



Sexopalooza
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Sexopalooza

His kiss tasted electric, surging into her systems and giving all her nerve endings a rough wake up call. Her pussy clenched and a drop of sexual moisture rolled from her very core. Tamara had never been so turned on that every fiber of her being was screaming in need as she was right now, burning with lust. And all he had done so far was kiss her — a tentative kiss to be exact.

The Fae lord had spotted her the moment Tamara arrived at the mating festival. His piercing eyes penetrated her when they locked on hers, causing the air around her to thin as her chest constricted. Her nipples hardened and thrums of wanton aches stirred from the depths of her sex. As a love fairy, Tamara was quite immune to all kinds of seduction, but this time, she had met her match.

Her feet seemed to have rooted to the ground and her wings refused to be airborne as he glided through the crowd. He stood almost seven feet tall, a golden god of absolute perfection. She was so mesmerized by his beauty that for a long moment she froze, utterly spellbound, until he broke her trance with a blatant claim. "Sweet thing, you're mine."

He seized her waist with one arm and the next thing she knew, the Fae lord had spirited her away, far from the cacophony of the festival so they could have their privacy. He trapped her against an ancient tree trunk, touched the curve of her body

with the tips of his long, tapered fingers, and brushed his lips over hers, kissing her with fervent curiosity.

Tamara was lost. She didn't even know his name. All she knew was that he was one of the princes from the Court of Light, and the fact that he had been drawn to her in the first place still puzzled her. Usually, Fae royalty were very selective.

His tongue traced the contour of her inner lip, very gently, as if he wanted to slowly savor everything she had to offer. Tamara moaned as her lips parted. He crushed his mouth on hers, kissing her deeply, thoroughly, until she was breathless and her heart wanted to burst from her chest. She was panting for air when he finally broke the kiss.

"What's your name, luscious one?" he asked. His voice was as seductive as his mind-wrecking kiss. His golden eyes glowed.

"What's yours?" she asked back petulantly.

"I asked you first." His hands were on her hips, and with one swift move, he yanked her short tunic off. Her breasts spilled out. She gasped.

"Tamara." Her voice was a husk of a whisper. He had cupped her breasts, his fingers finding her pouting nipples and rolling them in such a way that a deep, mournful longing scorched her from the inside out.

He purred again, sounding delighted. "Tamara. Such a pretty name."

"What's yours?"

"You can call me 'Sir' for now."

"What are you doing in a place like this?" Tamara couldn't curb her curiosity.

“I’m looking for a consort, and you, luscious one, are just the kind of Fae I had in mind.”

“But I’m not looki — “

“Ssh.” He yanked off the rest of her clothes, leaving her bare-skinned. He crushed his mouth on hers again while he disrobed.

Her brain turned blank from his mind-muddying kisses. She was only dimly aware of him wrestling her onto the leaf-covered ground, straddling her and forcing her into a full surrender. He grabbed her wrists and secured them above her head. She shivered, feeling so vulnerable. She was completely at his mercy.

With one knee, he pushed her legs open. He wedged himself between her thighs, his cock on her pubis, hard and gloriously huge. She felt dizzy all of a sudden. His thick, virile erection felt hot on her fevered skin. His shaft almost reached her belly button.

“See this?” he cooed, semi-taunting. “This is how deep I will fuck you.”

The blatant claiming incited a new fire within her. She creamed from the impact.

“And you’d better like it,” he rasped again, eyes blazing with the fire of possession. “‘Cause from now on, you’re mine, luscious one.”

Her mind barely comprehended what was happening to her when he moved and thrust into her drenched pussy. She threw her head backward, crying. His cock speared her open, forcing her to accept him whole, plowing her down until he hit her cervix, slamming himself balls deep. The friction caused by his veined shaft grinding against

her inner walls made morsels of pleasure explode inside her burning heat. The sensation was too wicked for words.

He lunged, then pulled, flooding her with torrents of vicious fucks. He wasn't gentle. He fucked her with sheer savagery, as if he wanted to show her who was the master of her body. He leaned down, his skin grazing against hers. He plastered his lips on hers, his tongue plundering her mouth the way his cock was plundering her pussy.

She cried out, unable to do anything but surrender. He growled as her cunt made a wet sucking sound from the way he ravaged her. The ecstasy clawed her senses in its tight grip. She was trapped in the wake of an impending storm of pleasure. Her heart pounded, her lungs wanted to burst from her chest. Sweet cascades of ecstasy dragged her into a peak, palpitating in rapid motion into the final rapture.

She exploded.

Tamara came so hard she thought she was dying. Her body convulsed. The world darkened from her view for long seconds. Her cries were muffled by his kisses. He kept pounding into her while she drowned in pure ecstasy until he finally convulsed, his roar almost feral as he emptied his seed deep inside her. His cock spasmed again and again until he was spent.

When he was able to collect himself, the Fae lord smiled. "Did I hurt you?"

She shook her head. That was the most exquisite orgasm she had experienced for a long time.

"Are you sore?"

"No."

“Good.” He sounded pleased. “I want to take you back to Artem-Ruh. I’d like to savor you in the comfort of my own bed. This forest floor,” he threw a glance at his surrounding, “is too rough to my liking.”

She was alarmed. “I can’t go with you.”

His eyes narrowed. “I’ve claimed you. And nothing will change my mind in keeping you as my consort.”

“You don’t understand. I’m actually not free.” Her cheeks flushed at the thought that she had defied her parents’ wish after all these years. Only unattached fairy folks were allowed to come to the faerie mating festival, and she had attended it anyway as revenge because her parents had arranged her betrothal to someone she didn’t know. Tamara had just come of age when she found out about her arranged betrothal, and she hated it. She wanted to enjoy life to its fullest first, not immediately attached to some unknown fairy lad.

The Fae lord flooded her with his piercing stare. Her chest became constricted again. “Why?” he asked, his voice turning dangerous.

“My parents have arranged my betrothal.”

“To whom?”

“Gallentein of Turch-Noch.”

“Why did you refuse him?”

Tamara stared back with defiance. “I didn’t even know him.”

“You didn’t know me. Yet you let me fuck you.”

"You're d-different." Tamara felt embarrassed. She didn't know him, but the moment she lay eyes on him, she had wanted him more than everything else in the world.

He burst out laughing. His wicked mirth filled the forest. "Silly lass. I am Gallentein of Turch-Noch. Why do you think I took you in the first place?"

Blood drained from her face and her heart skipped a beat. "What?"

"You're feisty and free-spirited, your parents told me that. I knew I had to tame you."

"But..."

"My sweet, no excuses. I know you wanted me. We're destined to be together. You can't deny our bond. Your resistance is pointless."

"But..."

"Maybe I need to show one more time who you really belong to," he growled. He pulled his cock out and slammed back into her.

Tamara cried out as new pleasure exploded within her. He felt so damn good.

"Resistance is pointless."

About the Author:

Lizzie Lynn Lee was a guitarist, receptionist, executive assistant, tarot reader, boutique owner and graphic artist before she discovered writing is her dream job. The advantage is she can do it in her pajamas and socks. She's an incurable chatterbox, heavy metal aficionado, book worm, digital enthusiast and a night owl since most of her stories were done in the wee hours of the morning because of her caffeine-induced insomnia. These days she still plays her guitar whenever she gets bored, staring at her computer's screen or plotting the most elaborate scheme of world domination. Fortunately, she has a chronically short attention span.

She loves to hear back from her readers, so drop her a line at:

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