedere Castle in New York City's Central Park in two days time as a representative of your clan. I'm sorry to spring this on you, Master Chambers, but I do need an answer."

"How can I represent people I don't know?"

"You represent your Satyr house. If I may say so, many houses don't know their members, but as the Prince—"

"Okay, but what's a convergence summit all about? And who went the last time for the Tempest clan?"

The little imp sighed and bowed. "The Summit is a gathering once every hundred years of the most respected and most powerful of the Satyrs in the world. As for who went to the last summit, I had thought that would be your father, Nicolai."

He swallowed hard at the 'F' word. This was all becoming a bit much. One hundred years ago, he would have been freshly abandoned. "Well, why doesn't he go again this time?"

"I'm sure he would be there if we could locate him, but the Princes of the confederation are the ones summoned. You're the new Prince."

"Making himself hard to find, is he?" Why did that not surprise him? "I suppose he'll live longer that way." Ben let the malice slip into his voice. He'd always hated the unknown man and, to some extent, woman. On the bright side, at least, he hadn't inherited horns. "And this is all taking place when?"

"Two days time, Sire. In New York. Transportation has been arranged for you, should you desire it. The Summit starts at sundown."

He nodded thoughtfully. "And how long will it last? I have responsibilities here." Which was almost true, he had a cat to feed. The woman could amuse herself. The Nymph, well, what she did when she wasn't sucking his cock wasn't his affair.

"Usually a month, but the Princes are only required for five days."

"Five days." He took the time to think it over. Curiosity had never been a flaw of Ben's. If there was something he was better off not knowing then his general consensus was that he was better off without it. This whole Satyr thing had him hooked, though, especially if it could finally put him in touch with his parents—what he'd give for just ten minutes alone with either one of them. Finally, he nodded. "Okay, I can spare five nights."

"I shall confer your felicitations to the lord himself, who will be most pleased indeed. I just need your handprint on the scroll, so they know I was indeed here. Will you require transportation, Master Chambers?"

Considering his options thoughtfully, he took the scroll. He didn't know these people-Satyrs or whatever they were claiming to be. He wasn't quite ready to give over to them completely, especially where transport was concerned. Being trapped in close quarters with strangers wasn't his idea of fun. However, it might present him the opportunity to learn more about what was going on. He was faced with a dilemma. Should he do the easy option and blink himself or should he go on a fact-finding mission?

He pressed his damp hand to the scroll, feeling a slight tingle as it took on his imprint. He hated the hard decisions. At least, living at the demon court, most of the decisions were made for him.

He grudgingly nodded, handing back the scroll. "Yes, transportation would be appreciated." It cost him nothing to go with them, and as far as he knew, they had no idea what powers he'd inherited from his parents. There was no point in willingly giving enemies such information. He didn't really consider them to be enemies, but they weren't his friends either. Since he had no clue how to use any of his Satyr powers, he'd just have to stick to what he knew until he could learn.

"Excellent, Master Chambers. The private jet will be standing by, starting tomorrow night, at Whitmire airfield." He pulled a cell phone out of thin air and handed it to Ben. "This phone will ring to the limo and the pilot so they will be ready to make way."

He graciously accepted the phone and set it next to him. "Thank you."

"And I thank you, Master Chambers. May you find pleasures unfathomable at the summit."

He smiled despite the oddness of the imp's words. "Oh, I can assure you, I find pleasures everywhere I go." And after all, how hard could it be to prosper in a conference full of ugly beasts with horns?

* * * *

Rain pattered on the gigantic window in front of Minerva as she looked out across the inky night waters of the Hudson River towards New Jersey. Regardless of whether she felt the actual weather itself, she knew it was dreadfully cold beyond the double-paned glass that kept her from the world. This lavish prison, the penthouse of an uptown high-rise in New York City's upper west side, was all she truly knew. The world beyond, well that was a mystery – a mystery she would not have the chance to solve.

Not that it mattered. Her life was here, in this night-time world of decadence and blood, where sins ruled. Her father, Milton, head of the Satyr clans of North America, made sure she was well read, versed in all manners of pleasantries and customs, as well as proficient in the arts and entertainments, including pleasure. A royal Princess of the Satyr confederation,

she knew she would be married off, collared and adored for as long as her Satyr chose to keep her.

Turning from the window with its silvery glow of city beyond, she surveyed the room where she stood. Decadence didn't even cover the manner in which she lived and was accustomed to. Everything was the best—silk drapes and satin pillows, leather couches and thick-pile carpet everywhere. It was beautiful, but she was bored with it. She moved through the great room towards the hallway beyond that led to the spiral staircase, the only way in or out of her bedroom. As she mounted the stairs, she looked to her right, the wall there covered in a floor to ceiling mirror, which was a feat considering the walls were twenty-five feet high with a cathedral ceiling. She was pleasing to the eye, all curves and thick shiny hair. Her eyes were the colour of moss and bluebells, a true oddity. She smirked, and the sweet berry colour of her lips broke to show the subtle whiteness of her teeth. She knew she was hot, and she would be quite the adored prize.

She sighed as she ran fingers through her raven hair then down to touch the smooth skin on her neck. She had yet to be collared. That was for her Satyr, a Prince in the realm and up and coming from one of the influential families, to do. That was why she was hidden away high above New York. For the past twenty years, she had been here, living and learning what it was to be privileged.

Her bedroom at the top of the stairs was dark, burgundy and sage, her two favourite colours. She walked to the closet and smiled at the creation that was pinned on the dummy in there. All silk and jewels, it just covered her nipples and hips when on her body, the jewels hanging down and wrapping around her shoulders in a cloud of sparkles. Come the night of the convergence ceremony, she would be covered in shimmering powder and jewels. The only place bare of adornment would be her neck where her collar would go. Most women at the ceremony would be naked except for their Satyr's collar, but few, like the Princesses, were allowed a 'gown' for their pairing, as befitted their station. Their offspring would be kings, and so the mothers would be treated as such.

Leaving her closet, she went to the bedroom proper and climbed up on her overly large bed and lay back sighing. It was only a matter of time. Even now, her bags were being packed by the house servants her father had insisted she have, the scant clothing she would wear in public, her toiletries and jewellery.

Her phone rang and she smiled, knowing full well who would be on the other end.

"Yes, Mother?" she said quietly, her voice a soft whisper to the silent room.

"The limo will be there shortly to collect you for your rehearsal then you are being brought to the castle. We will see you when you arrive."

Minerva grinned, thinking of her floorshow with the rest of the Princesses, and her body tingled. Since they'd started the rehearsals, she, along with the other girls, had learned quickly what pleasure was. They were encouraged to explore each other, to learn what brought them to their peak. Minerva shivered, knowing that the next few hours were going to be quite a wild party for the seven Princesses, a flurry of naked flesh and soft glistening bodies. The thought brought a flush to her skin and puckered her nipples considerably. Her left hand reached up and toyed with one as she spoke, relieving some of the tension so she could think, but not enough that she wouldn't be ready once she arrived at the rehearsal space. "Yes, Mother. I look forward to seeing both you and Father."

"And we look forward to seeing you. Enjoy yourself with the Princesses, my daughter, and remember, in less than a day you will meet your Satyr, whoever he may be."

Chapter Two

The convergence had begun not six hours before, and Milton could feel the power pulse throughout his whole body. At midnight, they would be at full convergence, all the moons aligned with the sun, and the mystical energies that made their race powerful would be at their peak.

Milton had lived through two convergences, and this would be the third, and this time he was with a Beloved. Their mating would be wild and intense for the next month, and his hopes rode high for conceiving a male heir. He did dote on Minerva, the child the world didn't know he and his high profile Beloved had, but he yearned above all things for a son, as was the Satyr way. But that was for later. Tonight was for giving over Minerva.

He and his family had taken up a sort of residence at the Belvedere Castle earlier in the day, and his slave and Beloved, Ellen, was busy with making sure that the subterranean rooms of the castle, unknown to the general public, were ready for the scores of Satyr kind who had already started to arrive. The Castle, normally home to the New York Nature Conservatory, was one of his vast holdings and the perfect place for the Convergence summit. When he'd realised that, he'd simply relocated the Conservatory, thankfully also run by Satyrs, and readied the main parts of the castle for banquets, a presentation room and a receiving area. When the castle had been built, it was considered a folly until the Rictus Arcane had realised its original architect was a Satyr as well. Long gone, he'd left information for the right people to find and use to open the rooms below the normal castle level. Milton liked to believe it was just for this type of occasion.

He turned from the window of the suite he shared with his Beloved, seeing the woman walk in and bow her head. She was perfection, her body and blood his and his alone. He smiled at her then spoke. "On the bed, Ellen. You know better."

She bowed her head again before gliding silently onto the huge bed. "Everything is as you desired," she announced her tone respectful.

He smirked. She was so obedient, so loving, and even for a full human not bound to Satyr law, she'd taken to her role as his quickly, and he adored her. He went to her, his eyes

on her collar. There were spikes, small razor sharp ones that, at a thought, would stick into her skin and bleed her, allowing her to give him more of herself and binding her to him even more. Right now, he wanted the taste of her blood and the slickness of her sweat to fuel him. He had to be in top form for the evening. When he climbed onto the bed, it dipped, and he was at her side quickly, touching her, flaring her desires.

"It is. And the Tempest Prince will be here soon, as well. His blood is perfect to mingle with our own, and Minerva will be happy once she's collared. Tonight will be beyond special, dearest. At midnight, I shall retire with you, and you will serve me well into the morning."

Her body, receptive as ever, arched into his touch. "Mmm... I shall savour every pleasure you allow me to serve upon you, my lord. The Tempest Prince has agreed to come, then? Was he as you feared?"

"Ignorant, yes. I'm not sure why this has happened, but he is powerful and of mixed royal blood. He and Minerva will bear fine sons. And you and I, my pet, we shall try once more for our own. Now, as I wish to have you, it will have to wait. I wish for you to bleed for me." He concentrated, and she gasped then moaned and purred as a rivulet of blood left her collar and slowly ran down her exposed chest. He bent and caught the blood with his mouth, licking over her nipple then higher. He latched onto the skin next to her collar, his tongue licking under it. When he pulled away, she was panting and flushed.

"Good girl. Now, ready yourself for the summit, pet. Wear the blue jewelled frock, the sheer one. I wish the world to see the queen in all her splendour."

She took a few seconds to steady her breathing before opening her eyes to meet his. They burned wild with lust and need. She lowered her eyes, quickly averting her gaze from his and bowed her head. "As you wish, my lord. Your desires are my pleasure to fulfil. I look upon tonight with much anticipation." She stood gracefully.

"No underclothes tonight. You will be seen. And wear the sapphire on your collar. We leave for the reception hall in fifteen minutes, precious. Was Minerva ready when you looked in on her?"

She smiled at the mention of their daughter, her face lighting up joyfully. "Indeed, she was. She looks perfect. So grown up and excited, too. You will be very proud when you see her."

Milton nodded and motioned her to get ready then turned back to the window, spying the long silver limo he knew had picked up the Tempest Prince at the airfield just making it to the castle proper. He smirked and watched as the raven-haired Prince stepped out. *Yes, she will be very pleasing to him, of that I have no doubt.*

Chapter Three

The journey had been a waste of time. Not only had Ben learnt nothing about Satyrs, but there hadn't even been anyone around to make brain-picking an option. Thankfully, the limo ride was relatively short, much shorter than it should have been, but he didn't want to worry about that just yet. He'd spent the last few days learning as much as he could about his other nature. His findings so far were somewhat disappointing. There was nothing substantial to be found about the clans or indeed what exactly a Satyr was. He'd trolled up a bunch of Greek and Roman mythology, and that was about it.

Mythology was mostly a bunch of crap. In his experience, the original story tended to be twisted and exaggerated so much that it hardly bore any resemblance anymore. A bunny rabbit could be turned into a five-headed dragon over the course of a few centuries. As for what the Satyrs wanted with him, he had no clue. There had been nothing about solar convergence meetings or a large gathering of Satyrs in the mythology so he'd just have to wing it and hope they didn't want to sacrifice him at some altar. He was pretty confident he could take care of himself if it came to a fight. His demonic powers were impeccable, and he'd won a few duels in his time, despite the hindrance of being a time demon. He supposed, if his mother had been any other type of demon, she wouldn't have succumbed to the lure of a filthy Satyr.

The door of the limo opened, and he stepped out. He would have to keep his personal feelings about his father's race close to his chest. He would hate to insult his hosts, regardless of their motives. Demons of any kind weren't to be trusted. He knew. After all, he was one. They always had a motive despite how innocent things might first look.

He stepped out of the limo, following the steward into the magnificent castle. It took some effort for him to not gawk at the long hall as he was led down it. As castles went, this one was impressive – and he'd grown up in a castle.

The time castle had always been a little too Salvador Dali for Ben's tastes. One wrong step and you could be banished to some far lost realm nobody spoke of. It had once taken Ben a whole day to make it from one side to another. Time pockets were a bitch if you were

just learning to manipulate them. He'd often suspected his uncle had placed a few in his path just to spite him. The king had never tolerated the presence of a bastard half-breed.

The few people he passed here looked normal enough, no horns so far. Ulterior motives aside, his fear of the moment was of sticking out in a crowd. Horns, although incredibly ridiculous in his society, might be some sort of prerequisite to getting into all the really cool Satyr parties. After the imp had left Ben's house, it had taken him several moments in front of the mirror to determine that he was hornless. He couldn't even grow a set, not that he'd spent longer than a few moments seriously trying. The thought that he'd be rejected from somewhere because he wasn't horny enough was insane. But then the past few days had been insane. He made his way down a stone staircase and entered another long hallway. The steward motioned that the room Ben looked for was at the end then left without uttering a word.

The hallway was thick with heavy, unfamiliar energy, and it took a second for him to gather his wits and make his way along it. He was nervous, and he didn't know why. Well, he knew why, but it wasn't like him at all. The closer he came to the door, the less confident he felt about this little fact-finding mission he'd taken upon himself. It was too late to turn back now.

The light was sparse on this end of the corridor although the energy grew thicker and thicker until it became difficult to breathe. He approached the door and touched the huge ring, taking it and twisting it open to step inside.

The heavy weight of energy lifted immediately, and his vision was flooded with light. Despite being underground, the room was bright with natural sunlight. The location was huge, a giant banquet hall with gold swirling designs on the roof. The crowd inside were thankfully all humanoid. Not a horn in sight, which he was loath to admit, was a little more than relieving. Nobody stopped to look his way as he entered relatively unnoticed. This also helped calm him. He'd pictured some sort of quiet hush coming over everyone as they stared. Ben hated being the centre of attention in cases like this. If he was going to be the centre of everything, it was going to be on his terms.

He leaned casually against the wall, keeping close to the door in case he had to do anything drastic. A woman wearing nothing but a collar moved up to him, offering him a

glass of champagne from her tray. He took the glass without so much as glancing at her, and she moved away quickly. He had to give it to the Satyrs. He liked their style.

The room was full of men who appeared young—maybe a hundred or so of them. None of them had noticed his arrival. He reached out with his senses, trying to learn more about them, but his powers responded sluggishly, and he couldn't get a good grasp on much more than what his eyes had already told him.

As if someone had flipped a switch, the men grew deathly silent. It took Ben a few moments to realise that it was all due to the presence of a man. He'd entered through a side door and moved towards the centre of the room, carrying a regal presence that commanded respect and couldn't be ignored. There was a hauntingly familiar woman at his side, with a leash secured to her collar. Although Ben couldn't quite place her face, he knew he'd seen her before. Her dress was sheer, and much to Ben's delight, she was completely naked under the see-through material. He moved his eyes back to the man, king, whatever, who pulled the woman's leash tighter and cleared his throat. Apparently, this was Milton Bronwich.

"I thank you, friends, clansmen, and associates, Satyrs all, for joining us on this our most holy of holy times. The Convergence has begun and, by the magic hour of midnight, Eastern Standard Time, will be at its zenith. Welcome Princes, Princesses and Nobles. Tonight, we rejoice in our power and our strength."

The crowd went into a frenzy. Yells and calls but most of all applause filled the large room. The man bowed at them all and spoke once more. "I salute you all and acknowledge your standings. Princes, tonight you will have satisfaction. Well, some of you." He looked about, and his eye caught Ben's across the room. "And it seems we have a true celebration this evening. Clans, the Tempest clan has joined us this night, its absent Prince in this very room. Esben Chambers!"

Ben gritted his teeth. How he hated that name. Every pair of eyes swung towards him staring at him. A mixture of emotions flitted across their faces, ranging from shock to anger to one or two who seemed not to give a damn. He tried to memorise the ones who looked the most dangerous, making a mental note never to be alone with any of them, then met the big guy's eyes and smiled warmly. "I thank you for my introduction. It's a surprising honour to be invited to join you all." He raised his glass to the man.

Milton beckoned him forward. "Princes, Esben is Clan Tempest, and the last in the line of a noble and fierce Satyr house. Tempest males have no rival for power, no equal for prowess, and that includes my own house, Arcane. He is a Prince amongst Princes, and tonight, we honour one of the last surviving members of his decadent house. Esben, tonight, you are an esteemed guest."

Ben suppressed a smile. The guy sure did have a way with words, and now, it looked like Ben was the centre of attention, again. He pushed, unhurriedly, away from the wall and made his way towards the man and his pet. He stopped a few feet away from him then smiled.

"It truly is an honour," he told the man, and it was true, although he could have done without being told he was better than everyone while they stood right there. But, so far, he felt welcome, something he'd never felt amongst his mother's court. Now, all he had to do was wait for the other shoe to drop and hope they didn't feed on the flesh and blood of half-breeds.

Milton welcomed him with a hearty handshake, his hand reaching in and grasping Ben's elbow. Ben did the same, and Milton nodded. "Now, I think it's time for a little entertainment. Princes, would you like to see what's on the menu?"

Ben smiled. He was willing to bet the entertainment would be most interesting, judging by the leers and catcalls coming from the other Princes. He nodded, inching himself away from Milton.

"Esben, will you do us the honour of sitting with us over there? I wish to speak with you before the main entertainment commences."

"Of course." Ben smiled, following the guy over to one of the tables.

"Thank you for accepting the invitation for this summit, Prince Chambers. I'm sorry that your pedigree had to be explained to you by Ranaldo. I was hoping the rumours of your...childhood were wrong. I'm sure you have a ton of questions, and if I can answer them, I would like to. But first, this is my Beloved pet, Ellen."

Ben smiled at the woman whose face, now that he was closer, was even more startlingly familiar. Yet, he was positive he'd remember meeting her. He knew it would niggle at him until he remembered.

"Of course, it's a pleasure to meet such an enchanting creature." He took her hand pressing a gentle kiss onto the soft skin at the back of it. He might have been ostracised from the demon community, but he still remembered the damn manners he'd had beaten into him as a child.

She nodded and smiled, pulling her hand away and running it over Milton's arm where the flesh was exposed.

Milton stroked her shoulder. "She is lovely. So? We can talk while the first act goes on."

He looked out to the crowd and snapped his fingers. A drumbeat started as twenty women, completely naked but for collars in various colours and sizes, bejewelled in countless variations of precious stones, took the floor and began a highly erotic dance. Milton watched for a moment then looked at Ben.

Although the first act was impressive, Ben definitely had a lot of questions to ask this guy. The first of which was rather simple and obvious. "So my father was a Satyr, then?" he asked as they settled into seats on a raised dais.

"Is a Satyr, the head of Tempest. I don't know why you were not raised at the stronghold in Missouri, but I do understand you are the only Satyr Prince of the Tempest clan."

Ben nodded, filing away the location of possibly both his parents for future use. "So how is it that you came to know this? You'll have to forgive me, but I haven't joined the Satyr mailing list. In fact, I know that my...kin searched for a long time, looking for my mother and father, and found nothing. Yet here I am, representing a clan I know nothing about in a hall filled with people who..." He shrugged looking towards the show but not really seeing the girls. This was already too much. The answers this man provided were everything he'd always wanted, but now, he found the questions just wouldn't form.

"You have to understand. A Satyr doesn't give up a male child, no matter what. That you were sent to live with others is a mystery. It is true that your father seduced a member of demon royalty, then?"

Ben nodded, turning back to face him. "She was the king's sister—or is the king's sister. Though, undoubtedly by now, he's found some way to disown the whole embarrassing smear in his otherwise perfect line."

Milton nodded. "You're a special case, Prince Esben. I've kept tabs on you since your mother was pregnant. You're more powerful than most Satyrs because of your father's blood. He was able to seduce and collar a royal demon. The like is unheard of. That you are from both lines screams of strength. I take it you didn't know you are a Satyr?"

"Not a clue. I hadn't even considered Satyrs to be a possibility. As far as I know, I don't show any characteristics." He motioned to the entertainment. "Although, I must admit you have style."

Milton laughed. "I take it you've been reading that Roman mythology bullshit. Well, it's partially true. A Satyr at full power will have small horns and will change slightly, same as a demon during high emotion. As a hybrid though, I don't think you'll have to worry much on horns, though your demon side might show once the summit is over this night. As for style? Ben, we are a sexual race, almost as old as the wish races, the Djinn, Ifrit and Jenai, that walk the worlds between. We do know how to throw one hell of a party." He looked out over the girls who were now in a sort of rumped group, rolling from their choreographed frenzy to writhe on the ground. "Do you see anything that interests you?"

Ben smirked. He hadn't even mentioned the horns. The girls on the floor were certainly enjoying themselves, but none of them grabbed Ben's eye. "Well, I am male, but I'm not really shopping and, judging by their collars, I think they're already bought and paid for."

"Too true. Though, as a Prince, you should be shopping—you should always be shopping. Being Satyr means gaining power from devotion. Your pets will give you that."

"So you do bind anyone who has sex you? That's not just a twist of my genetics?"

"That's being Satyr. We chose our pets carefully, and when they give themselves over, their life force becomes ours to live off of." He pulled on Ellen's leash, and the woman climbed onto his lap and closed her eyes. He smirked at Ben then looked at Ellen. Her collar's jewel glowed faintly, and a small trickle of blood escaped from under it. Milton bent and watched as it rolled down her breast then licked it up. She made a soft sound of pleasure and reached down to massage Milton's cock through his pants. Milton grinned at Ben then removed her hand.

"I see." Their show, while highly erotic, left him with more questions. "And do you need to feed off their life force to survive, or is it all to gain more power?"

"They need your life force and...attentions to live...and you need them to keep your power fresh, lest you become feral, and a feral Satyr isn't in any way attractive."

"With the horns." He nodded. Everything Milton said sounded true enough, and it explained a lot. "I've never had to feed off my pets to keep my powers fresh though."

"As I have said, you are unique. I'm assuming Demon blood mutates our power to something a bit more pure. Though I have no doubt the women need you to live or they will fade. Tell me, do you have a collar?"

"Not as far as I know. I've never really felt the need for one."

"As a Prince, you should have one. It's a symbol of your power and a conduit. House Tempest has aurora opals and smoky quartz as their collar jewels."

Ben nodded thoughtfully. "I'll look into it. So tell me, why is it that I'm only now finding all this out? If a Satyr never gives up a son, then surely, it would have been fairly easy to claim me back. Childhood aside, I've been living in the mortal world for fifty years."

"Well, that's the issue. Your father and mother, who's his sole pet as Ellen is mine, have gone walk-about—almost right after your birth."

"Oh..." He frowned. "Where I come from, when someone goes walk-about for over a hundred years it tends to mean they're dead. Or that they stepped into a time pocket and are fending off aliens from one of the many possible futures. That's what you mean by walk-about? That they're gone?"

"Yes, that's what it means. We don't know where. When the invitations went out, we sent our imps to the Tempest compound and found it void of any Satyr life. Your clan is what amounts to our military, if the military fucked for a living. Tempest's business interests are some of the most prominent in the flesh trade. Brothels, gentleman's clubs, strip joints, escort services...and they have simply vanished. They were at the last convergence summit then word came that Inez had birthed the next Prince. Then that was it, I'm sorry to say."

"That's fascinating," Ben said with a sigh. He was sure he wasn't that bad a guy to know. Okay, he might have been banished from the Strigo lands but that wasn't really his fault. To just vanish off the earth as an avoidance tactic was a tad drastic. "I take it you guys keep worse tabs on your people than the Fey do."

"In all honestly, Prince, we never thought something like that could happen. Full clans don't just disappear."

"Apparently. So have you got any ideas as to what happened, or are we going with a time pocket and possible future? Not all of them are very nice. There are fish people and bald monkeys," he said lightly, but the memory made him shudder. Monkeys should have fur. He owed Murphy a lot for fetching him out of that one.

"We are looking into it. Until they are found, the Tempest holdings belong to you as well as a spot in the confederation."

Ben simply nodded. "Well, that's good."

"But we shall talk of that tomorrow." The floorshow finished, the lights dimmed and Milton smiled at Ben. "Now the real show begins," he said quietly and stood, clapping his hands three times. On cue, seven women slunk out from the shadows, completely naked and without collars. There was a bright light in the centre of the room, and the women moved with a fluid grace only matched by a reptile. Music started, and the tones of gypsy camp, throaty and sensual, filled the room.

Ben's attention, and that of every other male in the room, was drawn instantly to the girls. The fact they were unclaimed wasn't missed by anyone as they writhed as one. He felt their energy pool and wave out into the watching men, who in turn shuddered. Whatever they were, they weren't human, and he couldn't take his eyes off them. "What are they?" he asked, not bothered by the sound of awe in his voice as his eyes tracked each girl predatorily.

Milton leaned in and spoke low to him. "What they are is available, Prince."

"But not human," he remarked as his eyes moved over them, studying them. Whatever they were, they called to his Satyr side, and he wasn't alone in that judging by the reaction from the other men. It took him a moment, but once he located the part of him causing the irrational thought, he shut it down and looked them over without lust clawing at him brain. Once his hormones were in check, he saw some of them were just not attractive. Two or three were just plain ugly. Most of them were too skinny. Ben had never enjoyed the rib look with no breasts. One was just plain obese—or at least by his standards, which were admittedly high. There was one, though, whose raven hair glided over her smooth skin as she moved fluidly.

Her eyes sparkled at him from under the spotlight. Now that he knew which one he was watching, he released his other side, letting it come roaring back in force. Indeed, she was just the one he wanted.

Milton chuckled. "See anything you like now, Prince?"

The Satyr's words startled him a little. "I must admit my eye has been caught. Although on their own power, they're almost all irresistible to my Satyr side. Luckily, I'm demon enough to pick out the flawed ones. There's one clear winner, though."

"Really? And she would be?"

He nodded in the girl's direction, without taking his eyes off her. "Second to the end, the long black hair. She's...enchanting."

"She's yours then. Funny, she was to be a gift to you this night, anyway. It proves that it is a good match."

Ben's mind flared possessively. She was his or would be. He mentally categorised all the things he would do to her body once she was his. He needed those smooth, long legs wrapped around him. Maybe he'd even brand her, somewhere tasteful. The last woman he'd branded had taken offence to having to wear high necks to hide the mark on her throat. A collar would save him the bother—he'd need a collar. It was round about the fifth or sixth mental placing of the brand that the Satyr's words sunk in. "Match?"

"Indeed. She's a Princess, Esben, and needs a Satyr Prince. Collar her...fuck her. Take what you need of her. She wants it."

The use of his full name didn't even flicker on his register as he watched her like a snake, his head swaying very slightly to her movements. He smirked. "You don't have to tell me how to use my women. It must be instinctual."

"It is. You shall have her this night, Esben. At midnight, your powers will be at their peak. You will know what it truly is to be Satyr, and Minerva will be yours to use."

"Minerva," he said her name, rolling it off his tongue. "You know, I think I'm going to enjoy this trip immensely," he said mostly to himself.

"Indeed, Prince. She will need a collar though. Satyr law states you must collar her by the end of the summit."

"I'm sure that can be arranged, though I'm guessing that the collars are custom made. What caused the blood to flow?"

"Small spikes, individually set in the material, magicked as it were. It's not hard, and we do have a collar maker on hand for the summit."

"Excellent, I think I may be in need of his expertise."

"I'm sure you will be. But tonight, the Princess is yours to do with as you see fit. A fetching creature, yes? I give you my own blood with that one, Esben, as befitting a Prince of the highest house to my own."

"Then I'm sure thanks is in order. You must be very proud of her. She's a credit to you and your pet."

"She's the best there is, and I know you will treat her as befitting her station," Milton grinned savagely as if he did indeed know what Ben would do to her.

Ben chuckled, drawing his eyes away from his prize. "Indeed I will, you need not worry about that."

Milton sat back and watched as the show reached its peak, the seven women on the floor touching and grabbing each other, kissing, licking and biting at each other's skin in frenzy. They grew bold, going for firm, round breasts with their hands, their mouths kissing each other and nibbling as they fondled one another. An orgy of bodies, the show was achieving its purpose, to get the Princes riled up.

Ben's prize, Minerva, was in the centre of it all, another Princess kissing her way down her belly, already having two fingers inside her. Minerva moaned and writhed as one of the prettier ones grabbed her and kissed her then turned and wiggled around. Minerva grabbed at the girl's hips and pulled them to her waiting mouth. She moved her face down, teasing the other girl's clit with her tongue.

When she moved again with her face now deep in another Princess and another pleasing her in the same way, a third came and nuzzled and sucked her nipple hard, and she gave a gasp. Soon, the girls were all at each other so that their mouths were all busy with some part or another. Minerva was like a machine, pleasing each Princess as they pleased her.

The energy in the room swelling, Milton moved to talk to Ben once more. "They are sexy, are they not? Not one self conscious, all enjoying themselves for the sake of the show. She's a virgin, as they all are, their lusts only slaked on each other as per Satyr training. She's pure, pure for you."

A soft growl started at the back of Ben's throat, which he checked quickly, coughing into his hand. "Well, that is just teasing, Milton. I've never had much of an issue with control, but that is just pushing it. It hasn't escaped my notice that there are only seven of them, six

now that she's mine. There are well over a hundred Satyrs in this room, and all of them seem willing enough to rip themselves apart to get to the girls. You're going to have some rather disappointed Satyrs here tonight, unless the rest are getting passed around?"

He grinned. "You're learning, Prince. By the end of the summit, each girl will have a Satyr as a Beloved master, but as Minerva is my daughter, I reserve the right to give her to whom I see fit. You're the natural choice."

"Naturally, my quirk of genetics is practically the only choice." He looked over some of his so-called competitors, most of whom were drooling. A few of them were even openly touching themselves. "They don't really look to be the most educated bunch I've seen."

Milton shrugged. "Many of the Princes are from lower houses. Only four are of the new nobility, five counting you."

"That explains a lot." Ben tapped his fingers impatiently on the table.

Milton smirked and watched as the girls slowed. As the music died, they each kissed in turn and curled on each other in a heap, the crowd going wild at the display. When Milton raised his hand, the girls obediently got up and went back to the shadows. The music started again, this time a pleasant background noise.

Minutes passed, and soon the girls were all back, each clothed in some form of fetching costume, though Minerva's shone the brightest. Draped in jewels, only her nipples, lower hips and bare pussy were covered. Milton stood, went to his daughter and took her hand.

"This night, I give first toss of my daughter to Prince Chambers, as a gift and an offering of continued peace. Lads, the girls are up for grabs. Don't wear them out." He winked as the roar went through the crowd and the girls moved into the sea of Satyrs who didn't waste any time touching and feeling. Two of the prettier ones were carried off down the stairs with about fifteen men trailing behind. Milton walked towards Ben with Minerva on his arm, her outfit flashing as she walked.

Ben grinned darkly up at her from his seat. Now that she was closer, he had a better look at her shapely figure. He had indeed chosen wisely. He leant forward, wetting his bottom lip with his tongue, aware of how the girl's eyes were drawn to the small movement. He reached out his hand, trailing a finger over her skin, starting just under her left breast and skittered down to the top of her hip.

"Soft," he told her father appraisingly.

"And yours." Milton turned to Minerva and smiled. "Do as you're told."

Minerva nodded, and Milton moved away, grabbing Ellen's collar. "The banquet is being prepared for all others who wish to eat before they commence with the night's revelry. "Midnight, Prince, don't forget." He looked over Minerva once again. "Enjoy her."

Ben stood and moved next to his prize, taking her dainty wrist in his hand. "Oh, I fully intend to."

* * * *

The male Satyr before her oozed sexuality and power in ways no other could or did. She knew his name, Esben Chambers, the one Prince who had never been invited to her parents' home for a dinner party and the one Prince of the only family able to rival her own, but that wasn't all. He exuded confidence and blatant lust for her, and for that, she was grateful. His skin on hers, where his fingers gripped her wrist, tingled, her body slowly waking. She knew it was from the Satyr blood in her and the convergence coming to fruition, but there was something more, a primal urge gnawing at her to kneel before the being in front of her.

Her father had told her to do as she was bid, and one never went against one's Satyr. True her father wasn't her own Satyr, but until she was collared and bound, both his word and the word of the Satyr before her were her command.

Waiting for the Satyr Prince to address her, she appraised him much as he did with her. The dark chestnut shock of hair. The mischievous brown eyes, eyes with moss green slithering through them, making them extremely sensual to gaze upon. His clothes, black dress pants and a grey button down shirt. The first two buttons were undone, revealing a perfect and unmarred line of skin from his throat to his upper chest. His cuffs were lazily rolled up on his strong forearms, a brand glinting in the light with a green metallic sheen to it. The pants were cut just right, and as she had watched him walk towards her father not two hours before, she'd been lustful. The man moved with a deadly grace that made the material hug his perfect ass as he walked, though his movements could be considered more of a swagger.

At the time, she'd thought she could do a lot worse and decided that she would ask for first choice of the Princes and choose him. Luckily, she didn't have to pull rank since her father had chosen the Satyr she wanted with every tendril of her being. The Prince's touch was becoming a dull fire on her skin, reaching further into her body, waking things she had only felt with the other Princesses when they played the court games like the one she engaged in just fifteen minutes before. Her breathing hitched. One word from this fine specimen and she would be lost. Her body already gave him leave, and he had not even acknowledged her.

Princesses were hard to come by. Even now, she was one of seven in the states, part of the stunted female royalty the world over. Few women survived to this point in the courts, and those who did were Princesses. Traditionally, females born to Satyr and concubine were sent to safe houses to grow up, until a Satyr caught her scent and petitioned for her body and her blood. Princesses, however, were bargaining chips, but no less adored. They were life to their Satyr, and they would birth the new noble generations.

The parody of royalty had amused Minerva ever since she was old enough to understand the world she was a part of. Her father was head of the clans, yes, but it was only because he had the might and financial standing to be there. He had dragged himself out of the swamps years before he had bound to Ellen, his sole concubine and Minerva's mother. With so many clans and factions, the Satyr realm was much like the human world—a place she knew only through books and movies.

Tempest clan, the clan of the Satyr standing before her, was on par with her own, if not more respected. That her father had chosen such a perfect Satyr for her...

Milton had started his own clan, the Rictus Arcane, and his holdings were vast. The Tempest clan, she knew had the respect of all the houses, their prowess and ability to dominate on any field they chose legendary.

As a brand name, Arcane, her parents' clothing company, was highly coveted and her mother was high profile in books and magazines, even appearing on the runway on occasion when it pleased Milton. They always remarked on her penchant for the platinum and blue silk collar she seemed to never remove as a quirk of her personality. If they knew it was now as much a part of her physical being as her skin, they would probably be appalled. It was

something Minerva hoped for herself, a beautiful collar signifying that she belonged to a powerful and worthy Satyr.

As Tempest Prince, Ben would have control over his own clan's speciality, the skin trade, and Minerva hoped that, if chosen by him, she would be his right hand, like her mother was to her father. The Prince's touch, though... The light scant touch he gave her senses spoke to her body, and it knew that the one who could make it truly come awake was near.

She supposed this was what it was like for a more human female to be in the presence of even the lowest, feral Satyr. All pets had some Satyr blood in them, but the ones with the least were the ones sent out to the human world. Those like her, who felt the pull of the moons and the night most, had the most Satyr blood a female could have, and they became Princesses. They were truly few and far between and only born to those pairs to mate and conceive during the solar convergence. If things worked well, she would be part of such a pair.

He looked into her eyes, the green in his blazing with their own inner light. "I think we better move to somewhere a little more private. I have no desire to top the previous entertainment."

His voice caressed her senses like she wanted his hands to do, and she nodded. "Yes, Prince. There's a private salon to the left if that's what you desire?"

"It is." He smirked. "Take me there."

She nodded and licked her lips, leading the way to an innocuous wood door. She pushed it open, revealing a sumptuous and sprawling room, done in silvers and blues and crimson, lush pillows, large divans and couches placed strategically throughout. "Is this to your liking, Prince Chambers? I'm sure I could find you another place for us to talk."

He looked over the room appraisingly before nodding and turning back to her. "It will do for our...talk."

She nodded and stood to the side for a moment then sat on a long dais with her hands folded in her lap and her back straight, watching him with hungry intent. If they were going to mate, she wanted it to be during the convergence in her suite of rooms, but this would do for the preliminary getting to know you session.

He smiled, throwing himself effortlessly down beside her. "So..." He turned to watch her like a cat does a mouse. "You're a virgin, then?"

She looked him over. "As are all Princesses until this night, Prince."

He nodded, seemingly accepting of this. "So what else can you do? Your father mentioned you being well schooled in other forms of pleasure?"

"A Princess is bred and taught to serve, Prince. I know many things to keep you occupied and can converse on a great many subjects. I'm proficient in a few art mediums as well as learned in the more notable forms of carnal pleasures from around the world. Humans are very kinky creatures, Prince, and they have some practises that Satyr kind have never used before."

He smirked at her. "Show me then. Don't tell me." He lounged back farther, the picture of comfort. "Show me what you can do then maybe, if you're good, I'll return the favour and break you in properly."

She shuddered, her body waking quickly. She felt her skin tighten and knew it grew brighter, just a little, and her nipples, very visible through the jewels, stiffened. She rubbed her thighs together, feeling the wetness his voice evoked trail from her pussy, and whimpered. "What do you wish, my Prince?"

"For tonight, Princess? Your choice." He smirked as if the thought amused him greatly. "Seduce me. Prove you're worth the collar. But only your hands and mouth may touch me. Anything else will be punished."

She nodded and smiled, going to her knees on the dais and crawling over to him. She kissed him, slow and lingering, her hands on his chest, touching the muscled planes of his stomach. A soft groan escaped her lips. Her left hand found its way to his groin and palmed him through his slacks, squeezing and weighing him through the cloth. She wanted what was there for her. The merest touch of that cock sent shivers down her body to pool in her core. She would have this Prince for her own, be his to tease and torment for all time.

He kissed her back, making no move one way or another, letting her take full control. She could feel his need for her, but he held himself back with what was an extraordinary amount of self-control. It was obvious that he wanted her. Her body must surely call to him as his did to her.

She broke the kiss and smiled at him, heavy lidded. "You naked is going to be a real treat, Prince," she said, and she slipped off the dais and onto the floor between his legs and breathed hot breath through his pants right onto his straining cock. She nuzzled him through his pants and looked up at him for permission. She wasn't going for such a revered piece of him if he didn't wish it.

"It is. If you're lucky, you might find out." He nodded down at her, the heat in his eyes making her swallow hard.

She nuzzled his groin again and reared up, grasping the button of his pants with her teeth and pulling it free, spitting the button across the room. If this was an audition, she would make damn sure she passed. She bit down on the zipper and pulled it down slowly nuzzling the newly exposed skin. He smelled good. Of dark nights and passion, of kudzu and some exotic fruit. She had exposed his luminescent skin to her gaze. Short crisp hairs trailed from his bellybutton, moving her to a thicker patch, just as dark, partially covered by the erection braced strong and proud where the zipper had been opened. He was beautiful even here, especially here. Letting go of the zipper, she kissed then licked his exposed underside and moaned.

He groaned in pleasure, his hands clasped firmly at his side. "Mmm...that's the idea, pet," he told her, his breath a little shaky. "Keep going like that, and I'll be buried deep inside you in no time at all."

He was encouraging. She grew bolder, moving to his tip and slipping her mouth down his length. Going slowly, she relaxed her jaw and deep throat him, her first time ever. She moaned in the back of her throat, sending small vibrations down his engorged cock.

Gasping, he sat with his head back, closing his eyes to enjoy himself. "I'm impressed you got it all in," he drawled. "Now, be a good girl and prove you can make me come. I want to see you hold it in your mouth before you swallow it. Don't spill any, or I won't be pleased."

She moaned and squeezed his thighs, her mouth working him at a tight, moderate pace. She took him in as far as she could then reared up, using a little bit of teeth to rake his underside, nip at his tip, then she sink down again, each time moaning as she did. He was delicious and sexy and, gods, did her body tremble for him to touch her. Her pussy clenched,

begging silently as it wept for him. She worked him longer, feeling his balls tighten, and she moaned again, knowing she was indeed close to her goal.

"Mmm... That's it. Remember what I said." He bucked his body deep into her mouth as he came, spurting his salty, hot seed into her moist cavern.

She sobbed, glorying in the feel of him and the feel of a job well done on her part. She would be rewarded, she knew, in the most splendid ways. She felt him subside and pulled off him, her tongue rolling in his essence. He tasted so good, so rich and sinful, she was shaking with anticipation.

"Good girl." He panted after a few moments. "Now, open up and let me see."

She did, slowly so as not to spill a drop as he'd instructed, her body a tight cord.

He nodded approvingly, clearly pleased with her work. "Good girl. You've done well. I'm rather pleased by your attempts. Now, you may swallow."

She did, and she knew she had a look of pure rapture on her face. She closed her eyes and licked her lips then looked up at him and smiled.

"Now how was that?" he asked her, lying as far back on the couch as he could.

"You're delicious, Prince." She giggled and stayed on her knees, waiting for his instruction once again.

He nodded. "Good, I'd hate to disappoint." He looked around the room. "Now that I'm taken care of, why don't we move to somewhere more suitable for us both? I assume you have a room?"

She nodded. "My suite is down the corridor. Should that please you?"

"I think it might, although there's only one way to find out." He leant forward, his face only inches from hers. His strong hands snaked around her back and pulled her closer to him as his lips pressed against hers and he thrust his tongue into her mouth.

She moaned and moulded to him, her body going soft and yielding.

He gripped her tightly his hands, clasping at her flesh as he pulled back and dipped his head down to take a nipple into his mouth, lavishing attention on it.

She gasped and writhed in his hands, managing to breathe out a few words. "Prince, please, my room is but steps away." Her body begged anew, the Satyr before her making it harder for her to think.

Ignoring her, he pulled off with a pop and moved onto the second one, rolling it with his tongue and suckling hard on it.

"Goddess! Prince Chambers...please...please? I wish to see the sky while you take me," she said in a pitiful hope that she would get him to the room quickly. She felt his power rising as it prickled across her skin. As was his right, he would take her soon, would mark her and bleed her and fuck her until she passed out. She wanted it, but they needed to be in the bedroom.

He pulled back chuckling. "You'll take whatever I wish, pet. Any more of your demands, and I'll leave you here by yourself. Or maybe out there with the other males. Yes, this is no place to take you, but I bide my own time, pet."

She looked at him through heavy lids and nodded slowly, her body waking more and more to his touch. She loved the feel of his mouth claiming her, loved the feel of his hands on her partially exposed skin. The jewels that surrounded her like a glittering cloud hung askew, the Prince eager to get at her body.

He moved back to her breasts, rolling her hard nipples with his teeth and expertly nipping them. Once he was satisfied, he pulled back. "Now, take me to your room, pet."

She could barely stand let alone walk. Her body was on edge, and she shook from the desire she felt. She nodded and moved, shakily, towards the door. Every step was a sweet torture, her clit throbbing in time with her breaths. He turned her on and then some, stirring the pot so to speak and making her yearn.

They left the room as she tried to regain her composure and heard a few sounds of ecstasy from behind closed doors of other salons on the first floor. They made it to her room in moments, the door opened and they were through it seconds later. She turned to look at him and dropped the jewel dress from her shoulders. It pooled at her stiletto-covered feet.

He grinned appraisingly. "I did indeed choose wisely," he told her as he began unbuttoning his shirt, the brand on his arm shimmering with the movement.

She looked at it and moved closer, catching his arm and outlining the intricate pattern with her fingertip.

"Do you like it? It's one of my fonder memories of the Strigo court." He looked down as the brand swirled on the skin, moving with her caressing fingertips.

"It's beautiful, Prince, very sexy." She let her eyes trail from it to his abs, and her fingers went to them and stroked down. "How is it you have such a brand?"

With his hand released, he dropped his shirt on the floor next to her dress. "What do you know of the demon houses?"

"Nothing, Prince. I merely know of them and they all have different power sets. My knowledge of the Afterverse and its inhabitants is somewhat limited."

"As would be expected. In the Afterverse, the demons' realm, the royal family of each race or power set get brands. The second and third house have them, as well, but the royal families have brands like these." He pointed to his again. "Some move, some shimmer, some are hot and glow, others are cold and glisten. It all depends on the power set. My house was the Strigo. That's what the Strigo brand does, depending on the power and level of the demon. My cousin, the crowned Prince, his reaches the whole of his forearm."

Her eyes went wide. "That is impressive. Yours is beautiful though, moves like you do, all power and danger." She blushed. "What house is the Strigo house? I mean power-wise?"

"Time. They manipulate time."

The admission set her teeth on edge. A Satyr able to do that could reward his consort with lengthy, seemingly never-ending orgasms. She indeed was lucky that her father had paired her with the Prince. "Interesting power, Prince. Such power isn't wielded lightly, I'm sure."

He shrugged. "It's nothing, really. Now, about us..." He pushed her against the wall, kissing her deeply. "I can feel the moons over head. It's like nothing I've ever felt before."

"It's the convergence," she gasped and rubbed against him. "The moons will call to you by the crowning, the full alignment. You'll be completely in your power, Prince, and I shall serve you throughout it."

"You will." His hands on her ass lifted her up, parting her just enough so that he could tease himself along her slick opening. "And you'll be a good, obedient little girl, won't you?"

Minerva shuddered and kept her eyes locked on his. "Always, always, Prince Esben."

"Don't call me that," he growled, biting her shoulder hard enough to draw a gasp from her. "If you must, call me Ben...and if I decide to keep you around after tonight, you'll call me Master."

She wrapped her legs around his waist and smirked. "That's what the collar means, Prince. It gives you the right to have me call you that." She closed her eyes and arched.

He chuckled into her ear. "My powers don't need a collar, woman. After tonight, collar or no, your body will crave me, beg just to be near me. I could bring you to orgasm over and over again with just a touch or a command. The collar's a formality, and with or without it, you will call me Master if I wish it."

Miranda sobbed and nodded, her hands on his shoulders. "Yes...please..." she gasped and wiggled in his grasp.

Pulling her away from the wall, he backed them both to the bed, crawling onto the silk sheets. He held her body to him, his cock still pressed to her. "As if you had a choice."

"I don't, and I don't want one. Please, Prince, let me serve you," she whispered and shuddered again. "Can't you feel it? The air...oh gods, the air is so thick...so full of you."

"Soon so will you."

She felt him shift his body, parting her entrance.

"You'll live and breathe only for me, be mine in every sense of the word."

"Yes...yes, Prince...please..." she sobbed and ran her hands down his chest, digging her finger pads into the definition on his chest and down to his abs. "Better than I'd hoped for," she murmured.

"I couldn't agree more. I saw the competition," he growled briefly before he swivelled his hips, fluidly plunging deep inside of her.

Minerva screamed, her body invaded by his length and stretched to its limit as he sheathed him fully inside her in seconds. "Ben..." she moaned and closed her eyes, panting.

"Mmm...that's it, girl." He gave her a few seconds to adjust to his size before drawing out and repeating the process.

Ben was moderately gentle, not unleashing his full strength and kink on her, and Minerva wrapped her legs around him and kissed him. Her body felt heavy, and she got gooseflesh, her nipples puckering further to painful peaks. "So good..." she moaned and whimpered and looked at him. "Ben, please...don't hold back. Give me what I'll always have from you."

Growling his answer, he took her hips in hand and started to pound himself into her. His movements took her breath away as she was lifted into every thrust he gave her, his body dominating hers completely.

She cried out and screamed his name as her first orgasm hit, neon lights filtered through the miasma of energy they were both displaying. Her aura melted into him, and she gasped, kissing him again, anywhere she could reach.

Driven wild by her touch and the moons so close to its peak, he drove himself deeper and deeper into her. His grip on her hips sent a new sensation through her as the pleasure and pain mixed, becoming one.

"Yes," she exclaimed as he drove her up and over the limits she'd thought she had. Her eyes bore into his, seeing the shiny silver irises, the tell-tale proof of a Satyr in full power. Her body leaked energy, leaked all her resistance as he made her his, made her need only him. "Ben...Ben, on my knees, please...deeper..."

He moved her, his movements wild and forceful. He knelt to his full height, pulling her up with him. He brought her down on him, harder and deeper than he had before, filling her completely.

She reared back, still on her knees, and reached back grabbing him around the neck. Turning her head, she whispered to him, "So deep, gods, Ben, you're amazing." Her other hand went up to her nipple and pinched hard, making her whimper.

"I do try..." he growled back, his voice dark with passion.

"Keep me, gods, keep me, Ben. Your energy compliments mine." She looked up to the naked sky, the swirling patterns of neon creating patterns above them.

Ben growled, unable to form words. His pace doubled as he took her. His cock pounded into her as his mouth found her lips, kissing her wildly. His eyes reflected the swirling patterns above, practically glowing with the moons' light as it combined with his own.

"Touch me, mark me, please... Ben, don't wait. Please...only you. You."

Before the words had left her mouth, he struck, biting down on her neck. His hands moved around her back as his teeth pierced her skin, holding her still on his cock as he pumped furiously up into her.

"Gods, Ben!" She came for him, shuddering, her body wrapped in his essence and her submission. It was devastating. The power in the room was at its peak, the moons above going pure silver then purple, a blue halo resting around them and the moons.

He followed her over moaning into her neck as his body spilled into hers. She could feel his little pulls on her blood in perfect synchronisation with his seed pouring into her. He thrust up into her repeatedly until he was spent, still suckling lightly from the wound on her neck.

Minerva giggled and panted, touching his body, kissing his cheek. "Prince, wow. How do I taste?"

"Erotic." Breathlessly, he pulled away, licking the blood off his lips before kissing her fully and letting her taste for herself.

She moaned into his mouth and twisted a bit more, still touching him. "Umm..., yummy. Thank you for that. It isn't often a Satyr will share that with his Beloved."

"Good thing I'm not much of a Satyr, then." He pushed her down on the bed, lying next to her and looking up at the sky.

"Um you're more than a Satyr, Ben." She snuggled into him, enjoying the closeness. "I know once the collar is on me I'm not to do this, but my body really does need yours."

"Like I said, the collar is just a formality. Your body will start to need mine. It'll feel the pull. I'm half demon, and demons bind without collars and symbols."

"I know, but Satyr society expects me to be submissive in all avenues. I liked fucking you, liked that you let me be me."

"I didn't mean that I don't want you to be submissive. I'll let you do something if it's for my own pleasure or amusement."

"And that's the essence of serving you. You allow me to. You feel so good."

"Well, you've just had sex for the first time. I will feel good to you."

"No, I just had sex with a Satyr for the first time."

"True..." He pulled her body closer to him. "Though not for the last."

"No, not the last." She reached down and grasped him, squeezing. "Master." She smirked. "The moons are still aligned."

"Moons?" he asked and stroked her side.

She nodded. "A solar convergence is when all the moons of our solar system are in alignment with our sun. It's a time of power for those who can harness it, and Satyr are the only ones who can."

He smiled, glancing sideways at her. "So they are."

"May I serve you once more?" She nibbled on his collarbone and licked his skin.

"You might, since you enjoyed it the first time." He pulled her fully onto him, letting her straddle his waist. "Why don't you dance for me, pet?"

Minerva shuddered and arched, her breasts jutting out. She shook out her hair and moved on him the same sultry way she did in the main hall. Such grace and undulating movements were usually reserved for snakes and other deadly animals, but Minerva moved like them, and she did it just for Ben.

"That's it." He bucked her up, slipping inside of her once more.

She moaned and bounced on him as she moved, her inner muscles grasping him as she ran her hands up her body and cupped her breasts, playing with her nipples.

Taking her hips in his strong hands, he guided her movements and moved her along him until his breathing came in pants. "Mmm...I do love watching you dance."

"And I shall for as long as you keep me. If you keep me..."

"Oh, I'm considering it."

His words set her off, and she threw back her head, shuddering and calling his name.

His eyes watched her intensely, following her every movement as the light from the sky surrounded them.

The room was bathed in an ostentatious lunar glow, magnified by both their powers. Minerva sobbed and raised her hands to the heavens in a joyous offering, her body awash with light.

Ben bucked fully into her, sliding his hands up to cup her breasts. Her nipples were tight, and it didn't take much tweaking on his part to draw them out further.

"Yes, yes, Master," she gasped as his hands worked her. "I love it."

Pulling on them, he inched himself up, sucking one into his mouth. His fingers moved over her body, stroking and caressing every inch of her as she rode him faster and faster. They moved to the small of her back, pulling her closer to him as his tongue and mouth lavished affection on her breasts.

It was then she reached down and clawed his back as a strong orgasm took her, her nails raking lovingly down his sides as she sobbed once more.

"Oh fuck!" he shouted, his body going rigid as he came with her. His orgasm matched hers for intensity as he pushed himself deep into her and holding her still.

Shuddering, Minerva panted and kissed his shoulder, her whole body awash with sensation. The lights in the room exploded with their joining, and the moonlight caressed them both, seemingly approving of the union.

He fell back to the bed, letting her rest on his chest while they caught their breath. "Well, that was fun."

"Um... we were blessed, Prince, lunar blessed. My parents will be pleased."

"I suppose. Although it's me you should be worried about pleasing now."

"I shall always strive to please you, my Prince," she said and snuggled into him. "And I shall wear your collar with pride should you choose to bestow one on me. I hope you shall keep me."

"It is an option," he told her coolly. "Just play your cards right, and we'll see. How do you feel?"

She purred into him. "Fantastic, the moons call to you, Prince, in ways I could have only imagined."

"I'm sure they do." He yawned, rolling over and letting her slide off him. "So how long does the convergence last?"

"The true convergence lasts a week, my Prince, though the effects last until the next year. A Satyr's power is at its height and potency this week, and that's why the summit happens. If it should please you, I will find another place to sleep this night, Prince."

"No. That's not necessary. I'd hate to think of what would happen to you out there, alone, without a collar. You may stay here. This is your room, after all. Just make sure you don't wake me up in the morning. I'll wake when I damn well please."

She giggled. "Of course, Prince. I wouldn't dream of it." She rolled closer and placed a kiss on his shoulder.

"Good." Rolling onto his side, he swung his arm around her and pulled her flush against him.

She giggled again and sighed, kissing his forearm and snuggling closer, her bottom flush against his groin. "Thank you, Prince," she said quietly.

"That was nothing. Well, it was pretty great, but just wait until we start using my full powers. Drawing out orgasms until you think you'll explode with tension."

She shivered and whimpered. "You tease. But I wasn't thanking you for that, though it was spectacular. I was thanking you for choosing me."

"Ah, well, all the others were well below my standards."

She wiggled against him. "Well, thank you for having your standards so high then."

"You're more than welcome," he chuckled into the sensitive flesh of her neck.

Minerva sighed and kissed him again, the ethereal glow of the room began to lessen, and she closed her eyes, settling into his arms.

He kissed her again before cradling her to his chest and slowly drifting off to sleep.

Chapter Four

Milton stared out of the large, plate-glass skylight towards the heavens, the predawn slipping in and pushing the spectacle of the moons back into the hidden recesses of night. He could feel it, just below the horizon, pulsing with forbidden energy. The first night of the lunar convergence was above reproach. The entire castle was teeming with energy. The Princesses were all well used. He felt the collective acceptance of their roles in society, most knowing the glory of many a Satyr the previous night.

Except for Minerva. No, his daughter was with the one Satyr he had thought worthy of her charms, and Milton knew he had chosen correctly. The upper floor, where Minerva's room was, was quiet, and the energies coming from there were pure. He had no doubt the Tempest Prince had marked her. The convergence magnified the Satyrs basest of needs for sex and blood, blood and sex. Milton himself had fed on his willing Ellen during the night and again as the sun rose just moments before.

She lay next to him, her collar no longer producing the deep rivulets of blood he'd called from her during the night, and she giggled with the rapture he gave her, the dregs of her pleasure would last a bit longer as he exercised his power over her. He looked over at her with a smirk and moved to his side to face her, running a fingertip down her exposed breast. "Tell me, pet, was it as good as the first convergence we had?"

"Mmm...without a doubt, better if it's possible." She stretched, her pale breasts quivering in the faint light. "And it can only escalate. There are still days to go."

"That's right, pet. You served me well, and your rewards shall be great, but not yet. As you said, we still have days to go. How do you feel? Can you function today?"

Her tongue flicked out over her lips, making them glisten. "As much as you need me to. I'm always ready to do anything you wish. I feel energised."

He grinned. "That's my girl. So tell me, my love. How do you think our daughter made out?"

"We've taught her well. I'm sure she performed accordingly. She knows what's expected of her, and Esben knew exactly what he wanted from her. He's exactly the right sort of Satyr for her. They'll make a wonderful pair."

"I agree. It couldn't have been planned better. The last of a noble house with the first of another. It's fitting. Their children will be very powerful."

"Yes." She smiled proudly. "Minerva will easily be able to help him run his house, and he'll need the help. The children will be well respected and high up in society. You couldn't have picked better for her, my love."

"Indeed. We shall see how everything plays out. I would hate it if he jumps the gun, though Esben is exactly what the ruling class needs," Milton commented.

"He's been far away from tradition all his life. He doesn't know the rules or respect them," Ellen offered with a bit of reluctance.

"Which is why he'll be good. Minerva is a new sort of Princess, and she needs a different sort of Prince."

"I agree. Something to shake up the traditionalists will be good. He also has intimate knowledge on the workings of the demon courts. That will be helpful," Ellen said and smiled.

"Extremely." He looked over at the clock and sat up. "We have a little over an hour before we meet for the morning caucus with the house heads. So go and shower and make yourself pretty for me."

She nodded dutifully. "Of course, my love." She stood, moving over to him and kissing his cheek lightly. "I shall be back soon, clean and beautiful and only for you."

"That's right, pet, and wear the ruby today. It should please me greatly."

* * * *

Ben woke up with a start, and it took him a few seconds to remember just why he wasn't in his own bed. The events of the previous night came to him slowly—the castle, the other Satyr Princes, Milton and, last but not least, the beautiful Minerva lying snugly under his arm.

Her breathing was slow and rhythmic, a sure sign she was still in a deep sleep. She hadn't woken him as per his instructions, which pleased him greatly. It looked like he'd have to speak to the collar maker after all. He'd been in the market for a new pet, and Minerva was as perfect a choice as any. She was already well-trained and well-spoken. She knew her place unlike Kate, whom he'd never gotten around to renaming. It would be easy to dispose of the older girl and take Minerva to his home.

There was something about her, something that drove him to possess her. It could have been that until him she'd been pure. He'd never taken a virgin before. He'd never really wanted to. Ben despised inexperience in any area. Having a woman inexperienced in sex would drive him to insanity. She, however, had surprised him. Her technique was slightly flawed but nothing that he couldn't whip into shape in a few weeks.

He needed to have her as his, and he had every intention on keeping her. Even her personality didn't bore him excessively. He wouldn't mind spending the space of her lifetime conversing with her, depending on how long she'd live. She slept silently, no moaning or snoring. He watched her for a while until he grew bored, which to her credit was a full five minutes.

There were any number of ways one could wake a sleeping person, anything from water to pinching their nose. He settled on something less drastic and shook her sharply.

Minerva's eyes bolted open and swiftly focused on him then went from frightened to sated in mere seconds. She smiled a lazy smile at him then bent her head. "Good morning, my Prince. Was I snoring? Did it wake you?" she asked in a small tone, keeping her eyes averted.

How he loved submissive women. "No, I just thought it was time you were awake."

"Thank you, Prince. Did you sleep well?" she asked, sitting up.

"I did. The bed's pleasing, as was the company. I liked having you tucked in under me."

"And I enjoyed being near you, Prince, as well as serving you last night."

Nodding his approval, he smiled. "You did well. How do you feel this morning?" Concern for her well-being wasn't his reason for asking. If she was sore, he'd have to hold off from taking her again and that would piss him off greatly. The moons still breathed heavily

on his skin and desires. He couldn't see them, but he could feel them there. It was like the time dimensions. All he had to do was reach out.

She seemed to know what his question was about as she answered but kept her head down. "I am well, Prince. Ready to serve you in every way you desire," she said, a little hitch in her voice.

This news made him very happy. "Good to know. I'll have to keep it in mind. So tell me about the day's festivities?"

"Today, Prince? We have social time for the next two days, three even, unless you're a stuffy old Satyr dealing with antiquities." She giggled and smiled. "But there are a few things planned such as a picnic on the main lawn of the castle. Father had it roped off and a large tent erected. Tomorrow is the choosing of the records keeper, another old, stuffy, boring tradition. In three days time, we have the moonlight Nymph ball."

"A Nymph ball? Any going?" he asked, thinking of his delightful little water Nymph.

Minerva shook her head. "It's what they call the moons ball. In mythology, Satyrs and Nymphs would have wild passions by the light of the moons, and this is a throwback to that. Mother said it's like the rites of Bacchus from the old days."

"Ah, so an orgy, then?"

The girl nodded.

"That could be interesting. And you're sure there'll be no Nymphs? That could make for an even more interesting evening."

"I have never gone to one so I do not know, but it's entirely possible, Prince," she said in a low tone.

"It is." He grinned changing the subject. "Why don't we get cleaned up and find something to eat for breakfast? I never could function properly without coffee."

"If you will allow me, Prince, I shall get you the early menu from the sideboard. We can order nourishment to be brought here."

"Mmm...Well, that sounds like a much better idea. I'll allow it."

Minerva nodded and walked nude to where the menu was and picked it up then poured him a glass of liquid from the cobalt blue glass pitcher. She came back to the bed and handed him the menu then offered him the glass. "It's infused with moon energy and shall

revitalise you. Wine and water from this week will be bottled and put into casks for use at celebrations until the next alignment. It is an honour to have some this potent."

"Moon-infused water, eh? Whatever will they come up with next?" he asked sceptically as he took the glass from her.

She smiled and stood. "I shall go and prepare the bath for us, Prince."

"Am I getting a sponge bath?"

The water tasted good, crisp and fresh on his tongue. She'd been right. It did make him feel better though he doubted that 'revitalised' would have been the word he used to describe it.

She giggled and looked at him, licking her lips. "Anything you wish, Tempest Prince."

He laughed at her. "Well, you did suggest the bath, and I'm merely making it more interesting."

"I suggested a bath after you suggested getting cleaned up. Please order me some mango juice, Prince, and some pineapple." She smiled and stretched, looking him up and down. "How warm do you wish the water?"

"As hot as you can bear it. Let me know when it's ready."

The menu was filled with a wide selection of things.

"Anything else you'd like? Less fruity, perhaps? Something with actual substance?"

"I eat fruit in the morning to keep my complexion and my weight maintained, Prince," she called from the adjoining bathroom.

"Good thinking. Personally, I think a good morning fuck does the same. The exertion is good for your pores and semen is supposed to be very good for the skin, though I've never tried it on myself. We could test it on you if you like. It would be a hardship pulling out of your lovely tight cunt though." Chuckling, he lifted the phone and dialled for downstairs.

Minerva walked in with a flush to her skin. Clearly, his words had had an effect on her. She leaned against the doorframe and ran her hands from her waist down her thighs then back up, cupping her perky breasts.

Watching her closely, he ordered her fruit and his breakfast along with a large amount of coffee. "So is that bath ready?"

She nodded and licked her lips again, holding her hand out to him.

He stood and walked to her completely naked and took her offered hand. "Lead the way, then."

She smiled and walked them into an overly large bathroom, lush with topiary grace and style. The plants were the type that thrived in steamy and warm environments, the blooms on the few flowering ones extremely fragrant, but sparse, as not to overdo the exotic potency. Minerva led him into a sunken marble pool. The waters swirled around her ankles then calves and finally her waist as she stood in the centre, steam rising around her. Bubbles broke on the surface of the water, and Ben noticed there were jets in the sidewalls and bottom. She beckoned him again with her outstretched hand.

Smirking, he stepped in after her. The water was practically boiling, just as he liked it. One didn't live in the demon realm for so long and not become accustomed to both intense heat and cold.

"I like it," was all he said as he took in the place.

"This is the largest bathroom in the castle," she said and dunked under a bit, floating over to him and grinning.

He dunked under too, letting the scalding water run over him. "It is certainly large, and we can put these jets to good use. Tell me, do you like the heat?"

Minerva smiled and nodded. "I was happy to hear you say you enjoy it hot, Prince."

"And the pressure of the jets? Rushing the burning water against your clit? Do you like that?"

"I...I don't know, Prince. They aren't," she said and went under quickly and came up, her hair a silken wet sheet behind her.

"Well, we should remedy that right away then." Taking her arms, he turned her, pushing her forcefully against the side. He spread her legs, holding her to the jet and positioned her accordingly. "Now, how does that feel?"

Minerva gasped and threw back her head. "Um, Prince, that's good...but you feel better."

"I do." He let the water blast over her clit. "But you're not getting me right now. There are some ground rules you have to learn, and this is the simplest way to start."

"Yes, Prince..." she moaned and leaned back into him.

He allowed his hands to move around her front, taking her breasts in his hands. "Now, you mustn't come, pet. Not without my express permission. To do so will incur severe punishment. Now, you may ask—beg even—but you must never come without my first saying so. This applies at all times. Sometimes, I'll let you come as often as you want. Other times, maybe only once, if at all," he whispered in her ear as he teased her nipples. "Understood?"

She shuddered and nodded. "Yes, my Prince."

"Good. Your body belongs to me now. I own it and everything it is. Your every orgasm is mine. Mine to give and mine to deny."

Minerva leant into him and panted. "Are you keeping me, Prince?"

"For now," he told her, though he most certainly *was* keeping her. "But do not go against my wishes in this manner, and it includes touching yourself. Your pleasure is mine."

Her skin against his chest was so supple and fresh, he couldn't stop himself from kissing over her neck on the spot where he'd bitten her last night.

She moaned, tilting her head to give him better access. "I won't disobey you, Prince," she whimpered, her nipples hardening. Her hands went to his hips.

Holding her breasts tightly, he lifted her higher and teased her open with his cock. "Excellent."

She gasped, feeling him between her thighs and moaned again. "Please," she begged, "Please take me..."

Even Ben couldn't resist a plea like that, not when she was still so tight and supple and especially not with the moons' magic beating down on him, driving his body to slake his lust. Still holding her up high, he slammed up into her, careful to keep the jet on her clit. He was interested to see how far she'd get, whether she'd break his command or be reduced to sobbing pleas for mercy.

Minerva moaned and gasped, purring low in her throat. "Prince...gods, that's deep," she groaned. Her body quivered, and she dug her fingers into his hips, moaning. "Prince...please...so good..."

He took her hands, placing them on the edge of the tub before pushing her face down to meet them. Now with her completely bent over, he told her not to move. He stroked her thighs under the water, parting them uncomfortably wide before pulling almost out of her

body then slamming back into her. Sometimes slow and hard was just what was needed to start the day, and he certainly enjoyed using her in this way. She was so willing and so complimentary, just happy to get fucked and make him happy. All women were in the end but from the start Mina was by far the best. She enjoyed giving him the control he needed.

She panted, arched and moved in his hands, letting him guide her. "Please. Please...I need to..." she whimpered.

"Need to what?" he asked cruelly, knowing full well by the fine trembling of her body that she was close.

"Please..." she begged. "Please, let me come, Prince."

He toyed with just how cruel he would be before deciding he could allow her this one. "Since you asked me so nicely, come, pet." He thrust harder into her, his cock moving over her sweet spots as the jet still pounded into her. "Come for me," he growled into her ear.

Minerva exploded. Her body shook with utter abandon, her eyes closed as she screamed his name, panting. It was too much for her, and she slumped, her knees buckling, moving her body closer to the jet, adding more pressure to her sensitive flesh. She pulsed with energy, any resistance she could have had melting away.

"Ben," she panted. "Gods, you're so good."

It took him a few seconds to recover himself. The force of her orgasm had nearly sent him over the edge, something that rarely happened. He kept his body moving inside of her not quite ready to bring it back to full force. Her reaction pleased him. He would most definitely have to speak to the collar maker about getting one made for her. She was indeed a prize. "You should thank me...for being so kind. I could have drawn that out for a very long time." He smirked into her back, having every intention of doing so with her next one.

She moaned and shuddered, her body back on edge. "Thank you, my Prince. Um, please. Anything you wish to do, my Prince. I am yours, all yours."

"Perfect response. You are indeed mine to do with as I please." His body was once again screaming at him, and he started working her faster until he pounded into her. Her legs were split wide, the screaming jet flush against her clit now. The excess spray moved against his balls, the extra sensation driving him wilder.

She panted and writhed under his hands, bucked back at him and pleaded, her body taut like a string once more. It didn't take much for him to get her to that zenith, to that one place where nothing but pleasure mattered. "Ben...Master, please..."

"Please what?" He pinched her nipple hard. The master was a nice touch, but he was enjoying this far too much.

"Please, come with me. I love how it feels. Please..."

"Not yet," he growled, pushing her head down against the tub and fucking her viciously. "Although, you may beg further to entice me. I might change my mind."

She sobbed and moved under him, moaning her joy as he used her body and drove her to new unheard of heights. "Master...anything...gods, please. It's so good. I need you. Please..." she begged weakly then abandoned her pleas, a gasping moan coming from her mouth.

He could barely hold himself back any longer, the weak twitching of her body and her soft sounds just about ending him. "Come now," he moaned in her ear.

Minerva let go of her tattered control and sighed, shuddering then moaning once more, this one was softer but deeper, her muscles clamping down on him harder as she sobbed his name over and over.

Taking her hips, he drove himself higher into her as he came hard, his orgasm strong. He kept thrusting until they were both spent.

Minerva panted and licked her lips, squeezing him once more from the inside. "Is this how you get up every morning? I might pass out from the attentions," she chuckled and wiggled her rump.

"I'm confident you can keep up the pace." He kissed her neck, pulling her back into his arms and deeper into the warm water.

"Um, thank you, Prince. Though, I had hoped you would feed again," she said absently and nuzzled him behind his ear.

"There's plenty of time for that later, after proper food has arrived."

They sat in the swirling water for a while, Minerva cuddled in his lap, her fingers stroking his chest. She sighed, kissing his collarbone until they heard a soft commotion from the other room. Minerva sat up, looking him in the eye. "Food's here, though I'm loath to leave this perfect spot, my Prince."

"Then it can wait longer, but we will need the sustenance for later."

She giggled and nodded. "Thank you, Prince. You pamper me."

He kissed along her neck, loving the feel of her against his lips. "Not just yet."

"No? This isn't pampering?"

He laughed. "No. You know, I've never been accused of pampering before."

"Maybe you haven't had a female you wanted to pamper. The relationship between concubine and Satyr, or Beloved and Satyr..." She trailed off and kissed his chest just over his heart.

"Perhaps."

Her words settled uncomfortably with him, and he wasn't sure why. It was simple enough, but she was right. He'd never felt the need to be so close to any of the other women he'd been with. She was different, and he wasn't sure how he felt about that.

"It's the way of things, Ben. I'm supposed to be cherished, used for my body and blood to sustain you, and your body sustains mine. That is if you choose to keep me. Nothing odd about it. My mother, my father's only concubine, is a Beloved."

"I know. I met her. But that sort of thing isn't for me. One woman? A Beloved? Darling, I don't love. Never have, never will." He hadn't come here to get set up for some love connection crap, no matter how great or perfect she was for him, or how she anticipated his every move and desire, or how her body had driven him crazy since the first second he'd laid eyes on her. It didn't matter that she made his heart pound with the need to have and possess her. The thought of letting her out of his sight long enough to have breakfast might disturb him, but Ben wasn't getting set up. He did one offs, not love. "I don't even really like my cat all that much," he told her a little uncertainly.

"Then I shall be a concubine, My Prince. I wouldn't ever presume to chain you to something. That's not the way of women in Satyr society. Satyrs choose Beloveds. They actually need them."

"I don't need anything...or anyone."

"Indeed, Prince, though I meant to say they don't actually need them. Beloved is like a marriage of sorts."

"I like the idea of having a concubine. We'll make you one of those," he answered quickly. He'd only fucked her twice and she was talking marriage. He knew she was just

filling him in on information that he needed without pointing out his ignorance, but it scared him just how much he was taking in.

"Then I shall be. Anything you wish as long as I can serve you, Prince," she said and beamed.

He felt his smile match hers, and he pulled her into a kiss. She was warm and inviting, and he was getting to love the feel of her against him. "You know," he pressed his now hard cock against her, growling, "I think I know just how you can serve me."

* * * *

The soft sunshine washing the Great Lawn and the rest of Manhattan with warmth was a welcome addition. Convergences were usually plagued by odd weather patterns and tides, but this year, they seemed to be blessed, thrice blessed even. Esben's return and the convergence's acceptance of the magic and energy both she and Esben had released the first night were extraordinary. And now, the bright heat of the day beckoned them all outside for their day in the park.

Minerva carried her parasol and book with her, walking with the other Princesses and concubines to the Great Lawn on the other side of Turtle Pond. Today would be a relaxing day for everyone, a day to enjoy the weather and catch up with friends and family. The four main royal houses were split up, though the Princesses and a good many of the Princes were in smaller clusters along the shore by the time Minerva settled on a blanket within her family's section.

Esben had been reluctant to leave her earlier, but her father had set up an appointment with one of the lawyers to meet with Ben. She wasn't sure why, but apparently, it was important. So she was sent down to the event without him and already missed him terribly. It was scary, but it felt right.

Minerva relaxed against the pillow pads, sort of like a divan cushion, and put on a pair of sunglasses she had in her pocket. The glasses were a two-fold accessory. For one, she would be able to read her book, *The Story of O*, without squinting, and secondly, she could watch those around her without drawing attention to herself. People watching had always fascinated her. She would often look down at the street from her gilded cage of an apartment

to the people bustling to and fro and wonder who they were and where they were going. She would make up stories in her head about everything she saw. It had helped to wile away the lonely times when she had waited for some lesson or some class. It was a comforting action, one she fell back into easily.

To her right, House Rummer was refined and relaxed, for the most part, sipping sangrias and sparkling wines and talking quietly. House Toloose had congregated on the other side of House Arcane and were boisterous, laughing and enjoying the time with their numerous concubines. They weren't her favourite house of royalty. The clan Prince, Rigel, had offered for her a month before the Convergence but she had never felt anything for him but disdain. She didn't like his house's way with the concubines—too many women for so few Satyrs.

By her way of thinking, a female couldn't be cherished and adored when a male was caught up with a large number of them. No, she preferred the new way of thinking. Sure, the other royal houses had families with groups of females, but they never reached over a handful, and if that was the case, the Satyr they belonged to was more than attentive to them all. She wanted what her mother had, a Beloved to a Satyr who would cherish her for all time. She wouldn't get that with a Toloose Satyr.

When she'd voiced her objections to her mother, she'd been told that unless they found a suitable Satyr for her, she would be with Rigel, as he was the best choice to keep her in the lifestyle to which she was accustomed, and she would serve her Satyr throughout the rest of her life. She was most happy that Ben had shown up. Tempest Satyrs were legendary, and she had long wished to belong to one. He was the best, and she deserved the best.

She sat a little way from the main bulk of her house group, closer to the pond where it was a bit more peaceful. The book lay open in her lap, ready to read, when she looked up as one of the waiters offered her a drink. She chose a pineapple mimosa and thanked the waiter then settled in to read a little.

The book was well worn as it had been lovingly read several times. She had fallen in love with the story of O, a woman's transformation from independence to cherished and loved concubine. It was, in a way, what had happened to her mother, and while Minerva would never really know the struggle of being independent, she would be cherished and loved. She already felt it with Ben, but she wasn't stupid enough to be certain he would

collar her. Nothing in this world was a sure thing, and a Satyr could forget his fancy after the novelty had worn off. It had happened before, though not often, and while another Satyr normally would attend to the female, the woman was never the same after being cast away from the Satyr they had come to love and revere.

No, she would have to prove it to him, prove that she wanted him and him alone. That would be hard, since she was a Princess and un-collared. Any of the Princes could speak with her, try her if they wished, and she couldn't deny them. She knew Rigel was still interested, and out the corner of her eye she watched him watch her. She shuddered. She didn't want anything to do with anyone but Ben. Where was he?

She sighed, wondering still as she set her attention to her book and tried to read. She didn't get far before she felt a dip in the cushion next to her and turned to see who her companion was. She gave a big smile to Ben, who looked at her as if she was a large piece of cake.

"Greetings, Prince," she said and licked her lips, her body coming alive again at having him near her. "I take it your meeting went well? Shall I call the waiter for some refreshment for you?"

"No." He smiled, wrapping his arm around her and pulling her to him. He sent a scowl over her head, showing he'd noticed the other Princes' attentions and they weren't welcome. "Why don't we take a walk?"

Minerva nodded, happily snuggled in his arms. "I would love it, Prince. There are several trails through the foliage from the front of the castle, and one starting on the far side of the pond. What would please you?"

"You choose whichever you think would please me most. I don't know the area so it's all new to me."

Minerva smiled. "Very well, Prince. I believe the trail on the far side of the pond would be best, a bit more private and there are some fabulous places in Central Park. We can make it to The Ramble before we need to be back for the night's events."

"Sounds perfect." He stood, offering her his arm. "Shall we?"

She took it and guided him around the pond at a leisurely gait, smiling at friends and some of her extended family as they went. Ben was calm next to her, regal even, but alert to everything in their vicinity.

Minerva followed his gaze as it travelled around the Great Lawn. "You truly have never been here, Prince?"

"Never." He shook his head. "It's never appealed to me."

"And now?" She smiled as they walked into the trailhead and soon entered The Ramble by way of a large stone and brick arch.

"I've seen something that takes my interest."

"The Ramble?" she asked as they walked through the arch. "It is quite interesting. Apparently, it's a great place for bird watching, and there are several little niches and thickets that were designed to be places for lovers' trysts."

"Sounds good. Show me those." His hand slipped down her back to her ass.

"This way," she said as they walked under a copse of standing birch trees and further into the trail. They ended up in a small rock outcropping, lush with vegetation, lichen and moss, just off the Gill, a winding and babbling stream that traversed the terrain. "Is this to your liking, Prince? I'm most happy you didn't wish to stay with the party. This is much more to my liking, to be alone with you."

"Mine as well." He pushed her back against the rock, kissing her hard.

Minerva's head swam with arousal, her body yielding to his advances. She wrapped herself around him, giggling as they ended the kiss. "You wish me to serve you here, Prince?" she asked with a coy smile. "I had thought you would take this opportunity to talk with me."

"Ah." He smiled, kissing her gently. "Then what would you like to talk about?"

Minerva ran her fingers down his face and nipped his bottom lip. "Anything you wish, my Prince. How are you finding everything?"

"Very good." He laced his fingers with hers, leading her to sit on an outcropping of rock. "It's a lot to take in, but..."

"But, Prince? The entire Satyr world is at your feet."

"Hardly the entire."

"I think you sell yourself short, Prince. As a Tempest, you were meant to rule, even above my clan. If you embrace your heritage, your place in our world, the world will be yours."

"But there are no Tempest left. I'm the Prince of nothing."

Minerva shook her head. "I disagree. You have so much at your disposal, and just because your clan isn't here, it doesn't mean things aren't how they are supposed to be. Satyr-kind is changing, and you're a welcome addition."

"Well, it's not often I hear that."

"It is the truth, my Prince. I'm humbled that you've chosen to still spend your time with me."

"No need to be."

She smiled, leant in and rubbed her nose against his. It was a bold move, but they were in private. "I am. You could have your pick of the Princesses here, Ben, but you're here in this beautiful place with me. I thank you."

"I should thank you. You led us here." He darted his head to the side, kissing her.

She giggled and sighed. "I'm here to serve, you Prince, always. What would you have me do?"

"Shh..." he whispered, pulling her onto his lap.

She quieted, settling down into his embrace, and bit her bottom lip. This was naughty. The thought of getting caught thrilled her.

His fingers edged under her dress, slipping his fingers up her thigh as they kissed. Minerva surrendered to the sensations as the cool pads of his fingers slid up her naked thigh. She sobbed, her right hand going to his neck and caressing the nape as the kiss intensified.

He pushed her dress to her hips, baring her slick flesh to the cool air. Minerva shivered and licked her lips again. He was teasing her. "Prince...you're a great tease."

"You think?" He smirked down at her.

She smiled and nodded, blushing. "What will you have of me?"

"I'll have you stop asking that. Now, undo my pants with those nimble little hands of yours." The rough pads of his fingers caressed ever closer to her centre, making the task a hard one.

She struggled but prevailed, slipping the zipper down. The sound echoed around them in the silence, and she thumbed open the button and looked to him.

"See? Not so hard." He pulled her against him kissing her, and grinding himself over her slick flesh.

She cried out, moaning into his mouth and shuddering in his arms. Her body sang, wakened completely by his touch, his scent and the sound of his voice. She trembled with need.

"You're so beautiful," he said in a whisper before lifting her and thrusting into her heat.

Minerva arched and cried out, her body spinning towards a release he didn't say she could have. She remembered his words well. She would abide them. Her Satyr was all that mattered. Her hands clutched his shoulders as he let her ride him, her breasts thrust against the soft cotton of her dress, her nipples pebbled with passion.

"Please... Please, my Master..." she moaned as she processed the words he said. He called her beautiful. It was a compliment, something she felt to her soul. He approved of her.

"Come," he rasped his consent.

Minerva relaxed enough to fall over the edge, her body gripping his in silent thanks, and she called his name, the wash of orgasmic energy, filling and rushing through her. The Convergence was making it so much better, making her feel everything more deeply – unless this was how it was supposed to feel with the Satyr who chose you. He was fantastic, and hopefully, he would remain hers.

He kissed her again, harder this time, his grip tightening on her hips, and he plunged deeper into her.

She gasped and wrapped her arms around him and whimpered, riding him harder. "Ben..."

"Mina," he growled.

She shuddered and moaned again, her body hitting that peak. "Please..." she sobbed.

"Yes," he cried roughly, leaning forward and taking her from a higher angle.

She shattered again, crying out louder this time. "Ben!"

He followed her over, calling her name as his body spilled into hers.

When the world righted itself, she was still wrapped around him and she kissed his ear. "Um... That was fantastic, Prince," she whispered in his ear and licked the lobe. "You're so generous."

"I can't not be with you."

"And very complimentary." She looked up and smiled. They had been away from the party a while, and she could feel the moon rising. The night ahead, whatever it brought,

would be almost as magnificent as this. "Should be go back? While this is a pretty place to be during the day, I understand it's not so safe at night."

"I doubt anything could hurt us."

She shrugged. "I don't want to test that theory. I haven't ever been out at night unchaperoned," she said matter-of-factly. "What do you wish for tonight?"

"Ever?" he asked, ignoring her question but standing and fixing her dress for her before fixing himself.

She nodded her thanks. He was ever attentive. "Yes. I told you, since I was able to walk, I have been bred and taught to serve my Satyr. If my Satyr wished me to be out on the town, he would allow it, but only after I have been collared. I have seen very little of the city, aside from Central Park, and always only in daylight with my mother and father."

"Ah, well, I'm sure we can get you out for a night."

He was planning for the future. It boded well for the fact of him keeping her. "Thank you, Prince." She heard the dulcet tones from Belvedere Castle's bell and smiled. "I believe we are being summoned for the night's festivities."

"Then we should head back." He slipped his hand around her waist, blinking them back to the castle grounds.

She felt a jolt then giggled, realising he had used his demon powers. "Wow. That was quick."

"Safest way to travel."

She nodded, watching as some of the younger Satyrs and Princesses walked in before them. She saw her mother and father and smiled at them. Her father looked at both Ben and her then gave a nod of his head. Her father was still pleased. Her mother was smiling, as well. Minerva wrapped her arm around Ben's and snuggled to him as they walked back into the castle. She wasn't sure what the evening would bring, but she knew she would spend it with the Tempest Prince once more, and that was all that mattered.

Chapter Five

Milton walked into the grand library with Ben in tow, and the Satyrs in the room all stood and raised their glasses. At the action, Milton nodded and grinned. "Welcome, friends. With the ladies all occupied with their own garden party, it seems we can get down to the terribly boring affair of our own boys' club. I bid welcome to the new members, Prince Rigel, Prince Harlequin and Prince Esben. The new generation of Satyrs."

The glasses were held high in celebration of the three Princes, and Milton looked towards Ben and lowered his voice.

"Rigel is a pain in the ass, but Harley, you'll like him, I think—well, you should. He's your cousin." He motioned towards the Satyr sitting by the bar. He was tall with dark black hair with bright eyes the colour of Windex. Nothing in nature was that brilliant, except for a Satyr's eyes. "Go on. I have to play nice with the older Satyrs, and I don't even enjoy it."

Milton motioned to Harley, and the younger Satyr nodded, waiting as Ben sauntered over.

"Yeah, apparently I'm a member. Who would have thought? So, cousins? That would lead me to presume that we share something other than bad names," Ben said.

The other Satyr nodded. "Your father's sister is my mother and a Princess herself."

Ben nodded. "That makes sense. Seems I'm just bursting with royalty."

"Your line is a proud and fierce one, cousin. No wonder Minerva was gifted to you."

"That's 'cause I'm special," Ben said, taking a seat next to Harley.

"Sure it is." He smirked. "Milton handpicked you, buddy, even handpicked me to show you the ropes today. Shit like that doesn't happen often, not that I wanted Minerva. She's like a sister to me."

Ben looked him over, measuring him up. "Good, because you're not getting her. She's mine."

"Hey cousin, you don't have to say it twice, not my type anyway." He grinned. "How is she, though? You know there were bets being taken as to who would take her if you'd never shown up. She is the fairest of the lot."

"From what I saw last night, she is and she's good. Well trained, head and shoulders above the humans I've been reduced to playing with. So who was favourite in the bets?" Ben asked, scanning the crowd and taking note of the hostile and friendly looks.

Harley pointed out a middle-aged Satyr a few tables over. "Dartmouth over there. He's only a score of years older than her, and he controls a lot in the Satyr community."

"Lucky for her I showed up then, isn't it?" he said, looking over the older Satyr. "What about you? You get lucky last night?"

"Several times, though not like you. My family collar is meant for another, that's for damn sure. I'm not settling for the meagre lot they gave this year – Minerva excluded."

"They'd stop traffic for all the wrong reasons."

At the comment, Harley spit his scotch across the table. It was lucky they were sitting alone and not one of the other tables noticed the outburst. "Shit! Too true, though they do have their uses, but like I said, I'm destined for so much more."

Ben laughed. "Man, you're awfully full of yourself, ain't you? And just what is it your destiny holds?"

"Her name is Arabella, and she's the reigning Princess of south-eastern Europe."

"Ah..." He nodded in understanding. "And she's more in Mina's league?"

"She is the Minerva of Europe, or so I have heard. It will be a while yet 'til I meet her."

"How long is a while?"

"Olanis, the next gathering, which is November."

"That's not too long. Just don't go saving yourself. You know what practice makes." He took a gulp of his drink before setting it carefully back down. "So exactly what ropes does the big guy want you to show me?"

"I have no fucking clue, to tell you the truth. I suppose answering questions and gossiping." He shrugged. "And Olanis is a long way off, if you've got a collar you're itching to use."

Ben laughed. "And a scratch you're dying to itch."

"Indeed. So tell me, what do you wanna know?"

"The old guy covered it pretty well, and Mina has filled me in on the rest. What's his deal, though? He always this nice to newcomers, or is it just because I'm so special?"

"I'm saying it's 'cause you're special. Milton isn't so bad a guy, but he has kept Minerva coveted and cloistered. The only time any of us has caught a glimpse of her has been at dinner parties. I gotta say, though, a Tempest here, well, it's a good thing."

"What happened to the rest of them?" Ben asked. "And don't give me the 'they disappeared' bullshit."

"Honestly? I don't know. I met my uncle once when he came to see my mother. Then she got sad for a long time, and my father indulged her. It was the only time he's ever done that with her. No one has seen any of the Tempest clan in a long time, cousin, and until you showed up, we thought you'd disappeared with them."

"Nah, they abandoned me with the Strigo before they went. Kind of a doorstep-Moses-basket thing."

"Moses, eh? Shit, that's rough, but it also explains a lot."

"My god complex?"

Harley laughed. "No, though, I'm sure a couple hours on the couch would figure that one out. No, I mean the theory that they had to go into danger. You were the only child of the Tempest clan that anyone knew of. If they went into danger, leaving you somewhere you would be safe stands to reason."

"Into danger? What does that mean?"

"Not sure. Satyrs are the top of the food chain out in the real world, though I daresay your father taking a royal demon as a Beloved probably didn't sit well with that side of the tree."

"That doesn't make sense. The Strigo king hated me, and if he'd killed them, he wouldn't have let me live. Plus by all accounts, he loved his sister. They were twins. From what I'm led to believe, he wouldn't have done anything to hurt her. What about in-fighting here? Amongst the other Satyrs? Could any of the other clans have done it?"

"It's possible, but it's only been ten years since it's been this organised. Arcane took top billing because of their holdings, but Tempest are really the rulers here. Before the organisation, it really was just the four clans. Now there are several new clans recognised, but only as nobility. The four originals are considered royalty."

"Interesting. Could they have done it? The Arcane?"

"Possibly, though unlikely, considering without a full royal governing body, a lot of issues cannot be resolved, which is no doubt one of the reasons Milton is being so nice, he needs you to want to be part of society."

"A society that wants me is a little daunting."

"And why the hell would you say that? Have you met these old pervs?"

"Thankfully, no. I'm not sure how I'd feel about it if they were worse than me. On one hand, it would be a good thing. On the other, my ego might suffer a severe blow."

"Well, that's one thing we aren't in any great need of. The egos of the Satyr are worse than Tom Cruise."

This time it was Ben's turn to spit his drink out on the table. "Shit. Now, that I can't believe. I thought he was one."

"Cruise? Hell no, I don't know any group who claims him except that pay to pray sham in Holly-weird."

"Ah, he must be an alien then, one with platforms."

"Shit, I don't doubt that, either. Anything is possible. That man is not well." He grinned. "But seriously, Satyrs are not lacking three things. Ego, sex appeal, and willing women."

"Amen to that." He took another drink.

"It's not so bad, actually. I mean, think about it. Sex on a regular basis with women who willingly want to do anything you ask, power, wealth, and the ability to gain it all wherever you go. Not a bad setup."

"If you can avoid the family lawsuits, it's not," he muttered into his beer.

"That's why we have a phalanx of lawyers to take care of things."

"That helps, I'm sure. So what are we supposed to be doing here? Gossiping?"

"Shit if I know. This is my first Summit, as well. I know lunch comes out sometime while they're all blustering." He took another drink from the waiter who came by. "Did you meet the other royal Prince yet? Guy's a pill. Total old school."

"Not yet but he looked pretty stiff, and not in the way I normally mean."

Harley nodded his agreement. "Rigel is old school in the worst way. The Toloose Clan still believes in harems. While I'm usually all for a room fulla women at my beck and call, I simply don't have the time to service twenty women weekly. The other clans have embraced

the mating with Beloveds—not all, but the royalty has. It ensures a steady line. Toloose is nothing of the sort. They're unpredictable, and letting them get their hands on any of the choice Princesses would be rotten."

"Not to mention, too many women never makes for a happy home life. They aren't made for sharing," Ben offered.

"Yeah, some are, if trained and broken correctly, but who wants a broken horse? Personally, I like a little fire in the women I have," Harley said with a slight wiggle of his eyebrows.

"Broken women are unpredictable. You're right, though. There's no fun in it if they aren't capable of playing back."

"So you're of the newer school of thought. This is good."

Ben shrugged. "I have my own school of thought."

"And that's a refreshing change, as well. Staunch uppity dipshits are all bent on the amount of pussy they have. It's quality not quantity is what I say."

Ben agreed. "It is, plus basic mechanics and history. Most of legend's greatest figures were brought down by women who weren't happy with their lot."

"And they say pussy doesn't rule the world." Harley sipped his drink.

"It would if we let it."

Harley grinned at Ben. "Too true, cousin, too true. So your plans for tonight?"

"What I'd planned to do right now if Milton hadn't been so insistent that I come here."

"That's a given. I mean for tonight's dinner party. Will you bring her with you?"

"I doubt leaving her alone is such a good idea. Why?"

"Three of the seven were collared last night. Milton didn't plan on that happening so quickly, so he's bringing in some entertainment for the night."

"Really? Anything fun?"

"I believe so. Three snakes if I heard correctly this morning at breakfast. The remaining three Princesses will be part of the show, as well. Minerva isn't considered part of it as far as I know. I'm going for entertainment value, though if I had a beauty begging to serve me through this convergence, shit, I wouldn't leave her."

"Maybe, it'll be worth a watch. I'll see if I can fit it in between the fun. Mina has to sleep sometime."

* * * *

Minerva enjoyed the warmth of the sunshine that lit her face from the floor-to-ceiling windows of the ground floor of Belvedere Castle. The gentle hum of low conversations ebbed and flowed around her, the other Princesses and concubines all at their own stations being pampered by the phalanx of salon employees who had been employed to give them their afternoon of beauty.

Her mother, who was sitting with the other bound concubines, had set up this afternoon while the Satyr's dealt with all the staunch federation issues. Her father had suggested the women have a day of beauty, as to better make themselves presentable for the men. Her mother had outdone herself.

The great room of the castle had stations along the entire length—chairs for pedicures and manicures, hair-cutting stations, waxing stations, massage stations and exfoliating booths. No expense had been spared to show the newer Princesses how life with the Satyr who chose them would be.

Federation Satyrs weren't like their country cousins. They lived for the comfort the civilised world provided, and they were generous with their money when it came to their concubines and Beloveds. If Ben treated her as such, she would be content.

She looked down at the diminutive woman who was painting her toenails a pretty iridescent green. Ben would like the colour, and it would match her nails and enhance the burnt-cherry rinse they had run through her hair. Adria, one of the other Princesses who sat to her left, looked over at her and smiled.

"So? How is the Tempest Prince? Are the legends true about their prowess?"

Minerva looked at her and grinned. Adria had been a friend for a long time, and sharing that with her, just in case Esben didn't choose her, would help to ensure he got someone special, as well. "He is amazing, not that I would have anything to compare it to, but... something about him... He's all Satyr. So what about you?"

Adria shrugged. "I was the first carried off the night of the convergence." She grinned. "I served four Satyrs. It was bliss. I believe one of them is going to offer to my father for me.

He is young, but...um...very...hung. He's not Tempest, but he is Arcane. I would be part of your father's clan." She beamed.

Minerva shook her head at her friend. Her father's clan was by far the richest and most respected, aside from Ben's clan.

Her Satyr. She had started to think of the Tempest Prince as her own since he had taken her the night of the convergence. He hadn't shown interest in any of the other Princesses, and he certainly hadn't left her bed since he was gifted her. So far, he had lived up to everything she'd been taught a Satyr should be—dominant, sexy, masterful, and creative. So what if she had to tutor him in Satyr society? It wasn't his fault he didn't know. It wasn't his fault his parents had up and disappeared when he was a baby. And he was really so much more than a Satyr. As a Tempest Prince, his prowess would be unmatched, but his demon side... She purred at the thought of their future should he decide to keep her. His time powers would be a reward indeed, and she would make sure she was always extra good.

"And I know the Arcane would welcome you into its ranks. Tell me, Adria, what's it like serving multiple Satyrs?"

Adria blushed and grinned. "I shouldn't be talking about it, but it is fantastic. The power... But none of them bled me. Has the Tempest Prince bled you?"

Minerva licked her lips and looked down, wiggling her toes as the pedicurist moved from her right foot to the other. "He did," she said quietly.

"How...how was it?" her friend asked and bit her bottom lip in embarrassment.

Minerva looked at her and grinned. "I recommend it highly, though I will be sad if he collars me."

Adria gasped. "Sad? Why, Minerva! Why would that make you sad? Isn't that what we all want?"

"Yes, it is what I want, very much so. But with the collar, he won't pierce my skin with his teeth anymore. Though I am told by mother that the collar is the same principle, I just don't think it will be the same as feeling him draw from the wound."

Adria nodded. "I understand that."

Minerva relaxed a bit more when a waitress brought them frozen drinks. She accepted hers and took a sip, tasting the pineapple and mango, then purred. "So which of the Arcane was it? Stubin? Or maybe Alistair?"

Her friend took a drink of her own smoothie, a blood-red concoction that smelled like strawberries and watermelon. "Neither. It's Seymour. He kept me through the night, and even let me sleep with him. He took me several times after we were left alone."

"You could see yourself with him, then?"

"More so than any other, though tonight, I'm not sure who will have me. I hope it's him."

Minerva smiled at her friend's wistfulness. "Indeed. You will end up with the Satyr who's best suited for you."

"And you? Do you want the Tempest Prince?"

"I do." It felt good to say it, to let the world know it. She would only be whole with Esben, the Prince who had become so much to her in so little time. She just needed him to keep her, to collar her and keep her safe.

She drank her fruity treat and sighed. "For tonight's event?" she asked curiously and motioned to the woman who airbrushed what looked to be scales on her friend's naked torso.

Adria nodded. "Your father has decreed that the three of us who are not yet collared will be part of tonight's entertainment."

Minerva frowned. "Hold it. Three? Who were collared?"

Her friend lifted her hand and ticked off names. "Colana, Lillia and Rowena."

Minerva frowned again. That left Opal, Adria, Emmaline and herself. She wasn't being counted as non-collared or collared. Her father hadn't let her know there was a show for the night's entertainment at the ball and left her feeling a little out of the loop. She looked around the room. Both Emmaline and Opal were getting the same airbrush treatment as Adria. "So where do I fit into all this? I mean, I didn't even know this was going on."

"I don't know. Maybe it means your father is confident the Tempest Prince will claim you? You have been keeping him company."

She smiled and nodded at the possibility. "True. What's the night's show?"

"Three were-snakes are being brought in, one for each Princess to interact with. I think it's your father's way of showing our worth."

And it was a perfect way to do it. It would entice the Satyrs by throwing some of the most sensual creatures on the planet in with women. It was pretty much foolproof.

"Do you think the Tempest Prince will bring you?"

"I don't know. If it is his will, though, I don't mind not leaving my quarters. He keeps me well occupied." She winked at her friend who laughed.

"Somehow, I expected that." Adria giggled as the airbrush artist worked on her now exposed breasts. "It won't be the same though, without you out to play."

Minerva shrugged. She loved being with the Princesses, but Ben's touch was what she craved. "That time is over really. By the end of the week, we will all be collared and cherished. Real life begins now, don't you think?"

Adria nodded. "You were always the most level-headed of the lot of us. And you'll be the new Tempest Beloved. You'll see."

Minerva wasn't sure how that would happen, with Ben's adamant stance that she wouldn't be, but she held onto her friend's optimism. She smiled and sat back closing her eyes, quietly reliving Ben's attentions of earlier in the day.

* * * *

Mina was right, Ben thought. Aside from meeting Harlequin, the days preceding had been dreadfully boring, at least from his point of view. He learned nothing from Milton and the other old Satyrs while they argued over land and woman's rights. He learned far more in bed with his Mina. She'd told him everything he needed to know in far less time than it would have taken him to get it all out of Milton, which was great. Less time learning meant more time fucking and feeding. He was really getting used to the whole Satyr thing. The feeding was kinky as hell and turned him on to no end, along with leaving him feeling great. His demon powers had been quiet most of the time, except when they were outside the Castle during their little walk. His powers had fit him perfectly then, as always. Being here and having them quiet, not the thrumming fuzz in the back of his mind, was odd.

He and Mina had even developed their own routine already, one he was loath to break today. Ben had expected to have her once she got back from her pampering, but time was growing short. The Nymph ball was hours away, and it wouldn't be long until he'd be able to take her home and show her his pool. Oh how he longed to do that. They'd have a lot of fun in there. However, before he could take her home, there was the small matter of her

collar. He couldn't bear to have her without one for much longer. In the small spaces of time he allowed her out of the room, he'd noticed the looks she'd been getting from the other Princes and a few of the older Satyrs.

Ben had taken to snarling and glaring at them, vowing to never let her out of his sight. She was his, her body was his, but it would take a collar before any of those bastards would leave her to him. He was getting so territorial it was ridiculous. Anymore and he'd be pissing on her, not something she'd enjoy. He couldn't help himself though. The thought of losing her over something as stupid as a collar was driving him insane.

Having a design and colour in mind, he'd managed to arrange the collar, more or less, with a phone call. Rashad, the collar master, had known roughly what Ben had been asking for and drawn him up a sketch. Ben had whole-heartedly approved of it and the old man had set about working. Ben was assured the man did good work, and he had no reason to doubt it. In Ben's eyes, one didn't get a name like the collar master without being good.

Ben came to the door and knocked anxiously on it. He didn't want to leave Mina for too long on her own despite her being under lock and key.

"Come in, come in," a gruff voice said from behind the heavy oak door that was already ajar. The owner of the voice, a small and unimposing man, sat at a table with a magnified jewellers loop strapped to his head and a pair of bifocals over his eyes. He didn't bother to look up, just fiddled with the small clasp he worked on.

Controlling a laugh at the old boy's appearance, Ben walked in, eyeing the place. There was no point in introducing himself as he was already expected.

"So, you're early, Tempest Prince. The Arcane Princess being too much to leave alone too long?" he asked. Without looking up, he grabbed a small tool that looked like a syringe and working at the jewellery in his hand.

"Have you met her? Damn right, I don't want to leave her alone in this place. You might not have noticed, but there are a lot of...unsavoury characters darting around," Ben chuckled jokingly.

"I have. Not all Satyrs are from houses as noble yours or the other six that Arcane acknowledges. You have a true beauty, Tempest Prince. Please don't waste her on others. Blood as sweet and potent as hers shouldn't ever be shared."

"It won't be." His voice growled lower than he liked, causing him to cough.

Rashad finally looked up and blinked with his bright-yellow eyes. He didn't look as old as Ben knew he was, but his eyes held hardness and wisdom. "So I suspect you wish to inspect the piece before you take it?" he said, getting up and grabbing a box marked with a large T with a star under it. He handed it to Ben.

Taking the box, Ben opened it gingerly, praying it was what he'd wanted. He wasn't disappointed. The collar was perfect, and the opals and smoky quartz worked perfectly together in the simple design. He smiled at the old man, lifting it out. "It's exquisite, exactly as I'd imagined."

"She will look perfect in it, of that I have no doubt. As instructed, the clasp is spelled and the jewels are removable. The other sets are in the box, as well. If you desire others, please let me know so I can make the attachments, Prince. Please remember, this is irremovable once it's on."

"I remember, and I have no intention of wanting it removed." He lifted the weighty collar in his hand. "You got the markings in the gold perfect."

He'd told the old man exactly what he'd wanted. The markings in the swirling gold matched the brand on his arm. It was simple time markings and symbols, things he'd had with him his whole life, and he'd wanted to share them with her. He felt the power coming from the simple markings, calling out to him. He and Minerva would have to enjoy his power over time later. He knew it was something she'd love.

"They don't call me a collar master for nothing. It should fit her perfectly, as well, and not chafe. Of course, the bleeding will be light, not from the jugular."

Ben looked inside, seeing the tiny spikes for the first time. "Ah...about the bleeding... Exactly how does that work?" he asked delicately. He hated asking questions, but Mina hadn't been able to tell him and he wanted to be able to use that function.

"The collar is set to you—your thoughts and your wishes—as all collars should be. If you wish to bleed your Princess, simply think about it, and the collar will do the rest. Think of the piece as an extension of you."

"Not bad. I'm looking forward to having it on her. Thank you, it's greatly appreciated."

"No thanks needed, Tempest Prince. Enjoy your concubine. Now, I have orders to fill," he said and went back to his desk, completely forgetting Ben and his presence in the room.

Grinning, Ben closed the box and backed out of the room leaving the door as he'd found it. Smiling to himself in anticipation of the rest of the day, he tucked the box into his coat and headed off in search of his room. Mina would be very happy when he finally collared her, no more teasing. First, though, they had to show face at this orgy, the prospect of which had thrilled him to no end a few days ago. Now, however, the whole prospect irritated him. He wasn't going to share her, despite the opportunity to leave her to her own devices and watching her movements without him.

She'd been told to get ready after he'd left, and he hoped she was. It would be a shame to punish her now after her being so good. He made it to their room and unlocked the door, calling her to him.

Minerva walked into the room, smiling, and did a twirl. Her see-through dress showed off all her curves and the fact she wore nothing under it. The dress shimmered with an opal's fire, and her hair was up, displaying her neck and throat. She wore no shoes as she padded around the suite with her silvery green painted toes. "Was your meeting successful?" she asked quietly.

"It wasn't bad," he said eyeing her appreciatively.

"Does this please you? I could change if you wish," she said and walked closer as if to give him a better look.

Sometimes, she could be so needy, not that he was one to give her the answers she wanted. She might have been raised to question everything about her when it came to her Satyr, but it was getting to Ben. A submissive woman was one thing, but one that didn't know her own worth and doubted her looks was something totally different. "It'll do," he told her with a smile.

She nodded. "Unless you wish me to be nude for the orgy, Prince?"

"No, I definitely do not. No nakedness for the orgy."

Again, she nodded and went to him, fitting her body against him. She shivered a little then licked her lips.

Laying a gentle kiss on her lips, he smiled at her. "We better get going. I really don't want to be there any longer than we have to. The sooner we get back, the sooner we can start enjoying ourselves."

"But the orgy is for your enjoyment, Prince, a chance to indulge. Surely, you wouldn't begrudge yourself that?"

"I'm not begrudging myself anything. There's just something I'd rather be doing. *Someone* I'd rather be doing. You forget I've seen the other women, and none of them interest me."

She beamed and chuckled. "I asked mother about the Nymphs. She assured me they would be in attendance. One of them might interest you."

Nymphs? Well, they were a little more interesting but not a lot. "They might, but once you've had one, you've had them all. I guess we'll just have to see."

"Indeed, my Prince. Shall we?"

Nodding, he took her arm in his, leading her out the door and towards the grand hall. "So there are a lot of Nymphs going?"

"Apparently. Mother says they sponsor this event. They get their play time and the Satyrs get some mystical variety."

"Variety, eh? Well that's one way of putting it."

"And I understand the un-collared Princesses will be engaged in a floorshow with some special guests—three were-snakes my father has brought in. It should be an interesting show."

"I'm sure it will. Were-snakes have their appeal and a certain flexibility you can't find just anywhere," he commented lightly.

She giggled. "What exactly do you mean?"

"Well, I would hardly call it a good show. Let's face it, it's just a big orgy, with fugly Princesses and a few snakes and maybe a Nymph or two added to the mix. Most likely, it'll spill out onto the crowd. Nymphs are immune to our powers, but that's hardly any reason to line them up and fuck them."

What the fuck was he saying? It was every reason to fuck them. He'd done it for years.

"Never mind. The snakes should be something to watch. One day, I'll take you to a ball at the demon pleasure courts. Now, the Succubi really know how to pull off a show."

Minerva grinned. "I would love to see the Afterverse with you, Prince. I'm sure it's beautiful."

"It is, or was last I went there. It's been a while," he admitted.

"How long?"

"A few years." He shrugged, not wanting to get into it.

She smiled as they walked into the throng in the room, the party well underway. Everywhere they looked, there were bodies in various states of undress and passion. She shivered. "So much power being leaked tonight," she said absently.

As they looked around, the lights lowered and two spotlights went to a curtained area where the three un-collared Princesses walked out, airbrushed to perfection. The three glittering, naked women started their sensual dance, their painted scales undulating. They moved in tandem, rolling their hips and reaching their arms up to the ceiling, as an exotic drum beat reached a crescendo. They stopped moving, and three other women walked out behind them. They moved with such fluid grace, every motion measured and refined. Were-snakes. They reached up, cupping the Princesses' breasts as if to weigh them then rolled their nipples until they were gifted with moans.

The congregation's energy grew higher, building to frenzy. The girls in the spotlight were the second course. The first was the two-dozen Nymphs who were already working the crowd expertly.

The were-snakes, who rubbed and pinched the Princesses, walked around each of their respective partners and moved with them in a sensual dance. Thighs between legs, they moved, lips meeting and nipples teasing each other. Satyrs catcalled from the crowd.

Minerva turned her head to whisper in Ben's ear. "It seems the show is having the effect my father thought it would. It looks like the Rummer and Toloose houses are deciding on the girls. I hope they don't end up with Toloose. Princesses deserve to be Princes' first concubines, not fixtures in a harem."

The Princesses and the snakes now writhed on the floor, kissing and touching and licking while screams of ecstasy came from the raised dais where they performed. Several of the Satyr Princes approached the dais and joined the girls, grabbing both were-snake females and the Princesses to indulge in their pleasure.

Minerva shivered with the rising lusts of the room and moaned. "So much energy, my Prince. Look at all the Nymphs."

He had to admit it was impressive. Multi-coloured limbs spread out all over the place or entangled on the floor. The sharp smell of blood was in the air along with the heavy scent of sex. He could feel the power.

Minerva clung to him and ran her hand down his chest to cup his turgid cock through his soft slacks. "What would you have of me, my Prince?"

"Oh, Mina, love, I can think of so many answers to that question." Ben smirked, thrusting himself against the delicious heat of her hand.

She smiled and licked her lips sweetly. "I'm here for your pleasure, my Prince. Shall we find somewhere to play, or would you prefer right here?"

"Look around you? Almost every male eye is on you," he whispered gravely into her ear. "Even the ones who are fucking. How does that make you feel? Knowing they wish it's you, pretending that it is." It was true. She'd drawn the eye of all the males around him. A surge of pride for her ran through him. She was his. He had no intention of letting them get their hands on her.

She shuddered, the room's energy affecting her. "Um...I don't care. I'm yours. They don't make me quiver."

"No, of course, they don't. They could never rival me, but I think we should show them what they're missing. Don't you think?"

"Anything you want, Prince. I only want to please you, my Prince." She moved into his arms and rubbed against him. "Tell me what you want."

He sent her a smirk, looking for the perfect place for his own little presentation. "I want you to show everyone how well you dance on my cock."

She nodded. "Anything you want, Prince. I'm burning for you," she moaned and massaged his cock. "I need you."

"Clearly as do I," he grumbled into her ear, slipping an arm around her and leading her to the stairs to the dais. He moved up the first few and sat down on the steps, bringing her down to straddle him.

Minerva's sheer dress sparkled in the lights that framed them, and she looked down into his eyes and shivered. The focus went from the throng to them. She moaned as his hands slipped up her body.

A spotlight left the girls, lighting Ben and Minerva. Her dress shone transparent, all but exposing her. "Get out my cock, love. You know what to do."

She nodded and worked open his pants then pumped his turgid cock with her small hand. "Um...you honour me, Prince," she moaned and licked her lips. "Suck or fuck, my Prince. I'm yours to command."

"Suck for a little while. I want that pretty ass of yours up and pointed at the crowd."

She shuddered and nodded, rising off her knees, and slid slowly down his lap to stand on the floor at the foot of the stair, straight legs parted slightly. She bent at that waist, nuzzling his cock with her nose and flipping her hair. She slowly licked her tongue up his shaft, giving a show. The crowd growled and called to them as she slipped him down her throat, her ass in the air as he wanted.

Her mouth was exquisite torture as she expertly worked him. He watched her, her own pleasure shining in her eyes. Such a wanton little thing, his Mina.

"Good girl," he encouraged, pleased his voice showed only a little strain.

Mina closed her eyes and let go her control, going to her knees and moaning around his shaft as she took him deep, her lips kissing the root of him as she shook her ass in the air again. Those behind her commented on the moisture running from her pussy, her lips swollen and begging to be fucked. She shivered and sucked harder on Ben, laving his cock with her tongue in a swirling motion.

"Hear that, Mina?" he growled, his hands going through her hair of their own accord and fisting it tightly.

"Um-hmm..." She said and sucked harder, her hand going to his sac and working him hard.

Ben grinned smugly, his eyes moving over the crowd. "Let's give them what they really want to see." He pulled her off him, using her hair to guide her until their lips met in a breathless kiss.

Minerva took the assault on her mouth with gusto and moaned into him as they listened to the cheers and calls. She moved closer going to her knees between his legs.

"Take the dress off. Show them what they're really missing."

She pulled the dress over her head and displayed her tight nipples, flat belly and wet pussy that glistened with her desire for him. Satyrs all around them groaned and clapped. Minerva blushed, and the flush went to her toes.

"I like you that colour." Ben grinned wryly at her, covering her breasts with his hands and twisting her pebble-like nipples, drawing them out further. "You may come as many times as you wish. My gift to you." He growled the command softly as he lifted her and parted her thighs so she straddled him. "Exquisite," he told her before he slipped her down on his shaft.

Minerva arched into his arms, her nipples jutting close to his waiting mouth as he moved her hips, fucking her brutally. Closing her eyes, she rode him hard and gave herself over to the sensation of his cock pounding her pussy. Seconds later, she screamed his name, shuddering as she came. Cheers came from her clan's side of the room.

"That's it, Mina. You can do more. I know you can." He arched upwards, taking her nipple into his mouth and rolling it fiercely as he thrust upwards into her.

She gasped and purred, loving him with everything she had. She sobbed anew, riding him hard and giving him her all. He brought her again, moaning. She leant into his shoulder and kissed his shoulder and neck.

"That's it, pet," he growled, sitting up. His hands supporting her, he leaned her back taking her harder.

She laid back, her breasts visible to the entire room, and cried out as he bit her sweetly then she came for him again. "More..."

Watching her breasts bounce joyfully before him, he couldn't help but give her everything she asked for. He took her harder, her body gripping him tightly. "Play with your clit, love. I want to see you strumming on it."

Mina obliged her lover, closing her eyes and teasing herself for his benefit and delight.

"I think we should get you pierced, give me something to tug on with my teeth."

"Yes!" she moaned and came hard again, her pussy clamping down on his cock hard. "Anything, my Prince!"

Thrusting his head back, he hissed loudly gritting his teeth. He couldn't last much longer. Especially with her body coming so tightly around him. But there was just one more thing he wanted before he could finish. Pulling her up against him, he kissed her savagely.

"On your knees," he commanded, pulling her off him and placing her at the top of the dais. Once he had her positioned to show her off to her maximum capacity, he sunk back into her waiting heat.

Minerva shuddered and moaned, leaning down. "Prince..." she panted and surrendered to him.

He took her hard and fast, showing her no mercy as he pounded into her.

She screamed and shuddered, coming hard yet again and reached behind her, her shoulders on the dais as she clawed at his thighs.

He couldn't last any longer. He swore loudly, finding his release, his body spilling into her tight grip.

Minerva panted and purred. "Thank you, Prince."

"You're welcome," he smiled down at her. He pulled out of her, immediately feeling the loss as the cool air brushed over his cock. "Now, go get cleaned up," he handed her the dress as he spied his cousin in the crowd by the bar. "I'll be talking to Harlequin. Come find me. Don't let anyone touch you."

She nodded. "I won't. I believe my mother is beckoning me to the powder room. Might I ask to spend a few minutes with her and my father?"

"Of course," he nodded, standing and fixing himself. He gave her a reassuring pat on the ass before making his way from the dais and over to his cousin who was watching him with amusement. "I'll have what he's having," he ordered the girl serving drinks then added, "Minus the under-the-table shit."

Harley grinned and petted the head of the Nymph sucking hard on his cock. "Quite a show, Cousin. If they had any doubts about how Satyr you are, they have been laid to rest now."

"To be honest, I don't care much about their doubts." He grinned, lifting his beer and taking a swig of the cool amber liquid.

"Immaterial. You sure I can't tempt you? This one is seriously talented and I'm sure your cock needs a good suck and blow clean up."

"I wouldn't mind a cleaning." Ben smirked at his helpful cousin. "But I'd hate to pull her away from you."

"Please, cousin, there's plenty more where that came from." He motioned to the woman slinking over to where Ben sat. "And it looks like she's quite interested."

"Fair enough then." He pointed his slacks. "I'm sure you won't need any help on my behalf," he told the Nymph, dismissing her completely. In truth, he had half hoped Mina could meet him and clean him off, but he'd have to make do with the Nymph as Mina was engrossed in a conversation with her mother.

Harley gripped the hair of the girl on his shaft and pushed down on her head, getting a gasp from her. "She's very responsive, that Minerva. If you don't collar her soon, someone might try to take her."

"I plan on it, very soon," he told his cousin as the Nymph knelt between his thighs, unbuttoning him and setting to her cleaning task.

Harley nodded. "Indeed. Well, then, congratulations are in order. Not a bad way to end this summit. What's next for you, after this?" he asked and fisted the girl's hair harder. "We should hang out I think, family and all."

"I'm sure that could be arranged." He frowned down at the Nymph who, trying as hard as she was, just didn't have the same skill as his Mina. "It looks like I'm going to be busy trying to find out what happened to the others. I could use some help with that. Plus we have Olanis to look forward to."

"Indeed. I'm here for you, man." Harley reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a card. "All my numbers and email. I'm still at college, but I'm pretty much always available." He looked over at a Nymph, walking towards them and motioned to Ben. "She looks like she knows you."

"Little bitch," he swore, grabbing the hair of Nymph sucking at his cock and pulling her off. "Nice seeing you, Harley. Enjoy your night." He stood, pocketed the card and stalked to the Nymph, *his* Nymph. "You little liar," he growled as he approached her.

"Me?" she said as she sidled up to him, her hands familiar on his person. "Now, why would I be a liar, Ben?"

"You swore you had no clue what that little imp was going on about."

"Why would I spill the beans, as the mortals say? You were going to enjoy this, lover. I always knew there was something special about you, baby. I could taste it when I sucked you off. Should have known it was the Satyr in you."

"Nice to know there's a flavour." He took her hands off him. He hated being pawed at. "But you could have given me a clue. I dislike walking into things blind."

"Haven't you always told me to not impede on your pleasure? Well this," she motioned around the room, "is pleasure. Saw your little show with the girl. Inspiring, though I think we could rock this room better. She's still so amateur." She grinned.

"And I also told you not to lie to me." He let his eyes wander to Mina. Something about the Nymph's tone made him frown. "Amateur maybe, but she's a natural, and sometimes fresh is good. She has a tightness I'm sure you haven't had for centuries."

"Maybe. So...you're a full Satyr in the height of his power...and a Tempest Prince, too... You're a thing of legend, Ben, and something I'm dying to have again. I can serve you just as well as the little Princess can, if not better. What do you say? Fancy a go?"

Her newfound desperation irritated the hell outta him. Granted, she was jealous, but it was uncalled for. "Oh I don't know..." He turned to her. "I've had you a lot, and it didn't really move me. The novelty's worn off – unless, this time, you're prepared to actually try?"

She smirked and licked her lips, her breasts barely fitting in the scrap of fabric holding her back. "I could, though before I never had to serve you, really. My blood is sweeter than hers, Ben. Care for a taste?"

"I don't really have a blood fetish, Nymph. That's just for her. I'm not aroused by the thought of drinking from any others." He looked down at her chest in full view. Her breasts weren't as round as Mina's.

She shrugged. "It's a sad, sad state of affairs when a Satyr won't indulge his baser needs. We could be so good together lover, but it's interesting to see the kind of man you will become with that simpering twit as your Beloved. Enjoy her, Ben." She winked and turned tail, walking back into the throng.

"...The fuck?" he growled, watching her go. Simpering twit? He considered going after the Nymph, proving her wrong in front of everyone and showing her just how much he enjoyed indulging his baser need. He decided against it. It was exactly what she hoped for, and Ben just didn't have the energy for a jealous Nymph especially when there were plenty to choose from. None of them appealed to him though. At the moment, he only wanted Mina.

Bodies surrounded him, and none of that interested him in the slightest. He wasn't broken, but more infatuated. It didn't mean there wouldn't be anybody else for him, just that at the moment, he didn't have plans for any other female. There were other more important things on his mind. The collar in his pocket begged to be worn. Letting the Nymph go, he turned and walked in the opposite direction to Mina and her family.

Nodding to Milton, he took Mina by the arm and whispered in her ear, "Let's go."

Mina turned to him and smiled, heat flushing her face and setting her eyes alight from within. "Yes, my Prince." She smiled at him, and they left the room, her body pressed close to his. "You were amazing," she whispered to him as they walked through the halls. "And the night is still young."

Chapter Six

Energy clung to Minerva long after they'd left the great hall and Nymph ball. She had enjoyed the spectacle and had been unsurprised that her Prince had wished to show up the planned entertainment. She'd enjoyed it thoroughly but had been surprised when the Nymph had approach him and he'd declined her advances. Minerva knew he wouldn't share her, and she felt pride in that. Though he had yet to collar her, he was treating her like a Beloved consort.

She wasn't sure if he would collar her, but it was something she hoped for by the end of the week. Ben was everything a Satyr should be. He was sexy, and dominant, perfectly cruel when he needed to be and very attentive and loving also. Her parents had chosen well for her, had picked the best possible Satyr for her attentions, and she was grateful. The other men at the summit weren't interesting, not when she had a powerful and generous Prince gracing her bed.

If he really kept her then she would be gracing *his* bed and hopefully wearing his collar. She would be his to use and cherish, and she would serve him well, as was expected of her. It wasn't like it would be a hardship. Ben ignited things in her, set her body on edge and made her want to please him.

Now was no different. They were back in her suite, the lights dim, the ceiling above them open to the moons' blessings. Ben looked at her with his smouldering gaze, and her body tightened. Ellen had told her that would be the way of it when she found her Satyr, that circumstance or situation wouldn't stop the attraction or the instinct to allow him anything he desired. She shivered, the sheer material on her body serving only to heighten her sensitivity. Her breasts and nipples ached, heat and moisture pooled low in her belly, and her body thrummed with unfulfilled passion. She wanted him, knew she would always want him. He was indeed a Satyr in his full power. He was deliciously posed, watching her from his place by the door, the portal now locked. No one would disturb them, and no one would stop her from enjoying his attentions.

She cocked her head and smiled at him, her hands running down her body slowly.

"What are you thinking about, Prince? Did you not wish to enjoy the Nymph?" she asked, still curious as to why he didn't join in the festivities. Just because he didn't wish to share her didn't mean he would deny his own desires.

She was for his pleasures, and if it pleased him to have another woman, who was she to say differently? It was the Satyr way. Many Satyrs had scores of women, like those in the Toloose clan. Then there were the few who had one, like her father and most of the other reigning royalty. She had hoped she would be like her mother, but that wasn't necessary. Just having Ben, gracing his bed and serving him would be enough for her.

"I've already had that Nymph, and as I said before, I have better things to do tonight."

His smile sent shivers through her.

"Indeed?" she said and looked up. The clouds moved from the earth's moon, bathing her body in moonlight.

"Mmm...yes, I certainly do." He motioned for her to come to him.

Minerva blushed, the look on his face heating her to her core. She slunk over to him, her hips swaying as she did.

He gently drew his fingers down her cheek. "You have served me well the past few days."

"Thank you, Prince." She shivered to his touch once again.

"This," he grinned sexily as he pulled a box from his pocket and held it out to her, "I believe, is for you."

She looked at him, her eyes beaming. She took the box with shaky hands and opened it then gasped as she gazed on the collar. The opals and quartz were perfect, elegant and beautiful, and the leather had swirls that seemed to dance on the material, like the demon mark that lived on her Satyr's forearm. He was exerting full claim over her, to both the Satyrs and the demons.

The emotion that came over her was almost too much. She looked up to him again, completely in awe. "Really?"

"Indeed, it's yours. I couldn't picture it on a finer neck."

She grinned and moved closer, softly kissing him on the lips. "Thank you, Prince. It's beautiful."

"You can thank me properly in a moment. Let's put it on you first."

She giggled and blushed, her excitement reaching its peak. She watched as he gingerly picked up the collar. The silvery ribbon attached to the thicker, silver-dyed leather glinted in the light along with the jewels. It felt cool and heavy around her neck as he placed it and closed the clasp.

"There," he said, stepping back and admiring it approvingly.

Minerva closed her eyes, feeling magic cloak her body, her nipples tightening. She reached up and felt for the clasp, which had completely disappeared then grinned at him, the moonlight around them making the air glitter. It felt good, the thick leather warming and sitting comfortably on her neck. "I love it. It's beautiful, and it feels like you."

"It really is a sight to behold."

"It feels so good...to be officially yours."

"Now, I don't have to worry about you being stolen by some upstart. You're mine, all mine."

"I wouldn't have been, Ben. You're a Tempest. Your claims are incontestable."

"True but it's good to be safe."

"So I'm yours now. What will you have of me?"

Pulling her to him, he grinned. "Nothing too much." He kissed her gently. "Maybe something light." He kissed her again, letting it grow harder and deeper.

She shuddered and melted into his embrace, her senses alive, the magic enveloping them both.

"Then again, maybe something not so light." He pushed her back onto the bed.

She giggled and smiled, scooting back. "Anything you wish, my Prince."

"Take off the dress. I want you naked."

Minerva was quick to obey him, lifting the dress over her head, careful not to mess up her elaborate hairdo. She sat on her knees, nude but for the collar, and watched him. "Might I ask that I have you naked, as well?"

"You may." He took off his jacket and shirt. "And don't forget, for tonight only, you have permission to come whenever you want."

She nodded and held out her hands to him. "Come, my love," she said with confidence, knowing she could say it and mean it now that he'd collared her. "Come. The moons are close tonight."

Taking her in his arms, he kissed her, wrapping himself around her.

She giggled in his ear, nuzzling his neck. "You honour me, Tempest Prince," she whispered in his ear.

"I do a lot more than that to you, and I have designs to do more still." He pulled her down onto the bed, kneeling between her legs.

Minerva looked up at her Satyr and gasped. The halo of his powers was about him, his aura pulsing around them both. His Satyr powers dominated his aura with brilliant swirls of silver and blue and green that crept out everywhere, which she suspected was his demon powers. He would always be demon and Satyr, and she braced herself, hoping to feel the brunt of both sides of her beautiful Prince.

"Please, Master, make me fully yours."

Smirking, he pushed down his pants, ridding himself of them in seconds. His hands slid under her ass as he brought her closer to him, his eyes never leaving hers. "Oh, but you are fully mine." He brought her down on him, spearing her and filling her completely.

She closed her eyes and gasped, throwing back her head. Her pussy clamped down on him, the inner muscles tugging, as it were. She looked at him once more and licked her lips. "Ben," she gasped, feeling him filling her body in the most delicious ways.

"Mina," he said with a quirk of his lips, his hands clamping down on her as her muscles held him.

"Bleed me...please..." she begged, praying it would set his powers into a frenzy of sensations. She longed to feel his time powers but knew better than to ask. He probably couldn't muster them here, with the castle's safeguards in place.

She felt the sharp sting of the needles instantly as he moved himself in and out of her. A small trickle blood started to flow down her neck, and he lowered his face to her, lapping at her.

Minerva closed her eyes and moaned, her body tightening as it exploded, the first orgasm of the night triggered by the feel of him inside her throbbing pussy and the erotic sensation of him feeding.

"That's it, pet. As many as you can manage."

She shuddered and moaned again, wrapping her body around him, her nipples hard and pressed to his chest. He flipped her over, and she bounced, giving into the wild abandon

she felt and the freeing feelings her collar brought forth. Now, she was cherished, taken care of, and she could be the woman she wished to be, the prowling goddess her Satyr needed.

He sat up, letting her ride him. "Good girl, take what you want," he whispered encouragingly.

Minerva pushed him back, so he leaned against the oodles of pillows, and she sobbed, riding him hard and deep. She was his to use, but it was for their mutual pleasure that he let her be in control, and she knew that. Still, her body enjoyed the abandon he allowed her. She pinched her nipples, threw back her head, her hair now a mess. She glowed with moonlight, as did he, and the air from the open ceiling bathed them in the floral sweetness of the nearby night-blooming garden.

He pulled her down just far enough to suck her nipple into his mouth. The sharp needles bit into her skin again, deeper this time, sending the warm flow of blood over her and down her chest.

She gasped and shivered. "Yes, Ben..." she moaned and moved closer, letting him catch the blood with his mouth.

His tongue rasped over her chest as he fed, not missing a drop.

She worked him harder, her cunt shuddering as she hit her peak once again, gasping with the intensity of the orgasm. "Ben, gods, yes," she breathed.

He bucked up into her, slapping her ass from behind. "Harder, pet. I know you can." He nipped at her chest, growling.

At his urging, Minerva completely let go. Her body arched as she rode him, bouncing hard, taking him deeper, their bodies both slick with sweat.

"Fuck, yes!" he hissed, letting her go completely.

Minerva moaned, grasping at him. "You're so deep," she sobbed. "I need more..."

He rolled them over again, grasping her hips and fucking her harder. "God, that's it. More you say?"

"Yes. Everything, my Prince. Please." *All you have for me, show me how demon you can be.*

Thrusting in and out of her, his sweat-covered body glistened in the moonlight. A fine tremor ran through the whole of him, accented by a low grumbling growl that came from deep within him as he pounded into her pussy, over and over again.

She arched, and her eyes went wide as the moon above hit its zenith. The energies of the room, her body, his...everything became one in an instant perfectly synchronised. She screamed, and everything went fuzzy. The world around them slowed, a feather that had floated through the open ceiling stopping completely above them, suspended. She felt a power prickle and realised her Prince was using his time powers and succeeding.

"Ben?" she asked, unsure what he was doing.

He smiled, reassuringly at her. "It's okay. Relax and enjoy it."

The fact that he shouldn't be able to use his powers here but was didn't escape her, and she knew, once more, her parents had chosen well. He was powerful enough to get past the demon safeguards this night. She enjoyed it so much. Her body crested, and she shuddered, kissing him hard, tasting her blood on his tongue. She moaned and wrapped her legs tighter around him.

He seemed to fill her more like this, almost splitting her wide with the pleasure she felt. The orgasm kept building, affected by the time bubble they were in. Pleasure skittered along her spine slowly, an agonising torture of the best kind.

"Prince... Please..." she begged, though for what she wasn't sure.

Whatever it was, he seemed to give it to her as her release hit her in a wave. It washed over her, arching her back and slowly shooting over her spine. Again, the mass of orgasm ebbed and flowed as he closed his eyes then opened them, the powers he commanded responding to his body and his breathing. The orgasm hit her again full force and crawled along her nerve endings, as he drew it across her body like a brand of ownership.

She cried out with pure joy over how he'd chosen to love her this night and hoped for more. It was devastating, the feeling of his cock pounding inside her first slowly, so tantalisingly slow, then speeding up to almost real time then going back into concert with the pulsating orgasm he was gifting her with.

"I love you," she sobbed and closed her eyes, her body cradling him, gripping him, as she dissolved, quivering and yielding to his attentions.

In answer, the collar jagged into her again, and his tongue moved to her throat.

She sighed and shuddered, her body ultra-sensitive.

"Yes..." she moaned as his mouth travelled south to the aching flesh of her breast and the hardened nub that teased his chest.

He nibbled hard on her nipple before licking up to her neck and the diminishing trail of red. He pulled hard at her nipples, crying out as his body reached its peak. He came hard into her throbbing pussy, the world shattering back to its normal speed and all the sensations hitting her at once. He pulsed slowly, impossibly slow, triggering her again, the orgasm creeping up her bones.

"Sweet Darkness!" she cried out and shuddered around him, feeling everything, the air on her skin, and the breath on her cheek as he panted. The sweet throbbing of her cunt receded as his rhythm slowed within her, his cock quieting, satisfied. The world went back to rights, and she moaned as the powers dissipated into the air. The time field slipped back into the ether of his power, and she watched the feather float lazily to the far side of the bed. She grinned and licked her lips, trying to regain herself in her still-shuddering body. Serving her Satyr was epic, monumental, and he had given her such a gift.

It took him a few moments to catch his breath. "You can say that again."

She giggled and kissed him. "Thank you, my love."

"You're more than welcome." He kissed her, moving to lie next to her on the pillows and holding her close.

They were quiet for a long time, and Minerva listened to their breath regulate back to normal. It was then that she allowed herself to muse on the future and what life would be like with this Satyr, her Satyr.

"When the summit is over, what will we do?" she asked and snuggled into him, licking his nipple.

"We'll go home. I can't wait to get you naked in my pool."

"Yeah? I'm looking forward to seeing your home. I'm sure it's beautiful." It had to be. He was too fond of his comforts for it not to be.

"It is. Although, I suppose, it could do with a woman's touch. It's often remarked to be too manly."

She sat up and smiled at him. "Are you telling me I'm allowed to decorate?" She grinned and nuzzled his lips. "And what about the Tempest compound in Missouri?"

"Never been there. I suppose we could take a look around. See if the folks left anything decent."

She nodded. "Where exactly is your home, Ben?" she asked quietly.

He looked down at her. "Is it important to you?"

"No, I just haven't ever been anywhere but this city." Anywhere but New York interested her. She had read about the world at large but had never seen it. With Ben, she hoped to, at least, see some of it.

"Ah... Well, home is in Tennessee — at least, that's where the cat lives."

Cat? He had a pet? She smiled to herself, hoping that the animal he spoke of would take to her. "Do you like it there?"

"There's nowhere else for me. I miss the Afterverse but can't return so I live there. It suits my needs."

She scooted over, lying on his chest. "Well, there *is* somewhere for you now, my Prince. As Prince, you have control of the Tempest compound, if you should choose to. Either way, I will be with you."

"And I know we'll both enjoy that." He stroked over her hair lightly.

Yes, they would. If this little show of power was any indication, she would forever be obedient and loving, not that it would be a chore. Ben was more than she'd ever hoped for or imagined, and she knew she would only ever love him, even if he never reciprocated.

She yawned. "You wore me out, my Prince," she murmured into his chest and kissed him, her hands skimming over his taut stomach. She lightly petted his happy trail, content to be next to him.

"Then sleep, tomorrow will be an event in itself."

She chuckled. "Indeed. We will see who goes home with who...and I'll say goodbye to my parents." She sighed and cuddled closer to his warmth, his scent intoxicating. He smelled of nights and dark sins, and he was all hers. She slowly slipped into unconsciousness, a small smile still gracing her lips.

Chapter Seven

Something was waking him up...

A light rapping at the door. He ignored it for as long as he could before giving up and opening his eyes. He didn't bother with clothes, instead opting for storming up to the door naked and wrenching it open. A frightened imp jumped back about a foot, squealing.

"What?" Ben demanded angrily.

"A summons, Prince." The imp bowed, low cowering and holding out a scroll to him.

Ben snatched it out of his hands then slammed the door. He unrolled the scroll, reading it, then cursed loudly, waking Mina up fully.

"Who? What?" she said, fearfully looking around the room while clutching the silk sheet to her chest. "Ben? Ben, what's going on?"

He threw the scroll towards her. "We've been summoned and woken rudely. Seems your father wants to see us, but I'm not getting into the habit of running whenever he calls."

She picked up the scroll and read it, a frown on her face. "I'm sorry. I don't have any idea why he's asking for us or why he's doing it formally."

"Fuck him," Ben muttered under his breath.

She giggled and shook her head. "That's illegal, not that I would. He requested us at lunch though...so we have time, I think." She looked over at the clock and frowned again. "Um...okay, not as much time as I thought."

"I guess we'd better make ourselves presentable then—or as presentable as I get this time of morning." He ran his hands through his hair and looked in the mirror with a grimace.

Minerva rolled over to grab a pen from the table on her side of the bed then looked at him. "Shower, my love. I shall send the imp back with an answer that we will be at the morning room to dine directly." She winked then jotted something on the scroll. "You're a Prince and head of your own clan. You don't have to run at my father's word," she said with distaste he knew was directed at her father's presumption.

"I don't plan to. You just get the word to him. I'll be out soon." He left her, moving into the bathroom. His shower was relatively quick, leaving him clean and refreshed. The room looked less messy as he walked out, towel across his shoulders. Having her around definitely had advantages that surpassed her proficiency in the bedroom.

"You look refreshed. If it should please you, I will shower as well. I poured some of the moon water for you."

"Thanks. Go and be quick about it," he said and picked up the glass she'd motioned to.

She nodded and left him alone. Minutes later, she came out with a towel in her hair. "I didn't dress, love, as I'm not sure what you would like me to wear," she said and stroked her collar.

"Something suitable. I'm sure you know your wardrobe better than I do." He dismissed her, looking for clothes of his own.

She nodded and put on a small, white cotton skirt and off-the-shoulder, long-sleeved shirt then quickly pinned up her hair with a large butterfly barrette. She turned and presented herself to his gaze, slipping on a pair of white silk Mary Jane slippers.

He threw on his jeans and a shirt, opting to go casual. He looked her over. She was beautiful, clearly at ease with herself. It felt good to see the collar on her and know she was his. And she wore it with pride, her hair swept up and her shoulders bare as if to leave no speculation. She was proud to be his.

"Let's go then," he said.

She smiled and held out her hand, and he took it in the crook of his arm, leading her away from their room towards the morning room where Milton and Ellen were enjoying a leisurely lunch. Ben and Minerva passed several of the members of both Arcane and Toloose, who gazed on Minerva and either smiled – the Arcane – or scowled – the Toloose. Ben took it all in stride, a bored expression on his face. He was learning to play the nobility game, and none too soon.

When they walked in, Milton smiled at them both. Ellen rose and went to her daughter, kissing her cheek and nodded at Ben. Milton motioned for them to sit. "Hungry?"

"Well, it is lunch." Ben grinned. He was fucking hungry. "Or well, I suppose, it's breakfast."

"I'm used to no actual food until about this time, so I don't worry with breakfast foods," Minerva's father said as he looked at Ellen as she walked around. She nodded and sat back down. Milton grinned and offered his daughter some juice.

"Order what looks good, Prince Esben. We have much to discuss."

Ben looked at Ellen then at Milton. This was all too cosy looking. All very suspicious. His hackles were certainly raised. He looked at the menu and finally ordered salmon and cheeses.

"We do?" he asked only after he'd ordered, drawing it out for as long as possible. He looked to Minerva who was ordering her requisite fruit plate and cheese.

"Indeed. You have collared her, much to our delight. Welcome to the family, Son."

He laughed. "You know, I've never heard anyone say that before." His eyes narrowed as he scrutinised his in-laws. This, like most things, was too good to be true. There was always a catch.

Milton smiled a seemingly sincere smile. "Truly? Well, you have never been with the people you should be with. Tell me, have you decided to take up your position as the Tempest clan's head?"

"I might. I really haven't thought too much about it."

"Should you decide to, the Tempest clan's assets and accounts have been reinstated — into your name of course. As has the compound. I do hope you will embrace your birthright."

Cash? That he could use. He smiled at Milton. "Why didn't you say so in the first place? I'll have to give it more thought."

"That's what I like to hear. So, is she satisfactory?" Milton asked, motioning to Mina.

Ben's concubine looked over to him and smiled softly then looked back down to her plate. She was as submissive as she should be, but he could see her cheeky grin peeking around the corners of her mouth. God help him, he liked that she wasn't a mindless puppet.

"She is. More than, I'd say. Still a lot of training to go through, but she'll do me."

"Indeed." Milton looked at Minerva and Ben then grinned. "And she will bear you fine sons, Esben, in about ten month's time."

Ben blinked. "Excuse me?"

Milton smiled and clapped him on the back. "A child conceived during the convergence is quite powerful and a blessed one. Both of you have done well, exactly as I thought you would."

Ben's eyes went cold, and his face slightly numb. "A child? Sons...no, that's not possible."

Milton smirked. "I would say nature has deemed it extremely possible."

Ben shook his head. "No...demons aren't fertile until..." He trailed off, staring at them angrily. Ulterior motives, lower demons always had them.

"And you've already proved that you're more Satyr than demon, Esben."

Anger built up inside of Ben. Milton had known. The fucking Satyr had known.

"Did you?" Ben barked the question at Mina "Did you know this was possible?"

She nodded. "But only with a Beloved, Prince. You made it clear I wasn't to be, so I didn't think to mention it. It had no relevance."

"You didn't think to mention it?" He stood, looking between Milton and his concubine then focusing on Milton. "You set me up." He shook his head. He didn't have to deal with this now. "Screw this. I don't have to stay here. You have what you want." Feeling out for a line, he made to blink home using his demon powers. It backfired, the power cutting out just beyond his grasp. He growled loudly, trying a few times before backing away. He was trapped here, for now.

"I'm sorry." Minerva looked at him, a tear falling down her face. She didn't get up or scream. She just looked down and sighed. She looked miserable while Milton smirked.

"As Prince of the Tempest clan, you had an obligation. I simply helped it along. You should be happy. She will bear you powerful and numerous sons."

Ben watched her cry silently, his first instinct to comfort her.

"It's not you I'm mad at, Mina," he told her before he could stop himself. "I despise being played, Milton. I had no obligation to anyone, especially to a clan of Satyr who've disappeared. And I especially don't want children, not in nine months or ever."

"Ten months, and you don't have a choice in the matter now. She will bear you a son, possibly twins. Convergence couples have been known to. Though it doesn't matter. We will simply take her back to the Arcane compound and raise the child as Arcane. You don't have to have anything else to do with her or the child."

Ben laughed, a feral, evil sound. "Do you honestly think that's what's going to happen? You won't take her. By your own law, she's mine."

Milton considered his words and shrugged. "But you don't have to keep her. Concubines are passed on all the time. I'm sure another Satyr would be happy to be served by her, provided you take that collar off."

"I never have had to keep her, Milton. I want to. The son thing, well that's another story, but I have ten months to figure out whether I want to drown it or not."

Milton grinned. "Right."

At Ben's words, Minerva looked up, a faint glimmer of hope in her eyes. She looked to him as her Satyr, the one who would keep her and cherish her. And he also knew, to her, he was the world beyond this filthy and sad city. She meant the world to him, as well—a place to belong with someone who loved him. He realised then that she *did* love him, and it was possible he returned the affection. No, he knew he did. He couldn't live without her, didn't want to because she was his salvation.

And that son of a bitch was still grinning at him as if he knew Ben's thoughts. Ben gritted his teeth. He hated that grin. He wanted so badly to wipe it off the older Satyr's face, but he'd hold his tongue for now. Milton was playing with the advantage. He always had been, and Ben knew when he was beaten. The only thing left to do was to make a hasty retreat and lick his wounds and scheme his next move.

Once he left this place, he would have the upper hand. Milton had made an enemy. Nobody made a fool out of Ben, and next time they did this, he'd make sure he had the upper hand.

"I'm going to go home now." He smiled, making damn sure the Satyr didn't see the rage he felt. "Mina, you're coming with me."

"Yes, Prince," she said and stood, going to her mother and kissing her on the cheek. "May I pack?"

It wasn't lost on Ben that she didn't go to Milton or even look at him. She was being loyal to her Satyr, and for that, she would be rewarded. "Go. You have ten minutes to grab what you need, but only what you need."

"Yes, Prince." She left the room quickly, smiling at him as she did.

Ellen stood. "Esben, she will need to see a midwife in a few months. As your clan doesn't have one, I would ask you that she be allowed to come back to Arcane for a check-up."

It was interesting to see Ellen speak up in regards to Minerva. He looked to the side to see Milton's jaw clench slightly. Ellen would pay for this outburst, but that was of little concern to Ben.

"I'll consider it. We'll see how my temper cools."

Ellen nodded and bowed to him. "I thank you, Lord Tempest. If she needs me, call and I will come." She looked at Milton, who nodded as well, the grin once again plastered to his face.

Milton looked at his watch. "The jet is at your disposal. Enjoy my daughter, Tempest Prince. You will be summoned again soon, I promise you."

"I won't need the jet, and you can be rest assured that I'll enjoy the girl. As for the summoning... I may actually appear, if you ask extra nicely. I wouldn't get too fussy about it though. I'm not good with threats or obligations. And that's Lord Tempest, Milton."

Milton smirked and nodded. "We'll see, Esben. It seems you have indeed earned your new title. Enjoy your new found identity."

"There's nothing to see about, Milton. You don't have anything on me. I, on the other hand, have your daughter, grandkid and race." Things finally clicked in Ben's brain. Milton had planned this, and it was for more than he'd first suspected. His fuzzy genetics were a novelty, yes, but it was also cause to identify the next stage of Satyr evolution. Milton was playing with fire, literally. "What do you honestly think Fuerety, the overlord of the Afterverse, would say to the news that the Satyrs are using demons' blood to strengthen their own? You know how he loves a good fiery massacre, and he despises impurities."

Milton just laughed. "Right and you'd be putting yourself at risk as well. The story of your life in the Afterverse isn't unknown to me. I know you aren't in the best standing with your own people, let alone the fire-demon king. Go for it. And we will see you at Olanis."

Ben scoffed. "If Fuerety was allowed to kill me without starting a war, he'd have done it already. He poses no threat to me. You, on the other hand, he'd love to meet." He smiled, turning his back on Milton's grin. "And you'll see me when I decide you will."

He walked out of the door leaving Milton to consider his words. They were true. Mostly. He'd never talk to Furerety. The Fire king would wipe them out including Mina, and Ben couldn't have that, not when he'd just found her. While he embraced his demon powers, the life he'd lead there was his past. It seemed it might also be his future now that he wasn't the only crossbreed with demon blood. This wouldn't not go over well, not when the current overlord abhorred anything but purity in the demon races.

He moved to their room quickly to see if she'd gathered what she needed. Ben was leaving everything. He hadn't brought anything of real value.

She looked up from a small case she was packing and smiled. "You don't have to keep me Ben. I'm as much to blame as they are."

"It's fine. Don't worry about it," he told her. He couldn't leave her and go back to being alone. He needed her just as she needed him. "Did you get everything?"

"Everything I truly needed—some clothes, a picture or two, and my journal. The only things that matter are what's wrapped around my neck and what's growing in my tummy. Had I even known it was possible, that you felt anything close to... I'm sorry."

"Don't." He held up his hand. "I don't want to talk about it, and it's a womb. It's growing in your womb." He took her arm, marching her out of the room. Things had gotten complicated and mightily fast.

He dwelled on it on their way out of the castle. There must have been a spell on the place, withholding his magic from him. Once he got outside and actually stood them in a ley line, nothing would stop them from getting the hell out of there.

Minerva took his arm and clung to it. "I can't wait to get home," she said quietly, looking about.

"Me, neither." They stepped out into the fresh, bright air, and he instantly felt the spell lift. Moving them a few feet to the left, he wrapped his arm around her and kissed her. "Don't worry about anything, love. It's not your fault, and at least, we have each other now. We'll deal with the baby when it comes, and I have no intention of drowning it. I'm not that bad." He squeezed her reassuringly. "For now, let's go home, and I'll show you the pool." He kissed her deeply, blinking them both off to their home.

About the Author

Stella and Audra Price are sisters who have always shared their love of writing, even as children. Now in their twenties, they have created a complete world from the voices in their heads which they have deemed the Eververse. They both have similar interests in makeup, horror movies, dogs and a love of a good bottle of wine; they rarely disagree, unless it's over the last glass of that wine.

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