

Primal Appetite

The Hellfire Club

Belladonna Bordeaux

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Blurb

Lady Danielle Hampton has really made a muck of her life. Not only is she guilty of entreating carnal fantasies, but her aunt has sold her into slavery to pay off the family's debts. Little does Danielle know the group she's been purchased to service aren't just Lords and Princes, they are the legends from which fairytales are wrought.

Prince Gabriel LeFay is in search of his next mate. First he has to find a woman who is as uninhibited as his kind, the Fairefolk, and then he has to teach her the ways of a submissive. In Danielle he finds the woman of his dreams. She'll try anything once or even thrice. The trick to earning her love is to become the man of her fantasies.

Chapter One

May 1750

Good God! What a fine stew she'd landed her arse in this time.

Oblivious of the scenery sweeping past the coach, Lady Danielle Hampton nibbled on her lower lip. The niggling worry she'd suffered under since her interview with her father twisted her already confused thoughts into a tight knot.

Aye, a fine stew indeed.

The *ton's* suspicion of her father's insanity was about to be proved. And all because he'd caught her and her maid in the midst of a chat. His anger soared through the roof of their townhouse and she didn't doubt his self-righteous rhetoric sent shivers through a few angels on their clouds.

'Twas but a harmless game she'd been playing with her maid. Gossip never struck anybody dead, besides, Maria was merely recounting her most recent expedition to the Hellfire Club.

They oft giggled over the whores who were employed for the black mass rituals. The mental images Danielle conjured up only added to their mirth. Who would have thought that the stiff as starched undergarments men of the *ton* would partake of such a sin? 'Twas a miracle some of them were able to perform at their advanced age.

Not that Maria was allowed to tell of the actual goings on of the mass as she served as handmaiden to the gentlemen. It was a never-mind-the-details aspect to Danielle anyway. 'Twas the lascivious mating during the black mass' banquet which piqued her interest.

To think women actually did exactly what they were told when it came to the grunting and groaning of men caught in fits of passion? Of course, 'twas expected that a wife would submit to her husband, but Danielle thought that was only after the ink dried on the marriage contract and the ceremony properly seen to.

'Twas the enjoying the entirety that held her in transfixed awe while Maria described in vivid detail what had happened and to whom.

It was filthy.

Gutturally filthy.

And she often fantasized about participating in the acts of the banquet. How exciting would it be to lay on a banquet table while men fed from plates placed on your naked form. To have them brush their fingers over her nipples as they took the food away, absently pour wine between her breasts then lick it off with tantalizing sweeps of their tongues.

She could almost feel the tweaks to her nips as one man spread her legs to own her body. In a sad way, it was the submission of the handmaiden which excited her most. None of her friends would ever believe her if she told them her dark secret. After all, she'd done enough damage to her reputation by riding her sorrel mare through Lord Carrington's formal garden on a dare delivered by Carrington's heir.

The upper-crust snobbery called her a rake-hell. With good cause, Danielle heaved a sigh as the coach pitched hard when it hit a deep rut in the road. They pitied her father for

having such a willful daughter.

In their next breath they pitied Danielle for having such a pious oaf for a sire.

They said 'twould be the downfall of Hampton. That this bent of his to spend more time on his knees than procuring another wife and a rightful male heir to his title would end the line forever. Many a twittering woman whispered Danielle's mother had taken both his cock and balls with her to the grave.

Danielle knew her mother had died from hysteria. Her father's constant brow beating and bible thumping followed by hours of strict penance finally pushed her to commit the sin of suicide.

She'd given up because not even God could deliver her from the nightmare of being bound to a man who despised her.

'Twas her burden to never whisper about her mother's death. To follow her father's orders to the letter in an effort to save them. His logic made sense.

'Twas not because her mother's body would be exhumed from the hallowed walls of the family crypt before being whisked to find a fitting home in unconsecrated ground, but because the news would destroy her father's reputation.

As selfish as she felt when she considered his already tarnished reputation, she knew this secret would ruin every chance she'd have of making a match.

Considering she was nearly the age of spinsterhood, she was desperate for her father to enter into a contract for her. The last thing she wanted was to be strapped to his side for the rest of his life. She had no doubt he'd outlive her just to be spiteful.

Her fingers toyed with the seam of her cloak. She let her mind fall back into the fantasies that had saved her from madness when her father ordered her to pray for hours over her mother's immortal soul.

At first she denied the inclination, thinking her mother needed good thoughts and fervent prayers to send her to heaven.

As the fasting continued, hunger and thirst playing havoc on her psyche, the lack of sleep making her oft dizzy, she found herself turning to satisfying an appetite of a base nature. She blamed herself for her blasphemy, but couldn't stop the dreams. They became synonymous with kneeling in the chapel.

A small, bitter smile stroked her lips. She recalled Maria's last whisper to her, the one that had been overheard by Arthur who in turn reported the incident to her father. She then placed herself in the lurid dream. Though she didn't place the elderly lords as her masters; nay, she used the younger set in her fantasies.

Her favored lord was the Duke of Lincoln. She didn't even know his name, but knew her mother didn't approve of the man. He'd arrived at her debutante ball dressed in austere evening garb. On his arm was a woman of rare beauty.

Every girl whispered of who she was. None knew the certain answer.

It was while she stood hoping for a young fop to engage her in conversation, that she caught him staring at her. It wasn't so much that he gawked in her direction but the scowl marring his brow that worried her.

Why would he care a whit for her?

The rest of the night passed in a blur as young gentleman after youthful lord prodded her for a dance.

Her father had fulfilled her mother's wish that she have a proper come-out, but after that night, Danielle was whisked back to the townhouse where she received only guests her father approved of.

Little did he know, her friends were full of tales too.

Using her friends' gossip helped on this front, for she couldn't imagine lying naked before patriarchs her father's age.

The men of the realm her friends called 'the wild set' became her fodder. A few of her confidants had even met these men who kept dancers and actresses as their mistresses. Of course the minute their chaperones realized the danger the young miss was in, they were cordially and coldly swept away from the proverbial wolf licking his lips.

She didn't find it the least surprising that His Grace, the Duke of Lincoln traveled with the wilder set of the *haute ton*.

Rubbing the stiffness from the taut muscles of her neck, Danielle returned her thoughts once more to the fantasies that had saved her on many an occasion.

To be told to take one man's cock into her mouth as another licked her sensitive nub made her shiver with unrequited anticipation. A tremor of lust rolled up her inner thighs as she imagined more hands roaming over her body, some playfully swatting her skin until it burned, others kissing long paths up her legs, arms, to finally take her hard nip in their mouths.

Her breasts grew heavy. A twinge shook through her core.

Nay! Danielle snapped her eyelids open.

Swallowing the gasp rising in her throat, Danielle turned her gaze to her chaperone for this trip to St. Sophia's Cloister where she'd spend the next month contemplating the sin of lust. Aunt Esther sat on the opposing bench; her head nestled in the corner. A soft snore sounded when they hit yet another rut in the wretched road.

Danielle blew out a relieved breath when the elder adjusted her shoulders but remained fast asleep. Her father was crazy with piety. Aunt Esther was just plain out of her mind.

For the life of her, Danielle couldn't imagine her maiden aunt's reaction if she ever learned her secret. She'd probably laugh herself straight to bedlam. Granted, 'twouldn't be a very long journey.

Easily falling back into the fantasy, Danielle relaxed against the stiff squab. Crossing her arms over her chest, she was just about to fall back into her fantasy when shouts broke the quiet night. The coach came to a tooth-jarring halt.

"What on earth?" Esther muttered.

Danielle shrugged in response. She did peer out the window to see what the impromptu stop was about. "Highwaymen," she breathed.

Fear rooted deep in her soul while her fingers curled around the window frame. Just outside the golden glow of the carriage lamps she made out a terrifying sight. Her gaze traveled down the four black cloaked riders seated atop black stallions. By God's toes, why had her father sent them this round about way rather then ordering the coachman to take them by way of the main road out of London?

To punish you more, came the silent response.

She highly doubted being robbed a pistol point was a part of his retribution. 'Twas not that they had aught worth taking to begin with.

Not even the coach or horses were worth more than a crown. The transport had seen many a better day and the twosome team was worn from years of service.

Panic infused Danielle's frame. What would these men do if they were denied booty?

Her heart chugged hard in her chest when she recalled a descriptive column in the *London Times* about such an incidence as this one. Though put out in softer terms, Danielle didn't like the idea of losing her chastity to such a man. *Correction, men.* Her fear grew in direct proportion to what she suspected would be her last hours of life.

"Aunt Esther, what are you doing?" she asked when the woman moved to open the door.

"Never you mind, Danielle," Esther commented. She flicked the door open. The crunch of loose gravel practically shouted through the interior of the coach when her feet hit the ground.

All Danielle could see was her aunt gaining a bullet for her uppityness.

"Per your request, milord," Esther said.

"What the blazes?" Danielle perked up, her gaze on the foremost rider as he swung himself down from his saddle. A soft sigh escaped her throat. He had the fluid moves of a predator. A fresh tremor rocked her soft, feminine walls to mingle with the fear. Danielle didn't know what she should feel or how she should proceed.

She wished she could see his face if for no other reason save to add him to her stable of fantasy gents. *Foolishness*, she chastised herself. *You don't want some highwaymen to take part in your fantasies*.

"You'll find her malleable and open minded to your lessons. Her father wishes her to pay penance."

A round of chuckles came from the leader's group. He didn't say aught, but he did nod.

Danielle frowned at her aunt's sentence. The panic from the moment before turned to true terror when the leader waved for her very own driver and footman to remove her from the coach. "Cease," she cried when the driver swung the door open.

Kicking at them, she heard laughter above the pounding of her rioting heart. "Let me go," she shouted when the footman grabbed first her right foot then her left. The driver held her legs together at the knees while the footman tied them.

It didn't stop her attack. Danielle clawed for Horace's head. Her coachman was ready for her. Catching her wrists in his calloused hand, they jerked her out of the cabin and tied her hands behind her back.

"I demand an answer," Danielle shrieked. She fought against the men steadying her. Breaking free, she crumpled into a useless heap of wool and cotton on the ground.

"Do stop the theatrics, Danielle. It's unbecoming a lady of your station."

Reluctant, Danielle allowed the men to help her to her feet. "What have you done?" she asked, her glare plastered to her aunt's wrinkled face. Was that triumph she saw in her aunt's faded blue eyes? Dear God, it was.

"Tis quite simple, my dear," Aunt Esther informed her in a voice that could have caused frostbite. "You're father requires a substantial amount of money to rescue what little remains of the family's estate. You are a means to that end."

Shocked dumb, Danielle glared at her aunt, her mouth gaping like a caught cod gasping for a way back to the comfort of the sea. She shook her head in outrage and dismay. "You ... you ... sold me?"

"What other way was there to save our good name? Though at your advanced age, 'twas a task to find a buyer. Your reputation for being hellbent for leather was another concern. 'Twas nothing short of a miracle I found this group who can and will tame your

wild spirit. If you are a good lady, perhaps I'll figure a way to buy your freedom at a later date."

The barb hit home. Danielle winced. Paralyzed with fear, Danielle's eyes grew to the size of saucers when the leader walked directly to where she stood. She raised her chin in a display of false bravado. Inside she was a mass of frightened twanging nerves and something else, but she knew it wasn't lust. "I will not submit to you," she spat the first thing that came to her mind. "Not ever."

"Aye, milady," the leader finally spoke. He stroked his gloved index finger down her cheek. A chuckle rumbled through his chest when she jerked her head away. "You will submit to the Hellfire and Damnation Club or I will sell you to a harem."

He gripped her chin between his thumb and forefinger. Forced to stare into his gaze, an involuntary shiver raced the course of Danielle's spine. The man was serious.

Lecher. Well, she'd take the harem over him without a thought. She was about to tell him when he increased the pressure on her jaw. Beneath his glare she sensed the loosely chained anger brewing in his system.

"I assure you, milady, you are better off behaving yourself. A shah or chieftain would have no conscience beating your insolence from you."

Refusing to go quietly, Danielle spat in his face. "Do what you will, but know this. I will never submit to you."

He wiped the spittle from his face with the sleeve of his cloak. "We'll see about that." Danielle heard the laughter in his voice. About ready to choke on her ire, she wished she could kick him in the shins. Unable to do that, she met his steady gaze and held it.

"She meets with your approval?" Aunt Esther's voice broke through the silent war of wills.

"Aye." He nodded to his rider.

A heavy purse of coins fell to the ground in front of Ester's feet. "Thank you, milord."

Oho, Danielle thought when his glare turned scathing and slid ominously to Aunt Esther's face. *He's a lord of the realm*. Perhaps she could use that tidbit of information to her benefit in the future.

She'd have to concentrate on every aspect of him to discover his true identity. For a certainty he wasn't amongst her limited circle of friends. Perhaps he was of the wilder set.

'Twould be better yet if he was one of the King's trusted confidants. How horrid would it be for the man to have not only his name, but that of their sovereign, attached to this heinous act.

A small smile quirked the corners of her lips, but she quickly steeled her features.

Twould be a very long fall from grace for this man.

Very long, indeed.

* * * *

She was spitting mad and tired of feeling like she might explode with rage. For two weeks she'd spent her days holed away in a rather nice suite of rooms. The decor was richly gorgeous with a tall tester bed dressed in fine linens, ceiling to floor brocade curtains and a fireplace with an excellent draft. The embossed wall-covering was white on light peach that accentuated the chintz covered settee and vanity stool perfectly.

The room had a woman's touch. If she'd had the energy to spare, she'd have used this

room in her fantasies. Sadly, she hadn't an ounce to spare since she was tossed over the threshold to land in an ignominious heap.

Even though she was fed three times a day plus given tea, tedium and fury kept her from being the least bit cordial to the maid who served her. All her demands to be freed were met with a patient smile. When she posed a question about where she was or what might happen to her, the maid shook her head. If she posed a query as to where her captor, the man in black, was, the maid gave her a placating smile as if to say, "twas none of her business'. It was damnably infuriating.

Brushing her hand down the pink day gown she'd been delivered that morning, she heaved a sigh. She turned toward the window to watch the sun beaming down on the pristine garden behind the manor house. What she'd give to walk just a few paces beyond the locked door of her room. Almost aught including her right arm. In a fit to begin with, she strode to the locked windows. Tilting her gaze to the sky, she pushed away the urge to break the mullioned glass and jump to her death three floors below. "Not even you, God, can tell me I was kidnapped, sold into whatever this nightmare is to rot away in a room."

"No, you weren't."

Danielle spun around at the masculine voice coming from the doorway. "I demand to know why I was brought here." She waved her hand in the air with all the grace she could muster. "Never mind, I'll put my question to the lord of the manor. If you would direct me to his location straight away, *sir*..." She tried to infuse her voice with the appropriate amount of condemnation. Her fingers curled into a fist when he smirked at her.

"He stands before you, milady. I am Alexander Hightower. I own Falstaff Manor."

She took a moment to inspect him from his bald pate to the tips of his well-polished shoes. He wasn't the horrid man dressed in all black. That much she'd figured out because he wasn't as tall, nor did he speak with the same conjecture. Through narrowed eyes, she took in the slim set of the man's shoulders. Doubts formed in her mind. Distrust took root in her heart. "You wouldn't lie to me, would you?"

"Of course not, milady."

"I don't believe you. Who is the man who brought me here? I'd like to speak to him." Not that he'd said a word on the long journey to the manor. Unfortunately, she'd felt an odd connection to him. 'Twas as if there was something to the captor and the captive where the supplicant's life was at his mercy. All she knew was he was horrid, but he hadn't harmed her.

"Enough! You are not a free woman. There isn't a Knight of the Seventh Seal who will accept your unruly tongue unless it is on them. You have no say in what happens to you. Not today, tomorrow or ever."

Lifting her chin in defiance, Danielle took a shaky step back and fell upon the settee when he came forward. "I will scream should you touch me."

"Aye, I am aware. 'Twill do you no good, except to excite the other members of the Knighthood."

A shiver raced the length of her spine when he raked his gaze down her body. Swallowing against the knot of trepidation growing in her throat, Danielle shook her head. A slight fuzziness took control of her senses. 'Twas as if she was walking into a fog-shrouded dale. Grey figures, not human but not totally unrecognizable flitted through the scene. Icy touches caressed her flesh causing delicious goose pimples to rise on her

arms.

"You'll do well tonight at the banquet," he said in an authoritative voice.

"I beg your pardon." She couldn't help sounding stunned. She was. A brief snippet of the musings that landed her in this stew popped into her mind's eye. She was naked and once more lying upon a grand banquet table. This time, though, the men were all handsome and held an air of virility not normally seen amongst the *ton*. A twinge of lust grew to a twang. Unbidden, her eyes steered to a shield affixed to the wall. The crest carried the number '7'. Around the outer field were fanciful images of creatures only found between the covers of a fairytale.

In the next instant, the vision was ripped away. "Of all the unmitigated gall." Terror and want forced her to rise to her feet. The same obstinacies that had her accepting Carrington's bet to jump his father's hedge forced bravado to the surface. Whatever spell the man had cast upon her would not go unanswered. Of that much she was sure. "If you think I would willingly ... let you take my..." The word 'virginity' popped into her head along with a new image of her taking a cock in her mouth. *Dear God, help me*. Her heart fell to the soles of her stylish satin slippers, and then surged upward to lodge in her throat.

Outraged, needy, she watched the door close behind her captor. His laughter hung in the air a long time after he retreated.

Chapter Two

"You approve of her, Your Highness?"

Gabriel LeFay, crowned prince of the Tuatha De' Danann, the Royal Fairefolk, nodded to Alistair, Falstaff Manor's butler. "I do." Gritting his teeth, wanton lust ran rampant through his veins. He understood he was under the veritable blade for the next several nights. It was the beginning of the Fairefolk's mating season, the time when the Goddess and God came together on Beltane. "Has any other Royal shown interest in her?"

He turned his gaze back to the mystic portal through which he viewed Danielle. She was a stunning woman with her long sable-colored hair and crystal blue eyes. Her coloring was an oddity that would set her apart from those in the Tir na nOg and probably what attracted him to her. His stare traced her demure decolletage to take in her firm breasts that were no more than a handful. He swallowed against the knot of lust growing in his throat.

"Two, Your Highness. Lucian Maelstrom and Lord Dante."

"Maelstrom?" A snide snort escaped Gabriel's lips. "He's no man to match this firebrand's temperament." Though, he could steal her life with little effort. Dante MacGreggor was a whole other matter. The leader of the Cu Sith wasn't a paranormal to be trifled with. "What is the current bid on her?"

"Three thousand pounds by Lord Dante. On that front, Mr. Maelstrom backed down from outright bidding until after the banquet." He glanced away for a heartbeat before returning his attention to Gabriel's face. "Maelstrom has begun a wager on her. He believes she'll be broken before her maidenhead is taken. She faces five to one odds, Your Highness."

Damn bastard. He should have expected it. Maelstrom was a Common Vampire who had wheedled his way into the Council of Seven Seals, also known as the Knights of Eternity. Against Gabriel's better judgment, he'd watched Lucian guiltlessly work mind control on the Ladies of the Seven. "The Strigoi didn't find her intriguing?" Strigoi. Immortals who not only had the power to wield magicke but could shift into any paranormal form that suited their needs. They were a force to be reckoned with and which needed to be feared.

Gabriel had witnessed their abilities firsthand. A millennium ago the Strigoi, led by their king Alexander Hightower, the very man whose home they now stood in, had fought the Fay for control of Tir na nOg. The wielders had lost after some of the most horrific battles in paranormal history.

The shaky covenant upon which the Fay accepted the Strigois' surrender still held. Yet, there were fairefolk who felt 'twas only a matter of time before the Strigoi launched another attack on Tir na nOg. Alistair shook his head and brought Gabriel out of his morbid musings. "He still mourns his wife and has decided to diminish. He will host the conference but does not wish to partake of the women."

Diminish? Alexander had made the conscience decision to abdicate so he could age and eventually wither to dust? *Something isn't right*. Finding his manners, Gabriel sighed softly. "My condolences to the Royal Strigoi and all the staff of Falstaff Manor. Lady

Helena was well loved and greatly respected."

"Thank you, Your Highness." Alistair peeked at him before pulling a thin notebook and a stub of a pencil from his pocket. "Do you wish to make a bid or a wager, Your Highness?"

"I will bid." Gabriel drank in the beauty gripping the bed post once more before he finally answered. He'd counter Dante's bid. Of that there was no doubt. "Five thousand pounds." A groan almost escaped from his throat when Danielle ran her hands over her sides. He knew the move was for the sake of straightening her gown, but damn, the woman had appeal. His erection was in wholehearted agreement.

"If I'm not so bold, Your Highness, she is extremely vulnerable to psychic attack."

"No, Alistair, that isn't too bold. I'll take your words into consideration." Truthfully, he had a lot to mull over before the banquet. Gritting his teeth as he walked away, Gabriel tried to shake off the Fay magicke flowing around him. 'Twas Beltane Eve. 'Twas the day his minions were allowed to leave Tir na nOg, strike out, so to speak, and frolic with the mortal world before returning to the mist-shrouded land to celebrate the day Nuada the Great conquered Ireland during the First Battle of Magh Tuiredh.

Like his grandmother, Morgan LeFay, Queen of the fairefolk, hoped he'd come home with a bride. His contemporaries pitied him for having to take a mortal bride. He and his grandmother understood it was the only way to breathe new life into their kind.

Kind? What an off phrase that was. All the forefathers of the Tuatha De' Danann were born mortal and died as easily as any other man. It was when they lost Ireland to the Milesians that the God and Goddess gifted them with Fay magicke, making them immortal.

The gifting came with a grave condition. The fairefolk were ordered to leave the Temporal Plane and live in the land of Tir na nOg. There, they were the guardians of white magicke. And, when the mystic power evolved so did they.

It was during the rare adaptations of magicke that they became weakened—mortal. During the last evolution the Fairefolk had lost more than two-thirds their number to a plague that turned the light green mist of the land to a morbid red-black color.

With the next evolution looming large on the horizon, they were very nearly at the end of their existence. Thus, after much praying and many heated discussions with the Royal Advisors, it was decided to attempt to bring a mortal bride to Tir na nOg.

"I heard you've taken a fancy to the woebegone lady."

The statementcame from nowhere and set Gabriel's teeth to gnashing. "Maelstrom," he whispered. Turning around, Gabriel searched the long hall for the bastard. "I'm not in the mood for petty games, bloodsucker."

"Afore long, you won't have a choice and you'll play by my rules."

"What the blazes is that supposed to mean?"

"Patience, Your Highness."

Gabriel didn't know what Maelstrom was up to, but he knew one way of beating the fool at his ridiculous wager.

He'd take Danielle's virginity before she entered the grand dining hall.

* * * *

Danielle was still shaking from the vision when her maid strode in to her suite unannounced. Tiredly, she rubbed a hand across her brow. "What is going on?"

"I am to assist you with your bath, and then help you prepare for the banquet tonight."

"Am I to be the main course?" The snide question slid from her errant tongue before she thought better of making an enemy of the maid. A memory of the fantasies popped into her head for the briefest of moments renewing the ache in her crotch.

"Milady, it would be in your best interest to not say aught you might regret later. The walls of Falstaff have ears and there are spying eyes around every corner."

"I see." The hell she did. "Fine. At least tell me what I should expect at supper." Danielle gave herself credit for the attempt but the maid was as tight lipped as usual. "Must I bathe again? I just scrubbed this morn and you know how long it takes for my hair to dry."

"Aye, 'tis true." The maid gave her a pensive glare before laying out her garb on the bed.

"By God, what are those?" Danielle gaped at the array of clothing. "I've never seen the likes." 'Twas an understatement. The clothing was made from the finest cloth, but was decadent as well. Picking up the gown, Danielle held it to her frame. "Lord have mercy on me," she muttered. The frock was cut so low she doubted the decolletage would cover her nips. "I won't wear it."

She shook her head as she stepped back from the illicit articles. Her gaze, however, remained planted on the garments. There was no camisole amongst the lot and the pantaloons had a slit from front to back.

"Aye, milady, you will," the maid retorted.

"Nay. You can't make me."

"The winner of the bidding has left specific instructions on what you will wear and how you are to prepare for the banquet. Please, milady, don't make this more difficult than it already will be."

Gobsmacked, Danielle couldn't move as the fog she'd suffered earlier in the day clouded her mind. In a state of near paralysis, Danielle watched the maid smirk. "What are you doing to me?" she asked.

"Following Prince Gabriel's orders."

Unable to speak, Danielle wanted to lash out when the maid strode to her with a determined gait. The feeling of the maid's hands moving over her jerked a gasp from her throat. It was enjoyable and terrifying at the same time especially when the maid undid her gown. Calloused hands moved over her skin as her corset was removed, then her camisole. Groaning when the young woman weighed her breast, Danielle would have collapsed if the unseen force hadn't held her up when the maid took her nipple into her mouth.

God, help me.

Delicious tendrils of desire soaked through her when the lips kissed a hot path to her other breast. This time, pain combined with the pleasure as the maid nipped the sensitive peak.

Vaguely aware of the door opening, and then closing followed by the lock sliding home hit Danielle, but she was almost beyond rational thought. The sensations rocking her had her body trapped in a state of chaos.

"Your Highness."

"Stay," came a masculine voice. "You will please me as well."

"As you wish, Your Highness."

"Are you ready to begin your education, Danielle?"

Whimpering, Danielle's breath hitched when she felt a rock solid wall of muscle pressing against her back. The maid's mouth was replaced by a pair of strong hands. They massaged her breasts and pinched her nipples until she was frantic for something she couldn't explain. A pulse grabbed hold of her core while a heavy bubble of pressure formed in her womb.

"Release her."

The order came out of nowhere. Her legs buckled when the fog left as quickly as it came. A pair of strong arms rescued her from falling into a heap. "Oh my."

She didn't know why she said that or even care. All she wanted was the pressure to go away. Never, not in her wildest imagination, had she pictured a woman being part of her fantasy.

Lifted onto the bed, Danielle pushed the mass of clothing away. It fell to the floor with a soft swish of satin. Her hips bucked instinctively when hands gripped her wrists above her head.

"Look at me."

Obeying his order, she lifted her eyelids to stare into the most amazing cobalt blue gaze struck with gold flecks. *Handsome in a devilish way*. The thought came out of nowhere and if his self-satisfied grin was any indication, she'd praised his appearance out loud.

"You will listen to me and do as I say. Your future depends on it."

Future? She had a future? For two weeks she'd lived as a veritable prisoner within the suite. She hadn't allowed her mind to really ponder what would come next. She grabbed onto the verbal rope hoping he wasn't going to hang her with her actions. "What would you have me do?"

"Ann is going to show you how to service me, but first I want you to finish undressing."

"Ann?"

"Me, milady," the maid interjected.

Danielle watched the young lady shrink back in fear from the ferocious scowl the man gave her. "I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking straight. Of course, Ann, show me how you ... you..." What on earth are you thinking? You should be running out of the room, en shamble or not.

"Be easy, milady. Ann is here to help you adjust to your new position."

With her gaze plastered on Ann, Danielle watched as she shifted out of her clothes in a slow method that made the man growl with what she assumed was desire. The throb in her crotch grew when the woman went down on her knees beside the bed. Her pulse pounded in her ears when he stood and Ann gracefully released his engorged manhood.

Aghast, Danielle held her breath when the woman licked the underside of his massive cock. Biting her lip to keep from howling in a combination of disgust and unrequited lust, she eyed Ann as she swirled her tongue over the head afore she began to suck on the long, thick shaft. It went in deeper and deeper until Ann pulled back.

"I can't," Danielle gasped. Her desire had a mind of its own. It wanted to try performing for the man.

"Take off your clothes and kneel on the floor beside Ann," he ordered in a no-

nonsense voice.

"May I ask your name first?" Danielle wanted to break down sobbing when he turned his scowl to her face.

"I am Gabriel LeFay. You may call me—Master."

Fearful, Danielle did as she was told. She shimmied out of her mussed clothing. Finding the sudden light making his gold flecks twinkle, she gained a modicum of courage. She stepped out of the puddle of cloth to come closer to him.

Taking a deep breath of air, she exhaled slowly as she knelt in front of him. Timidly, she reached for his shaft. At the last moment she couldn't go through with her plan and snatched her hand back. Tilting her gaze to his, she nibbled on her lower lip for a moment as tears stung at her eyes. She instinctively knew he was a means to an end. What was the finale she didn't have a clue. "I'm sorry."

He didn't say a word. Instead he nodded to Ann.

Danielle felt Ann move behind her, grasp her head in her hands and whisper a few foreign words in her ear. The brush of Ann's taut nipples against her back combined with a new, brighter form of fogginess infusing her skull. All Danielle's inhibitions fell away before she exhaled.

Her fingers wrapped around his thick cock. Becoming accustomed to the feel of him, she didn't mind when he gripped her wrist and started to pump her hand up and down his member. The pulse in her crotch renewed with a vengeance when Ann pinched her nipples to hard buds. "Ah."

"Take me in your mouth, Danielle."

Danielle shuddered when Ann's fingers skimmed down her ribcage to her pubic bone. The next thing she knew was the woman was playing with her nethers. She parted her feminine folds and teased her hole before stroking her finger over a sensitive nub hidden there The pressure built when Ann began swirling her finger around her hot spot.

Staring at the shaft in her hand, Danielle licked the tip at first before she finally found the backbone to begin suckling.

"Long strokes, milady." His large hand cupped her head to thrust her down his shaft. "Take it, Danielle."

Her thigh muscles twitched as Ann stroked her. The ache grew when he used both hands tangled in her hair to set a riotous pace. She couldn't and wouldn't go as deep as Ann had, but he didn't seem to care.

She was about to come undone when he pulled her up only to throw her on the bed. "Let the dance begin, *my lady*."

Danielle had to gulp when she felt him part her thighs. "Nay." The spark of fear came from nowhere, but it did strike her hard. "I can't."

"You can and you will," he told her softly.

Startled when his lips moved over her cheeks to finally settle on her lips, Danielle felt the fear ebb away. Gentle, almost caring kisses brought her back beneath his spell. He swallowed her gasp when he tentatively entered her. His tongue entered her mouth in the same instant he plunged his cock through her maidenhead.

She wanted to tell him to cease, that the pain was too great, but there was no need. He held himself still for a couple of heartbeats. Like rain rolling off a tiled roof, the sharp stab eased and the bubble of desire returned. "Is that all?"

He chuckled. Leaning up, he motioned for Ann to lie beside Danielle. "Spread your

legs, Danielle" he ordered before he began thrusting slowly into her. "Ann, touch your mistress."

Danielle bit her lip to keep from crying out when Ann's fingers slid between their joined bodies and over the skin of her belly to find her nub. "Ah."

"You like this, milady?"

"Aye." Her response came out a breathy moan. She arched her back when his measured thrusts picked up pace. The fingers working her clit drove her senseless. The pressure grew to a crescendo. "Dear God."

"Give it up to me. Do it, Danielle."

She came with a scream of pleasure. Her body pulsed with rhythmic contractions that shot from her head down through her core. And her orgasm kept rolling through her as he plunged.

Her moans mingled with Ann's. Peeking out the corner of her eye, Danielle watched Gabriel's fingers moving in and out of Ann as he fucked Danielle's cunt. The maid appeared on the brink of a major cataclysm.

"Look at me, Danielle. I want you to know who your Master is." His words came out haltingly. "If you are a good slave, I might allow you to watch me fuck her later."

Steering her gaze to his face, she grasped his forearms when his strokes turned frantic. The light in his eyes became ethereal when he commanded another orgasm from her. With no choice but to hold on for dear life, Danielle came again with a scream. Ann was right behind her.

"Mine," he growled.

A gush of warm wetness filled her. Panting against her raging heart, Danielle hugged him close when he collapsed on top of her. "Thank you," she whispered for no good reason.

His breathless chuckle was followed by, "You're very welcome, milady."

Missing his body heat when he levered himself off her, she sucked in a sharp breath of air when he pulled out. She wished her heart would calm so she could form a cognizant thought.

"Tonight, you will accompany me to supper. During the meantime, you will allow Ann to assist you with your bath, after which you will dress in the clothes I have provided for you." He rose to his impressive height. "You will follow her guidance or there will be penance to pay, and you will pay it by tenfold. Am I clear, Danielle?"

"Aye." Rebellion brewed in her heart but she thought she did a fine job of sounding complacent.

A dark scowl furrowed his brow. "Aye, Master," he corrected. He leveled his fists on his hips, obviously waiting for her to respond.

Reality was not a pretty place, but Danielle nodded. Somehow, she managed to swallow the bit of her pride that made her want to tell him to bugger off. "Aye, Master."

Chapter Three

"Good evening, milady. Are you feeling more the thing after your nap?"

Giving a cat-like stretch, Danielle winced at the small twinge of pain jabbing her thighs. She gritted her teeth as she rolled to the edge of the bed. "I'm fine," she answered Ann. "I suppose 'tis time for me to get myself put together for the banquet."

A shimmer of fear of the unknown wafted through her, but she pushed it aside. 'Twasn't as if she could lock herself in this room. Considering less than a few hours ago she wished herself free of the suite, she shook her head in dismay at her teetering emotions.

"Do you think my hair such a wreck we'll need to wash it again?"

"Nay, milady. The Prince has requested you wear it up tonight so it won't be much of an effort and look fine on you as well."

Out of her peripheral vision, Danielle watched Ann pick up her dressing robe and bring it forward. Memories of how the tryst began came back. After sharing such intimacy, Danielle felt the need to apologize. "I'm sorry I never asked your name. I've been out of sorts since I arrived." *All right, now I sound like a babbling idiot*.

"Milady, there's no need. You've been through a trial, that's for sure. I'm only glad that it was Prince LeFay who was your first. He's a kind lover."

"Have you been with him many times before?"

"Nay, but the staff, well, we do talk. He's known for caring about his slave's satisfaction. You'll not get that consideration from many of the commoners who visit during the conference. Last time the royals visited it was chaos. Not that they started a fight, milady. 'Twas the commoners' faults. They couldn't leave the ladies alone."

Thankful Gabriel LeFay had taken her, albeit in an illicit, deviant way she'd not dare to lie that she hadn't enjoyed the experience. "He was something, wasn't he?"

They fell into a fit of giggles and nods. Danielle moved to the vanity and settled herself upon the cushioned stool.

Enjoyed? 'Twas a gross understatement if ever she'd thought one. She'd more than enjoyed the bedding. If only she could tell her friends in the *ton*. They'd probably fall off their settees with tea cups smashed against their parents' expensive carpets.

Not even she was so bold as to speak of the deviant acts of which she'd partaken. The soreness in her thighs eased and her woman's folds grew moist when she recalled the memory of Prince LeFay's thrusting cock. "Is it always so ribald?"

"More so if a commoner wins during the auction." Ann clucked her tongue. "They have no care for their ladies. Take and take and take until the poor woman can barely stand. Prince LeFay won't allow that to happen to you, thank the good Lord. He'll protect you."

"Are you trying to convince me of aught, Ann?"

"Aye, milady. His Highness is a good one amongst the many scoundrels who would have taken your maidenhead without thought or cares to the pain they'd inflict upon you. You've done very well."

"I haven't done aught."

Ann leaned closer to her lady's ear. "They say you've started quite a bidding war.

Currently, Prince LeFay remains the winner, but Lord Dante has taken a fancy to you as well."

Wishing she understood, Danielle stopped herself from shaking her head and dislodging several of the pins holding her heavy hair in place. "Wait." The sentence finally permeated her brain. "You mean they are bidding on me?"

"What else would they be doing? The ladies are always bid on. It's the royals' form of relaxation. Not so much the auction but what happens afterwards. I'd say Lord Dante isn't a bad sort either. Masculine Scotsman, what more could a lass want?"

"I'm not a chest or a mule or a plot of land, I'm a lady." *And if only I'd shown it before now. So much for sensibilities.* More was the concern, so much for her future. She'd never find a man to marry her now. Without her chastity and no dowry to speak of, she was about as destitute as she could become. "I'm doomed." No sooner had the words escaped her dry lips than the tears started to fall. Aunt Edith had professed her father wanted her punished for her errant thoughts and wild fantasies. Well, she'd be punished all right. Punished and placed on the shelf.

"Oh, milady, I'm sorry for upsetting you. 'Twas not my intention. I was trying to assure you that Prince LeFay would do you well."

Aye, he's done me well and convicted me to a life of spinsterhood. "Never mind, Ann. I'm..." What the hell was she? Upset? Devastated? Forlorn? All of them and more. "Might I ask you, what will happen to me after the Conference? You said these men were at conference, eh?" Staring into the mirror, Danielle's gaze locked with Ann's.

"Milady, I shouldn't have said aught. You're upset and for a certainty Prince LeFay will punish me for causing you distress. I'm sorry, milady."

The whole contrition without a hint of meaning it sent Danielle over the top. "I would like an answer. What will happen to me once these men leave the manor house? I have to assume they don't reside here."

Ann forced her to sit again with her hands on her shoulders. "I shouldn't tell you."

"Then you should have stopped your prattle before you opened your mouth."

"Milady, there are things afoot you have no concept of. We're not like you."

That was for certain. "Ann, I have to know."

"The cook heard Prince LeFay plans on taking you home with him."

"As his mistress?" She highly doubted Gabriel LeFay would consider her aught more than a whore who lusts for stags and hens.

"I wouldn't presume to know, milady."

"Come now. You've already told me more than you should. I want an answer, Ann."

"He's probably searching for a mate, but I can't say if he's chosen you or another maid at conference. They are complicated—the Royals. Naught can figure them out, not even their contemporaries."

Which doesn't help me—at all. "As a matter of fact, I've never heard of Prince Gabriel LeFay or ... what was his name ... Dante...?"

"'Tis not my place to explain the Royals, milady," Ann said. She coiled another curl and pinned it in place. "I'm sure whoever wins you tonight will tell you about the Conference of the Seven Seals and the Knights of Eternity."

Resigned, Danielle huffed. "What time is supper?"

"Midnight."

"I should have known."

"You cheated the rest of us out of prime virgin blood," Maelstrom announced to the rest of the council. Granted, he hadn't been invited into the inner circle where the other Royal Strains sat, but he was humored. "I bid on her."

"And wagered against her," Gabriel shot back, his foul mood on display for anybody to see. "I grow tired of your petty arguments and your presence."

"Be careful, Fay. I'm not a bloodsucker known for patience." Maelstrom held his hands out to the rest of the group in a silent appeal for their aid. "He broke the rules."

"He is well above you, Mr. Maelstrom. If aught amongst us should be upset, then it should be me. I was well vested in the bidding," Lord Dante reported from his spot opposite Gabriel.

"I can't compete with you monetarily."

"Nay, you can't," Gabriel responded. He fingered the stem of his wine glass. Shifting his glare to the blond-haired pain in his arse, he waited to see if Maelstrom had a rejoinder or this argument was all cannon fodder. "She is my mate. You have no right to trespass on my territory or on my personal possessions. Danielle is both."

"Ha. You think a high-born woman will accept a coward for a husband?"

Gabriel was out of his chair so fast it would have toppled over if Mikhail Corsica, a Royal Vampire, hadn't caught it. Coming around the table, Gabriel met Maelstrom on very common ground. A place where base instincts took control and only the strongest survived. "You dare call me a coward?"

"Aye. You run off to Tir na nOg while the rest of us are left to fight the wars."

"I live in Tir na nOg, bastard. It's not as if I can desert my family or my people."

"Perhaps we should let Lady Danielle choose her preferred partner."

Gabriel sent the Royal Strigoi a scathing glare for adding that option. Of course King Alexander would prefer diplomacy over a fight. He, the Royal Strigoi, was an oddity amongst the Royal Strains; he always took the peaceful way out of a jam. "What good will that do? I have already offered to compensate Lord Dante for his time and he in turn chose another of the Ladies." Fortunately, Dante agreed with an ease not normally seen in his kind. Then again, he wasn't in his mating season. If he had been, it very well could have been the two of them standing toe to toe. "You, on the other hand, deserve an oak stake through your black heart."

"I'm standing right here, bewinged one."

Insulted, a low, vicious growl rumbled in Gabriel's chest. The little arse thought he could make a fool of him. That would only happen when Hell froze over.

"Gentlemen, the Council of the Seven Seals was established to keep the peace, not to start the next great war, Hellfire and Damnation. We all know what can happen if we are rendered extinct."

"Armageddon," Gabriel said. Whether a freaky twist of fate or a curse of prophetic proportions, the Royal Strains were the species that kept the balance between Heaven and Hell steady. "Fine, I concede to taking the maid out of turn. It changes nothing. She's my mate and no man, immortal or otherwise, will stand in the way of the Fay mating rituals. She's mine."

Gabriel shot a glance at Dante MacGreggor. The Cu Sith sent him an almost imperceptible shake of his head. The harbinger of death was far wiser than the challenger who was doing his best to twang Gabriel's nerves. Sickeningly, he was succeeding.

Swinging his glare back to Maelstrom, he gritted his teeth to keep from shouting a vile curse. A spell that would render the man impotent for a century.

Nay. Equal might in an equal fight. The mantra was a key component to the council's ideology since it often occurred that when commoners came forward with complaints a member of the legislative group would end up insulted. If the insult was taken to heart, which almost always happened, the complainant could call for satisfaction in the Battle Circle. The Royal couldn't take matters into his own hands or call for a trial by fight. They had to prove they were worthy of the title they carried and show they had restraint.

"I say, let her choose," Maelstrom shot back. "We put her back up on the block, but I reserve the right to the Battle Circle."

"You think you can defeat me, commoner?" Gabriel wanted to laugh. There was no way Maelstrom could defeat a Royal Fay in hand to hand combat. He'd be lucky to get in a good shot. Taking in the victorious grin gracing Maelstrom's effeminate features, Gabriel suddenly had the sinking suspicion he'd walked into a trap. "I agree to the stipulations." *Against my better judgment*.

"So be it. Maelstrom, Lord Dante and His Highness will all bid on her."

"I also want a display of her charms."

"Mr. Maelstrom, you overstep your bounds."

"I'm bidding on sullied wares, Prince Corsica. You can't expect me to pay top dollar for a woman who is tainted by this ... thing."

Hands came out of nowhere to grab Gabriel's arms. "By the God, I'll feed you your teeth."

"Nay, Your Highness, but I'll tell you this." Maelstrom fingered the snowy white cravat gracing his throat and concealing the fang marks that altered his being. "I'll own your mate's soul."

"We'll see." Gabriel answered. Shaking off the hands holding him, he strode back to his throne-like seat.

"Until tonight then." Maelstrom bowed at the waist before he walked out of the Council Chamber.

An eerie quiet filled the room. Reading suspicious thoughts coming from his contemporaries, Gabriel heaved a sigh. 'Twould be interesting to see just how uninhibited his mate was, but he vowed the moment the banquet got out of hand, he'd intervene. 'Twas not enough that he gain a mate during this foray, he also needed a legitimate heir.

* * * *

Tension ran high in the banquet room when the ladies began arriving. The conference had succeeded on several issues, but that always ratcheted up the Royals. They weren't just ready to release some pent up energy, it was imperative that they blow off some steam.

Gabriel's gaze collided with Danielle's and locked. She was ravenously beautiful in the red satin gown he'd chosen for her. Rather than take away from her slight bosom with jewelry, she wore only a simple strand of pearls that skimmed the low-cut collar line. His hands itched to release her breasts and feast on her nipples.

Inspecting the rest of her, he recalled the feel of her fingers gripping his cock, her mouth on him. He couldn't wait for the damnable auction to begin so he could claim her. He nodded to Ann who stood a few steps behind her mistress. Not a Fay, but a common

vampire, he'd offered her sanctuary in Avalon if she assisted him with Danielle. 'Twasn't a surprise when Ann agreed with a vigorous nod of her head.

What woman, be she vampire, lycan, royal or common, would not want to live in Tir na nOg?

Gabriel didn't pay any attention to the other women as they entered. Some were claimed outright by the commoners in attendance. They were the women who hadn't sparked any of the Royals' interest. The handful that remained stood like statues. He smelled fear roll off a few of them. Danielle didn't give off any emotion other than curiosity.

Good.

His impatience was getting the better of him. Unfortunately, being the most desired woman at the conference, she was the last to go on the block. With the same efficiency as he'd shown in the past years, the Royal Strigoi worked through the other ladies.

Unfazed when Lord Dante decided to bid on another lady, Gabriel propped his hands on the table and steepled his fingers. The purpose of the conference was to keep the peace. A quick way of destroying the shaky covenant was to take another Royal's mate. Though it was not uncommon for good-natured counterbids to occur, most of the paranormals sitting at the high table knew the object of their desire was well within their grasp.

Once all the women save Danielle stood by their winner's side, the room started to crackle with energy. "I'm in at five-thousand pounds for Lady Danielle. Do I have six?"

Maelstrom nodded.

"Seven-thousand pounds."

Lust rolled through Gabriel's system. His cock ached for release. Instead of taking on a pathetic tit for tat of a few pounds at a go, he turned up the tension. "Ten-thousand pounds."

Maelstrom took a moment to contemplate. "I'd see what has the Prince willing to pay such an exorbitant amount."

Gabriel saw his competitor lick his lips. His gaze slashed across the other members of the Council. They all stared with rapt interest at his mate. His heart started to pound when even the normally cool Royal Djinn, Roshan, found Danielle an enticement. He fisted his hand when the Araby demon scribbled a number on a piece of paper and handed it to the steward.

Ann came forward and began disrobing Danielle. Gabriel sent his mate a wink of assurance when she shivered. He couldn't telepathically interfere this time, but he could give his mate hope that he wouldn't abandon her.

Intense stares eyed Danielle as Ann pinched her nipples to hard buds. Gabriel heard one of his contemporaries gasp when a moan of pleasure lit from Danielle's parted lips. A table was brought forward and she was helped onto the white cloth covered top. Gabriel's cock throbbed with anticipation.

"Would the bidders like a closer inspection?" the Royal Strigoi asked. Suddenly, the auction was turned on its proverbial ear.

Chapter Four

Danielle swallowed against the lump of fear forming in her throat. "What's going on?"

"Be easy, milady. They will only look unless you accept their advances. If you agree to a request, the coin will be put toward a form of dowry for you." Ann eased her into a lying position. "You could do very well for yourself should you choose to perform."

"Enough to buy my freedom?" A strange, foreign pang of regret hit her heart when she thought of a life beyond the walls of the manor. In England she'd be treated as a pariah.

Ann didn't have time to answer Danielle's whispered question. Prince LeFay, a blond-haired man and another of Araby descent came forward. Ann made quick work of the introduction, and then went through the rules which were just as simple. She was to lie on the table. If she agreed to a liberty, she would simply answer, 'Master'. If she didn't want to continue an act, she should call out 'eternity'.

Once the rules were laid down, Danielle sought out and found the hot gaze of Prince LeFay. Wanton lust clenched her core when he held out his hand and placed it on her thigh. "Master."

It was far easier to agree with the advances. Her sex was wet with desire and when Prince LeFay parted her thighs she gasped as his hands caressed the jumping muscles. She tried to wriggle her hips closer to his hand, wanting his fingers on her, in her.

She winced when a hard slap smacked her thigh. "Sorry."

"Slaves don't speak unless they are ordered to do so," Prince LeFay reprimanded her. "I feel you need a lesson in submission."

Shaking her head, Danielle sucked in a gasp when another slap was laid to her thigh. In a sick way, the smacks only made her more wanton. She peeked up in time to see the men nod. They all took three steps back and Ann returned to her line of sight.

"Milady, Prince LeFay is willing to teach you the way of the submissive but I must explain some things to you first. The words I told you earlier remain, but if you decide to accept the training, you will be at their mercy. Once you say your exit word, 'eternity', that master will be removed from the group. Another could potentially take his place, but 'tisn't likely."

A growl erupted from Maelstrom.

"If you break any of the rules set down by the Masters, there will be punishment."

"All right." *Dear God, what was she thinking? Take all three men at the same time? She was insane.* "I'll try it," she allowed for that much.

"Tell her there is no try. Either she is all in or she is out of the mix and given to the commoners," Maelstrom interjected.

Danielle's nerves twanged. The fog she'd felt earlier returned to shroud her thoughts. In the back of that mist she heard a familiar voice, Prince LeFay. She couldn't grasp what he was saying, but inherently understood he wouldn't hurt her. "I'm all in."

"Spread your legs wide," came the first command. Pushing the fear to the back of her mind, Danielle complied. Around her groans began to fill the air.

"One thousand pounds from his highness, the Royal Djinn, to have her service him

with her mouth."

"Come now, surely that's worth more than a thousand," the Royal Strigoi entered the mix. "A fine payment would be two thousand."

"I'll meet that price," Maelstrom agreed easily. He motioned for Ann to release his cock from his breeches. The Djinn gave a nod.

Danielle watched servants appear to assist them men with their clothes. Some of the bolder women caressed the Royals, their hands gripping their cocks before leading them to her mouth. Pulled back on the table, her head hung over the edge until Maelstrom brutally grabbed her by the hair and forced his cock into her mouth.

Trying to keep up with his rampant pace, another hand placed her fingers on the Djinn's turgid staff. She pumped him as she had Gabriel's earlier. The desire gripping her crotch grew as someone pinched her nips to hard nubs. "Ah."

The low moan gathering in her chest was captured behind the cock in her mouth. She wanted to scream *please*, *take me now*.

"Easy with her," Gabriel said. She felt his fingers teasing her core. His thumb flicked across her clit until she was gasping for air and release. Stiffening when he brushed his finger across her anus, she forced herself to relax.

Her back arched at the first stroke of his finger in her arse. The stab of pain was quickly replaced with a muscle twitching desire. When he added a second finger, she nearly came undone. *Now. Please. Now.*

Pulled off Maelstrom, she panted for air. The Djinn took her mouth but set a slower pace. His cock moved smoothly in and out of her but wasn't forced. He also caressed her hair, cupping her head in his enormous palm and easing the discomfort Maelstrom had inflicted on her scalp. Despite her conservative upbringing, she could get used to this.

Her hips bucked as the fingers in her vagina and arse began to move in and out. Wanting release, she tried to push the Djinn away but he wouldn't be deterred. The hand cupping her head held her in place, reminding her she had no say in what was happening. She felt his balls tighten beneath her hand. The fingers pumping in her quickened their pace until she was mindless. Swallowing his hot seed, she gasped for air when she was levered down the table so only the tilt of her hips clung to the lip.

"She's mine, LeFay."

Thinking straight was well out of her repertoire, but she managed to gasp out the word, "eternity."

"Which Master, Milady?"

So close to an orgasm, Danielle didn't know which way was up, she managed to point at Maelstrom. "Him."

"Bitch," Maelstrom seethed. He grabbed Ann, forced her to kneel and then ravaged her mouth. Pumping his cock between her lips, he smacked her hard when she tried to pull back. "You'll pay for insulting me."

"Prince LeFay, name the amount you are willing to pay."

"Five-thousand for her cunt and another five for her arse."

"So be it. Have your way with your lady. The bidding is over. Lady Danielle has achieved twenty-four thousand pounds for her dowry. Enjoy your banquet, gentlemen."

Danielle couldn't think. "Master," she managed to gasp out.

"Aye, milady, are you ready for me?"

The tip of his cock teased her slick feminine folds before he thrust into her. A scream

wrenched from her. The strong, rhythmic contractions shouted through her as he pounded her until she was dizzy.

"Will you come for me again, milady?"

"Aye." The smack to her thigh only intensified the clenching of her feminine walls.

"I'm going to fuck your arse, Danielle. While I do so, you are to play with your clit and thrust your fingers into your cunt. Nod if you understand what I want you to do."

The words permeated the fog clouding her thoughts. Nodding, she released her death grip on the edge of the table and eased her fingers through the thatch of moist curls at the juncture of her thighs. She found her clit and stroked it.

She watched as he eased her calves so they were propped atop his forearms. Bracing herself for the pain, she moaned when he brushed his cock head up and down her slit.

"Touch yourself, Danielle."

Doing as she was told, she flicked her fingers across her sensitive nub. "Ow," she said between her gritted teeth as he eased into her dark hole.

"Easy, milady. Twill hurt only a moment." He leaned down and kissed her cheek. "Breathe with me," he murmured against her lips.

Calming herself, she followed his measure, the friction caused by the crisp hairs covering his chest caressing her skin soothed her even more, and found the pain did abate. The feel of his cock filling her was incredible and when he started to move she flicked her fingers over her clit faster.

He wrapped his fingers around her shoulder and began to plunge. "Listen to my voice. There's only us here, together, opposite pieces of the whole yet one when combined. You are my mate from this day forward until the Goddess takes you from me."

The pressure was incredible. A power, ethereal in nature, flowed through her heightening her response to him. Her climax overtook her on a shout of pleasure. "My God!"

He plunged into her until she was sitting at the brink of another orgasm. The table creaked beneath their combined weight as he kept pulling out until he was barely inside her, and then he surged forward.

"Fuck yourself with your fingers."

Moving her fingers between her slick folds, she met his pace. His thumb went to her clit. Between all the foreign sensations rocking her world she felt herself shatter with her next climax.

Taking his weight when he collapsed atop her, she struggled for air. His gentle kisses along her cheek brought home the fact she wasn't just a deviant but, in a vague way, cared about.

He cared about her if for naught more reason than she was a good mistress. A good whore.

* * * *

Gabriel eased her legs off his arms. "Shh," he breathed against her lips. "You did well."

The emotions rolling off her told him the opposite. She was not well. "Did I hurt you, milady?" Granted, he'd been an animal. If he was to follow the traditional Fay mating ritual, this was to be expected. Not the pain, for she should have been protected by his magicke, but the experience of being thoroughly used. Unfortunately, the

Conference was a far cry from Tir na nOg or laying Danielle down on the fertile ground and taking her in every way. The combination of Beltane occurring on the full moon and Maelstrom's interference in the mating had made him insane to control her completely.

He had to remind himself she was not a Fay lass. Nay, she was a mortal. The entirety of the acts he would have performed in Tir na nOg with a Fay lass was meant to show he could control her wild spirit. By nature, the Fay lads were Dominants. After all, they were descended from the Great King of Ireland. Yet, they also carried the sins committed by the blood-thirsty Tuatha De' Danann before they became immortal.

It was too late to undo the mistakes he'd made with Danielle, but he could make up for his missteps. "Are you tired?"

"A little," she said in a solemn tone.

Easing out of her, he held out his hand. "Take it. I promise I won't bite." He watched as she snapped her gaze to his hand, and then back to his face. "If we are to have a fruitful relationship, milady, you will have to learn to trust me."

"I don't even know you." She sounded dubious and he didn't blame her.

In the span of a day, he'd had his way with her and opened her to the life she'd find in Tir na nOg. A mystical land where sexuality played an enormous role in the Fays' day to day lives. He'd not given her time to even learn his name or taken a moment to explain her new position in the vast schematic that was the Royal Strains. "Allow me to rectify that problem, posthaste."

Helping her off the table, he noticed the banquet was just getting started. He, like all Royals, had an insatiable appetite for women and the acts playing out around him brought his cock to attention. Tamping down on his inexhaustible lust, he escorted her out of the hall until he reached her room. Smiling when she tried to cover her nakedness, he opened the door for her. "Would you care to join me tomorrow morning for a walk in the gardens? We could talk then."

She nibbled on her lower lip before jerking out a nod. Tears shimmered in her eyes.

"What's wrong?" He brushed his fingers down her cheek. "Tell me," he implored when she bowed her head.

"I don't know. Naught. Aught. I'm just a bit lost right now."

Pulling her into his embrace, he kissed the top of her head. He caressed her back with slow, long strokes of his hands, but her sobs grew in strength. "You have every right to be."

Making a drastic decision, Gabriel lifted her in his arms. He kicked the door open and strode to the bed. Once he'd set her on the coverlet, he yanked the bed pull. "All right, we'll talk tonight." And he knew the perfect place.

The land of the ever young.

Tir na nOg.

Chapter Five

Danielle knew he was out of his mind when he called Ann to dress her for a trip to his homeland. She knew he'd lost the rest of his god-given senses when he ordered her maid to pack for an extended visit. All of a sudden the suite became a beehive of activity. "I'm tired."

"You can rest during the trip."

Seeing she was fighting against a stubborn mule of a man, Danielle heaved a frustrated sigh. "Fine. Will you at least tell me where we're going? I'd like to know the climate so I might dress appropriately."

"Nay."

"Nay?" Shoving her arms into her dressing gown, she knotted the belt at her waist. "Is this a ploy to get out of paying the debts you've accrued at the conference?" The accusation made perfect sense to her. "That's it, isn't it? You're going to hijack me to who knows where and keep me a captive."

"Milady, cease your theatrics."

Incensed, Danielle gaped at him. "Theatrics." She stomped her foot on the floor. "Theatrics?" Of all the insufferable nitwits. "Would you like me to tell you about theatrics, for I can, Your Highness. I'm not immune to exhaustion nor do I care for a man who takes liberties from me..." The dam on her tears threatened to burst once more. "What do you people want from me?"

It's quite simple. They want to punish you. Her father was getting his wish in droves. Danielle felt as though she was in hell and Gabriel LeFay was playing the part of her personal Satan. Hell, he'd already gotten her out of her petticoats—twice. "Please, all of you, just leave me be."

"Danielle."

She ignored the warning etching his tone. "What more can you do to me, Your Highness? You've taken my virginity, humiliated me at a banquet by allowing my body to be used by men other than yourself and now you say I'm to go on this journey with you, yet I have no say."

"Kneel," Gabriel barked his order.

"I am not your slave."

"You'll do as you are told."

Spinning around, Danielle stared at the gardens through the open window. The ripe full moon illuminated the lush boxwood hedge and the marble fountain. "I can't," she finally admitted. She mopped her face with her hand. "I hurt." The minor twinges in her thighs weren't too bad, but it was a convenient excuse to get him to let off.

"Danielle, we're leaving in a half hour whether you are dressed or not. It would be in your best interest to meet my grandmother with some clothes on." He didn't make bones about it. Instead he strode to her and turned her around so she had to face him.

"Your grandmother?" Her heart was about ready to pound out of her chest. He was serious, too. He planned on introducing her, his mistress, to his grandmother. *Oh, the unabashed horror of it all.*

"She is gueen and for our mating to be made official, she'll have to meet you."

Mating? The man made as much sense as a Polish fortune teller speaking Greek. Seeing Ann and another maid visibly stiffen, Danielle conceded with the little bit of grace she had left. "Fine, I'll meet your grandmother."

Gabriel shooed the servants out of the room with a wave of his hand. "You want to tell me what has you tied in a knot?"

"I just don't understand. You want to introduce me to your grandmother. I'm your whore." Mayhaps the more she said it, the easier it would be to understand her new position. A hitch clenched her heart and she didn't want to consider the sins she was committing.

"You will never call yourself such."

He smacked his hands together when she kept her gaze trained on the floor. Jerking her face to his, she gulped when she saw his angry scowl.

"You are my mate—my bride." He brushed his fingers down her cheek.

As much as she wanted, she couldn't believe him. "I don't understand you."

"Sweetling, give yourself some time to gain trust in me and my people. That's all I can ask for."

She watched him, his phenomenal eyes flashing with a new shimmer of light. Part of her thought it was worry, another part of her said the cause of his concern was over losing his whore. Like he had that to worry about. She didn't have anywhere to go.

Her final thought brought home all the issues she had sitting in the bucket. Granted, if Ann hadn't lied, she was a wealthy woman, but the coin only led her to a lonely cottage in the countryside. She wouldn't—couldn't—go home. Her father would have an apoplexy if she returned sullied. Worse, she'd not spend months on her knees praying in the family chapel, but years.

Leaning in at the same time he embraced her, she brushed her cheek against the firm wall of his chest. "This is nice." Longing to stay in the circle of his arms, a giggle erupted from her throat. "Are you always so comfortable walking about naked?"

"Aye." He brushed his hand down her hair. "Are you really sore?"

"Surprisingly, it's not too terrible. I'd expect myself not able to walk after all that's happened, but I feel quite fine." Which she didn't understand either. If her friends were to be believed, the act was a misery and the pain laid a lady up for days after. "Just a few twinges now and then, but I've led a sedentary life since coming to wherever I am. I'm not used to wiling away idle hours sitting in my bedroom." At least at home, she walked to the chapel and on rare occasion she was allowed to ride the family's sorrel mare.

"You haven't had an easy life."

It wasn't a question but a statement of fact. "How do you know?"

"Come with me to my homeland. There, I'll explain everything."

"Do you promise?" She didn't know how much more subterfuge she could take. Though, the realization she wasn't alone in this travesty gave her an anchor she could cling to.

"I promise." He called the servants. "Make my princess shine."

* * * *

Tir na nOg glowed in all her glory. The mist protecting the heart of the great city, Avalon, parted to show his grandmother's castle, the Soul of Magicke. Like Morgan LeFay, he too obeyed the laws that governed the fairefolk. He was a protector of the

white magicke and would rather be damned than allow it to fall into an evil doer's hands.

It was a mighty duty and absolutely necessary to protecting the mortal world. A small smile creased his lips when he spied two young lovers running through a field lush with buttercups and daisies. Their hairbells glittering in the sunshine, the jingle of their fairiebells ringing in the air, he imagined Danielle and him racing across a similar meadow. Aye, the power of Beltane was upon them all.

Staring down on Danielle, a feeling of rightness filled him for the first time in a long time. The next hurdle stood before them. A meeting with the infamous Queen of the Fay.

He highly doubted his grandmother would reject Danielle, but when dealing with Morgan, one could never be sure on what side of the fence she might fall. Especially when it came to her grandchildren. Unlike his father who had lost his sanity after his mother's death, Morgan doted on them, but gave no quarter when it came to the law.

She knew they would succeed her should she ever decide to diminish or lose her life during an evolutionary cycle. "Sweetling, we're home."

"It's incredible."

Hearing the wonderment in her voice, he nodded. He waited until the coach entered the inner courtyard before he began telling her of Avalon, Tir na nOg and the Tuatha De' Danann. "Are you a fan of fairytales?"

"When I was younger my mother read a few to me. My father didn't agree with the practice so she let off."

"Do you believe most fairytales have a bit of truth behind them?"

A shy smile crossed her features. "I suppose I have to. All stories have to have a bit of reality to them, don't they?"

"Aye, or in this case the loss of Tir na nOg brought about the tales. Welcome to the land of the fairefolk and to the Soul of Magicke."

Her grin turned brittle. "You're jesting."

"Milady, look around you. This is the land of the ever young." Opening the door before the footman had the chance he hopped out, and then offered Danielle a hand down. Pleased when she didn't hesitate, he continued once her slippers hit the cobblestones. "When the last great king of Ireland was defeated, the Great Goddess forged a covenant with him. He and his family would journey to Tir na nOg where she would teach them the ways of white magicke. After years of study, she forged a new agreement. We were given immortality in exchange for protecting the secrets of her power."

"Ooh," she giggled when one of the common fairies breezed by her. "That's incredible."

Her laughter followed them into the Great Hall.

"They're attracted to your giggles," he explained when a handful more of the fairefolk started to twitter around her head and shoulders. He found himself agreeing with his minions. Danielle's laughter was pure and very sweet—an aphrodisiac to the Royal Fay. "Tis also the reason you aren't feeling any discomfort. I'd never hurt you, and my magicke protects you from any harm I might cause you. Be aware, I said harm I might cause you. My power will not protect you from another man."

"You mean like Maelstrom." An involuntary shiver raced through her. "He frightens me."

"You've no need to worry. When we return to the conference you will be my official

mate. Not even Maelstrom would engage me in fisticuffs."

"I don't think his intent is to bash your brains in, Your Highness."

"Gabriel," he corrected her. "When we are together in the base sense, you will call me Master."

She audibly swallowed before nodding. "Gabriel, do you believe his fixation is about two men beating each other to bloody pulps? From what I've seen of Maelstrom, you aren't his target. I am."

"You would be correct. Though, his motives are solely focused on gaining vengeance from me. At the last conference he participated in unlawful feeding on a servant girl. He wished to make her his sex slave. I reversed her transformation."

"What?"

"Maelstrom is a vampire, albeit a common one. His kiss is a curse and if he drinks of your blood he alone holds your life in his hands. The Fay and the Strigoi are the only two strains who can alter the infection. We do so by shifting time. The Strigoi do so with their healing kiss." Seeing she was totally confused, he sighed. Sympathetic to her mystification, he guided her to the grand staircase. "It will take me time to teach you all of the ins and outs of the Royals. Rest assured it's not as complicated as you might think."

"That could be a gross understatement, Gabriel." She blew out a breath. "This is a lot to take in. I mean, two weeks ago I was tossed on the back of a horse after having been sold, only to end up the bride of a faerie."

"Listen to me." He stayed their forward progression with a hand to her stomach. Where to begin and how to bring them together dominated his thoughts when she turned worried eyes to his face. Start at how she ended up here. "You were purchased by the Hellfire and Damnation Club. The women within that club service our base needs during the Black Banquet." He sighed. "The Seven Knights of Eternity, otherwise known as The Council, rule over the Hellfire and Damnation Club, and come together thrice a year for the good of all kinds, normal or paranormal. You could compare it to a joint session of the English Parliament. There we hash out issues that come out when we are in our own realms such as the Lycan wars. The banquet is our way of calming down after."

"I was sold, then auctioned and now I'm a bride. I don't understand." He sympathized with her. It was a bit of tangled wisdom that had brought about the concept of the Hellfire and Damnation Club. Rather than split hairs with her over the whys and what-fors regarding the harem who serviced the Royals, he cut right to the chase. "You are a rare exception amongst the maids. Most of the women in the Club never leave Falstaff Manor after their first banquet. There they can be whoever or whatever they wish. The future is open to them even though they are, technically, the Knights of Eternity's property. A few of us might take joy in their..." he searched for a word that wouldn't offend his naive bride. Their ability to sexually satisfy us. To not care if we fuck their cunts or arses.

"Natural gifts." She supplied.

"Aye." He smiled.

"All of you seem very comfortable in your own skin. I can't believe what happened during the banquet. While I walked out I saw two men together."

"When you've lived as long as some of us have, nudity isn't a concern, nor is sexual repression."

"How old are you?"

"Three thousand years this summer."

"Oh my."

Escorting her to the hall leading to his tower, he didn't speak until he had her in their suite. He took her out onto the balcony. This was where he came to think. Grasping her hand, he pulled her so she stood in front of him at the railing. He drank in a deep breath of the crystal clear air. "The faeries take stock in miracles. We even believe that our mates are created for us, and in ways are tested by our Goddess to show they are worthy of the mating. You are the first mortal mate taken by a Royal and I'm grateful the Goddess gave you to me."

Wrapping his arms around her slim shoulders, he pulled her back against his already heated frame. His cock strained for more of her attention. His hand shifted to delve beneath the low collar of her day gown.

"Cease. This isn't the place for your advances." She tried to push his hand off her but he wasn't deterred.

"This is a land of freedoms. If I wish to bed my bride on the balcony, no Fay will stare. If I wish to have you suck my cock while we are at banquet you won't be the only bride pleasing her mate. If I fuck you in an alcove, the queen could care less."

A moan escaped her lips when he pinched her nipple to a hard bud. Her knees buckled when he lifted the full skirt of her gown. He raked a hard caress up her thigh to tease her core through her undergarments. Finding the opening in her drawers, he eased his fingers into the moist curls to find her clit. "Do you like this?"

"Aye." Her breaths started coming in short pants. "You undo me with your touch." "Master."

"Aye, my Master."

"Hold onto the rail," he commanded. Waiting for her to plant her palms against the cool, pale marble, he thrust his fingers into her warm, moist channel when she complied. "That's a good slave." Watching two common Fay maids settle themselves on the corner postcaps, he felt the power of white magicke flow through him when they began kissing each other. Their hands groped at their filmy garb, taunting each other until they were mindless to aught save the desire wrought from Beltane. "Lean forward."

He tossed her skirts up so they rode the tilt of her hips. "You wear far too many clothes, slave. I'll have to give Ann specific instruction on what garb is allowed while we are at home."

The maids became more amorous. Their fingers were in each other and their tinkling moans only served to fuel his lust. Grabbing the tapes of her pantaloons, he shredded them with a firm tug.

His gaze collided with her slick folds and perfect arse. She looked hungry for more. Wrapping her in white magicke, he returned his fingers to her cleft. Stroking her slowly, he played with her dark hole. "Tell me what you want, my slave."

"I want you in me."

"Nay, you want me to play with you until you shout my name." He thumbed her dark hole making her arch against him. The maids were pleased with her inhibition. They began to taste each other. His free hand slapped her arse. "You like to be punished."

"Aye," Danielle nearly screamed. "Master," she added when another slap struck her arse.

With his fingers he brought her to the brink of orgasm. Feeling the first tremors clutch her feminine walls, he pulled his hand away.

"Nay!" Danielle shrieked, her hips bucking.

The maids giggled, but did not let off their play. "You are to follow instructions in this suite. That training begins now. You will stay in this position until I decide you may have an orgasm. Am I clear, slave?"

He waited for her response. When she hesitated, he slapped her buttocks again. "You will learn your place. Say it, I understand, Master."

"I ... understand, Master."

Gabriel strode to the sideboard, enjoying the view of his submissive waiting for more of his attention. Pouring himself a glass of wine to quench his physical thirst, he downed the sweet liquid in two gulps. His cock screamed for a good sucking. His heart warned him, she needed time to digest all the information he'd thrust upon her. In the end, his lust won the internal battle. "Do you like this, slave?"

"Aye, Master."

"Would you like my cock pounding your cunt? Pounding your arse?" Setting the crystal goblet aside, he retraced his steps until he stood beside her. He leaned his elbow on the railing and gazed into her expressive eyes.

A fresh shiver shook through her. "Aye, Master," she said in a whimper. Her hand reached to take hold of his shaft but he tapped it away.

"You will touch me only when I allow it." Pleased when she didn't even nod, he gathered the last of his discipline. "This is a lesson in trust. I trust you will give me satisfaction and I promise I won't hurt you. I daresay you'll scream my name when I fuck you this time, my slave."

She didn't verbally respond but the lust shimmering in her blue eyes dazzled him. He didn't need further encouragement. Undoing the four-button front of his breeches, he released his throbbing shaft. "Come here and suck on my cock." 'Twas the one area she'd struggled with. Oral servicing was regarded as the Fay's true talent. Their talented tongues could bring any man, paranormal or otherwise, to a climax with little effort. "Get on your knees. This is a position you should become familiar with."

She didn't say a word. Instead, she knelt placidly in front of him. He rubbed the head of his cock across her parted lips. "Take me in your mouth."

From the first touch of her tongue along his aching cock he was lost to the spell she wove over him. His fingers drove into her hair setting a gentle pace, giving her time to adjust to his cock riding her mouth.

Her mouth was incredible, warm and her quick study earned a piece of his heart when she started to sink him further down her throat. "Very good." *Holy Goddess*. He waited until the very last moment before helping her to her feet. "Go to the bed and position yourself on your hands and knees."

Knowing he was tempting his lust, his gaze traced the sultry sway of her hips as she walked to the bed. "Lift your skirts and touch yourself."

A moan raced from his lips when she reached back with her left hand and drew her slick folds apart. He took a moment to kick off his boots and breeches. Pulling his shirt over his head, he wrapped his hand around the base of his cock to keep his seed at bay. Only this mortal had ever made him this insane with lust.

Dislodging her fingers, he eased into her. A flood of white magicke flowed from him to protect her from the rampant side of his being. Teasing her with a few short strokes, he curled his fingers around her shoulder and slammed home.

Clenched to the hilt, he sucked in a breath. His heartbeat competed with white magicke. The sensation of his Dark Fay coming forward took control of his focus and he began slamming into her.

He gritted his teeth against the exquisite pain of his Dark Fay side taking over his body. The dark sins of his forefathers and the blood of the Irish they'd spilt mingled with the blessings given him by the Goddess until his wings unfurled and his fangs grew.

"Gabriel!"

"I'm here." Fighting against the darker side of his being, he forced his fangs to retract and his wings to curl up. His seed gushed into her when he managed to return his Fay being to its rightful place...

...the black hole in his chest that should have contained his soul.

Chapter Six

Having changed her clothes yet again and been counseled by Ann about what to expect when she was introduced to the Fay Queen, Danielle took a deep steeling breath before slowly exhaling. Stifling a yawn behind her hand, the heat of a blush rolled up her cheeks when several faeries stared at the telling move before they darted out of the room. She opened her mouth to apologize but Gabriel stopped her with a finger to her lips.

"I heard you have chosen well, Gabriel."

Drawn to the lyrical voice of Queen Morgan, Danielle searched the Great Hall for any sign of the monarch. From every angle the massive room was empty. She swept her gaze over the open-beam woodwork ceiling, down the tapestry depicting a scene where a man held a faerie in his hand, to the dark wood throne situated upon a raised dais.

"I believe so, grandmother."

Out of good manners, Danielle bobbed a low curtsy. "Your Highness," she said.

"I've heard she is not yet broken to the will of the Fay. This is a problem, Gabriel. You know our laws."

A bit miffed the Queen didn't bother to make herself visible, Danielle shifted her gaze to Gabriel. His scowl could have wilted the leaves off a weeping willow. *Uh-oh. Talk about being in the stew.*

"Grandmother, Danielle is new to our land and our ways."

"She enticed the Dark Fay from you."

"I controlled it."

"This time." Morgan LeFay appeared on the throne, her delicate hairbells glittering in the lamp light. "What of the next time? You are young by comparison to the others, Gabriel. Perhaps I should give her to Creigh or Donnaugh."

"My uncles don't have the temperament or patience to train a mortal."

Danielle listened to the argument, her breath hitching in her chest. "I prefer Gabriel."

"You are insolent." Morgan's bejeweled hand slammed down on the throne's arm. "Undisciplined."

"I don't even understand what you want from me." Realizing she'd stepped over the line of good manners into the realm of insulting a queen who controlled magicke, Danielle took a fearful step back.

"She is my mate, Grandmother. Not you nor my uncles can deny this mating."

"If you can't keep the Dark Fay at bay, you know what I'll be forced to do. I'll have to exile you." Queen Morgan rose from her seat with a grace Danielle would never possess. 'Twas as if she walked on air. "Gabriel, don't make me choose between you living in Avalon and a mortal."

"She's come far in less than a day. We need to give her time."

Morgan waved her hand in the air. "Either she submits or there will be hell to pay, and you'll be paying it."

His fingers found Danielle's and he pulled her so she stood beside him. "I'm aware."

"Ann, come forward," Queen Morgan said after a tension filled moment. "You are to instruct your lady in the ways of our kind. If at the end of the sennight she doesn't show just subjugation, you'll follow our Prince into exile."

The maid bobbed a low curtsy. "Aye, Ma'am."

"Lady Danielle, I've given you a very difficult task. I'm asking you to let go of your mortal ways to save not only my grandson but my people. Listen to their lessons and take them to heart. We have great faith in you, but you have to learn Avalon is far different from the mortal world."

"I will try my hardest, Your Highness."

Morgan brushed a wisp of hair from Danielle's face. "It's all I can ask of you." Her hand dropped to her side. She turned around and strode back to her throne. "Tomorrow you are to return to the conference. Tonight I wish you to show your princess the royal gardens and all its mysteries."

Gabriel bowed low and Danielle followed with a curtsy. Backing out of the room, she peaked at the man beside her. "Did I do something wrong?"

He didn't answer until they were in the hall. "Nay, I did. All the Royal Fay males carry some of the sin caused by the many wars our ancestors fought. We call this entity the Dark Fay. When I lost my control earlier, Morgan sensed my sinful side coming out." "So?"

"She's warning me to not let it happen again."

"And part of this involves me becoming your slave." Trying to read between his words, Danielle sensed he wasn't telling her the whole truth about this evil side.

"My submissive. It all revolves around our mating. 'Tis believed that for us to control the sinful side of our beings we must always play the part of Master. If we are forever in charge there is less likely a chance the Dark Fay will be given his will."

"What happened the last time? I mean, when the Dark Fay made his unwelcome appearance. It wasn't as if I wasn't obedient."

"It is the heightened sexual urge caused by Beltane. The Queen knows this, she just has to be especially careful because I am the first to mate with a mortal. If aught should happen during our mating the naysayers could profess Fay and mortal were never destined to be together. With our diminished numbers, they are playing the part of Devil's advocate. They know as do we the Fay may be facing their ultimate demise if we cannot find another *kind* to mate with."

"This is all about propagation." Feeling like a damnable brood mare, Danielle tried to pull away from him. He wouldn't let her. She found herself planted to his side. A tremor of desire rolled up her thighs when the gold flecks in his eyes shimmered.

"Danielle, you can view this through your jaded mortal eyes or you can accept the fact that I won't let you go. If that means I have to fight my Dark Fay every night and my uncles or Maelstrom during the day, so be it. Know this—you are mine."

She didn't doubt he meant what he said. Worn to the bone and overwhelmed, she mopped her brow with the back of her hand. Another yawn stretched her jaw. "I take it that you need little sleep." *She could use a nap and a small tray of food, too*.

"Sir, if I may. I believe our princess needs to retire."

Bless you, Ann. Tilting her gaze to his, a pang struck her hard in the chest. "I'm not like you." And she was glad she wasn't.

"Nay, my princess, forgive me for not considering your needs. Ann, take her straight away to our suite, and see she is given tea and a small repast. I'll be around about six by the toll of the master clock for our walk in the garden."

Ready to ask him when that was; she decided to bob a curtsy and bid him a fair thee

well for the time being. "Until later, Your Highness."

"Gabriel."

She felt a blush curl up her cheeks. "Until later, Gabriel."

A soft, wistful gasp sounded when he leaned down and kissed her. She felt a set of delicious tingles in her belly. 'Twas a sweet kiss that didn't melt her bones, but her heart.

* * * *

Gabriel stood in the hall for a long time after Danielle had retreated to their suite.

"You have much to learn about her world as well, Prince Gabriel. We are fools to think she will come to heel quickly or easily. She barely believes she is here in our beloved Avalon. Perhaps you should return her to Earth and guarantee her a life of luxury."

"Are you suggesting I reject the Goddess' will?" Appalled by the very idea, Gabriel shook his head.

"I'm saying you should prepare yourself for the worst. She may never be able to accept what we are." Morgan appeared out of the wall. She laid her hand on his arm. "I sense your concern. Tell me your worries."

"Grandmother, what would you have of me? The lass turns my brain to mush and hardens my cock with her mere presence. She bows down to me easily. 'Tis my lust for her that has me out of control. Even if I did break from the Mating Tradition, I doubt I could stay away from her for long."

Morgan nodded that she understood his rampant desire. "Perhaps you need to visit the concubines and work off some of your desire with women who understand your needs."

"How do you think Danielle would view me visiting a brothel during our mating? We're talking about a Christian who was reared to view our ways as sinful. According to the Ten Commandments, I've already led her to hell. Cuckolding her will not gain me her good graces."

"Take her with you."

"Grandmother, please." Rubbing the ache from his temples with the tips of his fingers, he glanced at Morgan. "Danielle isn't ready for a Fay Orgy."

"If she is to become your princess, she doesn't have a choice but to learn we don't view bedding as a filthy act." Morgan slid her fingers through his hair. He felt the piercing pain ebb from his scalp and into her fingers.

"Many partners or just you, she needs to embrace your passionate nature, not plead exhaustion or a headache. Can you imagine the Royal Advisors ripping her to shreds for her inability to satisfy you? I can."

"A curse upon them," he retorted. *But true*. He could imagine the group who often conferred with them on all things Fay whispering how Danielle had failed him and therefore them. Before he could even spit out a harsh reprimand for their whispered words of hate, the gossip would burn a fast path through Tir na nOg defeating their well thought out plan.

"Once they accept her for her participation in the Fay Orgy, they'll be less likely to reject her later. A few snippets in the paper and *voila*—your mate is off the tenterhook."

Again, true. "Especially if *The Guardian* gets wind of it." To have a report show up in the news would settle everyone down. "Not a blow by blow detailed article, but

enough to show the Fay a mortal can embrace our primal appetites." Kissing Morgan on the cheek, he chuckled. "You are a sly woman."

"Thank you, my prince. Tonight, during your walk, I'll have a few of the concubines join you. It will even better the situation if she is known to fuck you wherever the urge strikes you. 'Tis the sign of a well-trained submissive." She hesitated before returning to the Great Hall. "I feel if you show her she is cherished and adored, you'll earn her trust."

"And eventually her love," he said. A broad smile swept across his face.

* * * *

"Are you feeling better, Your Highness?"

Thrown by the uncommon title, Danielle rubbed the sleep from her eyes. "Much better, thank you. What time is it?"

"Near on four bells," Ann commented as she moved around the bedroom. "Ma'am, do you wish a bath? I could have the servants warm you water from the eternal spring. It'll refresh you."

"What aren't you telling me?"

Ann bowed her head before answering. "The Queen has arranged for your introduction to the Fay Orgy."

Danielle saw Ann shiver. *This is bad. This is very bad.* A pulse of desire stroked through her but fear for Ann eradicated the emotion. "You aren't supposed to tell me this, are you?"

"Nay, but I am to prepare you. You should know what to expect."

"Why can't I just have some time with my mate? Everybody wants me to get to know him. How can I manage the feat if I'm almost always flat on my back?"

"That's how I think they get to know their spouses, Your Highness. I was told their magicke comes from the God and Goddess and their joining on Beltane. The act of bedding is a part of their history as is the Great King of Ireland a part of yours. I was told that when they satisfy each other, they are pleasing the God and Goddess."

Throwing back the covers, Danielle heaved a sigh. "Then how do you fall in love?" Granted, a love match amongst the *haute ton* was a rare thing, but still most maids wished to find the perfect man who made their heart sing.

"From what I've gathered so far, love is predestined in Tir na nOg, but the more satisfaction the partners bring each other the deeper the emotion."

Considering her maiden voyage into the act, Danielle lifted a finger. "Then why all the men with several women? Is there no compassion shown for their brides' feelings?"

"Mayhaps. The woman who instructed me said the way you know a mated couple from the rest of the mash is the man will only give her his seed. Also, he gifts only his mate with his kisses."

In a vague, decadent way she could grasp why the practice occurred. "How old are you?"

"Near on five centuries now. By vampire standards I'm quite young."

Her maid was a vampire? Oh, this was rich. "And the Prince?"

"Prince Gabriel is the only living blood royal because he is descended from the Great King of Ireland. He will celebrate the third millennium anniversary of his birth this summer."

"They are an ancient people who live forever. I can see why the freedom of bedding

many has become part of their totem. I'd grow bored with the same partner if I had to live with him for centuries or millennia."

Love is predestined. Wiggling her feet into her soft slippers, she took the dressing robe Ann brought to her. Jamming her arms into the sleeves, she pondered her time before this nightmare had occurred. All the fantasies that had saved her from insanity were just that, fanciful musings of a young maid with a vivid imagination.

Even in them, love had never played a component.

A long time ago, especially after her mother's death, Danielle had realized love wasn't the world's great cure-all. In fact, if she recollected her young years correctly, her mother's adoration of her father had led her to a dose of poison.

"Are you hurt, Ma'am?"

"Nay, why do you ask?"

"You're crying, Ma'am."

Brushing the tears from her cheeks with her sleeves, she took a deep steeling breath. "I was just thinking. Somber thoughts, you know?"

Ann nodded. "I'll call for your bath, and while you wash, I'll begin your lessons." She strode for the bell pull and gave it a firm steady tug. "Ma'am if you have aught to tell our prince, it is best to put it out there. The Fay princes are very good at easing their mates' emotional distress."

"Ann, all I want is some time with him—alone." Swiping the last of the wetness from her eyes, she turned away from the vampire who was fast becoming her confidant. Out the open doors leading to the balcony, she could see fairefolk frolicking in the meadow beyond the castle walls. They appeared to have all the time in the world and all she wanted was a few ticks of the clock with her spouse.

"Milady, your chances of gaining that miracle are slim to none. First the Royal Fay must maintain their reputations as the greatest lovers in Avalon. Second, between running Tir na nOg, which I assume he does since his grandmother is bound to the Soul of Magicke, there can't be many a moment to spare for tea let alone chit chat."

"Then how do you expect me to talk to him if he's either shagging half the population or running the country?"

"If I may, ma'am, the best way of bringing up your distress is to tell him during your walk in the garden. He may postpone the Fay Orgy to care for you, for you are his mate."

"Do you know this for certain?"

"Nay."

Interrupted as servants brought in an enormous brass tub, Danielle thought about what Ann had told her. The contradictions were somewhat hard to navigate, but by the time the tub was filled and Ann had added hyacinth-scented oil to it, she felt sure she could tell Gabriel about her mother. "Trust is important to the Fay, isn't it?"

"Trust is the pinnacle of their belief, ma'am. They believe the Goddess will provide them with mates who will satisfy them. The God will always protect this land from the mortals." A cynical laugh shouted from Ann's throat. "They have faith the Queen will never lose the secrets of white magicke. The Masters earn their slaves' trust through the control of their Dark Fay and the intensity of their climax."

Danielle listened with rapt interest. Her robe pooled at her feet as she stepped into the steaming water. Sinking herself up to her collarbones, she swished her arms. Ripples of a luxurious desire rolled over her. The feel of Ann combing her fingers through her hair brought a different lust forward. The primal urge to bed a woman. To run her hands up Ann's thighs and tease her slick folds until her servant begged for release. "Tell me more."

"There's very little left to tell. The male Fay roam hill and dale searching for their next conquest and women are left to their own devices. Such as we are at the moment," Ann said with a giggle. "Do you like this, ma'am?"

The spell deepened until Danielle wriggled with unrequited need. Her fingers traced over her skin to find her clit. Stroking herself, living within the vision of Ann kissing her, pinching her nipples to hard buds, she moaned low in her throat.

Without warning the images playing out in her head shifted. 'Twasn't Ann she was with, but Maelstrom. Pain replaced the pleasure when he wrapped her hair around his fist. There was no bliss when he shoved his cock into her arse or when he pierced her throat with his fangs. "Cease. Make it cease."

"Mister Maelstrom has other ideas," Ann's voice changed to the slithering slide of a bloodsucker. "He's waited a long time for a woman such as you to take part in the banquet. I vow he was most upset when Prince Gabriel took your virginity, more so when you rejected him while upon the feasting table. You shouldn't have done that."

The dark fog filled her mind and took control of her psyche. She couldn't see aside from the vision. Had no will to move an inch let alone shout for help when Ann's fangs grew. Whimpering, she felt tears course down her cheeks as Ann slid her tongue down the column of her neck. The sharp tips of her fangs raked painful cuts into her throat.

"I can hear the screams in your head, Danielle. They fuel my desire to make you pay for rejecting my true Master."

"You are not the only one who can hear her screams, bitch." *Gabriel*.

"Aah!"

Chapter Seven

Gabriel was killing mad. Lifting his hand palm up, he held the traitor transfixed with his Fay magicke before she could deliver the vampire's kiss. "Take her to the Queen. I'll explain the situation to Morgan after I see to my mate." He didn't spare a glance for Ann as she was removed from the room.

He forced calm to the fore when he strode toward Danielle. Kneeling beside the tub, he gathered her in his arms. "There, there, sweetling. 'Tis all right now. She won't hurt you again." He took a deep gulp of air as the memory of Danielle at the mercy of the Shevamp played out in his head. "I promise, never again." By the Goddess, just the lingering ring of her terrorized screams in his head was enough to make him shake with suppressed ire, all directed at himself. He'd failed her.

"Hold me." Her fingernails bit into his shoulders. "Please, Gabriel, I want you to hold me." She clung to him while sobs wracked her tiny frame.

"I'm here." The rage bubbled up inside him, but he managed to hold it at bay before his Dark Fay made an unwanted appearance. Nay, he'd store up all the anger and direct it at the mastermind behind the attack.

Maelstrom. I'm coming for you.

"I'm sorry."

"What are you apologizing for?" he asked. Plucking her out of her bath, he grabbed the sheet of linen from the stool and wrapped the cloth around her. Briskly rubbing her arms, he took in her pain-riddled blue eyes. "I should have recognized Ann was compromised." Mentally kicking himself, he felt a fresh pang of regret twang in his chest. His Dark Fay wanted out.

"I should have fought her harder. I feel so betrayed."

In essence this violation wasn't only the ultimate betrayal but a high crime in Avalon. "Twill be fine." Knowing what he had to do, he cradled her to his chest. He laid her in the middle of the bed and kissed away her tears. Propping his weight on his arms, he glared at the damage Ann had done to her throat. The damnable vampire had scarred his bride. "Trust me to make this right for you."

He took his time peeling the drying sheet from her body. "Look at me and understand this; I am the man who will love you until your dying breath. From this moment forward, any man, be he mortal or paranormal, who transgresses against you will meet me in combat. And I will not allow him to live."

She nodded slowly. Her gaze plastered to his face.

He took her lips in a soul searing kiss that left him wanting to explore her body with his mouth and hands. "Trust me," he whispered as he rained kisses down her neck and over her chest until he could lave her nipples. Fighting off the desire hardening his cock and making him want to order her to take his shaft in her mouth, he focused on her satisfaction. His tongue swept wide circles around her nip then alternately flicked over the hard peak until she was writhing beneath him. He bit down on the other nipple testing her desire.

"Aye, Gabriel." Her fingers skimmed up his shirt-clad sides to pinch his nipples through the cloth. A growl rumbled in his chest. "Oh, aye."

He shifted position so he could spread her legs. In the back of his mind he kept telling himself this was not about him, but her. 'Twas to prove she could trust him in bed and out of it. On this occasion there was no Dom/sub, there was only the two of them—the Royal Fay and his mortal mate.

Fighting down the Dark Fay, he licked a path down her tummy to the curls shrouding her cunt. Forcing her legs wider, he breathed in the heady scent of her musk. His tongue trailed the edges of her femininity then darted over her clit. Her fingers wove into his hair holding him to her.

She clawed at him when he fucked her with his tongue. Replacing his tongue with his fingers, he stared at her face. His cock ached for her soft walls but he denied his primal appetite. "Cum for me, Danielle. Give it up to me."

"Dear God in Heaven."

"That's it, sweetling." The hard contractions riding his fingers had him undoing the buttons of his breeches. His cock throbbed for her cunt. She bucked when he removed his fingers. "Twill get better," he promised. He rubbed his cockhead over her wet folds.

He plunged into her. Her shriek of pleasure was an aria to his ears. Fully planted, he drank in a lungful of air and released it slowly. She was a taste of heaven. "Damn, you are tight."

Setting a gentle pace at first, he kissed her lips. In truth it was a warning he was about to turn up the heat. Her fingernails scoured his shoulders when he alternated between long, slow strokes and short, fast ones. The thigh muscles clenching his hips quivered when her next orgasm struck her.

"Gabriel!"

The white magicke enveloped them. The power of the Great Goddess flowed through them, healing the injuries to Danielle's neck and proving to him they were meant to be mated.

His seed gushed from him on his next thrust. "By the Goddess," he whispered. Collapsing on top of her, he had the wherewithal to prop his weight on his elbows ere he crush her. "That was amazing."

"I'd think that would be ... something I would say," she said between her rapid pants.

Breathless, he chuckled at her. He rolled onto his back, taking her with him. Blanketed by his bride, he watched the sparkling golden flecks of white magicke swirl around them.

The Goddess was pleased.

* * * *

Danielle couldn't believe she was actually looking forward to the Fay Orgy. Under the sharp scrutiny of Queen Morgan, Danielle was introduced to her new maid, who was also the Queen's Lady in Waiting, and told about the Fay Orgy.

"So this is all about propagation?"

"On Beltane we are reenacting the ancient tradition of the God and Goddess coming together and ensuring the earth is fertile for another season. On the two solstices and Samhain, it is strictly for propagation."

Many of the contradictions Ann had told her had also been cleared up as Morgan joined her for tea and a tray of biscuits. Ann had made the Fay sound like promiscuous nitwits. They weren't. Aye, they all were open about sex, but it had a purpose behind it.

For every Fay baby born, a sick babe on earth was saved from an early grave. 'Twas only during the orgy that the Fay male could give his seed to a woman other than his bride. His kisses were still reserved for his mate. If a Fay male kissed any other, he could face severe retribution for breaking the sacred binding between mated Fay. "You have to admit you are a lusty bunch," Danielle murmured.

Walking along the path, Danielle breathed in the heady scent of the Queen's formal garden. It was nice to have Gabriel's attention solely planted on her.

"We are." He steered her toward a circle of glowing torches. "You'll get a taste of that tonight. Just remember if you are at any point overwhelmed tell me and I will have you escorted out of the orgy."

"There is another secret word this time?"

"I'm their prince, they'll obey my orders."

Already dizzy with expectation, Danielle giggled. "And to think a few short days ago I only fantasized about black banquets and orgies. Now, I feel I'm becoming addicted to them."

He chuckled with her. "That is a good thing in Avalon." He raked his gaze down her body. "Have I told you how beautiful you are tonight?"

"Aye, several times." She felt beautiful too and that together they made a handsome couple. Though, admittedly, they were a bit of a mismatch. He was overly tall and carried his powerful frame with an ease that came from being comfortable with whom he was. On the other hand, she was a good English foot shorter than he and thin as a reed. The simple gown she wore, with its daring decolletage, made her feel prettier than she actually was.

"You shouldn't think ill of yourself."

"How do you do that? Know what I'm thinking?"

"I don't know what you are thinking." He halted their progression where the path was split twain by gnarled oak. "The fairefolk are empathetic. We can read a mortal's emotions."

"That's how you could tell I was in trouble."

"Aye, and as my mate, my empathetic powers are strengthened where you are concerned. This how I know you are destined to be mine. The Goddess led me to that truth."

"Your Goddess works in mysterious ways." Seeing him frown, she rushed to cover her insult. "I meant, once I'm familiar with the Fay..." *Oh, blast, I don't know what I'm trying to say*.

He brushed his fingertips down her cheek. "Be easy, my princess. I am rarely offended."

"Thank God for that."

He again chuckled. "You are a woman made to be loved."

His comment had come out of nowhere and she felt her blush heat her cheeks. She couldn't discern if he meant love in the earthly sense or emotionally. She hoped it was a bit of both. "So are you."

"My thanks," he said. A serious expression replaced the lighthearted one he'd worn a moment before. "At the orgy you will be expected to call me Master, and remember what I said if you get overwhelmed."

"I won't forget."

"Don't be afraid to call for a break should you need one. Many of the women will request a respite from time to time to take a drink or relax."

A fresh tremor of desire curled in the pit of her belly and she felt her nipples grow hard. "I understand."

"The women are allowed to touch each other, but another man can only engage you if I agree. You may ask my permission for his entry, but he will not give you his seed. The Royal lineage must remain pure."

"That is fine." Just the thought of many hands on her notched her lust higher. "You don't mind another man taking me, do you?"

"If it brings you pleasure, then nay. If you feel you must engage another man to fulfill some misplaced duty to my grandmother or myself, aye. Your satisfaction comes before all others during the orgy."

Swallowing against the lump of desire growing in her throat, Danielle smiled at him. "We'll see how it goes."

"That sounds like a fine plan." He laid a kiss to her brow. "We will part here. Lila will help you undress, and then I will join you at the high altar."

She followed the direction he pointed out to a black velvet chaise littered with a dozen or more satin pillows. With his knuckles under her chin he drew her attention back to his face. Instinctively, Danielle rose up on her tiptoes. The carnal kiss he gave her caused her to cling to his broad shoulders. His tongue plundered her mouth until she was breathless for more of his kisses.

"Go, before I forget myself and take you right here against the Goddess Tree."
"I dare say that invitation has merit."

"Perhaps tomorrow night we'll fulfill your desire." He gave her a wink before he pulled her arms from around his shoulders. Excusing himself with a bow, Danielle couldn't help but notice his erection tightening the front flap of his pants. "Oh my."

"You make a fine match," Queen Morgan commented, her form appearing out of nothing but mist. "Lila, see to your mistress, I must return to the Great Hall." She laid her hand on Danielle's bowed head. "May the Goddess be with you this night."

"Thank you, Your Highness." Bobbing a low curtsy, Danielle sent Lila a shaky smile. "Hopefully the Goddess will smile on all of us and gift the Fay with many babies." "From your lips to Her ears," Lila responded with a grin.

Chapter Eight

By the time Lila escorted her to the bower, Danielle was shaking with desire. Having had a wonderful view from around the edge of the high wood screen, she gaped at the concubines when they began to work their magicke on the men. One woman, her hairbells glistening beneath the rays of the dying sun, was servicing Gabriel. Her experienced mouth moved over his shaft while his hands in her hair set a rampant pace.

Another was getting a fingering from her prince. She seemed oblivious to the others who were staring at them. Warm moisture and a throb pulsed through Danielle's core as Gabriel came forward. His cock bobbed with each step he took but it was the light in his eyes that held her transfixed. The gold flecks were blazing with desire. "Master," she whispered on a shaky breath.

Her Fay prince wasn't just ready for a good pounding but obviously in need of one.

Once he stood in front of her, she fell to her knees. Clasping her hands behind her back as she'd been instructed by Queen Morgan during tea, she waited with ill-concealed impatience for his instructions. The throb clenching her crotch grew when he waved for the two women who had been all over him while she changed to join them.

"Open your mouth, slave."

Doing as she was told, Danielle's gaze followed the sable-haired beauty lead his cock to her lips. A pair of hands brushed a soft caress over her back and across her buttocks. The moment she lifted her hands to stroke his shaft a sharp slap was landed on her butt cheek.

Understanding her mistake, she forced herself to concentrate on the task at hand. She licked the sensitive underside of his shaft, took the head into her mouth and laved the tip with her tongue.

Fingers parted her soft folds and found her clit. Two fingers slid easily into her core. Groaning against his cock in her mouth, she winced when another slap was delivered.

He didn't force her to take the length of him down her throat, but was pumping her mouth for all he was worth.

"Breathe through your nose, Princess Danielle," the concubine to her left instructed. Before Danielle could follow the advice, the sex-slave pulled Gabriel's cock from her mouth and began sucking on it herself.

Not to be outdone, Danielle leaned in and licked his balls. Beneath her tongue she felt his sac tighten. A long moan rushed from his throat and he buried his cock in the concubine's mouth. Danielle kissed his thigh and was punished for her boldness with two more slaps.

She winced when the sable-haired Fay woman pulled her up by her hair. A sharp barked reprimand from Gabriel had the concubine easing her hold. "Lie down on the chaise, Danielle."

"Yes, Master." She obeyed without thought and laid on her stomach. The pillows were quickly arranged so her arse was high off the platform. Her arms were stretched out from her sides and a silk cord was wrapped around each. The knots weren't tight and if she needed to, she could easily slip her hands from the loops. "Ah," she groaned when a tongue replaced the fingers in her crotch.

Regretting the moan the moment it left her throat, she jerked when two palms slapped down on her burning butt. They didn't release their hold but kept her still as the concubine worked her hole.

The tension grew until she was shaking her head. *Help me*.

"Enough," Gabriel ordered the woman to let off. "Do you need a break?"

Danielle shook her head.

"Answer me, slave."

"Nay."

Gabriel padded around the chaise and she felt his heated gaze on her body. *Please*. *Please*. *Please*.

He plunged into her core without warning. She bit her lip to keep from screaming when her orgasm rifled through her. The strong contractions had her gripping the cords.

His thrusts grew erratic and his thumb played with her dark hole until she was on the verge of yet another climax. She wanted to shriek or tear out her hair when he pulled his cock from her. His thumb pumped her arse a few times before his cock once more raced home in her core.

The sensation of his balls slapping against her clit blended with his cock and thumb working her two holes. "*Damnit*," she cursed when she started coming and didn't stop. The pulses shot from her head to the soles of her feet.

A warm gush deep inside her said he'd found his release. Relaxing against the pillows, she felt the glow roll off him and into her. Blanketed by his body, she gasped against her raging heartbeat. This experience hadn't been a simple affair. It had been cataclysmic.

"Take a moment to collect yourself, my princess," he whispered against her ear. Unable to muster the energy to verbally respond, she nodded. She smiled when he kissed her cheek.

She didn't know if her legs would hold her weight. That's how jellified she felt. Her orgasm was yet to cool and even after she was released from the ropes She eyed him with curiosity when he called a short respite to the action. "That was amazing."

He winked at her. "Lila, some wine for your princess." He leaned down and gave her another kiss. "I need to check on something. I won't be long."

With her heart in her eyes, she blew out a contented breath. 'Twould be so much nicer though if she didn't have a baker's dozen stares on her body. *Stares? Nay. Glares*.

The glow from the white magicke sprinkling down on them blew away on a gust of wind and the vindictive giggles coming from three of the concubines set Danielle's teeth to gnashing. In the middle of the trio was a Fay male whose green as fresh grass glare was centered on her face. Feeling self-conscious to begin with, she took the goblet from Lila. A few shaky sips later, she plucked up the courage to ask Lila if she understood this new twist in her nightmarish life. "Did I do something wrong?"

"You pay them no mind, Princess. 'Tis jealousy that has them snorting like hobgoblins in their caves." Waving for a basin to be brought forward, Lila continued in a conspiratorial whisper. "The Fay with the green eyes is Jarrod of Greenvale. The female to his right is Moira. She had aspirations of fucking her way out of the brothel. She intended to be Prince Gabriel's mate."

Some things never change no matter what. "I'm the veritable fly in the ointment of her plan."

"Moira was so mad when the news arrived that Prince Gabriel had finally found his mate that her shriek of outrage could be heard on the border." Lila clucked her tongue. Thanking the servant with a nod, she took her time washing the fine sheen of sweat from Danielle's brow before cleansing the rest of her body. "She even had the unmitigated gall to invite Greenvale to the orgy when she knows the Prince detests him."

"If the *princess* is done being pampered, we'd like to get back to it. My netherlips are quaking for the next round," said Moira, glaring daggers.

Danielle watched her through narrowed eyes. The unbecoming Fay took hold of a female servant and pushed her to her knees. *Bitch*, Danielle thought when the instigator propped her foot on the slave's stooped shoulder. Danielle's ire rose when Moira thrust her pubes into the concubine's face and ground her crotch against the woman's mouth. "Lick me," the upstart shouted. "I wish to show my prince what a real Fay looks like when she reaches her climax."

Danielle turned her head to see if Gabriel was even cognizant of what was going on. "Why does Gabriel dislike Greenvale?" she asked Lila.

"Greenvale is a reporter for Tir na nOg's daily paper, *The Guardian*. He's notorious for breaking young Fay female hearts with his dissertations on their first beddings. Assuredly, a maid can always prove her prowess by gathering other young bucks to show she can perform or 'twas merely the excitement of the first bedding which made her clumsy. Unfortunately, it has happened in the past where the maid never fully recovered from his reporting. If naught else Greenvale is tenacious. If he takes a dislike to a maid, he'll hound her until she cries defeat."

"What happens to those maids who can't recover?"

"They are made into laughingstocks the realm over. 'Tis tragic to watch but that is the way 'tis."

"I see. Do you think I'm his next target?"

"My Princess, you are his next target."

"Lovely...and how might I not pique his interest?"

"There's no way around that. The only way to gain favor and not be made into a laughingstock is to perform, Your Highness." Lila sped up the brushes of the cloth over her princess' skin. "I'm sorry to be so blunt, but if you intend, and I believe you do, to make a good impression on the fairefolk you will have to invite Greenvale to join you tonight."

"Won't that upset Gabriel?"

"Nay, he'll enjoy the competition and 'twill stamp his mark of ownership on you when you scream his name on your climax."

"For dragon spit's sake, are we going to get on with this or chat each other into unconsciousness?" Moira shouted. "I want a good fuck."

Lila picked up the basin and cloth. "Just remember, scream only Prince Gabriel's name."

Brushing her hair from her face, Danielle nodded as Lila returned to the sidelines. *All right, so be it. I've done this before.* Memories of the black banquet filled her mind. She'd done right by the Royal Djinn and Gabriel. Worry flickered in her soul when she recalled the brutality of Maelstrom and his angry retort when she rejected him.

Bemused when they kept staring at her, Danielle looked to Lila for help. Her maid brushed her hands down her chest as if to say, begin the play and the rest will follow.

Twas a wild guess, but worth a try. Danielle reclined on the chaise, acting as though she intended to let the full moon hanging over the glade dry her. She let her hands flow down her body and her leg to drop to the floor giving the other participants a full view of her crotch.

She ran her fingertips with slow determination over her slick folds.

"I'm impressed. You decided to start without me," laughter clung to Gabriel's words. "May I join you, *My Princess*?"

"Please," she responded in kind.

"Would you care to make it a threesome?"

Danielle's gaze shot to Gabriel's face. Emotionless except for the gold sparkle in his blue eyes. "Sir," she met Greenvale's gaze and held out her hand to him. No sooner had Greenvale taken her hand than he forced her fingers to wrap around his cock.

"Lie back, slave, and taste my cunt," Moira said with a triumphant expression. She climbed onto the chaise and positioned her slick feminine folds over Danielle's face.

Shocked, Danielle's heart hitched in her chest. "What to do? What to do?"

* * * *

If the terror etched into Danielle's gasp of outrage was any indication, Greenvale would get the story of the millennium. Gabriel nearly hauled Moira off Danielle. "You are both unclean," he said to Moira and Greenvale. "Wash yourselves, and then you may join us." He had bought them perhaps a few minutes by following the protocol associated with the Fay Orgy. A low, angry growl rumbled in his chest when Greenvale stood his ground. "Have you forgotten your manners as well?"

Greenvale harrumphed before he pulled away with Moira in his wake.

Delivering a kiss to Danielle's brow, he whispered his intention to her. "Invite Miles and Kirkland to join us. 'Twill not stop Greenvale or Moira from joining us, but if you are occupied they will have to discover another avenue through which to besmirch your good name."

"Are you sure?"

He wasn't exactly sure of aught. He'd just received news from the border that a vampire had breached the Veil and that an even larger force of Strigoi, an invasion force, was seen sailing across the Sea of Serenity. "Aye."

"Miles, Kirkland, come to me."

"Don't forget, if at any time you need a break to tell me." It was the last bit of advice he could give her.

A not-so-gentle slap to her thigh began the play. *How delectable are you, my mortal mate?* Watching Miles stuff his cock into her mouth, Gabriel grasped Danielle's leg and kissed the soft flesh of her calf. Easing her legs apart, he kissed her navel then the soft thatch of curls at the juncture of her thighs. "Be kind to my slave," he ordered when Moira and Greenvale grabbed Danielle's arms and led her fingers to Moira's netherlips.

"Are you implying she is untrained?" Greenvale asked.

"I am telling you I will not have her harmed because you have no control," Gabriel responded.

"Would you prefer I prepare her?" Moira inquired when Gabriel turned his tongue to Danielle's cunt. He ignored her, preferring to be the Fay who introduced his mate to the true meaning of a Fay Orgy.

Danielle was sweet on his tongue, her clit hard and begging for more of his ministrations. Seeing Kirkland bend another concubine over at the head of the bower, his lust went into the heavens when Danielle removed her hand from Moira's netherlips to caress the supine concubine's breast. It was as good as an insult in Avalon and one well deserved.

Throbbing with anticipation, Gabriel was about to enter her when Greenvale came forward. His less than noteworthy penis poised for Danielle's mouth when she next took a breath. Revenge would be sweet this time. Lifting Danielle up to straddle his legs, he thrust her down on his turgid shaft. The shout of ecstasy that escaped her mouth brought Miles behind her.

"Oh my."

"Shh," Miles whispered as he entered her arse. "At your pace, Your Highness."

This had always been one of Gabriel's favorite positions and one of the hardest on the slave for she had to have absolute trust in him not to drop her or let the other Fay hurt her.

Through the thin layer separating her channel from her arse, he felt Miles' cock hold steady. Easing Danielle up, he started a slow dance. The feel of her was momentous. She clung to him with all her might. *Trust me*.

"I do," she whispered with a shallow, panting breath.

It was all the encouragement he needed. Miles and he banged her as if there was no tomorrow and she took every thrust. His Fay magicke wrapped around them, suppressing Miles' weaker power. He was in absolute control and Danielle was guaranteed protection.

"Gabriel!"

Miles moaned low in his throat while Gabriel kept pumping into her.

He vowed he'd never find another woman like her. Instinctively, he knew it was the truth.

* * * *

"I think it would be best if I got up and walked for a few moments. Remember, sedentary life as of late." Her giggle drew a few faeries to the glade.

He scowled at her. "Lila, escort your princess, but stick close to the altar."

Lila helped Danielle into a brocade dressing gown. "Lean your weight on me, Your Highness."

"I don't think I'll ever get used to that title," Danielle admitted as Lila and she took a few steps. "I'm fine. It's that my legs get sore." She almost went into a lengthy explanation about the past two weeks but decided against wasting her energy. There would be enough time to talk at a later date.

"That's to be expected, Your Highness. Why don't you rest behind the screen for a moment while I fetch you some wine? You can lean against the Goddess Oak if that is your wish."

"Aye, that will work fine," Danielle responded. "Could I have some water instead of wine?"

Lila bowed away before commanding another servant to fetch a pitcher of water from the mystic well and she had another fix a tray of fruit for their princess.

Danielle was about to tell Lila that wasn't necessary when the dark fog encroached on her psyche.

"Hello, my pretty. Time to take a little trip."

Maelstrom. Breaking away before he could claim complete control of her mind, she scrambled toward the screen. "Gabriel, he's here."

"Foolish chit." A iron grip brought her to her knees. "I so wanted to taste your flesh before I killed you."

Wide eyed, she gasped when his fangs grew. Kicking him with all her might, she was gratified when her foot connected with his groin. His howl of pain competed with her scream of distress. "Nay!"

Before she could gather the air to generate another ear-piercing shriek, Gabriel stood in front of her. "Protect your princess," his order lit out like the crack of a whip.

"You can't hurt me. I am under orders of the Royal Strigoi to finish our game."

"Hijacking my bride does not constitute checkmate," Gabriel stated, his tone turning low and undulating. Horns grew to curl around his head and the ebony gilded wings unfurled. "You didn't honestly expect to get away with such an idiotic plan and live, did you?"

Peeping between the line of soldiers who filled in the space between Gabriel and herself, Danielle gasped when her mate grasped Maelstrom around his throat.

The soft lilt of Queen Morgan's voice sounded near her ear. "Gabriel's magicke is keeping Maelstrom from dematerializing."

"Dematerializing?" Oh, why was she asking such a stupid question?

"Come away, my dear. The Fay form of execution is not for your innocent eyes."

Feeling quite shaky, Danielle allowed the Queen to lead her past the chaise and to the castle. Concern for Gabriel crept into her harried thoughts. "Will Gabriel be all right?"

"He'll be fine."

The assurance did little to stop the worries crushing Danielle's heart. Terrified tears filled her eyes. 'Twas a revelation that hit her hard in the gut. "I love him."

"Of course you do. It was destined by the Goddess."

Chapter Nine

Danielle watched Gabriel's carriage come to a stop in the courtyard. Nibbling on her lower lip, she listened to him bark orders to the guards. The nerve rattling sound of the portcullis falling caused a shiver to rake the length of her spine.

Spinning around, she gripped the marble railing with all her might. She wanted to muster some joy for his return but word had already reached Avalon and the Soul of Magicke of the Strigoi's invasion fleet. Not even the glowing article in *The Daily Guardian* regarding her escape from the clutches of the rogue vampire or Gabriel's slaying of him could lift her spirits. On the side of her participation in the Fay Orgy, Greenvale said her performance was adequate for a mortal and in his opinion she would improve over time.

She could have cared less if Greenvale applauded her or mocked her.

"War has come to Avalon. Damn Alexander for his underhand tactics. He put Maelstrom up to taking Danielle, thinking I'd be too preoccupied with the mating to notice a hundred warships nearing the doorstep of Tir na nOg."

She heard Gabriel's voice reverberate in the tunnel and winced when something, probably his fist, punched the stone wall.

"I see," Queen Morgan replied, her lilt carrying a hard edge. "What is your strategy? We are no match for that invasion fleet if you choose to take up arms."

"We will stay behind the Veil—for the remainder of eternity if necessary. I've already ordered the guard doubled along the border should the Strigoi find a weak spot in the wall." There was a fateful pause before the sound of his footfalls began again. "No immortal will be allowed entry. Am I clear, Grandmother? The Fay trapped outside the Veil will have to survive in the outside world for now."

"I understand. I'm glad to have you home."

So was Danielle. Though, she couldn't imagine what would happen to those who were trapped beyond the supposedly impenetrable, misty boundary. She sent a quick prayer to God that he keep them safe, and added a plea that the Great Goddess of the Tuatha De' Danann to watch over her minions.

"The Council has been informed through Lord Dante that we consider this a gross breach of the treaty. He will see to the destruction of our seal in the Great Hall of Falstaff."

Swallowing against the lump of concern growing in her throat, Danielle bowed her head, contemplating the uncertain future of Tir na nOg.

"Danielle, are you hurt?"

"Oh," she gasped out her whisper. "I was terrified for you." She didn't realize she was running until she was in his arms. "This is incredible."

"Shh sweetling. There is naught we can do about it." He brushed his hand over her hair. "This is not the first time the Strigoi have tried to claim our land." He rubbed his hand up and down her back and laid a kiss to the top of her head. "I love you."

"I love you too, but don't change the subject. What about those Fay caught outside the Veil?"

A heavy sigh escaped his lips. He kissed a tear from her cheek. Grim, he shook his

head. "After the siege is over we will send small scouting parties to Earth. Through those reports, we'll determine if 'tis safe for us to collect our friends."

"You mean you will go to Earth."

"Aye, I cannot risk a common Fay's life when it is my responsibility to keep Avalon safe."

"I could go with you," she said hopefully.

"Nay."

"What of my father, the family I left behind? Don't you think they will wonder what happened to me? Don't you think they care?" Truth be told she didn't want to think of them. Her faith in her father was at the bottom of a gorge and she fervently prayed her aunt would rot in hell.

"The man who tormented you for his own mistakes? The woman who sold you the Hellfire and Damnation Club?" He heaved a frustrated sigh. "If you must visit them then you will have to wait until after the siege. I'll tell you, the idea disgusts me."

She sensed he was more than disgusted but was curbing his words out of respect for her. "You'd escort me?"

"I know of no other I'd entrust your life to." Leveling his hands on her hips, he held her tight to him.

She watched a glimmer of light strike the gold flecks in his eyes. The hard ridge of his erection poking against her belly had her giggling sardonically. "How can you be randy when all this is going on?"

"Because the only woman to ever satisfy my primal appetite is in my arms," he explained.

Her fingers traced across his shoulders to tangle in his hair. Her heart melted when he braced her against his frame. In his arms she knew she was safe. At least there is you and I, great fucking and our love.

He chuckled in response.

"Will you choose a position for me, Master?"

"Aye, in my bed—forever."

"My greatest fantasy has come true."

The End

About the Author:

In Belladonna's formative years, her mother told her, "An imagination is a terrible thing to waste." That's what happens when your mother is also an author. In adulthood, life took her in a different direction. She became a professional portrait photographer.

Her mother never gave up on her imaginative daughter and finally convinced her to try to write a story. Drawing inspiration from the candid moments that occur in her daytime job, she believes every human being has a story to tell.

She writes paranormal, multi-cultural contemporary romance with emphasis on real life cultural divides, historical, fanta-historical and might even move into the genre of science fiction. First, she'll have to photograph a real live alien.

When not working on her next story she's out with friends or kills time with her

family, but her camera is never far from her side and the next story never far from her thoughts.

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