
LOVED BY THE BEAST

Alcyran Chronicles Book Three

ANYA SUMMERS



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Anya Summers
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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Eclipse Press' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

CHAPTER ONE

Earth. He loathed this vile planet.

D'Vorak cursed his current predicament, perched high above the city on the flat, stone roof edge of a tall building. He scanned the surrounding area. His mission: find the three women, kidnap them, and get the lot to Rhiannon. If he accomplished his quest, she would cancel the pact his people had with the Clovis. It could only be voided by magic, which none of his people—himself included—had. When the compact ended, his people would be free of the Clovis once and for all. It was why he had taken charge of the mission and did not have one of his generals execute it. Their freedom from the pact must be won before their deception was uncovered. The Clovis could not get their hands on what they had built.

This world smelled like a swampy bog filled with methane gas, excrement, and an undercurrent of desperation. The stench permeated his being to the point where he was unsure he would ever be rid of it, even upon his return to Destrana. In all his days, D'Vorak had never seen so many stone buildings side by side together, or paved stone streets, and they went on for miles and miles, bleeding into the horizon. If he wanted wide open spaces, forests, trees, and

grass, he would have to fly many miles, to the perimeter of the city and beyond.

The overcrowding press from multitudes of people left him with the urge to tear this planet apart. How anyone could live with so many people present, he had no clue. It would drive him mad. He could sense them, every heartbeat, every voice, all layered upon each other, drowning the individual out and creating a deafening kaleidoscope of sound. The frenetic pace of this planet made it unbalanced and ungainly. It was a world in chaos on the brink of collapse. The skies were scorched, the air infused with noxious chemicals so thick he could taste them in his beast form. It was a wonder these people survived.

How could they not sense the impending doom? That their world was dying?

D’Vorak shook himself, refocusing his efforts on perusing the world below. With any luck, he would be back through the worm-hole breach by sunup. And this disgusting planet would be nothing but a horrible memory.

He scanned the streets beneath him. People strolled by without realizing they were being scrutinized. Their laughter, their voices, filtered up on temperate wind currents, and he caught snippets of conversation. Rhiannon had explained that their speech patterns and language were different. That was an understatement. She had used her magic to imprint the language in his psyche so he could understand their inane babble. The foreign tongue felt bizarre in his brain. But at least he understood what they were saying.

Rhiannon had scried for the three women’s location so that he would be in the general vicinity of where they were. There was a small window of time during which Rhiannon could keep the vortex open. If D’Vorak failed, the consequences of being enslaved to the Clovis for another few centuries weren’t worth considering. The witch had promised he would detect them by their scent; that they each carried a hint of Destrana inside them. All he had to do was get them to Rhiannon, in his world, and his part in the bargain would be complete. The compact would then be null and void.

D'Vorak launched himself off the rooftop, took to the air, and sniffed the wind. He soared like a ghostly specter, blending in with the night. On the streets below, the people never glanced up as he glided above. Perhaps that was why they didn't know their world was dying. They were too involved with what was right in front of them to view the larger picture.

Working with Rhiannon was risky. He understood the perils of trusting the Clovis wench. However, she had promised that if he succeeded in this task, she would sever his people's ties with the Clovis. That must happen before the truth of the Gūla was discovered—the truth they had kept hidden, the weapons they had forged.

All he had to do was find the three women and take them to his planet. Three particular women whom Rhiannon indicated were descended from the original line of Clovis. Earth had been the home world for the Clovis before they discovered the wormhole to Destrana, another realm, another world where they weren't persecuted and fled this one. The ancient lore of the Gūla described the first arrival of the Clovis on Destrana. At that time, the tribes had been primitive, living in thatch huts. It was the Clovis who taught them to build, to write, to read.

It was during that time, the true wealth of the Gūla was discovered. Warlords seized the mines filled with lunar crystals. When put together, they glowed, and were a power source unlike anything else on Destrana.

And from that power source they had created weapons capable of bringing down a Dráo, and protecting their realm. But the weapons created were too potent if they fell into the wrong hands. He shuddered at the thought of the Clovis with them. Queen Mona was already a power hungry wench with immense resources; she didn't need more at her disposal.

His nose caught a whiff of sweetness on the breeze. The potency and flavor reminded him of dragonsbane wine. Being surrounded by the foreign stench, his beast wanted to roll around in the familiar scent.

He scrutinized the pavement below.

Then he spotted his prey. The women walked three abreast down a deserted lane, swaying slightly as they trod. He inhaled a giant whiff, needing to be sure. His people needed him to finish this task and succeed. Rhiannon had been correct. Their scent held trace amounts of Clovis blood, mingled with that of the people of this planet. It confused his internal sensors, made him want to call them Clovis—but they were not. They had far too much of Earth inside them. Their Clovis scent was so faint and diluted, if he had not been searching for that in particular, he would have missed it.

He swooped down near the trio. His senses were on high alert. He homed in, soaring near their location. One of the women, a black-haired wench with hair that fell to her waist, glanced skyward, lifting her face toward his position, and emitted an ear-piercing scream.

That face. Even in the dark he could discern her beautiful porcelain features, the arched brows, slim upturned nose and pouty lips that were presently drawn in abject terror. A lightning bolt of energy struck D'Vorak's system. His wings stretched. His dick woke like a sleeping giant, straining against the confines of his leather britches. His entire being bellowed: *mine*. That, at long last, he had found his mate.

The urge to rut until his seed emptied into his mate's sex and his staff became flaccid surged through him. It overrode his every thought. He had to claim her, bind her life force with his and plant his offspring in her belly.

The thought of being with his mate after believing he was doomed to walk alone made his head swim. He was exultant. Desire thundered through his veins. His blood roared.

And then his mate and the other two women sprinted away. D'Vorak snarled. How dare she run from him? She belonged to him, now and until the end of their days. Like they could outrun him.

He shot after them, weaving his great wings between buildings as he flew, speeding closer and closer. He grinned when they took the dead-end with the entrance to the portal. Rhiannon had said the women would be drawn to the magic of the vortex, that their

blood would recognize the magic and it would act like a tether, leading them to it. The trap had been executed to perfection.

D’Vorak looked at the woman, his mate. She was a sprite of a thing, lush where it counted, and he felt himself nearly coming out of his skin at the sight. She was his mate, all right. His body and being exhibited all the signs. His feet touched down upon the firm, stone ground. Not breaking his forward momentum, he stalked forward. Voracious need battered his every footstep. He wanted to shake himself. It had been hundreds of years since any of his kind had found their mate. They slaked their lust on their harems full of concubines to quell the rising madness within. Every aspect of his being bellowed that he must take her, bind her to him at once.

The women pressed themselves against the wall as if they could become one with the brick. But he only had eyes for his little mate and her large pillowy cleavage covered by silver material. The globes strained against the confines. He wanted to rip the offending garment from her form. Test the weight of each tit in his hands. Discover the exact color and size of her nipples before suckling on them—for hours.

He could smell her, beyond the trace amounts of Clovis in her blood to the woman herself. She wore some type of perfume, an exotic, sinful fragrance that made him want to trace every inch of her skin with his tongue.

His booted feet crunched over the ground. His wings scraped against the sides of the buildings in the narrow confines of the alley. At the pitiful sound of his mate’s cries, the fear inherent in her voice, he yearned to soothe her fright by lapping at her cunt, slurping up all her juices until she moaned in ecstasy.

But then the fucking wormhole between their worlds opened before he could reach them. The three women, his mate included, stepped into the portal without him.

Sbit.

They wouldn’t have the magic necessary to navigate the vortex properly, whereas he had an incantation Rhiannon had given him to use. Without it, they could end up anywhere on Destrana instead of

in his kingdom and his throne room, as had been the initial plan. That could be lethal.

Racing after his mate, D'Vorak barreled into the gateway. The vortex stole his snarled curses and tossed them into the universal ether.