



Stolen Princess

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Category: Romance

Description: Karim is past the time when he should have chosen a bride, but he never met anyone who caught his eye. Forced to choose, he holds a ball and invites all eligible princesses to attend. And that's when everything changes.

Giselle's been tucked away on her father's land and doesn't know how the royal world works. It's her first party, and it's going terribly until she finds herself alone in a room with a man. A man who wants to make her his.

When Giselle gives him everything and then discovers who he is...well, how good do you think she'll be at hide and seek?

Warning: It's instalove at first sight. Literally, like two seconds in. But don't worry, Karim will find her...and steal her if he has to.

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

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Chapter 1

Giselle

I look ridiculous. I lean forward to see my reflection in the mirror and want to roll my eyes. I wanted to get away from the hundreds of people crowding the ballroom, so I snuck in here. I'm wondering why I was even excited to come here to begin with. Oh yeah, because I never go anywhere.

I look at my pink lipstick and soft pink eyeshadow and think about how much I loved it hours ago. I almost tackled my dad when he told me we were going to a party. Something about a king picking a bride tonight and we could go watch, but I didn't really know what was going on beyond that. I never understood the whole arranged marriage thing. Both my sisters had done it, and I like their spouses. At least when I see them, which isn't often. No one likes taking the trip out to where my father and I live. The topic of an arranged marriage had never been talked about with me, and I'm glad it's never come up. Though maybe if I did get married, I could get out and see the world a little instead of being locked away. Being here tonight only further shows me how out of touch I really am with the rest of the world.

Sure, I'm a princess, but my father and I don't really mix with all the politics of it anymore, since we live so far out. Our estate is small and in the country, but it's nice. But the only people that are in the estate are paid to be there—the cook, the gardeners and maids, even my tutor. My only friend is George, and a lot of days he doesn't even like me unless I give him extra dinner. Or he wants his belly rubbed. Other than that, he ignores me like everyone else. I should've gotten a dog, but I do love that grumpy cat.

I was a surprise baby late in life for my parents. They had me in their forties, and my sisters were off and married before I even hit my teens. My brother had taken over my father's spot on the throne not long after. I have no idea where my mother is. She pops in and out of our lives, but she's more interested in social scenes and being in the city. My dad, by contrast, is content to be at home watching TV with the volume down.

"What to do, what to do..." I debate wiping the make-up off. I thought I looked pretty. Dad had told me two days ago about the party, and I'd spent all that time picking out what I'd wear. I didn't have anything super fancy, so I thought I could make something out of what I had. I snuck into my mom's room and stole two of her dresses. I pulled the fluffy tulle out of one of them and made a skirt that fell all the way to my feet. I even dyed it a light pink. Then I found a jewel-covered bodice to pair it with. I had to stitch it a little to make it work, but I thought it looked beautiful.

I pinned half my hair up into two little buns on the top of my head. It took me forever to get it right. By the time my dad called me to go, I was so excited I was about to burst. Until I walked in tonight. I'd never felt more out of place. Now I understood why my dad liked to hide away in the estate. Because right now, that's what I wanted to do. I looked so out of place.

It helped a little when my dad told me I looked pretty. That was the thing. People here didn't look pretty, they looked beautiful. At first, I thought this was a movie premier. I even had to walk a freaking carpet.

I turn around. I don't want to face the mirror anymore.

I'm stuck until my dad is ready to leave. I wonder how long I could hide out in here. Just as the thought crosses my mind, the door opens and man slips in and closes it behind him.

I hear the lock click and kick myself for not having locked it to begin with. He braces both hands on the door like he thinks someone might try to come in, and I stand there and stare.

He's wearing black pants and a black coat, and I wonder for a moment if he's a security guard or something. His size makes me think so. I stand there, unsure of what to do.

He slowly turns, dropping his hands from the door. He's breathing hard, and it's then I realize he's in a tux. No, definitely not security.

His eyes come to mine, and they're the brightest blue I've ever seen. It's such a contrast to his jet-black hair. He stands to his full height, and my eyes widen as I take in his size. This man is big. Maybe he should be on the security team.

"Hi." I lift my hand and wave and then drop it immediately and cringe inside. Who waves when you're five feet from someone? I do, the dork who can't even fit in when there's only one other person in the room. His mouth quirks into a smile.

"Did you need the room? I can go." I ask as I push off the vanity I was leaning against.

"I came in the room because I saw you come in here," he says coolly, leaning up against the door.

I'm not sure what to say, but my cheeks heat up. "I was hiding," I admit, fidgeting with the tulle on my dress.

"Why?" He takes a step towards me. His voice is deep, and it feels like it rolls across my skin.

I lift my hand and touch my hair, making sure nothing has come loose. I want to seem confident, too, so I try to play it cool. I shrug, and the motion makes a bejeweled strap slide down my shoulder. “I didn’t fit in, and people were staring at me.”

“I was staring at you. I didn’t notice the others. I couldn’t pull my eyes away from you to even bother.” He takes another few steps towards me, and I smile up at him.

“You like my dress? I made it,” I admit, and his smile grows even bigger.

“You made it?”

I nod.

“Watch.” I do a spin, and the tulle fluffs out.

“You have on sneakers?” he says while studying me. Then he motions for me to twirl again. And I do. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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“I thought if I danced the dress would look extra pretty. When I tried to dance at home in heels, it didn’t work so well and I almost hurt myself. So sneakers it was.” I drop my head, looking at me feet. It’s just another reminder of why I don’t fit around here.

“You want to dance?” he asks touching my chin, making me look up at him.

“I don’t want to dance out there.”

“Then we’ll dance right here.” He pulls a phone out of his pocket and presses a few buttons. Music fills the room, and I smile.

He grabs me, pulling me into him, and I suddenly realize why women wear heels. Even more so if you’re going to dance with someone as big as this man.

“Slip your shoes off.”

“You don’t like them?” I made sure they matched. Simple white sneakers. I even made laces out of the same tulle I used on the dress.

“They are perfect. Just like you. But I want you closer to me while we dance.”

I hurriedly slip them off my feet, never leaving his embrace, and kick them away. In one quick movement he picks me up a little then places me on his feet. I have no idea what’s happening, but it’s perfect. More than perfect.

“I know you can’t twirl like this, but I needed to feel you against me. From the

moment I saw you walk into that ballroom tonight I've been captivated."

My breath catches as he starts to move us to the music. I let go of his warm hand that was engulfing mine to wrap it around his neck. He has to lean down a little to let me do it. I get lost in the moment, enjoying the feel of this unknown man. I don't even know his name, but I don't care at this moment.

"You smell like—"

"Cotton candy," I finish for him. "It's my lipstick."

"Hmm." He leans in closer, his mouth but a breath from mine. "I think I'll have a taste for myself."

Then suddenly his mouth descends on mine.

Chapter 2

Karim

I couldn't stop myself, and I didn't want to. I needed her.

Tonight I've been forced to choose a wife. I'm past the point of putting it off, and the royals won't have it any longer. I'm King, but there must be an heir. The compromise was that they would throw a ball and allow all the eligible princess to parade around and let me choose one. It's like picking a horse at a farm. It's less than appealing. I didn't want to come. Dread had weighed heavy on me, making my mood dark.

I've presided over the kingdom for years, ever since my parents passed away when I was young. I've had advisors for most of that time, but I took over the throne officially when I turned twenty-one. Now it's eight years later and I'm being

pressured to marry.

I know it's time, but I've always believed that when I met the one, I would marry. But as the years go by I'm convinced that the love my parents had was rare. It may seem weak for a man to dream of such things, but I had envisioned my wife to be one who loved me as much as I loved her. That she would stand at my side. Be the one person I confided in.

My dreams of true love died away slowly over the years, so I decided to go ahead and pick a wife and be done with it. I wanted to appease everyone in the kingdom by securing our future, and I needed to be the leader they expect. So tonight was for the people. I was going to suck it up and do my duty, hopefully making the best of a bad situation. But not one person had caught my eye. Every time I looked at a woman, my stomach clenched with dread.

Then, she walked in.

One look at her and I knew she was the one. She was why I felt like I was going to vomit just thinking about marrying someone else. I'd been waiting for her. Fate had finally brought to me the woman I'd spent my life waiting for. And on the very night I'd given up hope. She stood out from the crowd, but not because of the ways one would have thought in that dress. No, her beauty called to me like a siren in the night. It was as if there was a glow around her that shone bright enough that my heart could see it.

A switch inside me flipped, and I was in motion. I pushed through the crowds of people, ignoring the calls of my name. I had no time for anyone but her. But there were so many people in attendance that at one point I lost her. For a moment I worried I'd dreamed her up. I wanted to scream into the ballroom for everyone to get the hell out of my way, but I managed to make it through without a scene. Just as a space in the crowd opened up, I saw a trail of pink run down a hallway. Away from

me.

Pushing through, I lost sight of her again and wanted to bellow. I ran after her and tried every door until I found her. The only thing I could think to do was to bolt the door shut and explain to her that she belongs to me now.

It sounds insane, but love at first sight is exactly what happened. She was mine the instant I laid eyes on her, and I pity the man who tries to take her from me. If anyone steps between me and what's mine, I will end their life. And this sweet, delicate angel is mine.

Her body melts even more into me as I kiss her cotton-candy mouth. Her lips are buttery soft, and I lick the bottom one before I take it between my teeth and nibble slightly. Then I kiss her deeper, tasting the sweetness that's coming off her in waves. Pure, soft innocence invades my lungs, and I know I have to have her. She must belong to me.

I pull away from her, but only a few inches. I have one hand on her neck, with my fingers tangled in her hair. I can feel her heartbeat racing, and my own is beating in time with hers. This is unlike anything I've ever felt, but I know instantly this is the rest of my life. I'm holding my future in my hands, and I refuse to let it go.

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“Tell me your name,” I demand.

She licks her lips and then smiles at me, bringing her hands to my chest. “Giselle.”

My body tingles with anticipation, and I can’t seem to hold on to my self-control.

“My Giselle,” I growl, pushing my body against hers.

The motion takes us a few steps back, her feet slipping from mine, but her hands continue to rub against my chest.

“My name means generous.” Her back hits the wall behind her, but she doesn’t look panicked. On the contrary, she looks utterly relaxed. Her lids lower slightly, and her lower half pushes against my angry cock. “Allow me to be generous with you, my Giselle.”

“What’s happening?” she asks as her hands go around my waist and pull me closer. “I’ve never done this before.”

“Good,” I retort, and kiss her again. I can’t seem to keep my mouth off of her. Need bears down on my back, and I’m feeling things I’ve never felt. Protective instincts surround me, and I want nothing more than to carry this woman to the nearest tower and lock her away in it. I want to keep her safe from harm and give her pleasure like she’s never experienced.

My lips move down her neck to the edge of her shirt. I slip her other strap down her shoulder, and it slides down until her breasts are bared to me. Perfect nipples are

hardened with need, and my mouth waters to taste them.

“Do you want me, my Giselle? Do you want my mouth?” I lean forward so that she can feel my breath on her delicate skin. “I will make all of your dreams come true.”

Her eyes connect with mine, and I see her lick her luscious lips before she runs her fingers through my hair.

“This is crazy. It’s like a fairy tale.”

“That’s exactly what this is. I belong to you now. Will you use me for pleasure?”

Chapter 3

Giselle

I look up at him, not really understanding what’s happening. But for some reason I don’t care. This is the most thrilling thing that’s ever happened to me. I feel like my whole body has come alive for the first time, and there’s no way I’m stopping. In fact, I want to push for more. I want to stay trapped in this room with my mystery man forever.

“What—” The word comes out, but it doesn’t sound like my voice. “What can you do to pleasure me?” My face heats, and a bit of embarrassment courses through me. I don’t care enough to let it stop me. This isn’t like the embarrassment I was feeling outside of this room.

My breasts are bared before him, my nipples aching with need I’ve never felt before. I should be shy and trying to cover myself up, but instead I’m leaning closer to him so that my sensitive skin can feel some sort of relief.

He looks at me like I'm the sexiest thing he's ever seen in his life. I lick my lips, drawing his eyes there, and a deep rumble leaves his chest, vibrating from him through me. I push further into him, liking the vibration of the rumble against my breasts.

His masculine smell invades my senses, and I close my eyes, wanting to take it all in, wondering if maybe I dreamed him up, because he's too perfect to be true. Here I am having a pity party for one and bam, the most handsome man I've ever seen in my life comes barreling into the room, barreling into me, making all my doubts about tonight fade away.

I feel his lips at my neck, and I tilt my head, giving him all that he wants.

"Anything," he tells me softly against my skin as he kisses his way up. "Everything you could ever want." I slide my hands up his body and wrap them around his neck. "See how perfectly you fit to me. You're mine. Say it."

"I'm yours," I moan as he takes my earlobe between his teeth.

"Now open your eyes and look at me when you say it. I want you to know who you're saying it to."

I lazily open them as he pulls back to look at me. I miss his mouth on my skin, and I want it back. His bright blue eyes meet mine, making the air in my lungs freeze. The look he's giving me is pure hunger. He's starving for me.

"I want you," I admit breathlessly.

"You have no idea what saying that to me makes me feel." His voice is deeper now, possessive and raw.

I feel everything inside me melt. No one's ever wanted me so much. I try to pull him closer, wanting his body fused to mine. My pleasure is growing, and my body is begging for some kind of release. He lifts his hand to cradle my head, and his big body closes in around me. The other hand goes to my breast, and I feel the roughness of his fingers touch just the tip of my nipple. It's like a warm current blossoms in my chest at the feel of his hand on such an intimate place. But then his hand moves to the other one, and I can't hold back the moan that leaves my lips.

I should be scared. He has me completely alone and pinned to a wall with no way to escape. But all I feel right now is the pulse between my thighs. I push my hips against him, silently begging for him to do something about it. Anything.

"Say it," he pushes again, his fingers pinching slightly on that little peak.

"I'm yours," I repeat. The words feel right as I confess them. Something about handing over ownership to him is freeing, and I give in to it.

"Keep quiet. Your sounds are for my ears alone."

Suddenly heat is at my breast, and I feel him suck my nipple and more into his mouth. I close my eyes and let my head fall back against the wall as his hands grip my chest and hold my breasts out for the taking.

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I don't get a reprieve as his mouth alternates from one and then the other. Both of his big rough hands encompass my tender skin, and sweat trickles down my spine. My body must be on fire, but I don't dare open my eyes to check as the pleasure mounts.

My nipples are already so sensitive, yet I want more of his attention. I shouldn't be acting this way. But it's too late to turn back. My body has awoken to pleasure like I've never dreamed of. And I will cling to it. To him.

"More," I whine when his tongue flicks over my nipple, over and over. The flip of his warm slickness against me is nearly too much. Dampness has begun to spread between my legs, and I may die if I don't find the edge of what's building.

Chapter 4

Karim

Her moans are burning my body alive. The sound makes my own need increase to unbearable heights, and I need to satisfy the beast. The monster inside me is calling for her, and he won't be silenced any longer.

Kneeling down in front of her, I push the frothy material up to her hips. I have to taste her. There's nothing I can do to stop the hunger. When I push it to her waist, she grips the material and holds it out of the way for me.

"Good girl," I say, and run my hands up her legs.

She's wearing a pair of pink cotton panties that show a little wet spot. Her pussy is in

need, and as her king I will see to her every need. After all, tonight she'll become my wife in the eyes of the kingdom. It's my royal duty to eat her pussy as long and as often as my queen wishes.

I press my nose to her panty-covered center and smell her scent. I close my eyes and moan at the heavenly smell of her cunt.

"I must taste you, my Giselle."

I pull the panties to the side, revealing the little lips on her innocent pink pussy. I lick my lips and then lean forward, licking the slit. The taste is like sugar and woman on my tongue, and I see her legs tremble. I do it again, and this time she moves one leg out to the side, allowing me to taste more of her, giving herself over to me.

Taking the opening, I cover her pussy with my mouth and lap at her like a tiger, licking up her cream and nearly purring with delight. Her taste is so perfect. So mine. Her hand grips my hair tightly as I continue to pleasure her. Her legs spread a little more, and my hands go to her ass, gripping her cheeks and pulling her pussy closer to my mouth.

Her loud moans echo in the room, but I have no way to silence her. I don't want anyone but me to ever hear her sounds of delight, but her cunt has me so distracted that I can't focus on that right this second.

She raises one of her legs and drapes it over my shoulder, so I grab the other and do the same. I'm on my knees in front of her, holding her to the wall by her ass. Her legs are over my shoulders and I'm eating her pussy like I'm a man on death row and this is my last meal.

Her juices are slick and making my need painful. I would play with my cock right now, but one touch would send me over the edge. I need to be inside her before I go

off.

Slipping my thumb inside her pussy, I feel just how tight she is. She lets out a little whine, but a few thrusts with it and she's begging for it harder. Fuck, she's going to kill me. I'm too desperate for her, too far gone to try to make sense of this. I'm just enjoying the feeling of finally being with my other half. I'll think it all through later. Much later.

"Please. Stop. Wait, don't stop. Oh God, I don't know what's happening. It's too much."

"My sweet little Gigi. You're the most delicious treat I've ever eaten. But I think the honey you're about to give me might be even better."

My mouth goes to her clit, and I lick it over and over until I feel her muscles tense, and she nearly climbs out of my arms. I have to grip her ass so hard that I'm probably leaving bruises. But I keep eating as her cunt pulses around my tongue and I drink down her sweet pleasure.

Her orgasm goes on for so long that it turns into a second and then a third. I feel like I've gone into battle and conquered a kingdom. Like I've waged war and my prize is my woman's perfect pussy cumming on my face again and again. I could lift this castle over my head if she'd only command me to.

Once I've wrung out the last of her pleasure, she softens against me. The grip on my hair loosens, and I give her pussy one last kiss before I take her in my arms and lay her on the couch in the corner of the room.

I put her on her back, but her skirt is still around her waist and her bodice is still pulled low. Her breasts and pussy are exposed, and damn if my mouth doesn't start to water again. I want more of her taste. Need it.

But my cock is demanding attention, and he won't be denied. My hands go to my belt, and I unbuckle it then unzip my slacks. I reach inside, pull my cock out, and stroke it a few times, not even bothering to take them off. I hear a slight gasp and lock eyes with her.

“Have you seen a man's cock before, Gigi? Or are you as innocent as you taste?”

“I've never—” She stops when her cheeks turn as pink as her cunt.

“But you want it, don't you? You want to know what it will feel like inside you.” I know I do. I've never acted like this in my life—ravished a woman with hundreds of people only feet away—but that is partly how I know she's the one for me. Why else would I be acting so out of control and doing something so out of character?

“Yes,” she whispers.

I move between her legs and pull one around my hip. “On my word, I will care for you and protect you for the rest of my life. You're mine, sweet Gigi. Until the end of time.” <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({ });<p>

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I push the wide head of my cock past her wet folds. Then I thrust once, breaking her cherry and surrounding my shaft with her tight wetness. The need to cum inside her is stronger than I could have imagined. My primal instinct is to rut and breed, but I'm gripping on to my control with the barest restraint. It's taking all the power I have to remain still while she adjusts to the new sensation.

I kiss her lips softly, trying to distract her from any discomfort she feels. But sooner than I'd thought possible, she brings her other leg around my hip and deepens the kiss.

"More," she moans. "Move inside me. I want to feel all of you."

I do as she desires and slowly pull out before pushing back in almost immediately. I miss the heat of her pussy too much to pull out, so instead I just grind against her. The feeling of her wrapped around me is pure paradise, and I don't want to spend a second outside of her heat.

"Again!" she cries, closing her eyes and throwing her head back.

I'm only so strong and do again as she commands. I pull out and thrust back in, and this time I keep going, giving her exactly what she wants and giving it to her harder when she demands. My dick is a pleasure tool for her, and I will make it my goal in life to use him as she orders. My cock will be her personal dictatorship.

"All for you, my Giselle."

Her orgasm builds much faster this time, and she's clawing at my clothes while she

peaks. I wish I was bare chested so she could mark me as hers, but I'll save that for later tonight. Once I've bred her right here on this couch, I'm going to take her to the balcony and announce I've chosen my queen. Then I'm going to carry her into my royal chambers and continue what we've begun.

The thought of her round with my child is a vision too intense to control. I cum inside her waiting womb, hard and long. I try to hold myself up, but I end up collapsing on top of her and have to try to push myself off her. But as I go to lean back, she pulls me down again.

"I love how heavy you are on top of me," she whispers, and then licks the lobe of my ear.

Warm chills run down my back, and I want her all over again. I want to rut and fuck and breed her for hours. But first, I want everyone out of my castle. Except my Gigi.

"My sweet love. That was so perfect. You were perfect." I tuck a strand of hair behind her ear as I stare down at her beautiful green eyes.

She blushes at my compliment, and I give her a soft kiss before I rub my nose against hers.

"Stay with me tonight. Let me love every inch of you in a bed big enough to hold all of our babies." She bites her lip and nods. "You're mine forever."

When I pull out of her, we both groan at the loss. I pull her panties back over her to cover her pussy and catch any of the cum that may try to leak out of her. I need to get her on her back again soon.

I help her put her dress back in order, then reach up under her dress and pull her panties down her legs. She steps out of them and I put them into my pocket. I kiss

each breast before covering them with her dress. The touches and tastes only make me want to undress her again, but I have to stay strong. Just a few more moments and I can have her for a lifetime. It's what I keep telling myself when my urges get the best of me.

We both laugh and kiss as we dress, neither of us wanting to leave this room. But I know that what waits outside will be the beginning of our happily ever after, and I'm in a hurry to start that.

I take her hand and kiss it before leading her out of the room. "You've made me a happy man," I tell her, running a finger down her cheek.

"This is the most magical night of my life," she says, rising on her tiptoes to kiss me.

I smile and lean down the rest of the way, giving her what she wants. Then I open the door, and we walk out, heading towards the crowd.

Chapter 5

Giselle

When we walk out of the room towards the ballroom, I feel completely different this time. He pulls me close to him, and it's like he's somehow proud of me. Proud to be with me. He's standing tall and smiling from ear to ear as he walks confidently with me on his arm. I feel sexy, having done such naughty things earlier, and now here we are in a crowd of people who have no idea what just happened. I blush at the thought.

He kisses the top of my head as we move through the room, letting anyone who's looking know that I'm his. People turn to look at us, and some of the confidence I was feeling a minute ago wavers at all the beautiful women in gowns. It's then, as their eyes follow our every move, I realize I don't even know who my mystery man

is.

“Everyone is looking at us. Are you sure my outfit is really okay?” I turn a little to look up at him. He stops moving through the room to look down at me. Again the giant smile on his face lights up his beautiful blue eyes.

“I already told you, you’re the most beautiful woman here.” He leans in and softly kisses my lips in a quick but sweet kiss. “The most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen in my life.”

My cheeks warm at his words, and now I can really feel everyone’s eyes on me.

“Who are you?” I ask, starting to think maybe he’s the reason everyone is looking at him. They even shuffled out of his way when we were moving through the room.

His head cocks to the side. “You don’t know who I am?”

I shake my head. “I don’t really know who anyone is,” I admit. “I should probably tell you that I’m a princess. My brother is King Ethan Merrick. He took over the throne for my father just recently. I should have said something earlier, but...” I let my words trail off as my cheeks heat once again.

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His eyes narrow, and I wonder for a moment if he's mad I didn't tell him. What we've just done would be considered a disgrace to some families. A princess doesn't give herself to anyone but her intended husband. Not all kingdoms feel this way, but some are outdated. Some still have laws about it. I'm not sure how my brother would feel about knowing what'd I'd done. But in all honesty, I don't care. I've worried about enough my whole life, and I don't have it inside me to care what anyone thinks.

"I thought I'd seen every eligible princess there was." His hand moves to my hip and tightens. "Are you intended for someone?" he growls so deep and low, that even in the room filled with people I'm sure I'm the only one who heard it. "Never mind. It doesn't matter. You're mine now. I claimed you." His eyes roam over me as if somehow looking for a place on me he hasn't marked as his.

Then a smile pulls at his lips. "You don't even know who I am and you melted for me. Just like that." He shakes his head like he can't believe it. Who wouldn't melt for him? He says the sweetest things, and let's not forget about how handsome he is.

"Come. I want to get this over with so I can take you home with me." He grabs my hand, locking his fingers with mine.

I hear whispers all around us as we move. I catch a few of them and hear people asking who I am. I hear something about a king having chosen a wife. I'd completely forgotten about why I was here tonight. I squeeze his hand in mine, and he slows down a little.

"I'm not sure my father will let me go with you. I mean, well—"

“I’ll handle it, my love.”

I bite my lip at the sound of that. I love the way he is with me.

When we finally get to the front of the room, a beautiful blonde woman jumps up from her chair. Her white dress hugs her gorgeous figure. She looks like she’s ready for a wedding.

“Sir?” the woman asks, looking frazzled. Her eyes go from him to me and then narrow. She sees our locked hands and looks angry. I don’t know who she is, but she doesn’t seem to like me.

“I’m ready,” he tells the woman in a firm, straight voice. Then he guides me over to the chair the woman in white just stood up from.

“Wait right here, my love,” he tells me softly. The stern voice he used with the other woman is gone and now there’s only softness for me.

“She doesn’t like me,” I whisper, glancing at the woman behind him, who is staring daggers at me. He glances over his shoulder at her, and a sweet smile masks what was just there.

“Get her a champagne,” he barks. She keeps her smile in place and nods before leaving us. He shakes his head as if irritated.

He returns his attention to me and his hands going to both sides of the arms of the chair. “I’ll be right back and we’ll go home.”

I try to speak, but his mouth lands on mine, leaving me breathless. He gives me one last look before he turns towards a small stage. His body seems to grow more rigid with each step he takes away from me. The lights in the room flicker, and I wonder

what's happening.

"Did he choose you?" a woman next to me asks. I glance over at her. She's older, but her smile is kind and she looks excited about what's happening. I glance back at my mystery man, who is talking to a few people who have joined him on the small stage.

"Who?" I ask, looking back at her.

"The King," she says, as if I'm joking. "King Karim."

It's then things start sliding together. He hadn't told me his name after he'd seemed shocked I didn't know who he was. Confusion floods me, and I don't know how I should feel about this. Does it matter he's a king? At the time I didn't care who he was. He seemed to be so perfect—what did it really matter? But isn't tonight about him announcing who he is going to marry? He's meant for another woman. The thought weighs heavy on me. Is there a woman in the room waiting for him? Is there a princess here who knew he was going to pick her while he took me in a back room? Will he pick her right in front of me? Oh God, will I be some dirty secret mistress?

"He's to announce his intended. We thought it might be that blonde Nikki. She's the one who's always with him. Everyone is always saying they have a thing and that's why he hasn't picked a queen." She leans in as if to whisper. "Because she doesn't have royal blood."

My heart starts to pound in my chest. My eyes go back to Karim, who is deep in conversation with two other men.

The blonde woman comes back and drops the champagne glass down next to me with such force that it splashes onto the table and my dress. I hear the older woman gasp. I glance up and see Nikki looks like she wants to murder me. She leans in next to my ear, and it takes all that I have in me not to squirm away.

“He might choose you tonight, but don’t think that it’s over between him and me. Everyone knows kings have their mistress. I’ll make sure to keep him so satisfied he only has one. You’re welcome.”

With that she turns and leaves me speechless and in shock. I glance over to where the King is standing, and he winks at me. I pull my eyes back to the older woman, who’s now whispering to the other older woman next to her. The lump in my throat grows, and I’m thankful when the light in the room dims and someone takes the center of the stage to introduce Karim. I use the moment to slip from my chair and dart from the room as fast as possible, keeping my head down. I don’t want to know what’s coming next, and I need to get out of here now.

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When I get to the coat check I get my purse and wrap and pull out my phone to text my father and tell him I'm leaving. I bite my lip, unsure of what to do. Only one thing comes to mind, and I send off another text as I try to fight the tears.

Chapter 6

Karim

“King Karim wishes to inform everyone he has chosen a bride. In two days' time at sunset, their marriage will be blessed.”

There is a murmur among the crowd, and I can see everyone is surprised. I should probably introduce my soon-to-be queen, but I don't want to parade her on stage like cattle. She's more important to me than that, and I'm already breaking with tradition.

Normally all royalty waits five days before consummating the marriage. Meanwhile, I barely waited five seconds. The weight of my cock reminds me that I've had her, yet I need her again already. My primal instincts have begun to push forward, and I feel my royal duties must be met. Giselle must be bred, and the sooner the better. My kingdom will see her round with my baby and rejoice in the blessing.

I wait for my head of staff to finish giving the announcement and thanking the people on the stage. When I take a step out of the spotlight, I don't see Giselle sitting in the chair where I left her.

“Congratulations, Karim,” Nikki says, popping up in front of me.

I walk past her and over to the table where I left Giselle. “Where is she?” I ask the older ladies who were sitting with her.

“She left, Your Highness,” one of them says as she bows her head.

I turn around, and Nikki is in my way again. “She ran out on you. Oh, that must be awful. Would you like help finding her?”

“Out of my way,” I order, feeling heat rise up my neck as I step around her.

Nikki is the daughter of a close friend of my father’s. I think she had hopes of marrying into the family one day, but I saw through that a long time ago. Nikki is a social climber, and to her I’m Mount Everest. She would be more than suitable for a duke or baron. But she’s not one for second place, and I’m sure once she realized what I intended to announce, it was a blow to her ego. I hired her as my assistant as a favor, but I’m really seeing the error of my ways now. No good deed and all.

I almost run towards the front and stop at the coat check. I look around and then ask the attendant for help. He tells me that he saw her about ten minutes ago, but she took her bag and wrap and left. Feeling panicked, I reach in my pocket for my phone so that I can make some calls. I know I’ll find her, but I’m starting to worry about why she left. Something must have happened.

When I turn back around, Nikki is there leaning on a wall that’s draped in dark velvet. Her white dress is a stark contrast against it, and no one could miss her.

“Don’t worry, Karim. I’ll be here when you’re ready.” She walks over to me and puts a hand on my chest. She’s never behaved this way before, and I can only attribute it to the news of my impending wedding. She leans in a little and lowers her voice. “You know, not all wives are able to bear the royal seed.”

Suddenly my skin is crawling and I take a step back from her. “Zion!” I shout, and my head of security steps around the corner. He’s never more than a few paces from me. “Show Nikki out of the palace.”

“Yes, Your Highness.”

Nikki’s mouth drops open in shock, and she squeaks in protest as he makes a move and three guards appear to walk her out. One takes her by the upper arm, and she jerks free of his grip. Then she begins to berate him as I walk away from the scene, feeling Zion on my heels.

I have no time and no patience for this right now. The only thing on my mind is finding my princess and bringing her back here. Back home.

“Need to know the location of the woman I was with. The future queen.”

I don’t elaborate because Zion is the best of the best. He’s paid handsomely for the work he provides me, so he knows exactly who I was with tonight, probably before even I did. And he’s had eyes on her since I stepped out of that room with her on my arm.

“We have a car waiting out front for whatever you need, sir.”

I step out into the cool night air and walk directly to the black SUV that’s waiting with its back door open. As I suspected, he’s anticipated my next move and planned ahead.

“We’ve been able to get camera footage of the cab she left in. We’re tracking it through closed circuit television and have pinpointed a location just south of here.”

“Excellent,” I say, getting in the back of the SUV and turning on the monitor in front

of me. A beacon appears on the screen as Zion climbs in the front passenger seat and tells the driver where to go.

There is another SUV in front of us and one behind us. The king goes nowhere without his guard. And protecting the queen is part of that deal. She may have been scared and ran, but I'll find her. There is no place on this earth where she is out of my reach, no dark corner where she can hide.

I stare at the beacon, watching it try to get farther from me. Making sure Zion is facing forward I pull her panties out of my pocket, putting them to my nose and smelling the mixture of our love-making in an attempt to get myself under control. We are closing the distance, but she's had too much of a lead, and I don't know how much longer we'll be able to keep the signal.

“Your Highness, we’ve lost it,” Zion says, and I see the beacon disappear. “We’ll track it to the last location we received. We’ll find her.”

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I hold my clenched fist to my mouth as I look out the window and watch the dark forest pass by.

“I forgot to tell Giselle how much I love to hunt.”

Chapter 7

Giselle

I sniff as I run my hand along my nose, trying to make myself stop crying. But the stupid tears just keep coming. I can't remember ever crying like this in my life.

“I'm sorry I showed up like this. I know it's late,” I say to my sister through a sob.

She pulls me into a tight hug, trying to get me to calm down. I've been here for ten minutes already and I haven't really gotten a word out. I scared her husband off when I first got here, and he left us alone. I think a crying woman showing up on his doorstep was something for his wife to attend to.

“You're always welcome here, no matter what. I hope you know that, Giselle.”

I hug her back, feeling a little better. When I took off this was the first place I thought to go. I knew I couldn't go home. If Karim was looking for me, the first place he'd go is my father's home.

“What's his name?” she whispers into my ear.

I lean back and look at her green eyes that match my own. It's the only similarity between us. She favors my father's side more than I do, while I look identical to our mother.

"You've got heartbreak written all over you, sweetheart."

I have two sisters and a brother, all of whom are way older than me. I've always been closest with my oldest sister, Melanie, who took on a motherly role with me. Our mom was never the maternal type and was gone most of the time. It still baffles me that a woman who didn't really want children had four of them. But I'm thankful I have Melanie, because she's exactly the kind of mother I want to be.

I shake my head, dropping my gaze to my lap and fiddling with my fingers. It's something I do when I'm trying to avoid a topic. Or I'm nervous. I've never really talked about my future with her before, and I'm not sure what she'll think of what happened tonight.

"Go on, tell me who it is."

I let out a little breath and look up at her. "King Karim."

She lets out a small gasp, and she puts her hand over her mouth like she's in shock. It makes me think that maybe I shouldn't have said his name.

"What?" I say, feeling a little more panicky now. I was already freaking out, and that's why I ran to begin with. Somewhere deep inside me I have a feeling I'd be Karim's if I wanted to be or not. I can still feel the stickiness of his release inside me and on my thighs. The sweetness of that feeling is long gone. Now I feel dirty. Like he gave me something that wasn't as special as I'd thought it was. That I wasn't as special as he'd made me feel.

“Everyone has been talking about him, that’s all. I thought he was marrying—”

I hold up my hand, not wanting her to finish that sentence. Yes, I know who he was planning to marry. I just don’t want to think about her. Or the fact that he so easily brushed her aside to choose me, something I think he did only because of what we’d done in the private room. And after finding out I was a princess. It was his duty.

“Well, he can marry her for all I care.” I barely get the words out before I burst into tears all over again. My sister grabs me and pulls me into another hug. “God, I’m an idiot.”

“Did you and he share something special?”

When I don’t answer she takes my silence as confirmation.

“Did you go to the ball tonight with Dad?” She pulls back to look at me, and her face is hard and angry. The mother bear inside of her is coming out. “Did he announce that he was going to marry another woman tonight right in front of you?”

She half-shouts her question, and I shake my head. She stares at me for a moment, and her anger melts into confusion.

“Did he announce he was going to marry you?” She doesn’t understand why I’m upset, and I’m embarrassed to tell her.

“I think?” is the only response I can muster.

I cringe because I’m not totally sure what happened after I left. I didn’t want to stay and find out, but if what the blonde, Nikki, said was true, then he was going to say we were getting married. But it wasn’t the marriage I wanted. I’d always hoped for a man to come into my life and sweep me off my feet. It may seem silly, but I wanted

the fairy tale.

Maybe Nikki would still want him, and if so, she can have him. I don't want to be someone's second choice.

"Gigi," my sister pushes.

"It wouldn't be a real marriage. I mean, I guess it would, but not all roses and hearts. Not the happily-ever-after love I want."

She lets out a little breath, and I know what's coming. I can't stand to hear it. Not right now. Not after what happened tonight.

"Please don't," I tell her. I can't bear to hear what everyone always says. I know they mean well and are probably right, but I have enough to deal with right now.

"Marriage isn't easy, Gigi. Life isn't all—"

"I know!" I snap at her.

Her eyebrows draw up in shock because I never snap at anyone. They like to say I live in candy-land world where everything is soft and sweet and I don't understand what the real world is like. They all think that I need to grow up. Maybe they're right. I came out of my little bubble for one day and look what happened to me.

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Then Melanie smiles at me. “Turns out you’ve got a little fire in you. I’ve never seen it before, but I like it.”

I drop my eyes down to my lap again. I don’t feel like I have any fire in me.

“You’re going to need it, Gigi. If the King wants to come find you, then we can’t stop him.” She stands up and walks over to the window in the family room. She looks out before turning to look back at me. “We’re on his land here. I married a businessman and gave up any royal title I had. He’s your king, and I can’t stop him from coming here.”

“He’s not mine,” I mumble out, and I wish that were true.

That’s part of the problem. It seems the man I chose to be my king would belong to others as well. What neither of us anticipated is that I’m the youngest in my family by far, and I’m not good at sharing. There was never anyone to have to share with, so I never learned how. Which just makes me all the more possessive of Karim. And the fact that I wasn’t his first choice just makes me even more bitter.

“If he wants you, then you’re his.”

I jump up from my seat. “I’ll call Ethan!” I tell her, rushing over to the phone.

“Did you sleep with him?” I pause at her words, the phone halfway to my ear. “Not that it matters. We both know our brother would agree to a match with Karim, as would our father. Such a pairing would be in both our families’ interest. In fact, I believe not too long ago Ethan tried to pair Megan with him.”

Anger floods through me at the thought of my other sister with Karim.

“He turned the offer down,” she adds. “Wouldn’t even take a meeting.” She gives me a smug look. “I have a feeling you slept with King Karim. So if I were you, I’d get used to the idea of being his.”

“You would just give me away so easily? Knowing I didn’t want to go?” I don’t understand. Melanie has always been so protective of me, but she’s always telling me to grow up, too.

“Of course not. If you want to run, I’ll help you. But Gigi, do you think being on the run is something you could handle? Alone?”

“What about with the child growing in her belly?”

I gasp when I hear Karim’s voice.

I turn to see him standing in the entryway of the family room with my sister’s husband standing behind him. Karim looks different now. His blue eyes are no longer bright and full of excitement. Now they’re trained on me with a hard, dangerous look. He’s like a predator after its prey. I take a step back and watch his nostrils flare at my movement. Suddenly I hear my father’s voice in my head. He always told us never to run if we came across a bear in the woods. The bear will always catch you.

Karim’s tux jacket is long gone, and his sleeves are rolled up. The first few buttons of his shirt are undone, and the tan skin of his chest is peeking out. His hair is even a little wild now, and I try to recall if I’d done that to him or if he did it to himself. The thought makes a little warmth hit my cheeks when I remember the feel of his locks between my fingers.

“I won’t let you take my sister with you in this state. It’s very clear you’re angry.

Maybe you should come back tomorrow after everyone has calmed down, Your Highness,” my sister says softly, as if she’s trying to ease a wild beast without angering it.

“Nothing will stop me from leaving with her.” His eyes shoot over to Melanie. “Tonight.”

His words are final, and there is no room for argument.

“Stanley,” my sister says, calling to her husband. He takes a step forward, but I’m not real sure what Stanley can do. He’s no match for Karim. Tension and anger fills the room, and it makes me uneasy. I hate fighting. It makes me sick to my stomach.

I decide to put an end to this and walk towards Karim. His eyes come back to me, and they seem to soften the closer I get to him. I put my hands on his chest and can feel him release a deep breath. It’s like he’s been holding it in since the last time I touched him.

“Please don’t get angry. I’ll come with you.”

“You’ve been crying,” he says, studying my face. One of his big hands comes up to my cheek. His thumb runs along it. His words are so soft now, nothing like before.

“I’ll come,” I try again, not wanting to admit I’d been crying.

A smirk pulls at his lips. “I know you will,” he says before he scoops me up in his arms and strides out the front door.

Chapter 8

Karim

“Why didn’t you tell me you were going to marry that woman?” Giselle snaps at me as her cheeks turn a sweet pink. Fucking hell, she’s even adorable when she’s mad. I didn’t know such perfection could even exist, but here it is, pissed as hell at me, and all I want to do is kiss her until those cheeks turn pink for a whole different reason.

I reach out and hit the button that raises the glass to separate us from Zion and my driver. I want her all to myself.

“Nikki?” I ask, looking over at her once the privacy partition is in place. Relief slowly trickles through me. I have her back again. I’m going to have to be more careful. She all too easily slipped right through my fingers. Something so precious must always kept within reach.

“The girl you were going to marry. How could you do that? How could you just pick one woman and then change your mind? That’s not fair, Karim.” Her eyes are filled with so much emotion and sadness, showing me she isn’t like any other woman out there. Most women I’ve seen would shove and step on another at the chance to marry a king. No, not my Giselle. She’s soft and sweet and likely believes in fairy tales. I might even start to believe in them after tonight.

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“Who said I was going to choose Nikki as my queen?” Anger gushes through me that she could somehow believe that I’m capable of such deception, but I remind myself that she doesn’t know who I am. But I thought she felt what I did. I know she did. I saw it in her eyes. That only leaves one option. Someone planted that thought in her pretty little head. Yes. I would definitely have to keep her close. I don’t want people’s hate to fill her ears. I need to protect this innocence she has to her.

“The woman at the table. And Nikki sort of insinuated it.” Her bottom lip trembles, and I want to kiss it.

She looks away from me, and I can’t stand the distance she’s trying to put between us. I reach over and grab her waist, pulling her onto my lap and making her look at me. I need those eyes back on me. Her brown hair, now flowing freely, tumbles in glossy locks between our bodies.

“Nikki is the daughter of a friend of my father’s. I have never and will never have romantic feelings for her. I don’t even have friendly feelings for her. She’s cold and calculating. That’s not the type of queen my people need. That’s not the type of queen I need. I’ve never so much as touched her.”

“Then what was tonight all about? You were supposed to choose a bride.” Her eyes drop down to her lap where she starts to play with her fingers. I grab her hands and bring them to my lips. I kiss her fingers, trying to get her to relax. Her eyes come back to mine.

There is hurt in her gaze, and I gently brush my knuckles across her cheek to try to ease some of her pain.

“I was trying to appease my council, but I had no intentions of really announcing a bride. I thought I could, but deep down I knew I couldn’t go through with it. The ball was merely to appease the people and give them hope that I was finally taking a wife.” I lean forward and place a soft kiss on her cheek where my fingers were. “I never expected you to walk into my palace. Into my life.”

A spark of hope lights in her eyes, and I continue.

“My parents hadn’t met one another until the day of their wedding. And yet they were the happiest and most loving couple I’d ever witnessed. I wanted that for myself and my queen.”

“That’s crazy. Things like that aren’t real!” She bites her lip, and I can see that she doesn’t believe what she’s saying. There is a question in her voice, begging me to disprove her.

“Anything is possible, princess. Especially when I’m the one who makes the rules.”

That pulls a smile from her. “My family thinks that I live too much in a bubble, that things aren’t that sweet in the world.”

“I’d spend my life making sure everything was that sweet for you. I’d make sure nothing ever fucked with that bubble you’re in as long as you let me in it with you.”

She looks at me with so much hope in her eyes but starts playing with her fingers again. I grab ahold of them and rub my fingers along them, trying to calm her.

“Did you come after me because I could be carrying your child?”

She’s so delicate and innocent. How can she not see her true worth? That a man has not stolen her for himself already is my good fortune. I don’t know what I’ve done

for her to fall right into my lap, but I'm grabbing her and never letting go.

"My Giselle, I would find you, no matter if you so generously gave me your body or not. You could deny my touch for a thousand years and I would still be at your feet waiting, hoping that one day you would grant me the pleasure. I'm yours, and I must be with you, no matter where on this earth you hide."

Her whole face lights up, and the fear that was still lingering when I lost her for a few hours drains away as I soak in that sweetness shining out at me. "Do you really want to marry me?" Hope lines her words.

"Marriage is only part of what I want with you, princess." I take her hand and kiss the center of her palm, then bring her wrist to my nose so I can smell her delicate sweetness. "I want to make you the queen of my kingdom. I want you to carry my seed and bear my sons. I want to possess your soul inside mine and be the center of your universe so that you rely on me and no one else for all that you want. So that you'd never think about taking more than a step away from me. I'm selfish when it comes to your love, and I will not share it."

"Love?"

Her bright green eyes are waiting, pleading with me to give her what her heart wants. It's the same thing mine is after, so it's easy to hand it over.

"I love you, Princess Giselle. Be mine, be my queen. Forever."

"I love you, too, Karim," she says, and throws her arms around my neck.

Chapter 9

Giselle

I hold on tight to him, unable to let go. His hands run up and down my back and then start to play with my hair. For the first time in a long time, I feel like I really am where I belong, with someone who doesn't care if I look at the world through rose-colored glasses. He's not asking me to change, he's just asking me to let him be with me.

I let all the things he said sink deeper into me. I bury my face in his neck, breathing him in. He loves me. My sisters would tell me to question it. That it's crazy to fall in love with someone in just a few hours, but I don't care. I know it's true love because I feel the same way about him. That's what this feeling has to be. It's why I let him take me without even knowing who he was. Yet it feels like I've known him my whole life. I never want to leave his safe arms.

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I try to push aside all the things I know my family would say. I don't want that to take this special moment from me. I want to cherish every second of our lives together and not spend it dwelling on what others might think.

I feel the car finally stop, but I only grip him tighter. "I don't wanna let go," I whisper to him. I don't know where we are, and to be honest, I don't care. I want to stay right where I am.

"No one said you had to," he says before I hear the door open and the cool air greets my body.

Karim unfolds himself from the back of the car with me still wrapped tightly around him. He brings my legs around his waist to help me stay on. He turns his head to kiss me and slides his hands under my bottom to get a better hold of me.

"Sir?" I hear someone say, and I pull back a little to get a look at an older man standing close. He's got pure white hair and is in a butler uniform. I instantly know we must be back at the palace.

"Albert," Karim says in response.

"I'll prepare the guest room?" I can hear the question in Albert's voice, as if he's unsure of what to do. He steals a curious look at me.

"That won't be necessary." Karim keeps walking, and the butler follows him as the car drives away. I watch over Karim's shoulder, peeking out as one of his security guards follows us up the stairs with a smirk on his lips. But when we enter the home,

he doesn't come in. He stops and turns at the door, shutting it. Only Albert follows us.

"I need you to get chocolate milk, marshmallows, grapes, raspberry goat's cheese, and crackers from the kitchen." I look at Karim, who's carrying me like I weigh nothing and taking the stairs two at a time. He listed off all my favorite foods. Sometimes I can go days only eating those things alone. "I'm sorry, love. I don't know what kind of crackers you prefer." My mouth falls open. How can he possibly know this? "Just get one box of every kind."

"Of course, Your Highness."

I glance over at Albert, who's taking notes on a pad while still following us.

"No one in my wing of the palace without my consent. Ever again. I don't care if it's you or a maid. I want to give the okay anytime this door opens," Karim says as he flings open the door that leads to a long hallway. Albert stops at the door, nodding, a smile forming on his face.

"Of course, Your Highness," he says, shutting the door behind us as Karim keeps up his pace.

He walks past door after door until he gets to the end of the hall and yet another set of double doors. He flings them open, showing off a massive room with a bed in the center. It's larger than any bed I've ever seen.

He tosses me on it, making me laugh as I sink down into its softness. He turns back to the doors, closing them, and I hear a lock click into place. He watches me as I get up on my knees, wanting to admire the man who's going to be my husband.

I smile at him as he strips off his shirt, and my body heats again. Just like it did the

last time I was trapped in a room with him alone.

“While I was on the hunt for you I got as much information about you as I could find. Even sending someone over to your home to make sure I didn’t miss a thing.” He glances over to the side of the room, and I follow his line of sight.

I see a pile of things from my room. Books, make-up, stuffed animals, and piles of the drawing pads I love to doodle in. “You moved my stuff here?”

“Everything but your clothes and furniture. I didn’t like the idea of my men touching your clothes, so I had them leave them behind. We can go get them later, or I’ll get you all new things.”

I bite my lip unsure of what to say. He prowls towards the bed. I didn’t know a man that big could move so easily, but it makes me think of a lion moving towards something he’s about to claim as his own.

“Am I scaring you?” he asks when he gets to the end of the bed. “I don’t think I can slow down. Maybe if you hadn’t run from me I could. But when you did that, you awoke something deep inside me I didn’t even know was there. It’s consuming me, and I have a feeling it won’t stop until it consumes you as well. Until it knows you’ll never run from me again. Until it knows you’re bound to me in every way.”

I drop down and crawl towards him, not scared of him at all. When I reach the end of the bed I wait. I like the idea that I had the power to wake something up inside him. “What do we need to do to make that happen?” I ask as I get back up on my knees. The tulle of my dress is bunching up all around me.

“Show me you’re mine. Bare yourself to your king.”

His words send a thrill through me. He belongs to me just as much as I belong to him.

I dip one shoulder and let the strap fall down my shoulder. Then I reach for the other, letting the top of my dress fall below my breasts. He reaches out, softly brushing my hair back to give himself a better view. His bright blue eyes travel over me, and I want to give him more. I like watching his eyes turn darker with need.

I reach down and slide my skirt up my thighs, spreading my legs farther apart for him. He sucks in a breath, and a sound from deep in his chest fills the room. He falls to his knees in front of me, and his fingers go to my thighs. I watch as he traces the remnants of his branding, which still coats my thighs from the first time we made love.

“Are you hurt?” he asks, and it’s then I see a small smear of blood on my inner thigh.

“I wouldn’t say hurt,” I admit. “I ache.”

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I try to move a little closer to the end of the bed without falling off. I had some pain before, but it's long gone, and this achy need overrides everything else. His mouth is so close to me, and I want it on me. The ache is turning into a throb. I can feel my nipples tighten even more.

He leans in a little more, lightly kissing one thigh then moving to the other. I can't pull my eyes away from him on his knees in front of me, kissing me so softly. So sweetly.

"Karim," I plead.

"Call me King."

"My King. Please. I need you." A growling sound fills the room, and his mouth is on me. I fall back onto the bed, my legs spreading wide for him. His big hands grab my hips, pulling my bottom all the way to the edge of the bed as he begins devouring me. It feels like his mouth is everywhere, and I scream out as he takes me over the edge, but he doesn't stop. The pleasure becomes too much. I try to jerk away, but his hold is unbreakable as he keeps eating at me, sending me over into another orgasm even more intense than the last.

"I don't think I can take any more," I pant, not even sure if I'm stringing a sentence together.

"I can't stop. You taste like both of us. You taste like you belong to me," he says against me before going back to making love to my body with his mouth. My back comes off the bed as I feel another orgasm rip through me, right before I pass out

cold.

Chapter 10

Karim

“Fuck,” I moan in my sleep. The feeling of wet heat on my cock wakes me up, and the vision I open my eyes to nearly kills me.

Giselle slides her wet pussy down on my length and then sits up, pressing all of her weight on me. I reach up, taking her lush tits in both hands and pinching her nipples.

“I like waking you up,” she says as she circles her hips.

“I like you waking me up.” I moan at the feel of her tight cunt wrapped around me. My balls ache to cum inside her, and I don’t know how long I can last. “Be still, sweet princess. I don’t want to spill too soon.”

I run my hands down her stomach and rounded hips. She bites her lip and shakes her head as she begins to move her full, soft body on top of me.

“Please,” I groan, and close my eyes. I can’t look at her while she does it, so I try to think of baseball or something besides the goddess riding my cock. “You’re going to kill me.”

“I like making you lose control.” There’s heat in her words, and I grit my teeth, trying not to imagine her honey-brown hair falling around her in waves.

“I can’t...” I choke out as I grip her hips hard and open my eyes.

I stare at the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen as I cum inside her womb, filling

her with what she was trying to steal from me. I can feel the beat of my heart in my ears as I roar with satisfaction at releasing into my bride. My princess.

When the last of the pulses in my cock stop, I take a deep breath and try to catch up with my heart. Her giggle makes me growl, and I roll us over so that she's pinned under me.

"You loved that, didn't you?" I say, giving her a wicked smile as I thrust my hard length into her. The sticky cum spreads between us as she takes all of me.

"Almost as much as I love you," she says, kissing my chest.

I grit my teeth because the feel of her mouth on me drives me insane. And the lower half of my body takes over and begins to rut on top of her.

"I need to breed you," I say, putting my weight on her and burying my face in her neck.

"Yes, King. I'm yours." She wraps her legs around my waist and raises her hips for me.

The feel of her warm body under mine is driving my animal instincts. But there is still a part of me that knows to be gentle with my precious love and to make sure her pleasure always comes first.

Reaching between us, I feel the thickness of my cock sliding in and out of her pretty cunt. I run my fingers through our passion and then bring them up to stroke her clit.

"If you cum and then take my seed your body will make the baby strong and healthy. An heir conceived in passion will rule with virtue and strength. Create the life that will rule my kingdom and bless our marriage." I take her lips in a fierce kiss as I feel

her body respond to my touch.

I slowly rock every inch of myself in and out of her as I pet her clit. The hard, little pearl is begging for my tongue, and I'll give it to her once she takes my release.

She shudders under me, and then she closes her eyes and throws her head back. She's lost to the pleasure, and I watch as pink blossoms across her chest and up her neck.

"Karim," she moans, and her hands cling to my shoulders as she cums on my cock.

I can feel the slickness of her release, and I move my hand from her pussy to her hips and hold her still as I pour my cum into her. The throb of my cock beats in time with her cunt, and I press my forehead to hers as I grunt out my seed.

Waves of heat move down my back and out of my cock. Every muscle in my body locks tight, and it's like the first time all over again. My vision blurs, and I have to brace myself so that I don't crush her.

"Wow," she exclaims, and there's a little giggle to her voice.

"Exactly," I say, taking her lips in a slow, sweet kiss.

We stay in that position for a long time, just kissing and petting each other. I don't want to pull out, and she doesn't seem to be in a hurry for me to get off her.

"There are plans to be made, princess," I say, rubbing my nose against hers.

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“What do you mean?” She smiles at me with genuine curiosity, and I shake my head, leaning down to kiss one of her breasts.

“You have a wedding to plan, my Giselle.” I take a nipple into my mouth and let it out with a pop. “I personally have no care in the world about a formal wedding. But I’m sure you’d like to have something nice.”

“Mmmmm?” she murmurs, her eyelids half open.

I move my mouth to her other breast and give it the same treatment. “Tomorrow is as long as I’ll give you. And I won’t wait another day.”

“Tomorrow?” Her voice is a little shocked this time as she tries to sit up.

“Relax, princess. I’ve got enough servants and money to make all things possible. Your wish is their command. All you have to do is ask and it will appear.”

“But I don’t know the first thing about weddings. I don’t want it to be silly.” There is a look of sadness in her eyes, and I don’t like it.

“Everything you do is perfect. Every choice you make will be the law of my queen, and no one would dare think less of it. You are kind, and loving, and those who witness our marriage blessing will be lucky to be in attendance.”

She reaches up and runs her fingers through my hair. “You really are perfect, you know?”

“I love you, Giselle, and I don’t mean to disrespect your family. But they left you out in the middle of nowhere with a father who wasn’t very social, a brother who has no clue how to rule, a mother who abandoned you, and sisters who married off as soon as they could.”

She turns her head away, but I grab her chin and make her look at me.

“You are special, princess. You are one of a kind, and they didn’t see it like I do. They mean nothing to me because they didn’t care for you the way they should have, and for that I will never forgive them. You turned out wonderful in spite of them, not because of them, and for that I will not seek vengeance on your family. But I will not allow you to think for one second that you are not worthy of all that you are owed. You are to sit by my side on the throne and show my kingdom what a true queen is.”

I place a soft kiss on her lips and wipe away a stray tear.

“A queen who is pure of heart and brave. A queen who is kind and loyal to her king. That is what I want my people to see. And tomorrow at sunset, I will present you to my people. And it will be the proudest moment of my life.”

“How do you manage to be such a big brute but say the sweetest things?” She rubs her hands along my chest, and I want to purr at the sensation. I love when she pets me.

“It’s easy to praise the woman I love. You deserve everything your heart desires.” I kiss her fingertips, and her green eyes sparkle. “Tell me something I can do for you.”

She pretends to think for a second and then grins at me. “I am kind of hungry.”

I smile and kiss my way down her body before I stop at her belly. I hate leaving her warmth, but some needs other than my own must be met.

“I shall feed you,” I say to the tender skin just above her pussy.

She wiggles under me, and I sit up and take a moment to look at the sight. My perfect, beautiful bride. I can’t wait to make her my queen.

Chapter 11

Giselle

I turn and spin in the mirror, looking at myself. I watch the bottom of my dress flare out enough to see my little kitten heels.

“It’s a bit much, don’t you think?” the woman who brought the dresses for me to try on says. She brought other ones than the one I asked for. I think she did it in hopes I would choose something else, but when the rack was wheeled into the room I went right to it. The smile drops from my face as I look in the mirror again. I thought it was perfect. The golden dress is made of silk, and two ribbons across my shoulders hold the dress in place. The top is tight, molding to me down to the waist, where it flares out and the fabric is interspersed with cute little bunches of material. I look like Belle going to the ball.

I love that the bottom is so free and I would be able to move easily. I can dance and have fun in it. I lift my dress to look at my shoes. They look like glass, but the small heels are covered in diamonds. I thought it was perfect. I’ve always loved both the stories of Beauty and the Beast and Cinderella, and now I know why. I’m getting both in my king. The beast and the prince all rolled together into one.

“I think it’s perfect.” I spin around at the sound of Heavenly’s, Karim’s sister’s, voice. I haven’t met her in person yet, but we talked on the phone a few times yesterday. I run towards her, almost knocking her over when I hug her. She laughs, hugging me back and laughing.

“You can go,” I hear her say as I pull back. The stylist shuffles from the room. “Don’t listen to her. This is the dress we talked about you wanting, and that makes it perfect.” She reaches out, touching one of my brown curls. Her face breaks into a giant smile as her eyes fill with tears. You’re just perfect.” It feels like she’s talking about more than the dress.

I blush a little.

“I bet you knocked him right over when he saw you.”

I bite my lip, unsure of what to say. I can’t tell her he actually pinned me to a wall.

“I just came from his office. He’s different,” she says, coming farther into the room and sitting down in one of the comfy white chairs. “He was all smiles and...” She pauses and then shrugs. “A little regretful.”

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I take a step back. I feel like something is grabbing ahold of my throat.

“No, no. Not like that.” She shakes her head, and I can still see the tears there. “I mean regretful at some of the distance that’s grown between us over the years. He wants to fix that. He said he wants to make us a close family again, like when we were young.”

I smile at that. Karim talked to me about how he and his sister lost that closeness when his parents died. He took over the throne when she was still so young. I could see the regret in his eyes as he told me the story. I told him it wasn’t too late.

“I like the sound of that. I love my sisters, but they are a lot older than me, and they would’ve agreed with the stylist about the dress.”

“Well, you’ve got yourself a new sister now.”

That really makes my eyes water. After Karim finally let me crawl out of bed yesterday, everything went into full swing, and the one person, besides him, who helped me the most was his sister. When she got news of the wedding she was blowing up the phone asking me everything from here to the moon to get the ball rolling. She really pulled most of this together and never once did she say one of my ideas was silly. In fact, when I said something about a cotton-candy machine she asked what my favorite colors were and made sure there would be enough cotton-candy machines to make them all.

“Where do you live?” I ask. We hadn’t gotten the chance to talk much about anything other than the wedding yesterday. I knew she didn’t live here.

“With my grandma a few hours from here. Karim actually asked me to come back home.”

“Oh, that would be so nice,” I admit. I’ve only gotten to know her a little, and what I know, I already love.

“That won’t be happening.” We both turn at the sound of a man’s voice. Standing in the doorway is a tall, broad man with dark hair. He’s in a suit but looks a little disheveled. “I’ve been looking everywhere for you. Why didn’t you tell me you left the country?” His words are tight, and I can tell he’s fighting to keep them calm.

“Carlos.” Heavenly stands from the chair, rolling her eyes. “I’m fine. I took a guard, and it’s my freaking brother’s wedding. Of course I was coming.”

“You didn’t tell me,” he says in disbelief.

“Yeah, well, that’s because you had one of those stupid dinner things to go to.” She puts her hand on her hip. “Finally find a wife?” Her response is short, and I can’t stop myself from glancing back and forth between the two of them.

Carlos’s whole body goes rigid. He takes a deep breath as if controlling himself. “I didn’t go to the dinner.” He says, a little calmer this time. “I was worried when you weren’t at the castle all day yesterday.”

“I was helping my new sister plan a wedding and finding a dress myself.” She runs her hands down her body as if trying to make sure the dress is still nicely in place. It’s dark green and hugs her everywhere. It makes her red hair really pop. She’s so beautiful.

“I’ll accompany you tonight,” he tells her, but she scrunches her face as if she isn’t sure she likes that idea.

“Carlos, I don’t need a protector tonight. I’m sure I’ll be fine. Besides, there will be lots of eligible women here who would love to catch your eye tonight.”

Carlos runs his hand through his hair, clearly frustrated.

“Stop it with the picking a wife shit. I hear it enough from my mother. You’ll go with me and act as my date. Neither of us is looking for anyone. Now put something on to cover yourself.”

Heavenly laughs, clearly not going obey.

“I think I’m going to go check on something.” I slip past Carlos, leaving the two of them to argue. I don’t know what the heck is going on. They almost seem like brother or sister with the way they’re fighting, but I can feel some other type of tension in the room.

I make my way down the hall and stop when I hear Karim’s voice. A guard is standing outside the door. I step towards it, and he bows his head, stepping out of my way. I crack it open and peek inside and see him sitting at his desk, a phone pressed to his ear.

I slip into the room, heading straight for him. His eyes meet mine and widen. He pushes back his chair, and I do my best to crawl into his lap with the dress I have on. I bury my face in his neck, relaxing into him. I’m shocked we got so much done for this wedding, because it seemed like every time we were more than twenty minutes apart we would go looking for the other and end up like this.

“Get it done. My queen and I are leaving tonight,” he snaps, and I hear the phone drop down onto the desk.

“I thought it was bad luck to see the bride in her wedding dress?”

“I don’t think you’d ever let anything bad happen to us,” I mumble into his neck, enjoying the smell of him. His arms wrap around me tightly.

“I would never let anything happen to my little princess.” He kisses the top of my head. “You look beautiful. This is going to be the fastest wedding and reception anyone has ever seen. But I’ll make sure you dance.”

I pull back and look at him, smiling. “You’re more perfect than any fairy tale I’ve ever read.”

“I’ll spend the rest of my life making sure that holds true for you, my queen,” he says, and his mouth takes mine.

Chapter 12

Karim

“Where are we going?” Giselle asks excitedly, bouncing in the airline seat.

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“On our honeymoon,” I answer, kissing her lips and then buckling her in.

The crew finish doing all the checks and offer us beverages as we get ready for takeoff. My plane is loaded and I’ve got a three-month vacation planned with my queen to celebrate our joining.

“Yes, but where?” She sips her champagne and smiles so brightly I can’t deny her anything.

“My gift to you, my queen.” I pull the map out of my suit and hand it over to her.

She takes a second to look at it and then look at me before she opens it up.

“What are all these red dots?” she asks, studying the countries.

I lean in close and press my lips to her ear. “All the places I’m going to fuck my wife.”

“Karim,” she says, blushing and looking around to see if anyone heard him.

We are very much alone, as the crew is minimal and getting ready for takeoff.

“Do you not like your present?” I ask, rubbing my nose against the shell of her ear.

I breathe her in, and she smells like cotton candy and all the things I crave. I want to lick every inch of her and then make love to her all night. I don’t know if I can wait for the plane to take flight before I pull her into the bedroom in the back.

“I love it,” she murmurs, her cheeks deepening with color.

Our wedding was perfect and was everything Giselle dreamed of. And that was the most important part. I wanted her to be happy, and the smile I saw on her face was enough for me to know I succeeded.

The ceremony was short, and so was the welcoming of guests. The reception was just what she asked for, and I danced with her for as long as she wanted. But when she said she was ready to be alone with me, I scooped her up in my arms and nearly ran out of the ballroom.

“You told me how you wanted to see the world, and I wanted to make that happen. So you’ll see a lot of beds in a lot of countries for the next few weeks.”

“Karim,” she chastises, rolling her eyes. But the smile there tells me she likes the idea just as much as I do.

“You know, it’s a good thing I stole you and made you marry me,” I say, kissing her hand.

“I don’t think you actually stole me. I went along willingly.” Her smile is teasing, but she leans up and kisses my cheek. “I’d gladly go along willingly again.”

“I’d gladly hunt you again.” My smile turns predatory, and she licks her lips. “Maybe I should show you the rest of the plane.”

“Maybe you should,” she says, her words filled with need.

“You wish is my command, my queen,” I reply, and carry her to the back.

Epilogue

Giselle

Five years later...

I lick the remaining cream cheese off my finger, moaning at the delicious taste. I'm remaking a pastry that the boys and Karim and I made while taking family cooking class in Paris two weeks ago while on vacation. Since that night I can't stop eating cream cheese. I practically put it on everything now.

"You two are just as addicted as me." I smile down at my growing baby belly before going back to plating the pastries.

We spent two weeks in Paris before coming home, knowing it would be our last trip for over a year. I wouldn't be allowed to travel anymore, and I wouldn't want to be far from home once the twins arrive.

When Karim and I first married we traveled a ton until our first son, Evan, came. Then when he started crawling around we took a few trips, but I only ended up pregnant again. I didn't mind. I once thought I could spend my life traveling and seeing the world, having been holed up in my father's estate for so long, but being here with Karim and my boys, I see that wasn't the case. I was lonely and I thought traveling would fill that void. While I still like to go places and see different cultures, I love home most of all. Where my family is. Everything I could ever want or need is within these walls.

I pick up the plate and head for my king's office to have my afternoon snack with him and maybe take a little nap on his sofa—something I do pretty often. But I stop when I see a man around my age waiting outside his door. He looks a little out of place. Most people coming to Karim's office are in some kind of suit, but he's in jeans and a polo shirt. I glance at the guard standing outside the door, and he gives me a small nod, letting me know it's okay to talk to the man.

“Hi,” I greet him, offering a friendly smile.

“My queen.” He bows his head a little. Being called that still feels weird even after all these years.

“Please call me Giselle,” I tell him, like I do most people. “Are you waiting for my husband?” I ask, hoping he isn’t. I wanted to lie down in his office for a little bit and eat my snack while the boys slept. We don’t get alone time much, and we like to enjoy it. I always come at the same time every day if he’s working, and he never schedules anything during that time, so I’m a little surprised.

“I just needed to drop something off,” he tells me, and I nod.

“Would you like a pastry?” I hold the plate out to him, but before I even see him, my husband is taking the plate from my hand and out of the other man’s reach.

“Steven,” Karim half-growls, and I roll my eyes, reaching for my plate again.

“Don’t take my food,” I snap at him, drawing his eyes back to me as a smile pulls at his lips. I narrow my eyes at him, but this only makes him smile more. He leans down, pressing his lips against mine in a soft kiss, and I go weak like I always do for him. <p>(adsbygoogle=window.adsbygoogle||[]).push({});<p>

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“Come on, I’ll bring the plate in and feed you,” he tells me, nodding towards his office door.

I lick my lips, still tasting him there, and go into his office. I don’t even make it halfway in and he’s already behind me, a sheet of paper in hand, his office door closed and the plate in another. He sets the paper down on the desk and pulls me over towards the sofa.

“Lie down.”

I do as he commands, wanting to be off my feet. He takes one of the pastries and feeds it to me, then hands me another. I moan around it as he takes a seat at the other end of the sofa, pulling my feet into his lap and sliding my shoes off my feet. He starts to rub them. I don’t know why, but the edge of bossiness he still has does things to me. It should annoy me, but it only seems to turn me on, and I think he knows it. That could also be because whenever he bosses me around it always ends with me being happy somehow.

“I’m only four months along and they are already swollen,” I groan as his fingers sink into my feet. I don’t know what’s better, the pastry or the foot rub. Thank goodness I don’t have to pick and can enjoy both.

“You’re carrying twins this time.” He stops rubbing for a moment and brings his palm up to my belly. “Two little boys at once.”

“Girls,” I correct, making him narrow his eyes. “It is,” I tell him matter-of-factly.

He lets out a deep breath, knowing I'm likely right. I guessed the two boys right when he was sure they were going to be girls. We never ask when we go to the sonograms. I love the surprise, and Karim lets me have it, no matter how much it drives him crazy not knowing.

"We should name them Lily and Anne," I tell him. He stops rubbing and looks at me. "They are both pretty names and, well, we had your dad's name mixed in with the boys' names, so..." I know how much he loves his mom and misses her. I wish I could have met his parents; they sound wonderful. At least our children will always have a part of them with them, because I know from the stories they would have been wonderful grandparents.

"I'd like that very much." He gives me a hard little squeeze and resumes rubbing.

I pop another pastry in my mouth and go back to enjoying my utter bliss. When I look over, I see the paper he brought in lying on his desk.

"What did the man you scared off bring you?"

"He should've been scared, taking a pastry my wife made from her plate."

I roll my eyes again like I always do when his jealousy starts sparking. He makes it sound like the man tried to take something more than food.

He tickles my foot and makes me giggle. "Remember the crème brûlée we had the first night in Paris?"

"And every night after," I add. We ate at some wonderful restaurant where I'd gotten the best dessert of my life and then had it delivered to our hotel every night until we left the city.

“I got the recipe for you.”

“What!” I sit up in shock. I’d asked over and over again for it, but the chef wouldn’t hand it over.

“Whatever my queen wants, she gets,” he says, a sexy smile spreading on his face.

He slides his hand up my leg, and I look at him with so much love. This man would do anything for me. He does everything for me.

“Now, how about since I got you your favorite dessert, you let me have mine.” My legs fall open for him as he slides his hands all the way under my dress, pulling my panties free and crawling between my thighs.

I give him what he wants because he’s the love of my life, and also because no one denies King Karim. Not even me.

Epilogue

Karim

Another seven years later...

I feel Giselle come up behind me in the shower. She runs her small hand down my stomach as her breasts press against my back.

“Hmmm. What are you up to?” I ask as her hand trails lower.

“I woke up and you were already out of bed. I guess I was the one who had to hunt this morning.”

“And did you have a hard time finding me?” I grunt as her hand circles my cock and starts to jack me off.

“No, the sound of the shower gave you away. You should really hide better next time.”

She brings her other hand around to rub my balls, and I have to brace both hands on the tile in front of me. “Fuck.”

“I want to get you off like this, and then I want you to make love to me.”

I feel her tongue on my back, and it sends shivers all the way down my spine. Her hand tightens, and I grunt as I release my seed. It spreads all over her hand, and I watch as it coats her and she continues to pump my cock. Seeing her fingers covered in my release is more than I can stand.

Reaching down, I snatch her wrist and turn around, pinning her to the wall and thrusting inside her in half a second.

“Karim!” she shouts, and it echoes off the tiles.

I fuck her hard as her legs squeeze right around my waist. She brings her cum-coated fingers up to her mouth and sucks them clean as I thrust in and out. When she takes them away I kiss her, slipping my tongue inside and tasting myself. I growl and feel the need building again, but I hold off until she gets her pleasure first.

I squeeze her ass tight and then slip a wet finger to her asshole, pressing slightly as my cock sinks into her pussy.

“That’s it, my king. Right there,” she moans, and digs her nails into my shoulders.

I press a little firmer on her asshole and move my mouth to her neck. I bite down a little and feel her body tighten as she screams out her orgasm.

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The steam of the hot shower and the sweat of my body slide her against me as I thrust her through her pleasure. When the pulses of her cunt are too much to take, I go over the edge with her and fill her sweet little pussy to the brim.

Some of it leaks out the sides, and I moan as I see it. There's nothing hotter than watching my cock pump cum into my queen.

She kisses me sweetly, and we stay like that for a long time, kissing while the water runs over both of us.

After what feels like a long time, Giselle laughs. "Thank God the kids are staying at their cousins' this weekend."

The older boys are helping on the orchard, and the twin girls are probably having a ball telling them what to do.

"I do love when you're loud," I say, nuzzling her neck.

"I wonder how loud we could be in the library?"

"Is this an excuse to have sex while you read?" I ask, smiling at my queen.

"Absolutely," she says, and gives me a kiss.

I take my time washing Giselle and then carry her to the library. Because that's what a king does for his queen—anything she asks.

THE END