

Sold to the Night Lord

My birthday 201

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I have barely finished hearing his words when his lips press against mine and his hands caress my sides. I moan into his mouth and burst into pure ecstasy at the feel of his fingers on my body. The rest of the world fades when I am with him, my body responds only to his touch, my thoughts completely clouded by his nearness. He tugs on my lower lip and his fangs slice the flesh, making the taste of my own blood explode in my mouth. Far from causing me pain, that gesture sends a surge of heat and desire through my system. I bury my hands in his hair to pull him closer, so that his body and mine end up fitting together perfectly. My tongue begs to taste what it has craved for weeks, so between kisses, licks, and bites, my teeth nip his lower lip.

My tongue laps the scarlet trail without any shame, and Cassian answers with a growl that raises every hair on my body.

“Take everything you want, it’s yours.”

His taste is a drug giving me an instant high. When he pulls away, I can’t hold back a small sound of frustration, to which he responds with a provocative smile. My legs are open, leaving him space to settle between them. I watch intently as he unbuttons his shirt one button at a time and lets it fall to the floor. I drink in the sight of his body, from his bloodied lips to the muscles of his hips that mark the path to what I need most. Desire is etched on both our faces.

I lick my lips, savoring his blood, and without warning he rips my dress as if it were nothing. My body is left exposed and at his mercy. His gaze travels over my neck, darkening as he perceives the frantic beat of my heart hammering against my throat. He continues down to my breasts, which he grabs and squeezes without hesitation. I stifle a moan.

“My dreams don’t do you justice, little wildcat.”

“Touch me, Cassian, please.”

His laugh is dark and wicked.

“I plan to do that all night, love.”

He leans over me, supporting his weight on one arm while the other caresses my belly and then slides lower down to the apex of my thighs. The contrast of his cold touch with the heat pooling between my legs has me trembling with raw, visceral desire. He brushes his lips over mine tentatively, while smearing the wetness gathering between my folds, parting them to seek my clit. The moment his thumb grazes that spot, I shudder and moan into his mouth. Cassian kisses me hungrily, while tracing circles that build my arousal higher and higher. He slides a finger inside me and I cry out, more sensitive than ever.

“Come on my fingers, Elara. Give it to me.”

He pushes a second finger inside, spreading them, pumping against my walls. I tremble beneath his body, disintegrating with every caress and every kiss. I tug his hair, pulling his lips from mine, and with a look I tell him what I need to finally fall apart.

“Please...”

He curls his fingers inside me, stroking that spot so sensitive I feel tears well in the corners of my eyes. With his thumb he rubs my clit, more and more

swollen. He licks the curve of my neck, teasing me with his tongue and then with the edge of his fangs. My nipples harden with every little movement. I think it impossible to be more aroused, but I am wrong, for the moment his fangs pierce my flesh and I feel him suck, I shatter completely. I arch against the mattress, dig my nails into the sheets, and scream his name while my vision bursts into white sparks.

The high doesn't end with my orgasm. His lips on my neck keep me on the edge, preparing me to fall again. He pinches my nipple before pulling his fangs free. His hands trail down my back and cup my ass in his palms.

"Get on all fours."

I obey, eager. I place my palms and knees on the mattress, arching my back when I feel the tip of his cock teasing my entrance. I can't resist glancing over my shoulder at the exact moment the slick, glistening head slides between my folds and

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pushes inside. He makes me feel every inch, sliding in slowly. His eyes lock with mine and stay there, while he pulls out until only the tip remains, then thrusts back to the hilt. I bury my face in the mattress and choke back a cry. I'm shamelessly exposed, begging for more, craving every thrust. One hand clamps on my hips, the other briefly strokes my belly tenderly, until it slides again to my clit. He matches his thrusts with circles over it that little by little push me to the edge again.

The cabin fills with the sound of his hips slapping my ass, my moans clawing up my throat, and the dirty words whispered in my ear. Sweat runs down my back, my breasts swing, and Cassian's chest presses to my spine. This

doesn't feel like making love, this is him fucking me, claiming me, conquering every piece of me as if his name weren't already carved into

1. me.

"Your pussy is desperate to feel me spill inside you. Isn't that right? My greedy little wild thing."

He pushes the same fingers that had been inside me into my mouth, giving me my own taste. His balls slap against me as he drives into me hard. His words make me want to feel powerful. I move against him in rhythm with his thrusts, crashing back against his thighs, feeling him deep. I suck his fingers avidly, as if they were his cock, leaving them completely clean of any trace of me.

"Keep that up and the next thing I'll fuck is your mouth."

He growls and wraps his hand around my throat. His body presses even tighter against mine, his lips brushing my nape as the force of his thrusts drives him to his release. He squeezes my throat a bit more and slides his other hand down my body to his fingers. I part my lips and he strikes my swollen clit until we both reach ecstasy. His cock twitches inside me, filling me with warmth, and my legs want to give under me.

Before my body can collapse onto the mattress, spent, Cassian gathers me into his arms and lays us both down. Him, one arm beneath his head and one hand in my hair, while I rest on his chest, listening to the thundering beat of my own heart in my ears.

"Did I tire you out?" he asks, toying with my hair.

"Why? Was that your intention?"

He lowers his gaze, a wicked smile etched on his lips.

“I was just wondering if you’re tired enough to take what you really want.” He licks his lower lip, as if he can still taste my blood. “Bite me. I know you’re craving it.”

The liquid running through my veins bubbles, and before either of us expects it, I am on top of him, feeling like a godde showing mercy to her faithful, a queen claiming her realm, a vampire dominating her prey.

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