6. A Morning Bath

XENDAYA.

The sound of a roar makes me jolt upright and I look around the huge room, my heart thundering. It takes me a few seconds to realise where I am and everything that happened rushes back to me.

I sigh heavily as I brush back my hair that is sticking to my face.

I wipe my neck. I'm sweating.

It's hot... so hot.

I'm only in the skirt I was wearing last night, the fabric of my top still on the ground.

Last night I didn't bother to go look for something to wear, wishing to not be here, and I had probably fallen asleep at some point.

I curl my legs onto the bed and look out of the grail window, seeing a dragon fly through the sky.

I know it's daylight, but the smog outside casts a shadow across the room. Why is it like that?

'Morning.' Shayara yawns.

'Morning, it's so hot here.' I grumble.

What do I do now? Will he come back, or can I hope he's forgotten about me and leaves me in this room?

I'd rather not have to see anyone.

'But we can't be forgotten, we need food.' 1

I grab the bed sheet beneath me, tear a long strip from it, and wrap it

around my breasts as I stand up and pull my hair back.

I walk over to the window and begin combing my hair back from my face as I look out through the window.

The heat is even more intense close to the window, and I can see the waves created by the heat ripple through the air.

I'm on the far side of the castle and outside the ground is pretty bare. There are no trees, nor fresh earth, just rock and volcanoes. Steam is rising from parts of the land, and I wonder if it's hot springs. I can't be sure, as this strange smog is so thick.

The door opens and I turn suddenly to see two men and two women enter.

The men are in pants and a white loose shirt and the women are in slightly sheer white cotton dresses that cover their shoulders and have slits from the thigh down.

"We have come to take you for your bath." One of the men says in a very thick accent, bowing his head as he motions for me to come to them.

"Come, Your Highness, please."

"Take me where?" I ask, looking around the room. There's an arch that leads to a separate area. The bath is right there. "Can you not run the bath that is here?"

"No, I'm afraid we have orders."

He doesn't give any more information and I hesitate; do I follow?

I'm sweaty and my hair feels awful...

"Very well then."

"Excellent, breakfast will be served after your bath, my queen."

'Then?

I don't ask more and instead follow them. Only one had spoken, and I wonder if the others could even speak my tongue.

"What is your name?" I ask.

"Cazan, your majesty."

"Cazan, nice to meet you," I reply, glancing around the dark walls of the castle.

It's so stuffy...

I think this is the one thing I will struggle to get used to, the heat.

'We will get used to it,' Shayara offers confidently.

'Until I figure out a way to get out of here.' I state.

'But our people –'

'I am not so foolish as to have him unleash his wrath on our people Shay, I will plan something.'

I'm led down the hallway, but we don't go far and soon we stop outside double doors that seem to somehow be grander than my own, although they are the same size.

They are made of black wood but I'm not sure what makes these more daunting...

Is it the inscriptions upon it? I frown as I scan them slowly, trying to see if anything makes sense.

One of the women knocks on the door and says something in a different language.

The doors swing open, and I'm instantly hit with Agnarr's scent.

I hope he isn't here!

I see six women wearing similar clothing waiting beside the door.

"I will leave you now," Cazan says, bowing his head as the rest follow suit and bow their heads.

I step inside looking at the bowl and trays three of the women are holding. Something smells good and I see one holding a platter of what looks like long bars of soap.

The second woman is holding folded towels, and the third holds a bowl with some sort of white delicious smelling milk.

They beckon me to follow and I'm led through the grand hall and through an arch. I see a huge bed. It's empty though, but I can smell him.

Is this his room?

My stomach twists.

I hope he is not around...

When we step through the archway, I find myself in a hall that's surrounded by arches, some that look into the room and others that look out to the surroundings.

The round bathtub is huge. It can easily fit fifty people with enough room for them to move around.

One of the women moves forward as she begins removing my skirt. As a werewolf, I'm not shy to be nude, but the Dragon Kingdom seems far more unbothered by nudity.

The moment I'm naked, I step into the water and welcome it. It's cool, and it soothes my heated skin quickly. I let out a sigh of satisfaction as I

rest my head back against the stone wall behind me.

It's too deep for me to sit in, but I'm ok with standing.

The women place the soaps, the bowl of milk, the towels and some brushes beside the edge of the bath before they lower their heads and leave me.

I smile for the first time, oh this feels so good and relaxing!

Yesterday when we came back, it had just been a quick shower with the women insisting on bathing me, and I had no time to soak my achy bones.

A journey on a dragon's back is no small feat, and it is exhausting.

I close my eyes, basking in the coolness, but that calm does not last long when I hear something break the surface of the water and I take a sharp intake of breath.

My eyes fly open, and I find myself staring at none other than Agnarr standing in the centre of the bath. He's waist-deep in water as he brushes his soaking hair back.

For a moment, the sun breaks through the smoggy skies and my throat turns dry.

I lick my lips, unable to deny how hot he looks right now.

The sunlight that peeps through creates a mesmerising backdrop which only emphasises his muscular body further. The scales that I notice are always present around his shoulders seem to shimmer and with every move, his muscles flex deliciously.

I find myself looking lower. His Adonis belt only makes my core clench and my stomach flutters when I notice the light sprinkle of dark hair that disappears below the water.

"Well, hello there, Wolf Princess." His deep, husky voice sends a shiver down my spine.

I frown, glaring at him.

Was he beneath the surface of the water for that long?!

"What is this? A plan to get me naked?" I ask coldly, hoping he didn't notice that I had just been staring at him.

He is a monster, a ruthless killer. I won't forget that! But I can't deny that he is also incredibly sexy.

'Yes, he is, and he has a harem. Why not show him what we have? Then he won't need a harem.' Shayara quips in and I know she's already smitten for his looks.

Horny wolf. 2

'Really? I mean, just seeing him naked has gotten you all turned on? He is a monster and one we will never bow down or succumb to. Remember that.' I remind her.

Before she can even reply, Agnarr has waded through the water and his hand wraps around my throat, making my stomach flip as he pins me against the stone wall of the bath behind me.

"Respect, Wolf Princess," he snarls dangerously. His gemstone-like eyes dip to my breasts and although the water partially covers me, I'm sure he can see enough or saw enough from below. "Besides, I got you naked already." He smirks cockily and my eyes narrow.

This is his room...

He... he planned this!

I try to yank his hand away, but he's far stronger and I simply glare at him again.

"You tricked me!" I growl, my eyes blazing green.

"Did I? I don't think I did. I sent my slaves to tell you that it's time for your bath. How is that tricking you? You are bathing, no?" I gasp when his other hand cups my breast, feeling me up.

I hate how a jolt of pleasure rushes through my core, and I bite back the moan that almost leaves my lips.

"Or do you need help bathing?" he whispers, his finger pad grazing my stiff nipples and I see a cocky cold smirk cross his lips. "Someone is turned on," he taunts.

"I'm just cold," I growl.

He raises his eyebrows, then smirks. "Then the weather of this place is befitting. It gets even hotter in summer."

What?

"Let go of me." I snarl, shoving him off, or trying to because he refuses to let go. Instead, he moves even closer.

My eyes widen as I feel something hard and long press against my waist, reminding me exactly how short I am in comparison to him.

But I also know what that is...

"I said let go," I growl.

"You did, but do you mean it?" he growls as he bends down, his face even closer.

I can smell him, properly, catching notes of bitter orange, black pepper, cardamom and something else exotic and spicy.

It's pleasant...

'No, it's not pleasant, it's worthy of sex,' Shayara adds.

I resist the urge to roll my eyes, and suddenly he lets go of my breast and moves back slightly and instead runs his fingers lightly down my stomach, making my heart thud and a tingle of pleasure skim through me.

"I do," I say, trying not to pay attention to the way his hand is so close to my pussy.

My body and mind are not in sync, and I hate it.

I want him to touch me there.

I want him to move away.

I don't want his hands on me.

But I do.

I don't know what I want!

But what I do know is that I hate him.

"If you're sure..." His fingers ghost over the top of my pussy, but it's so fleeting and he smirks as he suddenly steps back, releasing my throat, surprising me.

'Shame.. I was enjoying that.' Shayara grumbles.

He backs away until he reaches the opposite wall and relaxes against the edge. He stretches his arms along the edge of the bath and snaps his fingers.

Instantly, four women appear and place down their trays as they began washing him. I'm too aware of the way their hands roam his body, and for a fraction of a second, I imagine it's my hands.

He closes his eyes, tilting his head back. The necklace he wears around his neck glints when it catches the light, and I wonder if it holds any importance.

I grab a soap and begin washing myself quickly, wanting to get out of here as fast as possible!

I am done with my body when I glance over at them realising the milk in the bowl is used to wash the hair; I mimic them, wanting to be out of there fast, and quickly sink into the water to rinse the soap off when I pause noticing that two of the slaves were now in the water washing his lower body.

I stand up straight, wiping my eyes as I try to control my thumping heart.

'That's ours!' Shayara growls possessively.

'He isn't our mate, he is not ours.' I snarl back, my anger rising at the man before me.

I can tell from her strokes she's tending to that area and my frown only deepens.

About to turn away, I stop.

To my dismay, I see him grab her head, pushing her beneath the water, level to his waist, and I catch a glimpse of his manhood before the woman takes it in her mouth. Her head blocks most of my view.

"At least have some shame and let me be gone from here!" I snarl, unable to hold back.

I hope she chokes on his damn dick. Or better bites it completely off!

He opens his eyes, his hand still tangles in the slave woman's hair and raises an eyebrow.

"You can leave then," he says, as if not bothered at all.

The urge to throw the bowl of milk at him consumes me, and I have excellent aim.

'Don't do it.' Shayara warns.

I almost listen to her when I hear the woman gagging on his cock followed by a soft moan and a low rumble coming from Agnarr. 3

My eyes blaze as I grab the golden pot and with every inch of strength that I can summon swing it across the bath, watching as it goes spinning in the air right towards his head... 12



Moonlight Muse Author

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