



Claimed Princess

Author: *Alexa Riley*

Category: Romance

Description: Heavenly and Carlos have been best friends their whole lives. But it's almost time for Heavenly's birthday, which means she'll be married off to a king.

Carlos has been King for a few years now and is being pressured to choose a bride. But he's only ever had eyes for one princess, and he's had to wait for her to turn twenty-one.

Heavenly doesn't have any idea the plans Carlos has made for her, so when she offers to marry his brother, things don't go so well. Girl, they don't go well at all... Carlos isn't having that. She gets a dose of alpha when Carlos lays down the law. But when she runs...how far will she actually get?

Warning: Do you really wonder if there's a happily ever after? Because you know that's kind of our thing, right? Look, he chases her, but it all works out. Also it's really hot. Get it!

Each book in The Princess series is standalone & about a different couple.

Total Pages (Source): 15

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Chapter One

Heavenly

I flip through a magazine while lying on the floor of Carlos's office. I'm bored as I lie on my stomach, swaying my feet in the air. I roll over when I come to a picture of Princess Star. I'm not shocked to see her in the magazine. I'd be more shocked if she wasn't. The paparazzi are always trying to find out what she's wearing and what she's doing. Or better yet, who she's doing. What kind of name is that? It makes me want to roll my eyes as much as her face does.

"You sure you don't want to pick Star?" I tease, rolling fully to my side to look at Carlos. His eyes are trained on me, his face set in a hard stare. I don't know why he looks so angry. He's been grumpy for the past few months, which isn't normal for him.

Okay, that's not true. He's usually pretty abrupt and a little cool with people. Except with me. I'm always the one who can get away with anything. I can show up at his office, flop down, and do whatever I want. Like I am now. It's been that way since I was a little girl. But then he wasn't always king. He's only held the title for the past few years. I thought things might change. That he wouldn't have time for me anymore. Instead I've only been granted further access into his family's castle.

His eyes move to my legs, and it's then I see my dress has ridden up. I sit up quickly and pull it down, my face turning red knowing he saw my underwear. I want to die. Of course when the man I've been in love with since I was fifteen sees my underwear, I'm wearing plain white ones with little hearts on them. Kill me now.

“I suggest you get rid of that dress, Heavenly. I’m sure whoever your intended might be wouldn’t like hearing his wife wore dresses and flashed what was his to other men.”

My mouth falls open at his words, then I narrow my eyes at him. He’s never talked to me like that before. I take the magazine and throw it at him. My aim is terrible, and it ends up knocking a vase off the table next to his desk. It causes it to crash to the floor, shattering into a hundred pieces.

I roll back over and grab another magazine, ignoring him. I’m not even sure what I’m mad about. Maybe it’s the casual talk about me being passed to whoever my husband might be. My coming of age is fast approaching, and I’ve been ignoring it, hoping that maybe no one will call on me. My heart already belongs to a man who’s been searching for his own wife since he became king. I’m not even a blip on his radar in that area. I’m like his cute little sister in his eyes, someone he has to protect and shelter.

He’s been my everything from the first moment we met. I came to stay with my grandma, whose home is right on the edge of Carlos’s land. I’d moved here after both my parents died and my brother had taken the crown. I love my brother, but he had no idea what to do with a grieving little sister. He had a country of his own to run.

I climbed the wall that surrounded the castle from the rest of the world, only to come up against two guards when I’d landed on the other side. Boredom and curiosity had gotten the best of me that day. They dragged me kicking and screaming back to the castle with the intent to have me arrested for trespassing. Which I was. But it was Carlos who’d saved me.

I’d broken away from the two guards and taken off, only to run right into Carlos. He was like a hard wall of muscle, and I would have fallen on my ass that day if he hadn’t grabbed ahold of me. He pulled me back to him and stopped me from falling.

I'd never seen someone go from angry to sweet in a flash. He ripped into the guards for having sent a girl running from them in fear. Since that day a guard has never touched me or stood in my way here. Most won't even make eye contact with me. No place ever been off limits to me either. Something about that makes me feel special, but I have a feeling it's something I'll soon lose. I can't imagine whoever Carlos chooses as a wife will allow me to still roam the castle and estate like I do now.

Sometimes when I can't sleep at night I sneak over from my grandmother's and climb into his bed, where he'll hold me close until I fall asleep. I don't think that will be happening anymore once he takes a queen. Especially since he asked me to stop the last time I did it. It cut deep. Deeper than I thought it would. Yeah, things are going to change, but I don't want them to. I want to stay here forever. This feels like my home now - the only home I've known since I lost both my parents.

The room remains quiet as both of us know I'm not going to clean up the mess. I glance over at him, and his eyes are still on me. We stare at each other for a long moment.

"I'm sorry, Heavenly. You know I'm very protective of you." I nod, understanding. He has always been that way with me, even when it comes to men or boys poking around me. "I don't like the idea of men being able to see up your dress." He leans back in his chair, rubbing a hand over his face. "Things have to change," he mumbles, and I feel my stomach turn.

"I'm not going to be allowed here after you choose your wife," I say, and I hear the defeat and sadness in my own voice. This wife thing has been hanging over my head for two years now. It's bittersweet. Part of me loves the fact that he hasn't picked one yet, and another part wants him to do it so I have to face the music.

"Why would you say such a thing?" He sits back up in his chair.

“I mean, I know I can come over, just not like now. You already won’t let me in your room.” My gaze drops back down to the magazine.

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Carlos gets up, coming around his desk and picking up the magazine I threw. He looks at the page that's open to the picture of Star. He rolls his eyes and tosses it into the fire that's cracking quietly in the fireplace.

"You're days away from coming of age," he reminds me.

I know. I turn twenty-one soon. I've been dreading it, wondering who might be calling for my hand in marriage. I secretly hoped that my brother had forgotten all about me and I wouldn't have to worry about that day. But I think that chance is slim to none.

"I know," I mumble. "Maybe you should worry about your own little problem. You know, picking a wife? How many women have showed up here and you still haven't picked one."

His jaw clenches at my words. He hates when they come. That makes two of us. I want to say it out loud, but I keep it to myself. I always try to keep the anger out of my voice. I can't let my jealousy show. That wouldn't be good. Then I really wouldn't be allowed over anymore.

"Heavenly. You will never not be allowed here. You're a part of this family, and you know it."

I want to tell him he's wrong. If he were mine I sure as heck wouldn't let him hang out with some girl in his office all day.

Then it hits me. I jump up and rush over to him. "Maybe I could marry your brother!"

I almost run into him I'm so excited at the idea. But he catches me and puts his hands on my shoulders. I'd never have to leave! I could still see Carlos and his mom every day! Carlos's brother Romy is nice, but if the rumors in the magazines are true, he's a little bit of a player. But I wouldn't care. I'm sure his mom will be pushing him to get married soon, too. Maybe we could just be married in name. He could still do whatever he wanted, and I could stay here. Romy and I get along well. We often team up and give Carlos a hard time when he gets into one of his grumpy moods.

Carlos tightens his grip on my shoulders.

"You want to be with my brother?"

The look on his face changes to anger. I've seen this face on him many times over the years, but never has it been aimed at me. I don't understand why he's so mad. I know he's protective of me in a brotherly way, but this seems excessive.

"He wouldn't treat you as you deserve to be treated," he half-growls. He brings his hand to my cheek and strokes it softly. The touch doesn't match the anger in his words.

"Romy is sweet to me," I say, trying to make him understand.

"He wouldn't be loyal," he throws back.

Loyalty is everything to him. I know Carlos would be faithful to his wife. He's a man of great honor. That's probably why I've never seen any magazine pictures of him out on a date. It's also why he'd never think of being with me. I'm too young. Not only that but although I'm a princess, I'm a little brash and blurt things out in moments I shouldn't. My parents kept me away from the social scene, then after they died I was out here living with my grandmother. She barely leaves the house. My only social interactions occur with him, when I come over here and hang out. I even

completed my schooling at the castle with private teachers. It was easier to do it here. I practically live here, for the most part. If I wasn't with Carlos, I was with his mother, helping her plan some charity event or dinner, ones I never went to. Carlos always said I was too young. I often wondered if he brought dates to those events. But at night, when he'd get home, I'd sneak over, faking I had a bad dream. When I crawled into his bed there were never any other women. Nor did his bed smell like one had been with him.

The doors to Carlos's office open, and his mom Nina walks in. Carlos drops his hand from my cheek, but the other on my shoulder only digs in a little tighter. I shake him off, turning to greet the woman who has become like a mom to me over the past five years.

"Nina, I have the best idea! I should marry your son."

Chapter Two

Carlos

"She hasn't come of age!"

My shout echoes through the room, and both women turn to look at me as if I'm crazy. And maybe I am. What man wouldn't be driven mad by the teasing temptation of Heavenly?

"She's not old enough," I say, calmer this time, trying to show some control, something I find I have none of anymore. No, sweet little Heavenly has chipped it all away over the years.

My mother fights a smile as she steps into the room. "Carlos, she's days away. I think it's something to consider. We love her like family, and having her stay with us

would be a dream come true for me.” She walks over to Heavenly and kisses her on the cheek. Heavenly beams up at her and leans into her embrace. My mother loves her. She dotes on her every chance she can. I can’t blame her. Heavenly is easy to love. I fell in love with her the moment I laid eyes on her. She has a little bit of a wildness to her that is coated in sweetness. “Give Carlos some time, sweet child. He’ll come around.” She kisses Heavenly on this head this time as she winks over at me.

“What?” I say, choking on the word. I can’t believe how easily my mother said that. As if it’s no big thing that we marry, that she would be all mine. I thought having her would be some big battle - a battle I’m willing to fight when the time comes, but a battle nonetheless. I’m too old for her, they will say. Questions of if I crossed a line before I should have would linger in people’s minds. “She didn’t mean me,” I push out, hating the words as the fall from my lips.

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I want to scream again, but they're looking at me like I'm a lunatic. I feel the very last of my control when it comes to Heavenly slipping away. I clench my fists at my sides and grind my teeth to keep from yelling and ripping the walls down around us. How can they both be so blind?

"Oh? Did you mean Romy? I'm so sorry, Heavenly. I had assumed you meant Carlos since...well." She looks over at me and leaves the implication hanging there while a smirk plays on her lips.

"Mother - " I begin, but she cuts me off.

"Romy would be perfect. He adores you, Heavenly, and I'm sure he would be agreeable. I'll go talk to him personally."

"Thank you, Nina, I knew - "

"Enough!" I shout, loud enough I'm shocked the walls don't shake.

I can feel my blood pressure spiking and coming to a boil. I'm breathing hard at the thought of my sweet Heavenly being touched by any hand other than my own, and I won't allow it. I'll burn this castle to the ground before I ever let that happen.

"She will marry me. That's final."

"But you don't want me," Heavenly says, looking away from me, but not before I catch a glimpse of her face. She's wearing an expression I've never seen before.

“I said it’s final. In three days’ time, on your twenty-first birthday, I will make you my queen. End of discussion,” I growl.

“Carlos - ” Heavenly starts.

“Mother, make the arrangements.”

“As you wish, Your Highness,” she says, and dips her head to me. If I’m not mistaken I see a trace of a smile pulling at her lips.

I unclench my fists, feeling the blood circulate back to my fingers. As the adrenaline rush caused by thinking about Heavenly marrying someone else slips away, shock takes its place. I’m going to marry her. She’s going to be mine. Any thoughts of her being with someone else better be leaving her mind. Her fate is sealed. I will have her like I was always meant to.

The sound of the door closing snaps me out of it, and I look up to see that my mother has left us alone.

“Carlos, you can cancel this. I know you didn’t mean it.” Her voice cracks, and I can see the sadness on her face. I don’t like it. Not one bit.

“Heavenly - ”

“No,” she says. “I might not be as famous or as beautiful as Princess Star, but damn it, I deserve to be someone’s first choice. Not their pity.”

With those words, she turns on her heels and sprints out of the room. I don’t have time to blink before she’s gone, and I’m still in a shocked state at what just happened. I shake my head and run after her, determined to make this right.

She truly has no idea how I feel about her, probably because I haven't told her. But I thought at some point she would realize why I hadn't chosen a queen. That she'd understand that she was the only woman I ever wanted, long before I even knew what that meant. I'd always thought of her as mine, but over the years what that really meant started to make itself clear. Every time she snuck into bed with me, it grew ever more painful for me not to make love to her. How I ached to sink into her soft, wet heat and bind us in the most primal way possible. How I dreamed of making babies with her and growing old together.

Deep down I knew that one day I would finally tell her that she'd always been the love of my life, but I wanted to wait for the right moment, try to make her fall in love with me in that way. Now that moment has come and gone and I blew it. I wanted my proposal to be special. I wanted to talk to her brother Karim and get his permission. I wanted to do this the right way and make it the most perfect day of her life. But instead the plans have changed and I'm forced to make it right.

When I get to the end of the hallway I can't tell which way she went. I hope that I make the right choice and go left towards the orchard. If she's trying to get away from me, that's where she'll be. But as soon as I make it a few more feet, Romy steps out of the kitchen and into my path.

"Whoa. Easy there, Carlos." He holds his hands up, and I barely stop in time to keep from running into him. "I need to talk to you."

"It has to wait," I say, barging past him.

"It will only take a second. Carlos - "

"No," I say, cutting him off and pushing past. I can talk to him later. Right now, I need to find Heavenly.

“She left!” he shouts at me, and I stop in my tracks.

“What?” I ask, turning and stomping back to him.

“I just got home a second ago after being out all night. I saw Heavenly running out of the palace, and she jumped in the car. Then she asked my driver to take her somewhere. She seemed to be in a hurry. Does this have anything to do with you?”

“Fuck!” I turn and punch the wall, leaving a fist-sized hole in it. “Where did she go?” I shake my hand out, thankful that nothing feels broken. Nothing but my pride.

“I think she went to see her brother. I caught his name before the door closed. What did you do?”

“Why does it have to be something I did?” I say defensively, but all the steam leaves my body. Romy is right and he knows it.

“Because Heavenly is the sweetest, most precious thing in the world to this family, and if she’s upset, it’s because you did something to her.”

“It’s just a misunderstanding. One that I intend to clear up as soon as I can.” I lean back against the wall, hating how I’ve messed things up.

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“May I give you a piece of advice?” Romy says, leaning on the wall beside me.

“You’re going to anyway, even if I say no.”

“Correct. But I’d like to give you the illusion that you had a choice,” he says, and his voice is smug.

“Go ahead,” I say, ready for the verbal beating I deserve.

“Let her go and talk to Karim. She’ll come back to her grandmothers tonight to check in on her. Then make your move.”

“What are you saying?” I ask, looking at Romy with suspicion.

“I’m saying that it may be a lot easier to tell her exactly what you want if you take her by surprise.”

“Are you suggesting that I sneak into her room?” The skepticism in my voice is clear, but the idea is taking hold.

“I’ll leave it open to your interpretation. But I think the best way to get Heavenly’s attention would be a surprise encounter.”

“Do you know this from experience?” I say, pushing away from the wall and standing directly in front of him. Suddenly I’m angry at everyone, and if my brother dares to touch her, I’ll take him to the ground.

“Easy, killer. Restrain the claws. I’ve always seen Heavenly as a sister and nothing more than a sister. Though I can’t say the same for you now, can I?”

I don’t respond to the question. I stand up and straighten my suit jacket, looking anywhere but in his eyes. “Don’t you have somewhere you need to be?”

“As a matter of fact, I’m on my way to see our mother. I’m sure she’ll love this turn of events.”

Romy is smug as he pushes from the wall and makes his way down the hallway. Little does he know she’ll have news of her own. There’s a wedding to prepare for.

Now I just need to talk to Karim and ask him for Heavenly’s hand. And then tonight I need to make things right with her.

Maybe Romy is right. Maybe getting her alone and in a position where she can’t push me away would be best. I could wait until nightfall and go to her room. She’s been sneaking into mine for years, and maybe it’s time she received some of that in return.

Maybe if I show her exactly what I’ve been after all these years, she’ll realize that I’m not just an option. I’m her only option.

Chapter Three

Heavenly

“Karim!” I scream as I fly out of the back of the car and run towards him. He turns just in time to catch me, dropping the bags he has in his hands. He gives a little grunt, and I hear his wife Giselle giggle from behind him.

I hug him tight, unable to stop myself. He hugs me back, and I glance over his

shoulder at Giselle, who has giant smile on her face. She looks like she is glowing with happiness. Her hands rest on her very round belly, and the sight of her makes me happy, but envious at the same time. I drop my head onto his shoulder and cover my eyes, not wanting to cry. I try to fight the tears, try to forget what just happened and remind myself that I'm happy for Karim and Giselle's happiness.

"Someone is excited to see us," my brother teases, but I only hug him tighter. He's still for a second. "What's wrong?" He must feel the tension in my body.

Of course I always hug my brother when I see him, but today I'm holding on a little longer. I need the comfort. Once I'm calm and not about to burst into tears, I pull back, and he places me on my feet.

"Who has upset you?" He looks around as if he'll find someone close by. Giselle comes to stand next to him, slipping her hand into his. She places her other hand on his arm as if to comfort him. After a second I see a little bit of the tension leave his body. He's so different now that he has Giselle. She's been a blessing to our family. She's started to heal us from the loss of our parents.

Karim and I haven't been as close since my parents died, but Giselle has changed that. She's reminding him what family is and that not everything is about work. I'd gotten so used to not seeing him much anymore that it felt normal. It wasn't until she started pushing us all back together that I realized how much I'd missed us.

I ignore his question, not sure if I want to talk to my brother about Carlos. I don't know how he's going to feel about everything - me trying to pick my own husband, or Carlos declaring I'm his.

"What are you doing here?" I ask him, to try to move the conversation somewhere else.

He narrows his eyes for a moment. He's not fooled and knows what I'm doing.

"Your birthday, silly," Giselle chimes in. I glance up at her for a moment, thanking her silently before fixing my attention on my brother again.

"Are you here because of my birthday or because it's the birthday that means I'm able to marry?"

I say it with more force than I intended and take a step back from him. I can't help that my words come out a little heated. It's not like he showed up at my last birthday. Sure he sent a gift and even called me, but he didn't show up. Now he looks like he brought bags and might be staying a few days.

He lets out a deep breath. "I deserve that." He runs his free hand through his hair, and I watch guilt play over his face, and I feel a little guilty myself. Things weren't easy for him either. "I am here for your birthday, Heavenly. That's all. I won't pick a husband for you or even entertain ideas. That's all up to you. I don't want you to live with that hanging over your head. I've been there, and I would never do that to you."

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“Really?” I feel my eyes start to water all over again.

“To be honest, though, I thought I’d get a request from King Carlos or his family. Every time I got a new offer for your hand, I thought it would be from them.”

My heartbeat picks up just thinking about Carlos, wishing that he had asked for my hand because he wanted it, not because he felt bad for me. My face must turn a shade of red because Giselle giggles and my brother raises his eyebrows in question.

“I thought about marrying Romy,” I admit. My brother shakes his head at that, making a face. “What? He’s nice and funny. Whatever.” I give up trying to talk Romy up. It’s fruitless. He’s all those things, but he’s also a bad boy, and everyone knows it.

“What does Carlos think about this idea of you marrying his brother?”

I shrug, unsure if I want to talk about it yet.

“You look beautiful,” I tell Giselle grabbing her and pulling her in for a hug. Yeah, definitely not ready to talk about Carlos. I think I might burst into tears if I do, and I know my brother will be on his doorstep two seconds later.

One of my hands goes to her belly. I’m going to be an aunt soon, and the thought of that makes me so happy. She’s really brought so much out in my brother in such a short time. Maybe making him chase her had something to do with that. “Let’s feed you. You must be hungry.”

“You’re hungry?” my brother asks, worry in his voice. I’d roll my eyes if I didn’t secretly think his constant doting on her was adorable.

“Come,” I tell them. My brother picks up the bags he dropped, and they both follow me into the house. I go straight for the kitchen, where my brother puts Giselle in a chair before getting her something to drink.

I watch them for a moment, thinking about how much I want something like this, about how angry I got when Carlos said I’m to marry him. I know it doesn’t make sense. I’ve been in love with him for what feels like forever, even though I said I would marry his brother, knowing it would never be a marriage of love. Something about doing the same with Carlos feels so wrong.

Thinking of having a loveless marriage with him makes my heart ache. He would love me, but not the way my brother and Giselle love each other. It would slowly eat me alive until there would be nothing left of me. Would he have a mistress? He doesn’t even want me in his bed anymore. My stomach turns at that notion, and I shake my head to free myself from those gloomy thoughts. No, he wouldn’t have a mistress. Carlos is too loyal for that. But we’d likely have separate rooms.

I know Carlos is just trying to do what he thinks is best for me. It’s what he’s always done - been my protector. It’s how he sees himself. I’m the little girl from next door who needs a keeper. The annoying sidekick that he lets hang around. Maybe it’s time I let it go. For a moment I thought maybe I could love him from afar, but who was I kidding. Seeing him with a wife will kill me, too. Maybe I need some space to clear my head.

I start making noodles in butter. I used to make it when I was younger, and my brother and I always loved it. We’d sneak down to the kitchen late at night when we were supposed to be in bed and I’d make it for both of us. This was before either one of us had a care in the world. Then we lost our parents, and things changed. I realize

now how much he's like his old self again. More laid-back. It's crazy what love can do to a person.

"Maybe after my birthday I could come back home for a while." My brother stops petting his wife's hair as she sips her drink to look at me.

"I tried to get you to come home last month and you told me you loved it here."

He did. He'd asked me to come home. He apologized for letting me ever come and live out here with my grandma in the first place. At first I'd been upset to leave my childhood home, but it was for the best. Karim had so much on his shoulders as it was, dealing with his own grief and having to take his place at the throne. Being here saved me. Carlos saved me, but maybe it's time to go home. Though I'm not sure it's my home anymore.

I shrug. "Maybe I need a change."

"Or maybe someone broke your heart," Giselle says softly. "I know the look. I had it once, too."

Karim drops his head, kissing her on the cheek and whispering that he loves her. Karim did break her heart, or so she had thought, having read everything all wrong.

"Do I need to go next door?" my brother asks, standing back up to his full height.

"You can beat someone into loving me?"

My brother stares at me, and I know he's thinking it over. "You're always welcome to come home, you know that. But don't run, Heavenly. Never run."

He pulls his wife closer, and I'm sure he's thinking about how she'd run from him.

I glance down at the counter, and I know he's right. I can't leave. Not yet. I've been bottling up my feelings for Carlos for years, and I've either got to let them go or let them out. I don't want to make the same mistake Giselle did. But I deserve someone who will come and rescue me.

Just like a true princess.

Chapter Four

Carlos

"Open the door, Heavenly!" I shout as I stand outside her grandmother's house.

I waited until the car that dropped off Romy came back to the palace and I asked him where he took Heavenly. He said he only took her home, and I was so mad I could have punched myself. I figured she would have gone to her brother's or anywhere but home. But I should have known. She wouldn't have gone through the orchard because she knew I would have tracked her down there. She threw me off by jumping in the car, and I assumed she'd gone somewhere else.

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I'm here to set things right, and I'll force her to listen if I have to.

Suddenly the door swings open, and I'm shocked into silence when I see Karim standing there.

"What do you want, Carlos?"

At first I don't know what to say. He looks pissed, and I don't know why. But then my mind starts to catch up, and I assume that Heavenly has told him something that's made him mad and now he's going to take it out on me.

"I want to talk to Heavenly. But I'll talk to you if you're going to stand in my way."

He crosses his arms over his chest, and though I know we match each other in size I have no doubt I would win in a fight right now. Because if I've got to go through him to get to Heavenly, then I'll do it. I would go through fire to be with her, so there's nothing that will stop me.

"I made the proclamation today. She's to be my wife on the day she comes of age."

"On whose orders?" Karim says, raising an eyebrow at me.

"Mine. You forget you're in my kingdom, Karim, and my word is law."

"I didn't agree to the marriage. She's represented and cannot be taken. That's the law of all of our lands."

“Just like the law of you taking your wife before your wedding night?” I throw back in his face.

His eyes narrow, and I know he’s wondering how I know that’s possible. But Heavenly tells me everything, including what her new sister told her.

“Yes, I know you broke the law, so don’t throw that back in my face. Some customs are outdated and meant to be broken. I made the royal decree, so you need to step out of my way and allow me to bring my bride home.”

“It doesn’t have to be like this,” Karim says, uncrossing his arms and letting them fall to his sides. “You mean something to Heavenly. That much I’m sure of. We don’t need to come to blows over this. We can sit and talk.”

“Unless the talk is of wedding arrangements, I don’t feel the need to sit down. I’ve waited long enough for this day, and I won’t have anything standing in my way.”

“I’m not agreeing to anything until I talk to my sister,” Karin says. “I promised her I would let her choose, and I’m going to make good on that promise.”

“Then I’m sorry for the position I’m going to put you in. But you’re about to become a liar to Heavenly.”

Without much thought, I act faster than Karim has time to block. I ball my hand into a fist, reach back using all of my body weight, and then punch him in his jaw.

He falls back, and he hits the floor as if in slow motion. Giselle and Heavenly appear from behind him. Giselle screams and then goes after Karim, and I lunge for Heavenly. She tries to take a step back from me, but I snatch her wrist in one hand and pull her body over my shoulder.

Then time speeds up and I've got her draped over me as I run through the orchard and up to the palace. She's kicking and hitting me the whole way, but I just ignore her. No one knows the orchard like she and I do, and I know they won't be able to track us through it. I've known her long enough to know her tantrum will end just as soon as she sees through her cloud of anger.

"Calm down or I'll lock you in the tower until you can be polite."

"Damn it, Carlos! You punched Karim! What the hell were you thinking?"

She's shouting every word at me, and I just grip her hip tighter as she tries to kick her way off my shoulder.

"I said be quiet. You're about to be a queen. You should act like it."

I feel her fists pounding on my back at that, and I smile. That probably pissed her off more than me punching Karim.

"Out of my way," I growl to Romy as we pass him in the hallway. He laughs and pushes up against the wall, shaking his head.

"Romy, make him let me go," Heavenly pleads as we pass him, but he puts his palms up as if to try to keep this situation away from him. "Damn you, Romy!"

"I said watch your mouth." I squeeze Heavenly's thigh as I take the stairs up to my wing of the palace. "I didn't realize you had such a colorful vocabulary, Princess. Looks like I'm going to have to teach you some manners."

"Carlos, if you don't put me down right now, I swear I'm going to bite you on the ass."

I reach up and slap one of her ass cheeks with my hand, feeling the slight sting on my palm. “That’s one, Princess. Keep it up and you’ll get three next time.”

I feel her teeth sink into my ass cheek, and I have to bite my bottom lip to keep from crying out and laughing at the same time. I can’t believe she actually bit me.

I give her three quick slaps to the ass as I carry her up some more steps, and she squeaks out in shock.

“You haven’t bitten me since you were ten,” I say, slapping her ass one more time just because I love the way it feels on my hand.

“I can’t believe you’re spanking me! I’m not a child, Carlos, and this is embarrassing.”

“The only thing you should be embarrassed about is running from your king. You should know better.”

“If this is what you’re going to do every time I run from you, then - ”

“There won’t be another time, Princess. Your pretty little ass is going to sit down and listen to what I have to say before you jump to conclusions.”

“There’s nothing you can say that will make me change how I feel.”

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There is so much weight in the words she's spoken. It's as if there's a sadness at the end, and it makes my heart ache.

"That's exactly what I'm hoping for, Princess." I give her ass one last smack, just because I can, as I walk through the doorway of my bedroom.

"I didn't even say a bad word that time," she complains as she smacks my ass back.

"I know. I think I just discovered I like spanking you. We'll keep testing it to see."

She makes a growling sound that makes me think of a baby tiger, and I smile. It makes me want to cuddle and protect her just like I will our young.

I toss her off my shoulder and onto the middle of my bed. The fluffy blankets on it cushion her fall, but as soon as she lands she's climbing off of it and stomping over to me.

"How dare you punch Karim. What's he ever done to you?" She points her finger in my face and looks mad as hell.

"He stood in the way of what's mine. I'll remove anyone and anything that stands between us, Princess. You belong to me now. So act like it."

I snatch her wrist in my hand and move her finger out of my face while jerking her body flush to mine.

"All those nights you snuck into my bed, and now that I throw you into it you can't

wait to crawl out.”

“You asked me not to do it,” she throws back at me with a smug look on her face.

“Because I knew at any moment I’d take your innocence and smear it across my bedsheet like a badge of honor and hang the sheet out the window for my kingdom to know you were mine and mine alone like it’s three hundred years ago. I knew if I let you lie in my bed one more night that I’d breed you as my queen long before you came of age, and I didn’t want to bring that shame on your family. On you. You know I always protect you over everything else. Been doing it from the first moment I laid eyes on you.”

“But. But you - ” She looks to my mouth and then to my eyes.

“From the first fucking day I saw you, Heavenly. The first fucking day.”

I’ve had enough of playing games, and I pull her to follow behind me.

“What are you doing?” she asks as I lead her across the room and to a side door.

“This,” I say, flipping on the light.

I release her wrist and let her step into the room. She looks around and then brings her hand to her lips as she sees exactly what I’ve done.

Chapter Five

Heavenly

I feel the tears run down my cheeks as I see what Carlos has done. I close my eyes and open them again to see if I’m dreaming, because this can’t be real. It’s a dream

that's always been in my heart and one I've never really voiced out loud. Except to one person.

"You remembered." I turn around to look at Carlos, who's still standing in the doorway. It's then I realize how disheveled he is. His pants have a small rip in them, and his shirt shows evidence of dirt down the side, which I'm sure is from running through the orchard. I haven't seen him like this since we were young.

His face is unreadable though, and I watch him swallow hard like he's trying to hold all his emotions back. He's on the edge of something, but I don't know what.

I pull my eyes from him and look back to the room that's been transformed into a nursery. But it's not just for one baby, it's for multiples. And it's not only decorated for a baby, but toddlers as well. The room is twice the size of Carlos's own suite, which is like an entire wing of the palace. Cribs, changing tables and small beds decorate the room, surrounded by more toys than most children would know what to do with.

"You said you wanted at least four close together. And that while they were little you wanted them all to share a room so they could be as close as possible."

"Thick as thieves," we both say at the same time.

I smile at the memory and turn around to look back at the baby room. It's more beautiful than any of my dreams could have conjured. It was something I'd talked to him about so long ago that I'm surprised he remembered. After I lost my parents and then my brother disappeared for a little while, I knew I wanted a family that was close. That if something ever happened to me or my husband, I'd know our kids would have each other.

"Our kids," he whispers right next to my ear. I didn't even hear him come up behind

me. “You were talking about our kids that night. I knew when those words left your lips that I’d give you that.”

Another tear slips free, and I turn around in his arms to look up at him. His thumb brushes my cheek, and I watch a trace of insecurity cross his face. If I didn’t know him as well as I do I wouldn’t have caught it. Then his face hardens a little as if catching himself.

“This is happening,” he growls.

It sounds like thunder in his chest, low and deep. It makes my eyes widen in surprise. I’ve seen Carlos snap at people a lot of times over the years, more so since taking the throne, but never has it been directed at me.

“You will never be with my brother. I don’t give a flying fuck if I have to ban him from this country. Romy will never so much as put a finger on you. Only I deserve your touch, and that’s final.”

He picks me up by my hips suddenly and sits me on a dresser. He knocks baby toys and folded clothes off of it as thick jealousy coats the air around him. It’s then that I notice a picture on the dresser beside me. It’s of the two of us in his office. I’m lying on the floor in front of his desk reading a book, and his eyes are on me. I don’t even know when it was taken. But it’s something we’ve done a thousand times before, something I’ve always been scared of losing.

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I feel his eyes on me, so I look back up at him. He towers over me as he steps between my legs. He's so wide that it forces me to spread them farther apart. My thighs are stretched to the point that I feel the muscles on the inside complain. Jesus, he's big like this. I don't know how I never noticed it before, but it's probably because we've never been in this position.

"Carlos." I say his name, but it's the only thing that I can manage before he cuts me off with a kiss.

At first I'm shocked and don't know what to do as his lips move over mine. But after a moment my eyes fall closed and I melt into him. The feel of him is so much better than I imagined, and I savor it. It's something that I've felt like I've wanted my whole life. A feeling of coming home washes over me, and all at once everything is right. It's as if it's finally as it should be in this moment and not the mess that's been going on inside my head.

His lips are softer than I thought they would be. Then he slides his tongue into my mouth, giving me a taste of him. His flavor is like cinnamon and desire mixed together. I slide my hands up his body, wrapping them around his neck as his hands tighten on my hips in a possessive hold. The grip tells me he's never going to let me go. He moans into my mouth, and it feels like it travels down to my core. The need to push my body into his is too strong to ignore, and I try to pull him closer. Kissing is no longer enough, and I'm becoming panicked and rushed. Years of pent-up frustration start to push forward into the kiss, and it grows intense. We've become ravenous, and our bodies are trying to burrow into each other so we never have to let go again.

I pull away to catch my breath, and my emotions scatter and surge. Carlos rests his forehead on mine, his breathing even heavier than my own.

“You taste sweeter than I ever imagined. All this time I wondered what you’d taste like. I should have guessed it would be cherries. You eat them by the handful.”

“It’s not like you help my addiction to them,” I tease.

For a moment we slip back into our past playfulness. Or maybe this is just us now. Maybe this is how we are when we’re together. When I belong to him and he belongs to me.

“I’ll plant another twenty cherry trees in the orchard if it pleases you.”

I smile up at him, knowing he’ll do anything I ask. But I think the last twenty he planted for me was more than enough. He leans in again, brushing his lips against mine softly.

“I didn’t know a kiss could be like that,” he says against my lips before giving me another kiss.

“I wouldn’t know. It was my first,” I sass back, my jealousy showing through. How did I ever think I could be around him with another woman?

He smiles at that. It’s full and spreads from ear to ear, showing off his perfect teeth. I want to smack him, but instead I do like I did before when he did something I didn’t like. I close the distance between us and I bite his lower lip. But it backfires because all it does is make him push further into me. The kiss turns from playful to deep, with promises of more.

I pull back, breathless once again, and try to glare at him.

“As much as I love when you talk back to me, because God knows no one else has the moxie to do it, you can cool it.” The hands on my hips pull me into his very evident erection, and he grinds it against me. “I’ve known you were mine for a long time, my Heavenly. Before I was even thinking about kissing girls. Do you think after I found you and knew what you’d become to me that I’d ever be disloyal to you?”

I know the answer to that question before he can finish it. But I let him ask it, wanting to hear it anyway. Needing to hear it after all these years of thinking he never thought of me as anything more than a little sister.

“Never,” he snaps. “Even if I couldn’t have you, which would never happen, I’d still never stray from what I feel for you. Even if you don’t return my feelings.”

There’s a trace of insecurity showing again, and I don’t know why. How could he not know what I’ve felt?

“What do you feel for me?” I push, wanting to hear it all.

“I love you, damn it.”

“I love you, too,” I tell him.

“Not like that.” He shakes his head, and I know what he means. We’ve said “I love you” to each other before, but I’m starting to think that we never knew how deeply the other really meant it. “I don’t love you like everyone thinks I should. Like you’re my little sister or best friend.”

“Hey, I better be your best friend.” I let my hands around his neck drop and slide them down his body. I grabbing ahold of his shirt in my fists, and he smiles.

“That’s just it. You’re my everything. Always have been,” he admits.

“Carlos, I’ve loved you in that way from the moment I snuck on your land and you saved me. You’ve saved me in more ways than you could have ever known. You made all the sadness I had wash away, and you filled that empty void with what life could be. When I told you all those things I wanted years ago - the babies, the marriage - I was always thinking about you. But I thought it could never be. They were dreams I had and whispered to you into the night.”

He sucks in a deep breath, absorbing my words.

“So today when you screamed that you would marry me, well, it hurt. I thought you were just doing what you always do. Protecting me. And while I love that, I don’t want you protecting me like a brother. I want you screaming that you’re marrying me because that’s what you want. That you want it so bad you can’t take it. Not that I forced you into it.” <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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“I’ve always planned to marry you. Been planning it for years. I just wanted to give you time. I didn’t know you wanted me in the same way. I was trying to make you fall in love with me. Make this place so perfect for you that you’d never want to leave. Never want to leave me.”

“You don’t say,” I tease, glancing around the baby room. He had done that and so much more. It was the very reason I debated marrying his brother, just so I could stay. “Why did you let me think you were looking for a wife?”

“I never did that,” he growls at me.

“When did you start growling so much?” I try to imitate his voice, but it doesn’t come out right. He barks out a laugh and shakes his head.

“Since you ran and scared the shit out of me.”

“I kinda like it. I should have growled at you when talk of wives came up.”

“I never brought it up. You did! And I always told you I wasn’t interested in them.” He moves my hips, rubbing me against him as if the thought of another woman is irritating him.

I think back to all those times and try to remember. It was always either me or his mom who would bring it up.

I lick my lips. “So all those dinners and events you had to go to - ” I fiddle with the buttons on his dress shirt. “You never messed with any of the girls? I know your

mom was trying to set you up with some of them...”

“My mother only tried to set me up once, and it didn’t end well, to say the least.”

I raise my eyebrows in question, not sure if I want to hear this story.

“I told her she was standing too close to me and that her perfume was giving me a headache,” he admits, cringing.

I laugh, thinking how uncomfortable that must have been. “What did she do?”

“Stomped off or something. I don’t recall. I stopped paying attention.”

“You always pay attention.”

“You just think that because when you’re in the room, all my attention is on you,” he says, lifting me up off the dresser and carrying me from the room. I’m starting to like the way he picks me up all the time.

He drops me on his bed, and my skirt rides up.

“I thought I told you about this skirt.”

“You know I never do what you tell me.”

“Hmm. I see.” He unbuttons his shirt and drops it on the floor. “Maybe we’ll have to revisit that spanking thing.”

He lunges for me, and I scream as I try to jump away. But he’s quicker than me and has me pinned under him. There’s a moment when our laughter quiets and our smiles fade away, and then something else takes hold.

It's a deep desire we've both been holding back, and suddenly there's nothing standing in the way of it.

Chapter Six

Carlos

"Make love to me, Carlos," she says, and the depth of love in her eyes is so bright and clear.

"I love you, Heavenly. I love you with all my heart, and I've waited years for you. I've dreamed of the day you would say that to me."

There is so much need in her body that I can feel her moving against me to find some sort of release.

"But I've waited this long, so we're going to wait a little longer before I take you as mine. I'm not strong enough to let you go, but I will honor your innocence and keep with tradition."

I place a finger on her lips as she tries to speak.

"The wedding is being planned for three days from now. On your twenty - first birthday, when you come of age by royal law, I will make you mine for the kingdom to see. There is nothing that will change that."

"Why do we have to wait?" she asks, pushing my hand away. There's frustration in her voice, and she moves her hands down my naked chest.

"Because I said so. And in this world I am your king." Her nails dig into the muscles on my stomach, and I smile. "I didn't say I wouldn't pleasure my princess. I only said

that I would keep your innocence intact.”

“Always so loyal,” she teases, but she has no idea how much she tempts me to break such customs. I have done that a few times before for her, things she doesn’t know about, but I want to give her this. Honor her this way. Show her that I will always try to do what is best for her.

Her hands pause, and I snag her wrists, holding them on either side of her. There’s a spark of desire that flashes, and I kiss her lips softly.

“Let me taste you before I leave you for the night.”

“You’re not sleeping in here with me?”

I move my lips to her ear and whisper my deepest desire. “I’m going to eat your cunt, Princess. And when I do, it belongs to me.” I let go of one of her wrists and run my hand down her stomach and over her panty-covered mound. I cup her and feel the wetness she’s made for me. “This is owned by your king now. I expect her to submit.”

I slip my hands under the waist of her panties and to the place where she’s slick with desire. I lick the shell of her ear and keep my lips there as I whisper to her what I’m going to do.

“Right now I’m going to feel how tight you are.” I push just the tip of my finger inside her wetness, and she moans at the sensation. She’s moving against my hand and trying to get more as I press the heel of my hand against her clit. “Sweet Princess, you’ve been a good girl. I can feel what you’ve saved for me.”

She moans under me, and I kiss her neck. I keep rubbing against her clit as I feel the edges of her cherry inside her pussy.

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“Carlos.” The one word is like gasoline on a fire, and it takes all my strength not to lose control.

As I pull my hand from her panties, she lets out a sound of disappointment. But I bring a finger up to my lips and suck it before I offer it to her. The taste of her pussy on my tongue makes me wild with need, but seeing her full, lush lips wrap around my finger and suck her own pussy juice off of it is more erotic than anything I’d ever dreamed of.

“How do you like your taste?” I ask as I slip my hand into her panties and start rubbing her again.

“It’s so dirty,” she says, closing her eyes and raising her hips for more. Submitting to me. I know it isn’t in her nature, but I love that only her king can bring it out in her. She will ever only do it for me.

“It’s primal to want the flavor of yourself and your love mixed together. I’ve become an animal with you, and I can’t find a way to stop it.”

“So don’t.” Her eyes open and connect with mine as I rub her clit harder and she bears down on my hand.

I stop my motions and grip her panties, yanking them hard and ripping them from her body. In one swift move I’m between her legs and sucking on her pussy. The sticky honey of her desire coats my mouth as I eat her. She squeezes her thighs together and nearly comes off the bed, but I pin her down with both hands and keep licking her.

I moan as she grips my hair, and I feel even more of her sweet juices coat me. I pull back and suck one lip into my mouth and then the other before going back to the middle in long, firm licks.

“Carlos, oh God.”

I don't say anything or demand her body to do something for me. She'll cum when she wants, and I'll be here to bask in the pleasure of it.

Her whole body tightens, and then she screams as she climaxes. I kiss the insides of her thighs softly as she rides the wave of pleasure. Once she's panting and her legs fall completely open, I know she's sated. But instead of moving away, I lie there, with my head on her thigh, petting her cunt.

“Are you going to stay there all day?” Heavenly asks, looking down at me.

I smile and kiss the top of her pussy. “Yes.”

And I do. I lie there and eat her pussy into orgasm four more times until she begs me to stop. It's on the last one that I realize she's taken off her top and bra, leaving her almost naked except for the skirt bunched around her waist. Her hair's a mess against the blanket, and her body is covered in a sheen of sweat. And even though I've taken my nice fill of her sweetness, I still want to lick every inch of her body and taste all those places, too.

Her eyes are closed as I stand from the bed and stare down at her. She must have passed out after the last one, so I reach over and pull the other side of the blanket on top of her to make sure she's covered.

I stand there for who knows how long, just looking at her in my bed. The sight of it eases something inside me, and I don't want to go. But I must. If I stand here much

longer I'll move back between her silky thighs and never leave.

Instead, I walk over to the desk in the corner of the room and write her a note. I leave it on the bed beside her and kiss her cheek before I force myself to walk away.

I close the door behind me and go to the room across the hall. It's dark and empty, and immediately I miss the smell of Heavenly. I lie back on the bed and ignore the throbbing ache of my cock. I've been pretending it isn't there for hours, so this is really no different.

I could take myself in my hand and give him some kind of release, but I'd rather save it for our wedding night. It will be my first time, too, and I want it to be special. Maybe that sounds weak for a king to admit, but Heavenly is my Achilles heel.

I refuse to sneak into another room and take care of myself like I'm ashamed of what we did. Or more specifically, what I did to her. Loving her body is an honor, and I intend to share all of me with her. And if I can't have pleasure in a room with her, then I won't have any at all.

Rolling over, I close my eyes and think of my princess. Soon she'll be my queen, and all that I've ever wanted will finally be in my grasp.

Chapter Seven

Heavenly

My eyes slowly flutter open, and before I'm fully awake, I know where I am. The smell of Carlos invades my lungs, and I roll over to find his side of the bed empty. Slowly the day before drifts through my mind. I close my eyes and replay parts in my head. The things he said to me, the things he did to my body. Last night wasn't one of the nights I'd snuck into his bedroom. This time I'd been brought here and made to

stay. I smile, thinking about him telling me he loves me. That I was his. It's a dream that's become real as the morning light shines.

Warmth floods me, and I want to go find him now. He's being silly by not sleeping with me. We've slept in the same bed hundreds of times. Maybe he's right though. If he'd been in this bed this morning, I could have been on top of him before he woke up. Something about being near him makes me want to be as close to him as possible, and when we did share the same bed, I'd always find him in my sleep. Apparently, my body against his was something he didn't know how to control. The thought makes me have dirty fantasies.

I slip from the bed, removing the skirt that I'll probably never be able to wear again. But I'll have to keep it because it reminds me of what it all started yesterday. Tossing it onto the bed, I pick up Carlos's dress shirt from the floor. I button it most of the way up before I walk out of his room in search of him.

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Most people stay out of his wing of the castle. It's how no one ever caught me sneaking in and out late at night. I check in the office he has on this floor, then a few other rooms. I wonder if he already went to his main office, but for some reason I don't like the idea of him having left me here alone. I don't want to think about him going back to work after what happened between us yesterday. I know he's a king, but I think we have other things to handle right now.

He always puts me first, and that's something I need to remind myself of. I walk back towards his room and stop, seeing a door to the left. It's one that's always locked, and for a second I just stare at it. For years I've tried to get into that room and I've always failed. I reach for the handle and turn, and this time the door opens. I want to squeal as I push the door gently, but I stop myself when I see my king lying on a bed in the middle of the room.

I quietly sneak in and shut the door behind me. Silently I tiptoe over to him and watch him for a moment. I never thought the day would come when he would be all mine. But the silly part of it all was he was always mine. How did I not see it? He was so different with me than anyone else. It was right there in front of my face, but for some reason I couldn't believe it.

He shifts a little, and I hear him softly moan my name. Oh my God, he's dreaming about me. My body starts to heat, and I want the same things he did to me last night all over again, but first I want to give it back to him. He gave me so much pleasure that I passed out last night. I didn't even get the chance to see to him, and I'm guessing if he was awake he wouldn't have let me. He would have said something about waiting for our wedding night.

I smile. Yeah, Carlos knows what kind of girl I am, and him telling me I have to wait won't work. Maybe that's why he hid his feelings from me for so long. I smile as I think about it, because that's likely one hundred percent right. I would have been trying things like this long ago if I'd known. That would have gotten us in a whole lot of trouble, I'm sure.

My eyes travel down his body, admiring his broad chest, down the trail of hair that leads to what I can tell is a very hard cock. Slowly I slip onto the bed, trying not to wake him. I lightly grab the waistband of his boxer briefs and pull them down, revealing his cock to me. I don't have the opportunity to admire it because I know my time is limited. I grab him in a firm hold and take him right into my mouth, like all the books I've read over the years have described.

"Heavenly." My name comes from Carlos's mouth in a strangled moan, and I slide farther down onto him. I feel his hand go to my hair, taking it in a tight fist. I suck harder, scared he is going to pull me off, but he only holds on to me. "Oh God... You don't...understand...I can't last."

He growls, but I keep moving, sliding up and down on him. His cock fills my mouth, and his other hand slides up the shirt I have on. I open my legs a little more for him, and he goes straight for my clit, making me moan around his thick shaft.

"I'm going to cum," he grunts, and I sink all the way down on him, feeling my own orgasm as close as his.

I'm getting turned on by the sounds he's making, and it's pushing me to the edge. I can tell he's losing any control he may have had. I swallow when I reach the base of his cock, and salty-sweet warmth hits the back of my throat. I swallow it down and moan out my own climax around him. My orgasm rips through me, and my legs feel weak.

I don't know how, but when I open my eyes I'm lying on top of Carlos with his arms wrapped around me.

"Heavenly," he mumbles as he places kisses on my face. I look at him through heavy lids and smile.

"I got into your little secret room," I tease, and feel his body tense up under me. I narrow my eyes on him. Then suddenly I catch something out of the corner of my eye. "What the heck?"

I sit up, quickly looking around. Then I jump from the bed.

"It's not what you think."

There isn't much in the room. Only a bed with a few chairs, but up against one wall is a table with ten screens over it. I walk over to them, and my eyes go from monitor to monitor.

"Okay, maybe it is what you think," Carlos says.

I glance over my shoulder to see him getting up from the bed. He runs a hand across his face, then through his dark hair.

"I started sleeping in here after I told you that you couldn't sleep with me anymore," he admits.

"Is that when you did this?" I ask, pointing to the images.

He shakes his head, and I swear I see him blush. "I did that years and years ago," he admits a little sheepishly.

I look back at the monitors that are showing my house. They don't just cover the outside of my home, but the orchard, too. The place I used to lie for hours and sometimes read. A few more cameras are spread out inside my house, too, it appears. One points down the hall at the door that goes to my bedroom, another in the kitchen, and one even in the little office I often use.

"You watch me." It isn't a question. It's there on the wall to see. "And then when I didn't come to your bed anymore, you slept in here to try to be close to me."

I turn around to look at him, and he nods.

"So you're a bit of a stalker." I put my hand on my hips, trying to pretend I'm mad.

His eyes narrow on me. "I can't stalk something that belongs to me."

He issues his own challenge back at me. I have to bite the inside of my cheek to keep from smiling. I don't care that Carlos watched me. In fact, I like it. I probably like it way more than I should. It feels dirty and sweet, and I know it goes against what he thinks is right, but he couldn't help himself when it came to me, it seems.

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“Well, let’s just see how good you are at it,” I say, and I take off for the door.

I hear him mutter a curse, and he jumps back towards the bed to grab his pants. I slam the door closed behind me, taking off down the hallway.

“Heavenly!” I hear bellowed as the door I shut comes open, but I keep running. I can’t help the burst of laughter that erupts from me as I turn the corner and run right into Romy. I almost fall on my ass, but he catches me before it happens.

“Heavenly!” I hear Carlos shout again, and Romy’s eyebrows rise. A smile spreads on his face, and he knows something is going on.

“Only you can get him worked up like that,” he says, shaking his head.

Before I can retort, I’m being pulling from Romy’s hold, and Carlos punches Romy right in the jaw. I scream as Romy staggers back, grabbing his jaw.

“Jesus, bro. Your right hook has gotten even better since we were kids.”

Carlos lunges for him again, but I jump after him, grabbing his arm and making him stop. I shift my body in front of him, trying to make sure he doesn’t go for his brother again.

“She’s mine,” he snaps at Romy, looking at his brother over the top of my head. I see that my suggestion of marrying Romy is going to have some lingering jealousy issues.

I glance over at Romy, who is smiling but rubbing his jaw.

“Of course she is. Everyone around here has known that for years.”

At Romy’s words, Carlos glances down at me. I’m beaming up at him and can’t stop smiling. Not even when I’m a little annoyed at him. Life is just too wonderful right now not to smile.

“Are you going to stop hitting people?” I ask, rubbing his chest.

“Not if I think they are trying to keep you from me.”

I roll my eyes but keep on smiling. I’m not shocked Carlos punched Romy, and it’s not the first time I’ve seen the brothers come to blows. But it’s been years. Not since Carlos took the crown.

Carlos’s eyes roam over me. “Fucking Christ. You’re naked.”

I glance down at myself, and I’m definitely not naked.

“And I’m out. I don’t need a busted face. I’ve got a date tonight,” I hear Romy say. “See you later, sis.” That makes me smile even more. I really am about to become a member of this family. “Or should I say ‘queen’?”

Romy doesn’t wait for a response as he strolls down the hallway, leaving us alone.

“You don’t have underwear on under there,” Carlos snarls.

“Well that’s your fault. You ruined them,” I say tartly. His only response is to throw me over his shoulder and storm back to his room.

Chapter Eight

Carlos

“Don’t you dare open that door,” Heavenly calls out, and I smile.

“I just want you to come to the door. I swear I’m not going to see you.”

There are people waiting on us, but they can wait. It’s our wedding day, and I need just one more second with my soon-to-be queen.

It’s been two days of planning for the wedding, and we haven’t had much time alone. My mother has been buzzing around the castle and I’ve never seen anyone happier. Well, except for maybe Heavenly.

The only time I’ve seen her unhappy is at night when I won’t sleep in the bed with her. But I usually eat her sweet little pussy until she passes out, and that seems to stop the complaints.

Thank God today is our wedding day, because I don’t know how much longer I can hold out. Being able to touch her and kiss her when I want is a new experience for the both of us. We can’t seem to stay more than a few inches apart, and I’m okay with that.

A man can only take so much, and I’m doing all I can to restrain myself. When I hear her come closer, I crack the door just a little.

“Carlos!”

“Calm down. Give me your hand.”

I watch, and after a hesitant second, I see her delicate fingers come through the door. Her nails are painted a pale pink, and it's a beautiful contrast against her soft skin. I take her hand in mine, and for a moment we just stand there, holding hands.

"I love you, Heavenly. I've loved you since I was too young to know what that meant, but I always felt it. I can't wait to marry you and make you my queen."

I bring her delicate hand to my mouth and kiss each one of her fingers before turning it over and kissing her palm. I close her hand around the kiss and let go. Once she pulls her hand back inside, I close the door and smile, feeling a million times better having touched her.

"You're going to make me mess up my makeup!" she sasses from inside the room. I laugh and I hear her sniff. "I love you, too, Carlos."

"I'll be waiting for you, my love."

"You better be there," she says, and this time I can hear the smile in her words.

"Forever," I say, and make my way to the aisle.

Chapter Nine

Heavenly

I sit on Carlos's lap as everyone enjoys the party. I lean back, resting against him in an effort to ease the ache in my feet from dancing. After my last dance - with Romy, and it only lasted thirty seconds - I've been in Carlos's lap and he won't let me go.

The ceremony went perfectly, and I cried through most of it. I couldn't help myself. Everything I always wanted was happening, and not only that, when I looked out into

the congregation and saw my brother and his wife and Carlos's family, I knew that we were all a family now. It was perfect.

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Carlos's mom reaches over and grabs my hand. "I knew this day would come."

I narrow my eyes at her, "You mean Carlos's wedding?"

"Yes," she says, and I grit my teeth a little. She sees it and laughs. "His wedding to you."

"That why you were always trying to set him up?" I retort. I love her, but that crap still bugs me.

"I never tried to set him up. I just liked poking and telling him I was trying to so that he would finally come out and say what we all knew was happening."

Carlo's simply shakes his head at his mother's confession. "I mean, really you, too." She reaches out and cups my face with one hand. "You've been my daughter from the moment I met you. I saw my all-too-serious-all-the-time Carlos finally soften for the first time since his father passed. I knew then what you were. You were a light that lit this family back up. I knew you'd be the daughter I always wanted, the woman who gives me lots of grandbabies to chase after."

My eyes well with tears for the millionth time today. "Maybe one day you'll even call me mom."

I lean up a little, kissing her on her cheek. "I love you, Mom," I tell her, and watch her eyes water.

Carlos squeezes me a little tighter before his mom shocks us both. "Well, aren't you

going to get to work on those grandbabies or what?” My face flushes, and she winks at us before she gets up. “I can handle the party if you want to go,” she tells us as she departs.

“I might die of embarrassment,” I whisper to my king. “She knows we’re going to have sex.”

“Everyone in this room knows we are going to have sex, my queen,” he says, and my face reddens even more.

“You’re not helping.” I turn a little to look up at him. He’s looking down on me with a smile so big it takes my breath away for a moment. I lean up, and he brings his mouth down to mine, kissing me hard, and I can feel all the need he’s been holding back all day. He’s wanted to leave the reception since we got here.

“I’m ready if you are,” I tell him. He lets go of my waist for a second so I can stand. I look out into the room and see my brother spinning Giselle on the dance floor, both of them looking so happy.

“I should say goodbye to my brother. Maybe you should say sorry, as well, for punching him,” I tease, raising an eyebrow at Carlos.

“He would have done the same.” I look back at my brother and know that to be true. He’d do anything for his wife.

Our eyes meet, and he gives me a wink and Carlos a nod. “Besides, he already threatened to kill me if I ever make you cry again, so I think we’re square.”

“I’ll kill you if you ever make me cry again.”

“Yes, that’s pretty much how he said it.”

I throw my head back and laugh, and Carlos pulls me closer. “Hmm.” He nuzzles my neck. “Let me show you how all I’ll ever give you is love and pleasure, my queen. Though you might cry for me to stop by the time I’m done with you.”

Chapter Ten

Carlos

“What are you doing?” Heavenly whispers as I carry her out of the reception and down the hallway.

“Shh. I can’t wait,” I say as I open the first door I see.

It’s a linen closet that’s only big enough for the two of us. I step inside and close the door, then grab a broomstick and wedge it under the doorknob, sealing us in.

As soon as that’s done, my lips are on hers. I’m unbuckling my belt, and Heavenly is pulling up her dress, and our hands are anxious to be skin on skin.

“I can’t believe you’re going to take me for the first time in a closet,” Heavenly giggles as she wraps her legs around my waist.

“I’ve got a lifetime to make it up to you,” I grunt as I pull out my cock and press it to her wet opening.

We’ve spent days petting and teasing one another, and it’s all built up to now. This is what happens when I do the honorable thing and make both of us wait for me to have her.

“Fuck!” I nearly shout, and Heavenly puts a hand over my mouth as I thrust inside her in one long glide.

She tenses a little, and my eyes fly open to see if she's okay. She's biting her lip, but she smiles at me, and I talk with her hand over my mouth.

"Goddamn," I mumble, trying to hold still.

She drops her hand away from my mouth and then tips her head back against a pile of linens. The sight of her is fucking unreal. She's utter perfection, and I've spent my whole life trying to be good enough for her. The way her red hair is falling around her, and the way our bodies feel together... It's like we were meant to be. It's that simple and that easy. We were destined to be with one another.

"If you don't move I'm going to scream," she moans, and tightens her legs around my waist.

"Fuck!" I shout again as I pull out and then thrust into my new home.

This time, she doesn't try to keep me quiet as I grip her hips and fuck her onto my cock. The feel of her sweet, velvety heat wrapped around me is almost more than I can stand, but I don't want it to end.

"Shit," I mutter, and bite my lip to keep from cumming.

"I never knew you had such a filthy mouth." Heavenly leans forward and sucks my bottom lip into her mouth.

I growl and then turn, taking her to the floor of the closet. I pull at the top of her dress and free one of her breasts. I take a nipple in my mouth and suck on it hard, and I thrust in and out of her in a pounding rhythm.

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This should be more delicate. This should be slow and sweet and on the bed of rose petals I laid out for her. But we've never gone according to plan, and a hot, steamy fuck in the closet is pretty close to perfect. She grips my hair as I pull her other breast free and then suck that nipple into my mouth.

"Oh God, that mouth of yours," she moans.

"You call me King when my cock is buried inside your royal pussy."

"I think you should taste my royal pussy, King."

I pull out and immediately do as she asks, putting my mouth on her wet cunt and licking her. She moans, and I can discern a slightly metallic taste from her virgin pussy, but there's nothing her body does that could possibly turn me off.

Just when I think she's close to cumming, I sit up and push my cock back into her impossibly tight cunt. She's just as tight as the first thrust, but she keeps telling me that she wants it harder. And I would never deny my queen.

She digs her nails into my chest as her eyes close tight and her back bows off the floor. She shouts her release, and I roar mine, feeling her pussy contract and massage my cum out. The feeling of my own orgasm filling up her womb triggers the release of even more cum. It goes on forever, and my balls ache from it.

"Can't stop," I say through gritted teeth as I pump into her.

"Carlos," she whispers, and pets my back, soothing me through the most powerful

orgasm of my life. “All of it, King. Give me all of it.”

Her soft encouragements turn me on even more as my body shakes from the intensity. I’ve never before experienced anything like it, and once the last of the pulses stop, I want to collapse on top of her.

But there’s no extra room to spare, so I can’t roll over. I pull out and help her stand up, and then I put my hands on either side of her face and bring her lips to mine. The kiss is deep and binding, a promise of more to come.

We both put our clothes back in place as best we can, all while laughing at what we just did.

“You’re so impatient,” Heavenly teases, and I smack her ass.

“Can you blame me? I’m married to the most beautiful queen in the world. I’m only so strong.”

“Save some energy. You’re going to need it.”

Heavenly winks at me before she moves the broomstick and opens the closet door. If she thinks she’s just going to waltz out of here after that comment, she’s got another think coming.

“I think you need a lesson in just how much strength I’ve got,” I say, pulling her back in and securing the door.

By the time I let her get off again, she’s apologizing and promising she won’t ever sass me again. I already can’t wait for the next time she does it.

Epilogue

Heavenly

Ten months later...

“I can’t do this.” I watch as panic runs across Carlos’s face. I have to bite the inside of my cheek to keep from laughing. What did he think would happen when we went at it like rabbits for months after we got married? Heck, I was just on him this morning. He’s been like this my whole pregnancy. In constant worry that something might be wrong with me.

I couldn’t imagine if I’d had a rough pregnancy. He probably would have had a heart attack by now. In fact, this pregnancy has been more than easy. I might sound crazy, but I’ve loved every minute of being pregnant, and I’ll be shocked if I’m not knocked up soon after we have our first son. We do have a giant baby room to fill.

“Calm down.” I grab his hand and pull him in for a deep kiss. He leans on the bed, doing as I commanded and kissing me back long and hard.

A throat clearing interrupts us. Carlos pulls back, and I smile at the doctor and wink. “That’s the best thing I can give him to get him to calm down,” I tell the doctor.

Carlos is about to have a mild breakdown, and I’m the one in labor and about to push our baby boy out. I grab the side of his face and pull him in closer. I hear the doctor talking, but I’m only half-listening to him.

“I love you,” I tell Carlos softly.

“I love you so damn much,” he replies.

“You better get used to this.” I rub my nose against his, and he does it back.

“I don’t like the idea of something hurting you. Something I can’t control,” he admits.

“This is the most beautiful pain I’ve been in in my life. It’s for us,” I remind him.

“God, you get more perfect every day.”

“Who would’ve thought I could be even more perfect?” I tease, making him smile as he presses his lips to mine.

“My king,” I say, pulling back from him.

“Yes, my queen?”

I grab his hand and hold on tight.

“Get ready to meet our little prince,” I murmur as I start to push, bringing our little boy into the world.

Epilogue

Carlos

Seven years later...

“How did you manage to do all this?” Heavenly asks as she looks around.

“I have my ways,” I say, grabbing her hand and pulling her down on the blanket with me.

The kids are in school for most of the afternoon, so usually Heavenly and I have

lunch together. But today I wanted to do something special. I set up a picnic in the orchard for just the two of us. This side is private, but I even went so far as to hang blankets around us so that we'd be completely unseen.

The white gossamer flows around us, and it looks like something out of a movie. Heavenly is wearing a short yellow dress, and I trail my fingers up her lush legs.

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“You wear these to torment me,” I say, kissing her neck.

“Obviously,” she replies, leaning back and letting my lips trail lower.

“You’re going to be the death of me.”

“My intentions are only to drive you insane. Not kill you.”

“You’ve succeeded, my queen.”

She lies back on the blanket and looks up at me. There is so much devotion and love in her eyes that it makes my chest ache.

“Make love to me out here, Carlos. I spent so long dreaming of you and our lives together in this very spot. It was all I ever wanted.”

I slip my hand under her dress, and when my fingers brush against her pussy, I know that she’s not wearing any panties. I growl, but all she does is giggle as I flip her dress up and move between her legs.

“You know, if you want me to eat this sweet little pussy all you have to do is ask. You don’t need to walk around without panties on.”

My mouth covers her pussy, and the flavor I love so much invades my mouth. I moan around it and reach down, freeing my cock.

“Oh God, Carlos, right there.” Her hips rise off the blanket, and she grips my hair.

I bring two fingers up and push inside her wet channel, rubbing the place I know she likes best. When I feel her squeeze me, I know she's close, and I sit up, replacing my fingers with my cock.

"Fuck." It's always as tight as the first time, and her sweet pussy is paradise.

"Always so dirty," she moans, spreading her legs wider and pulling down the top of her dress.

My mouth latches on to one breast, and I suck on her nipples while rutting on top of her. Being out in the open like this feels dirty and a little dangerous, even though I know there's not a chance of anyone coming close to us. But being able to have her out in the orchard satisfies my inner animal.

We've made love countless times, and every time is like the first. I'll never get tired of the feel of her wrapped around me, giving her pleasure like she's never known.

"Yes. That's is, my king," she moans and rides out her orgasm.

Her body goes soft, and I feel her pussy contract as waves of pleasure pulse through her. It's only then, when I know she's sated, that I pull out and sit up on my knees. She watches, her eyes wide with excitement, as I jerk off with her slick juices and cum all over her pussy and belly.

I love seeing my cum on her, marking her as mine. And for some reason, out in the open like this, it feels right. I watch as her hand comes down and smears it into her skin, then her fingers slip to her pussy, and she rubs her clit with some of it. It's so erotic, and I can't look away.

"More," she moans, and my cock twitches.

"Yes, my queen," I say, before thrusting back into her sweet cunt and giving us both

what we want.

THE END