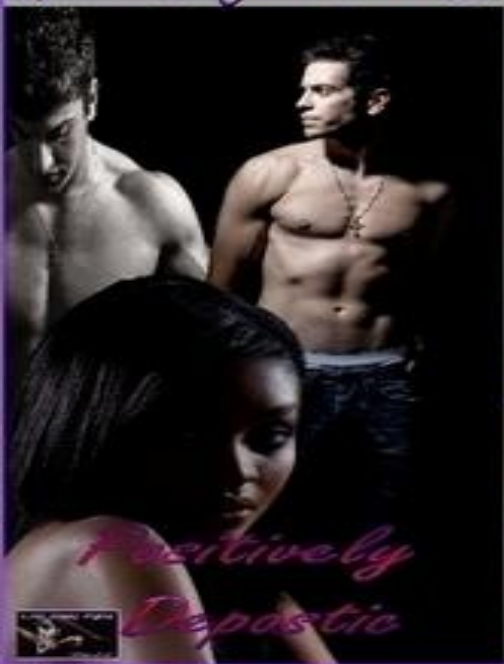


*1, 001 Nights with Shara*



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# One Thousand and One Steamy Nights

## The First Night

by

Shara Azod

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to all who dream...

May your dreams come true.

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Positively

Despotic

## How It All Began...

She should have known when she exited the plane. The landscape wasn't exactly barren, in fact, there were plenty of green palms and plants along with clusters of bright emerald colored bushes dotted with ivory, crimson, and other jewel colored flowers. Huge brightly colored tent-like structures (because really tents could not be that big or colorful) were erected in a half circle, with smaller, more utilitarian structures were a little farther off dotting the periphery.

This wasn't Afghanistan .

Rolanda could not believe her eyes or ears. First of all, she was supposed to be in Afghanistan , and

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none of the information packages she had been sent resembled what was right in front of her eyes.

Secondly, she was a freaking psychologist for crying out loud! Her only job was to counsel those in need of her; UN forces, locals, military and civilian. She hadn't

been assigned to this post by the United States government; she was present courtesy of Doctors Without Borders. Why the hell would someone take her here?

She had been a bit surprised when she had been escorted to a private jet upon her arrival at JFK airport in New York instead of a basic cargo plane. That probably should have been her first clue something was up. Her second clue should have been that she was the only passenger on the opulent transport, and none of the crew talked much during the exceedingly long flight. She had thought when she had the unexpected windfall from writing what had started out as a psychological study and turned into a best-selling book on how the subconscious effects conscious decision making, she would give back. She should have researched the people she had volunteered for.

But Doctors Without Borders was a well known organization wasn't it? Maybe this was some kind of way-station before being taken to her final destination. That had to be it. Nothing else made any sense. Pasting a smile on her face despite the queasiness in the pit of her stomach, she descended the steps

toward the man waiting on the ground. He didn't look like any doctor she had ever seen. The man was tall; really, really tall she noticed as she got closer. His body wasn't overly bulky, but appeared to be nicely shaped underneath that long white caftan that fell to about mid-thigh, matching linen pants and a colorful robe-like, lightweight over coat that was didn't appear to have any fastenings. She didn't think he was an Afghan. His skin was far too light, kind of like the pure cream she favored in her coffee. His jet black hair fell in large loose curls past his shoulders given him the look of a Hollywood idealized version of an ancient sheik. The overall look was enough to make any sane, heterosexual woman a wee bit damp in the panties. When she reached the bottom of the stairs, she couldn't help but notice his eyes. Oh dear heaven and hell, he had the most beautiful lime green eyes she had ever seen. And those eyes were focused solely on her, taking in her every move. Okay, now her panties were more than just a little damp.

"Welcome, Rolanda Mitchell." The smooth deep, lightly accented voice washed over her, sending a small trail of chills skimming across her skin despite the warm weather. Warm, not hot. Where the hell was she?

“Um, I am assuming this is not Afghanistan?” Stupid thing to say, but really she couldn’t think of anything else. The words of inquiry that had been bouncing around her head was lost as soon as she was standing in front of what was easily the sexiest man she had ever seen in her life. There was an aura surrounding him that was designed to draw a woman in, seducing her senses of sight and smell. And man did he smell good! A light scent wafted past her that reminded her of a forest after a rainstorm. Not overwhelming, but woodsy and wild and oh, so male!

“Come, you must be tired,” the unidentified man smiled. It was a wicked smile full of promises he had no business making. The kind that made her weak in the knees. Damn it, she needed to think, not be all tongue-tied like a brain dead school girl.

But then he touched her; a firm hand on her exposed elbow to lead her way, and her thoughts fled. She went meekly along into the largest of the tents located right in the middle of the encampment. She absently noticed the beautiful crystalline blue pond (or was it a very small lake?) being fed by the gentlest flowing waterfall

she had ever seen a little further away. It was really quite a stunning setting, something **Generated by ABC Amber LIT Converter**,  
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right out of a fairy tale where the sheik captures the woman and...

"Why am I here?" Rolanda stopped dead right in front of the tent's flap opening. She was surely being silly. No one kidnapped a woman for seduction anymore. Did they? No, no, no. She wasn't blond, slim or beautiful, so not one would kidnap her and sell her into white slavery. She wasn't white for one thing, and she was average in her own opinion. Not ugly, not sloppy or anything, just average. No one would kidnap her! What would they gain? She was well off thanks to her book, but she was long way from stinking rich. So what was the deal here?

"Come, all will be explained," he insisted with his large hand settling on her back. He didn't really push, just urged her forward. She was stepping into the tent before she could stop herself. The inside literally took Rolanda's breath away. The space was extremely



large, with rainbow colored pillows ranging from giant to tiny spread all over the place, low dark wood tables with intricate carvings, even a large bed that was low to the ground, but raised by something she couldn't see. A very inviting looking bed it was at that! There were lanterns hanging from the ceiling, as well as hanging incense holders in a definite Middle Eastern design. The overall feel was seductive beyond imagining; a veritable feast for the senses. Some of the incense burners had to be lit because there was a subtle fragrance in the air that spoke of sultry nights. She was in some serious trouble here.

“Once again, I would like to welcome you Rolanda Mitchell.”

Wow. The dude's voice really was sexy as hell. Her rational mind knew she shouldn't even think of her capturer – and it was becoming more and more obvious he had kidnapped her – as attractive, but he was. A part of her wanted him to throw her down on those inviting looking pillows and have his wicked way with her. Damn the bed! This was the type of situations she secretly wrote about. Having written erotic romantic ebooks under a pen name, she had dreamed

up some wild stuff just like this. Stop that! She mentally admonished herself. Just because she secretly wrote erotic ebooks didn't mean she had to continue to daydream her stories. This was real life, and she was in deep trouble!

His lime-colored eyes twinkled as if he knew exactly what she was thinking. With a quirk of his sensual lips, he swept his hand in her direction, indicating she should sit. So she sat – for now. Pulling up a large pillow he sat right next to her, close enough to touch.

"I sincerely apologize for the subterfuge, Dr. Mitchell," the deep, heavily accented voice continued. Weird, she could have sworn she had heard that voice somewhere before. "Or perhaps I should call you Shari Zad?"

Rolanda gasped. How could he possibly know her pen name?

"The name is derived from our own Shahrzad, is it not? Also known as Scheherazade? "

Man, he seemed to know an awful lot. Not many

people understood her pen name. Why was it that he did? And what did he want?

“Yes, what does he want indeed?” the sheik murmured, his eyes never leaving her face. She must have been really easy to read. “It is really quite simple. I wish for you to tell me a story.”

“A story?” He was insane. She had been kidnapped by an insane Iranian sheik . **Generated by ABC Amber LIT Converter,**  
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“Well, several really,” he smiled ruefully. “For approximately one thousand and one nights.”

Rolanda blinked. She couldn't have heard him right. There were three hundred and sixty-five days in a year. He wanted her to tell him stories for damn near three years? He had just careened past insane and slammed head first into lost his damn mind!

“Uh, I don't think...”

“I do,” he cut her off. “And I am not insane, nor have I

lost my mind. I simply want to hear you tell me a few of your stories.”

He was silent, watching. She guessed he was letting it sink in. Her mind whirled. She had no options. She just had to string him along until she found a way out of this mess.

“Uh, okay. And then I can go?” Antagonizing him would get her nowhere.

“If you wish.”

He was crazy. He was literally insane. She didn’t know where she was, or how he had pulled off this, this, whatever the hell it was, but she knew damn well she couldn’t just sit here and do nothing. Hoping to take him off guard, she kicked out her feet connecting to his midsection and rolled to the other side. Surging to her feet she made a mad dash for the tent opening, only to find an incredibly strong arm snagged around her waist before she had made more than three steps.

“The plane is gone and there is no sign of civilization for hundreds of miles. How do you hope to get away?”

Oh Lord, that voice! He was literally purring in her ear, as if he anticipated her sorry bid for freedom. And shame on her that the husky words in said directly in her ear sent her libido into overdrive. He didn't kiss her, or stick his tongue in her ear, or doing anything more overtly sexual then breathe the words, but damn he sent her from simmering to red hot in about half a second. This was so not good.

Think, Rolanda, think! Okay, so she couldn't run. Not yet anyway. She needed to come up with a strategy. She didn't know where she was, she didn't know how to get out. What she did know is he and the sparse amount of people milling around got here somehow. That meant there had to be some kind of transportation hidden somewhere. She just needed to find it. She needed an escape plan. Okay, okay, I can think of something, she assured herself. She forced her body to relax against his. It wasn't as hard to do as she would have liked. In doing so, she felt something hard and throbbing against her thigh. Oh damn, that felt delicious! No, no, she didn't need her mind to go there. She needed to be smart.

"Fine," she tried to but as much annoyance in her voice

as possible. He wouldn't believe a complete change of heart.

To her disappointment, though she wouldn't admit it for the life of her, he quickly moved away. Setting her firmly on her feet, he took a step back. Rolanda could tell he hadn't wanted to. The fire burning in his **Generated by ABC Amber LIT Converter,**  
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gaze wasn't from anger.

Rolanda couldn't suppress a shiver of excitement that flashed through her.

"We begin tonight. You should get some rest."

And with that he was gone.

It was then she noticed a laptop, a notebook and an assortment of pens the small table next to the pillows the sheik had been laying on. Well at least he was giving her some tools she needed to prepare herself. Until she could get away.

Shoulders back, determination stiffening her spine,

she stomped to the table, determined to prepare. He wanted some stories? She would give him some stories all right....

*One upon a time, in the Republic of Frumos nestled in the mountains between Hungry and Romania , there lived two brothers...*

The tiny country of Frumos had always been ruled by members of the Alexandrescu family. They had been the chosen ones of the ancient spirits of the forests and mountains, wizard shifters of great renown. Their respect for nature and their magic made them the favorites of the spirits. The line of fierce warriors was unbroken, two brothers bound by magic, by birth and by the love of one woman. As long as the triad was whole, the land would be peaceful and prosperous. Throughout time the Alexandrescu ruled fairly and honestly, beloved by the people. But the forces against them were many. Rivals were bitterly jealous. The men of the triad of the twentieth century lost their woman through treachery and dark magic. The land had been in turmoil. Evil crept across the villages and towns. The people lived in fear.

The sons of the broken rulers returned to the land, determined to make the wrong right. All they needed was the single piece of their puzzle. A woman, destined and designed in the heavens just for them....

~1~

Had anyone told Kiana her pathway to being an international reporter was being assigned to the tiny Republic of Frumos, she would have laughed in their face. She had graduated at the top of her class at Columbia School of Journalism, she had interned at the New York Times bureau in London. She had written dozens of award winning small pieces on everything from the genocide in Sudan to the recent international economic collapse published in publications all over the world. So when she had landed a position as a foreign correspondent for a huge national network, she had been beyond ecstatic. That is, until she was handed her first assignment.

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Who the hell had even heard of the Republic of Frumos,



anyway? No one gave a damn about a tiny country nestled between Romania and Hungary. Yeah, it was beautiful in a wild, gothic kind of way, but really, who gave a damn about a tiny Republic ruled by two despotic brothers? It was just like any other Eastern Block country after the fall of the Soviet Union ; chaotic, unstable and damn near broke. Well, it had been chaotic after the death of its last leader, yet another despot, Andrei Alexandrescu. And surprise, surprise, who had brought order out of chaos? None other than the former leader's two sons, Dragos and Valentin. Kiana was here to report on the two brothers; how they ruled, how they oppressed, and more importantly, the rumored deal with the United States government to house some very serious weaponry at a secret location in the Frumos Mountains . She wasn't so sure how she felt about the last little tidbit she was supposed to be investigating. The release of that kind of information could cause some serious problems in the neighborhood, especially with Russia . Relations were already strained. She wasn't really sure she would report on anything like that should she find out. Her job was to find and report news, not national security secrets.

Apparently, the last leader had been in Russia with his top general who also happened to his brother when his wife was kidnapped and killed, supposedly with the assistance of someone high up in the Russian government. Why anyone in the Russian government would assist in such an act made no sense, but it had been the beginning of the end of the last regime.

As for the rest, well she didn't really give a shit. To be honest, she didn't particularly care of this tiny country was ruled by despots. From what she had seen so far, the people were not only happy with the current rulers, they were downright fawning. Every one of the locals she attempted to lure into candid conversation spoke of both brothers with a weird kind of awe. Oh well, what was two more despots in this part of the world, or in any other part of the world, really? Despite popular opinion back home, not everyone wanted democracy, such as it was.

So here she was, standing around among a multitude of reporters from across the globe, all low level nobodies like herself, waiting for a press conference to be given by the Brothers Alexandrescu. Kiana guessed she had to make her bones somehow, but she

sincerely doubted it would be here. She would put together something sufficiently heart wrenching. Poor oppressed people, two brutal dictators, so on and so forth. Then she would get the hell out of dodge. It was freaking cold here. Kiana hated cold weather.

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It was Dragos's job to notice things, therefore nothing escaped his notice. The sexy reporter he noticed before he and Valentin stepped out of the small room they used to view the assembled crowd. It was impossible not to notice her, she stood out like a brightly plumed song bird among a punch of crows. She wasn't beautiful; the word was far too tame for a woman like her. She was captivating, infinitely alluring. She was the type of woman a man spent his life trying to know. While most of the reporters dressed in drab clothing all covered up in tweed and corduroy, she had donned a form fitting skirt, thick but feminine, and a light peach silk shirt. The pastel color complimented the rich darkness of her skin. Her hair was cut in a bob, framing her pixie-like face. Her eyes darted around the room, taking in everything. She didn't have a notebook, like the others, but stood rather impatiently, waiting for

the press conference to start, her little booted foot tapping against the marbled floor. Because of her diminutive size, she had been placed up front near the podium. Good, it was easy access.

“O vreau.” The sound of his own growl surprised him. He hadn’t meant to say it out loud. **Generated by ABC Amber LIT Converter,**  
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Valentin peered over his shoulder. Dragos knew the moment his brother spotted her. There was an infinitesimal stiffening of his body, a soft exhale. Yes, Valentin felt it too.

“Yes, I can see why you want,” his brother murmured. “And I agree. Exquisite.”

“Shall I have Nicu collect her after?” Dragos was uncharacteristically impatient. Their fathers had warned them of this. They were a people who believed in mysticism and things unseen larger than themselves. They had damn good cause. They were more than human. They were wolf shifters and wizards, bound to this land from the moment of their births. The brothers

shared far more than rule of a country. They shared everything. From the time they were old enough to understand anything, they had been taught to do everything together, to lean on one another for more than support. It had been decreed by the spirits long before historians kept time. They lived longer, shrouding the truth of what they were with magic. Each pair of brothers ruled for one century, then disappeared into the mists of the forests for the next pair to take over. But there was one powerful element to their rule Dragos and Valentin were missing. Their bride. Supposedly they would know her on sight, long for her scent, and love her until the end of time. It was this love that had destroyed their fathers, but not through any wrong doings of their own. One of their fathers, Luca, had five brothers. After they fall of the Soviet Union , the brother with no true claim to power in Frumos had fought for power elsewhere using any and every treacherous means imaginable. Their uncles had been responsible for the death of their mother. But Luca had something none of the other brother had. He had the brother-bond, a brother-bond the others had been denied. There was only one bond per generation. Their uncles and cousins could scoff all they wanted, their combined power was too much to take them head on.

Plus, having your bond-brother embedded as a top general had given Luca enormous leverage over the others. No coup could get past the planning stage, because their other father, Christi had eyes and ears everywhere. Dragos and Valentin had been raised in a home with two fathers and one mother that were completely devoted to each other. It would have seemed odd to an outside observer, but it served its purpose. Only once had the arrangement failed to protect their family, with devastating consequences.

A message had been sent to their mother, claiming to be from her sons. Someone had claimed Valentin had been in a terrible accident and was not likely to survive. As any mother would do, she rushed off, determined to get to Scotland where they both had gone to college at St. Andrew's while her husbands were away in Russia. It was rare they left her alone, but negotiations for peace had been fierce and both men had been determined to throw off the rule of their former Russian overlords. She had repeatedly tried to call both men, but a junior officer, part of the plot, had refused to let her speak to either Luca or Christi. Her plane crashed in the mountains without making it out of Frumos. It was a tragic lesson, but Luca and Christi had taught their

sons well. Never leave their woman unprotected. Always work as a unit. Never let anyone into their inner circle. It was the only way to preserve the Republic from those who would see it fall into the hands of their greedy, bigger neighbors, or take over for themselves, giving the land a true taste of tyranny. All of the Alexandrescu family had gifts of magic, though not all were shifters. With even a little knowledge of wizardry, usurpers who ran unchecked could devastate the natural balance and destroy the country. Dragos and Valentin had heard the rumors concerning them. They knew the reporters assembled were here to see the Frumosian Despots, as they were so affectionately called. While it was true they

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kept a tight rein on their country, it was out of necessity. Even now, the two uncles who yet live, as well as numerous cousins schemed and plotted to wrestle power away from them. Without completion of the triad, they were vulnerable and had not yet attained their full power. They could never let down their guard or show weakness. At the same time, they were not the monsters their kinsmen had whispered to the world

they were. It smarted to be thought of as such. They were far from the monsters they were painted as being.

“Yes,” Valentin agreed after several moments of quiet contemplation. “Send Nicu to collect her. Tell him to find out where she is staying and collect her belongings. I think we should give the lovely reporter an exclusive, no?”

Dragos had to restrain himself from clapping his hands and jumping up and down like a child. Oh yes, they needed to give this reporter an exclusive all right. Already the pull of their woman so strong it was almost a tangible thing.

“We must tread carefully, Dragos,” his brother cautioned him. “While I, too, am excited, Western women don’t understand our...ways.”

“I will tread as carefully as I can,” he answered Valentin honestly. “But I cannot promise to wait long.”

As Valentin turned away, Dragos distinctly heard his brother’s muttered, “Nor can I.”



Kiana was transfixed. Although the Alexandrescu men conducted the conference mostly in English, she couldn't honestly recall a word that was said. The first problem had been the Prime Minister, Valentin Alexandrescu. As soon as he started speaking, Kiana found herself lost in the melody of his voice. It was comically melodramatic and completely cliché, but nonetheless true. His voice wasn't particularly deep, but it was melodically smooth and rich. It flowed over her, stroking all her most sensitive spots, started an uncomfortable wetness between her legs. Her reaction to the Prime Minister was weird in the extreme. Generally, she didn't become truly attracted to a guy until she had talked to him for several minutes. Looks alone never really turned her on. Sure the man was devilishly handsome, but half the world was beautiful. She had long since passed the point where all it took was a pretty face and a wicked smile to rev her engine. But this man did. And without any apparent effort. His gaze seemed to seek her out and linger from time to time, to the point that others in the room noticed and cast surreptitious glances in her direction. Kiana merely chalked it up as his first time seeing a black

woman, maybe.

Okay, that didn't make much sense seeing as how he and his brother had been educated in the UK

. Maybe he had never seen a black woman here in Frumos. She hoped like hell that was it, 'cause if he was interested, she wasn't all too sure she would say no. In fact, given her reaction to his freaking voice, she could pretty much guarantee she would fall into bed with him should he but ask. She was relieved when it was over. Had he continued to talk, she would have started to undress. But then, General Dragos Alexandrescu had to go and open his mouth. He really needed to keep that voice to himself – it was just that lethal! His tone was much deeper than his brother. He had the James Earl Jones voice of a brother, and that really should have been against the law given his whole *"I am powerful and virile and can fuck you bowlegged"* looks. Dragos was dangerously sexy. No, sexy was far too tame for him. He wore his thick, black hair in waves down to his shoulders, despite the crisp

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uniform. His light blue eyes probably didn't miss a thing, and far too often settled right on her. This time her colleagues looked right at her as though she had something to do with where his eyes landed. He made her feel naked. Naked and hot. Naked, hot and wet. Like she really needed that after his too-smooth-for-words brother.

They probably each had a harem full of ready and willing women. They probably had women in every country from here to Timbuktu . Kiana shouldn't look at them with lust in her heart. It might influence her reporting.

But damn they were hot!

She hoped the camera crew got whatever it was they were spouting. All she could remember was the way their lips moved, the way she could have sworn Valentin actually licked those lips as his gaze slid all over her. They both had full, sensuous looking lips. Pussy eating lips. She had to press her legs tightly together just contemplating them. Dragos and Valentin Alexandrescu were walking, talking advertisements for sin. The kind that got a woman kicked to the ninth

circle of hell. She wasn't even trying to go there!

Kiana felt like falling down on her knees in thanksgiving by the time it was over. The whole atmosphere was starting to make her feel funny, like she should be following the brothers off the raised dais and marking them as her own. Wow! She was actually panting after not one but two men that were so far out of her comfort zone it was frightening. What kind of slutty little yearnings had she been suppressing? She was thinking it would probably be best if she talked to low level officials and rural citizens, staying away from the modernized castle that served as the Alexandrescu home, *and* the gothic mansion where the simplified government of the tiny nation hammered out its business. She would file the simplest piece of fluff story imaginable. A week, tops, and then she was outtie.

"Excuse me, miss?"

Kiana whirled and almost swallowed her tongue. The *thing* tapping her on the shoulder couldn't possibly be human! First of all, he was huge. Taller than any man should ever be and built like a fortress. His face was strangely devoid of any hint of human emotion. It was

like facing a huge statue of some kind of mythical warrior. Creepy! There was no doubt he was talking to her, seeing as how his gigantic paw still rested on her shoulder. And despite the heavy Romanian/Hungarian accent (as she hadn't yet come to understand much less define all accents in this strange little country), she had understood every word. Working around a suddenly parched throat she managed to croak a pitiful, "Yes?"

She was going to be arrested. Locked in the dungeon. Maybe she had asked too many questions during her twenty-seven hour stay. It may have only been the hotel staff, where she and her crew were staying and a few townspeople, but she had breached some horrible protocol she knew nothing about.

"The Prime Minister and the General would like a word with you," the man-beast informed her. Wait, really?!

Oh, damn. What could that possibly mean, and how the hell was she going to keep her wits about her?

If she couldn't stand there during a freaking press conference without lusting – hard – how the hell would

she manage to do it one on one?

“Um, okay, just let me gather my crew together and –”

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“Just you, miss,” man-beast insisted. “This way, please.”

Kiana could do nothing more than cast a confused look over her shoulder at the small three man team that had traveled to Frumos with her. The man-beast had his hand on her back, steering her away. She could have dug in her heels or yelled or something, there were plenty of people still milling about, most of them sneering at her now. She could feel some serious evil eye action from competing networks. The truth was she wanted to go. She wanted to meet the men who had so thoroughly seduced her from the podium. She could keep her composure, she was a professional. Oh, to see those yummy specimens of ideal manhood up close and personal!

Oh, no, she was so screwed.

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Valentin had changed positions in the eighteenth century winged back chair a dozen times before he heard the heavy footsteps of Nicu echoing in the hallway. There was just no hiding the raging erection he was sporting. Dragos had opted to stand, as usual, behind the chair. He too had tell-tale evidence of their mutual attraction, however his brother's, er, *desire* was well hidden. It might have been just as well. They believed in brutal honesty in Frumos, to a point. Perhaps it was best that she knew they wanted her from the very beginning.

"Stop fidgeting, Val. She might mistake you for a blushing virgin," Dragos drawled dryly. "There's simply no way to hide that log you're sporting."

Dragos was one to tease, his log was in no way smaller than Valentin's, and his was concealed. The ass.

"*Taci din gura!*" Valentin growled under his breath. The last thing he needed was to be overheard by... their as yet unnamed future first lady, discussing his

inexplicable hard on. From first sight Valentin had felt an immediate powerful attraction. His eyes kept returning to her over and over again throughout the press conference. He had been short and curt in his answers, all because he wanted it to be over. He wanted to meet her, to know her name, to begin the careful seduction that was necessary to make her never want to leave them. She would probably think they were insane, but Valentin knew as well as Dragos she had been made for them. The magic produced by being the same room as her had his skin tingling with raw, natural energy. She was the one they had been waiting for to share their lives, the last piece to the puzzle. The wait now that they had seen her was excruciating.

It took a woman of grit to be the First Lady of Frumos. With treachery and deceit around every corner, she had to be able to hold her own. Valentin knew this reporter was such a woman. The Fates wouldn't send a weak woman to them. And she had to be able to accept what and who they were. This would be difficult for a woman of the West, but he had no doubt they would overcome that obstacle. All they had to do was thoroughly seduce her body and mind before revealing



their true selves. His back straightened when the large doors to the receiving room slowly swung open. His world narrowed, his vision focused on one thing. She really was a petite little thing, walking with the regal bearing of a queen in three inch heeled boots. They hugged her shapely calves, stopping just below her knees where the skin tight leather showed an abundance of fur lining. Valentin's mind conjured up visions **Generated by ABC Amber LIT Converter,**  
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of her in just those boots, seated to ride.

His erection jumped.

*"Bun venit, frumoasa mea,"* Dragos boomed out as Valentin sat mentally undressing her. "Which means 'Welcome to Frumos', of course."

That was a crock of bull. It meant welcome, my beautiful. Dragos took special delight in teasing, especially if the person had no idea what he was saying.

"Do you speak Romanian?" Valentin fairly barked out,

sounded every bit as much like the despot he had been falsely labeled. He winced, but it was too late to take it back.

“What my brother meant to say is you have us at a loss,” Dragos cut in smoothly. This was a first. Usually Dragos was the autocratic asshole while he was the smooth, debonair one. “You know who we are, but we are deprived of knowing the name of such an exquisite beauty right in our midst.”

Valentin wanted to growl at his brother, but that would only make things worse.

“Yes, that is exactly what I mean to say,” he agreed instead, rising to his feet to stride in front of her. She was too far away, he didn’t like that. “And to request your presence at our castle.”

“For dinner,” Dragos added.

“And after,” Valentin insisted. “To stay.”

“While you are here, in our country,” Dragos cutting in. He was really starting to get on Valentin’s nerve.

"If that's what you want to call it," he added so there was no doubt to his meaning. It was a jack ass move, he knew that, but he seemed to be on a roll. The lovely lady's eyes darted to his crotch then quickly back up to his eyes, then to his brother's crotch and back to him. Valentin gave her a wolf's grin.

"And you didn't answer my brother, love," he purred, taking her tiny hand in his. He just couldn't help himself. He was pushing it, he knew it, and he couldn't stop it. Everything about her screamed out to him to make her theirs. Now.

"Uh, what? I'm sorry was there a question?" Her voice was soft and melodic with just a touch of huskiness, just enough to make it sexy.

"Your name," Dragos reminder her, moving to stand behind her. Perfect. She was surrounded by them, but she didn't show an ounce of nervousness. She was slightly confused, a little off center, but she didn't move away or get defensive. In fact, Valentin detected the hardening of her nipples beneath the peach silk of her blouse. Her skin really was rather enticing up close. All dark and beckoning, it looked delicious.

“My name is Kiana, Kiana Davies,” she spoke clearly, as if he couldn’t feel the slight tremble through her hand, which he was not about to let go of. “I’m here reporting for American News Network **Generated by ABC Amber LIT Converter**,  
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International. I would like to thank you for this opportunity for an exclusive interview, but I am afraid your, er, butler moved too fast for my crew to follow.”

Valentin raised an eyebrow at her audacity. She knew good and well she hadn’t been asked here for an interview. Dragos let out a deep belly laugh, the kind no one save himself had ever seen the formidable general utter. Kiana didn’t bat an eyelash. In fact, the little pixie acted as if nothing at all was amiss. Like there wasn’t a six-foot five feared general guffawing behind her.

“Really?” He would play along, for now. “We will have to make sure someone collects them later

– much later. As for now you will ride with us to our home, yes?”

She scowled at him. Actually scowled, her deep brown eyes shooting fire right at him. Oh, yes, she had spunk! His cock jumped again, precum leaking from the tiny slit. It would be a miracle if they made it through the ride to their ancestral home without having a little taste. The magic was insistently demanding the consummation of the union meant to be.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” she demanded. Tapping her little foot like a schoolmarm. She had not a clue what a challenge she was throwing out. It was like waving a red cloth in front of two very ready bulls.

“Like what?” Valentin dared. He couldn’t wait to hear what she would say.

“I am a professional reporter,” she replied tartly. “Not some bubble-headed floozy. You may be used to getting your way with women but I am here to report, not for some fling. Stop looking at me like...like you want to eat me!”

This set off another round of guffaws from Dragos. “That’s because we do, my lovely little Kiana!”

Valentin waited until the thought settled and marinated. Her eyes rounded, her pouty lips forming a perfect “O”, but she still didn’t move away. And her nipples got harder. Mmmm, what he could do with that mouth.

“And we will, *draga*,” Valentin leaned closed to whisper. “This I promise.”

~3~

She had officially lost her mind. That was the only way Kiana could explain letting the two dangerously devilish men escort her into their limousine. Unless she was hearing things, they had just propositioned her. She was supposed to be all indignant and storm off, wasn’t she? So why was it that all she felt was excitement? This was bad. She had to get a handle on things.

“Look, while I am flattered by your attention, I came here to report a story,” Kiana tried to get back her footing once they were seated inside the luxurious conveyance.

“And what story is that?” the General, Dragos, asked sliding close to her side. The Prime Minister was close

to the other side. She tried to move into the seats facing the ones they were currently seated at, but Valentin's arm draped around her shoulder prevented it. She should probably complain about that. If only it didn't feel so good!

Truth be told, Kiana was a big old mass of confusion right about now. She didn't understand her **Generated by ABC Amber LIT Converter,**  
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immediate, uncomfortably strong attraction to these two men. They were like Kiana magnets, pulling her in despite her best intentions. Oh, who was she kidding? She hadn't put any effort at all into resisting the Alexandrescu brothers. Inside she was damn near preening at the attention. She had no idea what had brought her to their attention, but she wasn't the least bit sorry about it. She was a grown woman. So what if she had a little affair? With not one but two men. Dictators. Despots. The men she was supposed to be reporting on.

Shit! There was a lot wrong with this scenario.

"You are thinking too hard," the general, Dragos murmured right next to her ear sending all kinds of primordial need rushing through her.

"I am thinking you are too close," she made a halfhearted attempt to sound tart, but she could hear the little mewling in her voice. She knew the two men sandwiching her hadn't missed it either.

"Am I?" Dragos drawled out, curling her short locks around his finger. She meant to tell him about black women and their hair, meant to warn him to never touch without invitation. Meant to, but when she turned her head, lips fixed to give him a heaping dose of attitude, the words dried up on her tongue. Damn, the man was so freaking sexy! Those blue eyes sparkled with all kinds of promises of down and dirty naughtiness. And she wanted some. Her job, her reputation, everything was on the line, and she was finding it so damn hard to care. This was making no sense. Kiana was always the one who had her nose to the grindstone, allowing everything else to fall by the wayside. Why is it that she was finding these two men so darn irresistible? Her body wouldn't move from her current position. She couldn't work up enough energy, it was all wrapped up



with the man playing with her hair and the other man...

Was he seriously sniffing her neck? Why was she allowing his brother to play with her hair? And what the hell was she thinking getting into a stretch limo with men who ruled their country with an iron fist?

Kiana meant to turn away from Dragos, she really did. As his face came closer and closer to her own she had every intention of turning away. But then she felt Valentin's lips on her neck. Soft, warm and oh, so tender. She found herself tilting her head to the side while allowing Dragos to lift her chin for his own lips to capture hers. Twin moans met and melded in the air as both men obviously approved of the way she tasted.

As for her, she could barely breathe; much less utter a single sound. Her senses were reeling. She felt as if her blood had suddenly turned into something akin to molten lava. Her hands reached out and clutched the pristinely pressed uniform in a futile attempt to stop her world from spinning. It so wasn't working!

Dragos must have approved of her actions because he deepened his kiss, his tongue plundering her own.

The very taste of his was like a drug, making her forget all her earlier worries. All she could think was how much more she wanted, how much closer she needed to be.

“You are exquisite,” someone whispered in her ear.

Valentin. Dragos was far too busy pillaging her mouth. She felt the heavy material of her skirt crept

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up her thing, tickling her bare legs. Kiana had meant to wear pantyhose, or nylons, or something, but as usual, she had been running late and hadn't wanted to bother. Maybe it had been divine providence, because the damn things would have got in the way. Cool air wafted across her scalding center. Even she could smell her own desire. Strong hands opened her legs wider, allowing Valentin to sink to his knees in between her legs.

Oh damn, they were going to do this right here, right now! Thank the heavens Dragos lifted his head when he did, because her breathing was coming out in

desperate pants, and Valentin hadn't touched more than her inner thigh!

"This is how you should always look, *lubire*," Dragos rasped. "Flushed with passion, wet and ready."

Kiana shivered at his words. It was hard to remember feeling as desirable or as raring to go as she did at that moment. Her nipples beaded and ached, pushing against the lace of her bra. She needed so bad to be touched, licked, anything! She actually let out a high pitched little cry when Valentin slid on large, thick finger along the edge of her panties. Her lower body shifted forward, asking for what her mouth would not.

"Ah, I think our little flower is ready to bloom," Valentin literally breathed the words across her moist panties. The tiny action only made her hotter, wetter.

"Um, I think you might be right," Dragos murmured nuzzling her neck, nimble fingers beginning to unbutton her shirt.

Finally! Her breasts were about to pop from the blood rushing to her nipples. She sobbed when her girls were

finally free, safe in the palms of Dragos's hands. His thumb strummed across her aching nubbins in slow, leisurely circles. Her head fell back against the seat, eyes closing.

"Open your eyes, *draga* ," Dragos ordered. "I want the emotions that cross your face, I want to drink in your pleasure. Show it to me?"

Kiana was starting to believe the man simply talked his enemies into giving up against him. There was just something so damn compelling about that voice. Her eyes opened on command, staring into orbs she could swear were starting to swirl with silver along with the deep blue already present. His intense stare would let her go, not even when Valentin pulled her tiny panties from her hips. Not when he spread her thighs open wider, easing one scrumptiously thick finger inside of her, latching his mouth on to her clit at the same moment. She didn't look away from Dragos although the shocking pleasure made her cry out, her hips rocking into Valentin's face.

"So beautiful," Dragos mumbled tracing a finger down the side of her face. Kiana could give a damn how she

looked at that moment. Valentin had started to hum while sucking down on her clit, sending sparks of delight down to her toes. It was so good, do damn good!

"Tell me how Val is making you feel," Dragos demanded.

"Oh, damn, it feels so good!" she managed to gasp out. Eloquent words failed her. All she could was feel. Feel the extra finger added, feel Dragos bend his head to capture her nipple between his teeth, biting down lightly.

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She had long since left earth's orbit and was soaring somewhere in the cosmos. The dual assaults were almost too much. Dragos lavished attention on the mounds that had never left his hands since freeing them from their bindings, Valentin periodically removed his finger to replace it with his tongue, then replace his fingers again, only adding a third to stretch her. Her body was convulsing, pushing into the attentions of

both men as much as she could. Her hips were literally rocking, almost smashing into Valentin. She could feel the tension building, and though she was trying like held to hold it back, to experience the intensity of teetering on the edge for just a little longer. But they were just not letting up. With a wailing cry, Kiana exploded, her entire body shaking as internal explosions shook her to her core. Her hands dug into Valentin's hair and held, knowing she was pulling kind of tight but unable to let go. She needed an anchor.

She was dimly aware of Dragos lifting his head, watching avidly as she careened out of control.

"Perfection," he praised as she slowly slid back to earth. "And once we get you inside, you can do that again for me."

\*\*\*\*\*

The magic of the sacred bonding was heavy in the air. Valentin and Dragos knew they had to complete connecting with their woman before it overwhelmed them all. As much as they wished to take it slower, to show the beautiful woman that would be theirs for all

time their home – her new home – it was impossible. It was all they could do not to take her in the back of the limousine. As soon as the conveyance slowed to a stop in front of the grand entrance, Dragos swept Kiana up into his arms. The brothers strode through the doors, past gaping retainers, up the wide curved staircase straight to the master suite.

There was not a word spoken as the brothers slowly unwrapped their precious gift, revealing the dark skin inch by agonizing inch. Dragos noted how his hand shook as he slid her skirt down the most perfectly formed legs ever to be created. That was the last of it, except the boots. He ran his hands down the supple leather hugging the entirety of her calves. The light brown of the leather and the tufts of fur right below her knees blended perfectly with dark mocha of her skin.

“Leave the boots,” Valentin groaned, busying himself with the magnificent mounds of joy Dragos had gotten to become acquainted with on the way here.

Looking up, Dragos’s blood heated and raced at the sight Kiana made; her head thrown back resting against Valentin who stood behind her, his arms

wrapped around her much smaller frame. Despite her lack of height, she was flawlessly shaped; the ideal of womanhood. Not overly thin or harsh angles and flat plains. Her breasts damn near overflowed Valentin's hands as they had his own; lush and full they made Dragos's mouth water anew even though he had already tasted them. Burying his head against the silky smooth skin on her thigh, Dragos let out a deep groan. Her scent filled his senses, making his head swirl. He had always been taught the finding of their bride would rock him down to his soul, but he hadn't expected to feel so much so soon. Just the touch of her, the smell, the taste – it all combined to knock him completely off center. All his renowned control had left him; he had to keep a hold of her legs for fear of losing all restraint.

*“Ea este perfectionarea,”* Valentin breathed out, his voice heavy with unspoken emotion. **Generated by**

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Dragos couldn't agree more; Kiana was perfect. His lips traveled over the satiny flesh, working from her knees which trembled as he bit down lightly at the back juncture, all over her thighs, skipping up to her



stomach, before pulling one leg over his shoulder. Ah, just the smell of her flower of womanhood was enough to send precum flowing from his throbbing dick. He swiped at her glistening pussy. One slow, deliberate swipe of his tongue, groaning at the taste. Now he saw why Valentin hadn't wanted to rise from in between her thighs.

"Oh, Dragos, please!" Her hands buried themselves in his hair as she attempted to yank him closer.

The soft exclamation spurred him to dive in. He sucked, licked, sticking his tongue as far into her as he could get, using the top of his nose to rub against her clit. Her gasps were not only for him. He could feel his brother moving his body, he felt one hand leave his hair – he knew Valentin was discovering the delectable taste of her breasts. Her body was growing hotter, her hips moving in time with the thrusts of his tongue.

Too soon! He didn't want her to come yet, he needed more. Her juices flowed into his waiting mouth, not giving him nearly enough to appease the hunger she inspired. Backing off he rocked back on his knees, having to force himself away. Despite her please, he

contented himself with blowing softly on the stiff little nub, all pretty and pink and exposed for his delight. He watched it jump and contract as if it was calling for him. He decided to reward the response by swirling his tongue around it, then sucking down before backing off again. As he had hoped, it jumped again, pulsating before his very eyes. So wonderfully responsive! He has to reward such an honest, eager answer to his manipulations. He fixed his mouth to her clit again, sucking gently while inserting two fingers into her weeping channel. So wet, so hot, so damn tight! He would be lucky to last more than a few moments once he finally got inside. His fingers plunged faster, imagining what it would feel like to have her wrapped around his cock. Her muscled tightened, drawing him in deeper as her body shook with her release.

“Yes! Yes! That feels so good!” Kiana cried out, her hand tugging with all her might as she ground down on his fingers.

Dragos was actually jealous of his own damn fingers. He had to have her! And he knew Valentin felt the same.

"To the bed," Dragos commanded, his voice gruffer than he would like, but he couldn't help it. Valentin guided their woman to the massive bed, not bothering to pull down the covers. They wouldn't be needing them for a while anyway. It was good her eyes had closed, basking in the aftermath of her latest orgasm because neither he nor his brother had the patience to remove their clothing in the conventional manner. Their magic was full to bursting every bit as much as their passions. Dragos moved lay beside Kiana, pulling her to her side while lifting her leg with his own. Valentin slid in place in front of her, his cock bobbing in its own eagerness. Just a small rub against the puffy nether lips was the only other foreplay he could manage. His head was pounding, his heart racing; he needed this woman more than he needed to breathe.

Inch by agonizing inch, Valentin sank into the hottest, tightest pussy in the world.

*"E prea bun!"* He ground out, clenching his jaw in an attempt not to take her like the wild wolf he **Generated**

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was inside.

“Easy,” Dragos warned as he placed himself against her backside. It was necessary they take her together while they marked her, making her theirs for all eternity. Valentin’s skin prickled with electricity as Dragos wove a spell to ease his way inside from behind. Holding as still as he could, he had to hiss as Dragos glided inside. And he thought it was tight before!

“Are you okay?” Valentin asked, watching her face intently for the least sign of discomfort.

“Yes,” her voice was more an exhale than a word.  
“Please! I need to so bad! Why do I need this bad?”

“Shhh,” he soothed. “We will take care of you.”

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Kiana shifted her hips, testing her fullness. They had to start moving now! The feeling of being stuffed full two magnificent, perfectly formed cocks had to be a woman’s deepest, darkest fantasy, and she was living it! Now if they would only get to it.

Valentin moved first, drawing back so slowly she could feel every ridge of his penis against the inner flesh of her walls. At the same time, Dragos drove forward, making sure she was never empty. It burned just a little, but the pleasure was so intense she gasped out loud. Then he was retreating, leisurely pulling back as Valentin was thrusting in.

It was decadent beyond imagining; so many heady sensations all assailing her at once. She was pretty sure he had dug her nails into Valentin so hard she must be hurting him, but his face was a picture of supreme ecstasy, the muscles cords in his neck, his eyes on fire. It was sexy as hell. Behind her, Dragos whispered the sweetest, wicked words in her ear sending a fresh wave of desire washing over her. Why wouldn't they move faster? She needed more!

"So damn sweet. You have the most beautiful ass. I could stay buried here for all time," Dragos praised, pinching her sensitized nipples and he surged forward. "And soon I will be buried in that tight pussy of yours. We will make you ours in every way. You will never want to leave us."

She already didn't, but she couldn't get the words together to say that. Finally, they were moving faster, the incredible friction increasing almost unbearably.

"Oh, shit yes! Just like that!" Kiana was way past subtle. She was stripped down to the barest essence of woman, all she could think about was feeding her need. "Fuck me just like that!"

"Bathe my cock in your honey, *lubire* ," Valentin groaned, thrusting faster and faster. "Show us you like it. Show us you like our cocks inside you!"

"And push that ass back on me," Dragos added. "Show us you want it!"

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They were taking her higher than she would have believed possible. All she could do was hold on as the possessed her fully, taking all she had. She was going to explode – literally. She was going to come completely apart.

“Too much!” she wheezed, but didn’t pause the pivoting of her hips seeking more, closer, harder.

“Come for us, Kiana,” Dragos purred. “Come on, *lubire* , you can do it.”

As if by psychic agreement, Valentin buried his head in the crook where her neck met her shoulder, while Dragos did the same to the opposite side. She felt a stinging pierce, followed by a wall of blazing heat starting from her pussy, erupting all over her body. She screamed, convulsing as everything ignited and flew apart, rocking her from her toes to the top of her head. She heard both men roar their own release, but she was too far gone. Gratefully she sank into the cool waiting darkness, sated and feeling oddly complete.

~4~

Kiana had one hell of a time pulling off the straight reporter role. Valentin and Dragos had kept her in bed for the rest of the afternoon and very late last night, not stopping until she was too sore for more. After the first time, Dragos had fetched a warm cloth, bathing her back and front before burying himself between her legs

again. Man oh man, could that man eat pussy! Like a large cat lapping up his favorite cream, he hadn't stopped until she was hoarse from screaming his name. Thank providence for her dark skin because her face was burning hot just thinking about the things she had done last night, and with two virtual strangers no less! She had actually gotten on her hands and knees, opening her mouth wide to take in Valentin's beautiful shaft while Dragos plowed her from behind, smacking her ass with each down stroke. Her pussy had jumped with each slap, sucking him in like a greedy mouth. If that wasn't bad enough, she had climbed on top of Valentin, rolling her hips like a stripper questing tips with abandon.

"Is that delightful blush for me?" Valentin whispered while her three man crew was setting up. At least she was getting an exclusive. Valentin had been escorting her around all day, first at the castle in which he and his brother lived, and now at the government offices. She had gotten some great footage and wonderful insight. He had even taken her to talk to local shop keepers and businesspeople. Frumosians really loved Valentin and his brother. Their adoration was evident all over their faces. It was a great relief; they were nothing like



the outside world had painted them. She didn't dare answer his question. Not with the cameraman, her producer and the sound guy a few feet away. She sent him a little frown, thought she didn't feel the least bit annoyed. She was hot. For reasons known only in the heavens, she felt even more of a pull between her and the brothers today than she had yesterday. When Dragos had left after kissing her sweetly this morning she had felt like crying. It was the oddest thing; she had never experienced anything like it. She could walk away from a relationship without batting an eye, and this was far from a relationship!

"Damn it, Kiana! We left some of the equipment back at the castle," her producer muttered, not looking up from the bags the woman was rummaging through. "We have to go back."

"I will have my car take you and bring you right back," Valentin offered helpfully. **Generated by ABC Amber LIT Converter,**  
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"That would be great!" the frazzled woman beamed, looking up for the first time. "Kiana, we will be right

back. You stay here and break the ice. Pick a vantage point in this fabulous office for the interview. Be right back!"

The three man crew was gone before she could say anything to the contrary, leaving her alone with a grinning Valentin.

"Did you do that on purpose?" she demanded, more excited than pissed.

"You think I orchestrated your people forgetting their equipment?"

Maybe not orchestrated, but he was pleased as punch. She had seen that look before. Last night. Moisture began to flow despite her best intentions to let last night be a one night thing.

"Have you seen my desk?" Valentin took her lightly by the elbow and guided her toward the massive antique monstrosity.

That thing looked as big as a bed. A moan emitted at the thought. The last thing she needed to be thinking about was a bed while alone a man with too much sex

appeal for his own good.

“Exactly,” Valentin agreed with that sensuous growl of his. He lifted her on the clear surface, raising her skirt as he did so. Her legs opened without demur, without the request. Who the hell was she trying to fool anyway? She knew as soon as the crew left what was going to happen.

“Why are you wearing panties?” It wasn’t really a question. Her nipples tightened impossibly hard anticipating what he might do.

She did vaguely recall one of them saying something about not wearing panties ever again. She had blown it off. It wasn’t like she was going to be here much longer. Plus, she really wanted to see what one or both would do if she defied them outright. There was something inexplicably stimulating about the dominant men. They weren’t assholes, just forceful. She loved it.

“Is there something wrong with wearing panties?” she dared, her pulse racing as more moisture flowed from her.

Valentin closed his eyes, sniffing at her pussy. With a snap, her panties were gone, on thick digit tracing the opening of her bare pussy.

“One would think you are being defiant on purpose,” he murmured. Oh, hell yeah she was!

The first smack against her quim caught her completely off guard. Her lungs gulped in air, her eyes going wide. Damned if her hips didn't follow his hand. The sting turned into a slow burn, sending shards of voracious yearning through her. Valentin didn't smile this time, his eyes smoldered with promise.

“Unbutton your blouse,” he ordered her.

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Her fingers were at work in no time, eager to be bared to him. Another stinging slap fell before she could get more than a few buttons free. Followed by three more before the silk of her shirt was falling open, her hands cupping her own breasts, manipulating her nipples.

“Yes, play with them,” Valentin encouraged, freeing his rigid erection from his pants. Her mouth water as his hands stroked the smooth skin from root to tip. She needed that, and she needed it now.

“Valentin!” Placing her feet on the edge of the desk, legs sprawled apart, he canted her hip in invitation.

With a primitive snarl, he was there, buried balls deep inside her. There were no gentle strokes today. Valentin pounded inside her, primal, demanding. The sharp edge of pain, slight but oh so thrilling. Her legs wrapped around him, her feet pulling him forward. She didn’t give a damn that she was spread out on his desk where anyone could walk in. All that mattered was this, and the extraordinary bliss he was giving her.

“Mine!” Valentin barked. “Say it! Tell me you are mine!”

“Yours, Valentin! All yours.” As if she could deny it. She was panting for it.

“You will not leave us, will Kiana? You know you were born to be our woman.”

“Yes!” She would agree to just about anything, and at

the moment, she meant every word. Quite honestly, she meant it beyond the sex. She couldn't explain it, but all they had to do was ask and she would stay. She didn't think she could leave without leaving a piece of herself behind as it was.

"Look at me!" Her eyes open, taking in the beauty of deep sapphire eyes laced with silver. Weird how in the heat of passion their eyes seemed to swirl with quicksilver. "I mean it Kiana, promise me you'll stay. Don't let this end."

No, she never wanted to let it end.

"Yes," she said from the bottom of her being, giving herself over completely.

"Mine!"

His hands grasped her hips, slamming her into his every thrust. It was too good! She was going to scream.

"Bite me," he huffed, reading her need. "Let go, *iubire* . Bite down and let go."

Sinking her teeth into his salty sweat soaked skin she shattered, coming so hard she tasted blood in her mouth.

“Yes, *iubirea mea* ! Fuck yes! Milk my cock, baby!”

How could she do any less?

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One day down and one to go. Kiana winced a little as she and her crew followed Dragos across the countryside. Well, it wasn't all countryside. They visited small military outposts, small forest villages and now at the base of the mountains where there was a larger military installation and the country's only prison. She was shocked anew by how well received the brothers were by the average citizenry. There were always pastries, hot fresh bread, or flowers for Dragos wherever they went. She couldn't even say that he only took her to see places and people who were biased, he like Valentin, took her wherever she asked without

question. The country as a whole was about the size of Connecticut so it wasn't hard to get the lay of the land.

What was hard was trying to keep focus on her job. After spending the day with Valentin yesterday, the Alexandrescu brothers had wined and dined her crew, hustling them off to lavish rooms on the opposite side of the castle from the one they were keeping her in. Once again she had found herself the main attraction for men she was in danger of falling for hard. As much as she wanted to blow off what she was feeling to the mind blowing sex, she knew it was far more than that. If the feeling of missing Dragos all day yesterday hadn't clued her in, the aching she felt today when she parted from Valentin was hard to miss.

Not to mention all the very touch from one or both of them made Kiana feel warm all over, safe and loved. She knew it was a danger for women to start thinking the dreaded L-word just because the bed gymnastics was great, but she couldn't seem to help herself. She *did* feel loved; in a touch, a look, a kiss. Not to mention their constant insistence that she not return to London . If she thought for a second they were serious, she



would send her crew packing this very second. It was just a seduction, words to make her lower her inhibitions. As if they needed to bother. Her inhibitions had taken a flying leap off a cliff the moment she had seen them.

"I don't think I like the direction of your thoughts."

Dragos' voice shook her right out of her musings. That low rumbling tone he did sent goosebumps pebbling all over her skin.

"And how do you know what I'm thinking?" She replied tartly, casting a glance over her shoulder. The three man crew was far enough away that they couldn't hear, which was a good thing. Dragos had been making off handed wicked things to her all day.

"You are thinking of leaving again. This is not something I or Valentin can allow."

Okay, being all warm and fuzzy was one thing, but she would be damned if they were going to tell her what to do.

"Allow? Excuse me? What are you going to do, lock

me up in this prison?”

They hadn't actually entered the prison yet. The cameraman was shooting the outside. It looked more like a medieval fortress, all gray stone. There was no barbed wire, no men with shot guns spread out all over the place. One would never know it was a prison if they happened to stumble on it.

“I would love to lock you up, but it wouldn't be in a prison. I will simply tie you to our bed, and then give you a tongue lashing until you screamed for mercy.”

Well...She kind of liked the sound of that.

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“Come, I want to return before night fall.”

She followed into the facility, marveling how modern it was on the inside while looking ancient on the outside. It had to be the cleanest prison she had ever seen. Granted she had only seen them in third world countries, but it was a marvel. The cells were large with

comfortable looking bedding and privacy dividers for the toilet. She had never seen anything like it. They didn't have televisions or anything, but as prisons go, it was rather nice.

"Okay, so where is the other part?" Kiana couldn't believe this was their only prison. Talk about Club Fed! "This cannot be where you keep all the prisoners. What about rumors of political prisoners kept in dank, terrifying cells?"

Before Dragos could answer, her producer was jumping up and down about the opportunity to do go behind the scenes with the warden. They didn't really need her, as all the shots they took would have to be voiced over anyway so she was left alone with Dragos, who didn't look happy about her last question.

"Come," he order, grasping her by the elbow and walking briskly back outside. Once there he ordered a car to be brought to him here from the military base close by, leaving the limo for the crew to get back.

He didn't speak while they waited, leaving Kiana to wonder if she had gone too far. His face was like

granite, a tick evident in his right jaw. The car was there in less than ten minutes. Escorting her to the passenger side, he dismissed the young soldier who had driven it there then climbed behind the wheel himself.

He still didn't speak, leaving the silence to scream in the void until Kiana just couldn't take it anymore.

"Where are we going?" She finally asked. He had taken a dirt road that appeared to be headed up into the mountain rather than back toward the castle.

"I am taking you to where the political prisoners are," he didn't turn to look at her when he said it. There was no inflection in his voice.

Tiny prickles of something close to dread danced over her skin. Not that she was afraid of him or scared he would do something to her. It was more because she knew in her heart of hearts there were no political prisoners.

Kiana was a reporter who trusted her instincts, and her instincts screamed that although she was under no

delusion believing she had great insight to the Alexandrescu brothers, they were no despots. There was a lot going on in this tiny country beneath the scenes, and she didn't even begin to understand it, but it wasn't because they were killing or imprisoning their enemies. The thing was, she wasn't so sure she wanted to know what was going on. Something told her it would be something far outside her sphere of understanding. There was just something... *more* about Valentin and Dragos. She wasn't sure she wanted to know what that more was. The arrived a small outpost some thirty minutes later. The sky was beginning to turn a grayish purple, announcing the coming night.

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*"La dracu' , I did not what to have you out at night,"* Dragos muttered more to himself than to her. Her hand shot out to grip his wrist before he could take it away from the steering wheel. "Then don't. Let's go back. I don't need to know."

For the first time since leaving the prison, his features

softened. Cupping her face he looked at her so tenderly she felt tear sting her eyes. Damn. Her heart filled with what she knew was love, no matter that she had just met him two days ago. No matter that she felt the same way about his brother. She could really spend her life with them both.

"You need to know, *iubire* ," he answered softly, placing a fleeting kiss against her lips. "Because we want you to stay, because we need you more than you can ever know, you need to be aware of what you are walking into."

She so didn't like the sound of that.

"And if I decide to go?" They were asking an awful lot for someone they just met. Yeah, it was exhilarating to know they meant it when they had demanded promises she would never leave, but she needed to know how far their affections went.

"We will follow. And by doing so, give up all rights to rule. Our country will fall, our legacy betrayed. But for you, we would walk through hell and back."

“Why? That doesn’t make any sense! You don’t even know me really.” No one fell this hard this fast and had it last. That only happened in fairy tales. “And how do you know your country would fall if you aren’t here?”

“Come and I will show you.”

There were no guards here. The building was made of wood, not stone; it looked like an odd log cabin, only it wasn’t a cabin at all. It was way too big. Oddly, sprigs of green leaves grew on the giant thick logs that made the walls. And the place felt cold. Eerily cold, as if there was something in the air. A solid, enormous door swung open slowly at their approach. Weird – Kiana didn’t see any one on the other side. It must have been automated somehow. The air was even colder past the threshold. She instinctively took a step closer to Dragos, glad when his strong arms surrounded her.

“No matter what you see, do not run. I am here to protect you, I would never let anything happen to you.”

“Okay,” she croaked weakly. What was she about to –  
“OH MY GAWD, THAT CAN’T BE

REAL.”

The inside of the structure was no more than a wide open area. Along each wall were cells, but the cells didn't have bars, or even plexi-glass. There was some kind of sheer covering that sparkled like translucent gems. It was the *things* inside the cells that had Kiana slamming back hard against Dragos'

chest. Some were grotesquely distorted animal-man hybrids, somewhere men who looked like walking skeletons with rotting flesh falling off their bones. It looked like something right out of a horror movie!

Some of the things howled in outrage, making her ears ring as the barged the opening. They **Generated by ABC Amber LIT Converter,**

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bounced back against the shimmering shield, and then got up to charge again. Some of the rotting looking men began chanting, their eyes glowing with an unearthly silver light.

“These men are my uncles, some are cousins,” Dragos



kept his voice low and even. Kiana was none too reassured that he stayed close the door, which she noted was not closing. Thank the Lord of that. "Some are wolf shifters, some are not. All are wizards. The combined magic of Valentin and myself keep them locked here. Should we leave, forfeit our throne, the magic will fail and they will be unleashed. They will take power by trickery, force, and black magic. Because the spirits of the land did not choose them, the land will fall. It has been decreed from generation to generation. Only the brother born with the bond, in the union of triad shall rule. One brother-bond every hundred years is born. Should we fail in our duty, the spirits will withdraw their protection and go the way of the old gods. Gone from the land forever."

Kiana heard the words, but she couldn't really understand them or place them in any kind of order that made sense in her brain. This was... This was... Well things like this just didn't happen! It couldn't be real. Yet, here was the proof right before her eyes.

In a way, she had always known something other than sexual attraction was afoot here. Sure the brothers were sexy as all get out, but the pull had been

something that went way beyond attraction.

“And me? I am what, just some means to an end. You needed a third so you just what, picked me out of the crowd and used your magic or whatever?” Her voice had gone shrill, verging on the hysterical. The beings behind the barriers must have heard her, or like what she was saying because they were all getting agitated.

“Let us go.”

She allowed him to pull her out of there, breathing a sigh of relief with the solid door closed with a resounding thunk. At least outside those walls, away from those things she could vent her anger. How stupid was she? She thought they really liked her. Maybe they chose her because she was gullible as hell. It was crushing, and damn it hurt!

“Look at me!” Dragos thundered. Seizing her chin he forced her to look up at him instead of waiting for her to reply. “Don’t think for a second that we chose you for anything other than simply you! I know that’s what you’re thinking. We didn’t choose you – the universe did!”

“Oh yeah, that’s a hell of a lot better! Are you saying that you had no choice? And do you change into one of the beast things to?”

Ah, hell she had just considered that. Those things were seriously nasty looking! There was no way in hell she would stick around to watch, or GROSS sleep with anything like those things!

“We turn in to wolves, real ones, not the sick parody you saw in there. And it is beyond choice!

We were born for you as much as you were born for us! I could not be happier to have found you! You are our universe. All of this – the country, the prophecy, all of it – would be nothing without you!”

It was just a chick move, but she melted at his heartfelt declaration. He hadn’t even realized he was yelling. Men like Dragos never yelled. They walked softly and carried a big, thick, lovely stick. Kiana threw herself at him, knocking him against the car. It only took a minute, but Dragos quickly

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turned her around, taking her mouth like a conquering army, he kissed her breath away. She wrapped herself around his large, hard frame surrendering completely. They were both so engrossed in the kiss, neither saw the big, black blur barreling their way.

~5~

Valentin had never run so fast in wolf form. Thank the spirits they had bonded with Kiana the first day! For whatever reason Dragos either could not feel or was blocking the threat gathering around her. Given what he and Kiana had done in his office, he could well imagine what might be distracting his brother. Valentin had felt the threat gathering steadily. He couldn't sit still and let Dragos handle whatever was wrong. The feeling was too much to ignore. It took more energy than he would have liked to locate the missing couple, but when he did, his stomach dropped in terror. They were at the Cabin. It was where he and his brothers had placed the usurpers that had killed their mother, driving their fathers to the brink of insanity. Until they had found Kiana, most of their magic had been concentrated there, keeping the people imprisoned.

Now their power was at full strength. It would drive any that they had not caught mad to think they had completed the triad. They had believed they had captured all the traitors. Obviously not. Breaking into the clearing where the Cabin stood, Valentin launched himself just as a twisted caricature of a shifter launched toward his brother and their woman locked in a heated embrace. There was no time to think that Dragos had shown Kiana who and what they were, and she had obviously accepted it, thereby accepting them. There was no time for elation or thinking about the future. There was an immediate threat to their bride, and this was not something Valentin could tolerate. Valentin and the creature collided midair, startling the lovers who had been locked in a fevered kiss. Valentin could not spare a glance to Kiana, Dragos would care for her. He locked his jaws around the shoulder of his enemy, just missing the throat. The half-man half-beast snarled, swinging wildly to attempt to disengage him. There was no way he was letting go. Claws racked down his sides. He could feel hot sticky blood against the fur of his coat. He could hear Kiana's scream, he could hear his brother's shout, but he couldn't offer a reply.

Seeing an opening, he dug his own claws deep into the exposed gut of the renegade were. The stench of black magic this man had used to assist him in shifting stained the air around them and filled Valentin's mouth. He needed to get to the throat.

Suddenly, something crashed into both Valentin and the false were. Dragos! His brother was in wolf form, his jaws buried into the back of the false were's neck. The thing howled a broken, sickening roar, his claws leaving Valentin's sides to claw at what he could reach of Dragos. Valentin gather his muscles to make a jump for the suddenly uncovered neck when suddenly the false were was propelled off the ground. Dragos fell from his back to the ground as the false were was thrust by an unseen force through the solid door of the Cabin.

The brothers looked in astonished awe the entire structure was suddenly engulfed in blue flame, spine-chilling yowls and shrieks coming from the evil trapped inside. They watched transfixed as every part of the structure burned to the ground. Only then did they turn to witness their bride smacking her hands together as if wiping something off them.

Giving them a rue grin grim she shrugged.

“What? The wind whispered the solution.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Kiana groaned as Valentin relentlessly nibbled on her feet. He was alternating between that and taking her big toes in his mouth. Her pussy twitched with every little bite. Form the moment they returned to the castle, her men had coddled her to the extreme; bathing her, feeding her in bed and now showing her proper attention.

“I think you should be punished for not letting us handle the were,” Dragos murmured, lazily tracing his fingers all over her bare skin.

He was careful not to touch her on her nipples or her weeping pussy. Oh no! He seemed to be taking delight in touching everywhere *but* where she wanted him to touch.

“You can’t punish me,” she pouted. “The wind whispered to me I had to the power to stop it. So I did.”

“Do you think we cannot protect you?” Valentin released the foot he had been paying homage to, slowly crawling up her legs.

There went that silver swirly thing in his eyes again. Unlike the things that had been in the mountain cabin, it looked right on Valentin and Dragos.

“I am thinking maybe *I* can protect *you*,” she teased, earning her a quick smack on her pussy.

“Mmmm,” she purred, opening her legs wider. “Maybe I *do* need to be punished.”

“Come here, *iubire* .”

Dragos didn’t wait for her to comply, but lifted her in his arms, laying back on his back. When she tried to seat herself on his ready erection, he stopped her.

“Not there,” he whispered. “Come and sit on my face.”



Kiana crawled up to where his mouth waited. Slowly lowering herself down, she groaned as his tongue lashed out, curling itself around his clit. Crying out, she would have fallen back, but Valentin was there, catching her with his body.

"I've got you, *draga* ," his hoarse whisper sounded in her ear, which he promptly bit right after the uttered sentence. "Relax and let go. Ride his face, take your pleasure."

Valentin used one hand to alternate between her breasts, the other slipping down to her backside. Her breath caught and held when she felt one well lubricated digit trace the outline of her puckered rosette before sinking into her ass. The burning delight coupled with the wicked ministrations of Dragos'

tongue and Valentin's gentle kneading of her breasts sent her spiraling out of control. Falling forward this time, her hands held the headboard in a death grip as she rode the face of Dragos like a rodeo cowgirl. The one finger in her ass became two, the kneading on her breasts became heated pinches on her **Generated by ABC Amber LIT Converter.**

nipple, while Dragos plunged his tongue deep inside her pussy while simultaneously rubbing her clit against his teeth.

“Oh, damn this is good!” she cried out, losing herself in the sensations. “More! I need more!”

And she got it. Holding the cheeks of her behind apart, Valentin gradually sank his cock deep inside her ass. It stretched, it burned, it felt so intensely divine she drowning!

“Rock back on me,” Valentin groaned out. “Yes, *iubirea mea* , keep doing that!”

How could she not? She moved as he moved, grinding down on Dragos on the back stroke. Faster and faster, they moved in concert, questing the sweet, succulent release to come.

“Oh, hell yes!” Kiana screamed, coming so hard light swam behind her closed eyes. But they were a long way from being done. Valentin slipped out of her ass

while Dragos lifted her straight down on her cock. She didn't think her legs had enough strength to move, but then Valentin was back, slipping back inside her ass.

They hadn't taken her like this since the first time. Once more, she felt herself full to bursting, assailed by pleasure/pain and need so strong she was breathless. They moved in perfect tandem, feasting from her skin, her neck, her lips, her breast as they all climbed higher.

"Never leave us!" Dragos demanded.

"Swear it!" Valentin added.

"Never! I swear I will never leave!" Who the hell would want to leave all this? The country be damned, these men completed her as no other ever could.

Their thrusts became almost frantic, as if they both wanted to get so deep she would feel them with them always. The room spun as their cries increased with their movements. Sweat dripped from their straining bodies.

"I coming!" Kiana wailed, the tremors taking over her body before she could get the words out.

“Yes, *draga* , come all over my cock!” Dragos roared, his shaft expanding with his own release deep inside her.

Valentin didn't speak, he howled. Stuffing every inch inside. They didn't pull away from her body, they simply shifted, staying buried within her as they all lay on their sides.

All around them, the spirits of Frumos smiled. The land would be safe, free and prosperous. Another generation safe at last.

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The End

“Do you need want two men to pleasure you?”

Rolanda jumped at the lazy purr. She had gotten so caught up in the story she had created, she had forgotten he was there.

“Um, no...what do I call you anyway?”

True to his word, the mysterious sheik that had kidnapped her had returned to the tent she supposed was to be her prison at dusk. Instead of allowing her to give him the story she had written, he had made her read it to him while he sprawled out like predator cat on the pillows, demanding she sit so close they were touching. That was after dinner, of course. And throughout her reading, he had played with a wisp of her hair, or skimmed her arm with his finger.

Generally, she didn't really get as aroused by her own stories as she did by other steamy tales, but with the beautiful crazy man so close, it had been impossible not to wet her panties a little.

"You can call me Shahryar."

The king from *1001 Arabian Nights* . Figured he would pick that one.

"You write of one woman with two men a lot. Yet, you never write of two women with one man. Why is that, if you do not secretly desire it?"

He was rubbing her back now. Not exactly sexually, but the large, warm hand over the caftan she had been given to wear by two timid servants who refused to look at her much less speak to her felt so sensual, Rolanda wanted to purr.

"I write for women, not fantasies for men," she tried to sound tart. She hoped she succeeded.

"If I told you I could give this pleasure to you, your fantasy of two men, would you take it?"

"No!"

Jumping to her feet she put a foot between them, her eyes damn near bugging out of her head.

"Decent women don't do that sort of thing!" she informed him sharply, more than just a little of the prude in her showing.

Writing erotica was one thing, she didn't engage in it. It was all fantasy, things that only brought tragedy for anyone who tried to live it out. She wasn't that foolish. Shahryar cocked his head, studying her closely. Way too closely. She had the uncomfortable feeling he was

seeing far more than she wanted him to. She stood frozen as he rose to his feet in that slow, languid way he had and moved until their fronts was almost touching.

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“You have much to learn, little Shari .” He leaned down so close, she thought he would kiss her. She could feel the heat from his full lips. So close, so very close. But then he moved away, walking toward the opening of the tent. “Until tomorrow.”

Why was it she felt strangely empty at his departure? She only wanted to get out of here, didn't she? What did she feel strangely unsatisfied?

Shaking it off, she went to lie on the bed. She needed to get a few hours sleep before sneaking out of here. She had to escape. She feared for her sanity if she didn't. To be continued...

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