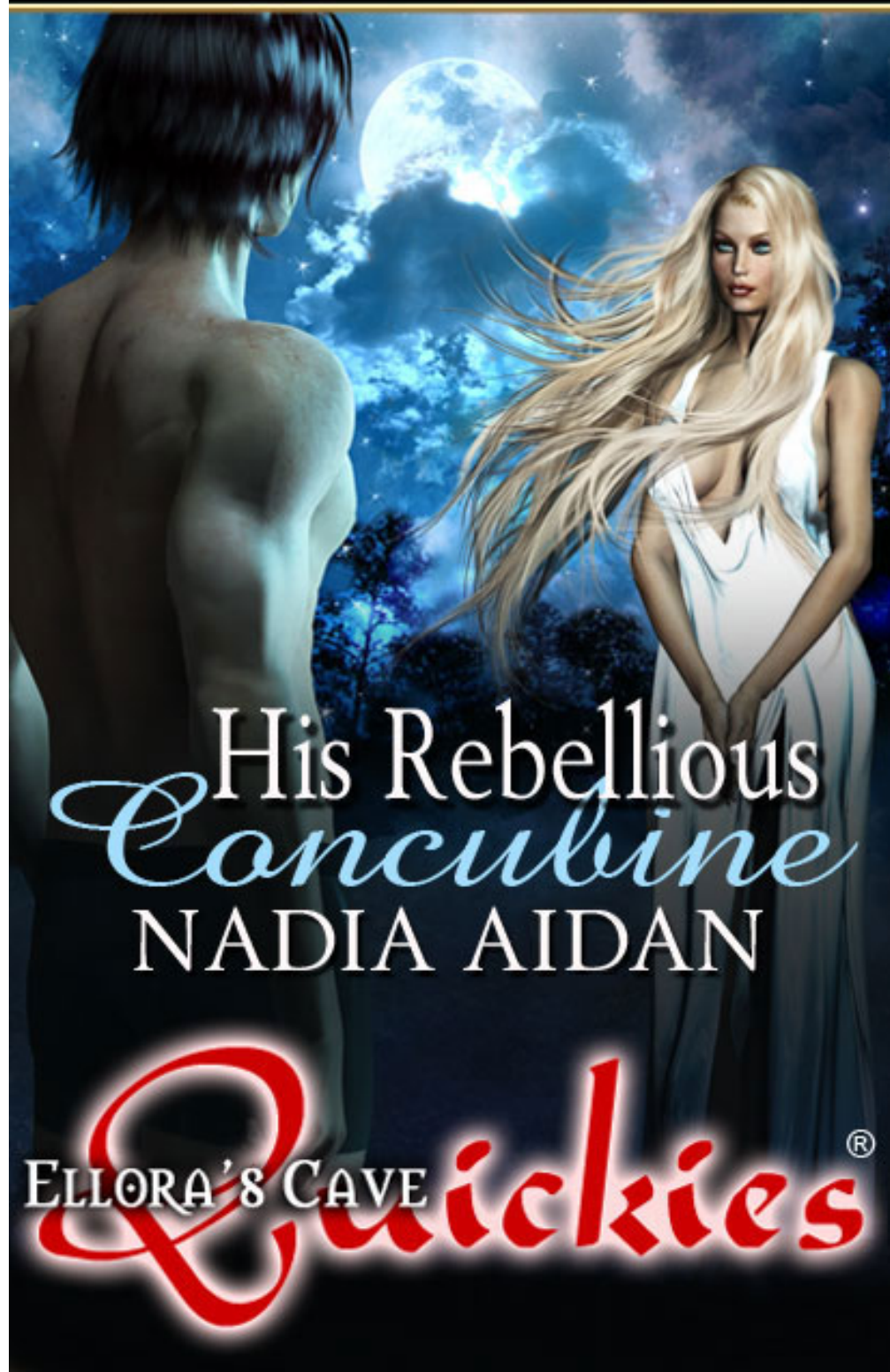


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



His Rebellious  
*Concubine*  
NADIA AIDAN

ELLORA'S CAVE  
*Quickies*®

## **His Rebellious Concubine**

*Nadia Aidan*

Razan, the full-blood crown prince of the first house of Vladhal, has never had to work so hard for a woman in his entire existence. Shiyan is a half-blood, of the twelfth house, no less. She should be thanking him for offering her a place in his bed. But she is haughty and arrogant, her aloofness heating his blood, driving him to claim the one woman who doesn't seem to want him.

Shiyan is turned off by Razan's conceit, for she is more than what she seems. He may have captured her body and claimed her as his concubine, but she vows he shall never have her ultimate surrender. For Razan wants the one thing she refuses to give — her heart.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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His Rebellious Concubine

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# ***HIS REBELLIOUS CONCUBINE***

**Nadia Aidan**

*Dedication*

*To my mother*

## **Chapter One**

"Where's the half-blood?"

"In your chambers, my lord."

Razan didn't spare the guard another glance. He twisted on his heels, his booted footsteps echoing in the empty hall. As he drew nearer to his chambers, the beating of his heart quickened, the blood he'd consumed just hours before pumping steadily through his blue veins.

How long had he waited for this moment? Years, decades, centuries? He couldn't recall, for it felt as if the princess had evaded him for an eternity. He snorted. A half-blood of all things. One would think the haughty princess was a full blood of the most ancient lines the way she treated him with such disdain—the way she sneered at his touch.

He nodded to his guards, dismissing them as his hand closed around the doorknob. Tonight he would claim what was rightfully his, and he would show the princess the true meaning of disdain. Every drop of blood in his body surged to his cock, the hard length of him swelling behind the confines of his breeches.

He would slake his lust on the voluptuous body of the princess, pound out his frustrations in her tight channel, as he poured his anger along with his seed deep into the heart of her womb. Tonight he would make her pay for the insult she'd delivered him, and he would enjoy every minute of it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fear and frustration crawled inside Shiyan's belly and she twisted her wrists against the silver ropes that held them tightly bound behind her back. She forced out a long, deep breath desperately trying to calm the furious racing of her heart and shifted

against the bed mat in an effort to find some measure of comfort. But it was no use. Despite the soft cushions of the satin pillows, her knees ached from being left on them for what must have been several hours and her wrists and ankles chafed where the rope dug into her soft skin.

At the sound of muffled footsteps against the floor, she stilled and the blood in her veins turned to ice. *He was coming for her.* She knew it was futile, but she twisted her arms faster, praying that by some miracle she could manage to free herself before he arrived.

With the harsh squeal of the door creaking open, she slowly lifted her head to meet the piercing dark turquoise eyes of the man who had captured her, claimed her and held her at his mercy.

Her stomach clenched at the fury in his stormy gaze. She thrust out her chin, her eyes flashing with fire, and his expression darkened, the harsh slant of his mouth twisting into a cruel frown. Those lips, that mouth, his entire face was like a god's, the handsome features, neither classic nor pretty, but harsh, dangerous. He was darkly provocative, his aura completely mesmerizing. His coal-black hair was fastened at the nape of his neck, the bronze glow of his skin like the desert sands kissed by the flickering flames of the fire in the hearth.

His linen shirt hung open, displaying the hair-roughened skin of his wide torso that rippled with corded muscle. Her gaze remained transfixed by the black, fire-breathing dragon tattoo that slashed across his chest. A warrior's mark, given to only the bravest of soldiers. For the briefest of moments she experienced a twinge of admiration, but it was fleeting. He was arrogant and spoiled as well as breathtakingly handsome, which he knew. He drew women to him like a moth to a flame — all but one. It was his ego that drove him to claim her, the one woman who didn't want him, a lowly half-blood princess of the twelfth house who was completely beneath him.

He closed the door behind him and with three easy strides across the room he came to a stop at the edge of the bed. She hated how she had to crane her neck to meet his

gaze. He purposely stood over her, his groin before her face, and she glimpsed the hard bulge that strained against his breeches. He jerked his hips, inching his erection closer to her. She ignored the evidence of his lust, her haughty gaze raking over him with cool appraisal as if he was not worth her time.

He stuck out his hand to grasp her chin, forcing her to meet the dark fury in his now ice-blue eyes, when she would have twisted away. White-hot anger rushed through her as she fought to wrench her face from his fingers, but he only tightened his grip.

He had no right to touch her, although, in truth he did. They both knew it, and his touch was a taunt to her, reminding her she could hate him all she liked but she still belonged to him.

"I am happy to see a passionate fire still burns inside you." He absently stroked her cheek with his thumb. "I wait in eager anticipation of stoking your fire in my bed."

She narrowed her eyes, fury welling up inside her at the arrogant look on his face. He was so sure of himself. So used to getting everything he wanted that it was inconceivable he wouldn't have her as well. "I hope it burns you up until nothing remains of your charred body," she spat, her voice dripping with venom.

He lifted a single brow before abruptly dropping his hand from her face with a heavy sigh. He crossed the room in two easy strides to pour himself a goblet of wine, downing it in one gulp. When he returned his gaze to her, his expression was sour.

"I *also* see your acid tongue remains one of your *charming* traits," he muttered dryly, his words twisting her lips into a scowl.

"If I'm not to your liking you can always just release me —"

He shot across the room with supernatural speed, so fast she was forced to gasp. He tangled his hand in her dark hair, wrenching her head back, waves of anger floating just beneath the surface of his calm veneer.

"You are insolent and defiant, even in the face of defeat —"



"You have not defeated me, Razan."

"My lord."

Her eyebrow arched.

"I am your master now and you will address me as my lord or sire."

She curled her lips into a sneer. "Go to hell, *my lord*."

There was a moment of silence as Razan regarded her. Had she been anyone else he would have had her flogged and confined in the dungeon beneath his castle until she apologized, but he couldn't bring himself to mar her silky smooth cinnamon skin, even if it would heal by morning.

For the life of him, he couldn't understand his weakness toward this one woman, this *dhampir*. The worst of it was that she knew he would never hurt her, harm her, no matter her insult. He would never cause her pain, unless of course, it was accompanied by pleasure.

He traced a single finger down her cheek and across her bottom lip, his cock growing harder when she shivered. With his finger still outlining her full, dark lips he leaned into her, her jasmine perfume filling his lungs.

She was exquisite, a rare, dark beauty who captivated human and vampire alike. His hand tangled deeper in her curly locks, the soft waves of her unbound hair cascading down her back. Her catlike golden eyes raked over him, full of contempt. Even now, with her naked and bound at his complete mercy, she still resisted, still fought him. He reasoned that was why he was obsessed with her.

Getting a woman to spread her legs for him had never been a great hardship. As the crown prince of the first house of Vladhal, he'd always had his pick of the most beautiful, most striking women. No matter if they were half-blood, full blood or human, women were drawn to him and easily fell under his spell. But not Shiyan, never Shiyan. Separated by only a decade, they'd matured over the centuries together, but she'd

always rebuffed him with cool disdain. And so he'd pursued her ruthlessly, relentlessly, until he'd captured her, binding her to him in a contract of concubinage that her father had been forced to honor in order to repay a debt to Razan's house, but of course Shiyan had not come to him willingly.

He shrugged out of his shirt, casting it aside and lowered himself onto the bed beside her. For the first time since he'd stepped into his chambers, he allowed his gaze to travel the length of her naked body, her perfect round breasts thrust forward, beckoning him to touch them, taste them.

His eyes zeroed in on her shaved mound that shielded her hot cunt. And with the boldness of a man who knew the woman before him belonged solely to him, he dipped his hand between her legs, his fingers probing her moist, tight sheath that was hot and tight. Pre-cum oozed from his cock at the thought of her tight pussy wrapping around his dick as he battered inside her walls, her sheath gripping his cock as he shot his seed deep inside her silken pussy.

She leaned forward, and he curled his lips into a smile at the sweet blush of desire that reddened her cheeks. His chest swelled in pride. Finally. Finally he'd mastered her, forced her to accept her fate — that she was his — forever.

"Gods damn it!" He snapped away from her, his furious glare volleying back and forth between the bite marks on his shoulder and her smiling face. His blood dripped from her full lips and she licked it seductively, her tiny pink tongue swiping at her incisors until they receded.

"You have made a mockery out of me." He shot to his feet. "And you continue to defy me." Fury boiled in his veins at the impertinent look in her eyes. For the briefest of moments he despaired that he would never tame her, but it was *very* brief. If it was the last thing he did, he would force her surrender.

He stomped out of his chambers, slamming the door in the wake of his fury. He stormed into the throne room, drawing up short when he found his cousin Hassim lazily draped over the queen's chair.

"You better get down from there before my mother sees you," Razan said, dropping into his own chair beside the queen's.

His cousin's only response was to lift the goblet of wine to his smiling lips. "Let me guess. Your little concubine is being difficult."

Razan glared at his cousin whose smirking gaze swept over the bite mark on his shoulder before returning to the contents of his goblet.

"We all told you Shiyan was a handful, but you insisted."

He had no choice but to nod at the truth of Hassim's words. Even his mother had cautioned him.

"Her father takes too delicate a hand with her. She is better suited as a strong man's wife but I fear she will never make you an obedient concubine." Razan recalled the secretive smile that had lit up his mother's face. He snorted. His mother thought she was so clever. Queen Ayadallah had always held a not-so-hidden admiration for Shiyan because of her spirit, and that she couldn't be swayed by her son's charms.

"I need to teach her that I am her master. That she cannot defy me at will."

"Humiliate her then."

"What?"

Hassim shrugged. "Humiliation has always been effective in teaching obedience."

He thought for a second before shaking his head. "I cannot humiliate her." He couldn't. He wanted Shiyan to want him back, but hurting her would only push her further away.

"Then you will never master her." Hassim stumbled to his feet, leaving Razan to stare at his departing back. Maybe his cousin was right. Maybe humiliating her was the answer, but could he do it, and at what cost? If he had to humiliate her in order to tame her, then maybe he wasn't meant to master her after all.

\* \* \* \* \*

Shiyan heard him long before he entered the room. His breathing was labored, harsh, his footsteps uneven.

She turned over just as the door crashed open. He was drunk.

"Get up," he slurred, reaching for her to drag her off the bed. There was something wild and dark about him, something she'd never seen before. Fear pierced her belly. It was almost as if he were at the edge of madness. He scooped her up into his arms, holding her pressed against his thick chest.

"Where are we going?"

"To a party."

*Like this?* She glanced down at her naked state, but held her tongue, at the same time shielding her thoughts and emotions from him. She would be damned if she allowed him to sense her inner turmoil.

As they drew closer to the Great Hall, she heard the raucous shouts and jeers of men. She stole a quick look at his impassive face, the harsh slash of his mouth, cruel and unyielding.

He burst inside the hall, carrying her to the dais where he dumped her unceremoniously at his feet. She scrambled to her knees, her hard glare landing on him before she looked out at the sea of people.

Very few paid her any attention, although the lustful gazes of some of the men found their way to her naked body. The wild orgy before her called to her, heating her blood. Men and women, half-blood and pure blood alike, were twisted together in the most decadent positions, their uninhibited sexual desires and lust for blood their only goal. It was bloodlust.

She'd witnessed one of these parties before but never participated. She'd never been invited. Her blood wasn't strong enough, pure enough. The half-bloods that were in attendance tonight, she knew, came from higher houses than she.

"I don't know why you brought me here. You know I can't participate."

"Tonight you shall." Razan's ancient, immortal eyes held hers as he slowly undid the laces of his breeches. Her breath stuttered in her chest as she watched him drag out the hard, thick length of his cock. Her pussy clenched, her channel hot and heavy with need. She hated the effect he had on her body, always had, but the desire he aroused in her was undeniable. Her blood heated to a low boil at the sight of his naked body, his cock hard and proud.

"If you thought dragging me here would feed my lust for you then you were wrong." It was a lie, and she turned her head away so he wouldn't read the truth in her eyes. "I will never want you, Razan."

"I'm starting to believe that." Her eyes widened when he marched down the steps toward the crowd. "Maybe one of my men can tempt you where I cannot."

"Where are you going?" She hated the desperate sound of her voice, but fear crept inside her as he drew farther and farther away from her. He couldn't leave her. She gulped when two of his soldiers left the crowd and moved toward her, their eyes wild, and their bodies dripping with blood and semen.

Razan appeared bored when he stopped and twisted around to stare back at her, his eyes sharp and cold as ice.

"I'm going to find a woman whose thighs aren't as frigid as yours, Shiyan. Whose pussy isn't so cold."

His words were like a slap to her face and she watched in helpless frustration as he disappeared into the crush of bodies, seemingly washing his hands of her and leaving her completely alone.

## Chapter Two

Razan wasn't so drunk or so angry that he didn't know where Shiyan was at all times. He pretended to focus his attention on the woman on her knees before him, her red-stained lips wrapped around his cock. He was bored and restless. He should have come by now but he couldn't. His entire body strained toward Shiyan, listening for the slightest cry of distress, the slightest change in her heartbeat, but there was none.

Unable to bear it any longer, he twisted his head around, his gaze clashing with hers. Rage exploded inside him when she winked at the same time she opened her berry-ripe lips and took his cousin's cock inside her mouth and down her throat.

The bitch. She knew what she was doing to him, her impish gaze not leaving him for even a second as she sucked on Hassim's cock as if she were a starving woman. He couldn't stand it anymore. He wrenched the ruddy length of his shaft from the full blood's mouth and stalked toward the little half-blood wench who would prove to be the death of him.

Shoving Hassim out of the way, he gripped the back of her head, holding her imprisoned against him. Her eyes flashed with murderous intent when he rubbed the tip of his dick against her lips that were now pressed firmly together, when just seconds ago they'd been devouring his cousin's cock.

"Suck my cock the way you just sucked my cousin's."

"Beg me."

His jaw tightened. "You're *my* concubine. I should not have to beg you to suck my fucking cock!"

Her incisors lengthened, and before he could stop himself, his own tore through the tender flesh of his mouth, his eyes growing dark and sinister.

"You bite me, you little whore, and I will throttle you." He wouldn't, and she knew he wouldn't. She smiled, her incisors retracting.

"What's so funny?" he growled.

Shiyan stared up at him. "You," she said truthfully. "You're cute when you're jealous." He opened his mouth to protest, but she leaned forward then to swipe her tongue across the fat, purple head of his cock. A strangled groan tore past his lips, but then he stilled, jerking her by the hair away from him.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm sucking your cock," she said as if that much should have been obvious.

His ice-blue eyes narrowed. "Why?"

*Because I want you. Because that bitch you let touch you was giving you the pleasure that should have been mine to give.* Her thoughts were dark and dangerous, tinged with the red haze of lust and jealousy. She understood his suspicions. She'd always resisted him, denied him, until now. But that was before she'd caught a glimpse inside his soul. In Razan's jealousy he'd let his shields slip for just a moment, but it had been long enough for her to feel the intensity of his emotions for her. He desired her with a passion that bordered on obsession, but it was more than that. There was another emotion that was deeper, stronger, wrapped in a tenderness for her that he'd never shown her, that she knew would embarrass him if he discovered she'd touched his feelings.

She didn't answer him, instead she took him inside her mouth, determined to let her actions speak for her.

She felt the hesitation inside him, but his desire won out as he gripped the back of her head, ramming his cock down her throat. She took him deep, her mouth devouring every inch of him.

She closed her eyes, savoring the salty taste of him on her lips. He groaned, low and deep, his hand trembling in her hair. She moved faster on his length, dragging harsh

sounds of need from his lips. His balls drew tight against her chin, his fingers curling in her locks so hard she winced. A shudder racked him at the same time he let loose a desperate cry. He spurted inside her mouth, his warm seed coating the back of her throat. She swallowed every single drop, his metallic essence filling her belly.

He was still hard when he pulled out of her mouth, and her eyebrow peaked in question.

"Have no doubt that you pleased me, Shiyen." He lifted her into his arms and carried her out of the hall into his chambers, slamming the door with his heel. "But I have waited for you for far too long to wind up spent by your mouth alone." With the utmost gentleness, he laid her across his bed. "I want your pussy," he murmured against her skin, his hands caressing everywhere. "I want your tight cunt wrapped around my dick, strangling it until I have no choice but to fill you with my seed."

His erotic words stoked a fire inside her and she arched her back off the bed, her bound arms stretching above her. He could have easily removed the silver bindings with his mind, the spell he'd woven over them only he could unlock, but he undid them with his fingers, his hands dallying at her ankles as he slowly unwound the rope.

"What about my hands?"

"I shall keep them bound for a little while longer." A dimple creased his cheek when he smiled down at her, and she had to drag in a deep breath to keep her belly from doing a tiny flip-flop. He was devastating when he smiled, utterly, breathtakingly devastating.

"What is it?" His eyes penetrated her with their intensity.

"I was just thinking that you are handsome when you smile." She felt the heat creep into her cheeks when his smile grew wider, and before she could stop herself she blurted out. "I haven't seen you smile in a long time."

Her whispered words pierced his heart and he fought to keep his shields in place. They both knew the last time he'd probably smiled a genuine smile had been before his



father had been killed in battle. Everything had changed the day his father died, and so his smiles had become rare, almost nonexistent, except now, when he was with *her*.

His hand trembled as it cupped her cheek. This recalcitrant little half-blood had the power to make him smile again. He didn't want to examine why in great detail. She was his concubine, nothing more. A warm body to lie beside him, a tight channel to fill with his cock, and he was obsessed with her only because she'd denied him. That curious warmth that now surrounded his heart had nothing to do with her.

An irrational anger chased away the fleeting moment of tenderness. She knew. The look in her eyes told him that she knew she got to him, touched him where no one else could, and he hated her for knowing.

"Razan?"

He closed his eyes, shutting himself off from her as he drove into her on a single thrust. She was tight, unyielding and her scream pierced even his wretched heart. His eyes flew open while hers clenched tight, her incisors breaking the tender skin of her full lips, drawing blood. He leaned down, swiping the crimson droplet from her lips, drawing it into his mouth.

His little half-blood was no virgin, but she certainly hadn't taken a man inside her body in what felt like decades.

"I'm sorry," he bit out, words a monumental struggle as her sheath stretched around him, still tight, but yielding just enough for him to push deeper.

"Open for me, Shiyan," he demanded, his hands digging into the soft flesh of her thighs, spreading her wide. As if her body recognized its master, her channel grew wetter, the hot, moist heat of her coating his cock.

He cried out when he hit the back of her cunt. She drenched him in her arousal and he moved inside her, harder, faster—his shaft pistoning in and out of her, battering the tight walls of her cunt.

She screamed in the distance, and his name on her lips was the sweetest sound he'd ever heard and he clenched his eyes shut, burying his face against the soft skin of her

throat. Her pulse jumped, taunting him, and he succumbed. His incisors lengthened and as she began to explode around him, her dewy sheath filling with the evidence of her orgasm, he bore down on her.

She cried out, pleasure and pain mingling as he drank from her, her blood flooding his mouth. He sought to touch her feelings, a feral growl tearing from him when he crashed against her shields.

“Why do you hide yourself from me?” His strokes became savage as the beast within him roared to life. “Why do you hide yourself from your master?”

Her own beast awakened, her golden eyes a scarlet red as she met his thrusts with the pounding rhythm of her hips. “You’re not my master, Razan—for I have no master.”

He pulled out of her, and flipped her over, punishing her for her defiance. He pinned her down, and slammed into her from behind, the smooth cheeks of her ass jiggling with each pounding stroke.

He pierced the flesh of her neck again, her blood rushing into his mouth, triggering an explosion deep within him. He pummeled her cunt with deep, stabbing strokes, surging one final time, his seed blasting against the back of her pussy, filling her sheath as her blood filled his belly.

He retracted his incisors, releasing her, but semen continued to spurt from his body. He pumped her full of his seed, his weight crushing her into the bed after her knees gave out. He jerked and trembled above her, his eyes shut tight as his cock continued to twitch inside her. He came for what seemed like several minutes, his hot seed seeping from her cunt to stain the bed sheets.

It was as if he’d never come before, as if it was his first time and he was an untried virgin. As if this was his first fuck, and his cock would not be satisfied until his balls were empty of his seed.

“It’s as if I’ve waited for you for an eternity,” he whispered against her neck, voicing his thoughts before he blacked out.

Shiyan sighed, thinking the same thing, before she too slipped into a deep sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Shiyan awoke to find her hands free and Razan nestled between her legs, his lips fastened to the tiny nub at the apex of her sex.

"Razan?" Her voice was unsteady, the desire curling her belly making it hard to form a thought, let alone a single word.

He lifted his head, much to her regret, that tiny dimple winking at her. Twice he'd graced her with that smile and she felt her heart melt, despite how desperately she wished she could remain unaffected by him.

"You're awake."

She tunneled her fingers through his hair. "How could I possibly remain asleep?" She found herself returning his smile. It must have been a surprise to him too because his eyes widened a fraction. "Don't let me stop you." She nudged his head gently, her smile disappearing and her head falling back when he swiped his tongue through the wet folds of her pussy, pushing it deep inside her.

Her breath hitched in her throat when he replaced his tongue with his two fingers, gently prodding inside her. Her juices gushed from her channel, coating his thrusting digits. He never let up, his lips sucking her clit as he moved his fingers inside her faster, searching deeper.

When he curved the pads of his fingertips upward, brushing against that rough patch of skin at the roof of her sheath, she splintered apart. His name tore from her lips on a ragged cry, her sticky juices flooding his mouth.

Her orgasm continued to rack her body as he lifted above her, wrapping her ankles around his neck to plow his cock deep inside her. His shaft was thick and long, and he crammed it inside her, stuffing her pussy. It was a tight fit, a bit uncomfortable at first, but her cunt stretched to accommodate him, her passage growing moist and slick with desire, making his strokes slippery.

"You're so wet, so tight around me." She gasped when he plunged into her harder. "No other man, human or vampire will ever be able to give you this."

She met his intense gaze. There was neither arrogance nor bravado behind his words, just the simple and pure acknowledgement of what their union was. She fought to deny his words, and her shields slipped for a second.

"Why are you fighting it, Shiyan? Why are you denying it?"

A sob spilled from her lips and she shut her eyes, unable to meet that piercing blue stare that had the power to see straight to her soul.

"Gods damn it, Shiyan! Do not shut me out. Not now. Not like this."

She thrashed against the bed, her shields straining against the brute force of his probing.

"Get out of my head, Razan!"

"No." He was defiant and he fell forward, his chest rubbing against her breasts, the friction of their bodies grinding together until she was on fire for him.

His cock pushed inside her at the same time he fought to push inside her mind. She gave him her body, her climax already building inside her, but she battled against his other invasion with almost a desperate savagery.

*He could take her, fill her with his cock, his seed, but she refused to give him her heart.*

"I would give you mine," he whispered against her ear, his warm breath fanning across her cool skin. Her eyes flew open, meeting his honest gaze. Despite her defenses, he'd heard her. His ancient blood far stronger than hers had allowed him to slip behind her shields without her notice.

She couldn't do it any longer. She couldn't fight him on every front. She kept her shields in place, despite the futility of doing so, and gave him what she was willing to surrender. She shattered around his cock, a hoarse cry echoing off the walls as her nails dug into the rough skin of his muscled back.

“Fuck you, Shiyan. Fuck you.” His words were harsh and angry, and she knew he was furious that despite his admission, their intimacy, she still denied him. He erupted inside her, filling her, and her greedy cunt took him, all of him. She trembled in his arms, her legs wrapping around him as he collapsed against her.

She stroked his back as he drifted off to sleep, knowing that when he woke he would demand more from her than she was willing to give. He had her body, something he’d desired for decades. Why couldn’t that be enough? Why did he have to want her heart too?

## Chapter Three

The sun was just peeking through the clouds when Shiyan awoke again. She knew the sun was out because she felt lethargic as if she hadn't slept well, but other than that, she was fine. Despite the rampant myths and legends, many vampires walked beneath the sun. Only the oldest and strongest of pure bloods, or those with human blood – the *dhampirs* like her.

She sat up, stretching lazily, her arms freezing in midair when her eyes landed on him as if drawn to him. He sat off in the corner, his long thick legs stretched out before him. Heat wormed its way into her cheeks as she recalled how just hours before those legs had been stretched out beneath her, imprisoned between her thighs as she rode his thick, hard shaft to the blissful release of orgasm.

It was her desire for him that distracted her, or else she would have immediately realized something was amiss.

"What's going on?" she asked, when she noticed he was dressed in his royal attire. White military dress, embroidered in gold, his raven hair fastened at the nape of his neck. He looked as regal and handsome as the crown prince that he was – the future king of Vladhal.

"My betrothed is here." He stood, his expression impassive. "It seems word made it back to her that I finally captured my prize." His lips curled into a sardonic smile. "I guess she's here to see to it that her interests are protected."

Jealously the likes of which she'd never known whipped through her, so strong she could almost see the emotion radiating outward. She reined it in before Razan could sense the change in her, donning a cool mask of indifference. She knew his betrothed, Princess Bedwoa of the fifth house. A haughty, frigid bitch with ice-cold eyes and pale blonde hair, her skin as white as the snow-capped mountains of Gaelen.

Razan had called her frigid the night before. Shiyan could only imagine what his nights would be like between his betrothed's thighs once they wed. The image of him thrusting within the circle of the pale legs of the princess was such a vile notion that she almost retched.

She looked at her nails, pretending she was bored despite her inner turmoil.

"Tell Bedwoa I said hello."

Razan stared at Shiyan as she lay back down, stretching like a sleepy cat. He clenched his jaw tight to keep from snapping at her.

He'd spent the entire night filling her womb with his seed, one would think the very mention of his future wife would arouse some response from her, but there was nothing, not a single emotion. Had *her* betrothed rode in the morning after he'd lain with her, he'd be ready to kill the bastard. But Shiyan didn't give a damn who he fucked — who he wed.

He twisted on his heels, stopping at the door to call out to her. "Stay in my chambers until I get back. Bedwoa does not deserve to be humiliated by the presence of my *concubine*."

With that, he stormed out, slamming the door behind him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Where is she?"

Razan's hand froze in midair, the cup of juice perched at his lips. He turned his glacial stare on Bedwoa. "Where is who?"

He pretended ignorance, hoping she would let the subject drop, but she was either too stupid or too vain to notice the scarlet ring that encircled his pupils, signaling his mounting anger.

"Where is your whore?"

Razan glared at his mother and Hassim who both struggled to hide their laughter behind indelicate coughs.

"I have no whores, Bedwoa."

"Do not play me for the fool, Razan. I know of your half-blood concubine. Everyone knows of her. You've been chasing after the bitch for decades." Bedwoa's shrill voice grated on his ears. He glowered at his mother who sat there regal and beautiful, smiling serenely. She acted as if she hadn't been the one who'd promised him to this harpy. Although, it did little to assuage his irritation with his mother knowing he could have easily broken the contract when his younger sister married Bedwoa's cousin and united the two feuding houses, therefore absolving him of his obligation to her. At the time, he'd thought he was being honorable, but now — now he knew himself to be a fool.

"Bedwoa, I would appreciate if you would not use that..." he trailed off at the sound of a commotion beyond the dining hall.

He stood, his incisors lengthening although he did not sense danger. The moment she swept into the hall, his incisors retracted, although he amended his earlier thought. She was danger personified. And, as if she wanted to emphasize that fact, she breezed into the room dressed in red, the swell of her full round breasts spilling over the low bodice. Everyone's eyes were drawn to her. How could they not be? And despite his annoyance with her for disobeying a direct command, he found himself smiling inwardly.

Shiyan's haughty gaze raked over him before it landed on Bedwoa.

"Did someone call my name?"

Bedwoa would not be cowed by the challenge in Shiyan's eyes, her chin lifting into the air. "I didn't use your name directly, although I think whore and bitch are sufficient —"

"Bedwoa apologize this instant," he demanded, his hard glare landing on his mother and cousin who were absolutely useless as they struggled to contain their laughter.



He stilled when Shiyan flattened her palm against his chest before letting it slide lower into very dangerous territory. The gesture was blatant, and everyone knew she did it purposely, to humiliate Bedwoa, silently asserting that Bedwoa may be his betrothed, but he belonged to Shiyan.

"Do not mind Bedwoa, my love," Shiyan purred, but when she smiled, her lips curled into a dangerous sneer meant only for the other princess. "You can teach animals tricks, but not manners."

Bedwoa's face reddened and she looked as if she were ready to explode. The queen and Hassim had given up all pretenses of being courteous, their laughter the only sounds in the room.

"Shall we eat?" Shiyan chirped out, taking the seat to the right of him while his betrothed was forced to sit to the left of him, on the other side of Hassim. Bedwoa's face grew redder at the insult the half-blood delivered her, but Razan found he didn't have the heart or the energy to address it. Besides, Shiyan was a far more dangerous enemy to him than Bedwoa. If he had his pick, he'd prefer not to be on Shiyan's bad side.

Breakfast was torture. The two women continued to snip at each other, but thankfully Shiyan did not strike his betrothed, although he'd caught her clenching and unclenching her fists several times throughout the meal.

Bedwoa announced she would remain for the night, and he stood, relieved when the queen offered to show her to the guest chambers.

The young princess moved to exit the dining hall, but before she walked through the double doors, she stopped. He knew there would be trouble when she spun around, her hard gaze zeroing in on Shiyan.

"I expect that at least during my stay you will exercise some restraint and show me the respect I deserve by abstaining from my *betrothed's* bed." Bedwoa's emphasis on the word betrothed rankled him, and it didn't go unnoticed by Shiyan either.

For once he wished his spirited concubine would let the woman's slight go and just ignore it, but he knew she wouldn't, knew it wasn't in her nature, so he held his breath, waiting for the explosion that was sure to come.

"Respect, Bedwoa? What respect do I owe you? The same as you have shown me?"

"Respect for you?" Bedwoa's eyes widened, her shrill voice growing louder. "You're nothing but a *weak* half-blood whore!"

"Weak? Says the princess of the *fifth* house," Shiyan spat as she closed the distance between herself and Bedwoa, and he could feel Bedwoa's fear growing as Shiyan's anger mounted.

"You would do well to remember that my father is of the *second* house, cast out and forced to create a twelfth house for marrying my human mother." Her face was inches away from Bedwoa, and Razan feared for the girl when Shiyan's incisors lengthened. He stood rooted to his spot in astonishment. He'd never seen Shiyan so angry. "No matter my half-blood, I am still stronger than you, Bedwoa, *far stronger* and will *always* be," she whispered coolly, her voice as razor-sharp as a deadly knife.

Shiyan pushed past a trembling Bedwoa and swept out of the dining hall, leaving Razan standing there staring after her, struggling to digest her words.

Her father was of the *second* house? His gaze snapped to his mother whose guilty eyes somehow landed on everyone and everything but *him*. Anger churned in his belly at her deception, but he would deal with her later. There was another woman who deserved his wrath for her own role in deceiving him.

Shiyan slammed the door to Razan's bedchambers, her body trembling with fury. Bedwoa had unknowingly touched a sensitive nerve deep within her. She was not weak. She may be a half-blood, but her blood was strong, ancient and powerful. Shiyan was many things but never weak.

"Gods damn it!" She was such a fool. Very few knew of her lineage, and in a moment of anger she'd let it slip out in front of Razan of all people. Gods damn it and her stupid temper!

The door slammed behind her and she spun around, drawing up to her full height to meet the angry gaze of the man whose anger she deserved.

He stalked toward her, tearing off his clothes with each step.

"I am going to fuck you all day and well into the night, until you can't walk straight in the morning, until I am somehow no longer furious with you, if that's even possible." He pushed her down on the bed, ripping her dress from her body, and she let him. "And then when I'm done using your body, I'm going to make you stand there at my fucking wedding, and force you to watch me marry that bitch." He covered her with his hard body, and she let her thighs fall apart, welcoming him between her legs.

"I am going to make you watch me marry Bedwoa, knowing all the while that you hate me for doing it, and that I hate you because you let it happen when you had the power to stop it, to stop me."

He surged forward, filling her, and she was ready, her wet heat welcoming the invasion of his steel length. He pounded inside her, the headboard slamming against the wall. Her screams were loud, her hoarse sobs mingling with his guttural groans to echo down the hallway. Everyone in the castle could hear them, she was sure, and they knew exactly what was taking place in Razan's bedchambers. She hoped Bedwoa heard them clearly, that her ears burned with the sound.

She wrapped her arms around him, her legs clasping behind his back as her hips surged off the bed to meet his brutal thrusts.

"I hate you," he rasped out, slamming deep into her waiting cunt.

"You love me," she whispered in defiance, taking all of him inside her.

"I don't want to love you." His declaration was tortured as if she'd wrenched it from his very soul. She understood the feeling completely.

“But you can’t help it, you can’t stop it,” she said softly against his ear, pushing his hair back so that she could sink her incisors deep into his throat.

He cried out, his eyes shutting tight, and he buried his cock deeper inside her, stretching her tight cunt with his hard length.

The copper taste of him exploded in her mouth and she drank from him, binding him to her for all eternity. She swallowed his essence down her throat, drinking from him until her belly was full. She released him then, watching in rapt fascination as the tiny pinpricks closed before her eyes.

The strength of his blood, ancient and powerful, mingled with her own, just as ancient, just as powerful. She rose up, flipping him onto his back. His eyes widened, before the turquoise pupils gave way to the red haze of his beast. His incisors exploded inside his mouth and he groaned out her name, his fingers digging into the soft flesh of her hips.

She slammed down onto his shaft, taking him deep within her body. He twisted beneath her, but she clamped her thighs around him tight, riding his body. She jerked up and down on his cock, his hard, hot length filling her.

“Shiyan,” he growled out her name in desperation. She knew what he wanted, what he needed. She reached back, grasping the heavy sac between his legs, massaging gently. His hips surged off the bed, sending his cock tunneling deeper inside her. The strength of his body overwhelmed her, and he flipped her over onto her back, pinning her beneath him.

He hooked his arms behind her knees, thrusting into her. Her pussy clenched around him, enveloping him in its wet vise. Their moans and groans of pleasure melted together as their bodies strained toward mutual fulfillment.

He pounded inside her, his frenzied strokes out of control. She was the first to explode, her body stiffening beneath him, dragging him with her into the sweet realm of climax. His cock jumped inside her, battering into her wet tunnel before it exploded deep within her, drenching her hot walls with his seed.

A lewd curse flew from his lips, and he buried his face against the crook of her neck, his heart thumping wildly, his breathing ragged. He fell atop her, his body limp, pressing her deeper into the mattress. The weight of him was heavy, uncomfortable, but she savored the feel of him against her, skin to skin, their bodies still joined. She relished every single moment that he held her because she knew as soon as he recovered that the intimacy of that moment would come to a staggering end, and he would never look at her the same, never hold her this way ever again.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Where is she!" Razan demanded.

Queen Ayadallah's back was proud and regal as she stared out the window of her solar. Razan fumed at his mother, who took her long, sweet time turning to face him.

"She left."

He marched toward her, his eyes wild. She left. No shit. That's why he'd come to her. He'd awoken alone in his bed, the only evidence Shiyan had even been there was the dried semen on his cock and her scent all over him.

"And you let her?" He hated the frantic sound of his voice, but he couldn't help it. Did she not realize just how long it had taken him to capture Shiyan in the first place? Of course she did. She'd probably helped her escape, probably helped her evade him for all this time. After all they were two sides of the same coin when it came to deception.

"How long have you known she was my true betrothed? Did it not pain you just a tiny bit to watch me suffer, to watch me as I ached for a woman who I thought was nothing more than a half-blood?" He was shouting, but he didn't care. His mother deserved some of his ire, and when he recaptured his little concubine, he would take out the rest on her lovely body.

"She *is* a half-blood, Razan."

*Bullshit.* That was on the tip of his tongue, but he remembered himself. Despite his anger, she was still his mother and the queen.

"Her blood is as strong as mine. I know because I tried to pierce her shields with little success. I should have known then that something was amiss, but I am a fool." He shoved a hand through his hair, fury and frustration warring inside him.

"Mother, just tell me where she is so that I can bring her back."

"But she doesn't want to be found by you."

"I don't care what she wants. She's my concubine," he snapped.

The queen's eyebrow arched. "Is that all she is to you?"

*Of course not,* was what he wanted to say. His mother already knew that the first and second houses of Vladhal were inextricably tied to one another. Her blood called to his, just as strongly as his called to hers. But what could he do? Fate apparently was determined to keep them apart.

"What else can she be to me?"

His mother stood, her eyes filled with an emotion that if he had to guess, he would say was disappointment.

"She could be your wife, your queen."

"She's a half-blood." He cast his arms wide. "And what am I supposed to do with Bedwoa? Forget that I'm betrothed to her?"

She shrugged. "You're the future king. You can do whatever it is you want."

He stared at her as if he was seeing her for the first time. All his life she'd drilled into him that as a future king he was to do the opposite of what she'd just proclaimed – to uphold laws and follow them even when he wanted to break them, even when he didn't agree with him. He was king, but he was not above the laws of the land – that's what she'd always said.

“So you want me to take a half-blood as my wife, which has never been done before and then insult the fifth house, possibly severing the goodwill between our houses forever? Is that what you want me to do?”

She rose from her seat as if she had no care in the world, as if what she suggested wasn't madness.

“Do you love her, Razan?”

His brows knitted together. Of course he did. “What does that have to do with anything?”

“Would you not move mountains and break laws to make her happy?”

He gritted his teeth. “Is there a point to this?”

“Your cousin Hassim is of the first house. He's third in line for the throne. Second really since your sister has no head for politics and renounced the throne when she married —”

“Mother,” he snapped impatiently. He had a concubine to reclaim; he didn't have time for nonsensical ramblings.

“I think Bedwoa's house would be appeased if Hassim wed her instead of you. Especially since at this very moment he is bedding your brokenhearted betrothed.” She cocked her head to the side. “I think if you listen very hard, you can even hear them.”

His supernatural hearing strained to pick up the sound. He frowned when he did. Brokenhearted indeed. From the sounds of it, Bedwoa apparently wasn't as frigid as he'd first thought, but then, Hassim was a very patient man.

“I assume you will be arranging a wedding for my dear cousin and my betrothed.”

His mother's smile was full of knowing. “*Former* betrothed. And it is already done. I always thought Hassim was better suited for Bedwoa anyway. His jovial demeanor has always had a way of thawing even the coldest of hearts, don't you think?”

Razan was in full agreement. He just hoped his cousin knew what he was getting into with the icy princess—but then again, besides being patient, Hassim also loved a challenge. Well he'd certainly found one in Bedwoa.

Razan returned his full attention to the queen then, all thoughts of Hassim and Bedwoa now gone. "I just have one more question for you, Mother. Why did you allow me to believe I had to marry Bedwoa? Why did you not tell me that Shiyan was my true betrothed?"

Her eyebrow arched as she released a sigh, and for the first time she appeared remorseful for the role she'd played in deceiving him.

"When your sister wed, I'd hoped you would listen to your feelings and follow your heart. But you were arrogant. You thought Shiyan was not good enough for you."

He ducked his head, the weight of his guilt heavy on his heart.

"I did not raise you to be so superior. I just hoped you would learn your lesson and listen to your heart before you made such a huge mistake."

He stared at his mother, wondering if she would have stopped him. He wanted to be angry with her at the notion that she would have allowed her only son to suffer, to live in misery, but he couldn't find fault with her actions. If he'd married Bedwoa, it would have been his mistake alone, a consequence of his conceit. His heart, his body, had tried to tell him who his true mate was. He would have been the only one to blame if he'd ignored them. He just thanked the gods for intervening *and* for Shiyan's impetuous temper.

"Where is she?" he asked again.



## **Chapter Four**

Shiyan knew he'd come after her. He was far too arrogant and proud a man to let her go. Besides, he was now bound to her, just as she was bound to him, their blood exchange sealing their union. If he hadn't come for her, she would have eventually returned for him. Her heart, her body, her entire soul would have forced her.

The crown prince of the first house had no trouble making it past her guards. He was the high prince, the lower houses had no choice but to obey him, so she was not surprised when he burst into her chambers.

"It seems that you are always busting into rooms when you come after me. Is this how it's always going to be between us?"

"I ought to spank you." He slammed the door behind him.

"But you won't." She bit back a smile when he began to remove his shirt.

"You certainly don't deserve the honor of becoming my wife and queen."

She closed the distance between them, her hands roaming over his bare chest. "Just as you don't deserve the honor of becoming my husband and master, but we'll make an exception."

"You think this is a joke, that this is funny." She let him undo the ties of her dress, not batting an eye when it pooled at her feet and she stepped out of it.

"Not at all," she said with a smile.

He cupped her face, his eyes darkening, his expression serious.

"Had you not let it slip that you were of the second house, that you'd been bound to me from birth, would you have let me marry her?"

She shook her head, her eyes never leaving him. "No."

He dragged her into his arms. "Why did you torment me — torment us for so long? I thought I was going insane."

She leaned away from him, her palm cupping his cheek. *Now*, she could see the pain she'd caused him, and she hated herself for it, but at the time she'd wanted to make him suffer. She'd despised his arrogance. He thought her beneath him, not worthy of being more than his concubine, and that she should be glad for the honor he did her in making her his whore, when in another time, she would have been his wife without question.

"I was arrogant, and I hurt you," he said softly, reading her thoughts, which she bared before him, her shields down so he could easily sense her feelings, her every emotion.

"I'm sorry," he whispered, cupping her face with his hands.

"As am I. I should have told you the truth. It was wrong of me to keep it from you." She wound her arms behind his neck. "But believe me, I suffered for my own stubbornness."

"Good. Makes me feel better that I wasn't alone." His lips crooked into a smile, that dangerously sexy smile that always made her heart melt and her insides turn to jelly.

"What is it?" he asked at the haunted look on her face.

She had to be completely honest with him. She kept her shields down so he could see it wasn't just stubbornness and pride that drove her but also revenge. By passing a law where half-bloods were relegated to the bottom of the caste system, far beneath the full bloods, Razan's grandfather had condemned her and all other half-bloods for simply being born of a human parent. She'd wanted Razan to suffer for the pain and humiliation his grandfather had caused her entire family. She wanted him to know what it felt like to be denied what was rightfully his, but she knew now that her vengeance was misguided. Razan was not the one to blame.

"I didn't know. I had nothing to do with that."

"I know." She smiled bitterly. "Your grandfather made that law after he cast my father out. He punished my father for marrying the woman he loved, and made a law as if there is any real difference between half-bloods and pure bloods when there isn't." She dipped her gaze to the ground, ashamed of herself and her actions. "I wanted to punish you for something your grandfather did and the pain he caused my entire family, but what he did had nothing to do with you. And in the end I would have punished myself too," she whispered brokenly, knowing that if Razan had married Bedwoa, or she another, they both would have been miserable forever.

He pulled her within the circle of his arms, and she inhaled deeply, filling her lungs with the scent of him.

"We will set things right, Shiyan. Together. Laws can be rewritten." He dipped his head then to capture her mouth, and their lips met in a kiss as tender and sweet as a first kiss. A sob welled up inside her. This was how it should have been. They should have been free to mature together, to discover their desire for one another and explore it *together*. They should have known they were fated to wed. They should have been the first for each other in every way—their first kiss, their first time, each other's first and only loves.

*That's the past, he whispered into her mind. Let's focus on the here and now, and our future together.*

The feelings she'd kept bottled behind her shields poured from her, wrapping around them both. She loved Razan, had for a very long time, and she shared every single emotion with him, savoring the depth of his own love that he openly revealed to her.

They fell atop her bed, their naked limbs twisted together. She cupped the back of his head, fusing their mouths together as she twined her tongue with his. Her hands roamed over his broad back, his muscles bunching beneath her fingertips.

He buried his lips against the crook of her neck, his hands parting her legs as he settled between her thighs, his cock searching for her opening. He pushed and prodded,

and her body yielded beneath him. His muscles strained beneath her touch, the effort it took for him to hold back, the power that radiated inside him crying out to be unleashed.

“Don’t hold back, my love. Fuck me,” she whispered against his ear and before the last word was even out his control snapped and he plunged forward, burying the thick root of his cock in her wet heat.

A feral growl tore from his lips and he pounded deeper into her cunt, her hot tunnel opening to accept him, to take him ever deeper. She wound herself around him, her arms clasped behind his neck, her ankles locked behind his back. Her hips jerked off the bed, meeting his pulsing, pounding rhythm stroke for stroke.

Her breasts brushed against his chest, the sensations of her nipples raking through the coarse hairs of his torso, sending white-hot shocks of pleasure straight to her pussy. He abruptly stopped his thrusting inside her, his hand dipping to cup one full globe while his lips seized the nipple of the other.

Her head fell back against the pillow, her body shivering with pleasure as he suckled her breasts, drawing her stiffened bud deeper into the moist, hot cavern of his mouth. He moved between each round globe, massaging the yielding flesh with one hand while he sucked at the nipple of her other breast.

She called his name, the sound bubbling out of her, rich and needy as a desperate plea that echoed off the walls. He braced his weight on his palms on either side of her, his hips moving to send his thick shaft tunneling through the tight muscles of her cunt.

She screamed beneath him, her eyes shutting tight, her back arching as she dug her nails into his shoulders. He thrust harder and faster, his stroking cock going deeper, the purple head of his cock battering against the back of her cunt. He rotated his hips, his steel length pushing against her clenching walls, setting off a host of new sensations within her.

She shattered around him, her orgasm rocketing through her until she felt as if she would splinter into two. She screamed out his name, her love for him, her need for him

as she drenched his cock in her hot juices until they poured forth to stain the bed sheets beneath her.

She slumped back against the bed, almost delirious with pleasure. Somewhere deep in her haze of desire, she felt him pull out of her, and her eyes snapped open when he flipped her onto her stomach. He slipped two fingers inside her sheath, coating them with her juices before pulling them out to slide one, and then the other into her anus. She moaned at the pleasure of him stretching her, making her passage slick, but when he positioned the thick mushroom head of his cock at the entrance of her anus, she stilled with a sharp intake of breath.

"Razan?" She twisted around, her hair falling over one shoulder. His incisors were visible, but his eyes still glowed a clear turquoise blue. She relaxed. He was still in control of his beast.

"I would never hurt you," he said softly, pushing his cock past the first ring of muscle. "Even in my bloodlust, I would never hurt you. I would die first."

She realized what her thoughts conveyed, and she clamored to assure him of her faith in him. "I know." She spoke truthfully. She'd always known that.

She held his gaze as he fed her his cock, inch by inch, gently stretching her rectum until he filled her.

It was tight and she felt stuffed full of him. When he moved inside her, she bore down on her lip, the pressure almost unbearable.

"Relax, my love," he whispered against her ear, his thrusts shallow. She blew out a deep breath, the simple action causing the tension to flow from her body.

He gripped her hips, moving her back and forth on his length. She glanced over her shoulder to watch him, the veins in his chest, his neck straining against his bronze skin.

His cock swelled inside her and she fell forward, his thrusts growing harder and wilder. He followed her down, his hard shaft pummeling inside her anus. She was so close to that precipice of fulfillment that when he drove into her hard and deep, she came again, the pulsing pleasure sharp and intense.

A hoarse shout exploded from him at the same time he pulled out of her. He gripped his thick shaft in his palm, jerking the bruised, ruddy length until it erupted white-hot streams of cum over her ass. He poured his seed all over the fleshy globes of her backside until he was completely spent, his body drained.

She sighed, a small smile spreading across her face when he covered her with his warm body.

"I love you," he whispered against the crook of her neck and her smile grew wider as she twisted around to meet his clear blue gaze.

"I love you too."

He kissed her forehead gently, and rolled off her, gathering her against him, his arms holding her imprisoned in his embrace.

He fell asleep beneath her, and she laid her head atop his chest, listening to his heartbeat. Draped across him, she soon followed him into the blissful arms of sleep, a smile on her lips.

Her prince had finally claimed her and forced her complete surrender, but not as his captive concubine, instead, she was his cherished mate, his wife and queen, for all eternity.

*The End*

## About the Author

Nadia Aidan is a multi-published author who writes interracial and multicultural erotic romance across all genres. She lives, works and writes on the West Coast of the United States. Under her real name, Nadia holds a Ph.D in Political Science and by day she works as an Assistant Professor.

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Nadia loves strong, assertive heroines, which is why she's an enduring fan of Fight Girls, Xena, Buffy, American Gladiators (new and old) and Le Femme Nikita!

Nadia welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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