

A Slave to Her Passions

A Tale of Shar (1)

Written by Jessica Coulter Smith

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Cover created by J. Smith

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Edited by Shannon Perry

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FIRST EDITION

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Wild Horse Press

Prologue

Alyson had left work late again. She hated getting home after dark, but it couldn't be helped. Living in East LA hadn't exactly been her dream, but at least she'd made it to California and was able to afford her apartment on her own. It wasn't the home in Beverly Hills she'd once dreamed of, but she still had hope that one day things would work out for her.

She'd moved to Los Angeles in the hopes of being the next big star. Then again, so had most of the population. That was the problem. She was one in a sea of millions, all searching for stardom.

Alyson reached her apartment and pulled out her keys. Before she could get the key in the lock, someone grabbed her from behind. A cloth

was wedged in her mouth and a cloth sack was placed over her head. She tried to struggle, but her attackers were too strong. Before she could blink, her hands were tied behind her back and she was slung over someone's shoulder.

As she was shoved into a car, something struck her on the back of the head. Her last thought was that no one would miss her until she didn't show up for work the next day.

One

Alyson leaned her head back against the bars of her cage. It had been two weeks since she'd been nabbed outside of her apartment and brought to what she now thought of as hell. She'd learned the name of the place was actually Shar, a world in a parallel universe. She looked down upon the hall and watched as the demons beneath her squabbled amongst themselves. These were the demons that even hell didn't want. From what she'd gathered, they meant to auction her off to the highest bidder. Her eyes roamed around the room, taking in the other cages, most of them containing women just like her – captives.

The door to the castle opened and a hush fell over the room. Alyson turned to see who had caused such a reaction. A tall man with black hair and vibrant green eyes strode into the room. He was tall and muscular, but Alyson didn't see

anything unusual about him. If she didn't know better, she'd say he was human, but humans in Shar were slaves – and this man was no one's slave. He carried himself with the air of a prince.

She watched as he progressed through the room, following his every move. In any other circumstance, she would have been attracted to him. *Who is he?*

A commotion on the dais drew her attention. Lars, the head vampire, rose as he watched the stranger approach. Alyson knew that Lars wanted her. He'd made it no secret that he planned on winning her when the bidding began. A large man, Lars had blond hair and blue eyes. He looked like a throwback to the days of Vikings. He was gorgeous, but Alyson had also seen him be extremely cruel. He'd even abused one of his slave women in front of everyone in the main hall.

Alyson shivered at the memory. Everyone had laughed and watched avidly. Not a single person, or demon, had stopped him or lifted a hand to help. The poor slave woman hadn't been

seen since. Alyson could only imagine what had happened to her.

Looking down, her breath caught in her throat when she realized the stranger was standing under her cage. His hair shone blue-black in torch light. Wondering if it was as soft as it looked, she wanted to reach out and run her fingers through it. Scooting closer, she listened to the conversation the stranger was having with her current owner.

“So what brings you here today, Adam?” the slave trader asked.

Adam shrugged his shoulder. “Just bored and thought I’d find something, or someone, to help pass the time.”

“Anything in particular you’re looking for?” the slave trader asked.

“Someone who doesn’t mind being shared would be nice,” Adam said with a grin, thinking of his best friend, Luke. They often shared women, but it wasn’t always easy to find a willing participant.

“There are plenty of slave girls here. Why don’t you buy one?”

Adam snorted. He detested the idea of purchasing a person. It went against everything he believed in, or at least what he had once believed. “You know I’m not into that kind of thing.”

The slave trader shrugged. “So be it. I’m sure Lars will buy most of my stock anyway. He seems to find this one in particular fascinating,” he said with a gesture toward Alyson.

Adam looked up into a startling pair of whiskey colored eyes. The brunette stared down at him in curiosity and a little embarrassment. Her perfect bow shaped mouth begged to be kissed. The long fingers gripping her bars would feel magnificent on his cock. He could almost feel himself sliding into her wet heat.

“How much are you asking for her?” Adam wished he could retract the words the moment they left his mouth, but it was too late. Once again his cock had led him into a situation he wouldn’t be able to get out of.

The slave trader gave him a horrid smile. “For you, five-thousand marks.”

Adam looked down at the squat little man. “You have to be kidding.”

The man shrugged. “If you don’t want her, I’m sure I can get that much if not more for her at auction. She’s the first one up.”

Adam looked back up at the enchanting creature in the cage. “You said Lars was interested in her?”

The slave trader nodded. “Oh yeah, he’s been keeping an eye on her.”

“Why didn’t you sell her to him before now?”

The man glanced away and then looked back at Adam. “Last week, Lars nearly killed a slave woman in front of everyone in the hall. This one is too pretty for that kind of treatment.”

Adam looked up at the woman again. “What do you say, sweetheart? Want to go home with me, or with Lars?”

Regardless of what the man said about sharing her, she knew her fate with Lars would be far worse. She would be stupid not to go with the stranger. “You.”

Adam nodded and reached into his pocket. Withdrawing the requested amount of money, he handed it to the slave trader, convincing himself he was doing it for altruistic reasons. After all, he was probably saving her from a horrible fate.

“Thank you,” the man smiled. “I’ll lower the cage and you can take her to an upstairs room.”

Adam stared the man down. He’d seen many deals go down in this very hall, and at no time had there been a requirement to stay in the castle over night. “Upstairs room? Why can’t I just take her home?”

“Tonight all slave women bought come with a castle room for two nights. That way, if you change your mind, you don’t have to travel to return her.”

Adam looked up at the woman again. “I don’t think I’ll be returning her.”

Two

Once the cage was lowered, Adam reached in and lifted the woman into his arms. She immediately looped her arms around his neck and held on. So far so good, he thought.

“So which room will we have?” he asked the slave trader.

“The blue room on the second floor,” the man answered. “Shall I summon Luke and send him up?”

Adam let his eyes travel over his latest purchase, lingering on her full breasts. “That would be excellent,” he answered.

Carrying his prize up the stairs, he quickly located the blue room. Nudging the door open with his booted foot, he carried the woman inside. He kicked the door shut with a resounding thud and laid her down on the bed.

“So, do you have a name? Or should I just call you slave girl?” he asked.

“Alyson. My name is Alyson,” she said, her deep whiskey voice seeming misplaced coming from her small delicate body.

Adam eyed the toga she wore, customary slave garb, and reached out a hand. Hooking his fingers under the shoulder strap, he pulled it down her arm until her breast was exposed. The cool air made the nipple pucker immediately and he unconsciously licked his lips.

Looking at her face, he saw a slight blush stain her cheeks.

“If you’re a virgin, now is the time to tell me,” he said.

She shook her head, unable to meet his gaze.

“Being with me isn’t going to be like it was with your human lovers.”

Her eyes flicked up to his. “What do mean? Are you...?”

He shook his head, knowing she was wondering if he was either full or part demon. Pushing his cloak off his shoulders, he spread his wings, their ebony feathers reflecting the candlelight in a myriad of colors.

Alyson gasped. "You're an angel?"

He gave her a wry grin. "I *was* an angel. In case you've forgotten, Shar is for those who are unwanted elsewhere. I was cast out of heaven and sent here."

"Why?" she asked softly, her eyes still looking at the magnificence of his wings.

"For lying down with a woman."

Alyson's eyes were drawn to his muscular chest and of their own volition, travelled down to his pants. His erection was straining against them, leaving his cock clearly outlined. She blushed again and dropped her eyes.

Adam leaned forward and palmed her exposed breast. With his other hand, he slid the other strap down her arm. With both breasts exposed, he splayed his large hands over them, gently flicking the nipples with his thumbs. Her nipples hardened even more and he drew a soft gasp from her.

Bending his head to kiss her, he pushed her toga down to her feet, exposing all of her body to him. His long fingers skimmed down her stomach to the neatly trimmed curls between

her legs. Finding her swollen clit, he slowly rubbed it.

Alyson gasped against his mouth and thrust her hips forward. Adam's long fingers were driving her crazy.

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As his fingers strummed against her clit, waves of pleasure spiraled through her. Reaching down for the hand resting on her hip, she dragged his hand up to her breast. With his fingers sliding against her clit and his other fingers torturing her nipple, she knew she was going to come at any moment. With a cry, she threw back her head and lost herself to the pleasure.

"That's it, baby. Come for me," he murmured against her ear, his breath sending chills down her spine and intensifying her pleasure.

Feeling a rush of warmth between her legs, Alyson felt herself go boneless. Some part of her felt as if she should be embarrassed. After all, she'd just let a stranger give her the best, mind-blowing orgasm she'd ever had.

Three

Behind them, the door opened and closed.

“Starting without me?” Luke asked.

Adam looked at his friend over his shoulder.

“I couldn’t help myself.”

Luke quickly dropped his cloak, spreading his black wings. His rich brown hair fell over his forehead giving him a rakish look. Cool gray eyes looked down at Alyson.

“You’re both fallen angels?” Alyson asked in a husky voice.

Luke grinned at her. “That we are.”

“And why were you kicked out of heaven?”

His grin grew. “For lying with the same woman as him.” He nodded toward Adam. “We like to share.”

Alyson blushed again. She might not be a virgin, but she’d never been with more than one guy at a time. And she’d certainly never been with two fallen angels! The idea both scared her

and excited her. *What will it be like to be with both of them at once?*

Luke pushed his pants down his legs, his erection springing free. He might not be as large as Adam, but if the slave girl's look was anything to go by, she wasn't disappointed. He grinned, pleased with her response.

Climbing onto the bed, he nudged Adam out of the way. "My turn while you finish getting undressed."

Adam grunted his displeasure, but moved out of the way. *Last time I checked, I paid for her.*

Luke latched onto one of her nipples and sucked it hard, drawing a gasp from Alyson. Nudging her legs further apart, he reached between them and found her clit, still swollen and begging for more. Feeling the engorged nub as he swiped his thumb across it, he groaned low in his throat.

He let go of her nipple and slid further down, positioning his body between her splayed legs. Spreading her lips open with his thumbs, he gave her clit a long, slow lick. When she arched

her hips off the bed, he grabbed her ass and pulled her closer. Sucking her clit into his mouth and licking it over and over, he had her writhing on the bed.

Feeling the bed dip, he knew Adam had decided to join in the play.

“Roll her onto her side,” Adam said, nudging his friend.

Luke rolled, pulling Alyson to her side. Shifting his hands from her ass, he played with her nipples with one hand while he slid the fingers of his other hand inside of her hot, wet pussy.

Adam stroked his hands down her back to her luscious ass. Trailing kisses from her neck down her spine, when he got to her ass he gave her a gentle nip.

Reaching for the bedside table, he opened the drawer and pulled out a small vial of oil. Rubbing it into his hands, he massaged her ass, sliding his fingers up and down just inside of her ass cheeks.

Kissing her neck, he continued to stroke her, gently sliding a finger inside of her ass. At first

she resisted, but with Luke working her clit with his tongue she was soon pushing back against him, wanting more. Her eagerness was turning him on more and more.

“That’s it, baby,” he murmured in her ear.

Adding a second finger, he stretched her. He felt a tremor run through her and knew she was close to another orgasm. Sliding his fingers in and out, he reached around her and pinched her nipple. Her hips began moving back and forth and within moments she was crying out in pleasure.

With a nod at Luke, the two men sandwiched her between them. While she was still riding the waves of pleasure from her orgasm, Luke slid into her pussy, groaning as her muscles clenched down on him. Adam shifted, allowing his cock to slide between her ass cheeks. When she pressed back against him, he positioned the head of his cock and let her slid back onto him. When she started to pull away, he grabbed her hips and slowly sank into her. With Luke buried in her pussy and him buried in her ass, they began thrusting.

Luke reached between his body and Alyson's to stroke her clit while he slid his cock in and out of her pussy. With Adam holding her hips still, she had nowhere to go. She was completely at their mercy. Rubbing and pinching her clit, he slid into her faster and harder, with Adam keeping pace.

"You feel so damn good, Alyson," Luke murmured.

"You're perfect, baby," Adam told her.

Ramming into her over and over, Luke cried out as he spilled his seed inside of her. Spent, he continued to rub her clit while Adam continued to fuck her from behind. It was only a matter of minutes before Alyson was crying out her release, with Adam following right behind her.

With the two men still filling her pussy and her ass, Alyson didn't know what to think or what to do. She'd never experienced anything like this in her life. She felt Adam and Luke slide from her body and she wanted to cry out and beg them to come back. A cool rag between her

legs and another at her ass told her they were cleaning her up, but she was too worn out to even open her eyes.

“Are you too tired to play some more?” Luke asked.

Alyson forced her eyes open. “I’m tired, but I think I have one more in me.”

Adam chuckled and kissed her shoulder. “Let us get cleaned up too and then we’ll see just how much you’re up for.”

Alyson watched as they washed their cocks in the cool water on the dresser. Before they reached the bed again, they were both hard. With their erections bobbing against their stomachs, they joined her on the bed again.

“This time I want to feel your mouth on me,” Luke told her.

“And I want to fill up that delicious pussy of yours,” Adam said.

“What... I mean, how... I mean, I don’t know what to do.” She was intrigued, but wasn’t sure how to pull it off.

“Get on your hands and knees,” Adam said, kneeling at the foot of the bed.

Alyson nodded and did as she was told. Luke sunk to his knees in front of her, his cock inches away from her mouth, begging to be sucked. She felt Adam behind her, his cock pressing against her ass.

“Suck my cock,” Luke told her, pulling her hair out of her face.

Alyson leaned forward and opened her mouth, taking the satiny length of him between her lips. As she sucked and licked Luke’s cock, she felt Adam reach between her legs to play with her clit, his cock still pressing against her ass. A thrill shot through her. *Will he take me both ways?*

She sucked Luke long and hard, and pressed her hips back against Adam. As she thrust her hips back, she felt his cock slide against her. She wanted him inside of her desperately. Just when she thought she would lose her mind from wanting him, Adam slid his cock into her pussy, filling her all the way.

She groaned and sucked Luke even harder. She felt Adam pull her legs further apart. He pinched her clit as he drove into her over and

over. The hard cock in her mouth kept her from crying out as her orgasm broke over her.

Adam slid from her body and thrust his cock into her ass. He spread her ass cheeks as he pounded into her. She felt his fingers flick her clit and she wanted to cry from the pleasure of it all. When she thought she wouldn't be able to take anymore, Luke shot cum down her throat.

"Take it all." He pulled her head down, making her take all of him into her mouth until the head of his cock bumped against the back of her throat.

Swallowing down every last drop, she felt bereft when he pulled out of her mouth.

"Sit up," Luke said.

She grabbed his strong arms and pulled herself up while Adam still thrust into her.

Luke leaned forward and latched onto her nipples, sucking first one and then the other. Alyson wound her fingers through his hair, holding him in place. He sucked on her breasts until he was hard again. Moving forward, he slid into her pussy.

With both men inside of her again, Alyson felt like she would die from pleasure. As Adam fucked her hard from behind, Luke was just as relentless in front, the two pounding into her over and over. Throwing her head back, she cried out their names as she came.

As she floated on a cloud of pleasure, she felt both men come deep inside of her. When she felt Adam pull away, she pressed her ass back. She wasn't ready for it to stop just yet. If she kept them happy, maybe they would keep her. She could certainly think of worse fates than this.

Four

After the three of them were cleaned up, they lay together in the bed, Alyson sandwiched between them. She felt boneless and sated... happy even.

“So what do you think, Alyson? Want to stay with us?” Luke asked as he gently stroked her arm.

“Think you could handle the two of us on a regular basis?” Luke asked, his hand pulling her hips against his growing erection.

“Yes, I want to stay,” Alyson said quietly. “I’ve never experienced anything like this in my entire life.”

“It’s not over yet, honey,” Luke said with a twinkle in his eye.

“What more could there be?”

“Well, at home, we have toys we’d like to use while we make love to you,” Luke said.

Alyson had used a vibrator when she was between boyfriends so she was okay with that suggestion, even turned on by it. They painted a highly erotic picture in her mind. With their wings draped over her like a soft blanket, she fell asleep.

The next morning, Alyson awoke to only one angel in bed with her. Looking around, she didn't see Luke anywhere. Adam was still asleep and she snuggled closer to him. With his arms around her and his wing draped over her, she felt content.

She had just closed her eyes when she heard the bedroom door open. Looking over Adam's wing, she froze. Lars stood at the foot of the bed staring down at them, a frown marring his handsome face.

"You should have been mine."

She trembled, but didn't speak. She had learned to fear him and was worried she might say something to incite his anger. Trying to squeeze in closer to Adam, she watched him warily.

“Get out of the bed.” Lars glared at her, anger blazing in his eyes.

He was furious that the slave trader had bested him by selling the woman to Adam. A fallen angel of all people! He was insulted.

Alyson shook her head, but stayed silent. She was thankful that Adam’s wing covered her nakedness. She felt vulnerable as it was.

“I said get out of the bed,” he growled.

Alyson felt Adam’s arms tighten around her and she looked up into his eyes. She’d never been so thankful to see someone awake.

“Lars, you always have a habit of butting in where you aren’t wanted.” Adam glared at him.

“You stole her from me.”

Adam gave him a menacing grin. “Hard to steal something that was never yours. I bought her fair and square.”

“The trader knew I wanted her.” Lars flashed his fangs, his anger getting the best of him.

“He may have known you wanted her, but I’m the one he sold her to. Whether you like it or not, Alyson is mine.”

Alyson. So that's her name. Lars smiled. The name suited the dark haired beauty.

"Your presence isn't wanted here, Lars. Go back to bed. It's daylight."

The vampire narrowed his eyes at the fallen angel. "This isn't over. She'll be mine sooner or later."

After he left, Adam reached down and grabbed the sheet at the foot of the bed. Pulling it over their bodies, he lifted his wing and folded it behind him. His little slave girl still looked terrified.

"You're safe, Alyson."

She shook her head. "You heard him. He'll find a way to get me. Whether he buys me from you or steals me, I'll end up as part of his harem before it's all said and done."

Adam wrapped his arms around her and held her close. "I won't let that happen."

"What if you get tired of me?"

He smiled, remembering their night together. "I don't think that's likely."

“But it could happen. Or Luke could get tired of me, and then you’d need someone else to share with him.”

The smile slipped from his face. While he’d always shared his women with Luke, this was one time he found himself intrigued by the thought of having one all to himself. Whether it was her waif-like appearance or the fact that she needed him, he wasn’t sure. But regardless of the reason, he wanted to be the only one in her bed. He just didn’t know how to tell Luke.

Alyson, misreading his silence, worried at her lower lip with her teeth until it bled. If she was sold to Lars or back to the slave trader, things wouldn’t end well for her. Adam was her only hope. She’d do anything he asked if he’d just let her stay with him.

“Why don’t you get dressed? We should probably leave before Lars decides to try something.”

Alyson nodded and slipped out of the bed. Using the tepid water in the bowl by the bed, she washed the sleep out of her eyes. She quickly pulled on her slave issued toga. When she had

trouble fastening the garment over her shoulder, she felt Adam's hands close over hers.

"Let me help you."

He made quick work of the task and smiled down at her. "Let's go."

Alyson slipped her hand into his, taking him by surprise. She meekly followed him from the room and down the spiral staircase. When they entered the main hall, Lars watched them from the dais, but he made no move to stop them.

Adam slipped his cloak over his shoulders and escorted Alyson from the castle. Once outside, he led her to the stables and claimed his horse. The large black beast snorted a greeting and stamped his feet impatiently.

"He's so big," Alyson said quietly. Horses had always made her nervous, ever since a pony had nipped her when she was a little girl.

"Yes, but he's gentle."

Adam swung up on the horse's back and held a hand out to Alyson. He deftly pulled her up and settled her in front of him, side-saddle style with her legs draped over his thigh.

Touching his heels to the horse's flanks, they took off through the courtyard and out of the castle gates. As the horse galloped across the open meadow, Alyson wound her arms around Adam and held on for dear life.

Five

An hour later, they stopped outside of a cottage. The yard was well kept and the home appeared neat. A small stone barn was several yards behind the house with a corral nearby.

Adam slipped from the horse's back and helped her down.

"This is it. Home sweet home."

She surveyed her surroundings, taking it all in. She could easily picture flowers by the front door and an herb garden on one side of the house. That is, if he would let her do those things. She had to remember that she was his slave, not his girlfriend.

He led her into the cottage and closed the door behind them, sliding the bolt into place. A table and four chairs dominated the middle of the room. A small kitchen sat to the back of the cottage. A narrow staircase led to a loft, where she assumed the bedroom was located.

“You can explore the house if you want,” Adam offered, seeing the curious look on her face.

Alyson tentatively walked around the downstairs area. There was a small door off the kitchen. When she opened it, she found a crude toilet and basin. Another door in the corner yielded a pantry and linen closet.

Adam walked up behind her and placed a hand on her waist. “Do you want to see the upstairs?”

She nodded and let him lead the way. She was surprised to find two bedrooms in the loft and briefly wondered if one belonged to Luke.

“Which one is yours?” She peered into both rooms, but they both looked similar. A large bed was in each, along with a dresser and small mirror. They were rather utilitarian.

“The one on the right.”

“And the other one?”

Adam shrugged. “I don’t really use it. Occasionally Luke will stop by and stay over night.”

“He doesn’t live here too?”

Adam clenched his jaw. *She sure asks a lot of questions about Luke. Does she prefer him?* “No, he has his own place further down the road.”

Alyson nodded and fiddled with her toga, drawing his eye to the garment.

“We’ll go into the village for some food and to find you some other clothes.”

She looked up at him in surprise. “But...”

“But what?”

“But I’m a slave. This is what all slave women wear.”

Adam stepped closer to her and pulled her into his arms. “Is that how you feel? As if you’re my slave?”

She wasn’t sure how to answer. He’d bought and paid for her. What else could she be? “I don’t know.”

He cupped her jaw and leaned down to gently kiss her. He didn’t want her to feel like a slave. It wasn’t her fault that she had ended up in a cage. Even though he couldn’t give her the comforts of her own world, he could at least take care of her.

Breaking the kiss, he caressed her cheek. “I may have bought you, but I don’t want you to feel like a slave. And I don’t want you to dress like one.”

“But it’s what I am.”

He sighed and backed away. “Yes, it’s what you are. If you don’t want clothes, we won’t buy any.”

“I just don’t think you should spend your money on me.”

“Alyson, this is going to be your home now. I want you to be comfortable.”

Her gaze drifted to the bedrooms.

Adam clenched his jaw, seeing the movement. “If you want to stay in the spare room, you may.”

Her eyes flew back to his. “I’d rather stay with you, if that’s okay.”

He gave her a gentle smile, relieved to hear her response. “I’d like that.”

Alyson smiled, feeling hopeful for the future.

In the village, Alyson stared in wide-eyed fascination at everything around her. Shop

vendors had carts in the streets. Small shops and taverns lined the streets. It was like travelling back through time in some ways. The road winding through the town was a simple dirt path and the sidewalks were made of wood.

They stopped at a vendor's cart that had ready made dresses. Adam purchased three dresses for her, a dark brown, light blue, and sage green. She wasn't that fond of the brown, but figured she could wear it for the heavier work she would no doubt be doing. While Adam may have bought her with pleasure in mind, she doubted that was all that would be required of her. He may claim he didn't think of her as a slave, but she couldn't fathom him thinking of her any other way.

With her gowns wrapped in brown paper and tied off with string, they made their way over to a small tavern. When they stepped inside, a blonde woman squealed and ran over to them, throwing her arms around Adam.

"I'm so happy to see you! You didn't come in yesterday."

Adam untangled himself from her. “I was busy.”

The blonde looked at Alyson, dismissing her once she saw the slave garment. “You’ll have to come by and see me later,” she said, giving him her most inviting smile.

“Sorry Lacy, but I’m busy again tonight.”

The blonde narrowed her eyes, but didn’t say anything.

“If you’ll excuse us, we merely stopped in for something to eat.” Adam pushed past her and herded Alyson over to a table in the corner.

If he had been thinking clearly, he would have chosen another tavern. Although, he would have had a similar issue in all of them. The barmaids were all a lusty bunch, and always anxious to climb between his sheets – or up against a wall, in a chair, or anywhere really. The sooner he established that he didn’t think of Alyson as just a slave the better.

Once they were seated and had ordered their food, he reached across the table and took her hand in his, surprising her once more.

“Your friend is watching.” She glanced toward Lacy.

“She’ll get over it.”

Alyson opened her mouth to respond, but stopped when a familiar figure darkened the doorway.

“There you two are,” Luke said with a smile. He hurried over to their table and sat down.

“Hi, Luke,” Alyson said softly.

He winked at her before focusing his attention on Adam, who seemed to be glaring at him for some reason.

“I see the lovely Lacy has met your new house guest.”

Adam grunted. “Guest would imply that she isn’t staying.”

Luke shrugged. “Maybe I was hoping to talk you into letting me have her.”

“Get your own,” Adam bit out.

Luke sat back, slightly stunned. He’d never heard so much venom in his friend’s voice before, especially over a female. A covert glance at Alyson showed that she was just as surprised.

Could it be that his friend actually cared for the little slave girl?

“I didn’t mean anything by it.”

Adam sighed. “I’m sorry. I guess Lacy has me feeling out of sorts.”

Luke doubted it was Lacy that had Adam out of sorts, but he refrained from commenting. Let his friend think what he may if it let him sleep better at night. Regardless of what he thought, Adam appeared to be falling for Alyson. And oddly enough, Luke was happy for him, even if it meant their days of fun and debauchery were over.

“I need to pick up a few things in the village and get back home. I just thought I’d stop in and see if you were here.” Luke pushed his chair back and got up. “It was good to see you again Alyson.”

He leaned down and brushed a kiss against her cheek before walking away.

Adam watched his friend with mixed feelings. It was odd not having Luke hang out with him for a while, but he was glad he wouldn’t have to

fight for Alyson's attention. Maybe after a few days with her he wouldn't feel this way.

Their food arrived and they ate in silence. Adam wasn't sure what to say to her and Alyson was scared she'd make him angry. He seemed to be out of sorts and she wasn't sure why.

When they had finished eating, Adam left five marks on the table and helped Alyson to her feet. Grabbing her package off the table, he escorted her back outside.

"I should probably re-stock the supplies for the cottage, but it can wait until tomorrow. I'd like to get you back home and out of that toga."

Alyson looked down at the garment in question. "What's wrong with it?"

"I'm tired of everyone sneering at you. I may have bought you, but you're every bit as good as they are – better actually."

She blushed at his praise. "I thought everyone here had been cast out of hell or heaven."

"They have been, except for the slaves."

"But Lacy looked human."

He grinned, enjoying the jealous tone of her voice. “Lacy is part human. Her mother was a slave and her father was a demon.”

Alyson looked startled. “Demons and humans can have children together?”

“Yes.” He looked down at her. “And so can angels and humans.”

Six

She was startled to say the least. Luke had been the only one to come inside of her pussy and he hadn't worn a condom. Neither of them had. *What if I'm pregnant now?*

Alyson followed behind Adam in a daze. She wondered if slave women were even allowed to keep babies if they became pregnant. Or would she be forced to give it up?

They arrived at the cottage nearly an hour later, having taken the scenic route back, and Adam handed her the package of clothing. "Why don't you change into one of these? I'm sure you'll feel better in a regular dress."

She took the package from him and headed upstairs. In his bedroom, she slipped out of her toga and put on the green dress. The fabric was soft against her skin. She might have still been naked under it, but she felt less conspicuous.

While she was still a slave, she at least didn't look like one.

Alyson folded the toga and set it aside before walking back downstairs. She paused at the foot of the stairs, watching Adam as he stared out of the cottage window. He had removed his cloak and his large wings lay folded against his back. Standing in nothing but a pair of snug black pants, he was breathtaking.

Adam turned, eyeing her appreciatively. "I see it fits you nicely."

Alyson smiled. "Thank you for the dresses."

He moved closer, holding his hand out to her. When she placed her hand in his, he pulled her closer until their bodies were touching.

"You're so lovely," he murmured.

She blushed and ducked her head. She knew she wasn't ugly, but his compliment was a bit of a stretch. He was obviously being kind. "Thank you."

"I want to hold you a moment."

Alyson leaned into him and wrapped her arms around his waist. When his arms and

wings wrapped around her, she sighed in pleasure. He made her feel special, cherished.

“I can fix us a snack if you’d like,” she said softly, not really wanting the moment to end, yet feeling as if she should be doing something.

“I was thinking of having bread, cheese and wine. Maybe starting a fire and spreading a blanket on the floor.”

She smiled up at him. “You mean like an indoor picnic?”

“Something like that.”

“It sounds lovely.”

Adam released her. “You prepare the food and I’ll run upstairs and get a blanket.”

Smiling, she turned to the small kitchen. After a bit of rummaging, she located the bread and cheese, a plate and a knife. Slicing huge hunks of bread and cheese, she arranged them on the plate and put the leftovers away.

Adam came downstairs carrying a large gray blanket, which he spread in front of the fireplace. She watched as he placed wood in the grate and got the fire started.

Night had started to fall, leaving the barest tinge of orange in the sky. The cottage had a cozy feel, especially in the evening hours.

Alyson carried the food over to Adam and sat beside him on the blanket. “I wasn’t sure where to find the wine.”

“I’ll grab it.” With a graceful move, he rolled to his feet and walked to the kitchen. After a moment he produced a bottle of chilled wine and two glasses.

Adam sank to his knees beside her. “I haven’t done anything like this in a long time.”

“Not even with your girlfriend?”

He raised a brow. “Girlfriend?”

Alyson blushed. “The, um, blonde from the tavern.”

“You mean Lacy? She isn’t my girlfriend.”

Alyson ducked her head. She felt oddly pleased, yet knew she had no right to feel anything at all. She was merely here for his convenience and nothing else.

He tipped her chin up until she was forced to look him in the eye. “Does that please you?”

“I... I don’t... that is, it isn’t my place to...”

“Alyson, stop thinking of yourself as my property.”

She shrugged. “It’s what I am.”

“What if I gave you your freedom?”

She looked at him in surprise. “You would do that? After all of the money you spent on me?”

“I’m hoping that you would still stay with me, regardless of whether or not you had to.”

“Why? Why would you want me to?”

Adam sighed. “Because I’ve never been jealous of a woman before. Not until today.”

“You were jealous? Over me?” Her wide eyes looked up at him in wonder.

“Insanely so. Every time you mentioned Luke’s name or looked his way, I wanted to throw you over my shoulder and bring you back to the cottage.”

She bit her lip. “I was jealous of Lacy.”

He smiled at her. “You don’t have a reason to feel jealous of anyone. You are an amazing, beautiful woman.”

She ducked her head and blushed, not used to such comments.

Adam trailed his fingers down her arm. Lifting her chin, he leaned in closer and kissed her gently. He'd always made sure the women he took to bed enjoyed themselves, but this was the first time he wanted more. He wanted her to know that she was special, that she meant something to him.

His mind spun out of control. *She means something. She's more than just a woman I bought.* He'd never truly cared for another person, except for his friendship with Luke. It was a terrifying feeling, one he wasn't quite ready to share yet. Making her feel special was one thing. Declaring that he was falling for her was something entirely different, a path he wasn't ready to tread just yet.

Pressing her back against the blanket, he settled his body over hers. Her small hands skimmed over his shoulders and gripped his biceps. His lips moved over hers softly. When his tongue traced her lower lip, she moaned.

"Open for me, sweetheart."

Alyson parted her lips, allowing him entry.

Adam savored her. He kissed her as if he was a starving man and she was a five star buffet. For the first time since being thrown from heaven, he felt as if everything would be all right.

Alyson arched her back, her hips brushing against his. He pulled her gown up over her hips and reached between their bodies to tease her. His fingers brushed against her damp curls and he slid a finger into her moist heat. Her pussy was so tight and so wet that he groaned in pleasure.

“You’re so wet and feel so good, sweetheart.”

Alyson whimpered, wanting to feel him inside of her. She unfastened his pants and pushed them down to his thighs. She cupped his cock in her hand, loving the velvety feel of him.

Adam stood and slid the material down his legs before rejoining her on the blanket. With his cock brushing against her wet pussy, he kissed her and palmed her breasts.

“Adam, please,” she begged.

He grinned as he kissed her. He loved that she wanted him as much as he wanted her. As

his mouth moved over hers, he slowly pushed his cock into her warmth. When he filled her completely, he ground himself against her, loving the snug feel of her body encasing him like a glove.

“Adam, I... I...”

“What do you want, sweetheart?”

She sighed. “I want you to take me slowly. I want this moment to last forever.”

He withdrew from her and ever so slowly pushed back into her. “Like that?”

She made a sound at the back of her throat that he took to mean yes. Pumping in and out of her leisurely, enjoying every thrust, he pushed both of them to the brink. When he felt he couldn't take another moment of the glorious torture, he plunged into her pussy to the hilt and began thrusting harder and faster.

“Adam, oh Adam,” she panted, her nails digging into his back.

As he felt her come apart, he allowed himself to follow her over the precipice, spending himself deep inside of her sweet body.

His words from earlier came back to haunt him. *Angel's and human's can have babies together. What if we've created a small life?*

A dose of cold reality settled over him as he realized that if Alyson were indeed pregnant, he wouldn't know whether the baby was his or Luke's. And yet, he couldn't bring himself to stay away from her. If he had to wonder about any children there might be, then so be it. He would rather wonder than have to be celibate with such a delectable morsel in his house.

Not wanting the moment to end, he rolled her onto of him, his cock still inside of her. When she shifted and sat up, he felt his cock twitch. Her eyes widened in surprise and he grinned.

"Again?" she asked.

He nodded. "Why don't you ride me, sweetheart? I want to watch you ride me and pleasure yourself."

The idea was turning Alyson on so she did as he asked. She moved her hips experimentally at first, then with more precision. As she felt his cock glide in and out of her body, she reached

down and touched her clit. Her fingers caressed the swollen nub until pleasure spiraled through her. As her orgasm crashed over her, she bucked her hips against Adam over and over. Before she slumped onto his chest, she felt a warmth spread through her pussy and knew he had found his release as well.

Seven

Lars walked the perimeter of Adam's cottage. Peering into the window, he saw the lover's intertwined in one another's arms and smiled coldly. *Enjoy one another while you can, because come morning she will be mine.*

He backed into the shadows and waited until they were sound asleep. When he felt it was safe to enter unnoticed, he quietly broke into the small cottage and looked upon his prize. Gently removing Adam's arm, he lifted a naked Alyson into his arms, his cock growing hard at the mere sight of her.

Slipping into the night, he ran through the woods with supernatural speed. Arriving at his castle an hour later, he carried his precious cargo up to his room. Ordering the lovely slave girls out of his bedroom, he laid Alyson down on his bed and gazed upon her beauty.

It was easy to see why the angel had fallen under her spell. She was the most gorgeous woman he'd seen in years. He'd seen a lot of women and had slept with all of them for that matter.

He reached for his hard cock and began to stroke himself as he watched her sleep. It would be so easy to claim her now, but he wanted her to be awake. He wanted to see the look in her eyes as he plunged into her body.

Throwing back his head, he came in his hand thinking of her silken warmth embracing him. He grabbed a nearby cloth and cleaned himself. After crawling onto the fur bed beside her, he leaned up on an elbow and watched her. In the moonlight, she was exquisite.

Lars found himself watching Alyson until the sun started to rise. Special glass in his windows allowed him to watch the sunrise, which he usually enjoyed. But this time, he only had eyes for Alyson. A smile curved his lips as he waited to see her reaction when she woke up.

Alyson frowned and stretched. Something didn't feel right. Slowly opening her eyes, she squinted against the morning light.

"Adam?"

Lars chuckled. "Think again my sweet."

With a gasp she lurched up, staring at him in shock. *How did I get here? Where's Adam?*

When she realized she was naked, she blushed and tried to cover herself.

"Ah, I don't think so," Lars said with a smile. "I want to look at you a while longer."

Alyson trembled. "It's cold."

Lars wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close. "Better?"

Alyson stiffened. "No."

He chuckled, enjoying her discomfort. Pressing his hard cock against her hip, he felt her heartbeat accelerate. Toying with her was going to be a great deal of fun, but in the end she would relent and give in to him. They always did.

"You might as well not fight me, little one. No matter how hard you fight, I'll still win. It will be less painful for you if you give in to me."

She watched him with wide frightened eyes.
“Where’s Adam?”

“Ah, you’re precious Adam. Well, I’m afraid he’s still at his cottage.”

“But... why am I here if he isn’t?”

Lars smiled wide, showing some fang. “Isn’t it obvious? You’re mine now.”

Alyson shook her head, not wanting to believe him. Adam had been so tender with her last night she refused to believe that he had given her up. Not after everything they had shared.

“Deny it all you want, but you *are* mine now and you will do as I say.” He growled low in his throat, hoping to make his point.

She felt bile rise in her throat as he thrust his cock against her, letting her know what was to come. This is what she had feared ever since being locked in the cage that first night. The moment she had met Lars she had known he would be trouble for her.

“Stand up,” he commanded softly.

She swallowed and unsteadily climbed to her feet. Standing beside the bed, she looked at the floor, unable to meet his gaze.

“Look at me, little slave.”

Her eyes slowly rose to meet his. The feral light gleaming in them terrified her. He had shifted onto his knees, his cock standing proudly.

“Wh... what do you want from me?”

He grinned and wrapped a hand around his cock, stroking himself. “You’re going to watch me pleasure myself while I look upon you.”

Well, that isn’t as bad as some things he could do to me. Alyson forced herself to watch as he made himself climax, spilling his seed on the bed. She thought that would be the end of it for now, but she was wrong.

“Come here.”

She was shaking, but she did as he commanded and crawled back onto the bed. When she was on her knees facing him, he pushed her down onto her back. His hands explored her body while his eyes watched her face, which was burning in humiliation. His

palms skimmed over her breasts and down her stomach.

“You’ll learn to like my touch.”

She doubted it, but knew better than to say so. She didn’t know why Adam had given her away, but she would have given anything to be back with him that very moment.

Before Lars could touch her most intimate of spots, the bedroom door slammed open, the wood splintering upon contact with the stone wall.

“Don’t touch her!” Adam yelled, storming into the room.

“A... Adam?” She could hardly believe her eyes. He looked magnificent in his fury. But why was he furious if he had given her away?

Adam tossed her blue dress toward her. “Put it on, Alyson.”

She reached for it, but Lars grabbed it first and threw it across the room. “She’s mine now.”

Adam bared his teeth. “No, she isn’t. You stole her from my house last night.”

Alyson froze. “What?”

Adam looked at her surprised face and realized she'd had no idea. "Did you think I'd given you away?"

She nodded.

"No, sweetheart. He came into the house last night and stole you while we were sleeping. I'd never give you up willingly."

She warmed from the inside out. Adam really did want to keep her!

"Did he hurt you?" Adam asked.

She shook her head and blushed furiously.

Adam watched her intently, not sure if he should believe her or not. He doubted that Lars would have wasted any time and had probably already slept with her. Whatever it took, he would make it up to her.

Lars watched them, but refused to let go of his prize. His cock still throbbed from his need. Adam might think he was walking out of here with his slave girl, but he was wrong. Lars had waited too long to own the headstrong young woman.

"She's not going anywhere."

Adam advanced into the room until he stood at the foot of the bed. “Yes, she is. She’s coming home with me.”

“Now Adam, do you really think you can win against me?”

“Yes, I do.”

Lars laughed. “Maybe you could, if I planned on fighting fair.”

Before Adam could question him, four guards came into the room and grabbed Adam. They stood stoically waiting for Lars’s orders.

“Escort him out of the castle.”

They nodded and drug him from the room. The last thing he saw was Alyson’s face, fear etched across her lovely features and tears shining brightly in her eyes. He fought the guards the entire way to the castle door, but it was no use. Four to one wasn’t playing fair, but Lars had forgotten one thing. Adam didn’t play fair either, and he didn’t have to fight the battle alone.

Leaving the castle, he rode as fast as he could to Luke’s house. He knew that his friend would help him rescue Alyson. Whether he liked

it or not, Adam knew his friend had a soft spot for the dark haired beauty. Even if he didn't intend on sharing with anyone ever again, he'd be willing to bet that Luke would help him.

Eight

Lars had to drug Alyson after her beloved angel had been dragged from the castle. She had become hysterical and had left him no choice. Now she lay comfortably sleeping in his large bed.

Things weren't going as he had planned. He should have already bedded her, several times. And yet he had done no more than look at her and touch her. He'd forbidden his other slaves to enter his chamber, instead giving them to his friends for the evening. A few had pouted while others had been relieved.

He brushed Alyson's dark hair back from her face and studied her. *Why is this one so fascinating? I have tons of women, so why do I want this one more than the others?*

For the first time in his exceedingly long life, he actually wanted the woman in his bed to

want him in return. His Viking heritage had stayed with him over the centuries. True to form, he had often forced himself on women, believing it his right.

In truth, as the ruler of this small portion of Shar and the head vampire, it really was his right to do as he pleased. However, he was beginning to become tired of his old ways. Perhaps it was time that he found someone to stand by his side on the dais. Perhaps it was time to find a woman who was worthy to claim, to turn and keep with him for the rest of his life.

His gaze wandered over Alyson's sleeping form once more. *Maybe if I switch tactics, she'll succumb to me on her own. Maybe I don't have to force her.*

Smiling, intrigued by this idea of trying to win a lady's affection, he wrapped his large body around her smaller one and fell asleep. The last time he had slept with just one woman was during his human life. Since being turned into a vampire, he had delighted in the perverse, often taking up to five women to his bed at a time.

In the morning, he would begin to win the lovely Alyson. And just maybe he would succeed.

Alyson's heart felt as if it were going to pound out of her chest. Lars was still sleeping beside her, an arm draped across her waist. She wanted desperately to move, but was too afraid to do anything.

She looked at the sleeping vampire, studying him. His long blond hair fell midway down his back. A strong nose and firm lips were his best features, and she knew he had beautiful eyes. Eyes that were now staring at her, their blue depths looking at her in curiosity.

"Good morning, little slave girl."

"Good morning."

Rising up on an arm, he leaned across her. His chest brushed against hers, causing her to suck in a breath.

Is this it? Is he going to force himself on me now? Alyson eyed him in fear.

When he straightened, he held a deep purple colored toga. It was similar to the slave dresses,

but was trimmed in gold piping and had an embroidered hem.

“What’s this?” she asked.

“I thought you might like something to wear.”

Hesitantly, she reached for the soft garment. The silk slid between her fingers, the cool material felt heavenly against her skin.

“I don’t understand.”

He grinned, a small amount of fang showing. “I want us to start fresh.”

“I had a dress,” she murmured.

He frowned and narrowed his eyes. “You will not wear anything that Adam bought for you. You’re mine.”

She nodded and quickly put the toga on. The material felt decadent, but the meaning behind it was still a little unclear.

Lars reached for her, pulling her close. When Alyson stiffened, he fought the urge to yell at her. Changing his ways, in theory, was excellent. In practice, it was hard.

Wrapping an arm around her waist, he buried his other hand in her hair. He pulled her

up against his chest and touched his lips to hers, but found it was like kissing a stone. Her mouth was closed tight and her body was as rigid as a poker.

“Relax, Alyson. Whether you like it or not, you’re going to be in my bed every night. The sooner you realize that, the better off you’ll be.”

“Adam will come for me.”

He gave her a chilly grin and sat her down on her feet. “He can try, but he won’t be able to take you from me.”

“Why? Why do you want me? I mean nothing to you! You have countless slaves.”

He caressed her hip. “Two fallen angels have enjoyed this delectable body of yours, and one seems intent on keeping you. Maybe I’m curious what all the fuss is about.”

“I care about Adam.”

“You could learn to care about me too.”

She shook her head. “You don’t understand.”

He frowned. “What don’t I understand?”

“I... I love him.”

Lars snorted. “You’ve only known him a day or two. How could you possibly be in love with him?”

She shrugged and looked out the window. “I don’t know, but I do. I miss him.”

Adam and Luke paused outside of Lars’s bedroom door. Surprise flashed across Adam’s face as he heard Alyson’s confession. *She loves me?*

He looked at Luke, who was grinning at him, obviously not surprised by the little slave’s confession.

“So are we going to rescue the only woman in Shar who loves your ugly mug?”

Adam smiled and the two angels charged through the door.

“We’re not leaving without Alyson,” Adam stated as he faced Lars.

The vampire frowned at him. “How did you get back into the castle? I left explicit instructions for you to be barred.”

Adam grinned. “Maybe, but you didn’t have your second floor windows guarded.”

Lars shook his head. *Of course, they flew up here.*

“Are you going to let Alyson go?”

Lars looked between the angel and the slave girl. For the first time in his existence, he felt envy. He envied them the love they clearly shared, the emotion clearly stamped on both of their faces.

A quick look at Luke showed the same envious look on his face. *So I'm not the only one who wishes Alyson had chosen a different man.* Oddly, the thought gave him little comfort.

Shaking his head in disgust, he knew what he was going to do. And if word ever got out, he would have a rebellion on his hands.

“Take her and get out of here, but never return to this castle. If anyone hears of my leniency, it won't end well for any of you.”

Adam looked at him in surprise, but didn't question the vampire's decision. Moving quickly, he lifted Alyson into his arms and hurried into the hall. Luke followed on his heels.

When they reached the large open window at the end of the hall, Adam glanced down at his precious cargo.

“Brace yourself, sweetheart.”

Alyson wrapped her arms around him and buried her face against him as he leapt out of the window, his wings spreading wide. They glided down to the ground and two waiting horses.

Adam and Luke mounted their horses. Holding her hand up to Adam, he pulled her onto the horse in front of him. She might be afraid of horses, but she was even more terrified that Lars would change his mind.

As they galloped across the land of Shar, Alyson hoped that her luck was changing for the better.

Nine

At the cottage, Alyson changed into one of the dresses Adam had purchased for her, after bathing thoroughly in the stream that ran through his property. She knew it would be a while before she forgot the feel of Lars's hands on her skin. She still felt sick at the thought of what would have happened to her.

"Are you okay?" Adam asked.

She nodded. "I am now."

He rubbed the back of his neck. "There's something you should know."

"What?"

"I, um... heard you speaking with Lars."

She blushed and looked at the floor. "So you know," she said softly.

Adam stepped closer and lifted her chin so that she was looking into his eyes. "Yes, I know that you love me."

She nodded.

He leaned close and whispered in her ear, “I love you too.”

Her eyes widened in shock. “You love me?”

He grinned and pulled her close. “Yes, I love you.”

“But... but I’m only a slave!”

He shook his head. “No, you’re the woman who holds my heart.” He grinned. “And definitely a woman more passionate than any I’ve known.”

She smiled. “Well, I do seem to lose control when you’re around.”

“I’m not complaining!”

Wrapping her arms around his waist, she went up on tiptoe and kissed him. “Why don’t you take me upstairs and show me just how much you love me?”

Adam picked her up and carried her up the stairs. Settling her on the large bed, he slowly removed his pants, his eyes never leaving hers. The hungry look in their depths nearly drove him mad with desire.

Kneeling on the bed, he helped her out of her dress. “I’m sorry, sweetheart, but I can’t wait. I need to be inside of you, need to feel you.”

“I want you, Adam,” she said breathlessly.

Kissing her, he slid into her wet pussy. His hard cock pounded into her over and over, driving both of them wild. Their coupling was wild, frantic, and all too short. As Alyson bucked against him and cried out his name, he came deep inside of her.

Panting for breath, he lay his head down beside hers. “Give me a minute and I promise to make the next time last.”

“Next time?”

He smiled. “I plan on making love to you all day and all night.”

Her hand gently stroked his chest. “Is that was this was? Making love?”

Looking into her eyes, he caressed her cheek. “You’re no longer my slave, Alyson.”

She opened her mouth to speak, but he stopped her.

“I want you to be so much more. I want you to be my wife.”

Her jaw snapped shut. *Wife?*

“And the mother of my children.”

Children?

With a wicked grin, Adam pressed his cock against her. To her surprise it was already growing hard again.

“Matter of fact, let’s start on those children now.”

“But Adam... are you sure? Are you sure you want to be with me?”

He kissed her gently. “I’ve never been more certain of anything in my life. Being with you makes it all worthwhile.”

“Even being kicked out of heaven?”

He smiled. “I found heaven in your arms, sweetheart. You’re all that I want, and all that I need.”

Smiling, Alyson pulled his head down for a kiss as she shifted her hips, taking him inside of her again. Had someone told her she would find happiness by being abducted and brought to this strange land, she would have laughed. Yet somehow, so very far from home, she had found the one place she belonged – in Adam’s arms.

The Vampire's Redemption

A Tale of Shar (2)

An Excerpt

Written by Jessica Coulter Smith

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Lars looked across the crowded hall, examining the latest acquisitions his lesser demons and slave traders had found. He might have lost Alyson to the angel, but he hadn't given up hope. A commotion in the far corner drew his eye. Standing, he went to investigate.

As he drew closer, he saw a slave trader had stripped one of his slaves and was whipping her repeatedly. Blood dripped from the lacerations on her back.

“You stupid whore! You’ll do as I say!” the man yelled, bringing the whip down again and again.

The woman cowered on the floor, her long hair covering her face.

“What’s going on?” Lars asked, standing with his massive arms crossed over his chest.

“This stupid bitch insulted one of my best customers.”

Lars raised a brow. “And you think beating her will change her value?”

The slave trader stopped mid swing. “Do you want to buy her?”

His gaze fell to the woman on the floor. Her chin lifted and large green eyes stared up at him with tears shimmering in their depths. He felt as if someone had reached into his chest and squeezed his heart.

“Yes, I do.”

The slave trader looked surprised, but didn’t argue. Accepting the money from Lars, he turned back to his other slaves, the young woman already forgotten.

Lars knelt by her side. “What’s your name?”

“Cadence.”

“This might hurt, but I’m going to pick you up, Cadence. We’ll go upstairs and get you cleaned up.”

She nodded, sensing the power that radiated from her savior. She’d seen him sitting on the dais and knew he was Lars, the leader of the area; a vampire who wasn’t to be trifled with. She’d heard of his wicked temper and was even more terrified than she had been of the slave trader. She’d heard the horror stories of what happened to his slaves when they disobeyed him, knew that he liked taking multiple women to his bed.

When he lifted her into his arms, she winced in pain and bit her lip to keep from crying out. A tear escaped and slipped silently down her cheek. When the droplet hit Lars’s arm, he looked down at her, compassion and worry etched on his face.

“I know it hurts, but I promise it will be better soon.”

Cadence stared up at him in amazement. *Is this the same man everyone has spoken of? They made him out to be a monster.*

Trying to consolidate the conflicting information she had on the man who now owned her, she rested her head against his chest. Whether she liked it or not, she was now his property to do with as he pleased. She only hoped she survived it.