

Changeling Press

# HALEY'S DEMON

Leila Brown

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Tired of being alone, Haley Dixon's let her IM friends talk her into something really crazy -- casting a spell to trap a demon lover for the night. She doesn't really expect the spell to work, but when it does she gets more than she ever bargained for.

Haley's trapped a demon -- but every spell has its price, and turn about's fair play. Taron, the fifth heir of the Severin Dynasty, just may be exactly what she needs.

## Chapter One

Haley Dixon looked over the website one last time. Candles, check. Salt circle around the bed, check. One blood red rose in full bloom, check. Okay, she was ready. Or as ready as she would ever be.

She glanced at the clock on the wall. Five minutes until midnight. Taking a deep breath, she wondered if she was crazy. Yeah, crazy, lonely, and most of all horny. At least she wasn't alone. Her two best IM friends should be doing the same spell. If this spell worked she would have her own fantasy man to please her all night long. Hell, if it didn't she hoped it would at least inspire her subconscious to give her a good erotic dream. Not to mention they would laugh and blog about it tomorrow.

Raising her wineglass to her lips, she downed the rest of the sweet golden liquid. She had to be the most desperate woman in the world to resort to conjuring up a man to satisfy her. Doubts pounded her. What was she doing? She could just go out and find any man off the street.

No, he might expect more than she had to give, and right now she wanted a no-strings-attached night of bliss. She had enough to worry about. Family, friends, co-workers -- the list went on and on. There was no way she was going to add one more responsibility to her already overcrowded life.

Her alarm clock went off, making her jump and spill a few drops of wine over the rim of her glass. Too late for doubts now. *Suck it up and just do it.* She pulled the paper from the counter beside the empty wine bottle.

*From deep beneath the surface rise  
Demon lover, heed my call  
Come satisfy my heady lust  
Stay until my passions wane  
Come to me in all your glory*

*Provide a happily ever after  
To my bedtime story*

That was the dumbest sounding spell she'd ever seen. Not that she'd ever seen one before. She shook her head. Had she really expected this to work?

A slight breeze blew through the room ruffling the red sheer curtains of her bedroom. The candlelight flickered for a second before blinking completely out. She didn't have a window open, did she? No. She never kept her windows open at night.

Where the hell had that gust of air come from then?

"Where am I?" A deep voice asked. A very male voice.

Her chest caved in as every muscle in her body froze. There was someone here, in the room. It would be more than ironic if a burglar had chosen this exact moment to break in. Haley broke out of her terror induced stupor and tripped over her computer chair in a rush to turn on the lights. Wasn't that how the stupid woman always died in the movies? New plan. Run for the door and don't look back.

She hurried toward the door, flicking on the lights on her way out. Chancing a glance over her shoulder what she saw almost stopped her in her tracks. There in the center of her bed crouched a man, naked from the waist up. Her jaw dropped and she stumbled over her own feet. She'd seen naked men before, but they were a poor imitation to the one currently staring at her. He crawled across to the edge of the bed and stood.

Oh my God. The skintight black pants he wore outlined a massive bulge. That could not be real. Saliva pooled in her mouth as her mind burned his image into her memory. The chances of her ever seeing such masculine perfection again were approximately zilch to none.

"Human. Did you summon me?" His question was full of righteous indignation.

This had to be a joke. It had to be. If it were possible to conjure a man up just for sex, every woman in her right mind would be doing it. No muss, no fuss, do the spell, do him then make him disappear.

"Did you summon me, human?"

"Tell me this is a joke. It just isn't possible." Her mouth went dry and her throat closed up.

"Why did you summon me, human?" His eyebrows slanted as his gaze turned threatening.

"I just read a stupid spell. I didn't think it would work." She inched her feet backward.

The man's head turned as he looked toward the candles surrounding him then to the rose lying in the center of the bed. "This looks like more than just a spell to me."

"I didn't think it would work," she repeated. Her voice was getting smaller and she was getting closer to getting the hell out of here.

"Well, obviously it did. Now tell me why I'm here so I can go home." Pissed was too mild a word to describe his tone. A muscle jumped up and down at the base of his jaw.

Haley swallowed but couldn't budge the lump in her throat. There was no way she was going anywhere near the guy. "I don't know..."

The man clenched his hands at his sides. "How about you read the spell to me then?"

She bit her lip. If she said the spell again she ran the risk of conjuring another male. And that was simply not acceptable. Definitely not acceptable. No way. No shape. No form.

"Human, I will not wait forever." He took a step away from the bed.

If he took one more step toward her she was out of here. Fuck trying to be subtle. The man moved to take another step but ran into an invisible wall. He stumbled back into the bed. Thank goodness she'd followed the spell to a tee. She hated to imagine what would've happened if she'd omitted that circle of salt.

"So, you took precautions did you?"

"Look, I'm sorry I called you. You can go home now." Concentrating hard, she just barely kept the tremor out of her voice.

"The magic does not work that way. I am stuck here until I fulfill the original request." Disgust flowed right alongside his anger now.

"Totally not necessary. You go away. I'll stay here. It's a win-win." Hell, she wasn't even horny anymore. Not really.

"Did you not hear me? The magic does not work that way. It cannot be fooled. I will not be returned home until I complete the task you conjured me for. Until then I am stuck here, and you are stuck with me." He sank down and opened his legs wide, making that damn bulge look even bigger.

He couldn't be telling the truth. *Please don't let him be telling the truth.* But what if he was? *Don't even think it girl. That's what got you into this position to begin with.*

"I'll not repeat myself again, human. What spell did you cast to summon me?" The dark promise in his eyes screamed that when this was over she would face all kinds of retribution.

Haley backed further down the hallway. Tiny droplets of sweat rolled down along her hairline outlining her face. He might be trapped right now, but the moment he was free he would be making her pay. How much time did she have?

"Do not run from me."

The command stopped her heart and started her feet moving. She was at the end of the hallway when her legs turned to lead. Her throat closed over as panic threatened to choke her.

"Come back to me." The seductive command sounded as if it was coming from directly behind her. Had he escaped his prison so easily? She whipped her head around and found the hallway behind her empty. Turning around she strained to move her legs but they wouldn't budge.

"Come back to me..."

The command drummed through her head, resounding a hundred times. The seductive voice caused more pain than pleasure. The stronghold on her legs subsided and relief washed through her. But it was short lived, as her body turned around and



walked back to the bedroom. She strained hard, throwing her arms out against the walls. But she could not make her legs stop.

It wasn't supposed to happen like this. It wasn't supposed to be happening at all.

"You cannot run from me, little one." There was laughter in his voice.

Anger surged through her. Damn, damn, damn. She needed to get away from here. Now. Haley opened her mouth to scream but no sound came out. She raised her hands to her neck, seeking the invisible force that was cutting off her voice.

"You will tell me why you summoned me." The man's unnaturally bright blue eyes shone as if a light illuminated them from the inside out. His freaking eyes were glowing. Glowing!

"I... I..." She was not a coward. Swallowing hard she forced herself to regain control of her voice. "It was to summon a demon lover..." Her voice started out barely a whisper and ended on less than a mumble. Her head snapped up at his sudden intake of breath. He'd heard her. Good, because she had no intentions of repeating it.

Blazing eyes bored into her. "I deny you, human." The harsh words were spoken deliberately, each one resounding through her head like the echo of an iron bell.

"Okay, you deny me. I got that. You can leave at any time."

"You are either the most untutored amateur I've ever seen or extremely stupid."

The hair along her arms bristled at his insult. Under normal circumstances, she'd never let anyone get away with calling her stupid. However, this was hardly normal...

She clenched her lips together and dug her fingernails into the flesh of her palm. "I was smart enough to catch you." Haley watched his nostrils flare and let her lips curl up in satisfaction as she eased her fist down to her sides.

"My body may be trapped, but my powers are not. You'd do well to remember that."

A moment of doubt tugged at her smile. He did have control over her body, but how far could that power stretch? His power probably wouldn't reach far beyond this room. She doubted he had as much power as he wanted her to believe. If he was that powerful, why would he let himself be called?

Nonexistent hands cupped her breast and squeezed hard until the pressure became a mix of pain and pleasure. Maybe he was telling the truth. This had so not been a good idea. If she lived through the night she would *never* surf the Internet again.

\* \* \*

Taron, the fifth heir of the Severin Dynasty, looked at the dark skinned human who'd dared to summon him. Not just summon him, but summon him like a common demon. And for what? To be her fucking love slave. Who did she think she was to subjugate one of his class?

For a lesser demon, being summoned to satisfy a human's lust was fine, but for him it was an insult and an embarrassment. Even now, his family would be disgraced.

He turned toward the bed, searching for the flower -- the flower that would dictate how much time he had to satisfy her. He found it in the middle of the bed. Shit. He'd broken the stem of the rose in his hurry to get off the bed earlier. His time was considerably shorter now. He could see death already eating away at the edge of the flower's petals. Damn her. "You summoned me to be your plaything?"

"Yes. No..." Confusion raced across her face. He watched her pull her bottom lip into her mouth. Its soft fullness called to him. As if she noticed where his eyes had been staring, she released her bottom lip and began shaking her head back and forth.

"Then why did you summon me?" He flicked his wrist and she began walking toward the confining circle. He could smell the fear on her. It was like a candy coating across her dark golden skin.

"It wasn't supposed to work," she said through gritted teeth.

"But it did, and here I am. And here I must stay until I do what you called me to do." He flicked his wrist, stopping her just beyond his reach. "You have reduced me to little more than an incubus."

A wary and uncertain light filled her eyes. She must realize by now that he could not force her to cross into his prison. But he sure as hell could entice her to step inside. Then she would be his. "This will go much faster if you do not fight me." The second the words left his mouth her eyes blazed defiance at him.

A slow smile spread across his lips. He moved his hands as if untying the sash that held her robe together and watched as the garment obeyed, unraveling itself. Her robe gaped open, giving him a tantalizing view of red satin encasing her lush breasts. They were pushed up and out, inviting his touch. He drew a line in the air as if running a finger across the top of the globes and chuckled as a shiver raked her body. She had ample breasts, even for his large hands.

Another flick of his wrist and the robe fell into a heap on the floor. Her waist was not overly small. Her breasts were a match for her hips. She looked like she would fit perfectly beneath him.

Blood pulsed as it made its way to his groin. Nothing on this woman was delicate. He could fill his hands with her breast or ass and know that he was not going to break her. And yet he could see the muscles along her arms, legs and stomach. She would be able to handle the fucking he planned for her. "At least there is some consolation to this mess," he murmured as he popped the clasp on her bra.

## Chapter Two

*Bastard.* Cold air rushed against her nipples. *Fucking bastard.* She chanced another glance at him and saw his forked tongue snake out to wet his lips. She quickly rolled her eyes up at the ceiling. No matter how perfectly human he appeared on the outside, he definitely wasn't human.

Imaginary hands cupped and squeezed her breasts. Unwanted delicious sensations raced along her skin. Why the hell hadn't she worn her customary sexless cotton pajama pants and top?

Breathing became an ordeal. When the invisible hands rolled the tight flesh of her nipples into hardened little buds, she forgot to breathe altogether. It had been too long, much too long since she'd been touched like this by hands other than her own.

"Cross the line, and I will satisfy you. No human can give you passion like me."

His words held the same seductive tone that had paralyzed her earlier. The heavy weight of her body pressed down on her. She had control once again.

"Come to me."

"I don't think so." Her ragged breath told them both how much his touch was affecting her. Still, she had no intentions of letting a few short minutes of bliss tempt her into his trap.

As soon as the words were out of her mouth, control of her limbs was wrenched away. He stepped close to the barrier and fang-shaped, perfect, white teeth smiled at her. No way would she ever kiss that mouth. Hell, those teeth looked sharper than any knife in her kitchen. And she liked her tongue in one piece, thank you very much.

"You will crave my touch and cherish each kiss I grant you."

Was her disgust written so clearly on her face?

"You will beg me to fuck you."

Haley opened her mouth to laugh at his outrageous comment but no sound came out. This was seriously starting to piss her off. She felt the pressure of the invisible hands on her again, this time squeezing hard. Painfully hard.

Taking deep breaths, Haley mentally counted, trying to distance herself from the sensations gripping her body, hoping to detach herself from her body before this went any further. The hands at her breasts continued to play with her as the sides of her red bikini underwear snapped and fluttered to the floor. He'd just ruined her sexiest pair of underwear. Damn it. Damn him.

Putting all her force behind the move, Haley squeezed her legs, trying to keep them closed. It might not do any good but she couldn't just stand there and let him do this to her without a fight. For a moment, it seemed her legs obeyed her. But just as quickly, they spread apart.

"I will have you."

With sick fascination, Haley watched the two pointed halves of his tongue shoot out and flick the air.

"I can taste you. You're wet for me."

She wasn't. Or she hadn't been until he said that. Now, slick liquid coated the skin between her legs. Simmering fire burst through her as she felt the initial probing of his imaginary fingers against her nether lips.

He couldn't do this! She raised her eyes to meet his and was amazed to see passion, actual desire staring at her. She was not the only one being affected.

"Are you ready?"

Ready for what? To be fucked by an imaginary hand? Or be fucked by a pissed-off demon? As options went, neither looked particularly good. "I won't cross." Haley let go of a pent up breath. He hadn't given back control of her body, just her voice.

His hands continued to massage the super-sensitized skin of her breasts and teased her nipples until the peaks began to ache. They poked out at him as if begging for him to kiss and lick the throbbing nubs. Each touch made her pussy slicker. He spread the juices coating each seam inside her folds. Her eyes dilated, and she could

barely concentrate on his face. She watched as his tongue shot in and out of his mouth time and time again.

He blew a cooling breath across the sweat beaded along her forehead and across the bridge of her nose. Hell, if he hadn't been holding her up, her legs would have given out. The clenching muscles of her pussy screamed at her to cross the damn line.

If he'd wanted to kill her, safe to say he would have done it already. One good fuck, what could it hurt? Haley stared at the rapid rise and fall of his chest. Knowing how much he was being affected raised her awareness of him even more. Something pushed inside the tight skin covering her creaming tunnel, sending shockwaves of pleasure straight through her.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes..." she hissed through pursed lips. Control of her limbs snapped back and her knees gave out. She landed in a crouched position half in and half out of the salt. The circle was ruined.

"You try my patience, human."

Haley gritted her teeth against the way he said "human." Like a curse.

"My name is Haley, not human," she said as she stood up and brushed the salt from her knees. She looked behind her and wondered if she dared to make a grab for her robe.

"I am Taron, Fifth Heir of the Severin Dynasty." He raised his nose in the air as if whatever he'd just said held some significance.

He stood at least a good head taller than her. So his upturned nose gave her total access to look up his nostrils. She swore she could see clearly to his nonexistent brain. She fought hard not to laugh at the thought. But, as he lowered his head to glower at her, she knew a chuckle or two had escaped.

"Do you find something funny?"

"No, sir," she said, saluting him.

His features darkened and his eyes blazed again, sucking all the laughter from her. "Are you mocking me?"

"No." She wasn't laughing at him, she was laughing with him. Well... that wasn't exactly one hundred percent truthful. She bit the corner of her bottom lip. Would he be able to tell the difference?

"I see I must also teach you how to talk to your superiors." He dipped low and scooped her up, tossing her over his shoulder. He turned and dropped her down on the bed.

Sharp pain shot through her, as something pierced the skin of her ass. Arching up, she pulled the crumpled remains of the rose from beneath her. She stared at the ruined flower as she sat up. She'd removed all the thorns. Running her fingers along the shortened stem she found the offending pointer at the very base of the falling petals. The petals fell at an alarming rate. All but one of the petals dropped to the satin between her legs.

It seemed cruel to let the one petal cling to the now dead rose. Reaching up she plucked it and let it drift down to the top of the pile. The red petal turned black then gray as if some unseen fire burned them to ashes. Haley dropped the stem onto the disintegrating pile and scooted back away from them.

The silence of the room was unnerving. She whipped her head around, thinking that maybe the death of the rose had sent Taron back to where ever he had come from. But he stood at the same place he had been when he'd dropped her on the bed. He stared at the dead flower. His eyes blazed a shattering blue, power emanated from him in tangible waves.

\* \* \*

Why hadn't he moved the damn rose? With its death died his only chance of ever being free of this human. He was bound to her now, his only chance for release crushed beneath his own arrogance and impatience.

How was he going to explain this to his family? No self-respecting woman of his kind would bind her life to one already sworn to another. Being bonded to a human was almost worse than death. Almost.

"I deny you." He spat the words at her again, knowing it wouldn't matter, but unable to do anything else.

"Fine, you deny me." She flipped her legs over the other side of the bed flashing him a tantalizing glance of the wet sheen covering the flushed skin of her sex. "I am sick of this shit. You're free to leave at any point. The barrier is gone. Walk away at any time. I'm sure you can find your way home."

Leaving was not an option. The magic would not allow him to return to his realm until after he satisfied her. He closed his eyes. If only she'd acquiesced in the beginning this never would have happened. Hell, if she'd never summoned him...

No use thinking of the past. Neither of them could change it. At this point there was no way out. For him or for her.

\* \* \*

"Don't even think about it." She glared at him as his eyes dropped to her breasts. His eyelids lowered into small slits and a predatory wolfish smile spread across his lips. He didn't fool her for a second. He was still extremely pissed off and there was no way she was going to let him take it out on her.

"Like you said, the circle is broken. There is nowhere to run and hide."

Before she could make her move to the door he was beside her, reaching out and cupping her breast. The warmth from his hands ignited a tingle, hardening her nipples into stiff, sore peaks again.

He pulled at the rigid buds, pinching them until a tiny whimper escaped her mouth. "Disobedience will not be tolerated."

"Fuck you." She backed up a few steps, moving away from his touch.

"Yes, you will." He took a couple of menacing steps toward her.

One more step and her nipples would be touching his chest. Looking down, she realized it wasn't just her nipples that were standing at attention. His cock was straining hard against his pants.

"Back up," she said, thrusting her hands out at his chest.



He looked down at where her hands touched his flesh and then back up to her face and grinned. "Seems as though I will have to put not only your mouth, but also your flesh to better use."

Her mouth. Her flesh. Shit. Haley tried to back away from him again but bumped against the smooth satin of her comforter. Damn, she was trapped between a rock and a soft place. And not in a good way.

Options. What were her options? She could scramble across the bed, or maybe duck around him and try to make it to the door. No, if she did that he would just take control of her body and march her back in here.

If he wanted to fuck, it looked like they were going to fuck. Hell, he'd already proved he could make her body want his. Her only choices were either to cooperate or fight. But either way, it was going to happen.

"Get on the bed."

Decision time. He took another step toward her. Her nipples tingled with the feel of his hard muscles. Her knees shook as the tip of his cloth-covered penis skimmed against her stomach.

\* \* \*

Taron watched Haley's naked form slouch on the bed. His penis jumped at the thought of exploring her golden flesh. "Spread your legs." His mouth watered as his tongue itched to taste her. The small bits he'd lifted on the air had done little but entice his appetite. As she spread her legs her scent permeated the air, promising him the sweetest taste of his life. He flicked his tongue out to pull in more of her.

"Wider." He wanted to get a good look at her before he licked every drop of her nectar. She spread her legs wider and he was gifted with the sight of the brown curls covering her sex. Blood rushed to the throbbing head of his penis. He had to see more and if he waited on her to do it right they would be waiting all night.

He clapped his hands together then pulled them apart slowly. Her eyes widened as her legs opened wide enough for him to stand between. They continued to widen and only stopped when she winced in pain. The inner lips of her pussy were open. He

could see all of her. Every delectable drop. His nostrils flared as he pulled in the scent of her, which had already imprinted itself on his brain. He would never be able to forget her intoxicating scent.

She was hot and ready for him. Putting his hands on her thighs, he lowered himself until his face was level with her swollen flesh. He turned his head to the left and licked the sweat coating her upper thigh. Its salty taste held the same sweetness as her arousal.

With a growl he dipped his head to her pulsing heat. He couldn't wait any longer. He flicked his tongue out and slowly ran it up the sides of her inner folds. Pulling his tongue back in his mouth he savored the taste of her. It sent his heart racing and made his penis jump. She tasted of honey and iced sweet wine. Intoxicating, exhilarating, addictive. His tongue shot out for more.

He moved his head closer to her center. Almost without thought he used his power to pull back the skin covering her sex, exposing her creaming seam. Taron moved his tongue up and down, exploring every valley, licking every drop of her. The heart of her was warm. When he swirled around her tiny nub, he was rewarded with more of her ambrosia. Each taste, each drop drove him on a quest for more. His body craved it. Craved her.

It was several minutes before he heard her moans. He didn't exactly hear them as much as felt them. Her entire body vibrated. Every whimper rolled through him, driving his blood faster as it pooled in his penis. It jutted out against the mattress, pulling his pants hard against his hips.

He thrust his tongue inside the core of her. The muscles of her pussy pulled on it. He flicked back and forth against her clenching sheath and was rewarded with a small river of liquid.

Her hands threaded through his hair, pulling him closer. She rode his tongue fast and hard. Grinding her body down on his face. He swallowed every drop of her and proceeded to coat her in his saliva before pulling his face up to look at her. He had to have her. Had to come inside her.

Taron stood and dropped his pants to the floor. His cock sprang painfully free. One step and he was poised to take her. He grabbed her hips and pulled her closer to the edge of the bed. Blood drummed in his ears. His hands trembled with his need to surge deep inside her.

Haley pushed herself up on her elbows. Her eyes widened as she focused on him. His chest swelled. He was much larger than any human man, and she was going to take him. The sweet smell of her fear battled with the drugging scent of her desire. Unable to hold back any longer, he thrust himself inside her silken opening. She felt so hot, so tight, so good.

## Chapter Three

Haley looked down to where Taron's enormous penis filled her. She couldn't believe he hadn't split her open. He pulled out slowly until only the tip lay within her, leaving her with a strangely empty sensation. Then he surged inside her, filling her again. She fell back against the bed as a mixture of pleasure and pain thundered through her.

The combination of his massive cock and her nonexistent sex life made her feel like he was splitting her in two. She bunched her hands into fists and pounded the mattress each time he surged into her. But after a point the head of his cock would hit her sweet spot and the pleasure drowned out the pain. And each time he stroked against that part of her she got wetter.

He set a rapid pace with his thrusts and soon the pleasure was so intense that it eclipsed the pain. It seemed like every cell in her body had been flipped from off to on then pushed into overload. Haley closed her eyes and savored the sinful sensation of fucking. Her heart thundered in her chest until she thought it would explode, and her lungs followed the impossible rhythm, and she became light headed from the lack of oxygen.

She was there. So close to shattering into a million pieces but she didn't want this to end. It was too intense. It was too fast. It was just too damn good. A deep moan rumbled up through her throat and escaped from her lips. She tightened up every muscle in her body in an effort to slow him down. But that intensified everything to an uncontrollable degree. She could feel the head of his penis push inside her, feel every ridge as it bumped against that small nub inside her. And then she broke, exploding into a thousand shards of euphoria. She closed her eyes and watched lightning strike

across her eyelids as her nerves shot off like fireworks... and then the pleasure started to build again.

He pushed inside her until the hair around his groin tickled the sensitive skin of her pussy. Every cell in her body tightened, overdosing on the pleasure of him. Her inner muscles pulsated, squeezed, and pulled at him until he screamed his release. Haley tensed as aftershocks rocked her body. She struggled to catch her breath.

"Next time, you will beg when I tell you too."

Next time? *Next time*? What the hell did he mean next time? That spell was supposed to be a one off. "Aren't you supposed to be gone?"

"Why? Are you in a rush to be rid of me?"

"It's not that." Who was she kidding? It was exactly that.

"Oh, sweet Haley, you really shouldn't mess around with magic you don't understand."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Taron didn't answer her. Instead, he pulled his pants on with quick smooth movements then reached down and slung her sated body over his shoulder.

"Put me down," Haley ordered, but a whoosh of air stole her words. She was almost positive he hadn't heard her. A bright flash blinded her. Wiping her eyes, she realized that she was no longer in her bedroom. Hell, from the looks of it she was no longer in Washington. She could only think of one place he would take her. *No. No. Fucking bastard, no.* "Take me home!" Even as she screamed the words at him she knew he wouldn't.

"You are home. This is your new home."

Haley looked up at him. His grim features told her he was serious. "You can't do this."

"Why not? Who's going to stop me?"

He was laughing at her. Reaching up, she slapped him. The force of the blow left her palm red and warm. "People will look for me."

"Let them look. They will never be able to find you. You're in my world. You are my slave and you will do as I say." His gaze was stone cold. The glow that had pulsed blue in her bedroom darkened, turning his eyes into black orbs.

He grabbed her arm and half marched, half dragged her through the large ornate carved wooden door. No, not a door. She took in her surroundings and realized it was more like a gate. Inside was a small courtyard. It reminded her of a picture of a medieval castle. The bits of straw below her bare feet told her this was going to be nothing like home.

"You will stay in this room, chained to this bed until I think you have learned enough to be in public without embarrassing me."

She looked up at him, terrified that he wasn't joking. Chained to a bed? "How long are you going to punish me? When will you take me home?"

"You are never going back." His fingers stroked the skin along her right collarbone. "All of your lovely flesh now belongs to me."

Haley shivered at the seductive tone woven into those words even as her mind screamed at her to fight. She needed to think. There had to be a way out. No matter what plan she came up with, it would inevitably start with him becoming complacent.

He bent down and locked a thin iron anklet around her right leg. It looked like it would break at her merest pull, but he wouldn't be that careless. "This is long enough for you to enter the bathing chamber and use the chamber pot, but it will not reach the door or window so don't even try it. I have the only key. And just in case you were able to get it off, I would know. The lock is also an alarm. It will let me know if you tamper with the lock, and I would be very displeased with you."

Once he closed the door, she sat down on soft animal pelts that lay on the large bed. She was his fucking slave -- a slave chained to a bed. Hell, she wasn't even sure it was his bed. What if he planned on letting others fuck her? She didn't think she could take that. Next time someone mentioned a spell she was shutting off her computer and throwing the damn thing out the window. She never should have agreed. Never followed through. It's not like they would have actually known. If only she had never

spoke those words. Soundless tears tumbled down her cheeks. She wiped at them furiously, determined not to have him walk in and find her crying.

A soft knock sounded at the door startling her. For a moment she thought it was Taron, but then she realized he would never knock. The arrogant prick would walk right in.

"Come in." Did she have permission to allow others in the room? Would she be punished further for this?

A petite redhead entered the room carrying a tray of food.

"You tell Taron he can take this food and shove it straight up his ass."

The woman's eyes widened as if she had never heard anyone speak like that before. Haley stared at the woman for a moment. She looked much younger than Haley. If she had to hazard a guess, she would say the woman was nineteen, maybe twenty. "How old are you?"

The woman shook her head.

"What is wrong with you?" Was she deaf, or mute?

The woman shook her head again, not uttering a sound.

For a moment, Haley wondered if the woman was human. Taron had looked human too, until she'd gotten a good look at his tongue. "Are you human?"

The woman nodded her head yes. Okay, the woman would communicate with her just not talk to her. Why? "Are they listening?"

The woman nodded her head. Great. Just fucking great.

"Will he know I asked you questions?" A sick feeling rolled around inside the pit of her stomach.

Again, the woman nodded her head. Oh hell. He hadn't told her not to talk to anyone but she knew he wouldn't like it. And if she wanted him to be complacent enough to slip up then she couldn't afford screw ups like this.

"I'm sorry if I got you in any trouble." Haley strode over to the other woman, placing a hand on her shoulder. The woman flinched away from the small contact. She was betting no human had touched her since she'd come here.

The woman left quickly, leaving the tray of food behind. Haley's stomach protested loudly but she refused to try anything. Nothing looked remotely appetizing. She'd never been one to miss her meals, but dinner last night hadn't seemed important. Funny how a small thing like that was biting her in the ass now.

The door thrust open without so much as the tiniest warning. "Why have you not eaten? I do not like my women stick thin."

"Missing one meal is not going to kill me," she said, rolling her eyes toward the ceiling. And she hadn't missed that crack about his women either.

"I did not give you permission to speak."

"Permission to speak? Are you crazy?"

He waved a hand and she had a sinking suspicion that she wouldn't be able to utter a sound if she tried. Fucking bastard. She turned away, determined not to give him any satisfaction. Even her anger.

"I will be back for dinner and this food had better not still be here. Do you understand me?"

Haley nodded her head without turning to face him.

"You will face me when I speak to you."

Her body turned sharply. She flung her arms out to try to balance herself. When her legs stopped she found her arms balancing up against the hard muscles of his chest. Damn, he'd done it again. He was standing right at the door.

"I do not like talking to your back, human."

*Human.* Her name was Haley, and he knew it. Raking her hands down, she clawed his skin beneath her fingernails. He grabbed her, but not before she had broken the skin in eight downward strokes.

He crushed her against him, squeezed tight and continued to clutch her until she stopped fighting him. When she went limp in his arms, he bent his head and claimed her lips in a punishing kiss. Teeth that had appeared razor sharp in her bedroom nibbled and pinched at her lower lip, scraping across it without breaking the skin. She could feel the heat between her legs blaze inferno hot. The lips of her sex rubbed



together as liquid coated them. She opened her mouth to moan and he thrust his tongue inside. His tongue curled around hers tugging on it slightly. Liquid ran down into the curls covering her sex. She ached to have him deep within her pussy.

After what seemed a lifetime, he let her go. "You would do well to remember that this is not your world. I am in control here."

She knew that. She didn't know how he expected her to forget while she was chained to his bed. Or when he kissed and teased her like that and left her wanting.

"And the next time you give your back to me I will take it as an invitation."

He eyed her breasts, and her nipples hardened. He was waiting for her to turn her back on him again. Well, he could keep on waiting. It didn't matter that a tiny part of her was crying out for her to turn her back and see what happened.

An uncomfortable silence stretched between them. Was he waiting on her to say something? *Could* she? She did have something she needed to ask to him. "Am I allowed to talk to the other women here?" Her tongue almost stuck to the roof of her mouth as she forced the sugary sweet question out.

A smile slid across his face. "Since you have asked like a good slave I will grant you leave to talk to any other female in my household. Not that it will do you any good."

"What do you mean?" *Please don't let me have almost begged for nothing.*

"Female slaves are forbidden to talk to one another and the females of my race would not lower themselves to actually hold a conversation with a man's slave."

Her nostrils flared as she realized his permission was meaningless. It was probably the only reason he had given it to her. She wanted to turn her back and walk away from him but she knew what he would do. Instead she stared off into the corner above his head.

A soft chuckle rent the air as he walked out the door, leaving her with swollen lips and broken hope. How was she going to find a way out of here when she was locked up like this? How would she stay sane without anyone to talk to?

\* \* \*

Taron looked down the corridor at his bedroom door. He shouldn't have installed her in his room. Instead she should be locked up with all the other slaves. No, then any demon would be allowed to claim her. If he was bound to her then she damn sure would be bound to him.

He walked to his throne room, throwing the doors open. It was good to be home. The soft clicking on the stone floor alerted him to the female presence behind him. Only one woman dared to follow him around. "Hello, Mother."

"Taron, please tell me it's not true." Her words were hushed, as if the others hadn't already heard the gossip about him.

"Yes, Mother, I was summoned by a human."

A soft cry escaped his mother's lips. "How? Why? The only spells left to the humans were the ones to summon the sex demons."

"Obviously that is not totally correct. The human that summoned me used the *Hun-Gu-tan*."

"No..." His mother's hand moved up to her jeweled neckline. Gems of every color and hue hung from dozens of finely spun golden spider threads. "Please tell me you did not consummate the ritual."

Taron stopped in the middle of the large room. "Tell me, Mother, how else was I going to get home?"

She gripped his arm right above his elbow. "Did the flower die before or after this?"

With an exasperated sigh he stalked across the remaining distance and sat in his throne. His mother came to stand behind him and put one flawless hand on his shoulder. "Before," he finally bit out in a deep whisper.

She jumped back as if his flesh had burned her. "No, Taron, please tell me you are joking."

"I'm sorry, Mother, but I'm not."

"But why? The flower was dead, if you had but obtained her permission you could have come home."

"Are you saying in the humans' world the rose is my time clock, and not my bond?"

"Exactly. Humans cannot initiate the bond. But if you choose to have sex with a human in her world, pleasure freely given during the *Hun-Gu-Tan* binds us to the human in question for all eternity. Even death will not release you."

It couldn't be. No. This couldn't be his fault. It was her. She had done this to him.

## Chapter Four

Haley stared out the window at the forest towering beyond the walls of the city. The soft amber glow of the sunset shone through the glass. Its warm haze actually made her feel better.

“What did I tell you about turning your back to me?”

Did he expect her to stay facing the door all day? “You’ve got to be kidding.” She turned to face him. Big mistake. His eyes blazed at her.

This was not happening. She tried to take a step backward but the metal chain around her ankle bit into her flesh. Her only option was to go sideways, trying to put as much space between them as possible.

“There’ll be no running. You will submit now.”

Her legs marched to the bed while she strained hard against every step. Just wait until he gave her back control of her body. She crawled onto the bed and bent down on all fours, putting her ass up in the air and her face down into the fur coverings. Fucking bastard.

He stroked the taut flesh of her thighs before grabbing her upturned ass. Her muscles tensed as the contact made her pussy wet. Every caress burned her freshly washed skin. He bent and licked at the light coating of juices covering her throbbing hole.

His tongue pressed inside the small opening then twisted and turned as the only muscles he could not control pulled at him, welcoming him in. She couldn’t make a sound, but her moans vibrated through her brain. Fighting when he had total control was useless; the only thing to do was enjoy him as he touched, tasted, and fucked her.

The rough pad of his tongue ravished her, pushing into her, brushing against her inner muscles until it reached the spot where the smallest pressure caused her to seize

up and unravel around his tongue. He kept his tongue inside her until the aftershocks subsided. Then he slowly pulled his tongue out, the rough pad sliding over her engorged flesh. She could hear him groaning as he moved to position the head of his penis at her entrance. Haley held her breath as she waited for him to sink deep inside.

He pushed past her quivering flesh, pressing in until his thighs touched her buttocks. Rocking in and out, delicious friction teased her. His hands clasped the swell of her hips and then the rounded flesh of her ass again. "You're so tight. Feels so good." He moaned the soft words.

Her heart stuttered. The sound of his hand slapping against her ass rang out in the room. Heat bloomed as blood raced to her butt. The slap was not overly hard and the initial sting was already fading.

He slapped her other cheek, and she caught her breath as the pleasure of his thrust and the pain from his hand coincided to push her over the edge. Muscles clutched at his cock as spasm after spasm rocked her body. He pounded into her one last time before spilling himself into her hungry cunt.

Damn it, she'd done it again. Lost herself in the pleasure he'd given her. She needed to be stronger, learn to resist. She wouldn't become his willing slave.

Scooping her up in his arms, he laid her down on the bed beside him. There were no words of love, no cuddling. Just two warm bodies sleeping next to each other for heat, or in case he felt like fucking her again before the morning.

At least in his slumber he had to let go of his control of her body. She stretched and the muscles in the lower half of her body screamed. She was sore in places she hadn't even known she possessed.

Rolling to the side of the bed she caught sight of his discarded clothes. They were laying an arm's length away from his belt. Wasn't that damn key on his belt?

Breathing slowly to calm the thrum of her heart, she turned slightly to see if he was watching her. Thankfully, his eyes were closed and the rhythmic sounds of deep breathing meant he was asleep. She waited several minutes just to be sure.

Her fingers tingled with anticipation to the point that it was almost painful. She stretched her arm as far out as it would go and closed two fingers around the belt. Sliding it soundlessly along the floor to the bed was difficult. The metal buckle clicked on the floor, she went rock still, hoping he hadn't heard the sound.

When she heard his undisturbed snoring over the beat of her heart, she moved the belt again. Feeling around the edge she grasped the key and pulled it from the ring. It slid free effortlessly.

\* \* \*

Taron dreamed of being summoned again. This time the human who summoned him refused to let him go. She wanted to keep him as some sort of pet. He tried using his magic but nothing happened. He was a prisoner again. He woke up fighting and thrashing in the bed.

"What the hell?" Haley screamed as one of his hands smacked against her hip.

"Sorry." She looked surprised. Did she think he possessed no manners? Was that truly what she thought of him?

She stared at him hard for a moment then rolled over, giving him her back.

He looked down at the way her spine curved then dipped below the covers. She was so sexy. She was also his prisoner. No better than he had been in his dream. No, she was worse off, because she had no hope of escape.

Their bonding was mostly his fault, not hers. She was not totally blameless, but the loss of her home, her life -- that lay squarely at his feet. The least he could do was make her life here as comfortable as possible.

With his decision, Taron felt as if a weight lifted from his shoulders. He had only seen her smile once, and wanted to see that rare treasure again. He got out of the bed and walked to the bathing chamber. He had many things to do. Changes to make.

\* \* \*

Haley waited a full ten minutes after he left before she moved. She swung her unshackled legs to the floor and picked up the thin chain. She wanted a bath, but she

was afraid to visit the bathing room in case he came back. Maybe she could stretch the chain all the way into the room so it would appear as though it was still connected.

Too risky. She needed to leave before the rest of the castle got up.

A soft rap came at the door, and the same tiny redhead from yesterday came in.

"Hi. Taron said it was okay if I talked to you." Haley approached the other woman slowly, almost afraid she would bolt. "Please don't speak. I don't want you to get in trouble. Just move your hands. I'm getting out of here and I need your help."

The woman shook her head violently, soft red ringlets flew in her face.

"Yes. I just need you to tell me how to get out of the castle."

The woman tried to get to the door, but Haley rushed her, knocking her to the floor inches from the door handle. "If it were you, I would help you escape."

The woman sighed deeply before she stopped struggling. Haley sensed the woman's sign of cooperation and stood, then helped the woman up.

The woman used her hands to tell about a safe way out of the palace and to the gates of the city. From there she would be on her own. She would head to the forest, then on to another city until she found someone to take her home.

Getting out of the castle proved extremely easy once she swiped a dowdy brown dress from one of the laundry baskets near the kitchens. Walking through the city was a bit rougher. Hands constantly thrust out to touch, pinch or grab at her, but thankfully no one stopped her. She made it beyond the gates and sprinted the last few yards into the waiting trees.

Ten minutes later she wondered at her decision. The forest hadn't appeared all that threatening from the window in Taron's room. Peeking around her hiding spot behind a tree, she stared in stark terror at a gigantic emerald green snake with the head of a lizard. Its tongue resembled Taron's. If it saw her she was dead. Feeling the crumbling bark of the tree, she inched her way along to the creature's blind side, praying that she didn't make a sound. Her fingers spasmed with the fear spreading like wildfire beneath her skin. It took every ounce of her concentration to make them obey as she peeled a piece of bark from the trunk beside her and threw it behind the beast.

She watched for a second as it slithered off after the bait, then she ran in the other direction.

Haley pushed her body until her lungs burned with the need to slow down. She walked slowly, highly alert to her surroundings. She could not afford to be so careless again. The stark contrast of the beast's green body and its yellow eyes was the only thing that saved her.

The sound of falling leaves behind her stopped her cold. Was it the snake thing? Turning around she saw a winged corpse-like monster spring down toward her. Haley dropped to the forest floor and rolled away from its grasping claws. It flew up to a tree limb and crouched, waiting. Looking around quickly, afraid that the rotting heap of flesh would dive again, she searched for a place to hide. Ahead in a small clearing was what appeared to be a large hollow tree. The hole at the base looked large enough for her to squeeze into. She launched herself from the forest floor and ran.

Using every bit of strength she could muster, she pumped her legs and arms, pushing herself to go faster. Her body jerked as the bite of the monster's claws raked along her shoulder. The nails tore deep into her skin as she slid down into the waiting hole. Once inside, she grabbed a heavy piece of the dead tree bark and waited for the beast to try to climb inside.

A blackened arm jammed inside, clawing at the ground near her feet. She heaved the dead wood over her head and brought it down on top of the rotting arm. A resounding crack echoed up the hollowed tree. The beast jerked its arm out of the hole and let out an ear-splitting howl.

Shit. That would definitely alert more strange creatures to her hiding place. At this rate, she doubted she would survive the night. Being Taron's slave was better than this. Anything was better than this.

Fear, hunger, and exhaustion pummeled her, knocking her into a long sleep. She woke to a festering hand grabbing inside her hiding place and breaking a piece of the wood away from the entrance. It was enlarging the opening. Judging from the large



hands the piece of deadwood she clung to would do nothing. She would be dead in a few short minutes.

Panicked, she scanned the tight space looking for somewhere to hide or a way out. But there was nothing. As the monster stuck his head through the opening the smell of rotting flesh and animal shit assaulted her. It growled at her, baring jagged yellow teeth, then bucked against the entrance trying to wedge more of its body inside. A hand reached out for her.

"Taron!" She screamed his name as loud as she could.

A blinding light flashed and familiar hard flesh appeared between her and the monster's outstretched limb. Taron grabbed her close, and in a flash, everything fell away.

They were back in his room. The bed, the chain, everything was exactly as she had left it. He held her for a minute without moving then abruptly released her. "Not a word," he told her as he stalked from the room.

\* \* \*

Where was Taron? He hadn't returned to the room all night. He hadn't even bothered to send up a tray of food. Her stomach cramped in hunger. She felt a bit lightheaded from the lack of nourishment. Right now she would eat almost anything, and that included the morsels of food she'd turned away yesterday.

Well, at least she was clean, and she was finally able to wear some clothes.

"So, you are the human who summoned my son."

Haley turned, surprised to hear another female's voice. The woman in front of her was not human. Her eyes blazed the same luminescent blue as Taron's. "My name is Haley."

"Think that I care, human? All I see is the slave who has brought shame and disgrace to my son. First by summoning him like a common sex demon, and second by fleeing his home and protection." She walked up to Haley and stood toe-to-toe with her.

The bitch was pushing her luck.

"If you have not a care for yourself, think of my son. If you had died yesterday his life would have ended also."

What the hell was she talking about? How would her death affect him? And the oh-so-concerned-mother routine wasn't flying.

"I see my son has not told you." A knowing glint twinkled in her luminescent eyes.

"No, but I have a feeling you're about to," Haley said, anger dripping from her lips.

"The ritual you used to summon my son is the mating spell of our people. His true mate would have summoned him, and their consummation would bind their souls together for all eternity."

"Demons don't have souls."

"Who says we're demons, human?" The woman's lips withered into a deep frown. "We are not demons. Does this look like your human hell?"

Thinking about the creatures she'd encountered in the forest, she nodded her head. Not that she truly believed that, but she knew it would piss the woman off.

The hard slap against Haley's jaw echoed in the room. Before she could think better of it Haley pulled back her fist and knocked the woman off her feet. "You keep your hands to yourself or I'll fucking knock the shit out of you." Her fingers throbbed with pain, but she refused to show even a hint of her discomfort.

"You worthless piece of filth. You dare strike me? Do you know who I am?" The words fell from the woman's lips like ice shards, sharp and deadly.

"You're the bitch about to get her ass kicked if she doesn't leave me alone."

The woman's eyes widened. Haley wondered why the woman didn't use the same restraining power that Taron used to control her. What was she waiting for? Then it dawned on her, the woman didn't possess the power. She couldn't do anything to her.

Haley turned her back on the woman and walked to the window. She ignored the sputtering indignation coming from the woman.

"Mother, what are you doing here?" Taron's familiar voice asked from behind her.

Haley turned around and her pulse jumped at seeing him. His chest still sported her scratches from the previous day, but other than that he looked good enough to eat.

"I've just come to visit your mate."

Haley flinched at the word *mate*. She was not mated to him. She couldn't stand him. She hated him. Hated him.

Then why was her heart jumping at the sight of him?

"The truth, Mother?"

"I was curious. I wanted to meet the human you've bound yourself to."

"It's time you left." His low voice dripped with anger.

The woman held her head regally as she swept past him to the door. "Don't be too hard on her. She won't take well to your special brand of punishment."

## Chapter Five

Haley's eyes jerked from the woman's smirking face to Taron's black eyes. Punishment. *Punishment?* No freaking way. Wasn't almost being eaten alive punishment enough?

The door closed, leaving only the two of them. His obsidian gaze bored into her and she stared right back at him. She wasn't about to sit idly by and let him punish her.

"You can fight me, Haley, but you have forced my hand. You chose to run away. Now, I must make you an example, or others will journey into the forest and die."

She refused to see the logic of his statement. He was talking about punishing *her*, not some imaginary other offenders in the future.

A knock sounded at the door. Taron turned and opened it. Two men rolled in a large circular wheel with five chain restraints hanging down. The wooden wheel stood a few inches shorter than Taron. The men chuckled as they left. Was she the only one who didn't know what was coming?

Taron stood silently for a few moments, then walked over to her and ripped the brown dress from her body. She didn't move or jump. She knew he wouldn't hurt her. He'd been gentle with her before and she doubted that would change overnight.

He picked her up and deposited her inside the wheel. The dark wood was wider than the length of her foot. It had to be nine or ten inches wide. He moved quickly, clamping the restraints on her ankles, and then her hands.

The fact that he didn't touch her any more than what was necessary chilled her. His hands moved to the outer rim of the wood. She couldn't tell what he was doing until the chains on her legs tightened, pulling them apart. Then he tightened the chains on her arms. This crude wooden wheel had been empty inside except for the chains

used to cuff her. But now her every limb was locked into an extended position leaving her wide open in every sense of the word.

Warm fingers closed around her neck and gently lifted her head as something snapped closed around her throat. She couldn't even lower her head. Fucking hell. With her spread eagle in this DaVinci pose, he wouldn't even need his special brand of restraint.

"Aren't you going to fight, Haley?"

She ground her teeth together at the sound of his laughter. Why fight something that was inevitable?

"Nothing to say? I think we can change that." Taron stood behind her as his hands skirted along the contours of her body. He slapped her ass three times quickly.

The sting warmed her flesh as she fought to control her frenzied breathing. He reached down and pinched the soft skin of her inner thigh. Blood pumped straight to her clit. The bud grew large enough to part the skin covering her clit.

"I think you're wet, Haley." He slipped one of his fingers down the cheeks of her ass and into her wet center. "Why are you so wet?" He glided his fingers, spreading the velvety fluid along every surface of her pussy.

Haley bit down on her lip in hope to hold back the moans screaming for release. He wanted her to make noise, and she was determined not to. He slid his cock up and down the rounded flesh of her ass. Then he slipped his cock along her pussy lips creating a burning friction. He didn't push inside her, only coated his rigid flesh in her.

"I'm going to come in your ass."

The inner walls of her pussy and the tight muscles of her ass twitched. Her entire body jerked against the bonds holding her. She was no prude, but she had never let anyone explore that fleshy opening.

"Does that excite you? Does it? To know that I am going to shove my dick into your tight little hole?" He pressed the head of his cock against her taut anus. His fingers slid inside her wet core, stretching it as he rubbed her drenched clit. She moved against his hand and felt the head of his cock wedged between her cheeks. He slipped his

sopping fingers into the straining muscles of her anus then coated the head of his penis as well.

"Please..." Haley didn't know whether she was begging him to stop or to continue. Fear and anticipation sent her heart racing faster. Excitement flooded her. The care he was taking to make sure she was lubricated and ready for him stole any lingering doubts. All that was left was for her to let go. She could indulge her need to be dominated by him tonight. But only tonight.

He slid his cock along her skin and pressed the head slowly through her tight circle. She tried to relax, to accept him.

"Fighting is futile. Surrender to me." The simple command did nothing to calm her clenching muscles.

He reached around her and rubbed his fingers along her wet flesh. He teased, soothed, and pinched the skin around her core. His fingers flirted with the opening before dipping inside her dripping pussy. She rocked against his fingers in a frenzied heat while her orgasm consumed her.

Haley let out several ear-splitting screams as she pushed back against his throbbing cock. He started moving inside her again. Aftershocks of her orgasm racked her body as he pressed fully into her ass. He moved in and out, filling her, stuffing her, and then pulling out. Each time he withdrew he left her at a point where she craved the feel of him pressed to the limit again.

He rode her ass until she came again, then bit down on the soft flesh of her neck, grazing his sharp teeth again her flesh. "This is only the beginning."

He wasn't kidding. They spent all day and night having sex. By the time he finally moved to the bed, she could barely hold her head up.

"Aren't you forgetting something?"

"What?"

"How about getting me down?" she said, pulling slightly at the chains holding her arms.

"No. That is part of your punishment."

Bastard. He left her to sleep in the torture wheel. Her muscles ached from the outstretched position and constant orgasms he'd given her. Finally, she fell asleep from pure exhaustion.

\* \* \*

Taron looked down at her sleeping form. She was perfect for him. She had courage and spirit. She did not fear him. She would provide him with strong sons -- if she could accept the fact that she could never return home.

He doubted, if the roles were reversed, he'd be as accepting. No, if she was desperate enough to risk the forest without knowing what dangers it held then there was no hope that she would accept him. She would fight him until her death.

Eventually she would do something that would endanger more than just her. Then he would have to answer to his father. That audience would come soon enough once word of his mate reached certain ears.

There was only one solution -- one that left a bad taste in his mouth. But he had more to think about than himself and his comfort. He would do what was best for her. His hands cupped her head and he bent, giving her one last kiss.

\* \* \*

Haley woke to the feel of soft satin surrounding her. Her hands bunched the covers, grasping at them. They were too soft. This wasn't animal fur. She forced her eyes open. Where the hell was she? She rubbed her eyes and focused on her surroundings. She couldn't be here.

She was back in her room. There were no candles. No salt circle. It was the same half clean, half messy state her bedroom was usually in. Had it all been a dream? A long, drawn out, wet dream?

Reaching up she ran her hands along the throbbing flesh of her right shoulder. Four angry gashes ran from the base part of her underarm and ended at the top of her collarbone. On the back of the shoulder was a single hole much deeper than the others.

It was no fucking dream. It was real. *He* was real. Haley walked through her house searching for some sort of sign that Taron was here with her.

After an hour she accepted the fact that he'd left her. His mother had said he was bound to her for all eternity. But their definitions of eternity were seriously out of sync.

Tears streamed down her face at an uncontrollable rate. So what if he preferred a life alone, or with some other woman. She would survive. Exactly how, she wasn't sure yet. She couldn't think about that right now. She had to use all her strength to stop the tears.

She was so stupid. How could she have willingly submitted to him last night? To turn over control of their lovemaking to him, let herself fall into the role of slave and him step into that of her master. He'd duped her, used her and thrown her out. She should summon him again. Make him pay.

No. She was better than that. She had more pride. She had more self-worth than to go begging for him to take her back. She needed to forget that he ever existed. She would wipe all the memories from her mind and never even speak his name again.

\* \* \*

It had been one week since she'd come back, but it felt more like a month. It had taken some fast maneuvering and creative storytelling for her to keep from being demoted or fired. Just another thing to add to the list of problems he'd caused.

Every night when she went home, Haley dropped on her bed, almost asleep before her head hit the pillow. She might not mention his name while awake but in her dreams she relived the times they'd had sex. She enjoyed letting go of all control so she could focus on enjoying the pleasure of what he was doing to her. And she added her own fantasies of ways she wanted him to dominate her. She went as far as to keep track of the words she wanted him to say. She never believed she would enjoy being fucked by a strong-willed man like him. She'd loved being his submissive.

Tonight her dreams took her back to her experiences on the wheel. It seemed so real that she screamed his name as she came, just as she'd done that night.

The second his name breached her lips a flash of bright white light lit the room, waking her. Her heart beat in an all consuming rush. "I was beginning to think you had no use for me."



She tried to swallow her smile. He had left her. She couldn't just forget that.

"Why did you call me?"

"Why did you come?"

They stared each other down. Which one would break first? Haley dropped her gaze first, and gritted her teeth against his growl of satisfaction. "I don't know why you came here. I will always be the opinionated woman you're staring at. I'm not changing. I will probably argue with you about every little thing."

"And I will enjoy dominating your fighting spirit every time we fuck. We belong together. I am tired of trying to deny it." He grasped her around the hips and lifted her off the bed, crushing her to him. It was a hug of comfort, not a preparation for sex. "I tried to stay away. To be noble and let you live out your human existence. But when you called to me in your dreams I couldn't help answering. Why did it take so long for you to summon me again?"

Haley ignored his question. "So what are we going to do? I don't fit in your world and you don't fit in mine." She leaned back so she could look into his eyes.

"Does it matter as long as we're together?"

Haley shook her head. It didn't matter. Who knew what challenges the future held. If they were together they could get through anything. She just had one thing to tell him... her IM friends hadn't been online in over a week.

## **Leila Brown**

I've been an avid reader since the fifth grade. As I aged I read everything I could get my hands on from horror, to mystery and finally stopping in romance.

While in college studying computer programming and electrical engineering, I realized what I wanted to do when I grew up. I wanted to write those stories that entertained me through more nights than I could count. Of course my first attempts were less than remarkable and have been destroyed to protect the innocent. :)

As the years have progressed life kind of took over. I got married, had a son, changed jobs several times. But one thing remained constant -- my desire to write.

Currently, I work a normal 9 to 5 in the IT world. I write during my lunch hour and at home after 9pm when everyone in my house is asleep.

Is it easy?... Yes -- and No! Coming up with the stories is easy. Getting the words out of my head and onto paper is HARD! But I couldn't live without it!

Website: <http://www.leilabrown.com>

Blog: <http://leilabrown.blogspot.com/>

Facebook: <http://www.facebook.com/MsLeilaBrown>

Twitter: <http://twitter.com/leilabrown>