



His Savage Sweet

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Category: Romance, Adult, Historical

Description: I am Prince Wulf, the spare heir to the tiny island kingdom of Faencairn, and I am royally irate at my father's command to marry. I have no interest in tying myself to one woman, when sampling them is so much tastier. Besides, it's unlikely I'll be able to find a partner who can match my rough desires—and my demanding appetite—in the bedroom...and enjoy it! But when I meet Anna—and by “meet”, I mean march into her kitchen and take her hard on the table—and I can't stop thinking of how she met my passion head on. Is it possible the curvy baker is the partner I've needed all along?

Warning: Much hotter than anything you've read from Caroline! Instead of romcoms, this insta-love series is a celebration of our favorite how-to manual...you're in for a different kind of fun!

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Chapter 1

Wulf

“Findlay, put down the book, please.”

At Mother’s gentle criticism, my eyes snapped to my younger brother. Findlay’s cool blue gaze never left the small leather-bound volume he held in his left hand while he held the spoon in his right, but he did raise an eyebrow at Mother’s nagging.

“I am reading—bettering my mind. I thought that was an acceptable pastime?” he challenged without a flicker in his gaze.

I snorted into my soup.

Unfortunately, that just drew Mother’s attention. “And you know how to sit up straight when you eat, Beowulf. You look like some kind of...beast.”

It was the wrong thing to say, and my growl of irritation must have reminded her of it, because she rolled her eyes and turned to our father.

“Can you do something about them, Iain? I feel as if I have raised a pack of princes who won’t respect me or their place.”

As if Father could do anything about any of us. After the big marriage announcement, none of us were feeling too fooking kindly towards him right now, and we didn’t mind him knowing.

Imagine just announcing your sons had to be married by summer's end! As if this were the dark ages!

Luckily, he'd picked up on our feelings. "They're grown men. They're allowed to eat the way they want."

He reached over to pat Mother's hand, and I didn't bother hiding my snort again.

Always with the touching.

It was almost embarrassing how in love our parents were, always touching each other, even after all these years.

The reminder that they wanted me to have the same thing made me push aside the soup bowl and reached for the platter of baked savories.

Mother had raised us to be polite and proper, aye, as befitting a princess chosen to be a king's wife. But at twenty-nine I could do whatever I damn well pleased, no matter what my father thought "the kingdom required".

Fook both of them.

I was a grown man—at least he acknowledged that—and I didn't have to get married just because my father said so...King or not!

"Besides," Da continued, doing that disgustingly lovey face at Mother he always did, "at least ye have Rickard."

Perfect, perfect Rickard. Fook him, too. He probably didn't see anything wrong with getting married just because Father said we had to. In fact, his perfect little wife sat beside him now, and the two of them couldn't seem to quit touching one another

anymore than our parents could.

Fooking perfect Rickard.

To cover my irritation, I bit into one of the savories arrayed on the silver platter in front of me...and forgot all about my father.

“Holy shite,” I said around a mouthful of something I couldn’t identify. “This is fooking delicious.”

“Language, Beowulf.”

I ignored Mother and waggled a pastry at Rickard, since Findlay was ignoring us. “Have ye tried this?”

As my older brother shook his head, I tossed him the one I was holding.

The look of surprise on his face made me smile. I would have laughed outright if it had splattered across his perfectly coiffed hair, but unfortunately he caught it.

To further my surprise, he actually bit into it.

Perhaps marriage to Clarissa was mellowing him a tad?

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“Hmm. Blue cheese?” he mused, staring up at the ceiling. “And something sweet? This is really quite good.”

I bit into another one, and around the explosion on my tongue, mumbled. “What’s the jam? It’s savory but it has a sweetness to it.” What possible ingredient could it be?

Rickard shook his head. “Would ye care to weigh in, Findlay?”

“No’ if ye’re going to throw it at me,” murmured our younger brother as he fastidiously turned a page. “Ye’ll damage the binding.”

Mother clucked her tongue. “Oh, for heaven’s sakes, if you are going to throw food and talk with your mouth full, at least let me taste them.”

Heh.

I could always count on my mother to relish food as much as I did. I passed her one, but she couldn’t identify the jam either. We ended up finishing the platter, just trying to identify the combination, which was perfect as it completely distracted her from any matrimonial nonsense.

And Father had the ballocks to wink at me, as if I’d done it to help him out.

Another snort. Like the two of them needed any help making up to each other. You know how embarrassing it is to have a set of parents who everyone—everyone—knew fooked like rabbits?

That was how you end up with three little baby princes in four years.

After dinner, I disappeared before Mother could corner me. I didn't need to hear more about Father's plans for the kingdom, or whose wedding would be next.

I didn't want to get married. Fook, I didn't have any idea who I'd marry if I had to.

I stalked through the castle—a castle! As if we were living in the Dark Ages!—halls and tried to calm down.

Since Father's pronouncement, I'd been perpetually angry and ready to punch something. Not that anyone would opine that it was that different from my normal way of life.

I'd spent so many hours in the gymnasium working on both my fencing and hand to hand boxing that my father put me in charge of the Royal Bodyguard as soon as possible. I was probably the only one in the world who enjoyed waking up at five in the morning to run laps out in the snow, breathing in the fresh island air, but even Father admitted our guard had never been so well-trained.

Maybe I should go find someone to spar with, but my feet took me in an entirely different direction. Down.

Down to the cellars, where the kitchens resided. Besides the gymnasium, this was my second favorite place in my home, because...well, goddamn I loved food.

All the energy I could expend required fuel, and I was a man who appreciated delicious fare.

And tonight's had been particularly delicious.

Alisa, the Head Cook, met me at the door to the kitchen, and the old woman's smile was bright as she bobbed a curtsy. "Yer Highness," she said. "How can I help ye?"

I glanced around the kitchen at all the bobbing heads. This whole place was filled with women, it seemed like, and they'd all fed me at one time or another.

Hell, some of them had done more than that. The delicate blonde in the corner had let me pleasure her up against the wall out in the courtyard, and those two brunettes—what were their names?—liked to share me.

They were ones I'd even considered inviting back to my chambers in the West Wing, but ultimately had decided the broom cupboard was cozy enough.

Aye, I knew most of them, but tonight their deference and respect wasn't what I was looking for. I wasn't in the mood to be reminded that I was a prince. Tonight, I was just a man who liked food.

"The savory pastries at dinner tonight," I barked. "Who made them?"

Alisa sucked in a startled breath. I knew she was worried something had been wrong with them, but she just nodded towards the back room. "Anna," she said softly. "Anna made them. She's working on her dough."

I stalked across the room, each bobbed curtsy pissing me off more.

My brothers might like their women submissive, but I wasn't in the mood for that right now. I felt my anger building in my chest and my stomach, felt it in my thighs and my fists. I needed a release, and talking to the damn pastry chef wasn't going to help.

Who gave a shit what kind of jam she'd used?

Did it really matter?

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Fook this. There was a door to the courtyard off the cold room. I didn't even need to stop to talk to this Anna. I'd head outside, run off some of this anger that had been simmering since Father made his announcement.

Aye. That's a good plan.

Right up until I stepped into the coldroom, saw the redhead with the huge tits bent over the heavy wooden table in the center of the room, and all thoughts of running disappeared.

Instead my cock jumped to attention, my thighs clenched on their own, and my jaw dropped.

Sweet. Holy. Hell.

In that moment, I knew I didn't give a good goddamn about running or food. Every single cell in my body was pointing at her—her!—screaming: "She's yers!"

My cock bobbed its head in agreement, and I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt I was going to make her mine.

Mine.

Chapter 2

Anna

It was hard to distract me when I was concentrating hard, and this evening I was determined to get this twelfth layer of pastry right. I bit my lip, bent over the rolling pin—and a low growl distracted me.

Irritated at the interruption, I looked up and completely forgot about the pastry, the pin, the coldroom, and even my own name.

Oh my God.

It was him. The Royal family had never made their way into the kitchens since I'd been working here, but Alisa said he used to come down all the time when he was younger. And here he was, standing in my coldroom, staring at me as if I was one of my pastries, ready to be eaten.

Oh my God oh my God oh my God.

Prince Beowulf was any girl's dream. Not as tall as his brothers, his shoulders had to be twice as broad, and those arms—oh my God, those forearms!—were the stuff of dreams.

Heaven knew I'd dreamed of them often enough.

Tonight he was wearing a waistcoat and a button-up shirt rolled up to the elbows, and I adored how he'd tried to dress formally for dinner, but couldn't quite contain those forearms.

Unconsciously, my tongue flicked over my lower lip as I dragged my attention from those muscles back up to his face. His gorgeous, nose-broken-twice, scar-on-his-lip-from-a-sparring-match, birthmark-on-his-brow face.

Not that I'd spent hours imagining his face—his body—or anything.

Any hot-blooded Faencairn woman over the age of sixteen thought about the princes at least once while she rode her own hand, and if she didn't...well, she was lying.

And Prince Beowulf was my very own fantasy. The one I'd pictured in my mind as I flipped through the pages of my well-worn copy of *A Harlot's Guide*. The one whose name I moaned while I rubbed my clit and fingered myself.

And he was standing right here in my coldroom, looking at me like I was some kind of...some kind of dessert.

His voice was as deliciously deep as I remembered. "Ye ken who I am?"

"A-Aye, Yer Highness."

"And ye dinnae curtsey?"

He sounded only mildly curious, but I was mortified. The first time I meet royalty in person, and I forget all the basic etiquette my mother drilled into me?

"I'm sorry, Yer Highness."

I went to bob a curtsey in this stupid black servant's gown, but he held up his hand and stopped me.

"Nay." That dark head cocked to one side and his ice-blue eyes dragged over me.

"Nay, I like that ye dinnae curtsey to me. I prefer women with...merit. Boldness."

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Oh my God, the way his gaze raked over my face and my tits made me so fucking hot.

Maybe it was the memory of those self-pleasuring sessions with the book open in front of me so I could imagine his face on the illustration.

Maybe it was the memory of pretending it was his hand on my thighs, and his fingers on my core, that made me burn so hot right now. Made my stomach tingle, made my finger itch to lift up my favorite apron and inch up the black skirts and see if I'm as wet as I'm guessing.

Holy God, but the man was so sensual. Just having him here in person was going to be the fodder for so many more fucking-my-own-hand sessions in the future.

From her place by the door leading to the kitchens, with all the other cooks peering in behind her, Alisa spoke up. "Prince Beowulf is here because there was some sort of problem with the savories ye made tonight."

I barely registered her words. Problem? Savories? Those things were relevant to me, somehow, but I couldn't seem to make my mind focus right now. Not with him standing there looking so appealing.

And Prince Beowulf, bless him, appeared to agree. Without dropping his gaze from mine, without even moving from where he stood, legs planted on the brick floor like some kind of mighty oak tree, he reached out and shut the door in Alisa's face.

Just like that, we were alone. Alone in a room so cold I could see my breath, though I

was burning up inside.

My palms were sweating and without thinking, I ran my hands down the front of my apron. It felt so good, I did it again, cupping my breasts slightly through the material, the pressure against the sides of my breasts half-divine.

It had been an unconscious move but it drew his attention, and I couldn't be sorry when his eyes locked on my chest. His tongue dragged across his lip as if he was anxious to taste something sweet.

Oh, I have something sweet ye can taste, my prince.

It was naughty. It was wrong. I'd been such a good girl up until now, rebuffing advances from some of the footmen and stablehands who wanted a go at me. But this was the prince. If he wanted me, I wasn't going to deny him.

As if he'd heard the thought, he finally moved, stalking across the coldroom like some sort of bear. A great, hairy-forearmed, erotic beast.

And I was perfectly fine with being his prey.

He stopped beside my table, and I turned to face him. Up close, he was huge. Only a few inches taller than me, but those arms, those muscles—! Amazing.

My gaze dropped to the bulge in his trousers, and couldn't help but wonder if he was that big everywhere.

His hands came up and covered mine, where they rested against the sides of my breasts, and I drew in a shocked breath at the contact. I hadn't even realized my hands were still there until he touched me.

He squeezed, pushing them together under my servant's gown, and my breath turned into a moan.

He groaned in response and leaned closer, until his breath tickled my ear and the sensitive skin behind it.

Good God, he smelled so good. Like the the rich red wine he'd sipped with dinner.

"Anna..."

When he said my name, I swear something reached through my ear, down through my chest, and squeezed tight around my core. My knees buckled at the sheer strength of my reaction to him.

Just like that—just saying my name—he could spark such tingles through me, that it was a miracle I wasn't rubbing up against him like a bitch in heat. All I knew was I wanted to drag my clit along his thigh—oh my God that huge thigh!—and let the delicious friction give me an orgasm.

Damnation, I was close enough as it was, just smelling the man!

But I was standing in my coldroom—a food preparation place!—with a man's hands on my tits. And not just any man, but...

"Aye, Yer Highness?" I managed to choke out, wondering what the hell was happening.

"I want ye to call me Wulf," he snarled against the sensitive skin of my neck.

Without meaning to my head dropped back slightly, giving him better access to my neck. "Aye, Wulf," I sighed.

I saw him lick his lips right before he lowered them to my skin. He pressed a kiss to the spot under my ear, then another slightly lower. His touch branded me, heat radiating from each perfect kiss. On the third one, I gasped, and squeezed both my tits and my legs tighter together. I couldn't take much more of this.

He pulled away only long enough to murmur, "Fooking delicious, just as I kened it would be."

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“What would be?” I knew I should probably be more deferential—he was a prince, after all—but I couldn’t make myself concentrate on etiquette when the man’s hands and lips were on me.

“Ye,” he said simply, and my cunny shivered.

“I kenned ye’d be delicious,” he went on. “I could smell ye from across the room. Cinnamon sugar—sweet and spicy.”

It’s the pastry! I wanted to yell. But I couldn’t make my mouth work.

And when his hand left mine to cup the back of my head and pull my lips towards his, I didn’t want to do anything except return that kiss.

I’d been kissed before. I had been curious enough to permit it, and any woman who made it to adulthood with breasts as fulsome as mine was accustomed to men paying attention. Those kisses had been wet and sloppy and usually pretense for a few half-hearted approaches to my breasts, none of which I had much enjoyed.

But this kiss...

Oh my God, the prince could kiss.

His tongue—his tongue!—worked against mine, and he caught my lower lip in his teeth and tugged. I went with him willingly, falling against his chest and loving the way I was plastered against his muscles.

The bulge in his trousers pressed against the junction of my legs, everything I'd hoped it would be. I was helpless to stop the little moan I hummed against his lips, the same way I couldn't help but rub against him.

Aye, that was me; the one standing in my coldroom rubbing my pussy against my prince's thick trouser-bulge, like some kind of desperate whore.

And I couldn't even be ashamed because oh my God it felt good.

But that moan—or the shameless rubbing—must've been the right thing to do, because he rumbled in pleasure, low in his throat. I felt it in his chest, and it sent a delicious shiver throughout my body, knowing I was pressed against someone as primal as Prince Beowu—no. Wulf.

Wulf. My body screamed his name as I leaned into his assault on my lips.

Then in one swift movement he'd pulled his hands away to clasp them around my ass, lifting me up off my feet. The movement spread my legs slightly, and I whimpered against his mouth when my open cunny lips pressed against his cock.

Layers of material separated us, but could he feel how wet I was already? How hot? How much I wanted him to unbutton his trousers and pull out that beast and shove it in me?

Maybe he could. He twisted and in one easy move had me sitting up on the table, not a foot away from the dough I'd been so focused on just minutes ago.

And all I could think was:

I'm never again going to be able to make pastry here without getting wet.

Chapter 3

Wulf

She was fooking intoxicating.

I told myself to slow down, to enjoy her, but I couldn't seem to make myself. One whiff of her skin—that sugar-and-spice scent—had sent me hurdling down this path, and I wasn't going to be able to rest until I'd pumped her cunny full of the release building in my ballocks.

I was a prince—even if I didn't always want to be—and a prince women found attractive, thank fook. I was accustomed to women smiling seductively and beckoning me nearer, even if it was only so they could claim they'd fooked the beastly prince.

I was careful not to spill my seed in them. I wanted no bastards to tie me to any of them. I never, ever invited them to my chambers.

But Anna...

Anna wasn't deferential. She looked at me the way the others did, aye, as if I were a delicious treat. But whereas other women licked their lips, their gazes comparing me to a cut of meat, Anna looked at me as if she were starving and I was a long-anticipated dessert.

And I was just as hungry.

And she had touched herself, played with her tits the moment she saw me. Perhaps this was the first woman who could match my appetite.

When I lifted her up on the oak tabletop, she made this little mewling noise that damn near sent me over the edge. My cock was already rock-hard, pressed against the inside of my trousers as if it had been entered in the Faencairn Boulder-Impersonation Competition, and was determined to come out the winner.

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Come. Aye, I wanted to come, so fooking badly.

Once she was up on the table in front of me, her scent hit me all over again and I almost spilled in my trousers.

I ran my hands up her legs, pushing her black skirts and apron up and out of the way as I went, enjoying the feel of her stockings against my palms.

Reaching her bloomers—momentarily disappointed she was wearing them, before I reminded myself she hadn't come to work tonight to be mauled by a beast like me—I thanked fook they were the older split variety.

Easy access. A swift feast.

I spread her legs farther, inserting my hips between her knees, and pushed aside the well-worn cotton of her bloomers.

Now, despite the mounds of black wool and white petticoats she held out of the way, I could see her cunny, spread there on display all for me.

I growled in appreciation and one of her hands rose to cup her own tits again. I loved the way she threw back her head so I could see the smooth skin of her neck...but I loved even more how I could see the dew slicking her core.

That was for me. She was this wet, just for me.

Sweet holy fook!

How was she as aroused as I was? Did I even care? If I didn't bury my cock in her in the next minute, I was going to seriously defile my trousers.

I leaned forward, inhaling, running my hands up the inside of her thighs. She shivered, and I swear I saw her cunny spasm.

Aye, she was as hot for me as I was for her.

I damn near came at her sweet smell. I wasn't ever going to forget that scent, but I didn't have time to savor it now. I didn't know what kind of witch she was, to put me under a spell like this, but from the moment I saw her I knew she'd be mine.

I knew they called me "beast" behind my back, and there was reason for that.

With a snarl, I yanked open the buttons on my trousers and pulled out my cock, hissing a little when I felt the thing straighten in the cold air.

And that's when her eyes went wide and she smiled, and I knew she was going to enjoy this as much as I did.

"The Burning Bush," she breathed.

I thought perhaps I'd misheard her, or the pounding of my desire in my ears had temporarily deafened me. I froze. "What?"

To my surprise, her smile widened. "The Burning Bush. Page nineteen in A Harlot's Guide. That's what this position is called—allegedly because it'll have us talking to God—and I've been waiting years to try it with ye, Wulf."

How could I ignore that kind of welcome?

She reached for me the same time I stepped closer, and that was all the encouragement I needed.

I pushed into that sweet-smelling, dripping-wet pussy, and stopped breathing. I went perfectly still, just enjoying the feel of her walls around my cock, and wondering why I'd just gotten the most intense feeling of "this is right".

I probably could have stayed that way a full minute, just letting the pressure build behind my ballocks and at the base of my spine...but she had other ideas.

Now we were locked together, she could stop holding her skirts out of the way. I felt one hand slide between our bodies as the other arm wrapped around my neck, holding me in place.

Her fingers slid against her clitoris as she tightened her legs around mine, and I knew if I didn't start to move, I'd probably die.

The first time I pulled out and pushed into her again, she mewled lightly in pleasure. The second time she moaned, her lovely green eyes closed and her head thrown back. The third time...she screamed.

Her fingers were carefully working her clit, and I felt a little guilty I wasn't doing that for her, but I couldn't make myself stop. The rational part of my brain was asking what kind of woman could possess me this way, make me lose all control. The rest of me was bellowing Fook her until she screams again! and that was the part I wanted to listen to.

I slammed into that dripping cunny again and again, until I could feel her wetness slicked across the front of my trousers and her breathing hot in my ear.

Pressing her down against the large table, she went willingly. Seeing her spread out

like that, still fully dressed, sprawled flat for me, made me want to possess her even more. I pulled her arse towards me and held her thighs open while I pounded her.

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Her fingers working frantically against her nub, she blurted my name—and I loved that it was “Wulf” rather than “Yer Highness.” I loved that she was meeting me head-on, taking as much pleasure from me as I was from her. I stared at her fingers, where they disappeared into her curls right above where my cock was sliding in and out of her, and I knew I’d never seen anything so goddamn erotic in my life.

When her hand suddenly stilled, her muscles contracted around me and I knew she was coming. I pumped twice more, feeling her pussy tighten, and then she arched her back and screamed my name again.

“Wulf!”

And I lost what little control I had.

I never came in a woman, not wanting the consequences to come back and bite me in the arse.

I never came in a woman.

But I damn well came in her, and to hell with the consequences. Dimly, in the part of my brain not currently going gray and gooey from the pleasure of release, I thought I might not mind her consequences biting my arse.

I came so hard, I went numb. I bellowed wordlessly.

My toes curled and she wrapped her legs around me, urging me deeper. It felt like she was draining me, sucking at my cock until I didn’t have anything left, while she

bucked under me, totally engrossed in her own pleasure.

Excuse me, but what in the everloving shite is this?

The best orgasm of my life, in a freezing coldroom, fully dressed? What in holy fook had happened to me?

It took a massive effort to push away from her, to break the pull she seemed to have on me, to stumble away from her. All the while part of me was yelling What the hell are ye doing, dobber? Get back in there! Fook her again!

At the thought my cock twitched again, not quite as empty as I'd thought.

But I shook my head, confused and drained. That had been incredible. I'd never spent like that, so long or so hard. And she was still lying there on the table, mewling and panting, my seed dripping out of her and onto the table like some kind of icing on a deliciously sweet cake.

I wanted to devour her, but I had never been confused like this, and my reaction to her—sudden and absolute—was confusing as hell.

What the fook had she done to me? I had taken one look at her and known I had to have her. I was a prince, for fook's sake. I was used to getting what I wanted! But this time I hadn't even stopped to ask politely.

It was as if the beast side of me had taken over.

But what was really mind-bending was that she didn't seem to mind; she'd met me head on, thrust for thrust...and we'd both craved it.

I shook my head as I fumbled to tuck myself back into my trousers. I knew my voice

was trembling a little when I finally managed to awkwardly say, “I suppose asking what kind of jam ye used doesnae matter so much anymore.”

Shite. I hate feeling awkward.

She’d quit squirming, but her chest—her glorious tits, which I hadn’t even managed to reveal!—still heaved with exertion. She hadn’t moved from her place on the table where I’d fooked her, but was watching me with eyes still dulled by pleasure.

“Fig,” she said breathlessly.

“What?”

“Blue cheese and fig. It’s my favorite combination.”

And just like that, I remembered the taste of her skin, which was my new favorite flavor. I’d never be able to taste cinnamon sugar without thinking of her.

I stumbled for the back door, confused and angry that I was so thrown by her. I’d fooked her and was just leaving her? Apparently.

Princes could do that sort of thing.

I dinnae like being a prince.

Right before I climbed the steps up to the courtyard, I looked back at her. Anna was lying there right where I’d left her, her hand still resting atop her mound and my spend still dripping from her.

But she was looking right at me, and her gaze wasn’t fogged with passion this time. This time those dark green eyes were following my every move, and didn’t look

angry or disappointed or accepting or anything. She was just looking at me.

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I thought I was lost before, but seeing her looking at me that way squeezed something in my chest.

Not in the way it had when I'd first seen her and known I needed to fook her, nay. This was something else, something that made my cock twitch, aye, but also made my lungs tighten.

Something that frustrated the hell out of me.

With an angry growl, I slammed the door and stalked away from those eyes.

Chapter 4

Anna

All things considered, it was probably a miracle I still had my position.

All eyes were on me as I arrived at the kitchens the next day; some were curious, some were jealous. And there were a few—especially Isla and Elsa, the twins—who were downright hostile. Why? Because Wulf—Prince Beowulf—paid me special attention? Because he'd asked for me?

Or because he'd locked himself in the coldroom with me, and both of us had left through the backdoor?

Even as Alisa hurried over, I had to remind myself that none of them knew what happened between us. None of them knew how seriously we'd defiled a food

preparation space, and none of them knew how much I'd enjoyed it.

Which was, let's be honest: absolutely. I'd absolutely enjoyed it.

I'd absolutely loved the way he'd fooked me so hard I'd screamed his name, and I'd absolutely gone home and masturbated at the memory.

Aye, that was me. I'd finally fulfilled a long-held fantasy—being fooked by the beautifully beastly Beowulf—and even that wasn't enough for me.

When I was alone in my quarters in the servants' attics, I had pulled out my copy of *A Harlot's Guide* and tried to recapture the way he'd made me feel. The way his eyes had caught and held me, the way just his breath on my neck was enough to make me moan.

But no matter how I tried to hold on to that memory, no matter how hard I played with my clit, I couldn't make myself orgasm. That evening, on the table, I'd come harder than I ever had...but I couldn't orgasm again?

I was afraid Wulf had ruined me for anyone else—I was never going to have another orgasm as incredible as last night's, not ever again.

Damnation.

“Anna, ye are late.” Alisa ran the kitchens with an iron fist, and was even a confidant of the queen. “Her Majesty has requested yer savories again with tonight's dinner, and Prince Beowulf certainly seemed to enjoy them...”

She was hinting for information, but I kept my face blank as I pulled on my apron. She wasn't going to get any gossip from me, not when that information was a treasured secret.

Alisa seemed to understand, and sighed in defeat with a playful smile. “Ye are the best with pastry, and the lad loves good food.” She patted my arm amicably. “Do ye think ye can whip up another batch in between those berry tarts?”

I’d thrown out the dough I’d been working on yesterday—right before I scrubbed and cleaned my entire table and floor—so I was going to have to start from scratch. Still, it would give me something to focus on, instead of thinking about Wulf.

So I nodded and smiled and got to work, and found out how much trouble I really was in.

Certainly, making new pastries—ones which had been requested from the Royal Family!—was fulfilling and time-consuming. But apparently I was terrible at forgetting Wulf.

All I could think about was his lips as he bit into one of the savories he’d enjoyed.

Or his satisfied hum when he liked one of my tarts.

Or his tongue as it flicked out to catch a wayward crumb.

Or his cock, thick and hot and filled with seed, ready to pound me into oblivion while I orgasmed.

Just the thought made me hot and wet. After a few hours of work, I didn’t think I could take it anymore.

Beneath my bloomers, my thighs were damp from my desire. I was having to work with them pressed together just to keep from dripping down my legs.

Thank goodness I worked alone back here in the coldroom.

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I washed my hands and forced myself to the door. Turning the heavy iron key to lock it, I pressed my back against the steadying oak. I hiked up my apron, skirt and petticoats and, staring at the table where he'd spread me out like a buffet to be enjoyed, I dragged a finger along my cleft.

I was so wet.

Gasping, I repeated the motion, sending jolts of pleasure and longing all the way to my toes, making my backside jerk against the heavy door. I didn't think I'd ever been this wet when I'd touched myself before.

I curled my fingers up inside me, my thumb playing with my swollen slit, cupping my core as I imagined his cock thrusting in and out of me.

My breathing became hotter, heavier, as I stared at that tabletop remembering his hands on my tits, his lips on my skin.

Remembering the way his forearms strained against the fabric of his shirt and jacket. He hadn't even stopped to take off his clothes, and I couldn't think of anything more erotic than that—remembering the way his cock looked as it slid in and out of my curls.

Remembering he'd been so desperate for me he hadn't withdrawn, and instead spilled inside my core, the way he'd bellowed his pleasure for the world to hear.

Remembering the way a real man felt between my legs.

My pleasure built and built, but refused to spill over. The ache was becoming painful, I needed it, I craved it. Desperate now, I used one hand to unbutton my blouse and thrust my hand into my corset. I squeezed my nipples under my corset, trying to recreate the feel of his hands on my breasts...

But it was no use.

I wasn't going to reach that pinnacle, I wasn't going to orgasm, no matter how desperate I was for it.

I slumped against the door, realizing the truth.

Prince Beowulf had ruined me.

* * *

Wulf

“Wulf! Wulf, stand down!”

A hand on my shoulder and my brother Findlay's voice penetrated the blackness around the edges of my vision.

“Wulf, ye're killing him, for fook's sake!”

That's what it took to make me stop slamming my fist into my opponent's face, to step back, to cool off.

Christ.

It had been a long time since I'd harmed one of my own men, and this was

completely my fault. My sparring partner was just as brawny and had been on the castle guard longer than I'd been in command, but that wasn't an excuse. I knew I was stronger, faster, and I hadn't let up after I'd landed those first two hits.

Stupid dobber.

I'd been saying that about myself a lot over the last two weeks.

As we watched my man being helped out of the ring, Findlay kept his hand on my shoulder. Why? Was he afraid I'd lose control of my inner beast again? I would've scoffed, if I hadn't been breathing so heavily.

"What is wrong, Wulf?" He gave me a little shake. "Ye've got us all worried."

My breathing had calmed enough that I could snort and throw off his grip, so I crossed the courtyard and began unwinding the wrappings at my wrists. These sparring sessions had always been important to maintain our alertness, but during the last two weeks I'd been using them as an escape into oblivion—a chance to be hurt and to cause pain—and I knew that was bad...but I couldn't make myself stop.

"Wulf—"

"What?" I snapped. "Ye're worried because I hit him a few times too many?" I tried to sound flippant, but fook, that was enough to worry me.

"No," Findlay said quietly. "We're worried because ye've stopped eating. We've missed ye at dinner."

I snorted again. I couldn't imagine the family would even care if I stopped joining them for evening meals. There was no way I could eat the food I'd always loved—the pastries!—and not think of...of her.

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Of Anna, and the way she'd looked when I first saw her, studying her pastry dough. Of the way I'd stopped ordering dessert, despite my love of sweets, because my first whiff of cinnamon sugar after her had damn well brought me to my knees. Of the way she had looked when I last saw her, sprawled out on the table, her hands still stroking herself gently.

I growled, hated to be reminded of the empty feeling which had accompanied my flight from the kitchen that night.

“Ye can be angry, but I was nominated to come talk to ye.” Findlay shrugged and crossed his arms in that closed-off way of his. “Or rather, I missed dinner last night too, and Rickard oh-so-lovingly nominated me.”

Talking to me is that bad? Aye, perhaps it was...

From the corner of my eye, I watched my brother take a deep breath. “Spit it out,” I growled.

“We’ve never seen ye this bothered. I’ve never seen ye skip so many meals—”

“I’m eating,” I corrected him.

But he scoffed. “Pub fare down by the docks? That hardly counts as food.”

Damn. He was right. I missed the finer foods the castle kitchens provided. But how could I eat food she might’ve prepared?

Findlay took another deep breath. “So. Who is she?”

What? Was he reading my mind?

I whipped around and scowled.

When he saw my expression, Findlay merely shrugged, his dark eyes glinting with warning. “Calm down, Wulf. It’s just a question, and ye’ll no’ find a sparring partner in me.”

“Pity,” I muttered, turning away again, wondering how I could get out of this conversation. “Ye need a good beating.”

My brother ignored that. “There’s nothing so important ye’d stop eating the food we all ken ye love. Unless ye’ve fallen in love and—”

I laughed.

It wasn’t a nice laugh—more like a bark—but it shut him up. “Love?” I slammed my wrist-wrappings into the leather satchel I’d take down to the barracks later. “Love? I barely ken the girl! I dinnae love her.”

I’d only been balls-deep in her, only had the most intense orgasm of my life inside her. I’d spent inside her! What kind of dobber did that without knowing shite about a woman?

I’d just taken one look at her and had to have her. And I’d had her, right enough. I hadn’t been able to stop thinking about how amazing it’d been to have her, right there in the kitchen. I’d had her, and spent in her, and goddamn that had been stupid. What if I’d planted my seed in her?

The thought of Anna's body swelling with child—my child—froze my anger. A baby. I'd never before had any interest in kids, much less having my own...but I had to admit that making a baby with Anna suddenly seemed like a brilliant idea.

Made me a little breathless.

“Would ye like to?”

Findlay's quiet question startled me, and I shook my head in confusion. Like to have a baby with her? Then I realized he was talking about knowing her, loving her. The last thing I'd said aloud.

Would I like to get to know Anna better?

Despite my confusing reaction to her? Despite the fact I'd been avoiding her—avoiding any reminder of her—for two weeks?

Would I like to get to know the real her, to try to understand why she had this unnerving control over me? Would I like the chance to maybe go balls-deep inside her again?

Fook, aye.

Findlay sighed, obviously not hearing my inner monologue. “I dinnae ken who this woman is, brother, but ye're hurting for her. So invite her to dinner—no' with the family, for the love of God. Take her someplace intimate, woo her. Find out if ye've got something in common besides the obvious lust I can see written all over yer face.”

“Woo her?” I choked out.

“Aye. Find out if ye’re compatible outside the bedroom.”

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We've never been in a bedroom. I had a strict policy against bringing women to my bedroom in the castle.

Still, Findlay's idea had merit...

“And try to keep from fooking her again until ye know if ye're a good team.”

Though I glared, my brother shrugged. Findlay was never ruffled—one of his particularly annoying traits—and today was no different. Unfortunately, he had a tendency to be right about shite like this.

“Wulf, there's something about this woman which has ye rattled. She's obviously different from any other lass ye might've taken a fancy to. Ye look like Rickard did when he met Clarissa, and ye saw how quickly that turned to love. And marriage.”

Fooking perfect Rickard. After his recent wedding, he and his new wife were over-the-moon in love.

Shrugging, Findlay stepped back, his arms folded once more. “And once ye decide ye're a good match, just go ahead and marry her, whoever she is.”

What? “Marry her?”

“Aye. Father says we all have to marry, no matter how much it angers ye. Ye have a head start, if there's a woman ye haven't been able to stop thinking about. Sooo... Woo her. Get to know her. And then, for fook's sake, marry the woman so we can stop worrying about yer sorry arse.”

The slightly sardonic twist of Findlay's lips told me he was only half-joking. Perhaps the asshole was worried for me.

As he sauntered away, and I stared open-mouthed, his words ran through my head. Marry the woman.

Anna, in my bed. Anna, doing so much more than just lying there and letting me fuck her while she played with herself. Anna, her belly growing rounder with my child. Anna, my wife.

Could I do it? Could I marry her? It would make Father happy. Strange how his ultimatum seemed to irritate me less now than it did last month when he'd made it.

Marry Anna...

I'd have to get to know her a little better, of course. Figure out what it was that had drawn me to her at first sight. Could I love her?

There was only one way to find out...

Chapter 5

Anna

Anna, would you do me the honor of having dinner with me tonight? Please.

-Wulf

I read the note again as I stood in front of the small looking glass in my bedroom, although I had no need to. I had memorized it after the first four times I'd read it, and the twelve million times since then had been more about the note itself than the

words.

Studying his handwriting—bold, succinct, like he wasn't used to having to write things down. His signature—he hadn't used Prince Beowulf, but simply Wulf. And that “please”. Oh my goodness, that “please”.

I would give him anything he wanted—anything in the world—and he'd still said “please”.

Was it possible to fall in love in a matter of hours?

I'd always been half in love with him, just from the newspaper articles and castle gossip, but then to spend those few minutes with him—with him in me...! Well, I knew I'd treasure those memories.

Of course, over the last two weeks—I was surprised by my disappointment when my flux had come and gone as it always did—I'd come to accept that all I would have were memories.

He obviously hadn't been interested in me for anything other than another notch on his bedpost, but I couldn't even be angry. Certainly, he'd stolen my heart. And he'd ruined me for any other man.

But it had been worth it.

The memory of that orgasm was enough to keep me warm at night, even if I hadn't been able to replicate it, no matter how hard I tried.

And then....

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This morning, as I'd been getting ready for work in the small room I occupied in the upper floor of the castle, there'd been a knock on the door.

There stood a uniformed footman, Rufus, holding a gaily-wrapped package for me. To see Wulf's name on the note, to open the package to find this gorgeous gown...?

It was like a fairytale.

He hadn't forgotten me after all.

The gown was a deep green which matched my eyes, my favorite color to wear. How had he known? And how had he known my measurements to ensure it fit so well? I was hardly a petite woman, but the gown hugged my curves and fell in a shimmering pool of silk to the floor. It was cut high, which I couldn't have predicted. I'd assumed any gown Wulf chose would be one to expose my body, but this...

Well, in truth, my body was exposed in interesting ways. My arms were bare, which felt strange, and the little cap sleeves fell just over my shoulders. I'd arranged my hair as well I could, pulling the sides off my cheeks and forehead, but allowing the rest to cascade down my back. That helped to hide some of the skin back there I'd never revealed to the public before.

Nay, it wasn't too revealing of a gown, but I still felt exposed. Naughty.

With my small looking glass I couldn't see the full effect of the gown, but my hands rose to cup my breasts through the deep green silk. This was the gown a lady would wear; the kind of lady who would dine with a prince.

And tonight, I wasn't going to wear a corset under this gown. I wasn't going to wear anything. With the size of my breasts, I suspected anyone who looked at me would be able to tell, but since I was assuming we'd just be trotting down to Wulf's chambers, I didn't think it mattered.

Besides, twisting and turning to be able to see more of my reflection in the tiny looking glass, I had to admit I looked...

Beautiful.

I swallowed, wondering what Wulf would think when we met.

A knock on my door startled me, and I scrambled to find the simple shoes—more like slippers really—included in the package. I wrenched open the door, breathless, expecting to see Rufus again.

It was Wulf.

The beastly prince of Faencairn had personally come up to the top floor of the castle to collect me from the servants' quarters...

And he was gorgeous.

I thought he'd looked magnificent in his casual elegance when I'd met him in person.

But he was positively stunning in formal wear, all of his primal masculinity barely contained in perfectly tailored black and white. Too bad those forearms were covered. For now.

"Hello." I finally remembered how to make my brain work.

...right up until he smiled, and then it seemed to stop working again. Oh goodness! He was somehow even more attractive when he smiled.

“Anna, ye look delectable.”

I blushed, not expecting compliments. I mean, I should have, if he was trying to get me into bed again, but I likely didn't deserve them; surely he'd had dinner with more attractive women?

If his goal was making love to me again, I didn't need the compliments. I was his already.

“Thank ye.” I smoothed my hand down the silk. “And thank ye for the dress, Yer Highness. It's the nicest I've ever worn.”

“Wulf,” he corrected, his voice sounding strained as he corrected me. “Ye...ye deserve all the nice things.”

It was an odd thing to say, and even odder was the way he was looking at me, so intently. I had assumed he was there to try to woo me into bed again; although it was unnecessary, it was incredibly sweet.

But the way he was looking at me made me wonder if there was more to this evening...

I had no reticule, no wrap, no gloves...so when he offered me his arm, I took it, somewhat in a daze.

This was me, on the arm of a prince! This was me, all-but-tripping down the servants' steps to the family wing of the castle!

This was me, smiling up at Wulf, and he was smiling down at me!

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When I'd received his note and had to request an evening off from Alisa, I'd assumed we'd be dining in his chambers. Frankly, there'd be a bed nearby. Surely that's what he was interested in from me?

So I was surprised when he led me to the back stairwell and out into the stable yard. I knew this was where he trained, but we surely weren't there to discuss the prowess of the Royal Guard.

Instead he helped me into a lavish black carriage, painted with gold trim and the Royal family's crest. I felt a little numb.

"Ye ken, ye dinnae have to do this, Yer Highness."

"Wulf," he gently corrected as he slid in beside me. "And do what?"

Was I blushing? I was likely blushing. "Treat me like a lady."

His grin was wicked. "Ye are a lady, if I say ye are. I can treat ye any way I like."

It was impossible not to smile at his cockiness. "Royal prerogative?"

He winked. "Smart lass."

And I had to chuckle.

As the carriage trundled out of the castle compound and toward the capital city, I became more nervous. We were going out in public? With me dressed like...this?

Wulf twined his fingers through mine. It was a simple gesture, but it set me at ease, somehow.

I didn't know what the evening would bring, but I knew I would enjoy myself. I was with him.

We made light conversation—which wasn't at all awkward, despite our last interaction. When we arrived at the restaurant, the maître-d' and waiters seemed beside themselves with pleasure to serve Wulf and his latest light-o-love.

Or...mistress?

Is that what they thought I was? Is that what I was? I'd allowed him to make love to me in my kitchen with barely a dozen words spoken to one another. There were much worse names for a woman who did that than "mistress".

Who would have thought I'd ever be a prince's mistress? I giggled at the thought, which earned me an indulgent smile from Wulf I felt all the way down in my core.

He'd taken me to Petite Chou-Fleur, the fanciest restaurant in all of Faencairn. My father had been a pastry chef; he'd taught me all I knew, and he'd worked here before I was born. That was the only way a person like me would have been welcome in a restaurant like this; as a servant. It was bizarre indeed to be seated with bows and murmurs of respect.

It was only then that I realized we were the only people in the restaurant. "Strange," I murmured to Wulf, "I thought this place would be verra busy."

He seemed oddly awkward as he fiddled with his goblet. "I...made arrangements."

"Arrangements?"

“To...have the place to ourselves. I wanted nothing to distract ye—us...from each other.”

Oh.

He'd bought out Petite Chou-Fleur? Nay, he was a prince, and I needed to remember that.

Didn't I?

“What should we order?” he suddenly asked. “I cannae imagine anything would taste as good as ye.”

“My savories, ye mean?” Was I flirting? I was definitely flirting, wasn't I?

He smirked. “I said what I meant. Let's order everything, aye?”

And I had to laugh.

The man clearly loved to eat, and I was excited to try such an incredible menu. It was easier to imagine having a dinner with Wulf, rather than a royal prince...

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Surprisingly, despite my nervousness and generally out-of-my-elementness, I managed to relax before the first course was through. Petite Chou-Fleur served multiple courses, each complete with a wine pairing, and each course was a perfect little morsel of deliciousness.

Wulf ordered two servings for himself, and that—more than anything else—was what set me at ease.

The man was built like a Greek god—maybe Hephaestus—and he certainly did love to eat. His enjoyment of food—those little growls of pleasure he was making when the poached salmon with mousseline sauce came out—were adorable enough to make me fall in love all over again.

At first, the conversation revolved around the food we were eating, and I was surprised how interested he was in my opinions and suggestions. I supposed I shouldn't be, since I did know all about food, but it was surprising that a prince could care what I thought, no matter how much he enjoyed the topic.

By the eighth course, conversation had turned more intimate. It turned out he already knew all about me.

When I mentioned my father's stint at Petite Chou-Fleur, he nodded as if he knew.

“We have files on all our servants,” he said, shrugging as he sipped the burgundy which paired with the roasted squab. “But even if we didnae, I would've hired someone to find out whatever they could about ye. I wanted to ken everything.”

Well, he was a prince. I supposed violating privacy on his subjects was just one of his rights. “Are ye always this thorough when ye’re trying to get some woman to—ah.” I remembered we were in public. “Be yer companion for the evening?”

He stared at me over his wine glass, those blue eyes turning stormy and sensual. Finally, he said, “Nay. But ye’re no’ just some woman.”

I blushed. Surely what we’d done in the kitchen hadn’t been so unusual to him? Surely he fooked women in passing all the time?

Or had our immediate attraction been proof of something...something more on his part?

“Tell me what ye ken of A Harlot’s Guide,” he suddenly barked, his gaze intense over the rim of his glass.

My blush was immediate, and I glanced around to see if any of the waiters had heard the question. But we were seated in an alcove, and the staff were giving us maximum privacy.

Still, I lowered my voice and my gaze. “What do ye mean?”

“It’s the only book I’ve read since I finished school, and I’ve read it forward and backward.”

I peeked up at him, and he grinned like his namesake and set down his glass.

“Some nights I’ve read it multiple times, if ye ken what I mean.”

I felt myself growing breathless. Was he...was he admitting to touching himself while he examined the ancient catalog of sexual positions?

“So, what I’m asking, Anna, is how ye ken it. Do ye own a copy?”

“Yes, Yer Highness.” I found myself answering with an impish grin as I reached for my own wine glass. “Although sometimes I just read it for the pictures.”

I could tell from the way his nostrils flared that he was picturing what exactly I did while looking at the pictures, so I decided to tease him a bit more.

Taking the time to carefully cut a piece of the squab, I popped it into my mouth and savored the burst of flavors.

He watched my lips.

After I swallowed, I dragged my tongue across them, then grinned. “Sometimes,” I whispered, leaning toward him, “I only use the illustrations for general guidelines. I like to imagine my face on the women. And as for the man in the illustrations...”

His knuckles had whitened as his hand—casually resting against the white tablecloth—curled into a fist. “Who?” he rasped, as if he couldn’t quite make his voice work.

My grin grew. “Why, ye, Yer Highness. For many years now, I’ve imagined yer face on that man, the man I was imagining doing things to me.”

In other words, I’d spent the years since I’d become a woman imagining him fooking me breathless, please and thank you.

His gorgeous eyes widened slightly as he stared at me. Stared in a way that made me wonder what he was thinking; it made me hot and cold and deliciously tingly all at once.

Made me want to skip the best meal of my life just to get him back into the carriage and take our clothes off.

Finally, he dropped his gaze to his wineglass. “Ye’ve been...interested in me?”

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Oh, dear God. Was the man nervous? I'd made a prince nervous? A man who could have literally any woman in the country, and was sitting here with me, and I'd made him nervous?

Instinctively, my hand covered his free one on the table beside his plate. "I've been interested in ye for a long time, Wulf."

At the sound of his name his eyes flicked to mine once more, and he smiled. Not the sensual smile he'd given when he'd arrived at my door, and not the beastly smile—more of a snarl—he gave after one of the sparring sessions I'd watched.

But a smile of genuine joy that reached down into my heart and stomach and lower and squeezed until I thought I might burst from the perfection of it.

Aye...I was in love.

Chapter 6

Wulf

I think I'm in love.

Absolutely everything I'd learned about Anna told me she would be a good match for me: the perfect size, the perfect shape. She was tall enough, curvy enough I didn't have to worry about breaking her...and was witty as hell.

She was intelligent in the way I could appreciate; not like Findlay, with his nose in a

book all the time, but intelligent about the world and people around her. She worked for a living, and I could respect that...even before I'd had a taste of her "work".

I was beginning to think I was trying to talk myself into marrying her for her fig-and-blue-cheese tarts.

Marriage?

That's what Father wanted, after all. Us brothers to find wives. He didn't say they had to be proper wives, ladies of elegance and breeding like Rickard's Clarissa...just wives who would make us happy.

I'd spent the last weeks beating myself up—sometimes literally—because I couldn't stand the way I'd used Anna. I wasn't that kind of man; I wasn't like Rickard—fookin' perfect Rickard—who liked his women on their knees. I wasn't like Findlay, whom I doubted knew what to do with a woman. I liked women who could meet me head-on, who took their own pleasure from my body.

And she owned her own copy of *A Harlot's Guide*.

The memory of Anna lying on that table, fingering her own clit, had been simultaneously the biggest arousal and the biggest moment of guilty remorse of my life.

I'd used her, and while it had been amazing, the way she knew how to bring herself pleasure...it also meant I hadn't been the one to do that for her. To bring her pleasure. She didn't need me.

I'd used her body, and hadn't had the decency to apologize or bring her to her peak...and she'd still agreed to dinner with me!

Tonight, everything I'd learned about her told me I wanted another chance. Another chance to fook her, to make love to her...to spend the rest of my life setting things right.

“Marry me, Anna.”

She choked on her salad.

I handed her a glass of water and grinned while she gulped it down.

Finally, she seemed to compose herself. “What did ye say?” she asked, half-laughing, half-shocked.

I suppose I shouldn't have sprung it on her like that.

I winced. “I asked ye to marry me, although I'll admit it was an awkward proposal.”

“Ye want me to—?” She cut off her question, laughing even harder now. “I cannae marry ye!”

Well, shite. Asking a woman to marry him certainly could destroy a man's ego. “Why no'?”

“Because ye're a prince. I'm one of yer servants.”

“Nay,” I corrected. “Ye're a brilliant pastry chef who happens to work for my family. And ye ken I love food.”

“Aye, but ye don't love...well, me.”

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That's where she was wrong. "I care for ye, Anna."

At her scoff of disbelief, I reached across the table to snag her hand and began to run little circles into her palm.

Just as when I'd offered her my arm in the corridor of the servant's wing, she gave a little shudder at my touch. Had she shuddered that night in the kitchen, when I'd touched her? I couldn't remember, but I was damn well going to find out when I fooked her again.

"Anna," I began, still not sure how to put my feelings into words, but determined to try. "I'm no' the crown prince, and the way Rickard and his new wife have been going at it, there'll be an announcement soon enough."

Her eyes widened. "A bairn?"

"If fooking perfect Rickard has anything to say about it, aye. Once that happens, I willnae even be needed as a spare heir to the throne." I squeezed her hand. "Do ye understand? I might be a prince, but I'm no' a royal fixture of the palace in the way my brother is. So I've found my place in this world, doing what I like to do."

When she smiled softly at me, I felt it in my chest. Her green eyes perfectly matched the color of that dress—and apparently my ability to judge a woman's measurements had been spot-on, because the gown fit her like a second skin—and those eyes seemed to sparkle with something just for me. I swallowed.

"Earlier this year, my father commanded us to marry, which was a hell of a surprise,

let me tell ye. Rickard did it in his own way, and I'm ready to do it in my own way. On my terms." I took a deep breath. "I get to choose, and I want a woman who'll stand beside me, who shares my..." Why was this so hard? "My...passion, I guess."

Passion? Ye dobber, ye're making a hash of this.

I had to clear my throat, not sure how to confess this next part. "When I walked into that kitchen, I was only there to compliment ye on yer dish, maybe ask ye a few questions. But the moment I saw ye, something changed. I kenned ye were going to be mine, I kenned ye could match me. Yer eyes called to me, and though that confused the fook out of me, I kenned there was something special between us. Something important. Something that wasnae going to be satisfied with just one night."

Under mine, her hand flipped over until her fingers were twined through mine. Equals, even if I was a prince.

"I havenae been able to get over that night, Wulf. No' just that I cannae forget it..." She blushed slightly, and her eyes went to my lips. "But I cannae get ye out of my head. Yer taste. Yer scent."

I groaned, then groaned again when her tongue flicked out over her lips. "Woman, ye're reading my mind."

"Truly?" She lifted one perfect auburn brow impishly. "I wonder if ye can read my mind."

And her slow grin—and the way her eyes raked over my chest—made it clear exactly what she was thinking.

"Fook, aye," I snarled. I needed her. Needed to feel her skin, wrapped around mine.

I was already holding her hand, so it was no effort at all to stand up and tug her upright. She stumbled slightly—was it the wine?—and fell against me, and my inner beast howled in anticipation. The carriage was right outside, and I didn't know if I could wait even that long to taste her again.

I'd worry about settling the bill later. After I'd convinced Anna to be my wife.

Chapter 7

Anna

I was laughing as we sprinted down Petite Chou-Fleur's steps—in those fancy slippers, no less!—towards the carriage. The laughter was half joy, half incredulity.

He wanted to marry me! He wanted to marry me? Me?

But his words! Oh my goodness, his words. It was as though he'd been reading my mind, which he accused me of doing! All of those things he'd said about me were things I'd been thinking about him, and it had been wonderful to hear him say them.

When he pulled me against his chest, I felt the thick bulge in his trousers and knew he wanted me again as much as I wanted him. And that's why I was laughing as we tumbled into the carriage; whatever sweet words he'd said, whatever proposal he'd made, they didn't matter as much as the intense need between us.

"Take the scenic route home," Wulf snapped to the driver before the door shut, leaving us in the opulent interior.

I fell against the squabs, my gown hiking up on one side. I didn't have time to be embarrassed at my desperate clumsiness before Wulf threw himself down beside me. As the carriage began to accelerate, he traced the edge of the gown's neckline,

sending shivers down my spine.

“Do ye ken how hard it’s been to sit across from ye all night and no’ touch ye?” he growled.

Yeah, definitely a growl. I shivered, partly from his touch and partly from the way his voice reverberated in my core.

“I picked this damn gown out myself, and it’s been torture, imagining how yer tits would look in it. This little dip right here” –he dragged his fingertip down my cleavage— “has been driving me mad.”

Had there been a moment I thought I wasn’t too exposed in this gown? The way he was looking at me made me breathless.

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My skin itched all over. I wanted him to touch me. I wanted to touch him. I needed to get out of this gown...

With my shoulders bare, it was easy enough to shove the sleeves down further. His eyes widened at the realization I wore no chemise under the silk, then his lips curled into a devilish grin.

When I went to tug the gown down even further, his hands stopped me.

“Please. Let me.”

There’s that please again. A prince, asking me for a favor. I sighed in pleasure and melted against the seat. He could do whatever he wanted to me.

His gorgeous blue eyes never left mine as he tugged, then wriggled, then tugged some more.

When my breasts popped free of the confining silk, I sighed in relief, and his gaze dropped to them.

“Sweet fook,” he whispered reverently, his hands curling into fists. “These things are incredible.”

I smiled when I realized he looked like a starving man handed a delicious, plump pastry. I’d done that to him! Stifling a little giggle of joy, I arched my back and loved the way he groaned.

I licked my lips, knowing I couldn't wait much longer for him to touch me.

“Anna.” His gaze met mine once more. “I want to taste ye. I need to kiss ye.”

Was he asking my permission? He was a prince, a powerful fighter, a beast in bed...and he was asking my permission, the same way he'd asked me to marry him.

How could I deny him anything? Why would I want to?

I didn't answer him, but reached up to twine my fingers into the hair at the base of his neck, and pull him towards me. When our lips met, I thought the heat would scorch me.

He had the most perfect lips; firm and soft all at once. They pulled at mine, teased my tongue, drove me clear out of my mind until I was groping at him, both arms wrapped around his neck, not caring where the carriage was taking us, only that we were together.

And when his hands finally—finally!—reached up to cup my breasts, I nearly came off the seat. His thick thumb brushed across my right nipple while he squeezed the other, and the sensation left me panting against his mouth.

He twisted the little bud, and it was like someone had strung a wire straight to my core. I could feel the wetness gathering between my thighs, and pressed my legs together in an attempt to keep the silk of the gown clean.

Because, suspecting—hoping—this might be where the night was headed, I had chosen to wear absolutely nothing beneath the spill of green silk.

“Anna,” he muttered against my mouth, “I need to taste ye.”

Wasn't that what we were doing? Because I was tasting all of him! The wine from dinner was still on his tongue...and so was I.

I must've nodded, judging by the way he pulled away so quickly.

I didn't have time to be confused before he'd slid off the seat beside me to kneel on the tight floor of the rocking carriage. I reached for him, thinking he must've fallen, but his left hand on my right breast stopped me. He rolled the nipple between his thumb and forefinger while the other three fingers kneaded at the plump orb, and I forgot about being concerned any longer.

I moaned, arching under his touch, and that was apparently the only encouragement he needed. The next thing I knew, my gown was bunched up around my knees and his other hand was on my ankle, then my calf and my knee and my thigh...

Wulf's shoulders were wide enough that when he moved between my legs I had to stretch my knees apart wider than I expected. I felt the cold night air on my curls right before he bent his face towards them. His breath was warm against my core, and I moaned at the delicious sensation.

"Ye hussy," Wulf moaned softly. "Nay bloomers..."

Then he tasted me. His tongue—which had so recently been in my mouth—lapped and teased my lower lips, tasting the most intimate of my juices.

The Invasion of Brussels, page seventy-nine.

He'd read A Harlot's Guide. Had he studied these positions? Had he practiced them?

I was breathless from the pleasure and the anticipation. The aching need, after spending two weeks without release. I never expected him—a prince!—to do

something like this for me, but now I understood what he'd meant by tasting me. Judging from his groans of pleasure, he was enjoying it as much as I was.

Then his lips moved northward, and I stopped being able to concentrate on anything other than intense pleasure. His tongue circled the bud of my pleasure, my core, my clitoris. His lips sucked at the tiny nub and I almost screamed.

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His fingers tightened on my breast, and the flash of pain only served to heighten the way his other hand was caressing my inner thigh. Then he eased two of those fingers inside me, all the while his tongue played with my pearl...and I knew I was going to orgasm on my prince's face.

The pressure began building around his fingers and against his face. And I knew he knew, because I could feel him smiling. Holy God, that sensation was the best yet!

"See?" he hummed against my core. "We could spend the rest of our lives doing this."

What? Oh, he'd suggested marriage. At that moment, I couldn't remember a single good reason to object. All I could think about was how good he felt, how good I felt, and how good it had felt when he'd fooked me on that table.

The memory of that evening, of his huge cock ramming into me like a beast, set me over the edge. I felt my inner muscles tighten around his fingers and I pressed my clitoris closer to his mouth.

But right before I went spiraling over that cliff, Wulf pulled away long enough to look up at me and smile. I don't think I've ever seen anything so erotic as a gorgeous man kneeling between my legs, his face covered in my liquid desire, smiling seductively up at me.

Until he spoke.

"Marry me, Anna."

That was when he leaned forward once more and, without breaking eye contact, dragged his tongue along my cleft to circle the pearl of my pleasure.

And I exploded all over him.

“Aye, Wulf!” I screamed, not even caring what I was agreeing to, or what my objections had been, as my orgasm crashed over me in waves of bliss. “Aye! Aye!”

Chapter 8

Wulf

When your mother is the queen, it’s really damned impressive, all the things which can be organized in a matter of hours.

After Anna had come on my tongue, I wanted to fook her more than I wanted my next breath. But I’d already disrespected her once, and I wouldn’t again. I wanted her, aye, but I was going to wait until we were married.

Now she’d agreed to marry me, I wasn’t going to push my luck. I’d be able to make love to her—practice the positions described in *A Harlot’s Guide*—for the rest of our lives.

Unfortunately, my cock didn’t take that as any consolation, and I all but tripped down the stairs to the family quarters, finding it difficult to walk with a cockstand. Luckily no one stopped me on the way to my chambers and I was able to fall into one of the large leather chairs in front of the empty hearth, my hands already fumbling with my trousers.

I pulled out my cock, rested my head against the chair, and closed my eyes. I stroked slowly, remembering her taste.

Her cunny had been the best thing I'd ever put in my mouth, and I was a gourmand. Anna's pussy? It beat everything I'd ever tasted. I licked my lips, tasting the memory of her, and stroked my palm up and down my shaft.

I came with a soft grunt, imagining my hand was her wet core, milking me.

It wasn't nearly as good as the real thing, but it was enough to hold me over until the wedding.

Had I wanted to fook her that night? Obviously. But I was still ashamed by how I'd treated her in that kitchen, whatever had come over me.

After the wedding, we'd fook however and whenever we wanted... And if that included the kitchen, I'd enjoy that too. Hell, I'd let Alisa and the others watch—even the twins. I'd finally found the woman I wanted to spend my life with.

The woman I loved.

Mother was, of course, ecstatic.

The family was still at dinner when I walked in. I nodded to Rickard's wife, ignored my father completely, and told my mother I'd found the woman I wanted to marry and she should have something arranged immediately.

I supposed that meant a few days, at the very most, and I was already trying to come up with a logical argument to convince Anna to spend time with me rather than the kitchens. Little did I realize a royal wedding could be arranged in a matter of hours.

Literally, overnight.

And that's how I found myself standing in the castle's chapel, Findlay by my side,

watching Rickard—I couldn't even be irritated with him today—walk down the aisle with the most beautiful woman in Creation.

My woman.

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Anna's thick auburn hair was flowing down her back in a cascade of curls, with some kind of tiny white flower woven throughout. She was holding a bouquet of ivy and white roses...and she was wearing the dress. The dark green silk which matched her eyes; the one I'd picked out. The one she'd worn last night; the one which showed off her stunning tits to perfection.

Was she wearing anything under it? I sure as shite hoped not.

I didn't know why had she chosen it, instead of something more traditional. Perhaps she didn't have any other gowns?

I didn't care about the reasoning; she was fooking intoxicating, fooking delicious, and I swore I could taste her cinnamon sugar on my lips.

The wedding was...well, how the hell should I know? I wasn't paying attention to any of it. All I could concentrate on was the feeling of Anna's arm in mine, her body pressed against my side. The knowledge that in a few short hours, I'd have her in my bed.

We didn't even make it that far. Matushka had arranged a party—a feast, likely, knowing her—but I lost all interest in it after the priest said I could kiss Anna.

I grabbed her face in my rough palms, pressed my lips to hers...and completely lost track of time, place, and company. When one of my brothers clapped me on the shoulder and pulled me out of that kiss, Anna's flowers were on the altar, her hands were up under my jacket, and I was this close to tugging down her neckline so her tits would fall out in front of everyone.

To hell with that.

I grabbed her hand, nodded to my parents, and dragged her back up the aisle, thanking God there was no one else in the chapel besides my family. A big affair like Rickard's wedding would've made it hard to escape, but I was determined.

Judging by Anna's flushed cheeks and panting breaths—sweet holy fook, her tits did nice things when she breathed like that—she agreed.

I took her to my suite.

I'd lived here my entire life, and had never taken a woman here. I'd fooked plenty, but always elsewhere. Now Anna was my wife, we could make love anywhere we damn well pleased...but we were going to start here.

I pulled her through the thick oak doorway and slammed it closed behind her. The next moment, her arms were around me, and her tongue was doing all sorts of things to mine.

We stumbled slightly, falling back against the door, and her head would've smacked the wood if my hand hadn't been behind it, protecting her. As it was, the impact drove her tits against my chest and I groaned from the pleasure of it.

Me jerking my own cock last night apparently hadn't helped matters; I was about to cum all over the inside of this blasted suit.

"Anna," I gasped out around her lips. "Anna, I need to get ye naked, or I'm going to fook ye up against this door."

As genteel warnings went, it left a lot to be desired. She grinned and reached up to tug at the neckline of that gorgeous gown. Just like last night, she wore nothing

beneath it, thank Christ. Just like last night, her tits came tumbling out in the most wonderful, gravity-defying bounce.

Then she reached for me, and I was stunned—and turned on even more—when I heard a rip, and realized she was holding my necktie. She was as strong as I was and met me head-on.

She wasn't one to stand there submissively and let me fook her, and that's why I loved her.

That, and the way she smiled wickedly when she said, "Ye first."

Chapter 9

Anna

Making love up against the door sounded fine to me! Wulf—my husband, I kept reminding myself incredulously—was just as desperate as I was, and I was fairly desperate.

But first things first: he'd seen me topless and bottomless, and I'd never seen anything more than his impressive cock and gorgeous forearms.

I needed him naked. Now.

Dropping his ripped bowtie—sorry no' sorry—I grabbed his jacket and pushed it over his shoulders. He smiled wickedly and helped pull the thing off. Before it had even hit the floor I'd gone to work on the stupid little buttons on his shirt, but I couldn't seem to make my fingers work.

With a chuckle, he pushed my hands out of the way, grabbed both sides of the shirt,

and ripped the whole thing down the middle. I laughed too—not purely in joy, but at the sight of his bare chest.

Oh my God, but it was gorgeous.

He was gorgeous.

And he was all mine.

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My fingers shook as I reached out to touch his chest, and I didn't even notice when he shucked the rest of his shirt or began to unbutton his trousers. All I knew was I needed to touch him. He was warm, his hairs tickling my palms in the most wonderful way when I flattened them against his chest.

I suddenly, desperately needed to feel more of him.

While his hands fumbled with his buttons, I reached around his back and pulled myself to him.

Oh God, I was such a sucker for back muscles, and my prince had them coming and going.

We both sucked in a small breath of wonder when my tits flatted against his chest, and I couldn't help but moan in pleasure as the hairs on his chest brushed against my nipples.

He was so damn sexy, and he was all mine.

The next thing I knew, we were both standing there naked. He must've been busy while I was in that haze, but I couldn't fault him. I stepped back and hummed in pleasure as I saw that lovely cock jutting up so large and proud from a thick patch of hair.

All that hair made me want to drag my fingernails through it. When I did, he shivered deliciously. My palms itched to touch that cock, so I did; I wrapped both hands around it, and stroked it a few times. It was so smooth and firm, all at once, and it

made me want to taste it—The Suppliant Swan, page twelve.

“Anna,” he growled, warningly. “If ye keep that up, we’re not going to make it to the bed.”

Good. I smiled up at him. “I believe I was promised a fooking up against the door?”

The Soldier and the Crucible, page eighteen.

My core was so wet already, just thinking about it, and when he growled again and wrapped his arms around me, I swear I almost came right then and there.

He lifted me and I wrapped my legs around his waist, right before my back hit the hard oak door. Like he had a few moments before, Wulf protected me, but I still gasped in pleasure to feel him pressing me against the wood.

As his cock slid into my dripping core, I moaned. God, but it felt good, to be trapped between him and solid oak, to be suspended in midair as if I weighed nothing.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and let myself go.

He began slowly, his thrusts little more than easing in and out. I was sure he was doing it to tease me, so I wriggled against him. He dug his fingers into my arse, lifting me higher to adjusted his stance...and I knew I was in for the experience of a lifetime.

With each thrust, he rammed into me deeper and deeper. I squeezed my legs around him, trying to gain some friction against my clitoris, near-blinded from the pleasure of his delicious cock pumping in and out of me.

I wanted—needed—to touch myself, but couldn’t from this position. I was pinned in

the most wonderful way, and he was doing whatever the hell he wanted to me.

It was everything I dreamed of.

“Wulf,” I gasped out. “I love ye.”

Instantly, he stilled.

“What?” he panted.

I could see sweat beads already forming on his temples, and wondered if that was from exertion or from holding his passion in check.

“I said I love ye.” I reached up to brush a few hairs off his forehead. “I think I’ve loved ye for a long time, but the last few days have been...magical.”

He groaned, and buried his face in my neck. Not the reaction I was hoping for, but I adored the way he felt against me.

“Why’d ye have to go and say that?” he mumbled against my skin.

My heart lurched and my body stiffened. What was that supposed to mean? “Wulf?” I asked hesitantly.

“Because I love ye too, and I can’t fook the woman I love up against the door on our wedding night.”

I love ye too. I began to laugh in sheer joy, feeling the joy clear down to my cunny, where I was wrapped around him in the most intimate way.

After a heartbeat, he joined me in chuckling, and then we were both moving together.

Chapter 10

Wulf

It was my goddamn wedding night and I'd lost control of the beast inside myself again. Anna deserved flowers and silk and softness, and instead I'd dragged her out of her wedding, ripped our clothes off, and fooked her up against the door.

But she wanted that, I reminded myself. Perhaps that just meant she was my perfect match, something I'd known all along.

Still holding her up, my forehead against her collarbone, I turned towards my bed. Our bed. The bed no other woman had ever been in; the bed I wanted her in for the rest of our lives.

She was still laughing when she landed and bounced a little on the mattress, but she quickly pulled herself up onto her hands and knees. She grinned at me over her shoulder, and wiggled her ass a little at me.

Oh, so that's how ye want it? The Auld Furry Weasel was one of my favorite positions, because it made me feel fooking powerful.

I loved that she loved that too.

And I loved that she was still smiling; I loved that she took so much joy in the way we fooked. I wouldn't ever get tired of that, I knew.

Grabbing her hips, I pulled her closer to the edge of the bed, and aligned my cock—still glistening from her juices—with her weeping opening. She shifted backwards with an erotic little groan, and I knew she wanted this as much as I did. Perhaps later I'd tease her, make her beg or make her wait on my pleasure. But tonight I wanted us on this journey together.

When I pushed into her she moaned again, and I joined her. Sweet holy fuck that felt good.

Her inner muscles squeezed at me, tugging me closer to my orgasm. When I pulled out slightly, they grasped, as if desperate to have me back, and I was all too happy to oblige.

My first thrusts were calm, almost gentle, but it was a thigh clenching struggle. I wanted to pound her, but I also wanted her to enjoy our wedding night. I couldn't do that if I let the beast loose.

It wasn't until she began to rock, fucking my cock, that I realized the truth: she wanted me to take her hard. She didn't mind if I acted like a beast; it actually heightened her enjoyment.

So I let loose; fucking her as hard as I had that night in the kitchen. Nae holding back, and nae regrets.

From her little gasps of pleasure each time my cock slammed against her core, I knew she was loving it too.

Her cunny began to quiver, I knew she was close.

I pressed down on her upper back, bending her against the pillows. Her free hand moved to reach down and play with her clitoris, and I loved that. I loved that she took

as much pleasure in her body as I did, and I was so goddamn excited to explore that with her.

Later. I was panting now, trying to reign in my own pleasure. Later, when we do this again.

Because hell yes I'd be fucking her again tonight. It was my job as her beast to make sure she was fulfilled.

At that thought, I felt my ballocks tighten. I needed to spend that deep inside her, up against her womb, as soon as possible.

But I wanted her to come too. I couldn't be selfish, not any longer. My wife's pleasure was my responsibility.

With her fingers still frantically working her clit, and her muscles spasming around me, I knew it was almost time for her. So I did what any kind husband would do; I wiped my thumb through her pussy juices to get it nice and lubricated, then pushed it into her arsehole.

She stilled for just a moment, then moaned in pleasure and began to move frantically, riding my cock. It was only a few seconds later that her muscles began to pulse around me, and her panting turned to little groans as she began to orgasm.

That knowledge—and the sight of her riding my cock while my thumb was in her arsehole, all that gorgeous auburn hair spilling across my pillows—sent me over the edge too. I anchored myself against her with a grip on her hip, and began to pump frantically as I emptied what had to be the entire contents of my ballocks against her womb.

Sweet holy hell.

We rode the waves of pleasure together, panting in tandem and moaning in tune. She was the most delicious thing I'd ever tasted, and now I knew she was my most perfect partner.

“I love ye.”

I leaned down to press a kiss on the center of her back. And as much as I wanted to stay inside her forever, I also wanted to hold her—and play with those magnificent tits. So I gently pulled out, and marveled at how stunning her cunny looked with my spend dripping from her.

Like the most delicious pastry ever made.

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And she was all mine.

* * *

Anna

I smiled at I collapsed on the green duvet which covered the large bed. It would have to be large; it was Wulf's. And since I was now his wife, it was mine too.

It was still so hard to believe that I could belong to a prince, and he could belong to me, but I could no longer doubt it.

"Mmmmm," I hummed when he gathered me in his arms and pulled me up against his chest. "Ye're amazing."

"Me?"

When he chuckled, I felt it reverberate through my heart and my core.

"Ye're the one who makes me lose control."

I snuggled my arse tighter against his fading erection. "Maybe I like ye when ye lose control, my prince."

"Yer prince, eh? I like the sound of that." He squeezed me. "That makes ye my princess, ye ken."

I laughed out loud as I twisted in his hold until I was facing him. “Dinnae be silly. I cannae be yer princess.” I remembered what he said about being a servant. “I’m yer pastry chef.”

“Aye.” He kissed my forehead, then my nose. “And I’m the luckiest damn gourmand in all of Faencairn.”

I smiled as our lips met. “Just Faencairn?” I prompted around his kisses, reaching down to tug on his cock.

I felt it stiffen once more as he chuckled. “Perhaps the world.”

“That’s right, my prince,” I murmured as I rose up to my knees and trailed kisses down his chest to the patch of curls his cock now jutted proudly from. Right before I locked my lips around that delicious beast, I smirked up at him. “And I’m going to prove it.”

Epilogue

Wulf

“Isn’t he just perfect?” Anna whispered to me as we stepped out of Rickard’s royal suite of rooms and pulled the door closed behind us. “Just so tiny and absolutely perfect.”

“Eh.” I shrugged with a grin. “He’s aright.”

She knocked her shoulder with mine, knowing I was joking. I’d mellowed on Rickard over the last year, but it was still a little irritating how the man always managed to be so damn perfect.

His first child—Prince Iain—was no exception, and even I had to admit the infant was adorable. My parents were over-the-moon excited and were already talking about more grandbabies.

I grabbed Anna's hand and pulled her towards me. "Ye looked amazing in there, holding that bairn."

She blushed but didn't look away. I loved that about her; she was my equal, even if she was suddenly elevated from pastry chef to princess. After all, I might be a prince, but I was also just the captain of the guard, "the Beast of Faencairn".

We were all someone different underneath, and I loved that she saw the real me...and loved me for it.

I pressed her up against the wall of the corridor, not caring who saw when I kissed my wife. And she, instead of being embarrassed, wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me back.

"Anna," I growled against her skin, "I love ye. Ye looked so damn perfect in there with that infant. Makes me want to take ye back to our rooms and put a bairn in ye right now."

I pictured it: Anna, on her back in our bed, maybe with her arse held up in the air with a pillow; me fooking hard and fast while she played with herself. The Falconer and the Oyster—it was one of our favorite positions. At the moment.

Maybe she'd even fondle her tits with her other hand, the same way she had that first night together. The night she confused me so much, got under my skin. I think I fell in love with her that very evening, when I went to find out about blue cheese savories...

“Too late.”

Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am

Her words penetrated my memories, but didn't make any sense. "Too late?"

Anna's palms framed my cheeks, and she pressed our foreheads together. "It's too late to put a bairn in me, my prince. Ye did that about six weeks ago."

She pulled her head back and grinned at my stunned expression.

I'm going to be a father?

When she nodded at my unspoken question, I began to chuckle. She joined me, and soon we were wrapped in each other's arms, standing in the corridor outside the Crown Prince's suite, laughing like idiots.

I swept her up in my arms. "Truly, Anna? Ye're going to have a bairn?"

She nodded and tightened her grip around my neck. "Yer bairn, Wulf. I've never been happier."

I kissed her while walking her back to our rooms. I had to show her how happy I was, and my cockstand strained against my trousers at the opportunity.

"I love ye, my sweet."

"I love ye too, my beastly savage."

I was chuckling when we fell into our bed. "My savage sweet."

We were perfect.