

Pursued by the Knight

By

Sadie Dane

©2013 by Blushing Books® and Sadie Dane

All rights reserved. No part of the book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Published by Blushing Books®,

a subsidiary of

ABCD Graphics and Design

977 Seminole Trail #233

Charlottesville, VA 22901

The trademark Blushing Books®

is registered in the US Patent and Trademark Office.

Dane, Sadie

Pursued by the Knight

eBook ISBN: 978-1-62750-2511

Cover Art by ABCD Graphics

This book is intended for *adults only*. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual spanking activity or the spanking of minors.

Table of Contents:

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Free Ebook Offer](#)

[About the Author](#)

[About Blushing Books](#)

Chapter 1

Georgianna took her seat at the end of a long table facing the grand hall. She was still surprised her fiancé, Lisbon, Prince of Covard, had allowed her to enter the banquet without him. Usually he made her wait until the food was all but frozen and picked clean off the platters. Yet it gave her little comfort to sit amongst the other guests and eating warm food, for it could mean only one thing. Lisbon was again with a woman.

He wouldn't want his father, the lecherous King Sampson, to notice his absence and send a page snooping and if Georgianna was missing, more specifically if her bosom was missing, the King was bound to notice.

She nibbled at her goose, taking in the rowdy and joyful noise around her. The King sat a few chairs down, directly in the middle, with his eyes on Georgianna's chest and a mistress on his lap. Seated beside Georgianna, Lady Calida--or something to that effect--spoke loudly about Georgianna's upcoming wedding. The goose fell in Georgianna's stomach like iron.

"I saw the flowers arriving in from the farms. Have you seen them?" The Lady spoke with thin lips that never stopped. Even when words weren't pouring from them, they always smiled, smirked, connived.

"I have not," Georgianna replied. She took a long sip of water, and nearly choked on it.

Lady Calida looked at her sideways.

She rarely indulged, but tonight of all nights, her nerves would be the death of her. Georgianna waved her hand for a servant and asked for a large glass of wine. The servant nodded and left, leaving Lady Calida to ask more questions and for Georgianna to wish she'd asked for two glasses.

"I can only imagine how pleased the two countries are with this match. Even if it has taken a little longer than expected. Have you spoken much with your brother? He was quite amiable."

"I have sent a few letters, but with the wars in the outer areas, replies are too few and very far between." Georgianna bared her teeth and hoped it resembled a smile. The truth was there had been no replies. She'd had no contact with her father or brother since her arrival at the castle. At first, Georgianna really had suspected it was the wars, but when not a single letter had arrived, she began to realize the truth. Lisbon was keeping them from her.

He had kept her distracted for a long time with parties and banquets. As the time passed, Georgianna realized them for what they were, merely a means for Lisbon to show her off in a controlled environment. He hardly let her off the grounds, and never allowed her to do anything that he had not personally approved.

"A two-year-long engagement," Lady Calida continued. "Much longer than either party expected, I'm sure."

"Yes, well, everything has been settled. It will all happen soon enough, I pleasure in this test of patience." As she recited her scripted response, Georgianna fought the urge to bite off her own tongue. Lisbon's one act of kindness had been not letting it known that their unusual engagement time was not due to the wars, but to her father's inability to muster up a dowry

appropriate to his rank.

Georgianna took another frustrated bite of goose and forced herself to swallow. Her stomach was a mess of butterflies, and her hands would not stop shaking. Thankfully, to the rest of the room she would simply appear as a nervous bride-to-be.

Her engagement with Lisben and the dismal future he provided was not the reason for her nerves. She had succumbed to the fact that her life was for trade long ago. To live as a princess and, one day as queen, was more than most people could hope for, and she would not turn her nose up to a safe life, even if it would be an unhappy one. In her home of Ceravique, most of her father's people were starving. Ceravique had continued to wilt and Georgianna could do nothing but watch as hungry people died while she had been unable to help them.

But she had found a way. Daily, she had thanked the Lord for bestowing beauty upon her. Because of her, a link formed between the two kingdoms, one that could supply her home with the stability, security and the trade routes it so desperately needed.

Yet none of this was behind her nerves tonight. As always, it was only Braden and not her fiancé who could evoke any sort of strong emotion from her. This time, what *she* planned to do that heightened her emotions.

Tonight, she would break it off.

Trumpets sounded, tearing Georgianna from her thoughts. The servant arrived with her wine and she gulped it down. Before the doors opened, she thrust the goblet back in the servant's hands with a request for more. The massive wooden plank doors swung wide and the King's knights strode through. They marched inside in two straight lines, their footsteps echoing off the stone walls like a slow drumbeat. On some cue Georgianna didn't see, they stopped and fell into a long horizontal line in front of her table.

Georgianna immediately spotted Braden. Except for the insignia identifying him as the General, he was dressed exactly as the others, in the armor they had worn to battle. He stood taller than the rest, but arrogance made him stand out.

"What news?" the King asked with slurred speech.

"We were victorious in the east, the land is claimed, and the threat has been eliminated," the General replied.

The King beamed. "Your report was expected. This banquet is in your honor."

When it was clear the King had finished speaking, the knights cheered, even though the banquet meant for them had already begun before they had arrived.

Georgianna suspected the two events were more coincidental. She snatched a fresh goblet from a servant then, with her eyes locked on Braden, took a generous sip. They could not continue, despite the way he could make her feel. She was affianced! To have let it begin at all was a sin, to let it continue, was impossible.

"I do hope they are given their own table," Lady Calida whispered as she bent forward, offering the knights a better view. "Remember last time, Princess? When it was insisted they sit at *our* table?"

Georgianna remembered. Later that night, Braden had come to her in her chamber, taking her against the small window where anyone could've looked up and witnessed their transgression.

She realized she was blushing and nodded solemnly. Braden had removed his helmet, but

his gaze hadn't immediately found hers. He watched the King, with sharp green eyes, like the attentive and loyal knight he was.

Braden stepped forward after the cheering subsided. "If it pleases the King, we will stow our armor and return."

The King nodded, his attentions already back on the pretty, drunken thing on top of him.

Georgianna commanded her legs remain motionless as Braden turned and left with the other men. The wine hit her body, making her numb and carefree. She shook her head and took another sip, even as the space between her legs ached at the sight of Braden.

When he kissed her, she wasn't just something beautiful, traded for the safety of a realm. When he hiked up her skirts because he couldn't wait for her to undress, she wasn't a trophy or decoration. He *wanted* her. She was desirable.

The goblet almost fell out of her hand as she felt him behind her, caressing her back with hands like a cold, dead fish. "My darling," Lisben murmured.

"You've made it." She conjured another teeth-baring fake smile.

"I have," He smirked.

He was getting sloppy. His disheveled hair hinted at his activities and his lips were still red, either stained or sore. He sat down beside her, ignoring the greetings from everyone around them. He tore a limb from the goose at the center of the table and leaned back.

"You missed the knights' returning, they were victorious," Georgianna said.

Lisben's eyes narrowed, a bit of goose flesh hung from the corner of his mouth. "I didn't *miss* it."

"I only meant—"

"Be quiet," he ordered.

Her head dropped, her eyes fixed on her lap. After a moment passed, she heard Lisben begin to tear at his goose again.

When he spoke, it was with a greasy whisper in her ear. "Drinking wine tonight? Does my rabbit want a repeat of last week?"

Her head snapped up even as she shook it back and forth. "No, my Prince. I just--"

The knights returning drowned the rest of her words. They seemed to bring in happiness and relief. Georgianna ignored her fiancé's smirk and took another sip. The wine already buzzed through her, but she needed all the false courage she could get.

Once the knights had all assembled, the King stood up. Georgianna was impressed that he still had the ability.

"As a reward for your good service to God and our great Kingdom of Covard, it is my decree that tonight is knight's choice. Sit alongside the prettiest, most handsome woman, and pray you've made the right decision. Don't worry, there is enough wine left to help you if you do not." The King guffawed.

Georgianna froze. She could not, would not, sit and watch Braden choose another woman. It would hurt too much. Even so, she peeked up and watched as knight after knight sat jovially next to the woman of their choosing. There was much blushing and giggling in the outer areas. Soon, Braden was the only one left, standing in the middle of the room, his gaze never leaving hers.

He wouldn't.

There was no way.

Yet, when he took a step, it was in her direction.

She watched his lean legs, remembering what it felt like to nestle them between her own. He held his hands loosely at his sides and she could already feel them caressing her nipples. When he reached their table and bowed, slightly at the King, his blond hair falling over his face, she remembered the last time his face bowed before her, pressed against her most intimate of places.

Every eye in the room watched, as he stalked towards her and indicated that Lady Calida should move aside. Not a breath was breathed as each head turned toward the King who observed Braden as shrewdly as a man with an obvious erection could.

The silence and stillness seemed to go on forever. Georgianna felt Lisben tense beside her. Whether it was because Braden wished to sit next to her or Lady Calida, she wasn't sure.

Finally, the King tilted his head back and laughed. "A fine choice!" he bellowed. "Courage!" he added as an afterthought and the room was able to breathe again.

Georgianna was not as lucky. Her palms were sweaty around her goblet. She didn't dare look, but she could feel him. His familiar heat radiated and sought after her body. A plate was set before him and he tore at the food with reckless abandon. She watched him chewing from the corner of her eye and slowly realized that he *hadn't* looked at her. From the moment he had entered the great hall, she had assumed it, but now that he was so close and she played the memory over in her mind, she wasn't his target. His body angled away from hers, towards Lady Calida. He wasn't sitting next to her at all. She just happened to be there.

Georgianna looked at the plate in front of her. It may as well have been full of rotten food. She pushed it away and a servant arrived to take it from her. She settled in her seat, palmed her wine, and put it to her lips again.

How dare he! *Why* would he? What had she done? She couldn't answer any of the questions in her mind. Her body sung for him. She could already feel her nipples pressing against her dress, the moist liquid pooling between her thighs.

She took an angry sip and was surprised to find her glass empty. When the servant came, she demanded another even though she had already drunk more than ever before in her life. As she waited, she couldn't help but overhear the conversation going on beside her. It was a testament to Braden's charm that even though he was a lowly knight in Lady Calida's eyes, he could still engage her in conversation, especially when there were influential people at the table. Georgianna heard her trilling laughter and was overwhelmed with a desire to scratch at the other woman. When her wine finally arrived, she brought it to her lips, chugging most of it in a single gulp.

As she moved to set it down, Braden jerked back abruptly. His arm collided with hers in such a way that the remaining wine splattered against her dress and face. She cried out and bounced back.

Lisben laughed at her. She could only assume what she looked like, stained with red wine and flushed by jealousy. Her lady's maid rushed over with a napkin.

"My lady, let me get—"

"I'm fine," Georgianna snapped and snatched the napkin away.

Braden stood a few feet from her, his face in an expression of remorse. "I am sorry, the

conversation was so animated, that I forgot you were there.”

She didn’t respond. Lisben jerked upright beside her. He didn’t look at her but Georgianna followed his gaze to a tiny yellow haired girl with a coy smile standing at the far end of the room. “I apologize...” He moved away.

“Lisben, my dress,” Georgianna pleaded.

He looked at her absently. “Oh yes. Don’t worry. I’ll get you a new one. You should go, can’t be seen in here looking like you do.”

“Will you walk me?” Georgianna asked, though she wasn’t sure why. She saw, from the corner of her eye, as Braden smirked.

“I—no, your lady’s maid will see to it. I just remembered... I forgot to... to sign something.” The speed with which he exited was super-human.

Georgianna noticed, for the first time, the other people staring. She caught Braden’s hard gaze.

“Perhaps two is enough?” he whispered so softly she wasn’t sure if she’d heard him correctly. Her mouth parted, resembling an O, and he scowled at her. How did he know?

“When you are ready, Miss,” her maid said softly.

Georgianna turned from Braden. “Thank you, Kalista.” When they were away from the group, she grabbed her arm. “I’m sorry for yelling at you. I was upset.”

Kalista smiled. “I understand, my Lady.”

As they left the grand hall, Georgianna felt a wave of sadness. Her nerves weren’t necessary. Sadness was quickly replaced with anger. It was a testament to her fury that she didn’t look back a single time as they left. She should be happy, her life was now as untroubled as it should be. Her father’s kingdom would be safe. She would be free to live her life without the overpowering emotions that came with being near Braden.

* * *

When Georgianna woke, she didn’t immediately notice that something was wrong. It wasn’t until she tried to adjust her aching arms that she realized she could not move them. Panic set in as she attempted repeatedly. She felt rope burn against her wrists as she thrashed, finally realizing that someone had tied her hands up above her head. She blinked. A single candle rested on her dresser, letting her know she was still in her room. Yet that knowledge offered little peace.

“Who is there,” she asked, her voice shaking. “Kalista?”

By that point, Kalista should have been in the servants’ quarters and wouldn’t return until morning. But Georgianna couldn’t help calling for her maid. “Please, who’s there?”

“I do love it when you beg.” The voice reached her ears as a hand grazed her thigh.

“Braden? What are you—”

His hand slipped upwards, cutting off her words. She bit her lips as her legs quivered. Then Lady Calida’s laugh replayed in her mind as she slammed her thighs together. “Untie me at once. Someone will find you.”

Braden pulled his hand out from under her nightdress but kept it on her thigh. The thin slip did little to block against his heated touch. “Who will find me, princess? Your sleeping lady’s maid? She is a few floors away. Or maybe your doting fiancé will come looking?” He sneered. “He is most likely pounding into that whore he left with.”

She gasped. “You shouldn’t say that.”

“Why shouldn’t I say the truth?” he said, though his tone had softened.

“Why am I tied up?”

“I like you this way.” He obviously meant it as a joke, but there were too many emotions running through Georgianna for her to appreciate the humor.

“I am always this way.”

Braden leaned upwards and pulled at the end of the rope. Immediately her hands freed, but he gathered her quickly into his arms. “How do you have this power? Huh? My little Georgi.” His tone washed over her soul like a salve. It soothed the angry burning, mended the deep tears.

“Don’t call me that,” she muttered against his shirtfront.

He pushed back away from her. He was still on the bed, a few feet away, but she mourned the space between them.

“My apologies, Princess.”

If his words were daggers, she’d have a body of Swiss cheese. She exhaled roughly. “Braden, I didn’t mean...” she stopped apologizing. “How did you know how many glasses of wine I’d had?”

“I know everything when it comes to you, Princess,” he responded darkly.

“Odd, since I know so little about you. Your interest in the ladies of court, for instance. Pity, you have wasted all your time defiling me, when you really had your heart set on the charming Lady Calida.”

He pounced in such a way that she had no time to defend against him. He pressed her down against the mattress, his body urgent against hers. His hands wrapped around her wrists and held them above her head as he balanced on his elbows, his face so close she felt his breath. His blond hair tickled her chin. “Defile? Is that what I’ve been doing?” He rotated his hips and she felt the hard length of him nudge against her stomach.

“Get off me.” Her words were breathless.

“Say it like you mean it.” He leaned his head forward and pressed his lips against hers.

She swallowed the immediate desire to thrust her tongue in his mouth and explore. His lips crushed against hers and she opened her mouth. He made a noise of triumph just before she bit down on his lip and tasted his coppery blood. “Jesus, Georgi!” He jumped off and away as Georgianna sat up.

“I guess I meant it,” she said as she straightened her nightdress into a more polite position. Her eyes had adjusted enough so that she could see his face clearly. He didn’t look at her with anger, despite the small spot of blood at his lower lip, his eyes holding a desire that she recognized. Her skin flushed in response to it as her tongue flicked out and moistened her lower lip. His eyes followed the motion first with lust and then anger. Abruptly jumping from the bed, he strode across the room so that all she could see was the shadow of his backside.

“You were right to stop me. I’d almost forgot. It would’ve been the first time.”

Confused, Georgianna got up and padded closer to him. His shoulder blades jutted out under his light tunic. The tension in his back kept her from going all the way towards him.

“Forgotten?”

“Do not play dumb with me, Georgi.” His words were low and menacing. “It will only make it worse for you.”

Survival instinct caused her to back away. She knew he wouldn't hurt her but his tone scared her. She sat down at the edge of her bed and waited.

"When were you going to tell me? A moot point, but please, soothe my inner beast. Tonight? Tomorrow? After one last thrust?"

Georgianna was glad she was sitting. How did he know she needed to break it off with him? As far as she knew, no one knew of the affair. He could have discussed this with no one. Her heart beat frantically. What if someone did know, everything might already be ruined. "Braden, who told you?"

He spun around but did not respond.

She lunged forward, crawling on her knees until she reached him. She clutched at his front, begging for the answer. "Who knows? Please, tell me."

He sneered as though he wanted to push her away, but instead he kneeled down and looked her in the eye. "Why does it matter? It doesn't change that it happened."

Her brow furrowed in confusion. "What happened?" she asked slowly.

Braden raised his hand to her chin, his thumb grazed over her lips. His words were as soft as the caress against her mouth. "How could you let him? You should have known I would find out. You let him touch you." His gaze turned speculative. "Does the scent of his fingertips still linger?"

Georgianna leaned back so that her bottom sat against her feet. A memory, otherwise suppressed, flitted to the front of her mind.

A week ago, she had been returning from dinner to her chambers when she had run into Lisben. He'd been drunk, as usual. His arms had snaked around her and forced her against the wall. The kiss had been sloppy and brief. At the time she remembered being happy that there was no one around, but not because she was afraid of Braden knowing, but because she didn't want anyone to see the way she had thrown up her dinner the instant Lisben had left the hallway.

"The only thing that *lingers* is my desire to scrub my skin raw. And if that's the reason for your behavior tonight, then the feeling is returning." Georgianna got to her feet and backed away towards the bed. "So what if he kissed me, Braden? He is my fiancé. Soon, he'll do that and more. Kiss me, touch me, *fuck* me." She crossed her arms over her front, covering her breasts and blocking her heart from him. "We have to stop this. You have no claim over me or me over you. It's over, now."

As she spoke, Braden took a predatory step towards her. She shuffled back, almost tripping over her feet. Her tone faltered. It carried none of the angry confidence it had moments before. "Listen to me. This is the only way for us, if we don't do this now, while we still can, it will destroy everything. More depends on this than my own happiness."

"Everything?" he scoffed. "You mean it will put a kink in your plan to be a martyr. You can lie to everyone else, give them your false smiles and planned words. Not me, Georgi." He stopped in front of her, his angry eyes locked on her folded arms. "You can't stop this, because it is unstoppable." He slid his hands from her shoulders down to her front. "It may burn us both alive, but it can't be stopped."

"Braden—" his name was a muffled moan on her lips as his hands returned to her shoulders and pushed her down until she sat on the edge of the bed in front of him.

"No. I've had enough of this. We're done talking about it."

Her eyes left his face, falling to his body in front of her. His tunic was not tucked and hung just below his waist. She closed her eyes and breathed slowly. This was what she needed to stop. He turned her into a woman possessed, unable to make rational or virtuous decisions. She felt, at times, like a trained animal, that would do anything he asked just as long as she received her reward.

“What do you want?” he murmured, lifting her arm and placing her hand on his waist.

She loved to explore him. Her fingers moved, of their own accord, rasping against the coarse linen of his pants. She glided them up his thigh, towards the bump that was growing as she watched. She gently massaged his thigh and looked up at him, glorifying in the look of appreciation in his face. Her fingers found the top of his pants and she pulled down gently. She wanted her mouth around him, needed to suck him until he cried out her name in a way no one else ever had.

“No.” His one word was enough to freeze her, inside and out. “You don’t get off that easily, Georgi. Not tonight.” He stepped away but she kept her fingers linked around the top of his pants until he had to pry them off. “Get on the bed.”

She didn’t immediately comply so found herself being flung back, landing with a short bounce on the mattress.

“Don’t be coy. Turn over.” Even as he ordered, he reached around her and laid her out so that she was on her stomach. “Hands out.”

She shot her arms out to their sides, a little confused as to what he had planned, but knew deep down, she didn’t care as long as it meant she could touch him. When she felt the rough coil of rope wrap around her wrist, she angled towards him.

“What are you doing?” she asked, an edge of panic lacing her question. “I thought I explained this—”

He pulled the knot tight around her wrist and affixed it to the closest post. “You don’t understand,” he soothed her. “This isn’t about restraining, I wouldn’t want to hold you back or keep you frozen. This is pleasure, Georgi, and punishment.” He grabbed her other wrist without warning and her face fell to the pillow. “And we both know how you need to be punished.” He looped an arm under her stomach and lifted, forcing her to her knees. Her face pushed further into the mattress. It was awkward but not uncomfortable.

She tested out the restraints and found that she could barely move her top half the way she was held against the bed. She was completely vulnerable with her ass in the air. Her only comfort came from the knowledge that she still wore her nightgown.

“Now then, what do we atone for first?” Braden made a clicking noise with his tongue. Georgianna felt his heavy hands, having finished tying her up, rubbing relentlessly up and down her body. They cupped the heels of her feet, slid up her calves, staying above her nightdress and glided over her butt. She thought they lingered there, but moved on up her spine.

She exhaled roughly, her breath blasting back into her face. His gentle caresses stoked the fire in her stomach. Her fingers itched, the need to touch him as he was so freely touching her, came over her. “Braden, please.”

“Begging... I approve.”

She felt him lean on the bed behind her, a hand on each butt cheek. She craned her neck back, but couldn’t see him, could only imagine what he looked like, as he loomed over her in this

most vulnerable of positions. She wiggled her ass, pulling away from his grasp. “Wrong choice,” he said and then she heard a tearing noise. It continued, followed by the chill of the night’s air. Her ripped nightgown fell to the bed beneath her. She squealed and he shushed her. Something in his tone told her that she should comply.

“What is it you want, Georgi?”

At that moment, she wanted him to stop playing around, but she knew that wasn’t what he meant. “I don’t know,” she finally replied.

The instant the words came out of her mouth she felt a sharp smack against her ass. She muffled her cry of surprise into her pillow. Her cheek stung, but as the pain ebbed, she felt something else replacing it. She ignored that feeling.

“Be honest with me, little princess. What is it you want?” Braden asked again, his tone as gentle as his smack was fierce.

Georgianna bit her lip. Despite the way her body roared, she would not play his game. Seconds passed and she felt two sharp smacks, one on each cheek.

“Silence is not an option,” he reprimanded.

“What do you want from me?” Georgianna cried out, her anger fueled by confusion and regret. His hand fell against her ass, bringing on the stinging pain, but his hand lingered, massaging her ass.

“You don’t get to ask questions.” His husky tone was her only indication that he felt the same lust she did. His fingers dipped lower, teasing against her thigh. The touch barely brushed her skin and she urged her body back, leading him closer, to the part of her that ached. “Stop it, Georgi, you can’t distract me.”

She cried out again, but this time it was a noise full of need. If he didn’t touch her... “I want you! You know that and shouldn’t need me to say it, but I do. I need you Braden, please!” His finger slipped inside her. She moaned into the pillow as he pulled it out and thrust it in again setting a slow and lazy pace. Her head just had time to wrap around what he was doing before he stopped.

“No!” She jerked back so hard, she felt the ropes bite against her wrists yet the pain was nothing compared to the way her body clenched for him.

He pulled her legs out from under her and she slammed flat against the mattress. He pressed forward, his legs separating hers so she lay stretched and spread eagle, unable to move either her arms or legs. His cock nestled between her cheeks and his breath was hot in her ear. “How do you do this to me? What power do you have?”

There was a twinge of desperation that she knew she should pay attention to, but the feeling of his body against hers, longing to turn over and take over as he had taken over her, forced her to ignore it.

“There are other women,” he admitted, “hundreds of them. But it’s only you. I can’t get you out of my head.”

She felt his teeth nip against her ear. Not enough to draw blood or leave a dark mark but it was enough for her to cry out again. His weight instantly removed as he jumped from her and jerked at her restraint, pulling one wrist free and gathering her long brown hair in his hand.

He urged her head forward, but she didn’t need the direction. Overcome with desire, she ripped his pants down only far enough to reveal the engorged head of his cock. She licked her

lips before taking him in her mouth. She suckled fiercely, like a woman offered her first drink of water after a month in the desert. His juices were her elixir and she relished in each suck and lick. In the back of her mind, she noticed he had untied her other wrist, but the only acknowledgment she gave it was to drop her hand against his ass and press him deeper inside her mouth.

“Stop, now,” came his garbled cry as Georgianna’s lips surrounded his head. They slid down his shaft until she felt his short hairs tickle her nose. She wanted to be just where she was as his seed spilled into her greedy mouth. He pulled her hair until pain finally gave way to need as he fell out of her mouth with an audible pop. She lunged forward, but he pressed her down. His lips crushed against hers and his tongue invaded her mouth, twining with hers. Her hands were free to grasp and pull at his shirt. He broke the kiss long enough for her to rip his shirt over his head just as she felt him kicking his pants the rest of the way down. Smoothing her hands over his broad chest, she parted her legs and clamped around him.

“Holy hell, Georgi,” he exclaimed.

“Please.” She could only beg, her body wouldn’t allow her anything else. This was the moment that she lived for how could he not see? Nothing else could be hers, save for the feeling of him. She repositioned her body so that his tip nestled against her moist entrance. He would take her now, she was certain.

And yet, he paused, propping his body up and away.

“How are you two the same?” he asked. His hand brushed the hair at the side of her face and tucked it behind her ear. “How can you be the Georgi who needs me and the princess who wishes to banish me away?”

“Don’t...” but even as she spoke, she felt her guilty conscious bloom. “Why must you bring that up now? Why can’t you let me have this?”

“Because it isn’t fair to either of us,” he insisted. She bucked against him, but he stilled her. “I want you, don’t mistake this for rejection. But I need all of you, not just stolen moments.”

Only Braden would ask for the impossible, and only Braden would ask for it the exact moment she was willing to make anything work. She whimpered in frustration. “Maybe if we had time?”

He was in her face, suddenly intense. “Time is an honest thief. It robs you as you watch unwilling to stop it.”

“And remorse? Does it take that too?”

“No. Like a thief, it leaves behind only that which you wish you could forget.”

“I could never forget you,” Georgianna whispered, more to herself than to Braden.

“I don’t plan on letting you.” He thrust his length inside her. She had no warning. Her body took a moment to adjust. With Braden, each time was like the first time. Not the pain, but the feeling of shock. It was as if she forgot, each time, that she could feel as filled up as she did when the length of his cock buried inside her.

He did not move, but instead left a trail of kisses down her jaw line. He nuzzled against her neck, only then did beginning with slow, deliberate thrusts. His lips nibbled her nipples, before he bit down. She caught her lips in her teeth, capturing the cry, but was barely able to as he moved to the other breast, suckling her into a frenzy. His motions became frantic, deliberation giving way to a raging rhythm. He pounded inside her and she welcomed it as she cried out with

the desperate need that only he could bring from her.

There was no way to question what was happening, she could only meet him, thrust for thrust, each one pushing her forward, pulling her apart. Until finally she no longer had breath enough to even scream. One more push was all she needed, and yet when it came time, he slowed. "What do you want, my Georgi?" he whispered.

"You." She realized as her climax broke over her. There was never any other answer. She relished in wave after wave of pleasure. He pushed once again into her before crying out and filling her even more with his release.

He pulled from her, immediately nestling her into the space beside him.

"My lady?"

Georgianna froze. The sweat on her skin, sweltering hot only seconds before, turned to ice.

Kalista softly knocked twice more. "Miss, the prince, he comes." Her voice became a little desperate. "I thought you should know. He comes now." Kalista's footsteps echoed down the hallway.

Georgianna felt trapped. Braden tensed beside her. His arms turned into iron clamps against her body.

"Did you mean it, when you said you wanted only me?" he asked.

Her head was a flurry, how could he ask something like that, at this moment?

He pulled her gaze to his, a hand at each side of her face. "Did you mean it?"

She closed her eyes and felt a tear escape and run down her cheek. "Yes." When she opened her eyes, she was dumbfounded to find Braden smiling.

"Then do not fear."

She heard loud steps sound down the hallway. "How can I not?"

"You just have to trust me."

If he was wrong, she was dead and her father's kingdom would wither away. But the way he watched her, she wanted to trust him. She pulled at her hair, wringing it between her fingers. She took a deep breath and exhaled it slowly, knowing that she was impulsive. It was one of her worst traits.

"We should put on our clothes, at least." He smiled wide and walked to the other side of the room, opening her wardrobe, and tossing a nightgown to her. "You'll have to wear this one."

"Georgianna!" Lisben's angry tone sounded behind the door.

She quickly wrapped her body in the slip he gave her and moved to stand by his side. He pushed her back a little, and when he saw her questioning gaze, he responded. "Just in case." He winked and Georgianna fought the urge to punch him.

Braden stepped more securely in front of her before pulling the door open. Lisben stood with his eyes wide open, his mouth gaping like a fish. Behind him, Georgianna noticed another knight, most likely his guard. His *armed* guard. The knight looked over Lisben's head and at the two of them with a very nearly amused expression. Braden moved over before speaking, cutting her from his view. "Can I help you?"