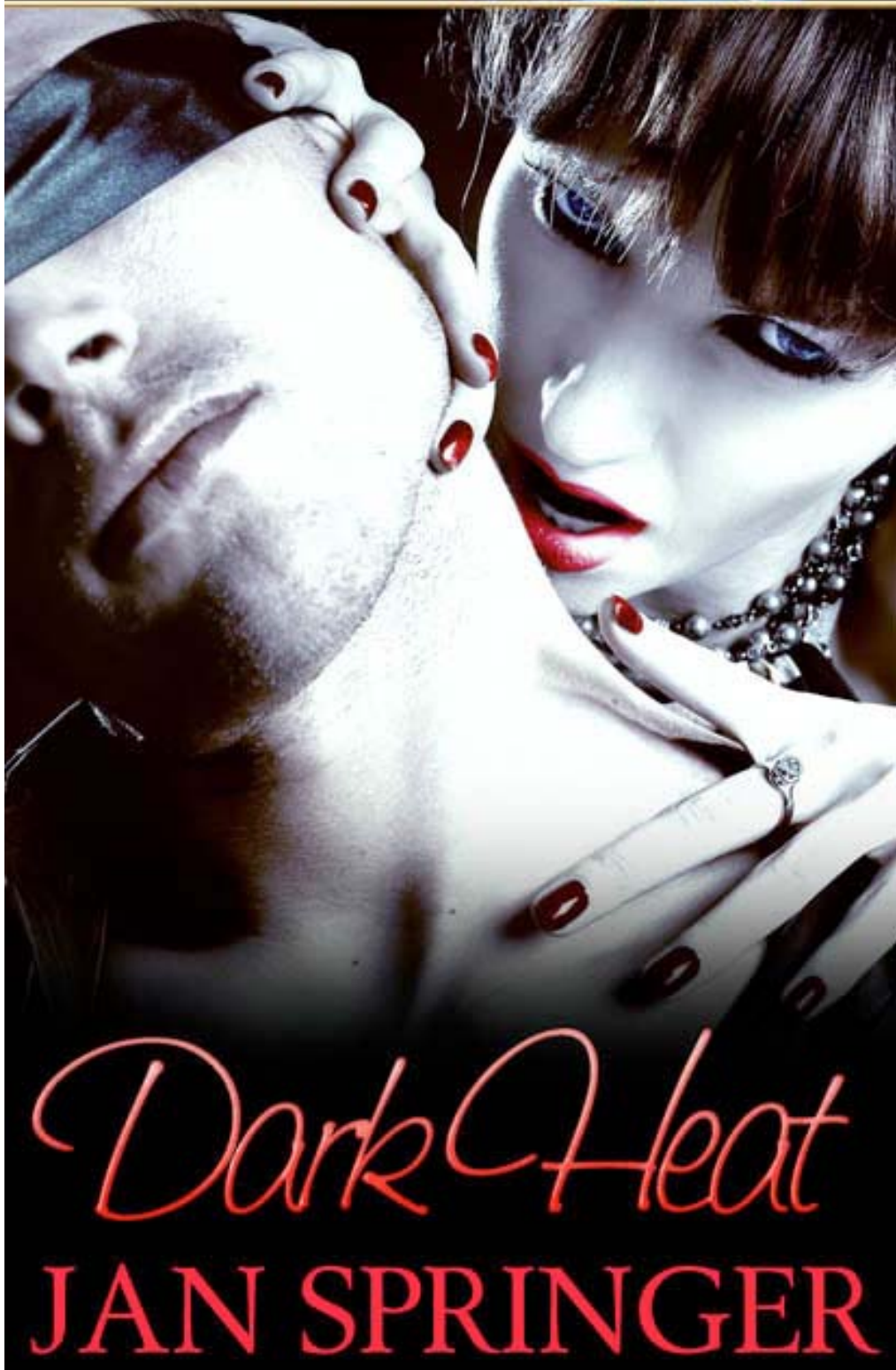


ELLORA'S CAVE TWILIGHT



Dark Heat

Jan Springer

Vampira, Book Two

Warrior Queen Megan Bloodrayne was betrayed by her two forced mates. Fleeing them, she hides within Vampira, a secret coven of vampires who live undetected among the humans.

Recaptured, Megan is horrified to learn she's been framed for crimes she did not commit. Her mates, kings Christian and Zane, believe she may be a traitor and they'll try anything to get the truth out of her. Megan's got a secret and she'll do anything to keep it, including enduring scorching sessions of red-hot sexual torture.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Dark Heat

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DARK HEAT

Jan Springer

Chapter One

Megan looked exquisite. Absolutely breathtaking, laid out on the padded table. Blindfolded with a shimmering blue velvet scarf, she had a pale blue sheet draped over her and he had no problem making out the erotic curve of her breasts, the small juts of the nipple vibrators or her wide hips and her long legs. Her hair was splayed out on the pillow, painting it auburn with those luscious shiny waves. Her skin was pale and ivory and he knew without touching her how silky soft she would feel beneath his fingertips. He had waited a night and a day after her arrival before coming to her dungeon. Had commanded her guards to summon him when she fell asleep. He wanted to look upon her without being sniffed out by her nose or gazed upon with crystal-colored blue eyes that melted his knees and turned him from an angry conqueror to a male who wanted to dominate her and please her at the same time.

His Queen. A lethal bitch to his senses. She still smelled the same. Clean. Spicy and sweet. A tender, tasty morsel who made his mouth water and his body tense just thinking about dipping his head between her thighs, curling his tongue against her clit and drinking her warm pleasure juices.

He knew beneath the sheet draped upon her body, she would be naked. It is what he had instructed. Knew they had outfitted her with the gold jewelry he loved to see on his female. The butt plug, the vibrating nipple clamps and the clit stimulator, the latter which he hadn't used yet, were all made of pure gold, the ancient metal of Kings.

The toys were all standard procedure for a Warrior male who captured the female he wished to mate with. The female was gentled with the use of toys, whether she wanted to be dominated or not. In the end the female submitted to the pleasure. They always did.

Except this one, his inner voice warned. This vamp had turned out to be his and Zane's equal. Out of bed and within. He'd realized it shortly after she'd run away. The terrorist attacks against the Warrior Empire's antique stores had started only days after her disappearance. They were well-coordinated attacks. Not against civilians, thankfully, because the bombings always happened when the stores had been closed. A calling card was sent to the castle after each attack. *Free all females*, the cards had said. The cards were written in what appeared to be Megan's handwriting as well as stamped with her Queen's royal seal, which had disappeared the same night she had vanished. His ancient Seer had confirmed the cards were indeed written by Megan as well as it being her official seal.

At first he hadn't wanted to believe it. Had convinced himself she'd been kidnapped and someone was setting her up for some reason. But then Seer delivered the disturbing news that his intelligence people had discovered his wife was indeed setting a rebellion against him. That she wished equal rights for females.

Bahh! There was no such thing. A male was a male. A female belonged to him. It was as simple as that. It had always been the way of the Warriors. He could not permit females to be equal to males. If he allowed that abomination then the next thing he knew the female would wish to be the male herself! A female could not be the male. She was feminine. Soft and succulent. Submissive. She gave pleasure and accepted it from the males who were raised to pleasure their females.

He'd wanted her to bear his offspring. Many of them. He had never told her that. Maybe he should have.

Anger sparked anew, bringing him back to his enemy. Over the years she had done much damage to his kingdom. Had obviously infiltrated his ranks to get sensitive security information. He'd seen the information. But he needed to find out how much more she knew. The only way to do that was to break her.

With sex. It was her weakness. Her hunger. His hunger.

Another shot of red hot anger roared through him as he pondered how many males she had spread her legs for to get her information. He knew she enjoyed ménages. The female runaways of the Crystal Clan mate quest always did. That's why they ran from that clan where only vanilla sex took place. Females who ran were rare, but when they could not decide on a mate, the need for a more intense sex life was where the problem lay. Those clan males could not share. It just wasn't in their genetic makeup.

But it was in his and Zane's.

Yes, he enjoyed ménages, but only if he was involved or watching. Not behind his back!

He soothed himself by turning his thoughts away from her possible unfaithfulness and toward what he needed to do to get information out of her.

Megan forced herself to keep her breaths calm and regular as she feigned sleep. She knew he had come. Christian. The more dominant of the two.

Oh Sweet Vampire. She had requested Zane. With Zane she could speak. With Christian, it was more difficult. He spoke in his actions toward her.

He was angry. Fury wafted off him in stunning waves. Yet beneath the layers of hostility his scent was rich with musk revealing his desire for her still existed, as it smelled as strong and as demanding as ever. The power of his scent tickled her nose and she fought the urge to unsheathe her fangs and feed on him. He'd always made her so aware of her sensuality and of her hunger for male blood. She had always loved the way his scent flowed into her nostrils, as if it were a powerful drug.

His anger was understandably directed at her. Of course he would be furious with her for running away. He'd expressed how much he loved her in bed, although never in the words she craved to hear from him. Yet she'd thrown it all back in his face by leaving him. Leaving them.

The off gait of his footsteps on the floor as he circled the table made her realize he was in full arousal state. He always had a bit of trouble walking when his cock became

enflamed with lust for her. He would grow so big and swollen, she could barely circle both her hands around the base of his shaft. And so long, was he— She stopped an excited shiver that threatened to race through her as she remembered the first time she saw his cock. It had been more than forty years ago. She'd been on her mate quest and they had captured her, quickly strapping her down on a log up on the Austrian mountainside.

The two were huge males. Their cock sizes frightening at first, but the pleasure so unbelievably beautiful. Once the two of them had taken her, she understood why she had run from her Clan and the boring males there.

She had quickly become accustomed to their huge sizes...

Meg couldn't stop her throbbing fangs from unsheathing any longer. Couldn't help but inhale softly at those pleasurable memories. She could still feel the erotic softness of the bindings that bit tenderly into her wrists and ankles as her body tightened in awareness when the two male vampires had undressed in front of her. Sinewy muscles bulging in their tree-trunk-like thighs and their powerful arms as they stroked themselves and gazed upon her nakedness. She could still remember how her eyes widened in surprise and shock and even excitement as their flushed cocks grew into strong, thick erections that jutted straight out from between their thighs.

"You're awake," Dark Heart's deep voice curled around her like ribbons of seductive silk and she had no more reasons to pretend she was asleep. She held her breath as she sensed him leaning closer. A moment later, the blindfold left her. She opened her eyes and he rolled into focus and she wished he'd left the blindfold on.

She had hoped to see the lust, the love and the desire he possessed for her. She saw all those emotions clearly. However there was pain, utterly deep and destructive pain, shimmering there as well. The horrors of what he must have endured because of worry over her slammed into her like an electrical charge.

The forty years she'd been away had changed him. He was older. His hair longer. Parted in the middle and brushed off to the sides, drifting over his shoulders and down his chest to just above his nipples.

Megan swallowed. Oh Vampire Kings! He wasn't wearing clothing? She tried to move her head, to look down past his waist, to see his engorged cock. But she couldn't move her head for they had bound her arms and legs to the table as well as a strap over her forehead.

But from what she saw of him, it made her tremble in appreciation. He was wider in his shoulders than she remembered. Definitely more muscular across the width of his chest. His neck was as thick as a tree stump and the veins she hungered for were there ready and waiting for her. She moaned inwardly. She hadn't fed from a male in so long. As a member of Vampira, and her need to fit in with the humans of the human world, she only had access to clone blood, synthetic blood or blood from a blood bank. It just wasn't the same as feeding from a hot vibrant male she so deeply cared for. Many times since leaving the Kings she thought she would surely die without the brothers. But she'd endured, knowing she had to. Endured her sorrow and grown stronger from it.

Just as he had grown stronger in his hatred for her. His eyes showed it.

"So, you have been returned," he said gruffly, his lips tightening with anger. Full lips that would make her scream from the arousal they created.

"Not of my own free will," she replied.

A flash of hurt sliced through his face at her words and just as quickly, the hurt disappeared. Washed away by the anger and betrayal.

"And you know what I must do to get the answers I wish from you."

She stifled a shiver of both dread and excitement.

"I know." She tried to keep her voice strong, steady and defiant but she noted a slight tremor of fear. Or perhaps anticipation at having him any way she could get him, was truly what she wanted? Surely the Vampira would forgive her for being bound and sex forced upon her.

“Why did you run, wife? Were the jewels and the gold not enough to keep you satisfied? Were the Master Arousers I gave you to lay with not to your satisfaction?”

Oh yes, the Master Arousers. The human males and females the Kings kept in the castle to pleasure her when they were away. She had never wanted them. Not with her heart. She’d simply endured them because that was expected from a Queen of the Warrior Empire. Seer herself had tutored her in the duties expected from her.

Christian drew farther away, allowing her to see more of his hard powerful body and that’s when Megan realized that yes, he truly was naked. She couldn’t help but swear softly at seeing his engorged cock, cradled by a nest of silk curls and the swollen sac beneath. Such a specimen of a vampire male. Such length and width in his cock. She had truly been blessed.

“Or was it I and Zane who did not satisfy you enough in bed?”

Even in the dim light of the scented candles adorning the ledges of the dungeon, she could easily make out the throb of webbed blue veins pulsing angrily along his flushed purple shaft. Oh! And what a succulent-looking shaft he possessed!

She had forgotten how much pleasure he had given in the short time they were together. She tensed as she heard a whirring sound and the table she lay on began to lower. Reaching over, he undid the bind holding her head hostage. His large, hot hand trembled as he cupped her chin. At first tenderly and then firmly as he turned her head to face him.

“Open your mouth, my Queen, for I have waited too long for you,” he growled. “And do not even think to bite or drink from me as there will be dire consequences for you.”

Megan swallowed and tried to ignore the fire of lust leaping through her.

“Open your mouth,” he said again. “I am not that loving mate I once was. You will do well to remember it.”

She said nothing. What could she say? She wasn’t his loving mate either.

"I said open your mouth."

Her pussy creamed at his sharp command. Creamed with a warm, thick wetness as he pressed his hot, plum-shaped cock head against her mouth. Oh! This would definitely be the sweetest torture he could give her, for she knew this might be the last time they could be together. She could not stay here with them, even if they wanted her back.

She parted her lips, smelled his arousal shifting through the air. To her surprise she found herself moaning as he sunk his silk-encased steel flesh into her mouth. Pre-come lashed her taste buds and she wanted more. Opening wider, she took more of him, his solid hot flesh pulsing against her tongue. Between her thighs, her pussy spasmed as she remembered how exquisite his cock felt coming into her vagina all those times he fucked her. And there had been many times. Sometimes while he watched the Master Arousers pleasuring her. Sometimes with Zane. Many times just the two of them. She loved the ménages she had with him. Loved the way his eyes would shine strong with lust and desire as he watched another male or males do naughty things to her.

"Suck me, my Queen." His hoarse voice broke through her memories and she disobeyed his instructions. Instead, she chose to explore his cock. Dabbing the tip of her tongue against the slit, she massaged him there with firm swipes until she had him moaning his approval.

She craved to sink her fangs into his shaft, to pierce his sweet flesh and feel the hot nourishing blood splash over her tongue and down her throat. Hear his strangled moan as the pain increased his arousal. Feel the strength of his nourishment zip through her system. She wished her hands weren't lashed to the bed for she would love to encircle the base of his cock or knead his balls or even dip a finger into his anus and bring him to his knees by massaging his prostrate.

But until she regained his trust, if she had the opportunity to regain his trust, and he finally untied her wrists, she would have to work wonders with her mouth and resist the urge to nourish herself.

While she ran her tongue over the array of thick pulsing veins, she watched his face for any sign of emotion as he looked down at her. She shivered at his icy stare. The hard gaze cut through her like a knife cuts through tender flesh. It was painful, sharp and raw and she didn't like the feeling. Not one bit.

It was his fault she'd left. Perhaps she needed to remind him of what he had missed all these years?

As he slid farther into her, she scratched her teeth tenderly against his powerful flesh and pressed her tongue firmly beneath his thick shaft. He groaned his approval again. The sound speared deep into her heart, wrenching more memories of their short time together. She wanted him the way he had been. Tender. Rough. Happy. No anger. She wanted to devour him too. Wanted to feel his cock sliding down her throat. To feel the silkiness. His power. To taste his gift of seed.

"Harder," he growled.

Beneath her heavy lids, she could see his eyes drooping with lust. She did as he commanded, felt herself slide into the past as her emotions of love and desire to please him flooded her.

She increased her suction by tightening her lips and flattening her tongue, allowing more of him into her mouth. He moaned hotly and she felt another shot of warm moistness drench her inner thighs. She loved the sound of his arousal. It pleased her to know he still accepted pleasure so easily from her, even after all these years and his obvious hatred for her.

His groans shifted through her body like an aphrodisiac. Now, as they had when she'd first been captured all those years ago. The way he filled her mouth and made her pussy feel so empty at the same time almost killed her. She wanted him filling her pussy. Wanted his mouth sucking her while she sucked him.

"You still are as beautiful as ever," he groaned as he pulled out his thick erection and plunged in again. The powerful thrust burned her senses. The nipple vibrators zipped to life, massaging and tweaking her flesh until they were hard pebbles of need.

Oh! She could barely stand the erotic sensations. Through her sexual haze she could feel the way his mind softly touched sensitive areas around her areoles, making her gasp at the intensity of it. Over the years his mind play had obviously grown stronger for she could feel each stroke as if he ran a physical finger over her breasts and around the vibrators.

Her breasts tightened with each mind stroke. Her pussy grew hotter, clenched wickedly with every powerful plunge of his cock into her mouth.

"Prepare yourself," he growled, warning her he would come soon. His cock grew harder, if that were even possible. But it did! His thrusts grew quicker, his breathing faster.

"I am going to come now!" he shouted. He plunged harder. Desperately. Her mouth felt bruised as he entered faster and faster. Her lips tingled as he slid in and out.

He groaned again, a strangled, aroused sound that almost made her cry it reminded her of how much pleasure they had once shared. His flesh jerked and hot jets of his cream spurted into her mouth. Quickly, she swallowed, knowing this might be their last time together. He came and came and when he was finally finished and withdrew, she realized she was sobbing. Sobbing for probably losing him again. Sweet Vampires! She hadn't thought she would be so emotional. Had thought she'd been able to harden her heart toward the brute. She had expected him to be like this. He was naturally highly sexed. An aggressive vampire warrior. His way of punishing her would be through sex. She thought she was prepared for it. She was wrong.

Suddenly she realized it was quiet. Too quiet. When she opened her eyes, she saw his brows furrowed with concern.

"Your wound pains you?" he asked.

Without waiting for her answer, he tugged the sheet down her shoulders to beneath her breasts. A flare of caring erupted in his eyes as he leaned closer and delicately peeled off the large gauze taped to her flesh. His brows furrowed even more as he inspected the knife wound she'd received when she'd fought the vampires who'd

recognized her and attacked her without warning during her business visit to neighboring Austria. The brutes had surprised her in a quaint antiques shop she'd recently acquired in Vienna.

"It needs tending," he whispered softly. The gentleness in his voice almost brought her to tears again. To her surprise he tenderly removed the bindings holding her arms captive.

"I will summon the doctor," he whispered and made a move to walk away.

"No, no doctor. I'm fine. I've endured worse."

He stopped and turned around. His frown of concern dipped into a grimace of anger once again.

"Then we will proceed with my interrogation."

"Oh please do."

His eyes widened at her comment and then she saw the gleam of a chuckle sift through his hatred.

"Don't think I haven't forgotten what arouses you, my darling."

"Don't think I haven't forgotten what pleases you, my lord."

Again his brows dipped, this time in confusion.

Good. She meant to confuse him. To regain his trust.

"I see. Perhaps you may be trying to make me think you are not afraid of me, my wife? Perhaps you have forgotten our first days together when we had you begging us to fuck you? I wanted you very much back then, my Queen. Now I only want the information you are carrying. And I will get it."

Over my dead body, she thought to herself. Seer had warned her all those years ago that this day may come. Warned her to never reveal that night to him or her prediction would come true. The Dark Hearts, her nickname for them, had told her to always believe Seer for her magical powers allowed her to see into the future. That Seer drew her power from all members in the Kingdom. Her mind was linked to a plane where all

minds were linked. All females and males were connected in that way and that was how Seer read the future of everyone. Seer watched carefully over everyone in the Empire, kept them safe from harm and used the vampires' combined energy, channeling it into herself so she could see into their futures and prevent problems.

Seer, the Dark Hearts said, had advised their father and his father and his father before. She was very old, despite her young appearance, and she was the Warrior Empire's most trusted asset. The two Kings listened to everything she predicted and acted accordingly. The old female, Megan realized, had too much power over the vamp brothers. Too much power, a tiny little voice always warned Megan whenever she thought of Seer.

Christian and Zane had warned Megan she should always heed the trusted Seer's words. And so Megan had done so.

She realized the nipple stimulator had stopped. She hadn't even realized it. But the seductive brushes from his mind on her breasts were back again. His mind's eye surely was powerful, she mused. Hmm, and his touches felt so good.

"How about you make it easier on both of us and you start naming names? Then we can forgo all this sexual foreplay and I can fuck you again. Just as we both want."

"Why don't you fuck me now, husband? I can see it in your eyes as well as how your cock is already hardening while you gaze upon my nakedness that you wish to have me all the ways you had me in the past."

"You observe me well. Perhaps you are right? Perhaps I won't tell Zane I have you here in the dungeon. I can put a baby in you and kill my traitorous wife after you bear me a son."

Megan swallowed and forced away the chill his cold voice instilled, allowing the love to wash through her as she remembered their twin daughters. Daughters she kept a secret from the brothers. *Oh if only you knew, my King*, she thought to herself. She wished not for the first time and with all her might that things could have been different.

“Why not fuck a baby into the other wives you crave?” she blurted.

He seemed totally stunned at her outburst. She didn’t understand why. He should have many wives by now. Many offspring.

“You should know the laws of our Kingdom do not allow the Kings to take more wives unless the Queen blesses it,” he snarled, irritation lacing his voice.

She blinked in shock at his words and her blood froze at that remark. Neither Seer nor her mates had mentioned that law. Before Megan could utter a word, a quick rap snapped at the dungeon door. From her position on the table she could not see who stood there but Seer’s voice drifted into the room and unwelcome coldness wrapped around Megan making her shiver.

“My King, there is a problem in the culinary. One of the maidens wishes to speak with you about the dinner – ”

“I will be there in a moment!” he snapped, obviously angry at the interruption. But his anger would be soothed once he reached the kitchen, she was sure, for no doubt he fucked the maidens, Megan thought as the ugly spear of jealousy spun through her, raw and hurtful, once again. These were the same feelings she experienced shortly after her discovery of Christian and Zane fast asleep in bed with a voluptuous female. And surely that female hadn’t been the last since she’d been gone.

“Do not look so distraught, Queen. We will continue this line of questioning upon my return.” He was looking down on her, a smile of satisfaction on his face as he stuffed his long, powerful legs into a pair of silk drawers. When his thick, rapidly swelling again cock disappeared from her view, an odd disappointment washed through her.

Upon her first capture many years ago, he’d sworn she would belong to them and them to her. Forever. Well, *forever* came and it went, hadn’t it.

She didn’t reply and he gave her a grunt of irritation, the powerful muscles in his arms bulging as he tied the drawstring on his drawers. Then he was gone. The cell door

slammed with such fierceness she couldn't help but tremble at the sound of its harshness. Its finality felt like a cold slice enshrouding her.

Chapter Two

“Are you cold, my Queen? You are shivering.”

It was the Seer. Megan had thought she had left with Christian. Had the Seer been watching all this time? Perhaps even listening to their conversation? Revulsion ripped through Megan at those thoughts.

The female hovered into her view. Different shades of silver tufts of hair peeked out from her black hood, but her skin appeared flawless and pale, her face as young and supple as females more than ten times younger.

Thin pale hands quickly grabbed the sheet and covered Megan’s exposed body. Seer’s eyes were glazed with a light gray opaqueness that always sent creepy shivers through Megan. Some said Seer was blind because of her glazed eyes. Others said that’s how she could see into their minds and into other worlds.

“You must not antagonize the King, my Queen. Do not mention the past. Of what you saw that night. He will only deny it and increase his anger and hasten your execution and my prediction of course will come true.”

Seer’s words were spoken softly and sifted through Megan like a drug, making her feel drowsy. Yes, Seer was right. Dark Heart would be angry and take his emotions out on her.

“But what of this law?” she struggled to ask, fighting the odd drowsiness threatening to overcome her. But she wanted to know if it was true.

“Law? Which law?” Seer asked, looking down at Megan with a blank stare.

“The one...which dictates the Queen must approve of their future wives?”

Seer frowned, her wrinkled pale lips pursed with thought. After a moment’s hesitation, she nodded her caped head.

"I do recall such a law. It was put forth to protect a Queen's rights. She must approve of any wives the Kings decide they wish to take."

"Why hadn't I been told this? Perhaps things could have been different between the Kings and I if I had known."

Seer shook her head, her glazed eyes flashing with a reddish hue. Red meaning anger. She was dangerous when angry and Megan couldn't stop the shivers of cold dread from racing through her.

"Of course you remember my prediction, my Queen? Had you stayed it would have been the death of yourself as well as the unborns."

Megan inhaled at the spear of terror as she remembered the dire warning that had come the same night she'd found the female sandwiched between her mates. Back then she had trusted the Seer. She'd been so kind and supportive in helping Megan get established in the castle so she'd no reason to disbelieve the warning from the Seer that Megan must never reveal her pregnancy to the Kings and she must leave the castle at once and disappear. For the sake of the lives of her offspring.

"It should have been different," Megan replied, fighting the drowsiness. "I could have confronted them. Told them I did not approve of such behavior. And what of this law? The Queen is protected by such a law and her subjects are not?" She knew she was rambling now, her thoughts scattered as the cold sunk deeper into her flesh.

Seer's bony hands settled upon Megan's chest and this time Megan truly did feel cold as ice. The female's fingers trailed across the upper curves of Megan's breasts, then dipped upward to circle her throat.

"Remember my prediction. This will happen should you reveal what you saw that night in the past. You as well as your daughters will die."

"No," Megan whimpered as shock rolled around her like a smothering blanket.

"There is only one way to save yourself and your daughters, now that you've been captured. That is if you are strong enough to do it."

Hope soared through Megan. If there was something she could do to change the premonition she would do it. She had to!

Seer continued and Megan wished she hadn't. "You must kill the Kings. If you do not kill the Kings at your first opportunity, you will die. This is what I have seen in your future."

Kill the Kings? Those words felt like a shot to her heart. Surely she had heard wrong?

Megan winced as Seer's bony hand tightened around her throat, her ice-cold fingers digging into her neck until she could barely breathe. Until she saw nothing but a red haze of fear flashing in front of her eyes. The fear made her struggle against her restraints. Seer paid her no heed.

"It is unclear whether you will die from hanging or by the Kings' own hands but I have foreseen you and the princesses will die agonizing deaths, if you do not do my bidding, my Queen. You have been warned."

Slices of panic burned through Megan at the idea Seer herself would strangle her now, but thankfully the old female let go of her throat. Welcome cool air slid into her burning air-deprived lungs.

May the Vampire Gods help her! Seer had to be right. She was said to be always right. That was why Megan had left the Kings, because of Seer's horrible predictions. She had left to protect her unborns.

Desperation crashed through Megan as Seer's words took a firm hold. She had to protect her daughters. Struggling against the restraints that held her so tight, she swore she would scream if Seer did not unbind her.

"You must untie my bonds. Let me go. Supply me with a weapon." She would not let anyone harm her daughters. Never!

"No, my Queen. You must wait until King Zane returns."

Megan tried to keep her thoughts focused and away from the waves of panic threatening to unravel her fragile composure.

"Returns? He is not here?"

"He has...disappeared."

Oh no!

"He does this sometimes. We are searching for him. His mind link has been closed. He wishes not to be found, it appears."

"So he doesn't know? About me?"

Vampires! She sounded pitiful and meek.

"He knows not. Remember, when the time is appropriate you must cut their throats. The prediction states it as simply as that. It is the only way to secure your daughters' lives."

Megan nodded into her panic. Yes, she must do as Seer says, without a doubt.

"I will take my leave before the King returns. Heed my warning. Ask him or Zane no questions of the past and do what must be done to secure your daughters' lives. Understood?"

Seer stared at Megan with such piercing eyes, Megan nodded again. "Yes, understood. Yes. It is what I must do."

Then just like that, the female no longer stood beside her. Megan didn't even hear her leave. Didn't so much as hear the door whisper to a close.

Icy shivers continued to race through her. She played Seer's chilling words through her head over and over. Despite the warning and the premonition, she still couldn't grasp why the Dark Hearts would kill or have their own daughters killed. Why? Christian had said earlier he might consider making her bear his child.

Turmoil slashed her. Seer predicted her daughters' deaths if she didn't kill the Kings. Although things didn't make sense, she knew she must obey. Seer was always

right. Those words flowed through her mind like a trance and as they took firm hold the icy shivers ebbed away, but the wound in her shoulder ached terribly.

She wished for Christian's company. Wished for his nearness. His touch. Even his mind touch.

Sweet Vampire, she was pathetic to wish for him, after what he had just done to her. There was no excuse for tying her down in this way and taking her the way he had. No excuse at all! He was a barbarian! Damn him!

Despite the bitter anger bursting through her, she couldn't help but realize he had been concerned for her wound earlier. There had been tenderness in his eyes. Surely something like that could not be faked?

Now that Seer had left her, doubts about the female plagued Megan once again. Was she naïve in believing Seer was always one hundred percent right?

At that question Megan once again grew cold and shivered uncontrollably. She felt sick to her stomach as she thought of what she must do in order to protect her daughters.

How could she kill her Dark Hearts? Years ago, she'd been with them for such a short time. But during that time their relationship had been intense and passionate. She had thought her forced mates would be hers forever.

Oh my Kings, how can I kill you?

* * * * *

Forty years ago

They'd been following her scent for days, ever since getting word she had not returned from her mate quest. The closer they got to her the more and more aroused they became.

They couldn't sense any fear wafting from her trail signature so they knew she didn't suspect she was being followed. Wherever she went though, vibes of indecision drenched the air. They could smell her uncertainty and that allowed them to hope. To make plans for what they would do to her when they found her. For they were two of the very few who knew of the Crystal Clan secret legend. The legend that boasted when a Crystal Clan female did not return from her mate quest, it meant she wanted something else. Craved something more. More than one male. Since Christian and Zane were Kings and enjoyed sharing their females they preferred not to fight each other to the death for what they both wanted. So it had been a no-brainer to hunt her down and take her for themselves, despite Seer's dire prediction of doom and gloom befalling the Empire if they did take her as their mate.

On that mountaintop lust rolled through the both of them the moment they spotted her. Their reaction was tenfold to the one they'd experienced after smelling her in the doorway of that alpine house they'd stopped at several weeks before to ask for directions.

Although Zane and his older brother shared a mind link, they rarely used it, preferring to remain as individuals, despite Seer's insistence they should use their mind connection or it would slowly fade. But now powerful lust seared brilliantly into his mind from his brother Christian. The sensual cascade of carnal emotions were like a honing missile throwing Zane into a sizzling world of want and need for the female and Zane had instinctively known she, this runaway from the Crystal Clan, would belong to them.

She was beautiful. Silhouetted against the majestic backdrop of snowcapped mountaintops, her long, straight black hair flowed in the cool mountain breeze. The silver moon splashed light upon her features, illuminating her strong bone structure and high cheekbones, the pert nose, the heavy breasts and wide hips, perfect for child bearing.

Zane was immediately struck by the beauty of her face. The face of an angel. The face of their Queen.

Yes, she appeared young. Maybe too young for the two of them. But she was the One. He just knew it. And he always followed his senses.

“Megan Darksy, your Clan demands an answer of you. Who have you chosen for your male?” Christian’s dominant voice roared through the mountain air and Zane’s stomach clenched with dread as she tensed and he saw the fear sparking in her eyes when she realized she was cornered by two Warriors on the mountainside.

Zane knew she had no answer to give them. Saw the panic in her eyes. Knew she did not wish a mate from her Clan. That she was one of the few who wanted something more than just one male. Yet she hadn’t figured it out on her own yet. Hadn’t figured out why Christian and he were truly here. That they would make her their mate. Whether she wanted them or not.

Run! Her mind screamed. But to where?

They had her cornered. She realized her mistake now. Upon climbing to the mountaintop she’d ventured out onto a peninsula. Three sides were severe drops of thousands of feet onto solid rock that would kill even a vampire. She was also upwind, that’s why she hadn’t smelled them.

Damn stupid vamp! She couldn’t have been more foolish if she’d tried. They must have been watching her. Waiting for the right moment. Laughing at her stupidity.

Despite the fear curling through her like a suffocating blanket, she recognized the two males who had come to the alpine house that one morn. Yet if only they’d met in another less threatening way...

“Do not do anything foolish, female.” The younger of the two spoke with softness as if trying to gentle a frightened mare. But she was no mare submitting to a ride.

"I warn you. I will not hesitate to kill both of you before you touch me." She held her spear up in a threatening manner. The males didn't flinch at her threat. If anything the young one looked worried as he cast quick glances to the cliffs on each side of her, obviously fearing she might jump to her death. If they would be so lucky. Ha!

The older one, the more handsome of the two, to her utmost irritation, quirked the tips of his lips in utter amusement, allowing the erotic length of his fangs to shine fully in the moonlight.

He found her amusing? Did he not realize she could sail her spear through the cold mountain air and pierce his spine, shattering it? Vampires were a strong breed, but a shattered spine would most certainly kill the brute. Even he could not regenerate that quickly to avoid death.

No, she didn't want him dead, he was much too fine a male specimen. She would find another way to escape.

"Perhaps a good fucking by both of us will calm you, my Lady," the older suggested. She trembled under his magnificent lusty glare and realized he must have the gift of mesmerizing.

Oh shit, she thought, using the human term she found quite effective when she was in trouble. If she didn't break eye contact with him, she would be easily taken. And yet, under his stare, she wanted to be taken. By both of them. Just as he'd suggested. Taken at the same time. Over and over again.

Naked male flesh slapping against her. Huge, powerful hands holding her ass steady. One of them plunging into her pussy. The other one coming into her from behind.

Megan caught herself and closed her eyes in the hopes of breaking those naughty thoughts. He must have put the suggestion into her mind. He must have! Wanton heat spiraled through her and hot moisture pooled between her thighs. Her nipples felt so terribly hard and her breasts pleasantly heavy and swollen.

If they captured her she would lose her newfound freedom but maybe gain sexual freedom. The thought came upon her so quickly and so silently she didn't even realize the two males were several steps closer to her until she opened her eyes again.

There was no generosity in their gazes now as they approached her. Only lust and need. Passion. A fierceness that matched her own, she was sure.

Power pulsed between the duo. It oozed from their pores and wrapped around her, holding her, teasing her needs. In that spot of time, as they walked toward her, she swore she fell in love.

Utterly ridiculous thought, yes. But that is what must have happened. Or maybe more appropriately it had been lust at first sight and the love had followed? Truly, she wasn't completely sure.

"That's it. Nice and easy. We won't hurt you," the younger one said in that soft, gentle voice of his. But she could see his arousal strong and bold pressed against his pants. Her mouth went dry at the enormity of his erection. Her other parts hummed despite her fear. It was almost as if her body and mind were split in two. Her mind screamed *run!* Her body whispered *no, this is what you've been craving all along.*

She held tight to her spear. Forced herself to breathe slowly and calmly. To wait for just the right time to make her escape. When the older one reached out to grab her arm, she bolted between them. She swore she had made it past them, but their strong fingers gripped her.

Instantly she realized they were so much stronger than her. That idea oddly turned her on and their powerful touches did something naughty to her insides.

Despite realizing their grip upon her was unbreakable. Despite knowing their intentions of taking her against her will, for she read their intentions clearly in their dark barbarian eyes, she wanted them to take her. To claim her. To fuck her.

She had never wanted males like this before. Wanted sex from them, yes. But the Crystal Clan males had never made her feel like an electrical wire. Like lightning ready to be unleashed. She shook her head in denial at her thoughts. Had she gone mad?

Her heart began a wild pounding as it did when she went on a hunt and tracked the red deer for their warm pelts in the valleys of Austria. She trembled as she feared losing herself to these vamps. To their touches. Perhaps she was already lost to both.

"We've been tracking you for days, female of the Crystal Clan," the voice of the older one rumbled over her like a giant caress.

"We will have the best in our bed and we have heard that the rare runaway females of the Crystal Clan are the best," the younger one said.

Their eyes glittered with amusement as she struggled against their restraining hands.

The younger one grinned. "What? Have we frightened you into speechlessness, our little pussy?"

She slammed her bare feet upon his boots then kicked him in the shin, loving the flinch she saw on his face. He didn't let loose. Not one bit.

He held her right arm so tightly. And the male to her left, the older one, the brute! If she could reach his head, she would give him a headbutt. But he towered over her so she settled for a toss of her head into his solid chest, getting a satisfactory oomph out of him.

She decided this was as good a time as any to put up a fight. At least so they wouldn't know she wanted what was to come after. Tugging at their solid restraining arms, she could not budge. But they didn't have her feet, did they? She gave the taller one a swift kick to the shins, the same as she had done to the other, and realized he was laughing!

She fought his powerful grasp harder. He laughed louder.

"Perhaps you will laugh yourself to death then?" she finally snapped in frustration, realizing it was useless to break free. Perhaps she should simply accept her fate? It would be easier and less tiring.

Unfortunately for all three of them, she had an aversion to making life easy for anyone.

These two were males of action though. They seemed to know she would not stop her struggles. They seemed to know exactly how to give her what she wanted, despite her fear of them.

Within seconds the youngest had released her to the older one who held her wrists tightly in one hand as he dragged her to a nearby rock wall. Pressing her back against the cold stone, he yanked her arms up over her head. Bringing his solid body against her, he pinned her. She shivered at the strong bulging muscles pressing against her breasts and the enormous erection grinding against her lower belly. As he held her, his gaze captured her eyes and she realized she could not look away.

He has the gift, a voice warned again somewhere in the back of her mind. He has the gift of mesmerizing.

As hard as she might try to break the gaze, she simply could not. For despite the dominance and the amusement in his eyes, they were warm also. As warm as the reddish brown fur on a deer, or as beautiful as the gnarled tree trunks in the valley where her Clan lived.

Warmth flowed deeply through her, turning powerful. It burned so bright she felt as if a wonderful fever raged within her. It was a fiery heat she welcomed for she realized in the years she searched for a mate, something had been lacking inside her. It was this fever. She knew it now as it spilled through her breasts, her tummy, her pussy, even her ass.

"You are enjoying what I am doing to you, no doubt."

She swallowed nervously. Shook her head in denial. Nodded in her mind.

"I have trained long and hard to use my mind. To warm the heart of a Crystal Clan vampiress. Come, let us make love and not the war that must run through your veins against us. You belong to us now."

Despite the confidence in his voice, the knowledge he was right, she forced herself to be defiant. Squaring her shoulders, she spat in his face, hitting him in the left cheek. He did not so much as flinch.

“Go fuck yourself, vampire,” she managed to say before the sizzling warmth of his eyes reined her in. Immediately she noticed he hadn’t quite mastered the art of mesmerizing as he’d just said. When he spoke, the power of it lessened. If she could keep him talking she could stall the inevitable. For she had heard the whispering that when a dominant Warrior, or in this case, two dominant Warriors, fucked a female vamp, she would never be the same.

Already she felt different. Aside from the spectacular fever burning through her, her own dominance began to wane. Mercy, she wanted him to take her. For both of them to take her. To do with her what they wished. She wanted them to fuck her, to make love to her. To love her.

Megan blinked at that realization. Surely she was stronger of mind and body?

It was then that he lowered his head, the brute, and melted his mouth over hers like a steel band of luscious heat. Sizzling sensations grabbed her. Had she not been ensnared in his embrace, she would surely have collapsed.

One kiss. That’s all it took for him to kill her self-control. To build such a wanton need that only two magnificent well-hung males could diffuse.

Chapter Three

Fire and lust ripped through Zane while he watched his older brother kiss the female. He fought for control as her irresistible spicy scent splashed around him in seductive waves, tangling through his system, snapping his nerve endings to alert mode, and despite his internal fight, he couldn't help but reach out and touch her bare wrist. Such delicate, silky skin. He could feel the frantic pulse there. The hot throb of blood slamming through her veins.

He could feel his own pulse beat with the same excited rhythm and his blood boiled as he listened to her sexy whimpers as she succumbed to Christian's kisses. The ache to dominate her and to fuck her lashed his senses and the urge to kiss her burned so brightly and intensely that awareness of their intoxicating arousals shifted through his body in crushing waves.

As if Christian were reading Zane's mind, and his need for her, he maneuvered his big body slightly away from her and to the side, his free hand dropping to the hem of her top, lifting her hide cloth until a luscious, curvy bare breast was revealed.

Zane's fangs dropped in visual sensory overload. He growled in appreciation at the erotic sight. Her breast looked plump, smooth and creamy, her nipple large and pink and suckable. Perfection.

With wicked intent, his blood poured through the length of his shaft, engorging and stretching his cock to such a new thickness, he swore he'd never felt so big and so heavy.

"My brother loves viewing your breast." Christian was breathing so roughly now after breaking the kiss that he sounded as if he'd been running a furious marathon. The female's eyes fluttered open and Zane's breath halted at her spectacular blue glaze. She looked drugged with lust and her gleaming white fangs were dropping past her lips in

arousal. He did not need physical affirmation to tell him she wanted to be touched and taken. Her elongating fangs and her glazed look told him she wished to be pleased and ravished.

Zane would make her wait for what she yearned.

Instead, he lifted her wrist to his mouth and gently pressed his lips against her silky flesh. Her pulse pounded even faster now. He moved his mouth up along her inner arm, scraping his fangs gently along her tender flesh, creating two long thin parallel scratches where her blood bubbled. She moaned as he licked the warm crimson liquid.

Sweet heaven splashed over his taste buds and his knees buckled at the powerful punch her blood invoked as it made its way through his system.

"Tell him you want him to take your nipple into his mouth," Christian whispered against her full ripe mouth.

Her lips parted and Zane could hear her breathing just as roughly as Christian. "Take...it...please. Take...me..." she whispered in a throaty voice.

He nearly lost control at her last two words.

"That's right, female. Tell Zane what you want from him. Tell us what you want and we will do whatever you command."

She trembled as she blinked at Zane. She seemed to be combating her emotions, debating whether to give in to her lust or to continue fighting it.

"Before I do anything, she must be prepared," Zane replied. He couldn't believe how thick and aroused his voice sounded. Couldn't believe how wonderful his body felt at having her so near to him.

Christian's eyes sparked at Zane's words and he kissed the side of the female's lush mouth. "He's right, female. We need to prepare you. For both of us."

She gasped at his last sentence. Her eyes widening with understanding. But she didn't say anything.

“Get what is required,” Christian instructed Zane who was already halfway to their rucksacks where they’d left them on the other side of the rock face, which she’d been pushed up against.

Quickly he rummaged through his pack, found the items he was looking for and headed back to Christian and their soon-to-be Queen.

It still amazed him as to how sexually attracted he was to a female he’d never met until just a few minutes earlier. But he was vampire and he knew to follow his instincts despite Seer’s dire prediction this female would be bad for the Empire.

His instincts had screamed at him, telling him she was the right female the instant he and Christian had smelled her scent in her sire’s Austrian alp cabin weeks ago. Just as his brother had known she was the one for him too and despite Seer’s dire warnings, their need for Megan Darksky had only increased over the weeks.

When he returned they were both breathing hard and rough, their mouths flushed and swollen beneath the silver rays of the moonlight. Obviously Christian had taken liberties with her again while he’d been gone. Zane couldn’t blame his brother. She was a prize fit for two Kings.

As Zane laid the items on a nearby rock shelf, she looked at him with both fear and exhilaration. She trembled as she saw the items and lust flared harder in her blue gaze.

Good. The trembling and the awareness of what they intended to do to her would heighten her senses. Would make her arousal more intricate. Would make her climax sharper and her mind shatter with satisfaction. Once they fucked her, she would know there were no others for her.

She would stay with them.

Amazing that she wanted this. That she hadn’t fought harder against them. She probably sensed they wanted her as their mate. That they belonged together. Forever.

He could see her nipple was tight and pert. Her breast swollen and ripe for his touch. He wanted to touch her. To take her nipple into his mouth, but first he wanted to check out her ass.

He could barely hold himself in check as he instructed Christian to bring her away from the rock so Zane could inspect her. She whimpered as he dropped to his knees behind her.

"Shh," Christian soothed. "Let him prepare you. You'll be able to take both of us easier when the time comes. In the meantime..." Any words he said were lost as Christian kissed her again.

From Zane's viewpoint, he was able to gaze up her mid-thigh-length skin skirt but darkness prevented him from seeing anything. He could however smell her arousal, spicy and powerful as it wafted from between her thighs. Reaching up, he found a string at the left side of her skirt. He pulled the bow and it undid easily. The hide skirt dropped over her wide hips and past the cutest, curviest ass he'd ever seen. He barely heard the skirt drop to the ground and for a few minutes he felt dazed as he visually caressed her smooth-looking skin and the succulent puckered hole between her ass cheeks.

Again, he noticed her shaking. He could feel every pulse shimmer through her body and anticipation roared through him. His fangs dropped to new lengths. A breathless moan escaped her mouth as Zane cupped her ass cheeks.

She tensed. Whimpered.

"Shh, let him caress you," Christian whispered from above. "Let your body know our touches for you belong to us now. Let us give you what you've been craving."

Zane trembled as more of Megan's hot spicy arousal scent embraced him. He smoothed his palms over her ass. Tracing her hot flesh, committing her curves to memory.

To his satisfaction he noticed her spreading her legs farther apart of her own free will. In response to his thoughts that she wanted them, his cock grew to such steel hardness he could barely stand it any longer.

With a frustrated groan, he yanked the lubrication off the rock shelf and squirted a liberal dose on his index finger. Replacing the bottle on the shelf, he touched his lubed

finger to her sphincter. The tight ring of muscles protested as he prodded and a sexy moan erupted through the crisp air as he slowly penetrated her. Fire snapped through him as her anal muscles clenched tightly.

"How is she down there?" He heard Christian's strangled voice and Zane looked up to see him peering past her shoulder at him. His eyelids were heavy, his eyes glazed with lust and Zane sensed it wouldn't be long before his brother came undone.

"Tight. Beautiful. Virgin ass," Zane mumbled and Christian nodded.

"Hurry," he groaned.

Zane heard the female cry out as Christian dipped his head and by the slurping and licking sounds Zane knew his brother was seducing her nipple with his tongue and mouth.

Vampire Gods! Yes, he must hurry or Christian would be taking the female on his own. Yet he knew preparation of a female's ass had to be slow and seductive or she would tense too much and not enjoy his ministrations. And he wanted this female to enjoy his caresses. Enjoy his lovemaking.

After exploring her anus, and finding her relaxing to his strokes, he lubed a second finger and inserted it into her.

She moaned and Zane noticed her spreading her legs some more. He smiled as Christian dropped to his knees in front of her. The slap of his hands against her hips as he gripped her had her crying out again.

"Hurry up, baby brother. I need this female so bad, I think I'll die if I don't get inside her."

"Just a few more minutes. I'll have her prepared then."

Christian swore violently and Zane chuckled as his brother dove between her thighs and he slurped at her clit with his tongue. The female slapped her hands upon his shoulders and held tight.

Never had he seen his brother so impatient for a female. Yes, this one was their mate. She was The One.

As promised he had her prepared with a giant butt plug within minutes and the instant he gave Christian the signal he was finished, his brother grabbed her by the hand and led her toward their rucksacks. Within minutes they had her splayed out naked on a large fallen log covered in a thick canopy of moss, which they'd draped a warm blanket over. Her arms were lashed to the sides of the logs and her ass was angled at the very end of the log where they would have easy access to her.

She watched them as they undressed and revealed themselves to her. They were in full arousal. Their cocks long and thick and pulsing with need.

"Do not look so worried, our love," Christian cooed as he stroked his cock and they both watched her. "We know how to pleasure a female and you will be pleased by us. You will want us always."

Her eyes widened as Christian instructed her to open her mouth. At first Zane thought she wouldn't do his bidding, but she did and from the slurping sounds that soon followed it appeared she enjoyed taking his shaft into her mouth.

Zane moved to her side and she moaned around Christian's cock as Zane cupped her breasts. He took one large plump hot nipple into his mouth and lashed her rigid flesh with his tongue, teasing her tip with a fang.

Christian was pumping into her mouth now and seductive moans erupted from the female and drifted through the night air like erotic music. Her moans only increased after Zane attached self-pulsating nipple clamps with moderate crystal weights before leaving her breasts, kissing a fiery trail down over her belly. After exploring her bellybutton with his tongue, he stood and moved around her, stepping between her uplifted legs. They had positioned her ass right at the end of the log, her legs pulled up and a bar positioned between her knees, preventing her from closing them.

Kneeling between her thighs, Zane didn't hesitate to bury his face into her sweet pussy. As he sucked her clit, she continued to moan in pleasurable agony. When he

heard Christian groan a warning that he would climax soon, Zane quickly withdrew his mouth and re-positioned himself. Holding his rock-hard swollen shaft, he looked down and, aiming at her vagina, he watched his cock disappear into her.

Instantly she climaxed. Her body shattering. Holding her bucking hips, Zane stroked into her and her spasming vaginal muscles welcomed him with a tight grip. He fought for breath and control as he watched Christian continue plunging into her succulent mouth. Her eyes were clenched tight but he saw the arousal splashed through her facial features in the smiling grimace as she accepted her climax. Her bare breasts jiggled as both Christian and he pumped into her. When he sensed she was tumbling into another climax, Zane quickened his thrusts. Immense satisfaction and an incredible feeling of power flowed through him at having such an exquisite and young Queen-to-be eagerly accepting them into her.

Her whimpers continued to cascade through the air like music as they thrust into her in a controlled rhythm. Although she might think the two of them were holding themselves back, both of them knew they were anything but that. They knew if they let their desires loose on her they could very well hurt her. So Zane continued to enjoy her vise-like spasms for what seemed an eternity.

He'd lost track of time. Knew she had many orgasms, knew she would never run from them now, especially after experiencing such raw and lengthy climaxes. Finally both males allowed themselves release and when Zane let himself go, it was as if she wanted her males to know the same pleasures they had given her for he saw her lips curl tighter around Christian's shaft and her cunt's grip tightened around his rigid flesh. Before he knew it, he was shattering and convulsing with blades of pleasure sizzling along his cock and slamming into his balls and lower belly. He was crying out his release and just knowing it would be this intoxicating and this pleasurable every time with her, he knew he would be the happiest male alive.

Chapter Four

Present Day

“By the erotic moans you are making you must be thinking of our lovemaking together, my wife.”

Dark Heart’s warm words curled out of the dungeon darkness and Megan realized he had returned. She’d been so deep in her thoughts of their first time together on the mountaintop, she hadn’t heard a sound.

“I often think of our first time. I was innocent back then,” she replied. “Innocent in the ways of wild, wanton sex.”

Back then, his kisses had subdued the fight from her. Yet her fight had been unleashed again when her two mates had betrayed her.

“I heard no complaints from you while we took you over and over again,” he said in a soft voice.

She held her breath as he moved to the foot end of the interrogation table then she swallowed against the erotic waves of excitement as she remembered how deeply and thoroughly they’d fucked her.

She shuddered as the nipple clamps stirred again. Shivered as his hot hands wrapped around her ankles.

“You are cold, my Queen. Very cold.”

There. The concern was there in his voice again. The furrow between his brows.

“I will warm you. Do not worry. I will have you so hot you will be screaming for ice to cool you down.”

When he placed her legs in the stirrups at the sides of the table, her pussy tensed with anticipation. The stirrups were on a moveable track and as he brought first one stirrup closer to her behind and then the other, both her knees were automatically

maneuvered upward. The table between her widespread legs was obviously removable for he lifted away a board and a section of the padded mat. Then he stepped between her spread thighs.

Her breath halted in her lungs at the lust shining brightly in his eyes as he gazed first upon her face and then down between her legs.

"I see you do remember," he rumbled. "You're very wet."

"I'm always wet for you, my Lord," she whispered, wishing she wasn't being so damn honest. But she had to be in order to gain his trust.

He gave a strangled grunt in response. Perhaps he thought she lied?

"I wish to know how many of my males you've lain with to get the information you required to attack my businesses."

Her eyes widened in surprise at his question. His gaze snapped from her pussy back to her face. Stormy eyes studied her as he awaited an answer. Of all the questions she had expected, this was not one of them.

She wished to wound him. To let him feel the same pain she'd felt upon discovering his infidelity.

"Why do you wish to know? Did you want me to tell you which ones aroused me the most?"

His nostrils flared at her answer. Obviously her Dark Heart was angry again. Good. He did not have to know she had only been with Zane and himself since they had made her their Queen. With the exception of the Master Arousers of course, but with them, there had never been penetration.

"I only wish to know if you carry diseases. I would then have to take precautions."

Oh that hurt! An insult well aimed. The hurt from his words disintegrated as his strong fingers tenderly spread open her labia, a direct contrast to the anger shining in his face. She moaned as he inserted a finger into her wet vagina.

"You appear as tight and as wet as ever. Perhaps the males you were with were not as big as your Kings?"

"Rest assured size did not matter. Precautions were of course taken. You have my word." Perhaps she had answered too quickly as her pussy creamed handsomely around his intrusion.

"A word of a traitorous bitch isn't one I wish to acknowledge," he snapped. His stormy gaze appeared murderous. Yet his finger explored her channel gently. His restrained control was however apparent in his eyes.

Guilt rammed through her as she realized perhaps she had hurt him too much with her lies. Perhaps she should tell him the truth? That she could never lie with any male she did not love?

Oh she was being silly thinking such thoughts. After everything she'd done to him, he had every right to be angry with her. They both did. They could not still love her. Lust yes, but not love.

She watched as his other hand settled upon her lower belly, a hot brand. He pressed his palm gently there. It was as if he were making a skittish colt used to his master's touch. And she surely was skittish with these wanton sensations zipping through her.

"You lie to me, my Queen. You are still as tight as ever. No male has used you as Zane and I have."

"You sound sure of yourself, husband." She could barely breathe now as his thumb pressed against her sphincter muscle.

"Hmm, you have not had a male here either."

She gasped at the prick of pain as he pushed into her and quickly slid out. One of his eyebrows rose in question.

"Why do you lie? You have not lain with another. Do you wish my anger to make me rougher with you? I know how you enjoy rough. That is why I will do the opposite."

Reaching for something beneath the table, she inhaled as he brought up a two-foot-long bar, padded with bindings dangling from both ends. Placing the bar between her knees, he strapped it there, preventing her from closing her thighs.

Damn him! She knew what he was up to and she creamed so warmly, her arousal so blatantly betraying her. He dropped to his knees between her widespread legs. She moaned as he drew his calloused fingers across the heated flesh of her inner thighs. He touched her so softly and so close to her pussy, it sent shivers of need slamming into her.

Oh have mercy! She could not stand his gentle touch. She remembered it well now. How tenderly and how intimately he caressed her. How tight and aroused her body would become. To the point where she would beg both of them to take her.

But she would not beg now. Not give him the satisfaction of seeing her writhe beneath his pleasurable touch.

"Let the torture begin, my love." He said the last two words so gently she wasn't sure she even heard right.

His head dipped between her legs and she couldn't stop the moan from exploding from her as his tongue massaged her clit. Within seconds he had her so sensitive she had to fight from moaning again. She shuddered as the nipple vibrators pulsed harder.

Oh! This feels so wonderful.

Her eyelids fluttered and grew heavy from the lust. She could barely keep them open. Could barely breathe as she panted. He sank a finger inside her vagina, making her cry out at the intrusion. Quickly he withdrew. Anxiously she awaited another penetration and to her irritation, it did not come.

Instead the palm on her lower abdomen began a gentle pumping motion. Frustration zipped through her as her arousal soared. If she could just tighten her legs somehow...but there was that padded bar between her knees, which prevented her from doing what she needed to do. Which was to get herself off!

Damn his lethal mouth! Damn this torture! Damn him!

She needed to get away. To bring herself back to how it all began.

* * * * *

Forty years ago

He tasted of dark addiction. Of domination. His lips controlled her every emotion. He didn't come in with his tongue. He didn't let his fangs graze her lips. The absence of both only made her want them. The firm pressure of his mouth over hers drove her toward a world of wicked bliss and then yanked her back again. Whipped her body into a feverish state and soothed her fears, well, most of them. All in one claiming hot kiss that sent her senses reeling so badly she forgot she was kissing the enemy. That is, until he broke their connection. His fresh, hot breath feathered against her face and he grinned at her.

"I can see you enjoyed it as well as I," he breathed. His brown eyes twinkled with that amusement that sent spears of irritation through her. Had he not been holding her wrists hostage above her head and pinning her body against the rocks, she would have slapped him a good one, just so he would not know how carried away his succulent kiss had made her.

He nodded, and she felt the other Warrior's steel fingers curl around one of her wrists and felt the soft lash of leather bind her there. The one who had her pinned to the rocks moved away slightly, allowing the other to grab her other wrist. He brought her arm down and kissed an erotic line of fire along its inside, making her inhale at the sharp bite of pain as he rasped her flesh with a fang. She trembled as she smelled her blood, the crimson scent of arousal flooding her nostrils. One of the males pulled up her top and she felt a cold rush of air against her breast. When she opened her eyes and saw Zane's face twisted with agonizing arousal she knew she was a captive in every way.

* * * * *

Present Day

Christian tried hard not to groan and give away his pleasure as he listened to Megan's heavy pants, whimpers of sexual distress and frustrated sighs as he continued the slow, leisurely torture, lashing her engorged clit with his tongue. But he'd been too long without her. He knew that now. She smelled most appetizing and tasted as sweet as ever and he drank greedily of her warm cream.

When he'd informed her the torture would now begin, her eyes flared with defiance, but her body betrayed her with its warm wetness. Her sensual erotic whimpers wrapped around his cock, making him swell quickly and grow so hard, he hurt and he knew he had to stop stroking her clit for a moment to gather his self control. Lifting his head from her aromatic pussy, he suddenly wished he hadn't.

Exquisite pleasure laced her face and he ached to bring her the relief she so obviously craved. But he couldn't. He needed to remember he wasn't here to pleasure her but to torture her. Unfortunately in the process he was torturing himself!

Drawing in a ragged breath, he resisted the dominating urge to stroke his engorged cock and bring relief to his aching shaft. No, he had to suffer along with her. He needed to suffer in order to remember why he was doing this.

"Who gave you the security information for this castle? Were you going to blow it up next? Blow *us* up?" he ground out. He could barely keep his voice steady, he was so aroused. And in such a short time. This was going to be much harder than he thought.

She gave no reply. As if he'd expected one.

He noticed her fists were clenched, her eyes tearing as she stared back at him.

Defiance flashed in her blue eyes and by the red flush sweeping across her cheeks he knew she was angry and frustrated. Not angry at being aroused but because he wouldn't fuck her. Oh he knew her so well.

"You arouse too easily, Megan. It is obvious you haven't been pleased in quite some time. Have you been as tormented by those memories of our time together as I have?" The question burst from his mouth before he could stop himself. In the way she

shivered, he knew she had been tormented. At the same time, he realized he'd given her too much information with that question. No longer did he see fear in her eyes. She knew he had suffered as much as he.

She smiled.

Damn her!

"Many aching and lonely nights, my Dark Heart," she breathed. Her eyes filled with a longing that matched his. Nothing made sense. Why had she run away then? He was about to pose that question, when he thought the better of it. She would only lie again. Lowering his head again, he lazily circled her clit, lapping at the warm cream as it gushed from her vagina. Her tortured moans ripped at his heart and he realized she'd named him well.

Dark Heart. For only the darkest of hearts could torture a female in such a way. Torture the vamp he still loved.

Megan was burning. Perspiration dotted every inch of her flesh. The area between her thighs became drenched, her clit throbbed with agonizing need and her breasts felt so swollen she swore they might explode.

Yet she wanted more. She wanted him to lick her body. To touch her breasts. To fuck her with his wondrous shaft.

She felt tortured. Empty. Needy.

He drew her to the edge of climax then pulled her away. She gyrated her hips as his face continued to be buried between her thighs. Oh the wanton things his tongue did to her!

It circled her clit like a vulture. Dabbing here and there, sweeping across her sensitive nub until she writhed in helpless unfulfilled arousal.

Oh mercy! Would he ever stop? Oh please, don't stop!

Confusion zapped her and she pleaded for him to continue. Fighting the restraints, she begged for him to let her go. So she could fuck him. She didn't realize he'd stopped tonguing her until she opened her eyes to find him standing now between her legs. The bar keeping her knees apart was gone; his cock was in his hands and he gazed at her face.

"Name names, Megan, and I'll give you what you want. I'll give you the biggest climax you've ever had. Just tell me who's supplied you with the information. I'll bring you relief and then we'll go on to the next question."

Next question? How many were there?

"I...I can't," she mumbled. She couldn't tell him because if she did he wouldn't believe her anyway. That he was torturing her in this way only proved it.

At her answer his eyes flared with both lust and anger.

"Can't or won't?"

"Can't. I...don't know," she replied truthfully.

He swallowed, his Adam's apple bobbing like mad.

"That's the oldest trick in the book, Megan. Telling your captor you know nothing because you think I'll take pity. I won't take pity on you, Megan." His voice sounded harsh and he grabbed her ankles and moved in, giving her what she craved.

He thrust into her in one sweet solid plunge, growling as he entered. She shattered as mind-numbing pleasure exploded through her.

"Dark Heart! Harder!" she pleaded as he withdrew and came in a little slower this time.

Thankfully he complied. He took her where she wanted to go. Muscle-wrenching pleasure spasms destroyed her mind. Her vagina pulsed around his cock as he slammed into her over and over again. She heard his strangled groans of pleasure as he thrust in a sensual rhythm she couldn't get enough of.

He pumped. Hard and so thoroughly. Her orgasm continued. By the time they both came down, exhaustion claimed her. Her limbs weakened, her heart pounded and yet her body still burned for him. Dark Heart had always been like this for her. Like a fantastic drug. The more he gave her the more she wanted from him.

And she wanted more. So much more.

* * * * *

Dark Heart. He should forbid her to use her nickname for them, Christian thought as he slipped into his silk drawers and watched Megan sleep. She looked so beautiful after a good fucking. Always did. Pink roses flushed her cheeks. Her full lips were parted in her sleep and her auburn hair framed her closed eyes. And her body... Christian blew out a slow breath as the craving to fuck her again began its maddening pulse. He moaned at the sight of her lush body splayed out on the table for him to take again and again.

But he would wait. She needed some rest. Then they would begin the next phase of his torture of her. In the meantime he would stand here and watch her. Watch and remember how it once had been.

Megan had brought them much pleasure in their short time together. Too much pleasure and he had loved her to the very depths of his soul. But he needed to remember things had changed between them. He must remember his mission, he mused angrily as he quietly rolled the stirrups down the interrogation table. Replacing the middle padded board, he quickly removed her feet from the stirrups and did not relatch her ankles.

For the next phase of her interrogation she needed to be free for the Master Pleasurers. It would be an exciting time, watching her being pleased. Exciting indeed.

* * * * *

Megan knew she was dreaming. Knew it because over the past forty years she was happiest when she spent time dreaming of her Dark Hearts. Christian had the gift of

mesmerizing and mind touching whereas Zane had the gift of materializing and dematerializing. She remembered the instant she didn't fear them during sex. It had been during their first time together. They'd splayed her out naked, bound her to a moss-covered fallen log and quickly brought her to orgasm over and over again. At one point Zane had been finger-fucking her and Christian had been sucking her nipples, both vamps bringing her close to the edge of yet another orgasm, but this time holding back her release. She'd been keening her frustration, on the verge of begging them to take her, when Christian had raised his head from her naked breast and grinned. It was a most handsome grin and she didn't know why, but she believed him when he said they would not hurt her. That they wished only to take her as their mate. Then he boasted that with a lethal tongue such as his, she was sure to have many a pleasurable night.

"What...what are your names?" Megan asked him and she watched him lower his head again and lash her other nipple with another bolt of fire.

"Why don't you name us, Crystal Clan female." Zane lifted his head from between her thighs and Megan's belly clenched at the wondrous smile on his wet lips. In a flash, he dropped his face between her thighs again and licked her clit, making exquisite sensations flare through her.

She could feel the blush of their mouths on her body. Oh she loved the feel of males' mouths upon her. She trembled as the older one's hands cupped her breasts, held them steady so he could take turns with her nipples. Wet heat pulsed from her pussy and the younger vamp fused his mouth over her entrance and drank from her.

They had her struggling for breath and her heart pounding against her chest, her body so sensitized as nerve endings sparkled with need that she cried out what she wanted.

"Fuck me, please!" she gasped. "Fuck me!"

She could barely see them through her heavy-lidded gaze, as they both stopped and drew away from her. Their faces were flushed as they realized her surrender, their win.

As they stood she spied their erections, so enormous and swollen, and heat whipped in a frenzy through her. Mercy vampires! But they both were so huge. She just couldn't get over it.

She was so weak with desire from their pleasure she could barely think straight. Barely realize that every time they mouthed her, or looked at her, or even came closer to her, her heart would pound with dark sensual excitement. Licking her lips as her gaze flew from one huge cock to the other, she realized she truly was a lucky female to have such well-hung brutes. All her female friends would be quite envious and the Crystal Clan males put to shame.

"Your breasts taste like no other female's breasts," the older one whispered, cupping his swollen balls, showing them off to her, no doubt.

"Your pussy like no other female's," the younger one groaned as he stroked his long cock. Oh so long.

She shivered at the lust shimmering in their eyes.

The other Warrior came around to her other side. He cupped her breast tenderly.

"Have you named us, Crystal Cave female?" the younger one asked.

"Dark Hearts," she whispered, finding herself mesmerized by his brown eyes.

They both nodded as if understanding her meaning at the same time.

"For none with dark hearts could sexually torture you as we do..." the older one said in appreciation.

"You name us well," the younger one said. "I am called Zane. This is my older brother, Christian."

Well-named Warriors. She liked their names instantly.

Her pussy creamed as Christian turned his gaze upon her again.

"And have no doubt, Megan, you will enjoy it every time we make love to you."

Please, make love to me, now! she screamed silently. Desperation began a slow spiral through her as Christian moved his hands from his swollen scrotum and massaged the

length of his upturned cock. He drew closer, his breath hot on her face. She trembled with excitement and fear. Felt the bonds at her ankles drop free as Zane untied her. Barely felt the ones at her wrists release her as Christian's heated mouth fused over hers, the searing impact making her moan at his intoxicating taste. He tasted of power, sweat and cool mountain air. His kiss made her think of dark naughty things she'd never thought of before. Yes, she'd named Dark Heart well.

Chapter Five

When Megan awoke, mixed emotions shifted through her as she found herself not on the interrogation table in the dungeon, but lying upon several golden-colored puffy huge cushions with a gold spun sheet draped over her nakedness. Beneath the sheet she could feel the throb of her shoulder wound. Knew instinctively the bandages had been changed while she'd slept. A faint odor of medicine drifted to her nostrils, verifying what she believed. A pack of bandages pressed against her skin and Megan swallowed in anticipation. She could also feel the sex toys secured on various parts of her body. The butt plug, the nipple clamps, a clit stimulator. They were all softly teasing, playing and titillating her. Thankfully, not the torturous sexual arousal, which she craved satisfaction from, but something pleasant that had her body humming sweetly. She smiled and closed her eyes again, moaning as the clit stimulator quieted and then stopped. But the plug continued inflating and deflating, preparing her, the nipple clamps purring and tweaking and keeping her breasts aroused.

It seemed as if this were an interlude before Christian decided to have her again. Megan swallowed at that thought.

I won't take pity on you, he'd said. And yet he had, hadn't he? Grabbing her ankles and plunging into her with his magnificent cock, giving her the orgasm she'd been crying for. The one he made her crave for. Now he'd brought her to the pleasure room where so many intoxicating memories lingered.

Obviously he had not believed her when she told him she did not know anything. She opened her eyes again, her breath hitching in her throat as she gazed around the room and recognized her surroundings and her fangs throbbed with remembrance of the days and nights spent here amongst the boys' toys. The room had been modernized with new lighting since she'd been here last. Large yet cozy, it was decorated in gold

and silver hues. No expense was spared for whoever they'd modernized it for. An unwanted pang of rage ripped through her thinking of other females being entertained in here while she'd been gone. She tamped down on it. She had no claim on them any longer. They had severed all ties when they'd betrayed her.

Lush green palm plants and ferns in huge wicker pots adorned all four corners of the room, giving it a jungle appearance. Bright lights twinkled like magnificent stars from silver strobes behind the towering plants and one of the walls was an entire window drenched in sheer virgin white lace drapes. It was night outside, for she saw only blackness out there.

The other three walls and the ceiling consisted of huge mirrors encased in gold frames. Megan looked up at the mirror above her and her breath halted as she noticed her appearance.

She looked absolutely sexy lying on the gold pillows. Rosy red color flushed her cheeks; her plump lips were slightly parted as if anticipating Christian's cock coming into her mouth again. Her auburn hair appeared messy and spread like a fan upon a white satin pillow where she laid her head. Silver chains peeked out from beneath the golden sheet covering her. Moving both her legs and hearing the tinkle of metal, she realized her ankles were chained. From gazing into the mirrors she garnered she had about five feet of chain on each leg before they were attached to metal links in the buttery colored ceramic floor.

Oh shit. So she wouldn't be getting too far in this getup. But what of her wrists? She didn't feel any shackles there. Moving her arms, she didn't hear the clink of chains and relief splashed through her upon discovering velvet gold cuffs with an eyelet wrapped around her wrists, but she wasn't attached to any restraints. At least she had her hands free.

Lifting the sheets to peer down at her nudity, she creamed at the sight of the gold vibrator clamps enticingly nibbling on her nipples and the accompanying gold weights lying on her breasts. Weights that were larger than the ones she'd worn earlier. Right

now as she lay here these weights wouldn't affect her, but when she stood or sat up, they would pull on her nipples and give her an erotic burn that was sure to have her gasping. Speaking of gasping, she couldn't help but notice how large her nipples were, compliments of the clamps. They looked like huge lush berries.

Oh my, it also appeared while she'd slept, her body had taken on a mind of its own, reacting to or better yet remembering the earlier sexual ministrations of her Dark Heart. She blew out a tense breath at the soreness in her pussy as she remembered how he'd lost control and taken her, giving her the release she needed so badly.

Gazing around the room, she spied the stunning king-sized canopied bed. The four posters were carved out of dark cherry wood, displaying intimate body parts such as a woman's plump breast, a bellybutton here, a penis there. Even some sex toys had been carved into the wood, everything blending expertly in with each other. A woman could lie here and fantasize all day, just looking at the complex patterns in the wood.

Above the bed hung a luscious canopy drenched in an abundance of tantalizing waves of gold sheets, the same kind of sheet she wore. Well, she wasn't actually *wearing* it, as opposed to being covered by it.

Her heart beat harder as she spied the two thrones against another wall. Large, cushioned chairs with ornate wooden carvings as hand rails. Thrones, where her two Dark Hearts had sat once upon a time, while watching the Master Pleasurers gratifying her.

The two Kings' images rose in her mind. Two Kings sitting upon their thrones. Watching her. Lust shining bright in their eyes as they watched her struggle. Listened to her screams. Then afterward. Their whispered tender words as they tried to calm the aftereffects of the Master Pleasurers. Her being sore. Quite sore. Tender, satiated, wanting more.

A riptide of both exhilaration and trepidation raced through Megan as she understood why she'd been brought to this room. Christian hadn't taken pity on her after all. He had plans for her. And she knew exactly what those intentions entailed.

Just then the mirrored door swung open and her breath halted as Christian stepped inside with one female and one male. Following him were two Master Pleasurers. She recognized this due to the clothing they wore. Nothing but sheer silky gold scarves draped low over their hips covering their genitalia. The Master Arousers carried wooden bowls of fruit and breads. The female was extraordinarily pretty, with huge blue eyes, long black lashes and waist-length black hair. Her young breasts were full and pert with nipples the size of lollipops. Jealousy sheered through Megan as she wondered if her Kings had lain with this one.

She swung her attention to the male. He looked exquisitely handsome, with a mop of brown hair and sparkling green eyes. He possessed extremely muscular shoulders, a narrow waist and very powerful, long legs. Beneath the sheer cloth draped around his waist, she had no problem making out the exceptionally long cock pressing boldly and ready for action. She could even make out the cock ring wrapped around the base of his shaft to keep him erect.

She didn't recognize either of them from her time here in the past. Perhaps because the other Master Pleasurers she'd been with were long dead for Master Pleasurers were usually human captives or vampire captives from the spoils of wars with other factions. The Master Arousers were mesmerized by the Kings or by Seer into being sexually submissive. Human slaves were here, for one reason or another, after discovering that vampires existed. Sometimes, instead of having them killed in order to protect the vampire race, the humans were brought in to the Empire to serve. They were inquisitive creatures whose curiosity got them into lots of trouble. Hence the high disappearance without a trace rate in the human world.

Yes, these were Master Pleasurers and Christian and Zane only kept the best.

It was inevitable. Christian surely meant business. He cast a dark sultry gaze at her and the sexual intention she read there made her tremble with both need and apprehension.

"I brought food, my Queen," Christian said as he nodded to the slaves to place the bowls on each side of Megan. "I understand you have acquired a taste for it while living in the human world."

Damn him! That's why she'd slept through the transfer of being brought in here from the dungeon. He must have mesmerized her into sleep as well as read her mind while she'd slept. What else had he read? Had he discovered the knowledge she hid behind the protective shield she'd erected? From the moment Seer had told her the unborns were in danger, Megan had trained herself to automatically raise the mind shield during her most vulnerable time. During sleep. But had she been able to keep it up while he'd prodded her mind?

He wouldn't know to look for offspring. He had no idea. Neither of the Kings knew. Megan had only taken Seer into her confidence that night she had run from the Kings and Seer would know what to look for.

And Vampira knew about them of course. Thinking of the group of females who hid among the humans made a blade of sadness slice through her. Did Vampira know she was missing? Would they search for her? Vampira's main mission was to protect females from getting pulled back into their past but if Vampira realized she'd gone missing they might sacrifice her for the safety of her daughters. It had been a prearranged request from Megan to them upon acceptance into the group. That she would be sacrificed if anything ever went wrong.

Christian plopped into one of the golden thrones and studied her. "Did I read your thoughts wrong, my wife? You look glum. I would have thought you would enjoy my gifts."

She forced herself to maintain eye contact with him. She didn't want him to catch on she held a big secret from their past. Didn't want him to know her sense of helplessness at having her legs chained. Most of all she didn't want him to suspect that she'd been instructed to kill him and his brother. An icy wave of dread slashed through her at the thought of killing them. There had to be some other way. There just had to be!

“Does your wound hurt you so?” Christian’s brows furrowed once again with unconcealed concern, snapping Megan out of her fall in to hopelessness. Once again she questioned Seer’s prediction. If Christian held such concern for her then how could he want her dead if he discovered she’d been pregnant? Unless it was Zane who would be the killer thinking the twins belonged to Christian and felt threatened? Seer had never revealed why, despite Megan begging her for an answer.

“The wound heals quickly now. I thank you for your concern.” Although she had healing capability as a vampire, she had always been a slow healer, but once she got some fresh blood she’d heal faster. Vampires were funny that way, every one in their own abilities and gifts.

“Ahh, not concern, merely wanting you to be well enough to enjoy your next round of sexual torture.” He snapped his fingers and the two Master Pleasurers set themselves on each side of her upon the pillows and both lifted their bowls in offering to her.

She sighed wearily. She would prefer to have pure blood in order to re-energize, but being a member of Vampira, she was not allowed to drink human blood. In her human life she got her nourishment from synthetic blood. Human food did nothing in the way of sustenance. She had forced herself to acquire the taste in order to be able to fit in with the human race. Blood while mating with Christian, on the other hand, would give her the power to heal her wound quickly as well as become strong enough to think more clearly.

Leaning over, Megan plucked a bunch of Ruby Roman pink grapes from the bowl the female held. The human cast Megan a warm smile of sensuality that made Megan’s tummy do a nice little flip-flop. As Megan placed one of the grapes in her mouth, she couldn’t help but compare it to the female’s nipples. Both appeared the same size, plump and ripe for the taking. Her mouth watered at the sudden wanting of taking the human’s juicy-looking nipple into her mouth. She’d always possessed a weakness for female breasts and her Dark Heart knew this too.

Biting into the grape made an array of juice splash over her taste buds. Although research suggested grapes were sweet, her taste buds were only tuned in to the taste of blood, so she couldn't enjoy any flavor.

Megan held still while the female reached out and gently pulled down the sheet covering Megan's upper half, revealing her breasts to the other slave and to Christian. Both males gazed upon her nakedness, making Megan tremble with excitement as lust shone in their eyes.

"Help her into a seated position so I may gaze better upon my Queen," Christian instructed.

The two slaves did his bidding and helped her into a seated position. As she expected, the weights on the clamps pulled erotically on her nipples, bringing a sensual burn along with it.

"Touch her while she eats. I wish to watch."

Megan found her breath quickening as each human cupped a breast and with their other hands feathered light touches along her curves while the nipple clamps nibbled just a bit harder. Quivers of pleasure stroked through her making her bite back a moan.

"That's it. Good." Christian leaned back against his throne, his hands clutching the wooden arms of the chair and watched. To show her defiance, that these two wouldn't break her, Megan tried like hell to keep eye contact with him. But it was hard to remain composed with two humans at her breasts.

"Please eat, Megan. I want to watch how you pretend to be a human. It, for some reason, amuses me."

"I'd much prefer drinking from you, my Lord," she breathed as the familiar sensual haze floated through her. Having been without sex for forty years certainly did have its disadvantages. Now that she'd had a taste of him, she needed more.

"Give me names, and I will give you all the pleasure you wish."

“Yes, with me dangling from a noose around my neck for terrorism,” Megan said softly.

She didn’t miss the narrowing of his eyes at her comment, nor the clenching of his jaw. Truth be told, she didn’t have access to the information he sought. Whoever was attacking their Empire was doing it in such a way as to frame her. To make the Kings as well as the entire Warrior clan angry at her. She could only wonder how long it would take before someone broke in to murder her.

Chapter Six

You must kill the Kings. Seer's voice whispered inside her head and a shiver of revulsion as well as ice-cold apprehension zipped through Megan. Seer was nearby. She could feel her presence inside her head as she tried to read her thoughts, tried to find out where Megan had hidden her daughters.

She would not know. For Megan did not know. The moment she disappeared and did not answer her next contact call, her daughters would have been taken to a safer place on behalf of Vampira. Hidden amongst the humans, growing up as humans. Her offspring would stay hidden until Megan was returned to Vampira.

"You must spread your legs, Your Majesty, for the King wills it," the male Master Arouser whispered as he skimmed a hand between her thighs.

"And what would he do if I do not submit?" she whispered back, settling into the luscious hum of arousal the touches upon her breasts were creating.

"He would not be pleased with the two of us. Please, have mercy on us and enjoy his offering."

Megan sighed and nodded. She did not wish ill will on these two humans. Although she doubted Christian would harm them, they obviously feared him.

"As he wishes," she replied and opened her legs.

The female tugged the sheet away and exposed Megan's lower half for all to see. She didn't miss Christian leaning closer in his chair as he watched the female let go of Megan's breast and move herself between Megan's open legs. Wrapping her hands around Megan's ankles, the female brought her knees up and parted her legs sideways, keeping her legs wide apart.

Megan braced herself as the female settled in between Megan's legs, dipping her head.

"She is a female. She will know best how to pleasure another female." Christian chuckled.

"As you wish, my Lord," Megan said in a calm voice, pretending having a female human checking out her pussy wasn't getting her all hot and bothered.

"What is your name, female?" Megan asked as the woman removed the clit stimulator.

"I am called Kalla, your Majesty."

"And you?" she asked the male slave who was moving closer to her on the pillows, proceeding to smooth his hands over her lower abdomen now, making her tummy tighten and her pussy cream.

"I am Gypsy," he said and leaned in to kiss her wounded shoulder. It was a sweet press of warm lips that had her trembling with longing.

"You kiss well, my Gypsy," she said as an idea burst forth. "Kiss my lips, Gypsy. Make love to my lips."

A low growl erupted from Christian and the two human slaves stiffened. Obviously kissing her on the mouth was not allowed. How interesting. Had Christian set limits as to what the humans should do with her? That could mean he was jealous. If so, she could turn the tables against him and ruin this avenue of questioning just as the last round of sexual torture had been ruined.

"Lick my labia, Kalla. Tease my clit with your teeth. Make me come."

The female between her thighs hesitated for a moment and Megan reached out and wrapped her hand in the woman's long black hair. With a gentle tug, she pulled the female's head closer.

"Don't be frightened. It is what your King wishes," Megan said, trying hard to keep the smugness out of her voice as she watched her husband for his reaction.

Nothing showed in his face, but the rest of him had tensed up. Muscles bulged in his shoulders and his arms and hands fastened tighter on the handrails of his throne.

Obviously he hadn't expected Megan to so easily take control over this situation, had he?

"And you, my Gypsy, keep kissing my shoulder. I like the feel of your warm mouth on my body."

Gypsy grinned, willing to oblige, and kissed her with the gentlest breeze of kisses. Between her thighs, Kalla took Megan's labia into her mouth and began an erotic sucking, which made Megan's breath hitch.

My, the female did know how to pleasure, didn't she? As Gypsy kissed her shoulder and over the tops of her breasts, Kalla nibbled on her labia, making Megan fight the impulse to wrap her legs around Kalla's head.

Instead, Megan tried to appear nonchalant as with her free hand she picked up a huge wedge of orange cantaloupe and took a big bite out of it, making a sensual sound of appreciation, which wasn't hard because she was reacting to the ministrations of the humans rather than the bland taste of the fruit.

On his throne, Christian continued to glare at her. With hatred or jealousy, she wasn't certain, but surely he should know how he'd react with others touching her. He'd allowed it in the past. Once, he'd even had four male Master Arousers touching her intimately while Christian and Zane had watched. After sending them away, Zane and Christian had taken her roughly and forcefully, plunging into her over and over again, until she'd been begging them both to feed from her at the same time, she'd been so aroused by their jealousy.

She'd always felt sensual and erotic being naked in front of her Kings as well as the Master Arousers. She moaned and writhed wantonly as Kalla took her clit into her mouth and sucked tenderly. At the same time, Gypsy removed a nipple clamp from her right breast and took her aching, erect nipple into his mouth, sucking as gently as possible, almost knowing the clamp had left her nipple somewhat sore and tender.

As the humans aroused her under the watchful gaze of their King, Megan tried hard to keep eating and watching her King for signs of his distress or perhaps his

arousal. As her pleasure grew, her eyelids grew heavier, making it harder to see him. But she certainly could hear Christian's breaths as they quickened and became raspier. Out of anger or arousal she couldn't be sure.

The sensations of the humans' expert moist mouths upon her body grew more forceful and she felt her arms grow limp. Too weak to gather more fruit from the bowls, she let her eyes close and allowed herself to be swept away into the sharp pleasure. She heard the annoyed snap of Christian's fingers and the humans moved away from her, standing to attention.

Inwardly, disappointment zipped through her like a bullet. Outwardly, she showed him her calmest composure as he studied her carefully.

"You amaze me, my wife. I would have thought you could hold out longer to their pleasure."

"I would have thought you would bring me more than just two Master Arousers, my Lord. Perhaps several males, as that one time..." She let her sentence dangle with teasing intent and noticed a muscle twitch with anger in his jaw. "But alas, I'd much rather have you thrusting into me, husband," she spoke gently, trying to instill visions of their coupling in his mind. That would be the only way to break him down and get what they *both* wanted if the big, bold erection pressing against his drawers was any indication.

"And give you what you wish? I would have no leverage. No avenue of getting the name or names of the betrayers to your Kingdom."

Her Kingdom. Yes, once upon a time it had been hers. But for only a short time.

"As I said. I know no names."

He looked disappointed. Not as disappointed and frustrated as her. How would he believe she could be the terrorist anyway? Yes, she was being framed, but surely he wouldn't accept that she was behind it so blindly?

"Kalla, come here," Christian ordered.

The female did his bidding and when he nodded for Kalla to open his robe, Megan tensed. He wouldn't...not in front of her. Would he?

In the past the Kings had never allowed the Master Arousers to arouse them in front of her. She had strictly forbade it. It didn't please her to see others arouse them and she had pointedly told them that immediately when she'd been told about Master Arousers. They had honored her request. Now he would turn it against her?

She held her breath as Kalla sank to her knees between Christian's wide spread legs. Her heart sunk as Christian lifted his bottom and allowed Kalla to remove his briefs. Despite the jealousy Megan swore ran through him while he'd watched Kalla and Gypsy pleasuring her, Christian was fiercely erect. Obviously it hadn't fazed him that she'd taken the pleasure so easily. It had turned him on!

Her mouth dropped open and her fangs unsheathed in anger as he held Megan's gaze, a smug expression on his face as he studied her, awaiting her reaction. Despite not wanting to show her anger, blood, thick with annoyance, pulsed through her as she watched him reach out and cup Kalla's heavy breasts. The female moaned quietly as he tweaked her big nipples. The smile on his face grew as Megan's fuse lit. Despite her jealousy at Christian touching the human, she reacted favorably to the female's soft whimpers.

Megan realized she no longer had a claim over the Kings. They should be allowed to pleasure and be pleased. Obviously they had kept themselves amused with their human Master Arousers while she'd been gone, attesting to his expert touches on this gorgeous female. This, watching her male touching another in front of her, taunting her in this way, was certainly torture.

Damn him!

"Gypsy!" she snapped, unable to hold back her annoyance. "Do to me what he does to her."

She'd expected Christian to protest. He didn't.

The human with the bright eyes settled onto his knees between her widespread legs, reached out and cupped her breasts, playing with her nipples as Christian did to Kalla.

Christian ordered Kalla to stand. He then leaned forward to take one of her nipples into his mouth. Kalla whimpered and she sifted her fingers through Christian's hair. To Megan's surprise, need pooled between her thighs as she watched and pictured herself in Kalla's place. Gypsy followed suit and took one of Megan's nipples into his hot mouth. His teeth nipped and sparked pleasure-pain and Megan couldn't help but cry out.

Christian's head snapped up, breaking free of Kalla's grasp, and his eyes narrowed with unmistakable desire as he watched Gypsy and Megan. Megan pulled the human's head closer, pressing his face into the pillow of her breast.

She expected Christian to go back to his previous position, he didn't. He watched warily as the male continued sucking and biting her nipple. First one and then the other. The male certainly had an erotic way with his mouth, Megan mused as Gypsy pulled her deeper into arousal. Her nipples grew thicker and harder.

She yelped as the male's hand dove between her thighs and stroked her clit. He caressed her there. Leisurely, teasingly, driving her toward a climax. But she didn't want to climax at the hands of this stranger. She wanted her husband.

She hadn't realized she'd closed her eyes until she heard a snapping sound close by and a tug on her collar. Opening her eyes, she saw Gypsy let go of her nipple with a pop and move away.

She looked up to see Christian standing at the foot of her pillows and to her surprise, Zane stood there also, glaring down at her. He didn't look happy to see her. Not at all. Hurt shone in his eyes and it sent razor sharp flares of guilt shooting through her. Zane's eyes were glazed over with appreciation as he looked down at her. He had always gotten more aroused than Christian when watching others pleasuring her. She wondered how long he'd been here, watching.

"I see you have finally found your way back," Christian growled at his brother, keeping his gaze upon Megan and the slave who continued brushing his hands upon her body and damn her, she was definitely reacting to his touches.

"Seer explained you were in the Pleasure Room. She didn't however explain you had company."

Christian grunted and frowned, not answering.

Zane shook his head in a show of proper disappointment.

"I would have thought you'd have him fucking you by now, Megan. Are you losing your wifely touch?" Zane asked in a strangled voice.

"She hasn't given me any names yet," Christian barked. Megan caught his irritation and felt somewhat relieved that Zane was here now. He would be able to calm Christian.

"Truthfully though, little brother," Christian continued as he stared down at her, well actually not at her, but between her widespread legs. "She hasn't truly been tortured yet either."

"Obviously you've been going about it all the wrong way, brother." Zane chuckled and winked at Megan. But she didn't find any relief in his amusement at her predicament. If anything she felt even more desperate that Zane wasn't taking this more seriously.

Christian's dark look merely got darker. He was angry again. Just as he'd been at the beginning when he'd first come into the dungeon.

Without warning, Christian slapped Zane on his shoulder, evoking a grimace from him.

"Well, baby brother. I'll let you decide her next form of torture then."

Zane pursed his lips in thought and studied Megan. A moment later he said, "We've never used the Rain Room."

Megan blinked in confusion. The Rain Room? This was a room she'd never heard of. And from the frown on Christian's face, she wasn't sure he wanted to use it.

"It hasn't been maintained," Christian said in a harsh tone.

"I've kept the room maintained, so it is useable. I'm sure our Queen would appreciate it. It was after all supposed to be a belated mating present from us to her."

Belated mating present? Despite her nervousness at the situation, she was intrigued and curious. What kind of present would the Rain Room be?

Tension had spilled through the air since Zane mentioned this mysterious room and the silence from Christian as he pondered Zane's suggestion made her uneasy. Maybe this Rain Room wasn't such a good idea. She gazed around the Pleasure Room and noticed that Kalla was nowhere in the room. She was alone with three males.

Oh boy.

Christian continued to stare at her in a brooding manner. She noticed the sharp white tips of his fangs protruding with menace from between his lips as he glared at her. Shivers of anxiety lashed her. What was he thinking? Did he wish to share this present from the past with her? Would it bring up memories of their times together? Or would it just make him hate her more?

"The Rain Room would most likely succeed in getting what I wish to get from her," Christian said.

Oh no. Zane was definitely not in her corner if Christian was agreeing with him. Christian nodded to Gypsy. "Dress her and bring her to the Rain Room."

Chapter Seven

“What in the hell is going on with you?” Zane snapped as he grabbed Christian’s arm and held him back from following Gypsy as the slave led Megan from the Pleasure Room.

To Zane’s surprise, his brother yanked his arm from his grasp and cast him such a thunderous look, Zane took a step backward from the powerful onslaught of the fury. He’d never seen his brother so pissed off. Except for when Megan had first disappeared. This came in a close second.

“If you’d hung around instead of going off on one of your fucking hikes down memory lane, then you would know what the fuck is going on,” Christian growled.

“Maybe if you had come with me instead of sitting around here all these years brooding, you might not have such hatred for Megan.”

“Hatred?” Christian blinked in disbelief.

“Yes, hatred. Why else would you be treating her like this? Can you not see how weak she is? She needs nourishment. She needs us.”

“Us? And that’s why she left? Because she needs us? I think that thin mountain air has your brains twisted, dear brother. Our wife left because she wished to be a thorn in our sides over the years. Now it’s my turn to be a thorn in her side!”

“That’s it, show her who is boss, Christian. Show her what a damn asshole you’ve become over the years, because you believe the evidence about her being the terrorist.”

Fury slapped through Christian’s face, making his fangs grow to a lethal length. Fighting. Warrior length. Zane swallowed back a tinge of panic. Okay, maybe he’d pushed his brother a bit too far too fast. He needed to rein Christian in, or he’d end up hurting Megan and regretting it a hell of a lot after the fact. He just wished he knew what Christian had done already. It couldn’t have been something too bad, if Megan

still looked at him with love in her eyes. So if she still loved Christian and himself, then why had she left in the first place?

“What I’m saying is why don’t you just point blank ask her why she’s doing what she’s doing? If that’s what you believe she is in fact doing.”

“I don’t have to ask her a thing! I only want the name or names of whoever she’s slept with to get any information. That’s it! Then I will kill whoever has been with her! After that, she will be terminated as all traitors are. Now get out of my way!”

Zane knew better than to fight or try to reason with Christian when he was so pissed. Obviously jealousy was the culprit blinding his brother and holding him back from seeing things clearly. Zane moved out of the way and his brother brushed past him, ripping the mirrored door open so hard, it blew inward and shattered the nearby mirrored wall. Shards of glass smashed to the ceramic floor, making Zane flinch at the obscene racket that was a direct contrast to the peace and quiet he’d experienced during the solitude and memories of Megan while trekking in the Austrian mountains.

Zane worried his bottom lip as he hurried after Christian. Shit. Instead of making things better for Megan, it looked as if he’d just made things a whole hell of a lot worse.

* * * * *

“Has your sight into the future changed since the Queen was captured?” Christian snarled as he heard Seer whisper into his bedroom. She did that sometimes, materializing when he called for her, although he’d asked her to use the door in those instances. This time, however, he wouldn’t admonish her. He was glad she came so quickly.

After his confrontation with Zane, he’d been too angry to join Megan in the Rain Room. Instead he’d summoned Seer, wanting her counsel. He needed to know if the future had somehow changed since he’d been with Megan.

“Nothing has changed,” Seer replied in her monotone voice. “Your wife will still end up killing both you and your brother, if you do not have her killed first.”

Dammit!

“When? Today? Tomorrow? Two hundred years from now?”

“I do not have a clear reading, my Lord. Too much anger clouds the prediction.”

Anger. His anger, no doubt. Or maybe Megan’s? No, it wasn’t possible. Megan’s spirit was too beautiful. She didn’t possess such anger. That last thought sobered him.

She still looked at him with love and lust in her eyes, even after the forceful ways he’d taken her in the dungeon. And his anger had almost made him take the human slave in the Pleasure Room too. Just to wash that love and lust from Megan’s eyes as he knew she did not wish him or Zane to be with female Master Arousers. She’d made that point clear early in their relationship.

When he’d touched Kalla, he’d seen her anger, the jealousy. He’d wanted to wound Megan by being with Kalla. Had wanted to show his Queen how deeply wounding the feeling of betrayal went. Instead, she’d turned the tables on him once again by bringing Gypsy the human slave to her bosom. Although in the past he’d enjoyed watching another pleasure her, anger had flared through him this time. He had been jealous. He was still in love with his wife. And she was still in love with him. Then why? Why would she kill him and Zane? It just didn’t make sense.

Could Seer be wrong? The instant he thought that, the question disintegrated. No, Seer had never been wrong. She was always right. It was decreed through the history of the Warrior Empire. She would always be right. That was why she was here. To prevent tragedies from happening.

“Is there anything else, my Lord?” Seer stepped closer and Christian felt her prodding his mind. Anger erupted anew.

“You go too far, Seer,” he warned.

“I am only trying to help. Perhaps if I can interpret your thoughts, the reading of the future for you and your brother will be clearer?”

"No." He could not let her see his weakness when it came to Megan. He could trust no one regarding that matter, not even Seer. No matter how engrained she was into this Empire, some things were not meant to be shared. With anyone. Not even his wife, he thought wryly.

Not even his wife.

* * * * *

"This is your Rain Room, my Queen," Zane breathed as he attached her collar to a chain that extended from the ceiling.

He smelled good. Really good, Megan thought as Zane gently wrapped his hot strong hands around her wrists. He brought her arms behind her back, making her breasts thrust outward against the tight burgundy-colored silk robe Gypsy had swaddled her in before he'd brought her here and turned her over to Zane who arrived only moments after they had. Zane had quickly dismissed the human and then ushered her to stand on a large round five-foot by five-foot gold platform in the middle of the room.

First he brought up one arm, snapped the chain to her cuffed wrist, then did the same to her other one and her tummy hollowed out in both anticipation and desperation. Being tied up like this had turned her on from the beginning. But being tied up by Zane himself, the male she had thought she might be able to talk some sense into, made her realize she would not be able to escape. At least not yet.

He squatted, and she caught a glimpse of his white fangs as they protruded past his lips. Tying her up had always turned on both her Dark Hearts. They were highly sexed vampires, and she wondered if Zane had found comfort in some other female's arms while she'd been away. That idea tortured her. Yet she kept silent as he instructed her to spread her legs, which she did, then she watched him click a chain to first one of her ankle cuffs and then the other. She knew the chains would keep her from closing her

legs. Then he stood, throwing her a reassuring smile that did nothing to calm her nerves.

He gave the large room a sweep of his hand. "Your belated wedding present, my Lady."

Megan found it difficult to break eye contact with him. She was having a hard time reading him. In the past his emotions were clear for her to see in his eyes. When he and Christian first captured her years ago, Zane had been the kind one, the one she'd liked from the onset of her capture. The one who put her at ease.

But now she couldn't read him as clearly. There was still love for her. She could see it in the sensual way he smiled, the extraordinary length of his fangs, and in the sweet way her body hummed just being near him. Yet there was doubt between them as well. Trust may have been broken because he believed she was behind the attacks against the Warrior Empire.

"What do you think? I ordered the room be kept clean and in workable condition while you were gone. I had always hoped you'd come back to us."

I always wanted to come back to you! she cried silently.

"I..." She forced herself to shake off her despair. She was Queen Megan Darksky-Bloodrayne, a Crystal Clan female warrior and currently a member of Vampira. She bowed to no male. Not even her mates.

She forced herself to gather her bearings and gaze around the room. It was gorgeous, she had to admit. The round room was decorated in luxurious shades of whites, chocolate browns and beige stone ceramic, the entire room looked effectively like a giant circular shower stall of forty feet by forty feet. Above her head, buried in the ceiling, she noted a large circular gold showerhead as wide as the gold platform she stood on, or correct that, the platform she'd been chained to. A platform that also looked like a giant showerhead.

Obviously Zane and Christian didn't want her going anywhere. Translation, more sexual torture.

Oh boy.

"We decided to call it the Rain Room, because of all the showerheads," Zane explained and waved to the platform she stood on, then the ceiling above her and then the nearby wall where several gold showerheads and hoses were neatly arranged.

Under other circumstances she would have been much more intrigued with what they had in store for her. A room full of showerheads would be most electrifying to explore. However, right now, visions of water sexual torture were making her jittery and she wished she could just figure out why she was still in love with these two brutes if they didn't have more trust in her than they had shown.

She noticed the abundance of Oriental green ferns in large chocolate-colored ceramic pots. They were scattered around the room, giving it a similar jungle-like appearance as the Pleasure Room. Whereas in the Pleasure Room, mirrors were in abundance, here in the Rain Room smaller mirrors adorned each wall, giving the occupants glimpses of each other.

In one corner, behind sparkling glass-paned walls, was a pristine white toilet and beside it a urinal, along with a Chinese-inspired chocolate brown vanity with twin glass sinks and golden taps. On a nearby beige marble bench on this side of the glass pane sat a stack of rolled burgundy and pink towels ready to be used as well as several white terrycloth robes hanging from gold hooks.

"Is it true?" Zane's unexpected question arrowed into Megan like a torpedo and she couldn't help but inhale in shock. She knew exactly what he was speaking about. Secretly she'd hoped Zane wouldn't fall prey to the calling cards being left behind at every attack against the Warrior Empire's holdings. Cards, she'd been told by the angry vamps who'd tended her wounds and prepared her in the dungeon, that bore her handwriting, so of course the Kings would believe she was behind the attacks. No matter how hard she'd protested that she had nothing to do with the attacks, the vamps had been adamant. The Kings believed ill of Megan and she realized she'd been set up so perfectly, she couldn't even prove her innocence. Or so it would seem.

Megan sighed with a weariness she had never experienced before. She had absolutely no one on her side. Except of course Seer who had advised Megan to kill the Kings to save herself and her twin daughters. It just didn't make sense, yet how could she not believe Seer if Christian and Zane had told her to always heed her advice?

"Why don't you just tell us what is going on, Megan?" Zane prodded.

"Just do what you need to do to me."

Zane's brows furrowed in obvious disappointment. "We could hold you for virtual eternity here for the safety of the Empire. We are after all mated. Nothing can change that unless..." He didn't finish the sentence. Zane didn't have to. He was already steering her toward Seer's prediction about what would happen to Megan if she didn't kill them first.

Death.

Oh damn.

"You look beautiful, as always, my Queen." Christian's deep voice echoed through the room, making Megan tense. He moved into her view and she noticed he'd changed into a gold-colored robe. He'd left the sash very loose, giving her a glimpse of his rock-hard abdomen and a quickly rising cock. She felt herself respond to the sight, despite her situation. Damn him, he always turned her on, no matter what predicament she was in. Maybe because she still trusted him not to hurt her, despite what Seer predicted? Despite his anger?

"I see you've made yourself ready, brother." Zane chuckled, ripping Megan out of her newfound thought.

"As you shall hurry and do yourself. I want to show Megan what she's been missing with our Rain Room," Christian said and to her surprise he grinned at her. Odd that there was no anger in his eyes, as there had been earlier when the Rain Room had been suggested by Zane. Something had changed the oldest brother's mood since he'd been gone. Something, hopefully for the better.

She held her breath as Zane strolled over to the nearby glass-encased room where he proceeded to undress. Christian moved toward the near wall with the array of showerheads and she focused her attention to him. He looked so devastatingly handsome, more so than when she'd first met him. Although forty years in vampire life was but a blink of an eye, she swore he looked bigger through the shoulders and sexier now. Oh why had she listened to Seer? Why hadn't she confronted her mates while they lay in bed with that naked vixen? Or at the very least confided in Zane back then?

But she knew why. Christian and Zane were so transfixed with their Seer that Megan had believed her prediction was correct. Everyone had told her to trust Seer since Megan had lived here at the castle. That she was to keep her mouth shut and never tell the Kings they had offspring on the way. Just thinking of her beautiful daughters brought relief and happiness soaring through her.

A rush of warm water sprayed against her legs broke her out of her thoughts and made her gasp in surprise as well as shock at the force of the water coming from the platform she stood on. Within a couple of seconds the lower half of the burgundy robe that Gypsy had swaddled her in before bringing her here and leaving her to Zane was soaked.

Focusing her attention back to Christian, she saw he was fiddling with a couple of knobs near the showerheads.

"It appears things are in working order. And now for the one above."

Warm streams of water splashed down on her head and shoulders, making Megan gasp at the intensity. She was effectively being immersed in a shower of rain from above as well as below her. The lush impact of water spraying against her flesh invigorated her and she found her senses awakening to a higher new level.

As the water sprinkled upon her she watched Zane undressing behind the glass partition. An erotic tremor zipped through her as she realized while he undressed he kept his gaze on her. Even from several feet away, she noticed the hungry look sparking his eyes. Tension lashed his shoulders and his large arms. A powerful flex of muscles

rippled along his thighs and she spied a rock-hard ass as he turned around, bent over, picked up his pants and laid them on the bench with his other clothes.

Her breath halted as he turned around, opened the glass door, stepping into the room. His cock was engorged and she swore she didn't remember it ever being so long and thick. Swallowing at the eroticism melting through her, she tried to ignore the warm stickiness between her thighs as he grabbed a burgundy towel and wrapped it low over his hips. From the bench he grabbed a pink silky scarf she hadn't noticed earlier. As he drew closer she noticed his white fangs dropping past his upper lips. Oh how she couldn't wait to feel the pinch of pain when he pierced her flesh and drank from her.

Her heart beat quicker as Zane stepped closer, a sensual smile upturning his lips, that silk scarf in his hands. No, not a scarf, a blindfold, she realized as he moved behind her and she felt the softness drop over her eyes, effectively blinding her. Both vamps remained silent, but she heard the slap of Zane's feet upon the marble floor as he joined Christian.

Then came the sudden rush of more water and then even more. She gasped as a warm jet of spray hit her toes on her right foot. It tickled and she smiled.

"You like that?" Zane breathed close by.

She nodded and another warm jet beat her toes on her left foot. That must be Christian's handheld showerhead, she mused. They let the water splash against her feet for several enjoyable moments before moving the spray in unison up the front of her shins, over her knees and then to her lower thighs where it stayed. A niggle of anticipation zipped through her newfound relaxation and Megan hoped they would move the spray higher and aim it between her legs.

No, that's what they wanted her to want. She had to remind herself they weren't looking to pleasure her but to get information. Information she didn't have.

She swallowed, held her breath and awaited their next move. It didn't take long.

The water stopped against her thighs and to her surprise, they aimed the spray at her armpits, then caressed along the outside curves of her robed breasts. She breathed faster, reining in her excitement.

Steady your breaths, Megan. Keep calm.

Her husbands remained silent but above the splashing sounds of the showers and the sprays, she could hear them breathing. Harsh, unsteady breaths. She could smell them too. Damp spicy scents of arousal. They enjoyed what they were doing to her, so that meant she needn't fear fierce pain. This knowledge she was safe, as well as having their unique scents drifting around her, made her feel heady and needy.

The gentle sprays moved down along her sides, caressing her waist, before both came around to the front to pummel her bellybutton, which was now fully exposed as her robe had opened! At the pressure on her bellybutton, her pussy clenched and creamed. She shifted nervously, wondering if maybe these two just might be able to break her down in this Rain Room.

No, she couldn't break. Her secret of their offspring needed to stay buried inside her or Seer's dire prediction would come true.

Twin jets of water danced off her body and Megan sighed in relief.

Have mercy! She hadn't realized how tense she'd gotten and they'd only been at it for several minutes. A moment later a sharper spray lashed her right hip. Cold water seeped through the robe, making it heavier, the coldness bringing Seer instantly to her mind again. She shivered, not liking this feeling. Another harsh spray splashed against the crack of her buttocks. She twisted in her restraints, hoping the jet of cold water didn't target her tender pussy. It didn't, thankfully, and the twin jets moved to each of her restrained palms. She clenched her hands into fists, gasping as the cold water ran in shivery rivulets down her arms, along her armpits, over the curves of her breasts and lower, making her miserable.

The sprays angled along her arms and rested on the area where her neck and shoulders met. She winced at her increasing discomfort and thankfully they took pity on her, removing the sprays.

"By now you understand the control we have over your body, don't you, Megan?" Christian said in a deep husky voice that, despite her circumstances, had her shivering in a nice way. She gasped as hot welcome breath whispered against her breasts.

"You won't be needing this anymore," Christian growled. She tensed at the sharp tug at the base of her neck that was quickly followed by a ripping sound. Warm air splashed against her breasts, her tummy and her pussy as he peeled away the water-soaked robe and exposed her more.

Knowing Christian gazed upon her nakedness, while she hung there blindfolded, did naughty things to her pussy. Her vagina clenched and she creamed. Her breasts swelled and her nipples hardened into tight beads.

"Yes, this arouses you," Christian growled. "It has from the first time we tied you and took you, my lady; you remember that day, don't you? That night up in the mountains against the rock?"

She yelped at a sharp tug behind her neck and heard the ripping sound of the robe being shred behind her. Air breathed against the entire length of her back and buttocks as Zane removed the remains of her robe. She expected him to take her ass into his palms and caress her there, but he didn't. The absence of his touch disappointed her.

"Name names, Megan, and you will be rewarded," Zane snarled from behind her.

"I...I don't know anything."

"Wrong answer, sweet vamp. Wrong answer," Christian said in a cool voice. "Zane, continue."

She held her breath as she heard one and then the second handheld device turn on again. They had changed the temperature from that awful cold to a wonderful heat that coursed through her body in scorching waves and turned the pressure to a powerful pulse, which they aimed at her breasts. The sprays circled her areolas, carefully

avoiding her nipples. Once again, despite not wanting to, anticipation swept through her. She wanted the spray pummeling her nipples. Wanted her males touching her, caressing her body with their hands and tongues. Wanted the sweet bite of pain as their sharp fangs pierced her flesh.

She sighed in disappointment as they moved the sprays to caress her collarbone, then her shoulders up her arms and this time she kept her fingers uncurled as they pummeled her palms, loving the massaging way the water hit her there.

Too soon the pulsing jets left her palms to wander back down her arms to her shoulders. She noticed one hot pulse began a sensual massage of the tight muscles in the back of her shoulders while another pulse stroked her lower belly.

They stayed that way for quite a while and Megan relaxed once again and focused her attention on the two points of pleasure. Then, all too soon, the forceful jets vanished, replaced by cold, gentle spray that took away the enjoyable warmth. They did that for a while, neither speaking, as they alternated between cold and hot, concentrating on different areas of her body but keeping away from the intimate areas she craved to be stimulated.

By the time they turned off the two water jets, leaving her with the warm shower spray, lethargy and excitement zigzagged along her flesh.

"Who gave you that information we found in your briefcase, Megan?" Zane questioned softly. Because neither had spoken during the water torture, his voice sounded too loud to her ears.

"Name names, Megan," Zane continued. "Do yourself a favor. We can go on like this for hours. For days. I'm sure you don't want that to happen. I'm sure your arms are already becoming uncomfortable. Your wound sore."

Yes, actually her arms were feeling quite stretched and she felt a bit disoriented. Thankfully though, her wound seemed to have lost its soreness.

"Perhaps our Queen anticipates the next phase in her questioning?" Christian spoke in a low and sultry voice. Megan knew he stood directly in front of her. She could hear an odd sound as if he was rubbing his hands together.

She yelped as two hot brands cupped her breasts. She smelled soap. Lavender scent. Pleasant. But the hands on her breasts made her focus on her two mounds. She sniffed the air, found the scent of lavender and water and breathed through the layers until she was able to grab the musky arousal odor of Christian. Her focus intensified on his scent as he rubbed her breasts with his soapy hands. The erotic feel of slippery hands touching her wet skin, and the hoarse, uneven way he breathed when aroused, made her body melt into the enjoyable sensations.

Fingers soaped her nipples, tweaked them to this side of pain, then he massaged them leisurely with featherlike touches until they tightened into hard, painful beads before soaping her curves again.

Oh this feels nice, she mused. As she continued to unwind, despite not wanting to, she realized she'd become only a pair of breasts. Swollen and tingly, they felt so alive. A moment later his soapy fingers danced upon her nipples again, tweaking and exploring and possessing until they felt on fire.

"Your breasts belong to us, my love," Christian whispered and then his hands were gone. The spray returned, hot and pulsing, firing against her tender nipples, making her cry out at the sting. The sharpness of impact assaulted her nipples, trapping them, hurting them, but in a good, erotic way. Something hot and needy uncoiled deep inside her pussy, the impact almost stealing her breath away and leaving her pussy sopping wet with her cream.

As if the Kings knew they were turning her on big time, the dual jets left their targets, abandoning her. Disappointment made her whimper, the sound clutching deep inside her throat. As she awaited their next assault upon her senses and body, she became aware of every splash of water from the showers, every breath from the vamps and every quivering feeling zipping through her body.

She hated this but loved it at the same time. The confusion made her frown. Her fangs were throbbing and she writhed as the butt plug, forgotten until now, roared to life, slowly expanding, spreading her tense muscles, reminding her they could take her there, but they could deny her also. Not that she wanted to be taken. She'd been away from them for too long, they would hurt her so good, she would be lost to her desires for them again. Just as she had been in the past. The butt plug played with her ass and she yelped and tensed with anticipation when a finger brushed against her labia. Whoever touched her there pulled her flesh tight and tighter, pulling it until pain flared. Then he let go, soothing her fiery flesh with soap, massaging the pain away.

Before long her labia was feeling plump and heavy. She cried out as he clipped something on her. Her labia became stretched and pleasantly sore. Past experience taught her he'd clamped her with heavy weights.

Bastards!

They knew labia weights were another of the many things that turned her on.

"You haven't changed, have you?" Zane murmured from below her. It was him touching her there.

"If anything she's become more responsive," Christian replied from behind her.

She stiffened as his fingers trailed along her left hip. Lightly dancing over her flesh, they traced a hot line across her lower back, just above the crack in her ass. Then his palm settled like a hot brand against her butt plug. Gently he pushed against it, allowing the plug to prod deeper. Pressure increased.

Between her legs, Zane's fingers claimed her clit and, using her arousal cream, he massaged her there, forcing an array of pleasure to mount. Clenching her teeth in defiance, she urged herself not to concentrate on what he was doing. To deny that it felt so good.

Despite trying to stop herself, she could only hold out for so long. Soon they had her ass yearning, her pussy needing a cock and somewhere deep in her mind, she was calling out for them to fuck her.

Without warning two pulsing jets of warm water sprayed against her. One straight up into her clit and the other against her butt plug, She tensed and moaned, feeling the spirals of a climax taking hold. She whimpered, wanting them, needing them.

And then.

Nothing.

No! Her body crashed in upon itself and utter devastation roared through her.

"Tell us, Megan. Any name and we'll give you what you want." Zane was speaking to her. She could barely hear him above the rush of blood zipping in her ears. Didn't realize she was sagging until the sharp bite of pain sifted through her wrists and her mind.

"Save yourself now, Megan. Talk." Zane's tender whisper lashed her senses and to her surprise she almost broke down and revealed her secret. Almost told them this was not the proper way to treat the female who had borne each of them a daughter.

Almost.

"Go to hell!" she spat and she felt so frustrated, she actually meant it!

Chapter Eight

He'd almost had her, Zane thought as guilt unlike any he'd ever experienced before swept over him like a suffocating blanket. It must be hell, being on the edge of an orgasm and having it yanked away before she came. Probably worse than hell.

That's why they called this torture.

He could tell too by the way Christian frowned he wasn't being entertained by what needed to be done. He sensed his brother wanted Megan back the way she'd been over forty years ago. Innocent, eagerly submissive and passionate in the bedroom. Now she had the air of confidence and defiance about her and it made him want to dominate her even more. In the bedroom, that is.

Despite her being in sexual agony she looked fantastic with her arms strung up, her wrists lashed, her thighs widespread, her ankles tied to prevent her legs from closing. In the old days she adored these types of sexual sessions where Zane and Christian would arouse her and take her swiftly. It's why Christian had chosen this particular method. To break down her defenses. To remind her how it had once been between the three of them.

Maybe to even give her hope they would take her back. Zane frowned at that thought. Would she want to come back to them? Obviously not, that's why she'd been so elusive. Yes, she'd been their captive bride. Yes, at the beginning the seductions had been forced. It was the way of the Warriors. Capturing their females and pleasuring them until they became docile, as their horses.

A sharp look from Christian had Zane moving the pulse of water from her lower abdomen up to her right breast. Christian attacked her left breast with his handheld shower device and Megan mewled and her fangs dropped even longer, making Zane's own fangs throb in longing answer.

He watched as she shuddered and writhed, her large plump nipples like tight red rosebuds. Anticipation pounded through him as he awaited Christian's signal to return to the touching phase. He wanted to take her succulent nipples into his mouth and do naughty things to them with his teeth and tongue.

While Zane sprayed her with the shower of water, his gaze was drawn back to her face. She'd always been a natural beauty and even with the plastic surgery she looked attractive. On a shadowy street he may not have recognized her in passing, but he would have recognized her sexy minx scent. Her intoxicating arousal permeated the air in erotic waves, making him groan softly as his entire body tensed in answer.

"She's fighting it," Christian said, distinct dominance lacing his voice. "But can she fight us?" Christian spoke louder. "Can you fight us, Megan? Do you want to fight us? Fight how we make you feel?"

She said nothing but her voluptuous body spoke volumes. Her plump lips were parted slightly; her breaths were too forced, as if she were trying not to lose control. Seeing her writhing, as she was, seemed to arouse his brother. Perhaps he was seeing something about her that Zane wasn't? Christian always seemed to tune in to her dark side. The need for her to be brought to the edge of her defenses and then taken against her will.

Maybe that's why she looked at Christian a bit more intensely than she looked at him. Like Christian was danger and Zane was her life preserver. She'd looked at Zane that exact same way earlier in the other room, when she'd first noticed he was there. As if he were her life jacket. Her hero. Thinking he'd come to her rescue.

Having her think he would save her, especially under the circumstances, both puzzled and annoyed him. Did she think him simple-minded? That he would wave some magic wand and everything she'd done in the past—running away, these alleged acts of terrorism—would be acceptable? That he forgave all because she considered him the docile male of the two?

Anger lashed his senses and he tensed even more, perhaps even entering new territory with these newfound unnamed emotions. Whatever conflicting feelings he had for her certainly made him want to dominate her even more. To pleasure her more. To get in touch with his dark side and have her dancing in sensual agony on her tiptoes as she did for Christian, her naked body writhing beneath *his* intimate touches.

“Don’t fight this,” Christian purred.

Zane could see the hunger sparkling in his brother’s eyes as he watched Megan. Then Zane turned his gaze back to his mate and watched, looking for whatever Christian seemed to be seeing. And that’s when he saw it. It was in the sweet anguish in the slight twist of her mouth, the exquisite flare of her nostrils and surrender of her body as it trembled beneath the pulses of the water jets.

“That’s it, Megan. That’s it,” Christian purred.

She mewled and Zane wished he could remove the blindfold so he could see the lust in her eyes. But he also knew he couldn’t, for keeping the blindfold on was vital to allow her other senses to intensify. To have her dependant on them for her pleasure and subsequent release.

“Give us a name, Megan. That’s all I ask. A name,” Christian taunted.

She moaned in answer. It was a sultry moan that caressed Zane’s senses. They dropped the twin jets of water to her lower abdomen again. The tip of her pink tongue peeked out from between those long fangs, giving Zane’s already hard cock another rush of agony. She appeared quite aroused with this sexual torture.

Christian nodded and they both turned off their water. Zane’s heart pounded with excitement as they moved to the next phase. Gaining her trust.

Christian sensed more than saw it. Sensed her enter her forbidden fantasies. Of remembering that morning on the mountainside, shortly after they’d captured her. They’d wasted no time in making their intentions clear to her. They wanted her and would take her for their mate. Although she may have thought they were taking her

due to the Crystal Cave legend about the runaway females having a dark side to their sensuality, there had been an instant sexual attraction within him the instant he'd picked up her scent in the alpine house. More so when weeks later they picked up her trail after she hadn't returned from her mate quest.

He'd smelled Zane's scent too. Stronger than usual. Powerful. Potent. He'd seen it in Zane's eyes. The explosion of excitement, the lashes of lust pouring through him as he picked up the pace and followed Christian as they tracked her.

Now, here with Megan bound and blindfolded, her lush body wet and trembling with an eagerness for them to touch her, Christian sensed she wanted them to take her. To reclaim her.

Something else zipped through the air from her too. Something he'd never sensed before. A secret. Although he wasn't gifted with reading minds as Seer and many other vampires, he did have a gift for sensing. And Megan hid something deep inside her mind.

He judged it had nothing to do with the briefcase found with her upon her recapture. But in his anger he could have missed it in not paying attention to this particular clue. Nonetheless, she'd left them years ago. Left them for a reason. For her to say she'd been unhappy would have been a lie. She had been very happy. He knew this not because his brother and himself could boast about their pleasuring skills but due to his own sensing abilities. He'd sensed her contentment with the two of them. That's why it had come to him as such a shock when Megan disappeared. Without a trace.

He sensed that his brother wondered why Christian was hesitating, but he decided to keep his suspicions about her secret to himself. For now.

He smiled as he gazed upon Megan's angelic face. Her wet hair tumbled over her shoulders in wet tangles. The pink blindfold was soaked and the tip of her equally pink tongue peeked out sexily from between her plump lips. And her fangs...

Arousal twisted with lightning speed through his already tight sac and throbbing cock at the length of the gleaming incisors. So beautiful. So white. So sharp. He couldn't

stop the erotic tremble from zipping through him at the thought of once again experiencing the white-hot pain of those fangs puncturing his flesh in the throes of an orgasm with her.

Reaching out, he cupped a hand between her widespread legs. Soaked and creamy. A storm of fire and need pulsed against his palm as he found her engorged clit and massaged her with just enough pressure to have her whimpering.

Oh yes, she liked it when he touched her between her thighs. She liked it even more when without letting go of her pussy, he bent his head, opened his mouth and took a taut red nipple between his lips. She moaned and struggled against her restraints while he sucked her nipple and cupped her other breast, massaging her firm flesh, loving that he once again had her back in his life.

Megan tried to reassure herself that having Christian's lips around her nipple, his calloused fingers tenderly kneading her breast and his palm making love to her clit, meant nothing to her. Or that Zane, who was slowly removing the butt plug from her behind while at the same time erotically massaging the tender area at the small of her back, didn't shoot a fury of erotic anticipation soaring through her bloodstream, making every inch of her ignite on fire and steal her breath clean out of her lungs.

Mentally, she tried to prepare herself. Tell herself they were only going to bring her to the edge of bliss and then frustrate her again. On purpose.

She groaned at that thought. Moaned at the thought of being tortured in such a horrid way.

"So beautiful," Zane cooed from behind her as the butt plug fell free of the tight protesting ring of muscles.

She listened intently to the slurping sounds of lube and cried out in excitement as Zane's long finger tenderly and slowly impaled her ass.

"So nice and tight," Zane groaned, his voice thick with arousal.

"I doubt anyone has taken her back there since us, am I right, Megan?" Christian's equally aroused voice said from around her nipple.

She creamed harder at his question. She couldn't answer him. Couldn't speak as he inserted her nipple back in his hot moist mouth and sucked harsher than earlier.

Megan shuddered as Zane inserted a second lubed finger into her ass, increasing the pressure. This was quickly followed by the erotic scrape of Zane's fangs as he caressed first the curve of her right ass cheek and then the left.

In front of her, Christian deepened the seduction of her sensitized nipple, sucking harder, eating it with pressure, which arrowed breathtaking lightning bolts of need deep inside her vagina. She creamed more. Smelled the spicy scent of her arousal. Fever of need burned within her. She yearned for penetration. To be filled by both of them.

Somewhere in the heady arousal, she became aware of a third finger wedged into her ass, the strong bite of pleasure-pain making her writhe between the two males.

As Christian switched to her other breast, his moist mouth melted over her other nipple. She didn't expect the explosion that rocked her senses. Erotic bliss whipped through her like a firestorm being unleashed. Somewhere at the back of her mind she found an insane part of her chuckle at the thought that this is what happens when you haven't been with a male in forty years. And here she had two males.

Wicked vibrations spiraled a rainbow of colors as Christian left her nipple and his luscious mouth slammed over her lips in a desperate fury she'd not known before.

The restraints holding her hostage slowly released and someone, she assumed Zane, held her wrists, lowering her arms to her sides.

Her arms felt heavy, lethargic, but not enough to prevent her from reaching over and wrapping her hands around Christian's huge straining erection. Slowly, erotically, Zane removed one finger at a time, making her gasp into Christian's mouth. From behind her, Zane reached around and wrapped his hands along her abdomen, easing her against him.

"Let yourself go. I'll hold you," he murmured into her ear.

Sparks of pain zipped along the side of her neck as Zane tenderly raked his fangs there, urging her even farther back against him. She inhaled as she felt the broad tip of his plum-shaped cock head, sweetly and liberally lubed, entering her ass. She moaned again into Christian's intoxicating kiss.

In response, his tongue thrust into her mouth, shattering her senses. At the same time, Zane entered her, deep and firm, filling her so completely she could barely catch her breath.

Desperation gripped her and she urged Christian's cock toward her entrance. He growled and for a split second she knew she'd go insane if he didn't penetrate her. And in that frantic second she swore he asked her to name names as he'd been doing off and on during her torture, and she whispered, "Seer."

Another second hung in suspended animation as she swore both males tensed, but she must have imagined speaking out for surely if she had, her words would shock them into stopping what they were doing. Surely they would have, for Seer was too sacred to them, even above their own needs of satisfaction. Surely.

But then Christian entered her and everything felt right as she once again exploded. The thick crest of his mushroom-shaped head spearing into her, impaling her to the hilt, unleashing a fantastic array of spasms that had her keening.

Christian continued kissing her, tenderly then fiercely and then tenderly again, until she was breathless.

Both males double penetrated her. Over and over. Pumping and thrusting. Heat and perspiration and warm water mingled along her sensitive skin. She swore her orgasms were never ending, the powerful spasm shattering through her like beautiful shards of colorful crystal.

Their guttural groans and her sensual cries mingled with the splashing shower as their love juices spilled and spurted into her. Until Megan was sobbing and gasping and simply falling in love with her two mates all over again.

Damn them for doing this to her again!

* * * * *

Forty years ago

Excitement like nothing she'd ever experienced raged through Megan as Seer confirmed Megan's suspicions. Despite not really wanting to, she'd gone to Seer with her suspicion she may be with child, as per the Warrior Empire's rules. Before confronting the Kings with a significant surprise, it was recommended to get advice from Seer, or so everyone had informed her over the past several full moons since she'd been brought here.

Seer. Seer. Seer. Irritation zipped through her excitement and Megan reined in her annoyance. Everything around the castle went through Seer and it just annoyed her the female had so much power over Megan's males. If she was so important then why in vampires heavens hadn't Christian and Zane taken Seer for their mate, instead of her?

Not that she was complaining. Far from it. Once she'd gotten over her fear of being hurt by those two well-hung brutes, she understood why she hadn't been able to make up her mind as to which mate to take in her clan. Because she wanted something intriguing in her life and these Warrior Kings gave it to her in spades.

"You must tell the Kings of this news. They have taken to the combined bedroom, I am sure they wait for you. But first go to your rooms and dress elaborately for such a joyous occasion." Seer had directed her to her rooms and before leaving her, Megan noticed the female's eyes blaze an odd blue, which immediately struck a chill through Megan.

Something, perhaps a sixth sense, urged her to go to her new husbands immediately, but she also wanted to present herself in beautiful attire to break the news. Squelching her anticipation, Megan forced herself to follow Seer's instruction.

She took her time getting ready to present herself and her surprise to her mates. Bathing in vanilla-scented warm water. Having her stylist do her hair.

Megan giggled. She couldn't believe she had her own stylist who did her hair at her beck and call. Not to mention a dressing maid who helped her pick her wardrobe and helped dress her on the many occasions she attended for the Warrior Empire.

Vampire Gods! She couldn't believe they'd made her their Queen. Okay, so forced her to be their Queen. It was a mere technicality, but secretly she enjoyed being defiant and being forced. She enjoyed teasing her males, pretending to deny them sex, when deep down she craved it. Quivered with such eroticism, she realized she wasn't a normal female vampire. But that was fine. She was who she was and she knew Christian sensed her dark side. She was thankful for that.

Over time, maybe she would stop fighting them when they came to her bed or summoned her to theirs. But for now, she'd play the captive bride to the hilt.

"You look ravishing, my Queen," her maid, a young vampire female, said. "I'm sure the Kings will enjoy peeling the layers off in order to get to you."

And she couldn't wait for them to do so too, she commented silently. Outwardly, she merely nodded with indifference.

"Thank you. You are dismissed for the evening. Please be here in the morning to dress me."

The maid curtsied and when she left the bedroom, Megan turned to the full-length mirror.

She inhaled sharply as a sense of awe washed over her. Contrary to popular belief among humans that vampires couldn't see their reflection in the mirror, it was all folklore. Rumors set out by vampires themselves to help keep them safe from the persecution they'd endured during the times when humans actually believed vampires were real.

Thankfully it wasn't true or she wouldn't be able to keep tabs on how her stylist and handmaiden worked. For something so important such as the announcement she wished to make to her mates tonight, she wanted to look her best. Her hair stylist and her maid had outdone themselves.

She'd chosen a snow white flowing, hand embroidered silk gown, which illuminated her breasts and hugged her waist. If she were in the human world, she would look like a bride. But she wasn't human, she was vampire, female and needing her males fucking her mercilessly tonight. They would be stunned to see her coming to them, for she had always waited to be summoned.

Tonight she would present her surprise. They would embrace her after hearing her news. Instinct told her this.

Taking one shuddering breath for courage, Megan turned from the mirror and, padding barefoot from her bedroom, headed down the hallways to the large bedroom the males used when they wished to fuck her together.

Just outside the door, she came to an abrupt halt. She smelled them, both of them. Yet another scent hung in the air. Thick, heavy with arousal. A cinnamon scent. Most definitely a female.

Anger lashed her. A female with her males?

Her heart began a mad pound as she opened the door. The room was dark and quiet, yet Megan heard the three sets of heartbeats. The scent of arousal was so thick, it made her gag.

"Do not disturb them. I have had a vision. You must come away with me. Now."

Megan turned to find Seer standing in the doorway. Her eyes were now blazing such a brilliant blue, Megan could do nothing but stare and shiver at the coldness seeping into her flesh.

"Come with me. Now. You must not see this."

Devastation rolled through Megan "What are they doing?" Although she knew exactly what they must have been doing because the female's sex scent overpowered Megan to the point where her knees felt so weak from alarm, she couldn't seem to leave the room. Instead, Megan flicked on the light switch.

She wished she hadn't.

Brutal shock replaced her anger. Ice filled her heart and her fangs unleashed with anger. She wanted to kill. To rip out their throats. What she saw seemed simply...unbelievable.

Lying on the king-sized bed, fast asleep, their obviously naked limbs tangled in red satin sheets, lay Christian and Zane as well as a female Megan had never seen before. Why were they sleeping with her? How could they do this to her?

She felt as if someone had just punched her in the stomach. No, actually that was an understatement. She felt as if she'd just been killed.

"You have seen too much. We must leave."

"I must confront them," she heard herself mumble. She could barely speak, she shook so hard from the ice zipping through her body.

"No, I have had a vision. If you confront them. If you stay. The unborns will die."

Her unborns. Their offspring.

Tears stung her eyes as she stared at Christian and Zane. They snored on each side of the sleeping female. A very well-endowed female indeed, Megan thought numbly as she spied a luscious breast peeking out from beneath the sheets. Sour bile billowed into her throat. Oh Vampire Gods! How could they do this to her when she carried their offspring inside her?

"The second Queen," Seer whispered.

Megan blinked as another round of black shock smashed into her. Second Queen? They were going to take this...creature...as another mate?

No, she would not accept this.

"Wake them. I will not allow this."

"They have the right to take another. But you must protect the unborns. You must leave them. Tonight. And never come back. It is in my vision. You must obey me."

A hysterical scream echoed somewhere deep in her mind. Not hysterical because of what they had done to her, but because she knew she must obey Seer. Seer was always

right. She had seen her unborns' deaths by staying. She couldn't take this chance. They said Seer was always right.

Her temples throbbed as Seer wrenched on her elbow and yanked her out of the room and into the hall. Holding on to her arm in a painful grip, the female led Megan back to her own bedroom. To Megan's surprise Seer tossed some clothing into an open suitcase lying on her bed. How had that suitcase gotten there?

"Go, never come back. I have a driver waiting for you. You must disappear. They must never find you."

"But this is insanity." Megan shook her head and truly wanted to confront her males. Since taking her here to their castle and making her their bride, they'd brought her nothing but pleasure, showing no indication they were dissatisfied with her. On the contrary, they lavished her with gorgeous clothing and gold jewelry as well as a magnificent array of the sex toys that had become quite prominent in the human world over the past decade.

"What of this vision?" Megan's mind whirled.

"The unborns. They will be killed if you confront the Kings with what you have seen tonight."

Nausea burned through her as Seer continued.

"You must protect the unborns. You must sacrifice your happiness. To keep them safe."

"This isn't making any sense." Megan shook her head, her thoughts still circling around what she'd just seen. Her mates lying with another female.

"You would dare risk the lives of the unborns?" Seer's voice shred through her confusion. She sounded harsh and accusing, striking fear into Megan.

How could she doubt Seer? she thought as she watched the female toss more of her clothing into an open suitcase on her bed.

It all seemed too clear. Seer's prediction was right. It had to be. Seer had said the female lying between Christian and Zane would be the second Queen.

Her replacement.

They meant to kill her? Or perhaps this new female would send assassins to kill her and the unborns? They would be twin daughters. Instinctively, she knew this as fact.

"Seer," Megan whispered at the hurried figure ripping open her cabinets and picking more clothing.

"I said remove your dress. Put this on. It's inconspicuous. Times like this I wish the Kings had taken a mate who could dematerialize. Your kind is no better than human." Seer spat the last word with such hatred, Megan had to take a step backward.

Up until this second, Seer had always been friendly with Megan, so this outburst about her being no better than a human certainly seemed out of character. Perhaps she was as stressed as Megan at this turn of events? Megan began to undress. Her fingers shook as she pulled off the silky white layers of her flowing dress. Only moments earlier she'd gazed with such happiness in the mirror. Now devastation rocked her world.

"What...what did you see in your prediction?" she asked, surprised she'd managed to pose the question without completely falling down upon her bed and sobbing at the pain clutching her.

At Megan's question, Seer's head shot up. Her eyes glowed such an ice blue, Megan swore she'd never feel warm again.

"I saw two tiny white marble coffins and I saw a large matching white marble coffin beside the other two. I saw the new Queen. The Kings and she were smiling as your coffins were lowered into the ground."

"We must warn the Kings," Megan gasped, afraid for their lives. For surely this female they'd taken to their bed would turn her assassins upon them after Megan was out of the way.

"No, that is what will happen if you tell them of what you saw tonight. You must remain silent! Why else did you think I came to you so quickly? No Queen has ever burdened a Warrior King with a daughter and here you come bearing them two? Do you not realize it is a bad omen? Female descendants of Warrior Kings are a sign of immense weakness. The Kings will have you killed before you can give birth to your offspring. Your replacement lies in their bed. You saw it yourself. I saw the future. I am telling you this to protect you and the unborns. Listen to me. Never question this further. Your lives depend on keeping your silence. Surely you see this?"

Yes, it did make sense. But she just couldn't leave them, could she? Anger sliced through her. Of course she could. They had betrayed her! She owed them nothing.

Megan nodded and put on the clothing Seer had given her.

"I have a driver waiting in the lot. He will take you to the airport. He will outfit you with a false passport. Several passports, in fact. Use them wisely. I will set up an account immediately for you. Keep yourself hidden and never show yourself in Europe again. Your lives depend upon this. Do you understand?"

Megan nodded numbly, wiping away a flurry of tears.

"You must never return or you and your daughters will die."

Your daughters will die...

Chapter Nine

Present Day

Megan awoke on a choke and a gasp as terror struck with menace. She tried to break free of the restraints holding her arms and legs captive and realized they weren't restraints. They were limbs, attached to two very awake males who peered down at her with such concern in their eyes, she almost broke down and confessed everything.

Almost.

"Your heart is almost breaking free from your body, my Queen. What nightmare torments you so?" Christian asked.

His voice was so soft yet at the same time so firm, she closed her eyes and trembled, holding back her fears. Holding back the truth.

"Not a nightmare," she lied. "But my need for you two."

Silence followed and she opened her eyes to see doubt flashing across both their faces. Zane seemed to shake his head slightly in denial. Christian's eyes narrowed with suspicion.

Thankfully they did not question her further on the matter.

She remembered after the lovemaking they'd carried her from the Rain Room to the bedroom. She'd never seen this room before. Decorated in a bower of blues and pinks, Megan found it simple yet elegant. Quite inviting in fact. The silk sheets and covers were powder blue. The walls painted in cream white and the bed they lay in had a canopy with sheer fabric tumbling all around them like a white waterfall, except at Christian's side where there was a small opening, the sheer cloth held apart by pink ropes. An opening that allowed her to see part of the room.

"When we were having the Rain Room built for you we were also having this room built for us. The three of us. Our gift to our beautiful Queen," Zane explained as he

trailed a finger along her collarbone then skimmed lower to cup her breast. The zing of heat sifted into her flesh, warming her breast. She hadn't realized she was cold until his hand warmed her.

Christian cupped her other breast and she inhaled as she caught sight of their elongating fangs. Their heads lowered and their lush lips parted.

In response, she creamed and her nipples beaded with fire as Christian and Zane sucked them into their hot mouths. She cried out as pain pierced her skin and two sets of fangs punctured her flesh, quickly finding veins.

She gasped at the intoxicating pleasure-pain of both males feeding from her breasts. Such an erotic sight. So wanton and beautiful, she never wanted them to let her go.

They felt exquisite. Looked breathtakingly beautiful as they fed from her, streaks of blood meandered past their lips and down their chins. They were greedy as they sucked. Very greedy and needy.

The familiar love clutched her insides as memories of the past rushed through her in flashes. They were dominant males, brought up as Warriors. Males who were taught to hunt for their females and take them. And she'd lost herself in their arms all those years ago. Just as she was losing herself now.

She tensed at that realization. The males must have noticed because their fangs were gone, slipping back into their mouths. Their heads raised and the sight of her blood on their lips, the gleam of love in their eyes, was unmistakable and confusion about them not taking another Queen to replace her slammed into her.

"You need to feed from us, my Queen. Need to nourish yourself. You look too pale," Zane instructed as he raised his wrist to her mouth. Once again she saw the glimmer of his fangs as they unsheathed.

"No, I cannot." How she craved their blood. It physically hurt to refuse their nourishment. But how could she drink from them? They had betrayed her with another female and then there was Seer's premonition...

Zane and Christian blinked in apparent shock at her denial of them.

"This is as far as it goes!" Christian shouted. Roughly he pushed himself away from her to climb out of the bed through the opening. There he stood, naked as the day he was born, his eyes glowering with such a furious anger, it made Megan tremble.

Ordinarily she wouldn't shake. In the past, once she had gotten over her fear of them, she had confronted them head on with any disagreement. But the lack of nourishment had left her weak and unable to gather her thoughts. Unable to fight.

"Christian, we agreed not to bring this up," Zane said in a soft, calming voice, as he climbed over her, giving Megan a bird's-eye view of his engorged cock. Something deep inside her vagina quivered with need. She ignored it.

They had betrayed her. Nothing else should matter and yet in the back of her mind, Seer's voice seemed to hover her warning. Never tell.

"I don't care what we fucking agreed on! She sleeps wrapped in a blanket of torment. She cries out and begs for us to help her in her dream state. And there is also the anger at us. What have we done that would anger her so?"

Christian's face had grown dark with rage as he targeted his gaze upon her.

"You should know what you've done!" she snapped, realizing her mistake, and bit back anything else she might accidentally slip out. Pulling her knees up, she hugged them to her chest.

Again both Kings glared at her. She read the questions in their eyes. The need to know what was wrong. But how could she go against Seer's prediction? She could not risk her daughters. She could not!

"What does Seer have to do with this?" Christian asked.

Megan gasped in shock, felt all blood inside her body freeze.

"Christian, I don't think you should question her right now. Look at her. She's looking worse."

"Answer me!"

Fear ripped through her as Christian reached out with his hands. She thought he would hit her in his anger but instead he grabbed her by her shoulders, turning her toward him.

His fangs had elongated in his anger and she prayed he didn't rip out her throat if he didn't get an answer from her.

"Seer has been probing Zane and my mind constantly since you've come here and then I heard you gasp her name while we were fucking you and questioning you and then you muttered her name again while you dreamt. Why is she probing my mind? Why is she so much on your mind?"

Desperation and panic made her struggle against his powerful grip, but he didn't let loose. Didn't so much as budge when her fists pounded in to his hard muscular chest.

"You have no right to question me! After what you did! What you both did!" she screamed as the familiar anger of that night pounded through her.

"Zane! Go and find Seer. Bring her here."

Zane nodded and moved away from the bed.

"No! You can't!" she shrieked, trying to hurl herself at Zane, but Christian grabbed her and anchored her to the bed.

"Don't you understand? She cannot know you suspect her! Oh Vampire Gods, do not let her know."

Seer probably already knew. Probably knew what was going on right now.

Oh sweet vampires! She was losing it. Losing her self-control. She was spiraling and she could barely hang on to her sanity. If anything happened to her daughters, she would die. She knew it as every mother knew it when their offspring were threatened.

"You had nothing to do with those terrorist attacks over the years, did you? That wasn't your handwriting on those calling cards. At first when she said it was your handwriting, we didn't believe Seer. But she was so insistent and she is always

right...but she lied, didn't she?" Christian asked coolly, letting go of Megan's shoulders. He backed away from her as if touching her had just burnt his fingers.

Muscles spasmed in his cheeks as he studied her and there seemed to be a sudden understanding rushing through his gaze. It was as if he knew what she might be thinking. But how could he? He could sense things but he didn't have the ability to read her mind.

"Seer was the one who brought me the briefcase. She could have framed Megan. She could have put the incriminating evidence of Megan's future attempt at terrorism against the castle into the briefcase to make us believe Megan was plotting against us," Christian said. By the tone of his voice it wasn't a question.

"What are you thinking, Christian? Seer is our terrorist?" Zane asked.

Megan relaxed just a bit. They weren't thinking about that night she'd left. They would never know what she saw. Never know about Seer's prediction. Her daughters would be safe. They would now question Seer and Megan could make her escape.

"I'm thinking Seer's name appears to be on Megan's lips too much. Our Seer has a lot of explaining to do. And so does Megan. How would Megan know Seer is our terrorist? Unless she's helping Seer?"

"No!" she gasped in denial.

Christian turned to gaze upon her again. Zane looked at her too. Suspicion and curiosity blazed in both their eyes.

Zane's eyes narrowed as he watched her. "I'm thinking Seer is responsible for something else and may be blackmailing Megan to keep her mouth closed. Am I close?"

"I was thinking the same thing," Christian said. "And either Megan tells us what Seer has on her or Seer will."

Megan shook her head, desperation once again spiraling through her. They were on the right track again. This couldn't be happening. She needed to stay cool. But she couldn't, especially at the intense way they were glaring at her.

"Tell us, Megan. Tell us now or Zane will go for Seer."

"No, I cannot say or the prediction will come true."

Christian's left eyebrow arched in puzzlement. "A prediction? About?"

"I cannot. Lives depend on my keeping the secret." She was saying too much. She had to keep quiet. But even as she shut her mouth, she simply could not believe that Zane or Christian would harm their daughters. Unless Seer had seen herself killing Megan and the King's offspring because she'd betrayed her?

That would be crazy. Wouldn't it?

"Why did you not take that other female as Queen after I left?"

The males stared at her as if she'd gone mad.

"Female? What female?" Christian asked. Anger clouded his face.

"And why did you leave would be the more appropriate question?" Zane asked.

Shit. She was so screwed.

"I need protection from Seer reading my thoughts. Lives depend on secrecy of what I know. I cannot say anything more, unless I am guaranteed mind protection." Why had she not thought of this angle before? Because she was too weak, that's why. She needed to feed. Needed nourishment to think. To fight Seer. To question her males as to why they would sleep with this other female behind her back.

There was nothing she could do about Seer's prediction, except to have her mind protected from her reaching in and reading it. She was probably reading her mind as they spoke.

"Zane will shield your mind from her," Christian volunteered.

Megan shook her head, knowing he must be playing a trick.

"He doesn't have that capability."

"If you'd stuck around long enough, you would have discovered his other talents, as well as mine."

That coldness, which she did not care for, entered his voice again. She shivered and this time she did grab the sheets and tugged them over her nakedness.

"I cannot trust you. Either of you," she told them, the familiar anger of their betrayal washing over her again.

Zane swore.

The muscles in Christian's cheeks spasmed again and to her surprise his gaze softened. "Why do you not trust us?" he asked. "Have we not in the past proven to you we would never hurt you?"

That question felt like a lethal arrow to her heart. Her fangs throbbed as she hated both of them so much at this moment.

"I need a mind shield," she demanded.

"I am inside your mind now," Zane replied. "I cannot read your mind, but I can place a shield around all your thoughts. You should feel my presence now."

Megan noticed the oddest hum sift through her thoughts. The restlessness, the panic, the confusion, all of those emotions were being calmed. So blessedly calm. The cold chill she'd been feeling off and on since being recaptured was gone.

She relaxed. Smiling. Zane could protect her mind from Seer. Could protect her daughters from Seer's wrath.

"How long can you keep the shield up?" she asked.

"As long as you like," Zane replied.

Relief poured over her. "She can never know what I am about to tell you," Megan admitted.

"I don't think—" Christian began, but Zane cut him off with a jab of his elbow to his stomach.

"Agreed," Zane replied in a cool voice. "Right, Christian?"

Megan watched anxiously as Christian inhaled deeply and pursed his lips in thought.

“Agreed,” he reluctantly said.

Gosh, where should she start? She pondered this question as she gathered her thoughts. With Zane’s mind shield, it seemed easier to think now. Everything seemed to piece together.

Over the years, she’d managed to build a wall around her thoughts where her daughters were concerned. They were vibrant young females, growing at a rate twice as fast as other youngling vampires. She attributed this quick growth to Warrior genetics. Most Warrior offspring seemed to mature at four times quicker the rate than vamps in other covens.

At forty years old, they were of mating age whereas Megan hadn’t been able to mate until two hundred years. She didn’t want to think of what troubles they might be getting into while Megan was here and unable to be with them for guidance. She could only hope they had listened to her instruction to be very careful in who they associated with. She had drilled it into them that they had to follow the same rules as she did under Vampira. They had to continue to take their vaccines, which allowed them to walk in the sunshine as a human as well as not allowing Megan’s past to find them. And Vampira’s number one rule—no sex with males. Until now, they had not questioned their mother, but she did suspect they may be testing their sexuality in the human world. If they hadn’t yet, they soon would be.

Each possessed the same temperament of their sire. Christina was so much like Christian, and Zeena so much like Zane. She wanted so badly for them to meet their fathers. So badly for Zane and Christian to bond with them. But with Seer here, and her premonition, none of it could happen.

“It all started the night I found the two of you in bed with that female.”

Both Zane and Christian stared back at her with obvious puzzlement.

Chapter Ten

Sweet vampire! They needed her to describe the female? They'd had that many?

"The one with the huge..." Megan held her hands over her breasts.

The males continued to stare at her as if she'd lost her mind.

"The one you slept with the night I left." Perhaps that would help them pinpoint the female she spoke about.

It was Zane who shook his head first. Christian followed suit.

"We did not take any other females to our beds when you became our mate," Christian growled, anger apparent in his voice. "You asked us not to use the Female Master Arousers. We honored your request. We were faithful to you. Even on the night you left. I don't know what you saw —"

"I saw both of you, asleep with a female I've never seen before, lying between the two of you, on the bed. Her arousal scent was everywhere. An idiot would have known what transpired."

"We waited for you that night," Christian said. "You sent your maiden with an arrangement of blood informing us you had a surprise. That we must gorge ourselves on the blood to sustain ourselves for a night of succulent lovemaking. We did as you asked and drank the blood. Later, while we waited, we fell asleep on the bed."

Megan's pulse raced.

"I sent no arrangement. I only spoke of my surprise to Seer. I wished to come directly to you, but she insisted I go back to my room to bathe and dress properly for my announcement. Seer must have drugged the blood."

Yes, it was all starting to make sense now. Seer hated her. She'd said as much by telling Megan she was no better than a human because she couldn't dematerialize. Her

friendliness up until that point could only have been an act as she waited for an opportunity to get Megan out of the Warrior Empire.

"Why would she drug the blood?" Zane was shaking his head, not believing Megan's suggestion.

"Because she wanted Megan to see us with the female," Christian said thoughtfully. "I thought I had smelled female arousal scent upon awakening. Knew it hadn't been yours. I'd forgotten that upon learning of your sudden absence."

"Now that you mention it, we had slept hard that night," Zane acknowledged. "I had thought it due to the military exercises we'd been participating in for the few days prior."

"But why would she want Megan out of the way?" Zane asked. "Just so she could frame her for the terrorist acts?"

Christian was shaking his head and Megan could almost see the wheels grinding in his brain as he tried to figure out the web Seer had woven around them.

"Father survived several days after he'd been pulled out from the avalanche. The doctor said his injuries were life threatening but he may still have a chance if his healing powers were strong enough," Christian said out of the blue.

"You've never said this before." Hurt lashed Zane's face as he gazed at his older brother.

"You were too young to remember. I never mentioned it, for I saw no need."

"So? What happened? Obviously he did not survive," Zane retorted.

"He took a turn for the worse. I was with him alone when it happened. I wanted to call for the doctor, but he would not allow it. He grabbed my arm. Held me so tight, I thought he would break my bones. As he spoke, I could barely understand him. His speech was slurred as if he were drunk."

"Or poisoned," Zane added cynically.

"Possibility does exist," Christian acknowledged and Megan shivered at the prospect their father could have been poisoned by Seer.

"I didn't get everything he was trying to tell me. But he was mentioning Seer and I understood three distinct words of his last sentence. Seer. Power. Anger. Like I said, I was young. I did not understand. He died holding my arm."

Painful sorrow raced through Megan for the young Christian. Watching his sire die would have been very traumatic.

"Seer. Power. Anger," Zane repeated.

"I always thought he meant Seer would be angry if she didn't have the power to raise us."

"Of course a child would perceive it that way," Megan soothed, feeling the need to reach out and touch him. She held back. There would be plenty of time for touching later. Right now they had to figure out why Seer would wish to have Megan out of the way and what their sire had meant to say on his deathbed.

"Power could mean her power of foresight," Zane volunteered.

Megan shook her head. "But everyone already knew of that gift. Certainly your father wouldn't need to repeat something everyone already knew."

"Which means maybe he was trying to tell you something you did not know," Zane surmised.

"That's usually what a deathbed confession entails," Megan pondered. Unless he was simply delusional and just speaking out of pain, she added to herself.

"I think the answer lies in why Seer would benefit with Megan out of the way," Christian said, and both males were focusing their attention on her again.

"The Empire was very happy to have Megan as their Queen. After you left many became angry," Christian said.

"Seer wanted you out of the way and it may have to do with this announcement you were to make to us," Zane said. "The mind shield is protecting you from her. I have

added one around Christian as well as myself. You can tell us of her prediction of what would happen if you told us about this surprise too. I doubt her prediction is true. She did not wish for you to tell us something. What is it?"

Megan wanted to tell them, but she couldn't put Christina and Zeena into harm's way.

"Need I remind you of the mind shield again? You are protected."

"I do not fear my safety. I fear for the others. Seer probably knows I am telling you as she is probably reading my mind now and when she comes upon the mind shield she will know I am telling you. She will escape, mind shield or not. The others will be in danger from her."

"I will have her found and immediately detained." Christian was up and out of the bed before Megan could even stop him.

"She will know for sure then," Megan cried out. She tried to go after him, but Zane grabbed her arm, preventing her from leaving the bed.

Christian, in his nude state, swung open the door. Fear rushed through her as she heard Christian and a guard speaking. A moment later, he closed the door and strolled back toward the bed. Megan swallowed at his determined stride. The powerful muscles in his thighs jerked as he climbed back onto his side of the bed.

"The order for her imprisonment is active now. You must tell us now who you are protecting so we can make arrangements to take over their protection. Who is in danger?"

Fear simply took hold and Megan shook her head, unable to speak.

"If she's been reading your mind since you've been here, she most likely already knows the whereabouts of those you seek to protect. We cannot help whomever it is if you do not tell us who they are. Surely you see this," Zane urged.

"She won't know where they are for I do not even know," Megan admitted. "The instant I went missing, previously made arrangements will have gone into play."

Christian shook his head. "But Seer can find out. She is very powerful in the way of predictions and reading minds. Don't keep us in the dark. She cannot read Zane's mind nor mine. Your secret will be safe with us."

Despite Zane's mind shield soothing her other emotions, it couldn't seem to relax the anxiety racing through her about her daughters. She'd been protecting them for so long she couldn't seem to open up and tell them.

"Who are you protecting, Megan? This is now of the utmost importance. You must tell us now." There was such an urgency in Christian's voice that it merely increased her anxiety.

"Tell us, so we can protect them from Seer. We are trusting your word, Megan. We are trusting you when you say she is your enemy. If she is your enemy then she is ours as well. She will be apprehended. Now tell us."

Megan could hold back the dam no longer. It simply burst.

"She did not want me to tell you that I was with child. With twins. Your twins. One from each of you."

Her two males looked properly stunned.

Megan continued, "You each have a daughter."

"I will kill her," Zane growled as his fangs unsheathed.

Terror clawed through Megan. Zane wanted to kill his daughter! Seer's prediction had been correct!

"I will kill Seer with my bare hands," he continued. "The bitch must die for this deception. She knew we wished for offspring. She bloody well knew it would make us happy and the Warrior Kingdom extremely happy."

Until now Christian had remained silent. Quiet as one of those human store mannequins. He did not appear happy nor distressed as Zane did. He wasn't one to show his emotions freely, but when he spoke, she understood why he'd been quiet.

He'd been absorbing everything she'd said and been trying to figure out why Seer had done what she'd done.

"Anger. She found an opportunity to make the members of the Empire angry. That's where she must get her powers. From our anger. It makes sense now."

"Where's my daughter, Megan?" Zane interrupted. "I wish to see her now. We need to protect them."

Zane was crawling over her and Christian in order to get out of the bed. Once outside, he pulled on his pants but Megan focused on Christian, who seemed to have the coolest head of the three of them.

"I know she derives her powers from those around her. But I knew not how. It must be through anger. Before Megan came, the Empire was angry. We spoke of how we reacted to your scent at the alpine house and she said she'd had a premonition. That you would bring us grief and you would be catastrophic to the kingdom. But we defied her. When word came that you had not returned from your mate search, Seer warned us not to search you out. She predicted Megan would bring trouble for us. But she must have realized Megan would bring trouble for her. Megan brought the captured females of the Empire happiness. They saw she had begun to fight for female's rights from the day she entered the Kingdom. The females were happy and their males became happy."

Zane was nodding now, obviously understanding where his brother was going with his observations.

"Everyone was happiest when Megan was crowned Queen," Zane continued.

"Secretly Seer must have been losing her power of foresight and mind reading. She did not want to lose her stature in the castle. Didn't want us to know or the people to know of the offspring, for they would be ecstatic. When you told her of the pregnancy she must have panicked and found a way to get rid of you and then to further anger the people by framing you for the acts of terrorism. Your alleged betrayal of our Kingdom angered everyone. She drew her powers from their anger."

It made sense, but Megan couldn't believe Seer could be so horribly cruel. Seer's manipulations had affected the entire coven, Christian and Zane. Prevented her daughters from knowing their sires. She wanted to kill the conniving bitch!

An abrupt knock on the bedroom door had Christian hurrying to open it. While Christian stepped outside, Zane sat up on the bed, taking Megan's hands into his. His eyes glowed with apology and hurt.

"I'm so sorry for what she did to us, Megan. I had no idea she could be so evil. No idea. But it's over now. We will be reunited. All of us. I promise."

"Seer has been imprisoned in the dungeon," Christian said a moment later when he returned. "She was apprehended trying to dematerialize. A guard had the forethought to place one of the golden necklaces around her neck. They are infused with garlic and other ingredients in a crucifix. It instantly weakens a vampire and prevents him or her from dematerializing. We usually reserve them for our soldier of war prisoners. Her hands are now tied so she cannot remove the crucifix. I have ordered it be placed around her neck with a gold band, which cannot be removed. This will be done within the hour. She will be dealt with in the harshest ways for what she has done to us. She will pay dearly," Christian said in a flat voice.

Relief unlike any Megan had ever experienced in her existence poured through her.

"I surmise you know who can tell us where we can find our daughters?" Christian asked.

Megan nodded. Thankfully, the coolness in his voice was gone, replaced by a huskiness she'd never heard before. Although outwardly he rarely showed emotions, she sensed he could barely contain euphoria at knowing he had a daughter.

"They will be asleep now. I will call someone who knows someone else who knows where they are. In a few hours she will make the arrangements for us to go and see them."

She couldn't contain her own happiness any longer as tears bubbled up in her eyes, blurring her vision.

Her males moved quickly, climbing onto the bed on each side of her, holding her, comforting her, their strong arms melting her hurt, their passionate kisses melting the anger in her heart at what had happened to them. They took turns touching her breasts, her belly, her pussy.

Wild, wanton emotions swept through her as they moved closer against her. She loved her males so much, it hurt so good. Her fangs detracted in a flurry of both arousal and hunger. She needed to feed from them. Needed to feel their love inside of her. Simply needed to feel again for she'd closed off her sexual side for so many years while under the protection of Vampira.

Their lips moved over her body in featherlike kisses, teasing her skin. Their breaths grew rough and fast and urgent. Her breaths matched theirs.

"How do they look?" Christian asked.

"They're beautiful, full-grown females."

"Full-grown?" Zane gasped as he looked up from between her thighs where he'd positioned his head. She inhaled sharply at the unsheathing gleaming fangs pushing past his lips. Hunger slashed his eyes and she moaned at the overwhelming need to nourish herself on these males. She would. Soon.

"Yes, they've inherited the growth spurts of the Warriors and the temperaments of each of their sires."

"I can't wait to meet them." Zane grinned then dove between her legs.

She gasped as his hot tongue brushed against her clit. Moving her hips into a better position, she pulled up her knees on each side of his broad shoulders, placed her feet upon his rock-hard back, effectively holding his head and upper torso hostage between her legs.

With his head buried against her pussy, Zane lapped along her clit and vaginal opening as if he were concentrating on a feast fit for a king. He had her moaning and writhing on the bed in no time flat.

She burned with desire. Desperate for them to take her.

"What did you name them?" Christian breathed.

"Zeena and Christina."

Megan gasped as Zane's tongue dipped slightly into her vagina and she tensed as he pressed a hand against her lower abdomen and massaged her there.

"You named them well," Christian said and took her nipple into his mouth, sucking her flesh so hard, she couldn't help but wince at the sparks of pleasure-pain he created. After a moment he let go of her nipple and kissed a wet, wanton trail along the valley of her breasts, collarbone and to the side of her neck. She inhaled at the erotic scrape of sharp fangs along her flesh, the answering pound of her vein as it yearned to be punctured.

Slurping sounds erupted from between her legs as Zane lapped her cream, making her cry out in wonder at the intoxicating feel.

"And Christina is my child?" Christian asked as he licked her chin.

"She even looks like you," Megan admitted.

He growled with a teasing menace and pulled away in apparent shock. "I should hope not too much like me."

"Shh, my mate. She is quite feminine. Do not worry."

Her breathing grew rough as Christian kissed her on the mouth, heating her body like a furnace. She bucked as Zane's tongue massaged her sensitive clit and Christian drew her in to a most spectacular kiss.

She knew she was in for an exceptionally sensual night of it, for her males were back in her arms where they belonged.

When Christian heard Megan's erotically tortured breaths soar in and out as she neared her climax, his cock throbbed painfully, making him moan. He knew she was more than ready. That she clamored to be taken. Breaking their kiss, he pressed his

head against the side of hers, taking a moment to catch his breath. They both looked down past her swollen heaving breasts and taut pink nipples to watch Zane's head diligently moving between her thighs. Her feet were dug into his back. Her legs spread wide and her hips gyrated as she tried to fight for release, but he knew Zane would be stroking her in teasing masterful lashes with his tongue, keeping her on the edge, until they could stand the waiting no more.

He could imagine how her vagina must be tightening in anticipation for entry. Could hear Zane slurping her cream, moaning in appreciation at her spicy taste. They'd joked with each other how Megan's pussy juices were a feast fit for two Kings. She was so perfect for them. So beautiful.

He held his breath as she reached up and cupped his jaw, turning his head to look at her. The sensual lust glazing her face almost had him coming.

"I missed both of you so much."

She was breathing so deeply her words came out as if in slow motion. Beneath the glorious layers of love and lust, he recognized the pain tormenting her, the guilt marring her way to peace.

"It wasn't your fault, my love. None of it. Zane and I would cast no blame now that we know what happened. You were a mother protecting our young. We would have done no different."

A strangled sob wrenched from her mouth and he sensed she would no longer suffer thinking about Seer and what she had done to all of them. At least she would not suffer tonight, for Zane and he would keep her in the land of pleasure and she would be able to think of nothing else.

He gasped and his cock jerked as Megan's fingers found his balls, wrapped tightly around them and squeezed and kneaded him there.

"I've needed you both for so long," she whimpered and he kissed her again. A slow, wet kiss that had her thankfully loosening the intoxicating grip on his scrotum. As

she played with his balls and moaned into his mouth, Christian knew his tightly restrained control would shatter sooner rather than later.

But he didn't want the kiss they shared to end. She kissed him so desperately, so beautifully, he shook from the intensity of it.

He couldn't believe he had her back in his life. Back in his bed.

Silently he swore he would never take his eyes off her again. She would be their Queen forever.

Exotic hardness lashed Zane's cock as Megan finally released him from the bondage of her legs and feet. He was pretty sure she hadn't let him go of her own free will, but because Christian was busily seducing her mouth with intoxicating kisses while at the same time she was doing a number on his balls.

He still couldn't believe he had a daughter! Zeena. What a beautiful name. That Megan had gotten pregnant so quickly in their relationship was stunning.

Female vampires had trouble conceiving. Throughout history it had always been that way. Whether due to the stress of always being in hiding from humans and staying clear of enemy clans or maybe mismatched genes, couples rarely had a child, let alone twins.

He grinned as the happiness bubbled inside him and he licked Megan's spicy juices from his lips and quickly undressed. He, King Zane, was a sire to a beautiful female. He couldn't wait to meet her or to meet Christina. Couldn't wait to see them.

While he eagerly awaited Christian and Megan to untangle themselves from each other, he stroked his cock and gazed longingly at his gorgeous captive bride.

They had done right in taking her for themselves before the Elders hunted her down and killed her. They had done right in defying Seer. He and Christian and the entire Empire had been Seer's victims. She'd needed to keep them angry so what better

way to feed her powers than by setting up Megan with the terrorist attacks as well as having her disappear when so many had grown to love her in such a short time.

Having his own daughter now, he could see clearly what changes were needed in the Warrior Empire. He did not wish his daughter to be taken against her will. Not unless she wanted to be. Certain ways of the past were wrong. He didn't fully understand why he hadn't seen this before. He couldn't blame Seer fully. He needed to take responsibility for his actions and he swore he would make it up to Megan for the rest of his days.

And now as she and Christian climbed off the bed together, he saw the sultry gaze of pleasure lashing her beautiful features. Shivered at the sight of her long, gleaming fangs.

He knew she wanted to be with them. Knew she wanted to be their Queen.

Forever.

Megan trembled and moaned as she felt Christian's strong hands steady her hips and his huge liberally lubed cock head penetrate the tight ring of her anal muscles.

"Beautiful," he growled from behind her.

She sighed as the sharp pricks of his fangs punctured the right side of her neck, effectively holding her hostage, while Zane's equally thick, swollen cock head teased her vaginal entrance.

Her pussy ached to be filled. Her ass throbbed with an equal longing to be fully penetrated. Every nerve ending in her body was also hungry for nourishment. Keeping her hands tightly on Zane's shoulders, she broke his kiss and moved her mouth to Zane's exposed neck, licking the warm perspiration collecting there. Zane's hands tightened on her waist and she groaned with anticipation as Christian pressed deeper into her ass. The burn of pain mixed with the pleasure of his invasion.

Too soon, he withdrew and Zane's large erection surged inside her. She flew toward the climax that had been hovering so close for too long. Zane withdrew and she struggled to breathe as Christian thrust into her again. Moaning and whimpering at their intensity, she inhaled into their hard lengths as they plunged into her with teasing strokes. They possessed her, each of them in their own unique way. And when they finally pushed their cocks into her at the same time, she lost it.

Exploding into an orgasm, she bit into Zane's neck, quickly finding the fresh life-prolonging crimson blood she'd been craving over the years since she'd been under Vampira's protection.

Convulsing between their hard bodies, Megan drank greedily, feeling the force of life rejuvenating her body, heightening her senses and racing her headlong into another wrenching climax.

She heard both of them cry out her name in unison. Could feel their bodies shudder on both sides of her, their long thick cocks impaling her, double-penetrating her, easing her through climax after climax.

Their cocks filled her to perfection and she took turns drinking from each of them. Gorging herself, getting drunk on their love, their sex and their blood. She prayed they would hold her between their hard bodies forever. Prayed they would never be separated again. Then all too soon, she was satiated with their love and blood and when they carried her to their bed, she heard their echoes in her ears.

"We love you, Queen Megan. We'll love you forever."

She smiled before she fell asleep.

Epilogue

Megan watched both sets of fathers and daughters as they skied down the snow-covered alp near their castle. The girls loved their fathers fiercely. They told Megan that each morning when Megan bid them a good night's sleep.

She'd never seen her daughters so happy. Never seen her mates so happy. And inside Megan, her heart warmed at the precious gifts she'd given Zane and Christian. Since learning of the existence of their daughters both males were swiftly making changes inside the Empire. Females captured by males were given freedom to leave their mates. Most opted to remain. She'd also heard rumors Christian and Zane had warned all males in the coven that the princesses were not to be touched. Ever.

Megan laughed to herself. As if a male would stay away from her daughters if they had a mind to chase after them. She'd also seen Christina and Zeena eyeing males in the veiled villages of the Empire they frequented when Megan took them shopping. There would be no stopping their daughters from seeking the opposite sex, no matter how much Zane and Christian threatened the males.

Speaking of males, Megan had been pleasantly surprised by Mati's reaction when Megan told her she would be leaving Vampira in order to live with her two males at their castle. Mati, the head of Vampira, who normally was cool toward any male in general, had immediately warmed to Christian and Zane when Megan had taken them to visit her.

Thankfully Megan didn't fear the Seer anymore either, for she remained in the dungeon outfitted with one of those crucifix necklaces, all her powers stripped from her due to the happiness of the members of the Warrior Empire.

"Mama! Come! We're heading into the village chalet for some hot chocolate!" Zeena shouted as the four skied toward Megan.

The enthusiasm on both her daughters' faces made happiness splash through her, and the scorching looks her husbands gave Megan as they approached promised her another night of hot, passionate loving.

Megan nodded and her body hummed as her two males joined her, each of them placing their hands intimately in hers.

"Hot chocolate is the least thing on my mind," Christian muttered tenderly as they followed the two young females.

"Oh I can think of a thing or two which can be done with some mild hot chocolate, big brother," Zane replied.

"Hmm, I get your meaning, baby brother. Sipping some frothy chocolate from plump juicy nipples sounds like it might be a tasty treat before bedtime," Christian pondered in a low voice so their daughters couldn't overhear.

"As well as drinking from a whipped chocolate-filled pussy." Zane chuckled.

"Or licking melted chocolate off cocks," Megan whispered.

Both males groaned in frustration and Megan giggled as she pulled her two males quickly along with her. Tonight would be chocolate night in the Bloodrayne household and she would make sure her males never looked upon chocolate in the same way again.

She could hardly wait!

About the Author

Jan Springer writes on four acres of paradise tucked away in the Haliburton Highlands of Ontario, Canada. Past careers include accounting, truck driving, farming and factory work but her passion for writing won out in the end. Now Jan writes full time and is a part-time caretaker. She enjoys kayaking, hiking, photography and gardening. She is a member of the Romance Writers of America and Passionate Ink (RWA Erotic Romance chapter). She loves hearing from her readers.

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