



FREYA'S BOWER PRESENTS

# The Celtic God Who Loved Her

SELENE NOREEN

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by

Selene Noreen



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Culver City, CA

## **The Celtic God Who Loved Her**

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by Selene Noreen, pseudonym

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Creator of Dagda  
God of Lust, Pain, Sex  
Poem

## Chapter One

Mr. Duffy, the barrister pulled into the oak tree-lined driveway. In the distance, the castle towered over the treetops.

"Your new home was built by the first Featherstonehaugh, but that ancestral name has vanished. It is well documented that this home played a major part in the battle between the British and the Scots. Now, the Hall House was established in the early 13th century by Helias Featherstonehaugh, your ancestor. You can see it over to the right of you." Mr. Duffy pointed towards the hall. The gray stone walls of the stronghold stood in the shadows of the elevated towers. Old, giant oak trees shaded the walls of the building. "In the early 14th century, the southwest tower was built. In the 17th century, the Gothic renovation was completed."

The gigantic castle loomed in front of her. She slipped out of the car and gazed about the estate, not believing it was all hers. "This has to be a joke. This is mine?"

"We've double checked, and you're next in line to the Featherstone Estate. It's yours." Mr. Duffy handed the keys to the castle. "You also have other properties throughout England, but this home might be more suitable for your purposes. The main house has been refurbished with modern day amenities, a new kitchen, furnace, bathrooms, and windows. It's four-sided with a central courtyard. With a tower at each corner, the tallest tower is a piece of medieval work."

Her hand ran along the old wood carvings of the dining room table. She couldn't believe she was standing in this home. A year had passed, and so much had changed. Except for her children, she now faced the world alone. Her mother and father both killed in an automobile accident six months ago. Too think, because of their deaths, she became the last of her ancestors.

"Mr. Duffy, how am I to pay for the taxes, the upkeep of all these properties—let alone the utilities for them? I mean, I have my husband's benefits, but it's not enough to support my children and all this."

"The estate pays for itself, the other properties: Hassenbrook Hall, Packwood House, Dover House, and Uppark-West Sussex all bring in funds from tourism." He followed her to the kitchen.

The kitchen's dark wood reminded her of her parents' old estate. She smiled with pleasure and walked through the door. The kitchen had been refurbished with state-of-the-art appliances. *Oh, Momma, if you could see this place.* "Are you sure I'm the last of the Featherstone's? I just don't want to move my children, get them all excited, and then have it all taken away. We've been through so much this year with their father's and grandparents' death." Jade turned and stared at the balding man.

"Believe me, you're the last ancestor alive to claim these lands. Officials have been searching for the descendents for years. When one of our local government officials saw your mother's obituary, they noticed the family line and the rest, well, you know." He glanced around the room. "I've had a fondness for this estate. It's more of a home than the others. There's plenty of room for you and your children."

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Jade followed the round man to the older section of the castle. The walls resembled the Gothic age. "My kids will love this."

\* \* \* \*

While doing dishes, Jade stared out the kitchen window and watched her children play. She still couldn't believe she had been gone from her homeland Northumberland, England, for over fifteen years. Only a month since moving into the castle and already she felt like she'd never left. Her characteristically unenthusiastic sixteen-year-old son, Eric, searched the castle's every nook and cranny. Eric dove into the family tree elements and tried to figure out where in the family line they belonged.

"I can't believe this is all yours," her best friend Tracy said and plopped down on the kitchen stool. "Now, all you need to do is find a man." Tracy grabbed a cinnamon roll and took a bite. "I mean you're only thirty-two, but you act like you're fifty. Hell, you haven't even been out to a pub or club." Her hand reached over and squeezed her shoulder. "Jade, you know Mike would want you to move on. It's been over a year. He tried to prepare you for when this day would come. Don't cut yourself off from everyone."

Jade rolled her eyes, trying to hold back the tears she thought she didn't have any more. After a year, she could still see her husband's smile, feel his arms wrap around her. Looking at Tracy over her shoulder, she smiled and pushed the sad thoughts away. "Let's just drop it for now, okay? We need to set up the decorations for the Halloween party. The children are so excited we decided to celebrate the old ways." She pushed away from the window and dried her hands. Knowing she hadn't convinced her friend that she was over his death, she ignored the comments.

Jade walked into the formal dining room and yelled, "Come and see the old clothes I found for us. We can pick what to wear tonight." She smiled at Tracy when she entered the dining room. "The kids and I invited the local witch. We hope she'll help us meet any of the Fae that are supposed to live around here."

Excitement ran through her for the first time in a while. She loved the old stories. When she was a teenager, she practiced paganism. It was time to get back into her beliefs. She picked up a dress and showed Tracy.

"Do you actually believe the old tales?" Tracy hugged the dress to her body and stretching the sides of the dress to her hips. "I mean have you ever seen any Fae?"

"Let me see, I was about seven years old when the local witch took me into the woods by our home. She's the one who taught me about paganism. It's been so long since I've practiced. I can't wait to talk to Elizabeth. She found a mound, and she wants to see if she can call on them." Jade picked up the old wench's outfit and laughed. "And, yes, I saw something that night. My whole family believed in the Fae, and I still believe. You'll see tonight. Now, come on. We have over a hundred people that will be here camping out for the weekend. I can't believe we got that many responses."

Working for most of the afternoon, they adorned the courtyard with carved pumpkins, lanterns, and decorations adorned the courtyard. Even the little ones

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helped set up for the event, knowing they would be in bed for most of it that first night. For the next few hours, Jade and the older children entertained the little ones. Everyone pitched in with games from her childhood. There was bobbing for apples, a piñata, pass the pumpkin game, monster tag, and she even hid little ghost candies for the kids to find and wear out the twins.

Evening fast approached, and the band arrived. Talking to the band members, Jade listened to the list of Celtic music they planned to play that evening. Satisfied everything was ready, she gathered the twins and headed towards the house as the band set up their equipment for the night.

"Mom, do we have to go bed so early?" Max asked. They walked up the stairs to their bedrooms.

"I'm afraid so, baby. It's going to be a long night, and you four have already had your party for the night. Now, off to bed. I'll check on you two in a minute."

Anticipation rose with the sun's descent. The little ones sound asleep, and it was the first party since her husband's death.

*It's time to move on. I miss you, Mike.*

The barmaid's costume was snug to say the least, her breast barely contained, and her butt felt exposed. Second thoughts rushed through her mind as she stared at her reflection in the full-length mirror. Jade shrugged, walked downstairs, and strolled outside to the bonfires. Flames reached high into the evening air. Stars twinkled above. People came together two by two and danced in merriment. Teenagers huddled in small groups, laughing.

*How did I ever let Tracy talk me into this?* Jade tugged the garment down.

Standing at the edge of the courtyard, she watched her guests move about.

"Why aren't you dancing?" Hot air bristled the fine hairs at the nape of her neck. "A beauty like you should be in the arms of a man."

His voice, a deep baritone, sent shivers down her spine, and she squirmed. She turned to gaze at a handsome stranger and sucked in cold air. It did nothing to cool the steam this sexy man created. Her pulse jumped in a tight tempo faster than the music that boomed in the background. Over six feet tall, stormy blue eyes danced with the flames of the fire and ignited an answering one in her skin. Deep, red hair framed his chiseled features.

*Let the dating games begin, please!*

"I'm not much of a dancer, I'm afraid," Jade mumbled and gazed at his bare chest. His leather costume pants hugged muscular legs, and all *three* of them enormous. *God, how could he fit into anyone?* Her gaze drifted upward to the sword and harp.

*Crap I'm staring!* Her gaze met with a pair of sky blue eyes. A knowing grin told her he'd caught her.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you. My name is Dagda." His voice dipped lower, his gaze heated, and he offered a hand.

"Like the Dagda of the Tuatha de Danann?"

He nodded. "Would you dance with me? I promise not to step on your feet."

Jade fortified her courage with a deep breath and prepared to do something she hadn't done in six years: dance. *The night we brought home the twins.* "My name is Jade Blair." She put her small hand in his. "I'd love to dance." Her voice squeaked, and her panties grew damp from the desire zipping through her.



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Dagda lead her onto the crowded dance floor, her body inches from his as they swayed to the music. “You live here?” he asked. His heated hand dropped to her hip.

Cold air traveled down her throat, and the smell of pine tickled her nose. He pulled her close. His voice, deep and vibrant, aroused her, and Jade burned with desire. She’d never wanted a man as badly as she did right now.

“We just moved in about a month ago.” Her arms inched up around his neck, unable to circle it due to his height, and rested on his toned shoulders.

“Is your husband around?” Dagda’s hand inched back to the small of her back. Uncertainty hung in the air.

She looked out at the crowd. “He died a year ago next month.” Her heart skipped a beat at the mention of her husband, but she knew she needed to move on. With a small smile pasted on her face, she looked up into his eyes. “The kids and I wanted a change, so we decided to move here.” She shrugged her shoulders. “We wanted a fresh start.” Her voice stuttered for a moment.

The song ended, and she backed out of his embrace. “Would you like a beer or something to drink?” she asked and walked toward the buffet table.

He followed her, his warm body an enticing distraction. “A beer would be great, and I’m sorry about your husband.”

Their eyes met, and genuine concern warmed his cobalt orbs. He squeezed her hand in reassurance and leaned further into her personal space.

She needed this. She wanted a man who cared. His strong, firm lips inched closer to hers.

*Please one kiss!* Her body and heart craved his kiss.

“Hey, Mom.” Eric’s voice broke the spell.

Jade jumped back as Eric rushed over to her.

“Is it twelve yet? The witch said that was the best time to call on the Fae!”

“Eric,” she turned away from Dagda, cursing her son’s timing, “use her name. Elizabeth might get offend if you just call her that. And can’t you see I’m talking to someone?” She ran a hand through her hair. Her hand shook with unreleased sexual tension. “You know it’s rude to interrupt.”

“Sorry, Mom.” He groaned when she ruffled his hair.

“Eric, this is Dagda.” She looked up at him and smiled. “Dagda, this is my son Eric. Please excuse him. He’s a bit excited.”

Dagda extended his hand to her son. Eric pulled his shoulders back and shook his hand. “Well met, young warrior, and I’m sure you’ll see some of the small people soon.” He smiled at her son, and then turned his head to her and winked.

“Well met to you, sir.” Eric rolled his eyes and stepped back. “Mom, feed Sophie, will you?” Her son turned and left without looking back, not giving her a chance to reply.

Jade laughed, shook her head, grabbed a beer from the cooler, and handed it to him. She started to walk in the direction of the pond and stopped to look back at Dagda. “If you’ll excuse me, I have to feed the swan my son found hurt on our trip to Ireland.”

Stepping away from the fire, the cool air pushed her hair into her face. Behind her, the sound of voices drifted toward her. Jade glanced back over her shoulder



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and saw Dagda and someone else talking. The man bore a resemblance to Dagda, except the younger man had fair hair.

"This is my son, Aengus." Dagda smiled at her when they caught up to her. Each took a place beside her. "Aengus, this is Jade. Would you mind if we went with you to feed the swan? He has a way with animals. Maybe he can help?"

The wind rustled the fallen leaves; Jade nodded her head and continued. She closed her eyes for a moment and savored the melodic tone of his voice. It surrounded her body, comforted her. She turned the corner to the alcove, and someone shoved her to the ground.

"What the hell?" Jade mumbled around a mouth full of dirt. Pain ran through her body, and her arm burned. She tried to get up, but someone held her down.

"Hold still, your mercenary is still here, and his aim is off. You're lucky the arrow didn't hit my son, or I'd kill you myself!" Dagda roared. He rolled off of Jade and reached for his sword.

"What are you talking about?" She looked down; blood seeped from her arm onto the ground. Her head swam. She couldn't stand the sight of blood. "I'm going to be sick." She rose up onto her knees, and her stomach heaved the supper she'd eaten earlier. That's when she noticed a pair of high-heeled shoes in front of her. Red painted toenails peeked out at her. Her gaze lifted to stare into the face of a very pissed off, beautiful woman. Her deep, auburn hair danced in the wind that seemed only to blow around her.

"Get off the ground now, and tell us how you knew about my daughter. Why you, a human, want her dead!" the woman demanded.

Pain radiated throughout her body. Jade struggled to get up. "Excuse me, I don't care who you are, but no one tells me what to do! This is my home." She gritted out between her teeth. She could smell the sweet, copper aroma of her blood. *I have to get out of here. These people are crazy!* Her body turned back towards her house. She stumbled and almost fell.

Dagda reached out and grabbed her, holding her still. "You're not going anywhere. Answer Morrigan's questions now!"

"Stop! Leave her alone, Father. She had nothing to do with this. The Fomorians are behind this." A melodious voice flowed in harmony with the gentle breeze, sending little tremors through her body.

"Okay, I'm losing it here! Who are you people?" Jade stared at the two women that stood near her.

The arm that held her was gone. Jade staggered towards her home, grateful it was only a few feet away. She threw open the back door to the kitchen fuming. The arrow had grazed her arm. It wasn't embedded. *The only thing that is going right tonight!*

She collected her first aid kit and knew she needed to apply butterfly bandages. Her stomach turned at the thought of having to clean the blood off. Her hands trembled as she pulled out the supplies.

"You won't need supplies. I'll heal your arm," a soft, warm voice said behind her.

Jade's head popped up. A beautiful woman stood next to her with Aengus.

"I would appreciate it if you would just leave. I've had enough for one night, thank you." The lady waved her hand over her injury. The pain vanished. Jade

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looked down, and the wound had disappeared. “Okay, now I know I need a shrink, or maybe a couple of weeks in the nut ward.”

“My name is Caer.” Caer took a seat beside Jade who had dropped into one. Aengus assumed a protective stance behind Caer. “You called me Sophie while I resided in swan form. There’s so much to explain.” She sighed and glanced up at Aengus who smiled down at her and nodded. “We’re Celtic gods. Do you know any history about them?”

Bright blue eyes met Jade’s baffled gaze. Jade nodded. For years, she’d studied the Celtic Gods. But she never expected to meet one, let alone this many.

Her mother always told her that one day she would understand why she craved such knowledge about them.

“Good, then you have heard of Dagda, or some call him the Father God, and all sorts of names. Well, this is his son Aengus, and I’m his wife. The other lady that was outside, you know the one that stood before you demanding answers, that was Morrigan, Queen of the Demons, and Mother of Aengus.”

Her head spun with possibilities. Gods don’t interact with humans, yet here they were in her kitchen. “Why are you...? Oh, crap, you think I had something to do with her being shot.” Jade jumped up out of her seat and backed away. “I just found her. I swear. All I wanted to do was heal her. No one at the village would help. I couldn’t just leave her to die,” she rambled.

“We know this. Please sit. You look like you’re going to faint.” Aengus helped her to the chair. “We aren’t going to hurt you, but we need to know why the Fomorians are back. It seems that they used my wife to get close to you. You see, the Fomorians have been our enemy for centuries. They just tagged Caer when they could have killed her easily. The arrow that gazed you would have hit your heart if Dagda hadn’t interfered. You’d be dead now.”

“But I’m nobody. Just a human,” Jade said.

“You have Boann’s blood. It runs in your veins. I can feel it. It might be diluted, but it’s there.”

She turned to see Morrigan walk into the kitchen.

“Oh, God, now I have the Queen of Demons in my kitchen.” Jade shook her head and tried not to pass out. The queen’s laugh startled her out of her scrambled thoughts.

*Crap Morrigan was going to kill her!*

“No, you’re not going to die. You saved our daughter even though she was a pawn. Your kindness and care saved her. Now, do you know who Boann is?” Morrigan asked and sat in the chair on the other side of Jade.

“She’s said to be married to Nechtan, but lover to Dagda. She created the River Boyne where I found Caer.”

Morrigan nodded her head, “Well, only Dagda knows about that last part, and he’s not said a word. Anyway, her blood runs through you.” Morrigan brought her hand up and set it on hers. “She had to have had an affair with one of your grandfathers. You are somehow related to her. I haven’t figured it all out yet, but I will.”

Morrigan stood and stretched, her foot tapped to the band music outside. “It looks like we’re going to be here for a while. Dagda is in his hunt mode. He wants blood from that Fomorian that shot at you earlier. We’ll stay here and find out

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why they want you dead. In the mean time, you have a party going, and I haven't been to one in ages."

"My children! Are they safe?" Jade jumped up, but Aengus grabbed her.

"It's fine. We've protected the grounds and the woods. No one can enter. You're perfectly safe, and so is everyone else." Aengus pulled her into his big arms and hugged her.

"Well, let's go and enjoy this party of yours." Morrigan whisked out of the room, followed by Caer and Aengus who pulled her with them.

## Chapter Two

Celtic music swirled in the gentle breeze and curled about her. Still stunned, Jade watched the gods dance and talk to her neighbors. All around her, her neighbors ate and danced. She smiled in remembrance of the day she met Elizabeth walking through the woods and searching for herbs. Elizabeth introduced herself and gave details on what she did with the herbs. The witch also made a point to mention that she practiced witchcraft, enlightening her once again on the practices she'd forgotten years ago.

Jade watched Elizabeth continue telling her stories to the young boys, her hands imitating animals and the Fae. The bonfire cast shadows all around them and made the atmosphere spooky. Elizabeth smiled at her across the bon-fire and nodded to the gods, acknowledging their presence.

Aengus and Caer danced while Morrigan joined her neighbors in conversation.

*Gods here, at her party, and no one knew....*

"Why do you stand here alone? Where's that huge man you danced with earlier?" Tracy asked sliding her arm around her.

"He left." Her shoulders tightened with agitation. "It's not like he's interested in me anyway. Where's the man you were dancing with? You two were pretty hot and heavy dancing."

Tracy drew her to the buffet table and grabbed a beer. "He'll be back." She nudged her side and cocked her head toward the crowd. "I thought you said he left?"

She turned, hearing the notes of a harp, and the band stopped playing. Everyone turned to watch the man no one knew play his harp by the fire. The flames of the fire cast a shadow around his massive form. His harp in his lap, his large fingers strummed the musical instrument, and it came to life.

Morrigan stood next to him, a knowing smile lit her face as she gazed at Jade.

Jade's body swayed to the melody, and she strolled toward him. His gaze bright, he watched every move she made while his fingers kept playing. Dagda's voice filled the air with heat and tension as he sang:

Other gods play at sex  
I – AM – SEX  
No god has power such as I  
I am sex personified  
I am lust  
All desire me,  
All lust for me,  
None deny me  
I am the dark dangerous passions  
From first blush to screaming orgasm  
My phallus massive  
I am Dagda  
My conquests are legend  
My seed sown over centuries

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My offspring litter the world  
Lust in my own image  
I am alone  
More than millennia unloved  
Physical desires unchallenged  
My desires unquenched  
Satisfying lust of others  
Reveling in my own darkness  
Giving both pain and pleasure  
None have ever possessed me  
It is I who possesses

Time no longer amuses me  
Eternity alone no longer intrigues  
I seek now a mate  
Someone to challenge me

The Gods have sent one  
Now it is I who must offer  
I who must capitulate  
I who seek acceptance

Jade of the raven hair  
Body of a Goddess  
Curves to make a god cry  
Forgive me,  
Be mine  
Live with me  
Until the end of time  
My love is dark  
My love is forever

Tears welled up, her body shook, and heat rushed through her body. Muscles rippled across his chest as he placed his harp back on his back.

Morrigan whispered something to him, and he nodded his head. Dagda and Morrigan made their way to where Jade stood.

"I owe you an apology for earlier." Morrigan stepped forward. "It was wrong of me to judge so quickly." The goddess looked behind her at Dagda. "I think he's here to stay and keep you company. I believe he still owes you a dance. Don't worry about our relationship. It's in the past. But if you ever need my help, please summon me, and I'll come. We owe you much."

Jade's face heated with embarrassment, but didn't move. Morrigan took off a beautiful Celtic cross and placed it around Jade's neck. "My gift to you, for saving our daughter. It belonged to a dear friend of mine. Now it's yours."

Jade didn't say a word and examined the cross until Tracy nudged her side.

The warrior god stood in front of her and smiled down at her. His large hand reached up and picked up the cross. "It's rare for Morrigan to bestow such a

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favor.” He lowered the cross and traced the swell of her breast with his fingers. “She’ll protect you, and your family, as her own.”

He ran a hand through his hair and look around. Distracted, he caressed the swell of her breast on last time before his hand dropped to his side. Heat lingered where his fingers had been.

Dagda gaze fell back to her. “I’m not very good at this. Morrigan is right, though, we’re friends now, her and me. We come together to help our son when he needs it, but that’s all. Well, unless we have to host a formal party or something.”

“I’ll treasure it always.” Her chin fell to her chest. Her heart beat fast, and her body flamed with heat and lust. The warrior god stepped closer to her, invading her personal space. His arm slid about her waist and pulled her towards the dancers.

“Let’s dance.” His other arm wrapped around her and brought her body closer. Jade knew from research he was considered a deity, his lust legendary, along with his hunger.

“You don’t have to dance with me. I know you’re here only to capture the one responsible for harming your daughter.” Jade tried to back away, but he stopped her retreat with a feather light brush of his lips upon her neck.

“I’m not dancing with you to thank you.” He placed a kiss on her neck. “I’m dancing with you because I want to.”

Goosebumps popped up on her arms. He stroked her neck with his tongue and nibbled her skin.

A whimper escaped her lips, but he still continued his sexual torture.

“Why are you doing this?” Her arms held onto his waist afraid to move them.

Dagda’s body surrounded hers; heat rose up, warming her, and increased her desire for him. His sword cold on her bare thigh, and his cock pushed against her stomach, engorged and thick.

“I haven’t felt the heat in my veins in many years. Your scent stirs my body like no one has in years. You were right about Boann. She and I were lovers at one time, long ago. She died right after I told her it was over.” His hand trailed down to her ass and cupped it. “You have her eyes and hair. They were her best features. I used to love to run my fingers through her hair when we made love.” He raised his head, and his hand lifted her chin. “I want to see you again, after tonight.”

Her eyes meet his. “You’re a god. Look, I know this is a bit blunt, but I don’t want a one-night stand. I want a man who can be a father to my children and a partner to me. I need a commitment, a long term one.”

His hand slipped under her skirt and cupped her sex.

She sucked in her breath, and her body quivered with need. “I’m not Boann, Dagda. I’m Jade. I won’t bring a man into my life, and around my children, who won’t be there for us later.”

She gulped in air and forced herself away from him. Tears threatened to fall, her traitor body called for his as did her heart, but the children came first.

Jade stepped back and ran into another man, “Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t see you there.” He stood tall, and slender, unlike Dagda’s muscled build.

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“That’s okay. I wanted to cut in. Would you dance with me?” The stranger’s hands held her about the waist.

She nodded her acceptance, and the stranger sashayed them away. Dagda stood with a frown marring his handsome face.

“My name is Trent Greensworth. I live about two miles down the road.”

She smiled up at him and let him pull her into his arms for a dance. Her gaze slid back to the god who tempted her. Dagda’s gaze followed her and glared at Trent. He held his sword tight. Morrigan walked over to Dagda. Morrigan glanced at her and winked.

*I’m afraid the big goof doesn’t know what hit him. You see, I believe he’s your mate. I’ve never seen him so pissed and confused. Don’t push him too far. He hasn’t been around human females in ages. You have my blessings.*

Her head shook back and forth, unable to believe that Morrigan spoke to her in her head. *This can’t happen.* “If you’ll excuse me, I need to check on my little ones.” She pulled out of his arms and excused herself. She scrambled into the house, closed the door, and leaned against it.

Disgusted with everything, she pushed herself away from the door and made her way up the dark staircase to her twin daughter’s room. The light from the bonfire flickered through the windows and emitted enough light for her to see. She opened the door and found both of the girls sound asleep. She closed the door and backed out of the room to check on the two boys next. Jade’s back came into contact with a hard surface. She turned in shock to see Trent in her home.

“You shouldn’t be up here. Please leave.”

His eyes glared down at her. A shiver traversed her spine. The reflection of the bonfire swirled in his pupils. His body, tense and rigid, stood in front of her. He pushed her up against the wall and blocked her exit with his arms. “I saw what that man did to you down there while you danced.” One of his hands landed on her breast and squeezed. “I mean, if you’re going to play the role of a wench, I want to play also.”

*This can’t be happening.* Her knee slammed upward and connected with his balls. Trent doubled over, grabbing his privates.

“This is my home. No one grabs me, and I didn’t invite you. I suggest you get the hell out of here.” Her body shook, and her hands pushed him towards the front door.

He stumbled down the stairs and muttered all the way down.

She opened the front door. Dagda stood there. The air sizzled with his anger. “What’s going on?” His voice boomed through the house.



## Chapter Three

One hand on her hip and the other holding the jacket of her attacker, Jade asked, "What is it with you men? If you move, I'll throw this trash out." Dagda stared at her for a moment, and then moved. She pushed Trent toward the door.

"I want you to leave my property, and I don't want you on it again," Jade yelled and turned to face Dagda. He frowned at her, before turning to watch the retreating Trent.

"What did he do?" Dagda's arms crossed over his chest, his feet spread apart.

Jade rolled her eyes and stepped around him. "If you must know, he saw what you did to me on the dance floor; he thought he could do the same! But he got a rude wake up call."

She kicked off her shoes and walked to the kitchen sink. Jade stood stiff, her face burned with heat. Grabbing the faucet, she yanked on the water and began washing the dishes.

"What do you mean he tried to do the same thing I did on the dance floor?" The scent of pine needles filled the air. "I want an answer now."

Dishes rattled. Jade slammed each one down into the dish rack; he spun her around to face him. A plate slipped out of her hand and crashed to the floor.

"Damn it, Dagda! What gives you the right to come in here and demand anything? You think just because you sang me that song it gives you special privileges. Well, it doesn't." Moving forward, her head tilted up, she glared at him. "He saw when you took liberties with my body and thought he could do the same." Her hands indicated her private parts with a wide-eyed stare.

Dagda's muscles rippled. A club appeared in his tight-fisted hand. "I'm going to beat his skinny white ass until he's black and blue! How dare he touch what's mine!" He turned and stomped toward the door.

Jade ran around him and placed her body in his path. "You can't do that. He's gone, and he won't come back now. Drop it. And I don't know where you get off. I'm not yours. I just met you!" She pushed on his chest, but he didn't budge.

Dagda wrapped his hands around her waist and picked her up. "You'll be mine! Now, stay put. I'm just going to make sure he gets the hint."

Her foot slammed down, but he ignored her. She watched Dagda disappear, annoyed with his pigheaded behavior, and Tracy ran inside from the party.

"Is it true? Is he really a god, and he wants you?" Tracy grabbed her arm and pulled her towards to door.

Jade shook her head and slipped on her shoes. "I don't know. Maybe, but don't go around and blab it to the world. He just wants a piece of ass or something." Jade laughed and tried to disguise her livid mood. They walked outside.

"Is that really Morrigan?" Tracy pointed. "She's beautiful." Her jaw hung open, and her gaze never left Morrigan as she studied the goddess.

Jade pulled Tracy's hand down and shook it. "Tracy, stop. They just want to relax. Don't draw attention to them."

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw her daughter walk towards the woods with an older boy. "God, can't anything go right!" Jade ran towards her daughter with Tracy in toe. She stepped in front of them. "Cleo, what are you doing?"

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“Going for a walk.” Cleo shuffled her feet.

Jade yanked her daughter away from the boy and hugged her.

“Mom, please, you’re embarrassing me.” Cleo pulled out of her arms.

“I think you’re a little too young to go for a walk in the woods. You both need to go and join the rest of the kids.” Jade stared at the tall boy and turned to her daughter.

“My father told me about you. He said if you were easy, your daughter would be too.” His gaze dared her to say anything and traveled down to her breasts.

A hand came from behind her and picked the boy up by the collar.

“He’s a child. Don’t hurt him.” Her voice sharp, she pulled Cleo towards the buffet table and sat down on one of the many logs around the food.

Morrigan strolled up to them and knelt down in front of Jade’s daughter.

“I can turn him into a toad, and we could feed him to the wolves?” She smiled at Cleo and pushed her hair away from her face.

Cleo lifted her head up off her mother’s shoulder and stared at Morrigan. “Are you really a goddess and would you really turn him into a toad?” Her voice shook.

“I sure am and I would love to turn him into a toad. Want to walk around with me? I could tell you some stories about boys. I have millions of them.” Morrigan stood up and held out her hand.

“Is it okay?” Cleo asked.

“Go on. Have some fun and not too many stories. She’s only fifteen. Thanks, Morrigan.”

“No need to thank me. I think you’re going to have your hands full in a minute anyway. The bull is right behind me.” Morrigan laughed and led Cleo away.

The sound of loud thumping feet reached Jade’s ears. Her head shot up, and Jade was greeted by Dagda. He didn’t say a word as he reached down and picked her up. Swinging her up over one of his shoulders, he carried her off towards the barn.

## Chapter Four

“What do you think you’re doing?” She tried to squirm out of his arms, but he swatted her ass hard and transported them inside the stables.

“Hold still, woman! It’s time we get a few things straight right now!” Dagda put her down on a bale of hay in front of him. His arms corralled her, making escape impossible.

Her vision cleared from being upside down, she gazed at him. “What do we have to get straight?” The words came out in a whisper. His hands slid around her back and unsnapped her dress.

“What are you doing?” She dodged his arm and slipped by him. She faced him in a defiant stance, her hands planted on her hips.

Dagda turned with an lascivious grin. His eyes burned red with lust and passion. A large hand came up, and a crooked index finger summoned her to him. “Come here, Jade. Don’t make me come and get you. I won’t be gentle if I have to catch you.” Deep, sexual, pent up tension filled his voice.

He pulled his shaft out of his pants and stroked it. Hypnotized by the slow movement of his hand, her breath caught. How long had it been since she had sex? She couldn’t remember. All she knew was her body tingled all over, and it was time.

“I want the first time we make love to be slow and easy. It’s been too long. My body aches for yours and I know you’re not Boann. Come here.”

Jade pasted a grin on her face and played the timid, playful, little woman. *If he thinks I want it slow and easy, he better wise up! Does he know to capture this wild filly only a warrior would do? I want the one that stood in front of Boann.*

“And what makes you think I am yours? I haven’t agreed to any of this, all mighty god.” She curtsied before him, her hips moved to unheard music that played in her mind. She loosened the strings of her outfit so she could breathe when she ran for the ladder. “I mean, I’m just a little human, and you could have anyone.” With an unhurried grace, she lifted her leg, placed one small foot on a tackle box, and rolled down her thigh high nylon. His hungry gaze watched every movement. “How do I know this isn’t just a fling? You could be just like that asshole back there.”

One silk stocking hung from her hand. She pointed towards the house. Heat rode her body, her face burned hot, and her gaze never left his hand stroking his shaft.

Muscles undulated across his chest, and he laid down his harp, never missing a stroke. He stripped the club off his other side and set it near him. If at all possible, his shaft grew larger.

Backing up, Jade relished the heated tension building between them. The warrior called to her. If it was going to be a one-night stand, her heart and mind wanted it to be good. “Maybe I want the warrior. I mean, only a warrior god can tame a wild filly. That is, if he’s up for it?”

Dagda threw his head back. His red hair danced around his face, and a deep rich laugh vibrated through the air and penetrated her soul. “Honey, I’ll show you

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what this warrior god does to wild fillies. Remember, I'm the phallic god!" His gaze traveled down her body, and heat radiated off his skin.

The laugh turned hot, and it gave her the courage to take off running straight for the ladder and the hayloft. The rope that swung outside would allow the chase to continue. All she had to do was make it to the rope, and she would be free.

Dagda's laugh rang out again, and his feet stomped behind her. She knew she couldn't out run him forever, but what a way to go. Her heart raced, sweat dripped down in between her breasts as she climbed the rungs. Her thong damp rubbed against her swollen clit each step she took up the ladder.

*God, it's been too long!*

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Dagda's long fingers reach for her ankle. Jade kicked his hand away, climbing up to the loft. A snarl erupted behind her, and a small laugh escaped her—she couldn't believe she actually giggled—she ran for the rope. Her attempt to jump for the rope fell short.

Dagda grabbed her around the waist and swung her around, his grip tight. He held her in front of him, her feet dangling in the air.

"I just caught me a wild filly...hmm what should I do with her?" He scanned her body.

Jade's legs swung up and wrapped around his torso. Her laughter played against the walls inside the barn.

Dagda hauled her closer, rubbing against her as he placed her on a tall bale of hay against the wall. The prick of the hay heightened her pleasure. His hand came up and cupped her cheek, his fingers brushing against her ear. Her dress disappeared in a blink and a thick cotton blanket lay under her.

Magical fingers explored every inch of her naked flesh. Dagda dropped to his knees in front of her. Red eyes twinkled at her, and broad shoulders pushed Jade's legs further apart.

"It's time to have dessert." His sinful mouth covered her mound. Two fingers slipped into the center of her ache. The whoosh of air, the smell of hay, and horses created a delicious contrast.

*Oh my, he has a wicked tongue!*

It swirled all around her clit, until his teeth scraped her sensitive skin and nipped her nub. Her orgasm hit fast and hard. Jade's head fell back onto the hay, a scream of fulfillment left her.

Dagda rose, grabbing both of her hips, spun her around, and bent her upper body down. Her cheek scraped against the bale of hay. She knew she would have little scratches on her face, but Jade didn't care. She'd always wanted to fool around in the hayloft. Jade's bare ass stuck up in the air and burned from Dagda's lustful gaze.

"Such a beautiful sight, but I think I would like it better if it matched the color of my hair."

Dazed, her mind didn't comprehend his intention until his hand made contact with her ass. She jumped and yelled at the same time. "Hey!" She tried to straighten herself. "What the hell?" She glanced over her shoulder at him.

"You really didn't think I knew, did you? You're in dire need of a master, baby, and I'm just that dominant enough to be one. Shut up and take your punishment." His firm strikes continued until her butt was numb. Two fingers

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slid into her mound and teased her. He ignored her moans and yelps. Firm hands smoothed over the burning flesh and soothed it with a gentle touch.

Jade's juices rolled down her leg. "Dagda, I need you!"

There was no wait. His huge shaft pushed into her, stretched her, and eased the demanding ache. Dagda's hands reached around her body to hold her breasts. Fingertips squeezed and pinched her nipples.

Horses talked to each other down below, the sounds of the band drifted up to the loft, and his shaft slammed into her over and over again. A warrior cry rang out into the night, and his seed filled her. Jade couldn't believe it. Another full blown orgasm tore through her body as she clawed at the hay.

He lifted her body up, gathered her into his arms, and held her tight against his chest.

Jade knew the words would come now. She waited for him to say, *Thank you, but I have to go now.*

Pulling away from him, she looked for her dress. She moved the hay around with her feet. "Look, I don't know what to expect. I want to thank you. It's been a long time, and I didn't think my body would react to another man so... well, you know." Jade stood up with her hands on her hips. "Where are my clothes?"

Long, thick arms reached up and stretched. Bulging muscles danced with the movement, captivating her.

Dagda stood and stared at her. "Are you done spouting bullshit?"

Determination poured through her, and she held the tears at bay. "I said I understand, but I have to go. I can't do this again." Her hands pointed to his cock, which grew harder by the minute. "I'd want you all the time, and I know I can't have you."

## Chapter Five

Dagda shook his head, reached out, picking Jade up in one sweep, and placed her back on the hay to face him. “First, we’re not done.” His fingers pushed into her heat, and his thumb swirled around her nub. “Second, and you’ll listen to this.” With his other hand, he grabbed her chin and held it. “You’re mine, and I won’t let you go. When I’m done with you, you’ll submit to me completely. We’ll be married, and I won’t take no for an answer. Tomorrow, we’ll inform your children that we’re to be married, but for now, I think you need more proof.”

Strong, thick fingers played for a few more seconds, and then stopped. Dagda’s gaze dared her to say a word. His hands surrounded her waist and lifted her up, turning her around again. Jade’s hands were pulled out in front of her. Stunned, Jade watched a silk scarf wrap around her wrists by itself. Slowly, her hands were pulled up and attached to a nail in the wall behind her.

“You’ll keep your hands there. Do not move them,” he whispered into her ear.

“As if I could move them.” The remark slipped out before she had a chance to stop it, and she was rewarded with two more slaps on her butt.

“You need to learn more respect for your master, baby. But don’t worry, I’m well capable of handling it.” His teeth nipped her sore butt.

She jerked, but didn’t say a word, knowing it would only earn her another punishment.

His hands traced her body down to her ass. He spread her legs further apart with his foot and pushed on lone finger into her ass.

“Oh, so tight, I can’t wait to test this hole, but first we need to stretch you.” His voice musical, it surrounded her. Magical fingers caressed and played with her body.

“What are you doing to me?” Her voice cracked every time the imaginary fingers touched her body.

“Did I say you could talk?” A hard strike came down on her burning ass. “And I’m a god, baby, I can do anything to this body I want to.”

*Okay! Keep mouth shut!*

To prove his point, she felt something, cold and solid, slid into her wet pussy. Her body jerked and shuddered.

“Do you like that, baby?” Another finger slid into her ass, filling her. “When I saw you, I knew I would use this on you. I have so many toys I want to try on you.” Three fingers pushed into her ass.

“Oh!” The word slipped from her mouth. *Damn it!* Another set of whacks hit her ass and her clit this time, sending vibrations through her body. Her mound vibrated, and a small quiver moved through her pussy.

“It’s time.” Fingers slipped out of her, replaced by his shaft. Callused hands held onto her hips, and he pushed into her.

“You are so beautiful. You should see your ass accepting my cock. It’s sucking it in.” His words penetrated her foggy mind and sent the sensation of warm fingers caressing her body. The cold, firm, invisible cock moved faster in her pussy, and his shaft moved all the way into her butt. Dagda’s body leaned down over hers, and his hands snaked around, pushing her breasts together, kneading them.

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“Are you ready to fly, baby?” Magical words brushed her skin like that of a feather touching every part of her skin. His erection pulled out slowly only to return with a quick hard thrust into the depths of her body.

“You like it hard, don’t you, Jade? Well, I’m just the man to give it to you. Your warrior is here.” He nibbled her ear.

Over the next two hours, he proceeded to keep his word. His cock worked every hole possible. He either kept her hands tied in front of her or around his neck. Dagda teased every part of her aroused body, but deep inside, her heart broke. He would leave.

“We should go back to the party. The witch Elizabeth will be calling the Fae, plus I need to talk to Morrigan.” He released her arms and lowered her to the ground.

She looked down, and her dress covered her body, but she felt bare underneath. “You forgot something.” A small smile formed on her lips.

“No. I didn’t. You don’t need any undergarments. I want you bare.” He started down the ladder.

She knew he watched her climb down after him. Warmth slid up her neck at the thought of him looking up at her bare pussy. He reached under her dress and caressed her bare ass as they walked towards the fire.

Elizabeth cast her words and asked the Fae to join the party when they entered the clearing. Jade wished her heart would stop fluttering in her chest.

Dagda raised his arm and secured it around her waist; he guided her towards his son and Morrigan.

“Been kind of busy?” Morrigan smiled and picked a couple of pieces of hay out of her hair.

Embarrassed, heat rose up Jade’s neck.

“Don’t tease her, Morrigan. You knew, didn’t you?” he asked.

Morrigan laughed. “Yes, I knew she’s your mate. How could anyone not know? You look at her, and your body goes into hyper drive.”

Jade pulled out of his arms. “You know, I’m right here, and you don’t have to talk around me. I have no idea what mate means, but if it means I’m his, then, no, I’m not his mate!”

Dagda pulled her back into his arms. “Do I have to take you back to the barn and show you that you’re mine?” His tongue licked the mark he left on her neck. “Now, hush.” He slapped her butt.

The deep laugh of Dagda’s son rose over the music as he patted his father’s shoulder.

Jade smiled into Dagda’s face and stomped down on his huge foot, yanking out of his arms. “You fool! Just because you stuck that little thing in me, you think I’m yours? Think again. Good night!” She stormed away from him, cussing up a storm. His deep penetrating laugh touched her body, and desire crashed through her again.

\* \* \* \*



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Hot steam drifted up from the tub. Her kids were in bed. The party had died down, and people were calling it a night. Tomorrow would be another day of celebration. Jade hadn't seen or heard anything from Dagda for three hours.

*It's better this way. He'll see I'm not his mate and move on. I just need to forget about him. But, god, does he know how to use the hard length of his cock.*

The water cooled. Jade sighed and got up, wrapping a towel around her tender body. Little, red marks could still be seen on the entire front of her body from him to remind her of the hayloft. Stepping out of the tub, she stood in front of the mirror and dried herself.

*What does he see in me? I have thunder thighs, a double stomach, and my face is ordinary.* Slipping on the tee-shirt, she climbed beneath the cold sheets. The night's activities finally caught up with her. One small problem occurred, though. Every time she closed her eyes, she saw his cock buried into hers.

"What's wrong, my little bird? Can't sleep?" His voice wrapped around her body and embraced it.

"Go away. Find a god to screw around with and leave this human alone." Jade grabbed the pillow and covered her head. The end of the bed dipped, and she peeked.

A naked Dagda crawled up her body with a satisfied smile on his face. "Do you really think I'm going to let my mate sleep alone?" Dagda's body covered hers, and he pushed the pillow out of his way. Deep blue eyes gazed down at her green ones. "You know that wasn't very nice what you said earlier, especially when I'm the phallic god. That would hurt a smaller man, but you're lucky I know I'm not small and so do you."

He grabbed her hands and raised them above her head. "You're so beautiful, but I must insist that you come to our bed bare. I want access to your luscious body any time, any place. If I wake up in the middle of the night, I want to be able to do this." He pushed the blankets down, exposing her breast. His teeth grabbed onto a nipple and bit. "Or this." One hand slid down her stomach to her wet lips, cupping them. A warm breath whispered around her nipple.

His hot gaze followed the blankets that he pushed down her body to the bottom of the bed. Rough hands lifted her legs onto his shoulders, and, letting go of her nipple, he soothed it with a long slow lick.

"Hey, I like my covers. I get cold." Jade tried to pull her hands out of his grasp, but they were securely tied to the bed.

"You'll never need covers again. Aodhan and I will keep you warm." His hand held his member and pushed it into her mound. "Feel the fire, Jade. Let Aodhan warm you."

"Dagda...." Her body seized up as a fiery spurt of fluid gushed into her. Jade's smoldering gaze shot to his.

A warm smile covered his handsome features. "Now you know why I call him Aodhan. His fire will burn you." With a seductive smile, he spread her legs further and slammed into the warm depths of her core.

Her body jerked up as he held her in place by her ankles. Jade had thought she was spent, but somehow he knew what buttons to push when it came to her body.

"Dagda, I can't," she whimpered, her head tossed back and forth.

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“Yes, you can, and you will.” Aodhan grew larger inside her body. She knew he watched every reaction that poured out of her body. “Did you really believe I was small, baby. You haven’t seen it in full form yet. Your body needs to be prepared before it can take all of me. Every time I sink into your hot pussy, my fire will change you, adjust your body to take mine.”

He placed her legs back onto his shoulders. His fingers opened her nether lips further and grabbed onto her clit. He pulled and pinched it.

“Oh...” Her body arched up, her eyes rolled back, and a massive orgasm ran through her body. Blackness crept over her. She needed to rest just a little.

\* \* \* \*

Dagda knew his mate passed out, and he lowered her legs. He rolled her onto his body, Aodhan stayed inside her, and rubbed his hand around her ass.

“Don’t get to comfortable, my brother. She will die soon.” Laughter filled the room.

Dagda laid his sleeping mate onto the bed. “*Morrigan!*” Dagda shouted, his shaft slipped from Jade’s warm body, and a satisfied groan filled the air. He gently covered her body with the blankets and slipped out of bed, before he dressed in his armor.

“You bellowed?” Morrigan appeared in the room, looking around.

“I need you to stay with her, Bres is on the war path, and he’s crossed the line this time.”

“Shit! He’s the one who sent the Fomorians. Well, at least the Fomorians can’t cross the protection we have around the house. Now, we have to worry about the other gods.” Morrigan turned to see him grabbing his club. “You aren’t going after him, are you? You know you’re mother has forbidden it.” Morrigan grabbed his arm holding on tight.

“Will you two please stop all the yelling? I have children...” She didn’t get to finish her sentence. She disappeared before she finished her sentence.

“Jade!”

## Chapter Six

“What the hell?” She looked around at her new surroundings. A wave of fear shook her body.

“Welcome, Jade! I can see why Dagda can’t get enough of you. I’ll have to make sure to thank my boss, Bres, for sending you here. He has given me the honor of having you as a pet.” A voice grated behind her. Clammy hands grabbed her bare ass. “I’m going to have fun taming you.”

Jade jumped out of invisible hands and spun around only to see nothing, no one. The air could be seen coming from her mouth it was so cold. Filthy blankets scattered all over the floor. Flies buzzed around the room and landed on piles of excrement that lay in the corner. She gagged.

“*Morrigan!*” she whispered and wrapped her arms around her naked body.

“*We’re on our way, baby. Hold on.*” His voice, strong and calm, surrounded her and spread warmth through her body.

Clothes covered her body, and Dagda and Morrigan appeared in the room next to her. Dagda’s club clenched in his fist. A sharp gaze scanned the room. His anger grew.

“Come on, Jade. Let’s get you home.” Morrigan wrapped her arm around her waist. “Hold on.” The next thing she knew Morrigan transported them into her bedroom.

Her knees weak, Jade could still smell the stench from the room on her body. “God, I stink!” She stumbled to the bathroom.

“What are you doing?” Morrigan followed her.

“I need a bath. A hot one! You can go if you need to be somewhere, Morrigan. After I’m done, I’m going to crawl into that bed and sleep ’til one of the kids wake me up.” Her voice shook, but she wouldn’t look at Morrigan.

“I’m not leaving. Do you really think they’re going to stop? Bres won’t stop until he has you.” Morrigan jumped up onto the bathroom counter, her feet swung back and forth.

“Do you mind? Can I have some privacy?” Jade turned and stared at her.

“Sorry. I’m not leaving you ’til Dagda gets back. Go on take your bath. It’s not like I haven’t seen a naked female. Plus, we can talk.” Morrigan waved her hand and steaming water filled the tub. Rose petals floated on top of the water, and candles burned around it. Soothing, soft jazz music played in the background.

She slipped into the tub. “Tell me something. What was that place? It was horrible. Why couldn’t I see who grabbed me? Oh, and thanks.” She nodded to the water.

Morrigan jumped off the counter top, “What? You mean one of them touched you? Crap!” She stomped out of the room.

“Aengus!” The goddess’s echoed in the other room.

Jade rinsed her hair, hopped out of the tub, and wrapped a towel around her head and body. “Morrigan, what are you yelling about? You’re going to wake the kids.”

She walked out of the bathroom. Morrigan talked to Aengus, both of them furious.

“Um, excuse me, what’s going on?” She glared at both of them.

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“Aengus, go find your father. Now. Make sure he doesn’t do anything stupid.” Morrigan turned to her and sighed. “If Dagda knows they touched you, he could start a new war. We’ve been at a semi-peace now for the past 300 years. We can’t risk his stupid pride getting in the way here. Too many were lost last time. I’m sorry, but this can’t happen.” Morrigan paced in the room. “It’s late. Why don’t you go to sleep? It’s going to be a long night. The children are sleeping soundly, and I’ll be here.”

Jade slipped on a tee shirt and unwrapped her hair. She brushed out the long, wet, black strands. “I could use some sleep. The kids will be up early, and I have caterers coming early in the morning.”

The lights dimmed low when she slipped into bed, the music lowered to a whisper. Morrigan sat in the chair next to the bed.

“Tell me of Dagda? I know so little of him, except for what I’ve read in books.” Jade yawned and curled under the covers.

“There’s not much to tell. You have already seen his stubborn streak. He is very protective of his family if you didn’t notice. But this is the first time I’ve seen him this crazy over any female, even with me he seemed withdrawn. Dagda has never sung to a female that I know of. You’re a very special lady. I know he won’t stray from you.” Morrigan laughed. “That could also be a draw back I’m afraid. Sleep now, Jade. You have a big day tomorrow.”

The scent of lavender filled the air. Morrigan waved her hands, and Jade’s eyes closed. Every muscle in her body turned to jelly. The last thing she heard was Morrigan say, “Sleep well, Jade. You’re going to need it.”

\* \* \* \*

“You need to get back to your mate, Father. You can’t start a war over this. She wasn’t hurt,” Aengus yelled at a furious Dagda. Thunder stormed all around them, and they searched the surrounding woods.

“Morrigan is with my mate. She won’t let anything happen to her. I’ll find the thing that touched Jade.”

“So you’re going to let your mate sleep alone? On your first night together, especially after being attacked? Don’t you think she needs you now more than ever? You can always find the Fomorian responsible for this at another time.” Aengus grabbed his father’s shoulder tight. “Do you really want to start another war? Think of the number of lives we lost in the last one.”

Dagda’s body shook with anger. He knew his son was right, but to think one of that thing touching Jade... His soul demanded vengeance. He turned and faced his son. “When did you become so wise? Let’s go, but that Fomorian will be found, and I’ll have my vengeance soon.”

\* \* \* \*

Dagda stood next to the bed and stared at Jade, so small and beautiful. The thought of her death would kill him. In all his life, he had never felt such pain, even when Caer went missing. Nothing compared to this. Dagda knew now this tiny human was the other half of his soul. Setting aside the club and harp, his

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clothes disappeared, as did hers. He slipped into the bed and pulled her to him, curling his body around her. Soft skin rubbed against tough, callused skin. Her damp hair rested on his arm. Large, warm hands covered every inch of her body, checking to make sure she was okay.

"You need to stop, Dagda. I'm tired." She yawned and curled up closer to his body heat.

"Sleep, I'm just making sure your okay." He kissed her head and hugged her tight. Dagda's eyes closed, lavender and musk filling his senses. His body drew in her scent, imprinting it. He would never forget it.

\* \* \* \*

Jade rolled over and moaned. Her twin boys jumped onto the bed, screaming at her.

"Come on, Mom. We want to see all the people! You promised us we could stay the whole day, remember?" His voice at a high pitch squeal, Cory shook her arm in excitement.

"Give me five minutes, and I'll be down stairs. And be quiet, you don't want to wake the girls." She smiled at her twin boys as they ran for door.

"They're already up. That big man is making them breakfast," he said before racing out of the room to catch up with his brother.

"Well, crap, it wasn't a dream." She flung the covers off her body and shivered. *Yeah, he keeps me warm in bed, but I freeze when I get out!*

An imaginary body surrounded her and heated her. *You'll never be cold again, baby. Now, hurry up. People are starting to wake up outside, and the food has arrived.*

Jade looked at the clock and moaned. Nine o'clock. "Crap!"

Throwing on her clothes, she ran down the stairs, only to see her kids at the dining room table eating breakfast with Dagda, Morrigan, Caer, and Aengus.

"Well, isn't this cozy," she said.

Her kids laughed at something Dagda said. This was her home, but she felt like they were taking over. She hated to feel out of control when it came to her children.

"Since you guys have eaten, I'm going to make sure everyone outside has enough food." She turned and stormed outside, running straight into Tracy.

"You are so lucky! My god that man does dishes, and your kids love him already. First, you find Mike, and now you have Dagda. Can you rub some of that luck on me, please?" Tracy begged, following her.

"If you like him so much, go for it! Excuse me, I have to make sure all the food arrived." Jade walked faster, just to get away from her.

"What the hell is up your ass?" Tracy grabbed her arm.

"You want to know what's wrong? I'll tell you. My life. Hell, it's not mine anymore. Dagda hasn't given me any choice. He claims I'm his mate, but we haven't talked about anything. Then, he orders me around, we have sex. I'm kidnapped out of my own home. I've had something shoot an arrow at me, and it would have killed me if Dagda hadn't saved me. Oh, it's nothing!" Her hands flew all around her.

## The Celtic God Who Loved Her

"Listen, I know this is a lot to take in, but, come on, what woman wouldn't want that hunk of man. It's not his fault someone took a shoot at you. There's something else, isn't there? It's Mike, isn't it? Even though I know this is a lot to get use to, this isn't like you." Tracy's calm voice broke the dam.

Tears welled up in her eyes. "It's different when I'm with Dagda. It's like Mike wasn't there, that what we had meant nothing. I feel like I'm cheating on him." She wiped the tears that fell down her cheeks when she saw Dagda staring at her. His gaze filled with compassion.

"Talk to him, Jade. He can help." Tracy hugged her and walked away.

Dagda moved up to her and cupped her cheek. "Tell me. You're upset and confused. Let me help." He pulled her into his arms. His body soothed hers.

Tears rolled down her face and wouldn't stop. He swung her up into his arms, and, the next thing she knew, they were in her room.

Sitting on the bed, he kissed her tears and held her shaking body. "Baby, you're killing me here. What's wrong?"

"I'm so confused. It's...." She hiccupped and moaned. "When I was married to Mike, I knew what to expect. With you, I don't know what's going to come next. One moment, I'm on fire. The next, I'm scared. What about my kids, Dagda. I can't have them put in danger. If something happened to my babies, it would kill me." Another hiccup interrupted her. "I mean, I feel totally different with you than I did with Mike." She buried her head into his chest, waiting for his anger, but it didn't come.

"I'm not going to say it doesn't bother me to hear you talk about Mike. It does. I wish all those kids down there were mine, and eventually, they will be. But, when we find our soul mate, the two souls connect. From what I've been told by Morrigan, as our bodies join together over the next few days, emotions will run rampant." He lifted her chin and smiled down at her. "Yesterday was very rough for me, too, to find you after so long. Then to have someone come and take you away. It almost destroyed me. I won't lose you. Jade. You're mine, and I won't let go. You're children will be fine. They're well protected."

"But so was I, and I was taken."

"My son is with them personally. Do not worry. Besides, Bres won't harm children." He frowned. "I'm afraid it's you he's after. My half-brother has always been jealous of anything I do. I wish I could change this, but I can't. I'm sorry." He lowered her down onto the bed. His body covered hers. "I'll protect you with my life Jade." He brushed her hair away from her face. "You have guests down there to attend, and kids that need their mom, or I would take you right now." His tongue traced her lips, and his hand cupped her breast. He sat up and gazed down at her. "Go!"

Jade jumped up and ran to the door. She stopped and turned to smile at him. "I trust you to protect me, Dagda. Thank you. Who says I would let you take me?" She wiggled her eyebrows at him.

His growl reached her ears, and she took off laughing, her heart lighter.

## Chapter Seven

Jade strolled back outside. Her four youngest ones followed close behind, pointing at all the people around them. They walked towards the food buffet. Her neighbors had already lined up under the tent for the buffet when she got there. Many of them laughed and talked as they waited.

"When you throw a party, you throw a party! I didn't realize that there was so many here last night," Caer said behind her.

"Actually, this is the first party I've had in a while." Jade smiled at Caer.

"Why don't I take the little ones over to where they are setting up for the games today? You can get the things done and meet us over there." Caer stood next to her, holding onto both her little girls' hands.

"Do you really think you can handle all four of them? I mean, they can be a handful." Jade smiled down at her little girls, keeping a close eye on the boys.

"We'll be fine. Morrigan is going to help, along with Aengus."

"That would help a lot. I have to go feed the other animals after I'm done here. Give me a half hour, and I'll meet you over at the games." She looked up at her boys. "Cory, Drew, do you want to go over to where they're setting up for the games with Caer?"

Both Jade and Caer laughed when all four jumped up and down and yelled. "Well, I guess I'll see you in a bit. You four be good and listen to Caer?" Jade patted Cory and Drew's head and left to find the caterer.

Half an hour later, Jade finally managed to get to the barn to feed the horses and let them out into the pasture. The horses bucked and ran around. She loved to watch the horses gallop. It was so peaceful.

A large, stinky hand clamped over her mouth and another clutched her waist, pulling her off the fence. She kicked back at her attacker, but another pair of hands held her foot, and a third set wrapped a blind-fold over her eyes.

Jade bucked, moving anyway she could to get away from her attackers, but a sudden sharp pain to the head stopped her struggles.

\* \* \* \*

Dagda paced back and forth, watching the four little ones bobbing for apples when an unannounced disturbance hit him. His gut wrenched. *Jade, are you okay?*

His eyes scanned the people, and he reappeared at the last place he knew she had been. He couldn't feel her presence anymore. *I should have never left her alone!*

*Aengus! I need your help. Meet me at the barn. Something is wrong with Jade!*

A torn piece of material from her shirt lay on the ground. Her scent lingered in the air, but it grew weaker. He scanned the area when his son appeared next to him.

"Humans. Three men have taken her. I didn't think about humans taking her! I promised her I would protect her! Their footprints and stench lead this way." Dagda punched the side of the barn while searching.



## The Celtic God Who Loved Her

They sprinted towards the road following the scent that had been imprinted on his brain. Only tire tracks that led away from the property could be seen. "I was so worried about Bres doing something I didn't even think any humans would harm her!" Dagda stormed. "I can't even reach her in my mind!" His fears were real and painful, his head throbbed, and he couldn't understand why. He reached up, rubbed the spot, and knew what happened.

"They've hit her in the head! I can feel it." Dagda appeared in front of the children. He would make sure they were safe before he went hunting. His face twisted into an evil smile as an idea began to form. He turned to his son. "Morrigan can help us. Jade's wearing the cross she gave her."

"I'll stay with the Caer. We'll protect the children." Aengus yelled, racing to Morrigan, not wanting to alert everyone of their presence.

"I know where she is. Let's go," Morrigan said to Dagda.

\* \* \* \*

"God, my head hurts. What the hell happened?" She reached up and touched her head. Something wet soaked her fingers. Her hand came down, and blood covered it. Her stomach lurched, and she froze for a second. *Relax, Jade, you have to figure out where you are.* Taking a deep breath, she studied her surroundings. A bare room except for the small bed she laid on. Light filtered in from a bar-covered window. A metal door was the only entrance into the room. Her shirt and pants torn.

"Not again!" Her legs, slow to move, swung off the bed, and she sat up. The room spun. Closing her eyes, Jade concentrated again on Morrigan and Dagda. *Um, excuse me, but a little help is needed here!*

She opened her eyes, slowly rose, and, using the wall to balance herself, staggered her way to the door. She knew it would be locked, but she had to try. *Why aren't you answering me? Dagda, I need you!*

Her hand reached up to her neck for the necklace, but it was gone. "No!" Fear took control of her body. *Dagda can you hear me? Please tell me you can find me without the necklace!* She stumbled back to the bed and collapsed onto it, forgetting about the door. Keys rattled outside, and the door swung open.

"You're awake? Good, they'll be here soon," a masked man said. He threw an apple at her and closed the door, locking it.

She looked at the apple on the bed and ignored it. Her head throbbed. Blood dripped down her back. Jade grabbed hold of the sheet on the bed and ripped it into long shreds. "Please find me!"

Her head swathed in the dirty sheet, she curled up into a ball on the cot. Coldness seeped into her bones, dizziness assaulted her every time she moved, and the pain escalated in her head.

\* \* \* \*

Dagda's scream of rage echoed around them. He couldn't contact his mate, and they had found the necklace.

"How did they know?" Morrigan held the necklace in her hand.

## The Celtic God Who Loved Her

They both stared at each other, knowing the answer to her question: Dagda's brother.

*Where are you?* He heard the whisper in his head. It was faint, but there. *Jade, I'm coming, baby. Hold on!*

Turning back towards the road, Dagda grabbed hold of his head. The pain Jade felt reached him, and a single tear slipped down his face. "I'm sorry Jade," he whispered. She was weak and cold. He now knew they kept her in a room fortified against magic. But their mistake was opening her door. It let her thoughts seep out and make a connection with him. His gaze settled on Morrigan. She smiled and disappeared. Dagda followed suit, reappearing in front of a dilapidated building.

His muscles contracted. He rolled and stretched his arms, watching the building in front of him. Jade was in there hurt. He could feel her slipping in and out of consciousness. She had lost too much blood. People would die today.

\* \* \* \*

It had to be a dream. Screams of death surrounded her, but she couldn't move. *I'm sorry, babies! I don't want to leave you!* Jade knew if help didn't arrive soon, she would never see her children again, leaving them alone in the world.

*You're not going anywhere. I'm here.*

*I'm tired, Dagda, so tired and cold.*

Large, warm hands gently lifted her body, but still she couldn't open her eyes. Warmth spread through her body, and pain disappeared with the feel of his lips kissing her face.

"Open you eyes for me, Jade." Dagda's ragged plea reached her ears.

Ever so slowly, she opened her eyes to stare into his big blue ones. "Dagda, why didn't you come?" Tears slipped down her cheeks.

His arms pulled her body onto his, hugging her. "They knew how to block me from finding you, baby, but they made one mistake when they opened your door." His hand peeled away the bloody, dirty bandages she put around her head. "I'm afraid you'll never be allowed to go anywhere without a guard again. I think I scared half the town." He laughed, but stopped when he saw her flinch with pain upon removing the last of the strip.

## Chapter Eight

More tears slid down her pale cheeks. A gasp of pain sounded in the air. Dagda laid her on her bed and witnessed his mate take her death breath.

“No!” His voice thundered through out the house, even the gods above would hear his denial. His body shook with anger and grief.

Morrigan stood on the other side of the bed, singing ancient words of healing.

“Lay next to her now. Play you instrument, and release your soul. You still have time, but only you can bring her back.” Morrigan’s musical voice sang out to him.

His spirit screamed as hers lifted out of her body. *I won’t lose you!* That last sound of her uneven breath destroyed his calm. She was close to the spirit realm, and he would fight against her fading into the mist of death.

Dagda lay down next to her, and his harp started to play by itself. Soothing music danced around the room. He pulled her onto his chest and closed his eyes. Tears spilled over, and he released his soul to find hers. The song of healing played in the background, and he knew it would only entwine their souls tighter together. In his heart, he sang his song to her,

*Healing spring of grace be free. Solace of heart draw nigh to me. Darkness and shadows now must flee. Let Fae magic cover thee. Healing grace of Fae descend, repair what evil thus has unfolded here today. Immortal blessing now descend. What grace to me now belongs I bequeath it through my healing song.*

Dagda’s essence shifted and rose to join hers, embracing her.

Colors of the gods filled the room, dancing around their souls as his reached for hers: red for love, power, passion and lust; blue for healing, forgiveness, peace, sleep; green for fertility, beauty, and youth; silver for moon, female energy, and yin; and white for peace, purity, happiness, spirituality, and strength. Music, lyrics, and colors performed a masterpiece, healing his mate. Their souls danced, caressed, and melded together as one.

\* \* \* \*

Jade knew her wound to be fatal, but something wasn’t right. They were in her bedroom physically, yet part of her lifted up into the air. She witnessed a ghost of herself dancing with Dagda. His heart summoned hers with the beautiful words; they touched and joined together.

The wound on her head closed, the pain stopped, and for the first time in a year, her essence felt complete. The beautiful music stopped, along with his words, the ghost drifted back to her body. Upon entering, her body arched up, toes curled, every hair on her body stood on end, and serenity encompassed her.

“Rest, baby. The children are fine, and you’re safe now.” Dagda leaned over and kissed her lips.

Music reached her ears. *The Dragon’s Breath* played outside. Jade looked around the room. The darkness from outside encroached on the warmth of the bedroom. The clock display read eight forty-two. She slept the whole day, her body rested. She rose and knew exactly where Dagda was.

## The Celtic God Who Loved Her

*The children are waiting for their mother, and I want to dance with my mate, so please get that cute, little butt out here.*

*What did you do to me? Why do I know where you are at, and why do I feel so different?* Jade asked and turned on the shower, her hair stuck to her head. Dried blood caked her scalp, and she smelled of sweat and piss. Shivers ran up her spine. Flashback visions drifted through mind.

*Stop! It's over, and all of them are dead. There is no reason to relive it.*

*Excuse me, but who are you to tell me to stop anything? If I could, I would.* Shampoo covered her head as she scrubbed the dirt and grime from her body.

"I'm your mate, and this man is very hungry!" Dagda stepped into the shower behind her, taking the soap out of her hands.

"What the...." She didn't get a chance to respond.

His large hand reached up to soap her breasts. Flames shot through her body as he worked. "Do you feel the heat, baby?" He pushed her back under the warm water, letting the water rinse away the dirt. "Turn around so I can clean your back."

Jade didn't say a word. Her body burned, wanting his, and demanded to be mastered. Heated hands rubbed her back in slow, pressured movements.

"Bend down and grab the knobs, don't let go, keep your hands there." His voice rumbled deep, controlled, and aroused. "I love this butt. It's so pretty when it's red and Aodhan is slamming into it."

"Um...." The sound slipped out of her mouth as a wet hand made contact with her round butt cheek. The smack throbbed and sent every muscle on alert, ready for more. Sure enough, four more swats landed on each cheek. Her cream dripped down her legs, mixing with water, while Dagda slipped one and then two fingers into her nether hole.

"You should know better to say a word." He pushed his fingers deeper and demanded more from her body. "Hold still," he whispered into her ear, his warm, hard body leaned over hers. She pushed back onto his fingers and sought more.

His tongue traced her ear and down to her neck. "Do you know I lost you for a couple of minutes?" He nipped the back of her neck. His fingers pushed in and out of her butt slowly, teasing her. "In all my life, and it's been a long, lonely one, I have never felt so isolated and hurt than I did at that moment." Fingers slipped out of her, and hands lifted her body up. He turned her around to face him and pushed her up against the wall. His head lowered, his mouth covered hers, and his tongue pushed into her.

*I have never in my life felt this emotion for anyone. You will never again be alone.* His words whispered into her head, and his tongue touched every part of her mouth. His hands squeezed her ass, and he lowered her down onto Aodhan.

"Dagda...." Her body arched, and she leaned back, breaking the kiss.

"Feel us together, baby. Do you understand, my beauty? This is us; we are one." His hips circled, and his cock rubbed against her little nub. Her body trembled against his, her hands circled around his neck, and her nails dug into his back.

"That's it, baby. Let go. Show me that wild filly you claim you are." His mouth latched onto her neck. He bit and sucked, leaving another mark on her.

## The Celtic God Who Loved Her

Jade's legs wrapped tight around his waist, and she opened herself wider for his shaft. "What the hell...?" Her gaze sought his, and he smiled at her.

"I'm a god, baby. I can do anything I want." He slammed into her while the imaginary cock slid out of her nether hole. "Do you feel it? You're so tight." He watched her face when the next surprise attacked her body.

"Dagda!" Her voice cracked, and her head shook back and forth.

"Do you like the teeth on you're nipples, biting and sucking you?"

His knees bent, and he pushed up into her with a force she didn't expect. The force pushed his cock into her further than anyone had ever been, while the invisible cock made love to her ass.

Jade's nails dug into his back, as he kept thrusting into her. "More, please more!"

That's when her pussy sucked his cock and strangled it. Her orgasm roared through her body. Two more thrusts, and his seed poured into her body.

"Mine, you are mine!" he growled into her mouth and bruised her lips with his claiming.

\* \* \* \*

Jade stared up at him, his grin was that of a man very satisfied with what he had done, and she agreed also. *Wow*.

"I think I better get dressed and make an appearance outside before my children think something is wrong." Her voice came out soft and nervous. This god was slowly squeezing a permanent place in her heart.

Jade turned off the cold water, grabbed a towel, and wrapped it around her body. "Dagda, I want to thank you for saving me." She looked over her shoulder at him. His magnificent body gleamed with water and sweat.

Muscles rippled when he stepped out of the tub and in front of her. He lifted her chin with his fingers. "There is no need to thank me, *bean chéile*. I'll will always try and protect you. You are my heart." He kissed her lips softly. "Go get dressed. The little ones are waiting for you."

He pushed her towards the bedroom, swatting her butt.

"Hey!" She giggled and strode into the bedroom to dress.

## Chapter Nine

"Look at them. All your children adore that man," Tracy said, nudging her with her shoulder.

Her children tackled Dagda and tried to get him down on the ground. Music from the band played in the background, people danced near the band, and the bonfire lit the courtyard up for the second night of festivities.

"Don't you think maybe he's pushing it a bit much? I mean, we just met him yesterday, and already he's claiming I'm his wife." Jade glanced over at Tracy who sat next to her on the swing Dagda had brought from the front porch.

"When did he call you his wife? I have no idea what gods think of when it comes to the word 'wife'; maybe it's a term of endearment, or something like that." Tracy laughed when she looked up. Cory had latched onto Dagda's leg, wrapping his tiny body around it.

"You are his wife. He has joined you two when you died," Morrigan stated and sat down next to her.

"Excuse me? He what?" Tracy demanded and glared at her.

"What? You've been busy. When was I supposed to tell you, I was kidnapped, hit in the head, and then died?" Her voice sarcastic, she knew just hurt her friend. "Tracy, I'm sorry. I didn't mean for that to sound flippant. It's just that this is all new to me." She ran her hand through her damp hair and pulled Tracy into a hug.

"You're right this is moving fast," Tracy whispered into her ear.

Jade knew Morrigan heard every word. She pulled back and looked at Morrigan. "Okay. Spit it out. What do you mean we're married? There was no ceremony, he didn't ask me—well he did, but that was before, and I didn't say yes."

Morrigan laughed, shaking her head. "You have to understand, Jade. Your spirit was leaving your body. You'd already taken your last breath. The only way Dagda was going to save you was to join your soul to his. He is part of you, and you are part of him. In our world, that is a marriage. He has given you the ultimate gift: his freedom and his heart."

Her palms grew sweaty, and the fast thumping of her heart sounded as if drums were being played. "You're serious? We're married?"

Morrigan smiled and nodded.

Butterflies tumbled around in her stomach. Dagda's boots appeared on the ground in front of her. Her gaze traveled up his body to meet his.

"You didn't tell me? Why did you do this, Dagda? You could have just let me go. You didn't have to do this. Now you're stuck with me!" Tears slid down her cheeks. He'd married her to save her and gave up his freedom.

"Jade, there was no choice, *bean chéile*. You are my life." He pulled her up into his arms and hugged her tight.

Tears splashed his chest, her body shook.

"Hush, little one, its okay." He tried to sooth her, his hands rubbed her back, and he placed small kisses on her head.

"I need time to think. Excuse me." Her voice cracked as she pulled out of his arms and walked away.

Jade walked by the dancers, not even acknowledging them.

## The Celtic God Who Loved Her

Arms wrapped around her and moved her out with the other dancers. "Dance with me." The stranger said and dragged her body close to his.

His smell gagged her, and her flesh burned where he touched her. "Let me go, please!" She struggled in his arms.

"My wife said to let her go. Now do so!" Dagda growled behind her, his arm wrapped around her waist and set her body next to his. Her stomach settled immediately, and the burning was gone.

The man glared at Dagda, and then at her, but he didn't say a word as he slowly moved away from the giant behind her.

"Okay, what's going on? Why did I feel sick when that man touched me?" She glared up at Dagda's face.

"You're mine. No man will be able to touch you. You'll find them repulsive if they do," he said, anger evident in his words. "I know this is new to you, but I won't have you in any man's arms, do you hear me?" He grabbed onto her arms tight and shook her body.

"Dagda, enough!" Morrigan yelled at him. "You're hurting her."

He slowly released her, watching her.

Stepping back away from him, she trembled and her face burned with heat. Furious, she ran from him. Her arms ached from where he'd grabbed her. *I can't believe he just did that... Crap, I'm a fool!*

Jade swung the front door open and dashed up the stairs to her room, slamming the door. She grabbed the first thing her hand came into contact with and threw it against the headboard.

"That pompous ass! First, he tells me I'm his wife, then he goes and makes it so no male can touch me!" Even knowing that it wouldn't help, it felt good to rant. "Urg, I'm going to kill a god!"

Even now, her body burned for his.

*What did he do to her? Shower, cold. I need a cold shower.*

She walked to the shower and turned on the cold water. *I swear I'm going to be the cleanest person around if I have to keep taking cold showers.* Her body still shook with anger, and she peeled off her clothes. Jade looked at the shower wall, and her body heated as a vision of her body up against it as he took her flashed before her eyes. The images sent her libido into overdrive. Her body burned for him again. "God, what has he done to me? Now I'm imagining his taking me!" She stepped into the cold water, and it soothed her aching body. Even with her body cooled off, her anger grew. "You might be good in bed, all mighty warrior, but you suck in courting!" She climbed out of the shower and dried off.

Dressed in a pair of jeans and sweater, she heard a soft knock on the bedroom door.

"Who is it? If it's you, Dagda, go jump into the Arctic Ocean." She threw open the door.

A woman draped in a heavenly golden gown, jewels covering her neck and fingers, stood before Jade. *Just great. Another god!*

"Has my son screwed up again?" The lady shook her head. "I swear, he'll never learn."

"Who is your son, and which god are you?" she asked.

## The Celtic God Who Loved Her

“Dagda is my son, and I can go anywhere. You should know this.” The woman stepped into the bedroom past Jade and glanced around. “I am Danu. I believe humans know me as the Mother Goddess of Tuatha Dé Danann. I hope you don’t mind me being here, but I couldn’t believe my son actually found his true mate. I had to see for myself. I even hear you’re an ancestor of Boann.”

“What do you mean he’s my mate? I thought I was his wife?” Jade asked.

Danu walked around her room. “Everyone has a true mate, many never find them, and you are both. I’m afraid you’ll have your hands full with him. He’s, well, how should I put this... A very passionate man, and very jealous, as you have witnessed.” She nodded to the bruises on Jade’s arms. “His appetite is never satisfied, but you’ll do just fine. Since my wayward son has taken off, why don’t we go and join your party? I would love to meet your children, my grandchildren.”

Danu took Jade’s arm and led her from the bedroom, back to the party. Everyone stopped and stared at them when they entered the courtyard.

“Danu, it’s a pleasure to see you again. I see you’ve met your son’s mate.” Morrigan bowed to her.

“Yes, and she’s perfect for him, isn’t she. Now, I understand I have grandchildren around here somewhere? I want to meet them.”

“Hey, Mom, who’s the fancy lady?” Cleo asked. Eric stood next to her.

She sighed. *How do you explain this one, Jade?*

“This is Danu. She is....”

“Oh, don’t tell them all that title stuff. I’m your grandmother.” Danu smiled. Her gaze scanned all of the children as they gathered around. “My, you are a fertile one, aren’t you? That’s just perfect because I expect many more grandchildren.”

“Mom, what’s she talking about?” Eric squirmed, and Danu fluffed up his hair.

“They told me that I am Dagda’s wife, and this is his mother,” Jade mumbled.

“You mean that god is your husband now, and this is his mother? We have a grandmother and father who are gods?” The smaller children jumped around and screamed their excitement, but the two oldest frowned, glaring at their mother.

“Mom.”

“Now’s not the time, Eric.”

Danu gathered the children to her, and Jade shook her head. *It’s just too much.* Needing time to think and be alone, she headed for the woods, climbing over fallen trees. Overhead, stars twinkled, and the chilly night air swirled around her.

*Why does weird stuff always happen to me?* She shook her head and kept walking, not paying attention to where she was going.

“Mom where are you?” her oldest daughter called out somewhere up ahead of her.

“Cleo, where are you, and how the hell did you get ahead of me?” She must have been in la-la land. She shook her head, searching for her daughter.

“First, I’m accused of kidnapping a goddess, and then I’m kidnapped. I die, and, finally, I wake up married to a god!” She shouted to the trees. “Cleo, if I have to search all night for you, I’m so going to throw a fit! Where are you?”



## The Celtic God Who Loved Her

"I'm afraid it's going to only get worse, human," a raspy voice said.

"We are very lucky to find our prey so easily." A squeaking voice rang out behind her.

Goose bumps broke out on her arms. *Just freaking great. Didn't they protect the woods?* She spun around to face a creature she only read about in stories. It stood in front of her, his face and upper body that of a goat, while his lower body that of man. Another stood behind him an evil grin on his face. *God, are all non-humans hung so big. Get your mind out of the gutter! What did he Dagda do to me?*

"What do you want? I'm tired and ready to blow a fuse, so get on with it." Her gaze snapped up to the creatures, her back straight and her shoulders rigid. Anger and fear crept into her body. She wouldn't let this thing see that she shook inside.

"You know something, I'm so tired of you freaking freaks trying to take me! Come on, give me your best shot, asshole!" Jade swung, connecting with the thing's face. Her knuckles burned with pain, but she didn't care.

The creature rubbed his eye. "You have a wicked mouth and arm. I wonder what else you're good at?"

"Oh, and we want you, of course. You see, we can't let you and Dagda come together." He sneered at her and crowded closer.

Jade threw her head back and laughed. "Well, I'm afraid you're a little late on that."

The creature snapped, "The boss hates your mate." He sniffed the air and stared at her. "You're his wife! Oh, this is going to be good! Bres will be so happy to know he has taken Dagda's wife away from him."

The other satyr laughed behind the first. "But I could take you with me." His hand brushed her face. "You could become my own personal sex slave. I can smell his scent on you. I want to spread my seed on you and mark you." His hand whipped around her back and yanked her body into his. He ground his shaft against her. "I mean, you're pleasant to look at for a human...."

The other one slipped in behind her and rubbed his cock against her ass.

They stunk of piss and dirt, her skin burned where they touched her, and she gagged.

They didn't get any further. She'd had enough. She slammed her knee into the satyr before her and swung around to lay the second one down on his ass. Her bruised fist connected with his shaft, and he screamed.

"You stupid human! You will die!" the one on the ground yelled.

"That's okay. I've already died once." She raced toward her house and screeched in her mind, *"Morrigan, I need a little help, please!"*

"Where are you?" Dagda demanded.

"In the woods, you big ox! I thought you always knew where I would be?" she shouted.

"Stay put. I'm coming. We'll discuss that later."

"Ya, right, like I'm going to let those things touch me again! Not going to happen!"

She zigzagged between trees holding her side. The creatures panted behind her. The roar of a very pissed off mate reassured her, and she slowed, glancing

over her shoulder. His long, red hair swung around his face, and muscles contracted on his arms. Dagda attacked the satyrs.

"He really is magnificent when he is in battle, if you call it a battle. I kinda feel sorry for those two, but they deserve what they get," Morrigan said.

Jade stopped and rested her hands on her knees. Her head hanging down, she gulped in air. She tried to calm her nerves.

"Are you alright? Did they touch you?" she asked, concern written on her face.

"I'm fine. They tried, but my knee has this fondness for balls." Jade grinned and watched the battle unfold. Her body shook with shock, and her breathing was still uneven from the run.

"You do know there is no contest here? Dagda just wants information before he kills them. Why don't you come back to the party with me?" Morrigan hooked her arm through Jade's and zapped them just inside the woods.

The bonfire blared to the skies; people still danced and laughed, telling stories of long ago times. Pumpkins surrounded the courtyard and cast shadows from their faces.

"I should warn you when he's finished with his toys, he's going to come for you. And it's not going to be gentle. He's in full warrior mode right now. His body and heart are going to want to claim you, mark you."

"Oh, that's just great. He has a fit when some man dances with me, and now he thinks he can have me? It isn't going to happen!" She looked around the courtyard and picked the biggest and most handsome man around. It was time to fight this thing; she would dance with whomever she wanted. Jade walked up to the stranger.

"Would you like to dance?" she asked, Morrigan laugh behind her, but she didn't care.

"Why, I would love to dance with you, Jade." His lips curved into an evil smile, and he pulled her into his embrace.

"Who are you?" She shoved at him, knowing she had made a mistake from the look he gave her.

"Release her, Bres!" Danu demanded behind her.

"Mother, it's been a long time." He held Jade tight, his hand on her ass, and squeezed painfully. "I just wanted to welcome the new, little woman in Dagda's life. I mean, how many women does this make it? Wait, I lost count after twenty-two, but I'm surprised he's committed himself to a human." Bres laughed.

The music stopped, a roar echoed from the woods, and everyone stared. People parted before a very pissed warrior god. Dagda grabbed her, yanked her out of Bres's arms and placed her behind him. His hand shot up and wrapped around Bres's neck, lifting him off the ground.

"So, I have you to thank for the Fomorian's after my wife." The air around him charged with anger, Dagda shielded her from his brother with his mass. Dagda shook him like a rag doll.

"Enough, Dagda. You've made your point. Now, drop your brother. You're ruining your mate's party and scaring the humans." Danu's voice rang with impatience, and she tried to step in-between them.

## The Celtic God Who Loved Her

Dagda threw his brother to the ground. “He deserves more, and you know it. If he comes near my mate again, I won’t hesitate to track him down and destroy him.”

“Like you would get a chance. This isn’t over, Dagda.” Bres stood, brushing himself off and glaring at his brother.

“I won’t have this happen again. Bres, go home to your wife now, and if I even hear about any more of your toys trying to harm Jade, I will personally destroy everything you hold dear.” Danu snapped her fingers, and the man disappeared. “And you,” she pointed her finger into Dagda’s chest, “you will behave. Now, don’t you have a new mate to attend to?” She glanced at Jade and smiled.

Jade stepped back as Dagda turned to her, muscles rippled across his chest, his gaze heated with lust and passion. “Now, Dagda, I didn’t know he was your brother!” She held her hand up and tried to shield herself.

“You better run now, my little bird, because when I catch you, you won’t be able to walk for a week!” His eyes glowed red, his voice deep and controlled.

“But the woods aren’t safe?” She looked back at him.

“Oh nothing is going to happen to you this day. I’ve made sure of that. Now go before he starts rutting you here in front of your guests.” Danu laughed and shooed her off.

Jade didn’t need any more encouragement. She turned and fled into the woods, not knowing where she was going. Morrigan and Danu laughed, and, in the background, the music started to play again.

“One.”

*Crap! He’s counting!*

“Two. You’re too slow. Pick it up, Jade!” he bellowed over the music.

She giggled. Her body burned with want, past anger disappeared. The warrior wanted to claim his mate, and she couldn’t wait to see what he did.

“Three!” Dagda hollered.

The pounding of his feet could be heard over the shouts and cheers, which egged him on.

## Chapter Ten

She ran, gave it everything she could, but she knew he would catch her. It was only a matter of time, but she could make the game more fun. Jade tugged her sweater off and cast it over her shoulder. She smiled. It would give her a little extra time.

Jade stopped dead in her tracks when a cave she'd never seen before appeared. "Okay Dagda what are you up to? Where did this cave come from?" Ducking inside, she carefully scoped the inside, looking for any trace of his plan. Seeing nothing, she turned, erasing her footsteps, and hid the entrance with branches just in case he didn't have anything to do with it the cave. That's when she noticed the white sand beneath her feet. There was no white sand around this area. The only place she ever heard of white sand was at the beaches. "Okay, Dagda, let's see what you have here." Satisfied it was covered, Jade ventured further in, following the light that flickered at the back.

The sound of branches and leaves crunching from the entrance galvanized her. She rushed around the corner into the light and stopped, stunned. All different kinds of sexual toys lay in piles around a huge bed. A small, gentle waterfall covered one side of the cave. Below it, a heated pond stretched, its steam floating around the room, warming the air. The light of the candles danced against the walls, rose petals scattered throughout the cave, and fresh flowers climbed the walls. It was a love nest.

"Do you like it?" Dagda whispered in her ear. A shiver shimmied up her spine. Hands pulled her body back into his; they reached up and surrounded her breasts. "I wanted the rest of the night to be just ours. I messed up, *bean chéile*. I'm sorry. Mom is going to help Morrigan watch the children for the next two days because we'll be too busy." He picked her up and carried her to the bed.

Tears slid down her cheeks and dropped onto his chest. She gazed into his face as he laid her down on the bed. Love and passion played across his features. Her clothes disappeared, and suddenly her hands were tied to the bed. She squirmed in anticipation.

"I want us to have a wedding. I know we are married in my world, but I want your friends and your world to know also. Will you marry me, Jade, in your custom? Will you be my wife, my partner, and my love slave?" His fingers traced a line down her neck to her breasts and around her nipples. "I have something for these beautiful nipples." Rudy rings appeared in his hands, he slipped them through the holes where she usually wore nipple rings and stared at her body. His focus moved up to her face, his eyes misty. "Talk to me, baby."

"You had to marry me. There was no choice, Dagda. There is no mention about love. When I get married, I want a man who loves me. I'm your mate. You had no choice." Her eyes closed. "My body wants you, Dagda. You're already embedded in my heart, even before you saved me. I'm falling in love with you, but I don't know if you love me, or just feel the effects of the mating." Tears rose up again to slip down her face.

The bed dipped beneath his weight, and he lay down next to her. He wiped away her tears. "When I first saw you last night, I was attracted to you. No, I didn't know you were my mate then, but when we danced, I knew you were mine.

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My heart died when that arrow grazed you. Even then, I knew you were meant for me, though I tried denied it.” His tongue laved at her nipple. “I knew I loved you when you called my thingy small.” He chuckled. “You’re the first woman to actually stand up to me. I love that fight in you. I love when you get upset with me. Your lip gets this tick, and I want to lick and nibble at it.” She grinned, and he nipped her nipple.

“Hey what was that for?” Her head rose, and she stared at him.

“I’m trying to pour my heart out to you, and you’re going to laugh at me?” His tongue soothed away the sting. “Now, where was I? Oh, yes, what I love about you. I watched you before I approached you yesterday. You were playing with the little ones. Your laughter sang to me, your love for your children apparent on your face, and the respect they had for you. So many humans ignore their children in today’s world—giving them games to play on the TV, letting them watch TV all day, ignoring them. But, with you, I knew then you would be the perfect mother for our children.”

He scooted his body down hers, kissing her belly, and his fingers trailed down to her mound, pushing in.

“I can’t wait to see you all round with our child. I love you, Jade, don’t ever doubt that.” His gaze swept back up to her face. “I want my children in your belly, you by my side, and I want to announce to the world my love for you. Will you marry me again? In your custom?” His gaze held hers while his fingers pushed in and out of her.

She struggled with her decision, unsure of what she wanted. His patience in the face of her silence surprised her, giving her courage to follow her instincts.

“I want time to plan it, and I want the children involved. I don’t want to leave them out of this.” She smiled.

His fingers slipped out of her, and he reached up to her kissing her lips softly. He looked into her eyes. “I love you, my *bean chéile*.”

Thick lips sucked on hers, his tongue thrust into her mouth seeking hers. Even in kissing, his tongue demanded dominance, forcing hers to play. Dagda leaned back, a playful grin on his face.

He flipped her body so that her stomach pressed against the bed, her hands never getting twisted. He raised her ass into the air and spread her legs. Two fingers pushed into her ass stretching, and preparing her for his cock.

“Dagda....” She never got another word out. His shaft replaced his fingers and pushed into her nether hole.

“You’re so tight and mine!” Goosebumps covered her arms at his declaration. He placed his hands on her hips and knelt behind her. He drove into her further. “After tonight, no one will doubt my claim. I’ll mark every inch of your body!”

He bit her neck and lowered his massive frame over her smaller one, holding her in place. His hand reached down and pushed three fingers into her pussy. His thumb stroked her clitoris, as he pumped his fingers into her heat.

Her scream of release echoed in the cave. He groaned, and his seed exploded into her. Her body collapsed onto the bed with his shaft still inside of her. He reached up and untied her arms, caressing them where the silk had rubbed her skin. He pulled out of her and rolled to his side. Big eyes filled with love stared

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down at her. Gently, he picked her up and, getting off the bed, cradled her in his arms. He carried her to the heated pool and stepped inside, sitting on the bottom of the pool. He washed her body with reverence. Heat rose again in her body, calling to her husband and mate.

"We can't?" She moaned when his shaft slipped into her. His legs spread hers as he moved inside her.

"We can, and we will. I'm nowhere near done with you, so just hold still, baby, and let me take you to the stars and above."

She couldn't believe it; he kept his promise for the next two days. He proceeded to use every toy in the room, and then he even created new toys for her enjoyment. He worshiped her body and never let her rest until the second day when she just collapsed.

She opened her eyes and moaned. Back in her bed, alone, Jade looked around. Nothing changed. *Was it a dream?* Her legs swung out of the bed. A moan escaped her lips again. *It wasn't a dream?*

Turning around, Dagda stood there with a smirk on his face, his shoulders back and his feet apart.

"What's so funny?" she asked and headed towards the bathroom for a good soak. When she stepped into the bathroom, she paused. Bubbles and rose petals filled the tub. Her heart swelled with love. She beamed her happiness at him when her gaze found his in the mirror.

Dagda's hands slipped around her waist to cup her breasts. "I knew you would be sore. Hop in the tub. The water will heal you. My mother and the kids are downstairs. We have a wedding to plan."

He lowered down on one knee, his blue eyes shining. His large hand picked up her small ring hand and placed a huge ruby and diamond ring on her finger. "I know I already asked you, but I want to do this right. Will you marry me, Jade?"

She glanced down at the ring, rays of light reflected off the gem, and glittered brilliance shined out. Tears streamed down her face.

"It's beautiful. Thank you. Yes, I'll marry you, my Celtic warrior god." She jumped on him as he stood and wrapped her legs around his body. Jade reached up and placed a light kiss upon his lips.

He smiled. "That is not a kiss; your warrior god wants more." His kiss scorched her lips and curled her toes. He slapped her bare butt and pulled back. "Now, get into the water. I want you healed for round two later today!"

*Round two? What the hell? You have to be kidding me!* Jade sat up and stared at him. She rolled her eyes and settled into the tub. The water soothed and healed every achy muscle in her body.

"Baby, you haven't seen anything yet!" He turned and walked out of the room.

She laughed and prayed she had the stamina to keep up with him. But, hell what a way to go.

*You keep up with me fine. By the way, I should tell you that you're immortal now, and so are the children.*

*We're what?* She shot up out of the tub, grabbing a towel. His laughter echoed in her mind as she dried off.

*Don't you think you should have talk to me first?* So much for a leisurely bath.

## The Celtic God Who Loved Her

*Now, where would the fun in that be! Wear that nice, red dress I laid on the bed, would you, sweetheart? That way your master's hands can play while we eat.*

She shook her head and chuckled. The red dress—or what resembled a dress—lay on the bed.

*I can't wear that in front of the children. Are you mad?*

*Yes, you can, and you will. Do I have to come up there and put it on you myself?*

*Yep, you sure do!* She giggled. Jade could hear his feet take the steps. The door flew open, heat radiated from his pours.

“So, you're ready for round two, are you?” He grabbed her towel and threw it to the floor. His eyes scanned her naked body. The ruby nipple rings stood out against her white skin. His hands quickly followed his gaze's path. He twisted and pulled on them.

“I'm ready for round two, three, four, and however many rounds you can give me, my warrior god!” She rubbed her body against his. Jade knew their lives were going to be filled with many children and hot, erotic sex.

Excerpt from  
*The Lure of the Vine*  
by  
Cate Masters

A Freya's Bower Urban Fantasy Novella



## The Lure of the Vine

On the wall opposite his bed hung a portrait. The likeness stunned her. “Oh, my God. How did you...?” When could he have had a portrait made of her?

“She’s my wife.” He sat on the bed and stared at the painting, his eyes like glass. “Ariadne.”

“Your wife?” She walked closer, the portrait almost breathing, as though she were looking in the mirror. “It’s amazing.”

“When I saw you, it was as if....” He lay back on the bed, laid his forearm across his eyes.

“Oh, Dion.” She sat next to him. Ariadne. She’d heard that name before.

“I miss her so terribly.” Pain cracked his voice.

“I’m sorry. If I had known....” She couldn’t finish—what? She wouldn’t have come here?

He sat up and held her shoulders. “Ariadne. My princess.” His voice held an unfamiliar gruffness.

“No. I’m Clio.” She pushed at his arms.

With one swift movement, he twisted her beneath him. “The Fates brought you back to me.”

The Fates. Ariadne. Dion.... Her mother had told her bedtime tales when she was growing up. The realization hit her. “Dionysus.” The God of the Vine.

It couldn’t be, didn’t make sense.

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