

STELLA AND AUDRA PRICE

INCUBUS

Lucky

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An Eververse short glimpse.

Stella and Audra Price



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Incubus Lucky

A tale of the Eververse

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Arcady blinked into the backyard of a large manor house just south of the Incubus palace and checked his suit for the fourth time since he had put it on. His grandfather, Avery, expected nothing less than perfection in any of his relations and because Arcady was the favorite son, and their legacy, he was no exception.

He had chosen a dove grey Armani three-piece suit for the meeting his grandfather had mysteriously asked for, and a soft purple button down shirt, as well as his old school wingtips. His hair was tastefully done, not the riot of sleep mussed perfection it normally was. Gone was his normal gear of fatigues, oversized belt buckle and his rig, and while he did dress to impress on occasion, he always had his rig on. He knew better though, then to bring it to his grandfathers Manor. Avery believed that guns were not the weapons of gentlemen, and would not let them anywhere near his person.

He hadn't heard from his grandfather in almost two years, and had only had cursory meetings with him at the palace when they had gatherings. He hadn't spoken at length to the older incubus for longer then he could remember, so his curiosity was peaked when he was summoned, by imp, to the Sheatly Manor for what he could only assume was a meeting.

Satisfied that he was indeed perfection on legs, he shook out his wrists and his sleeves slipped down over his cuffs and he walked on the stone path toward the back entrance and was met by a lovely succubus dressed in a tuxedo shirt teddy, waistcoat with tails, and thigh high black fishnet stockings.

"Greetings Lord Arcady. I'm Andromeda, your grandfather's majordomo. Lord Avery is waiting for you in his music room, if you will follow me?"

Arcady nodded and smirked to himself as he followed the sexy young succubus though the marble halls, his eyes on her ass as she sauntered in front of him. It figured that Avery would have such a fetching piece as the manager of his house, and he would bet any amount of money that seeing to the day to day of the house wasn't her only duties, not with an outfit like that.

She stopped in front of two double doors and looked him over with approval in her eyes. Arcady cocked his head as he addressed her. "You wouldn't happen to know why he summoned me would you?"

"I'm sorry Lord Arcady," she said in an erotic purr, "But Lord Avery did not divulge his reasons to me. I do know he is anxious to receive you though." She took the door's handles in her hands and then turned back to him. "I do hope you will be here a while, and if there's anything I can help you with, anything at all, just ask." She winked and opened the doors, the sound of Bach wafted toward him on a soft breeze.

Arcady had to admire the succubus' spunk and cheek. He was sure now that she was nailing the older incubus, but apparently seeing to his guests needs was also part of her job, in every sense of the word. He winked at her as he walked past her and threw the thought of her riding him later on that evening into her mind. He heard a short gasp as he left her in the doorway, and strode toward the open and airy room beyond, where his grandfather was sitting in front of a piano, his fingers caressing the keys as he played. It seemed his grandfather was quite an accomplished pianist.

He looked up and saw Arcady approach and smiled. His fingers stilled and the dulcet tones of the sonata he was playing ceased. He stood and walked

towards his grandson. Arcady stopped in his tracks waiting for the older incubus to approach him. He was a stately man, taller than Arcady by about three inches, with shoulder length salt and pepper hair he had tied back in a thong. His own state of dress was nothing less than impeccable, his black slacks free of wrinkles and creases, and his silver grey button down a perfect fit to his broad chest. The vest he wore over it the same color as his pants, his fob and watch chain gleaming in the bright light of the music room.

He reached Arcady and grabbed his hand and shook it, a genuine smile reaching his eyes. "So prompt, I should have expected nothing less."

"Thank you grandfather. You are looking well, and I see your skills at the piano are considerably more refined."

"Yes, well when one doesn't have to worry about the tedium of every day life on earth, one has time to perfect one's skills. Can I offer you some Port? Or Scotch?"

"Scotch please, I haven't cultivated a taste for Port." He went to the large wingback chair his grandfather motioned him to and sat.

"Just like your father, he can't stomach the port either. So how goes things topside?"

Apparently, his grandfather wanted to shoot the shit before getting to the point, which was very unlike him. Either he had changed his ways or he was stalling. Arcady decided to play along and see where this went.

"Everything is going well. Our family holdings are doing well, Pete and Mandy are still working as I'm sure you know, and-"

Avery turned toward him and held his hand up. "Stop. I meant with you."

Ah so that's where this was going. "I take it you mean Snow?" he asked and took a sip of the drink his grandfather gave him.

"Indeed. The Conglacio. Tell me about her."

Arcady smiled. "She's perfection. Beautiful, a true icy beauty, sexy, smart, brutal. She takes my breath away." He said with confidence.

"That is a good thing. She is wife material then?"

"I think so, I mean I love her, and Amos did give me the ok to keep her."

"Indeed, that's why I asked you here."

"Oh? Please explain sir?"

Avery went to speak but then smiled as Amos walked into the room and shut the door behind him. His face was flushed, as if he had just indulged in an illicit affair. Arcady stood and bowed as his sovereign came to them.

"Good evening Amos, you're looking quite well."

"Yes, thank you, you're looking," he paused eyeing him his eyes sparkling. "Well groomed yourself son."

"Grandpa Avery expects it. Now, gentlemen as fun as this evening promises to be, might you both tell me what's going on?"

Avery smiled and sat, and both Arcady and Amos followed suit. "We would like to talk to you about your future."

"My future? Amos? Care to fill me in?"

"Straight to business," he smiled pouring himself a drink. "Avery our younger generations never have time for pleasantries," he sighed. "Or maybe it's that us old codgers don't have the patience for business?"

"I think it's a little from both sides Amos, though I'm sure my ominous invitation and statement is making him piss his britches about now. Peace grandson, this is a good thing."

Arcady nodded. "So let's get to it and then get to the fun. Tell me Grandfather, how many beauties are in your employ and are they off limits?"

Avery grinned. "Obviously, and there are four girls here. Let's get to business yes, then some fun. Any problem with that Amos?"

"Trust me Avery, I'm looking forward to it. Now Arcady, do you remember our last meeting? You asked my permission to have the Conglacio, something that didn't exactly suit my plans for you but I'm not one to stand in the way of what the heart wants."

Arcady nodded. "I remember sire, and I thank you every day for being allowed to have her."

"Metaphorically speaking I hope, because if not I haven't been getting the calls." he grinned. "Anyway you'll recall that I tagged a condition onto my agreement."

"Yes sire, but you didn't elaborate." he downed the rest of his scotch, his nerves shot.

"No I didn't," The old king smiled to himself enjoying Arcady's unease. "Things are changing in our world. Camions is AWOL with Fiona running her court, Cassiel has his father's crown, Fuerety and his supporting courts are struggling to keep afloat. Faris, Amaro, Donavan and Alexander will soon have to come to terms with their birthrights. Change is a young mans game," he paused taking a breath. "Do you see where I'm going with this?"

Arcady frowned. "Not in the slightest."

"I have no lust for change, no drive for it. It..." he shook his head. "Does not interest me. Yet our court begs for change, it demands it. I've ruled long enough to see what happens when a king tries to bend his land to his wishes. I have no desire to see our court turn stale as many others have before us. For that to happen I must stand down," he smiled wrinkles showing at the corners of his eyes. "I'm tired Arcady. I'm old and I'm tired and I have no heir."

Arcady nodded. "I understand the need for change. We are a forward thinking race, always on the forefront, and you have always done well for us. It always upset me you didn't name an heir once Camions didn't have boys. So what is the plan then sire?" he looked at his grandfather who was speaking quietly into an intercom, then back at the old king.

"Why would it upset you?" Amos asked curiously.

"Why? Because it put such a strain on you, stress wise. To not have someone to groom, to count on that you know will carry your legacy and your blood... It always rubbed me the wrong way. No one should have to shoulder that."

"And what gave you the impression that I wasn't grooming anyone?" He broke out in a grin. "Seriously son you'll have to be quicker on the up take than this if you plan to rule our kingdom successfully."

Arcady looked up from pouring himself another measure of scotch and dropped the glass to the ground. "What? Excuse me?" he looked down and then blushed and cursed creatively.

Avery laughed and pressed a button and Andromeda came in with a rag and bucket and started to clean up the marble, and the broken glass.

The king watched her work waiting until she was finished before speaking. "You heard me son, I want you to take up my crown."

"Yeah I heard that Amos, but why me? I mean I live my life topside, and lets face it I'm not much of an incubus." he shrugged. "And I'm in love with a Conglacio. Isn't it like gospel that I have to marry a Succubus?"

His eyes narrowed angrily, "Marring a succubus brought me no luck," he blinked taking a deep breath. "But no, I would have preferred if you had married Fiona but you're in love with the Conglacio and my daughter is doting on Murphy. The two of you work well enough together and respect each other. It is true that the appointed king has the right to demand she marry him, but there's no danger of that happening with the two of you. Living in the courts is preferred but not necessary just as long as you appoint an advisor that's resident and good at shoveling shit. And as for you not being much of an incubus, I wont hear it. The court respects you, and your family."

Avery smiled. "This has been brewing for a while Arcady. You are the best choice for this monarchy, and I'm proud to have you in this family. You have just been given the keys to the kingdom so to speak."

Arcady grinned and nodded. "But I still have to marry royalty right? How's that going to work?"

"I've spoken with Cassiel, he'll sort things out with the girl, elevating her status to princess, if you indeed want her. She won't be our Queen but then the Incubus have no Queen."

Arcady stared at them both in shock. "So your both serious about this?"

"I am... but you do have the right to refuse me. Rulings hard work and I wouldn't force you into the task. Some days I wish I had refused the mantle, its cost me a lot being the Incubus king. The freedom to do as I wished, my family, the woman I loved... The last two weren't entirely the crowns fault I'll wager but it's a big responsibility. There are a lot of people you'll have to put before yourself."

"If I do decide to take you up on this, when would I start? And what would your roles be?"

"My role?" Amos asked excitement lacing his voice. "Son I'm going to be retired, I'm going to Fuji, Egypt, Hawaii, Mexico," he counted off on his fingers, "Possibly Thailand, I've heard good things," he chuckled. "You'll start when your ready, preferably immediately but I'll give you up to a week to get things in order. I'll be available for court dates, meetings and any questions that you may have until you get on your feet but I won't be your advisor. The place doesn't need my thoughts on ruling, if I thought it did I wouldn't leave."

Arcady gave it some thought. "I would need you both as my advisors, I wont stand for anything less. Avery, you have stood at Amos' side for ages. I would love for you to do the same for me."

Avery nodded. "I would expect nothing less grandson. It would be an honor."

"I won't do it... but I know an old bastard that would. Moniak's been getting fat in the Succubus court for too long on the up side it's taught him all about

shoveling shit. I'm willing to bet he'd give his right testicle for a way out of menstrual cycles and matching shoes."

Arcady laughed out loud. He hadn't thought about Moni for an advisor but it did make sense. "Well then that's not a bad idea at all. You think he would?"

"I wouldn't actually ask for his nuts, but yes, I dare say the poacher would be honored. I'll still be there when you need me, you won't be jumping in at the deep end."

"Then how can I say no?" he smiled. "I don't think I can."

"No you can't, you don't want to though."

"Maybe. Well I guess I'm the new prince then?"

"For the next week, and then you'll be king."

Arcady nodded and shrugged. "I can live with that. Now what about that fun?"

"That's Avery's department."

Avery laughed and punched another button and Andromeda walked in along with three other women, all succubi. Andromeda smiled. "What is your pleasure sir?" she asked Avery.

Avery patted his lap. "You know the deal Romy. Amos, Arcady, this is Nina, Lulu and Nikki."

"Hello ladies," Amos smiled gently. "We're in need of a party."

Andromeda nodded and went to her lover slipping onto his lap and nuzzling him. Nina and Nikki went to Amos and Lulu to Arcady. Arcady laughed. "Hey sugar."

Arcady walked into the succubus courts with a slight spring in his step. The girls his grandfather employed were top notch, but he expected nothing less. Avery was well respected in the race and wealthy, as well as known for his dominance in the bedroom. Still, Lulu had treated him right, and he was topped up and looking forward to his future as the monarch with Snow by his side. Having Avery as his advisor would be fantastic, and if he could get Moni to take up a position as well then he would feel better about taking Amos' place.

The trick was, to find Moni among the endless rooms of the court. Today, thankfully, the Succubus court was not as busy as it normally was, as Princess Fiona was out on a shopping trip to Milan with the nobles of the court. If Arcady was lucky, he would find Moni unmolested.

After checking several rooms Arcady started to think that Moni was out when he heard what sounded like a chainsaw coming from further down the corridor. Being the incubus he was, he followed it, his curiosity getting the better of him.

He was treated to the sight of Moni standing in front of a large block of clay, with what looked like a mint julep in his hand and a stunning succubus standing naked but for a teeny bikini on the scaffolding in front of the clay. The Succubus could only be Callista, the resident sculptor. She was hot, Arcady had to give it to her. She earned the right to work in a bikini.

He cleared his throat and waited for Moni to turn around. Callista turned first her smile widening. "Ooh a visitor and I don't think he's for me... shame too."

It's ok Moni honey, your safe." She grinned back at Arcady. "He's been avoiding the younger generation of incubus lately. They come to pick his brain."

"It's nothing I don't mind the first thousand times or so." He turned with a sigh. "But lately I get the impression that they just come to gawk."

"I will admit you're an oddity Lord Moni. The only Incubus to survive in the Succubus courts unattached. I am curious, but I'm not here to pick your brain as to how to best keep a succubus happy." He looked up at Callista and winked. "Had I the time Lady Callista I would be here for you, a sexier succubus I haven't seen. The bathing suit is almost see through."

"You should see it wet... really," she winked. "You should."

"Your on a deadline Cali." Moni reminded her gently. "Trust me Arcady it'll take a better man than I to keep that one happy. Come," he clapped him on the back leading him out. "We'll get a drink and drop the lord crap I don't pander to that."

"Fair enough. I never know who deals with what in the whole monarchy thing. It's better to err on the side of caution. Lady Callista, it was and always is a pleasure." He winked up at her and slipped a thought into her mind of him licking a slow line up her breast and turned with Moni towards another set of doors that led into a less busy and messy sitting room. It was decorated with a masculine touch, and Moni looked completely at ease here. "Nice. Much less frilly than the rest of the palace. Your private quarters?"

He nodded. "Keeps me sane. Drink?" He motioned to a large bar.

"Thank you yes. Anything but Port. Can't stand the stuff." He gave a shake and then smiled. "So I regret this isn't a completely social call."

"Ports an acquired taste, one Avery's become all too fond of pushing on people." He poured two generous portions of good scotch into the glasses passing him one with a smile. "So what does Amos want? I can only assume he has you doing his dirty work."

Arcady smirked. "You guys really have a tenuous truce don't you? It's interesting you can both coexist loving the same woman and that woman is completely MIA. Actually, it sucks hard. But no, Amos didn't send me for anything he wanted anyway, he suggested you, and I was inclined to agree."

His eyes narrowed, "Recommended me?"

"Yes, it seems I have been elevated to prince, and soon king status of the Incubus. Amos recommended I ask you to be my advisor."

"Me?" He asked surprised.

"You. Who better that knows the diplomacy of both courts and who better to give me the straight shit when I'm fucking up. Avery said he was going to help me as well, but..." he trailed off and smiled. "I'm prepared to offer you anything you want for your time."

"That's not the most effective negotiating technique kiddo."

"I'm not actually negotiating here Moni. I'm going to be named King in one week; I don't have time for negotiations. You have a chance to come back to the Incubus courts, without issues. I need you Moni."

"I guess you do." He smiled. "But that's just fine because I need you too. A chance to go back home and advise you? Count me in."

Arcady grinned and raised his glass. "Many thanks Moni, or should I say Regent." He laughed.

"Please don't," he paled.

Arcady shook his head. "Deal. So what else... Oh, apparently the woman I'm engaged to is going to be elevated to princess status in the Conglacio courts."

"That should be interesting I hear she's... volatile."

"Snowy? Sometimes, though with me she's a kitten, a wild and amazing sexy kitten. She has this childlike quality, but is brutal as fuck." He grinned with pride.

"Then she'll do well at court."

"Among other things. Now I just have to go home and tell her she's going to be my consort."

"And that will go down well? Or like a sack of bricks?"

"Your guess is as good as mine. She just isn't easily read you know?"

"Some women aren't. They're the dangerous ones."

"Oh Snow is dangerous, that's for damn sure. So what do you suggest I do now? I mean not with Snow, with the monarchy?"

He shook his head taking a drink. "It's yours now. What do you feel like doing with it?"

"I don't have one fucking clue. Should we have a ball? Should we have a feast? Perhaps both? I don't know what is right..."

"There used to be an old saying, when in doubt throw an orgy. If you want your rein to go off with a bang, so to speak, we should probably do both. I'll talk to Fiona and work out the logistics. The female of the species is far more adept at setting up balls. I'll get Cali to redecorate the throne room, to your tastes, you'll have to put your stamp on it."

Arcady nodded, the tension going out of him. "Thank you. I adore Amos, but his tastes are far too austere for most Incubi. So ball, which will degenerate into an orgy I think, possibly a boon for the royal families?"

"If you wish," he considered, "But you're the youngest to become sovereign, I wouldn't want them thinking that you're buying loyalty or acceptance. We can't afford to look weak, and the older generation often confuse young with weak. You're going to have to be prepared to stand up to a few challenges, not from our court, but others. Amos and I will be with you and more than willing to help but I suggest dealing with the ones you can yourself we can't be there twenty four hours a day."

"True. Well the Conglacio courts won't be a problem, nor the Arcuo. Cash has the loyalty of the Acer and the Strigo, and I think I can count on them as well. I could always deny tutelage to the other houses daughters at the Incubus courts if they piss me off." He smirked.

"That's the spirit," he grinned, "They'll fall into line, there's no benefit in a war with the incubi or indeed the Succubi. Fiona will support you if you deny the males also. Our courts stand as one and it wouldn't be the first time someone got themselves banned for playing the fool."

Arcady nodded. "True. So what is next for you Moni. I mean, shall you be staying at the palace, or would you like your families lands restored?"

"I'm afraid I don't have any family to benefit from the lands," he smiled sadly, "Its a kind offer but I was never one for gardening. If they're still in hiatus I'd very

much appreciate them to go to Cali, she's a sweet thing and she'd like somewhere to go to get away from the pressures of the succubi court."

"Done. And you? What would you be doing? Staying?"

"Here? Hell no... I once made a promise to the woman who holds my heart. A promise I fully intend to keep."

"I always wondered about you and Cam and everything. So who is this woman?"

He winced guiltily, "I haven't always been the best lover to her... Cam and I had a tempestuous relationship based on revenge and bitterness. She had something I wanted desperately and she used me to get to her husband." He shrugged. "There's none of that with Oona. It was always pure but I've let her down. Repeatedly."

"That sounds awful. So what are you going to do? And who is this woman. Another Succubi?"

"Oh hell no. Cam would have killed her if she was, or have tried. She's fey."

"Fey? Shit you screwed the pooch there."

"It may surprise you to know I have many friends in odd places. But yeah, with her I screwed the pooch."

Arcady laughed and sighed. "Good luck with her. Anything I can do to help?"

"Oh I wish, thanks for the offer though."

Snow was sitting on the couch in the theater room at Crypt with a video game controller in her hands and the tip of her tongue out of her mouth as she moved with the character on the TV screen before her. Arcady had walked in a few minutes before and stood in awe of his fiancée, watching her childlike glee as she took the lead in the racing game and dropped a banana so her competition would be thwarted. She whooped with laughter, still not even acknowledging him. He watched her and his heart ached. She was so beautiful, so goddamn special to him, he hoped she wasn't going to freak out when he told her about what had been going on.

She won the race and grinned then noticed him and he smirked. "We gotta get you *Little Big Planet* I think. You can put on a costume and be Medusa in it." He laughed and walked over and sat next to her. "How was your day Cupcake? Miss me?"

"Mmm great," she got to her knees crawling the few inches between him to give him a long kiss. "I was killing zombies with Feyd."

"Yeah? Like for reals or on the consol? Cuz I gotta tell you, I have heard tale of the dead walking over at St. Michaels."

"For real?" she asked him grinning, "No don't tell me, I don't really want to know. So how was your day?"

"Interesting. You know it is always interesting when I visit the courts and Grandpa Avery."

She screwed her face up, "It sounds more stuffy that interesting. You do scrub up well for it," she ran her hands down the front of his shirt. "Can't say I prefer it to your normally sexy attire, but it looks good."

Arcady grinned. "I'm one of those guys that feels good in both fatigues and a suit. It works to my advantage. But it was an interesting meeting though. Thankfully Avery didn't push his nasty old port on me."

"Its drinkable," she shrugged.

"And rancid as all fuck. No I don't ever want that crap gracing my lips."

"Well there are better things to drink."

"Indeed," he smirked. "So we should talk... Avery and Amos gave me a big gift today."

"They did?" her eyes lit up. "Is it shiny?"

He laughed. "Kinda... well I'm sure something involved with it is shiny." he mumbled to himself.

"Oh?"

"Amos gave me the monarchy." he said softly and shook his head. "In one weeks time, I'll be the Incubus king."

"Oh..." Emotions flickered like wildfire over her face as she sat in silence for several heartbeats, "You're kidding."

"No, no I'm not. Snowy, this changes nothing between us. That rock on your finger still means we are engaged."

She sat back on her heels putting distance between them, "Ok, I believe you." she flashed him a small fake smile. "But king, that's like wow... great news." she said with all the enthusiasm of someone who'd lost all hope.

"Believe me, I'm not excited about it." he sighed and shook his head. "I don't want this... never did."

"And yet you apparently said yes."

"I didn't have a choice really. Amos didn't ask, he and Avery told me that our line would be the next to rule. Believe me Snowy; this isn't what I planned on. But honestly, I won't have to do much, and I'll have advisors. Both Moni and Avery said they would do it."

"Ok," she nodded looking no less miserable. "And your sure we're still engaged?" she fidgeted with her ring twirling it on her finger.

He watched her and his heart broke. He went to her and pulled her into his arms. "Yes baby. I'm not letting you go Snow. I love you, and you're my girl. Cassiel considers you a Conglacio princess, did you know that?"

"D made sure of it," she hugged him her body melting into him. "I just don't want to lose you, I'm hardly a succubus, and people won't like it."

"Frankly I don't give a damn what people like. Fiona is sweet on a Strigo for god's sake. I can marry my sweet Conglacio princess."

"Promise?" she looked up at him her bottom lip trembling. "You don't have to Arcady, I'm giving you an out. Say right now... I won't like it but I'll accept it. But if you don't take it now hell mend you if you change your mind later on."

He laughed. "Baby I'm never giving you up. You gave me a reason to enjoy my life. Regardless of everything I will have to do, I'm going to have you as my wife Snow. Your everything good to me."

"And don't you forget it," she smiled looking mollified, "Now, you mentioned shiny's?"

Arcady nodded and pulled a key out of his pocket. "I now have control over the Incubus vault." he grinned.

"Mmm now that is great news."

He grinned. "And you get the run of the place. I understand there's some great stuff in there, or so Moni says."

"We'll be sure to have a look then."

Arcady smiled at her and shook his head. "We will. But now, I think I should take your ass on in this game. You know I used to be pretty good at the racing games a while back."

"Oh I doubt you're better than me," she chuckled taking up her controller in challenge. "I always win."

"So a wager then?" he smirked.

"You're on, what you gonna lose?"

"What do you wanna win?"

"Oh that's not how it's going to work." she grinned.

"No?" he cocked his head.

"Well it'd be too easy then. It doesn't take too much for me to think of what I want to win... you tell me. You're the mind reader."

Arcady laughed. "I don't use my powers for evil baby. How's this... If I win, I get you naked and handcuffed to our bed." he wagged his eyebrows.

She laughed, "Not much of an incentive for me to win, is it?"

"Depends on what you want petal."

"I was thinking hot tub, but I like your idea a whole lot more."

Arcady pulled her to him. "You could demand both."

"And champagne and chocolate covered strawberries." She grinned triumphantly.

"Done. Now lets get to the ass kicking."

"Yours, that would be." she kissed him passing him the spare pad. "Not mine."

"Sure cupcake, anything you say."

"Mmm I do." she crossed her legs sitting flush against him. "Ready?" she asked starting the game up.

Arcady nodded and kissed her sweetly.

"I love you button but I'm not going easy on you." she grinned turning back to the screen as the race began.

Arcady got his ass kicked. Badly. Snow was a fucking prodigy, and her ruthlessness really shone through in her game playing. When the race ended he simply dropped the controller and let his shoulders sag. "I got spanked."

"In the non literal sense... and I didn't even have to cheat." she pouted, "I had some nice distracting thoughts all ready for you."

"Oh? Like?"

She grinned sending him a thought of her handcuffed to the bed screaming for him quickly followed by another of her riding him in the hot tub.

"Baby that's exactly what you are going to get." he growled and lifted her up. "So we should celebrate your win, and our new palace." he grinned.

"Palace?"

"The Incubus Palace... but you know I have been thinking... We need our own place here in New York."

"Somewhere not in Fallon and Astrid's pockets?"

"I was thinking, why shouldn't we have our own place? I love being here, with everyone, but we need our own place, to raise our own family."

"I agree," she smiled looking relieved. "It's great here and all, but I wouldn't mind some space of our own. A little privacy."

"Something close by."

"How else could I beat Fallon daily at darts?"

"Darts?"

"Yeah you know darts, in the games room."

"Yeah..." he laughed at the thought of Snow with a small dart in her nimble little fingers. "Is that why Feyd was bitching about puncture wounds?"

"Well he did get in the way, besides it didn't hurt him much."

"Yeah but you know how he whines like a wash woman."

"He does," she chuckled, "But that's half the fun in it."

"True. So shall we collect on this now, or shoot some zombies?"

"Tempting... but I wanna collect."

Arcady stood with his frosty pixie in his arms and smiled. "I was hoping you would say that. Hot tub or bed, you decide."

"Bed," she giggled, wiggling against him.

"Naughty little thing." He traversed the landing and was in their room minutes later with her lying in the center of the bed, him kneeling above her.

"Arms up."

She lifted her arms above her head submitting them willingly to him. "Anything you want button."

"Such a good girl," he murmured and pulled a pair of handcuffs from the side table holding them up to her and seeing her eyes go wide before leaning down and kissing her, his hands making quick work of restraining her.

"Mmm I can be very good... for you," she grinned sexily wrapping her legs around him and pulling him flush against her.

Arcady groaned and kissed her again. "Sweet Christ love... I'm going to have to get you out of your skirt and knickers before this can progress, as well as myself."

"Not wearing panties and you can slide the skirt up," she kissed him nibbling on his bottom lip.

"True... Though I do love you naked. Nothing in this world or the next is as sexy as you," he knew what she was wanting though, something hard and fast and naughty, and he could give it to her. He reached down and quickly undid his pants and freed himself, rubbing against her wetness. "Ummm..."

She cried out, a needful sound, grinded up into him. "If you want me naked there's a knife under the pillow... cut them off while you're fucking me."

Arcady's stomach dropped out at the thought. She was so fucking wild, and perfect for him. He reached under her pillow and pulled out a very sharp throwing knife and grinned, slipping the blade under her shirt and dragged it up the material slowly as he entered her and smiled.

"Oh god!" she threw her head back writhing under him her body welcoming him into her tight heat.

Arcady growled and cut the material off her body in ribbons while he took her hard and fast, but he was ever careful not to cut her. She arched under him, purred and panted his name, and his body loved the contact with hers.

"Gods Arcady!" she screamed as she came her body tensing around him her hands flexing loosely in the air.

Arcady drank her in and groaned, kissing and licking at her now naked shoulder. "So fucking pure..." he moaned into her shoulder. "That's my good girl... give me another..." he redoubled his efforts and nipped her throat, his right hand thumbing her nipple.

She arched her body up to him matching him stroke for stroke and soon she was screaming again throwing off more energy.

Arcady took all she gave him and kissed her. "One more baby... I want to come with you..."

She panted hard tightening her thighs, "The cuffs," she cried out. "I want to touch you."

He wanted her to as well. He reached up and slipped the lock letting her hands free. "Be my fucking guest baby..."

"More than that I hope." she touched all over his chest and she flipped him on his back taking him deeper inside of her and riding him with a passion. She grabbed the sides of his shirt and ripped it open, making the buttons fly everywhere. Her nails scored down his chest, as she came again her body tightly rippling on him.

Arcady lost it. Her body welcomed him, hugged him, and he shattered with her, calling out her name and hissing as he arched up into her.

She collapsed contently onto his chest with a sigh. "Wow..." she breathed heavily nuzzling him.

"Wow is one word for it..." he rumbled and stroked the soft skin of her back. "You always rock me Cupcake."

"I try my best, your highness," she grinned cheekily up at him.

"Ummm and you succeed, my princess."

"Glad you think so." she edged further up him nuzzling just under his chin. "You wore me out button, I think I'll have to take a rain check on the hot tub."

"That's a damn fine thing cuz I don't think there's a shot in hell I can accommodate you tonight, you're the only woman in history that has ever worn me out."

"That's because I'm so darn special. You better not forget that when you're off doing your kingly duties."

"Kingly duties?" he chuckled. "Nothing in the universe could keep me from your sweet body Snow."

"Good, because you had your out and I'd hate to have to castrate a king... especially one as amazing as you." she kissed his chest sullenly. "Plus I'd miss your loving and that would make me cranky."

"Darling, your mine. You won't lose me ever."

"I know baby." she reached up kissing his lips. "But it doesn't hurt to hear a few times a day."

"I will tell you 100 times a day if it will help." he grinned and kissed her shoulder.

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"Oh it will, at least until we have children, then I'll need to hear it at least twice that much."

Arcady laughed. "Ummm...I think I can handle that my love."

"Good," she smiled peacefully sliding off him to snuggle up to his side. "Now hold me, I have to sleep."

He held her close and chuckled. "Of course my love. Sleep, we both need it."