

~ Eternally ~

by Mavis Appplewater

Part Two of the Everlasting Series

Disclaimers: the story and characters are the sole possession of the author and may not be reproduced, posted or sold without the author's permission. So there! Any resemblance to any person living or dead is purely coincidental. If for any reason, real or imagined, you are uncomfortable with or do not wish to read a story with graphic descriptions of two consenting adult women in a loving and sexual relationship then do not read this story or anything else I have ever written. If for any reason it is illegal for you to view this material go away and do not return until it is no longer a crime.

Thanks to my beta reader, Mary.

As always this is for Heather.

Steel gray eyes scanned the slope of the crest that she and her men were about to scale. The sun beat down upon them; they felt no closer to completing their task. Rowan blew out a terse breath. She could feel Jeron lingering behind her. It wasn't her idea to take the overly eager young soldier along with her; Peregrine had advised her to keep the man near. In the past she just would have disregarded the wizard's pestering. Now after the birth of her children, and the understanding that the wizard's actions were pure of heart she accepted the sorcerer's meddling.

"My King," Jeron grunted in her ear. Rowan's eyes narrowed slightly still unaccustomed to being addressed by the title and more than a little uncomfortable by how closely the soldier was standing.

"Jeron take a step back," she scowled, once again his presence made her feel uneasy.

"My apologies your highness," Jeron dutifully complied, the title once again evoking her heart to sink. It had only been little more than one turn of the moon since King Hardwin's passing. The only comfort she and her bride had was

the elderly ruler passed quietly in his sleep one evening. Alithea was barely allowed time to mourn her father's passing when she and Rowan were forced to endure the spectacle that was their coronation. Rowan and her bride had taken their place as the King and Queen of Lyennarian and, as Peregrine had predicted, Alithea now ruled the kingdom from behind her husband's cloak.

Under the Queen's guidance the kingdom and surrounding valley were prospering and peaceful just as Peregrine had foreseen. The only dark cloud was the disturbing reports of a venomous dragon that seemed fond of snacking on the innocent people in the tiny village of Cacidine.

Eager to engage in some kind of activity the former knight set off to find the dragon and secure the village.

She gathered a small band of knights and Jeron and set off a fortnight ago in search of the dragon. The mass of wanton destruction she discovered when she entered the tiny village broke her heart. By all reports the dragon was black and silver with glowing red eyes. It enjoyed attacking at night and had a lair hidden somewhere in the cliffs that she and her troops were now wandering about.

Rowan tilted her head; the faint aroma of sulfur greeted her. There was another scent that greeted her senses, an indescribable stench she had only known once before in Saladar, it could only mean one thing. There was a dragon

near. "Stay here," she commanded her troops adding a stern glare at the overly eager Jeron whose habit of nipping at her heels was beginning to wear on her.

Her jaw clenched tightly and her eyes flared with anger. The impetuous pup opened his mouth ready to offer his advice. The fire in her eyes quickly quelled his words. She sneered at him before drawing her sword and carefully scaled the side of the cliff, allowing her senses to guide her. She cleared the top and tentatively crept along the jagged edge. The opening to the cave was narrow; if she hadn't been looking carefully she would have missed it. She gathered her courage before she slipped inside the narrow crevasse and stepped into the darkened lair.

Dark, angry eyes greeted her. She sheathed her sword and stepped backward holding up her hands in an effort to ensure the large, green creature that she meant no harm. Hot breath filled the tiny lair as the beast snorted angrily at Rowan whose heart was pounding.

"My apologies," Rowan offered before she knelt a safe distance away from the heaving beast. "You are not the one I seek," she tried to explain wondering if the creature could understand her words or gestures.

Rowan's head jerked up amazed when the dragon mirrored her response. "What are you doing here?" she questioned softly in an effort not to alarm the dragon that was now snarling at her and the other intruder.

"Protecting my king," Jeron sputtered.

"Put your weapon away," Rowan hissed under her breath.

"But your highness," he sputtered in confusion waving his sword about in a foolish manner.

"Now," she flared still maintaining a quiet tone. She growled under her breath when he finally complied with her instructions. "Walk away slowly and go back to the others."

"Aren't we going to slay it?" the misguided Jeron sputtered.

"No," Rowan flatly informed him. "Now do as I say. Not another word," she added with a feral hiss as the creature became agitated. "He's an idiot," she softly blew out once Jeron finally complied with her instructions. She smiled, when the dragon seemed to relax. "You do understand, don't you?" She smiled when the creature's head lowered tilting slightly as if she was listening to Rowan's words. "Not to worry, we will be leaving and you and your little ones will be safe. I have three little ones myself, so I understand the distress we must have caused," she prattled on wondering if the magnificent creature truly understood her words as she carefully stood. She blinked with surprise, when the dragon seemed to release a sigh. Walking backward she carefully exited the lair and climbed back down to rejoin her men.

"Did you slay it?" Jeron eagerly inquired while Rowan snarled with disgust.

"No," she spat out in disgust. "That is not the dragon we are hunting."

"But it is a dragon?" he stammered.

"And?" she snarled. "She's nesting did you not see the eggs beneath her?"

"All the better to kill them before they hatch," Jeron argued.

Rowan's jaw clenched just before she swung out and boxed the impertinent ass by his ears. "Dragons, like all living creatures, can be good or bad or just plain stupid," she snapped as he fell to his knees. "That creature is simply a mother protecting its young; the creature we are hunting is a vicious, uncaring killer."

"But," Jeron sputtered.

"How dare you question the King," Ives fumed drawing his sword and pressed it against Jeron's neck. Rowan smiled at her old friend and comrade's swift action.

Quite often she forgot her new role in life; she was no longer a simple waif who had been raised as a blacksmith's apprentice. She was the king.

"Ives spare him," Rowan snickered. "We have a dragon to find, no need wasting our time fighting amongst ourselves. If she is nesting here it is safe to assume that the dark creature would be on the other side. She wouldn't nest somewhere so close to something so vile. Come along."

They walked at a steady pace, Jeron sulking trailing behind them. "Your highness," Ives respectfully addressed her.

"Sir Ives," she smiled and shook her head. "Come now, we trained together when we were both nothing more than boys. No need to be so formal with someone you once shoved head first into a pile of snow for smiling at some lass you had your eye on."

"Had I known you would be king, I might have spared you," Ives laughed lightly brushing his long, curly blonde hair from his brow. "Rowan, why is that dimwit traveling with us? I know this

mission pales in comparison to some of the campaigns we've endured, but still he is green and arrogant, not a good combination."

"I'd rather have him where I can see him," Rowan explained. "I feel safer not having him anywhere near my wife and children while I am away."

"Good point," Ives nodded in agreement. "I don't trust him."

"Nor do I," Rowan sighed heavily. "which is another reason I am keeping a watchful eye on him."

"Understood," Ives sighed in agreement. "Oh and for the record your highness, I didn't shove your head into the snow for simply smiling at that lass, it was for bedding her."

Rowan released a throaty chuckle. "Would it ease your wounded heart to know that there was a great deal of padding added to the ladies attire?" Rowan teased.

"No," Ives grumbled. "Alas the only thing that brings me comfort is that you are no longer available to share your favor. I know becoming King would only encourage many a man to spread his wings as it were, not you."

"Now why would I want to?" Rowan scoffed at the notion her heart swelling as her mind captured Alithea's image. "I am truly the luckiest man in the kingdom."

"That you are," Ives agreed whole-heartedly. "Not only did you win the hand of the most beautiful woman in the kingdom, but now you are in a position to help a friend."

"A friend in need of assistance?" Rowan quipped somehow already suspecting what Ives was seeking. "Now how is it I could be of assistance to one of the bravest knights in my service? Is it possible that some lass has caught that roving eye

of yours?"

"Perhaps," Ives played along.

"A certain lady in waiting who now that the Queen has wed can accept a gentleman's invitation for a walk," Rowan taunted her old friend. "Bella per chance?"

"No," Ives scowled. "Diana."

"Yes, the fair Diana," Rowan snickered.

"You knew," Ives grunted. "Dear old friend, an introduction from the King would certainly help a man plead his case."

"You need help with that do you?" Rowan laughed lightly. "One word of caution, Diana is a lady in the Queen's court, she is not to be trifled with, understood?"

"By trifle you mean," Ives hedged.

"A lady in the Queen's court has many duties," Rowan cautioned the tall Knight. "Virtue is one of her many finer qualities. I might add that as a Knight of Lyennarian honor is one of your sworn duties."

"Understood, my Lord," Ives nodded dutifully. "Speaking of honor and duty, Jeron is still pouting."

"I think he wanted to slay that dragon," Rowan groaned with disdain. "Some think slaying such a beautiful creature will ensure them knighthood. Men can be so foolish."

"According to our women, yes we can," Ives jested. "I have to admit, I am enjoying the peace that has fallen upon our land. I will gladly wield my sword for my King and country, I'm just happy that I haven't been called upon that quest for a long time."

"Jeron is a pup," Rowan surmised while shaking her head. "Thinking that war and killing in battle is a glory. He hasn't seen the blood or felt it upon his hands; he doesn't understand that a true warrior seeks peace not war."

"I doubt he will ever understand," Ives solemnly agreed.

"Hold up," Rowan cautioned him while holding up her hand halting her troops. "Keep the pup on a leash," she whispered before she unsheathed her sword and once again began scaling the rocky cliff. Following her instincts while the familiar aroma wafted in the air. This time her hands began to sweat; the hair on the nape of her neck prickled.

She found the hidden entrance easily, this time she decided that the back door, the one large enough for the beast to slither its massive body in, might be a wiser choice. She climbed higher finding the space that couldn't be seen easily. The beast was sleeping the black and silver scales prickling as it snorted in its slumber.

'You're not fooling me, you demon. I know you are well aware that I am approaching,' she mentally deduced while she slipped inside the beast's lair.

She held the hilt of her sword with both hands as she crawled along the jagged walls of the cave. She held her breath waiting for the beast to strike. She knew she had to be quick as this one would not give her a chance. She calmed her breathing and focused on every twitching muscle while the beast pretended to be asleep. Suddenly the head jerked up, nostrils flaring; jaws widened fully prepared to devour the warrior. Rowan was swift ducking beneath the flaring fangs, not making the mistake of attacking the head instead she slipped beneath the beast. Talons scrambled to reach her. She slammed her sword upward piercing the dragon's heart.

Black blood sprayed her body as she drove her sword deeper piercing the heart completely the only way to cut the vile creature's lifeline. She left her sword buried in the creature's chest and rolled out from beneath the dragon so she would not be crushed when it fell helplessly to the ground.

"Black of heart," she noted watching the life slipping from the massive beast. She wiped the dark blood from her face curling her nose with disgust. "I forgot the stench dragon blood leaves behind," she grumbled watching carefully to ensure that the beast was indeed dead. She stepped outside to clear her lungs and beckon the others.

"Ugh," Ives snarled upon greeting her. "I forgot how badly they smell," he grimaced handing the King a large battle-axe.

"No thank you," Rowan waved off the honor. "Lop off the head and talons. Save the talons and I'll need the heart, burn the rest."

"Sire?" Jeron questioned. "That is the only trophy? What of the meat? Surely the villagers or scavengers could enjoy it."

"Always questioning, why is that?" Rowan demanded. "The meat is poison. We burn the body so the wildlife won't snack upon the carcass and die."

"Oh." The youngster blinked with surprise.

"Get to work," she demanded as she tried to shake the stench from her armor.

As they traveled back down to the village Jeron was playing with the jagged talon he had been awarded. The men each had taken one as a memento of their victory.

"I wish I could have been there," he grumbled.

"And how would you attack such a fierce creature?" Rowan challenged him. "Tell me, why are you surprised that I attacked from beneath its belly?"

"I thought it would be dangerous to climb underneath such a large animal," Jeron boasted. "I would have lopped off the head."

"And you would have died like so many fools before you," Ives scolded him. "Cutting off the head of a dragon doesn't stop it from attacking. While it ripped your body with its talons two heads would have sprouted in its place then

you would have been dinner. When you slew the dragon of Saladar my Lord how many heads did it have?"

"A nasty creature, pure white yellow eyes and eight heads," Rowan shivered at the memory. "Gentlemen, enjoy the village celebration. I will be returning home."

"Alone?" Ives cautioned.

"I don't think so," she chuckled spying Peregrine lurking in the shadows.

"I see you will be in safe hands," Ives noted thoughtfully.

"Keep an eye on the pup," Rowan cautioned. "His disappointment at not shedding blood troubles me."

"He possesses so many troublesome habits," Ives conceded. "I'll keep a watch on him. Don't forget you did promise a helping hand with a certain lass."

"I won't forget," Rowan laughed slapping the tall man on the shoulder. "Now go and celebrate. Also make it clear that the other dragon is off limits. That is a decree. I think our young mother if treated kindly will repay our kindness by watching over this valley."

"It will be done My Lord," Ives bowed. "And don't forget, Diana."

"Go," Rowan laughed as Peregrine approached. "Wizard, what brings you about?"

"You smell," the haggard sorcerer noted wrinkling his nose. He gasped when Rowan tossed a sack at him. "The heart?"

"Yes," Rowan acknowledged still remembering how she had to drag himself back into the lair and cut the heart from the beast's body. "I trust you have some use for it."

"I do," Peregrine acknowledged as the sack disappeared. "I've come to ensure you a safe and speedy journey home."

"An offer I will gratefully accept," Rowan nodded. "Should I be concerned about my well being?"

"Not if you allow me to whisk you home," Peregrine nodded.

Before Rowan could blink her eyes she was at the palace. "By the heavens," she gasped. "Now tell me what is happening. Why was it a good idea to take that runt with me, but not to travel home with him and will my men be safe?"

"Ives will ensure the safety of the others," Peregrine informed her while they strolled up towards the castle.

"He's not bright enough to be a threat on his own," Rowan expressed pausing before the royal crypt bowing to her departed father-in-law's marker.

"Sleep well," she offered to the kindly king whom she still missed. "So my young pup is a spy and just whose pocket is he in? I will not allow harm to my family."

"I know," Peregrine smiled just as three youngsters all with raven hair and emerald eyes scrambled across the lawn. "The threat is here."

"I beg pardon," Rowan scowled while three young voices chimed for their father's attention.

"Not the children," Peregrine grumbled while the King wrapped her youngsters up in her arms. "Your wife has a visitor."

Rowan's brow crinkled pondering what was amiss. Peregrine offered no explanation instead he simply vanished. "Daddy you smell," Arielle her daughter and middle child proclaimed.

"Really bad," Cormac her oldest child readily agreed with his baby sister.

"And what of you Raleigh? Do agree with your brother and sister?" she asked her youngest child. "Yes," the impish three year old confirmed while pinching his nose.

"Sorry," she laughed; the three of them clung to her before she stood and carried them up the hill. "Dragons are very stinky."

"Dragon," Cormac sputtered his lisp slipping. "Tell me?"

Rowan laughed heartily while she carried her children into the palace trying to retell the not so adventurous tale. Her children's exuberance prevented her from completing the tale before Greta greeted them. "Children," Greta sighed while she tried to extract her grandchildren from her daughter. Since her marriage, Greta had been moved from the kitchen and now served the new king and queen. Having her mother so close and helping with the raising of the children warmed Rowan's heart. "Get off your father," she sighed smiling slightly at the sight. "It seems that everyone will be in need of a bath."

"Are you going to tell me I stink as well?" Rowan quipped causing her mother to laugh. "Fine, I'll see to my own bath and you can take care of these smelly creatures," she added before releasing her children so she could tickle each one. "Where is the Queen?"

"Entertaining a guest," Greta quickly informed her.

Rowan stood quickly furrowing her brow as she set off to see her wife. "Bath first," Greta scolded halting Rowan's movements. "I will inform her majesty of your return."

"Thank you," Rowan scowled before heading up to her chambers.

Alithea's head was pounding while she painstakingly listened to Hammond spew more and more rubbish. Sir Hammond was a noble from her kingdom and over the years had been the most persistent when it came to trying to court her. She never gave the brooding man a moment of her time. She had gone so far to instruct her father that he should never consider the tiring bore as

one of her suitors. Thankfully her father agreed with her assessment. Sir Hammond prattled on while she tried to remember when the last time she had seen the man who had suddenly appeared the day after Rowan set off on his adventure.

'The day my marriage was announced,' she suddenly recalled that Hammond had become somewhat of a fixture around the palace after she had been promised to Rowan.

His displeasure with the King's selection was known throughout the kingdom. Alithea had been caught up in her own fear to notice the annoying man's presence and how he tried to dissuade her father from allowing her to marry a man whose station was not deserving of the Princess' hand.

"Am I boring you?" Hammond quipped playfully.

"Not at all," Alithea lied noticing that the boorish man believed her falsehood despite the fact that she had been yawning throughout his speech. "Yet, I don't wish to repeat myself, again. I don't feel a need to make a change in the governing of Cacidine."

"You are aware that there is trouble in the village," he offered in a condescending manner.

"Yes, a dragon I believe," she sighed deeply fighting to keep her ire in check. "My husband has already set off to take care of the problem."

"No offense to your husband's skills," he snickered. "But-

"What?" She snapped cutting off his words. "Are you displeased with the King," she gleefully stressed.

"Of course not," he quickly amended.

"Greta," she smirked when the older woman stepped into the great hall. "Should I ask?"

"The children are bathing," Greta smiled. Alithea's eyes widened as she pondered just what sort of mischief her children had gotten into. "They were a little excited when their father returned. Unfortunately the King was a little worse for wear. All four have been banished for a good scrubbing."

"Rowan has returned," she beamed bolting from her seat. "Excuse me. The staff will tend to your needs."

"So soon?" Hammond stammered sending a shiver down the redhead's spine. "Certainly we can finish our discussion first."

"Sir Hammond, my husband has just returned," she sputtered unable to believe the man's gall. "It is only proper that I greet him."

She didn't wait to hear his response she simply bounded off in search of her Raven. She was breathless by the time she entered the bathing chamber and found her love lounging peacefully in the soapy water. "By the heavens you are a vision of beauty," she smiled down at her lover.

"Join me?" Raven beckoned. Alitheia began to disrobe her eyes carefully searching the room. "What are you looking for?" The raven-haired beauty asked with a light laugh.

"Charms," Alitheia confessed. "Trust me I love our children and pray we will be blessed many times, just not this season."

"Oh but you are so beautiful when you are with child," Raven teased as Alitheia lowered her naked body into the warm water.

"Thank you," she accepted with a roll of her eyes. "And you are a nervous wreck. I wonder what the people would say if they knew the truth."

"And what truth is that my beloved?" she teased her Queen.

"The truth that the great King Rowan, slayer of dragons, brave knight who is fearless in battle; wept each time her children released their first cry."

"Our loyal subjects would probably have more to chatter about if they knew I had these," Raven moaned arching her back revealing her breasts.

"Oh," Alitheia cringed. Reaching out she traced the red marks on her lover's flesh just below her breasts. "I wish you didn't need to bind them, I do so enjoy looking at them."

"Among other things," Rowan dryly noted while Alitheia's hands cupped her breasts.

She moaned deeply when her wife's hands began to massage her ample bosom and her lips began to nibble on the King's neck.

"Now what was Greta talking about?" Alitheia murmured before she began to tease her lover's nipples enjoying the feel of the buds hardening against her touch.

"Be thankful she gave me a head start," Raven whimpered. "Dragon's blood is quite foul smelling."

"I can't wait to inform Hammond that he has wasted a trip," Alitheia snickered with delight.

"Hammond, now what is that pompous ass doing here?" Raven scowled.

"Wasting my time," Alitheia grumbled. "He wants to rule over Cacidine, no small wonder since the village is just beneath his land."

"Interesting," Raven murmured thoughtfully.

Alithea wrapped her legs around her lover's waist. "Enough about him." Alithea commanded returning her attention to the task at hand which was, of course, bringing her lover to the edge of pure bliss. Her lips returned to the soft supple flesh on her lover's neck. Her nimble fingers took delight in teasing Raven's erect nipples. Her lover released a throaty moan tilting her head back granting Alithea's inquisitive mouth more access to her supple flesh.

Alithea ground her hips against her lover's firm body as her kisses turned savage. "I missed you," she whispered against Raven's quivering skin while Raven's hands began to slip down her body. Alithea's senses reeled when she felt Raven giving her complete control over her. She loved that her lover was so willing to give into Alithea's demands whenever the redhead desired her.

She guided Raven's body up so she could taste more of her skin. Her tongue traced the red welts the binding she was forced to endure had left behind. She could feel Raven's trembling beneath her touch. Her mouth drifted along the swell of Raven's bosom. She sighed with pleasure slipping her hand between their bodies while her lips captured one of Raven's nipples. Alithea was filled with a savage desire to take her beloved. She rocked her hips shamelessly against Raven's body. She suckled Raven's nipple urgently while her fingers dipped inside of her lover's passion.

"Alithea," Raven gasped with pleasure.

The Queen suckled her nipple harder while her fingers slipped inside of her lover's womanhood. She teased her lover's throbbing bundle with the pad of her thumb while her fingers plunged in and out of her brave warrior. She felt Raven's calloused hands clasp her body. Alithea eagerly stroked her lover harder. She gave one last tug on the erect nipple before slipping from her lover's embrace. She smiled gleefully watching her beloved's body heaving with desire.

"My love I am just beginning," she cautioned the gasping warrior.

"Anything you wish," Raven managed to squeak out. Her mind was a blur and her body a quivering mass.

Alithea stepped out of the bath and held out her hand. "Ah, I have so many wishes this evening," she purred while assisting her lover from the bath.

"I will grant each one," Raven vowed despite the way her knees were buckling.

"Very well," Alithea purred with sly smile. "Good, go to our chamber and wait for me on your knees," Alithea's body burned with desire when her lover released a sharp gasp. "Go, so I can give you a proper welcoming," she demanded blushing slightly while she watched her lover stumble into their bedchambers.

Alithea caressed her stomach in an effort to stop the fluttering while her pulse raced. She released a calming breath while she dried her body and prepared to welcome her lover home. She felt her heart skip a beat when she stepped into the bedchambers, the room illuminated by firelight and her lover kneeling by their bed.

"There will be no sleep this night," she murmured quivering when she caught the fiery look in her lover's eyes. Raven's steel gray eyes gravitated to the phallus the Queen had donned.

She had never imagined that she could be filled with such passion. Since her wedding night she was convinced that she would perish without her lover's touch. She stood proud before the warrior who was kneeling before her. She ran her fingers through Raven's short black hair and guided her to the slick phallus. She gasped from the feel of Raven's hands clasping the shaft, stroking it slowly before her tongue snaked out and flickered against the tip.

Alithea's hips swayed gently while her lover suckled the phallus slowly guiding it in and out of the warmth of her mouth. The kingdom could fall at that moment and the Queen couldn't have cared less. The only thing that captivated her thoughts was the fire brewing inside of her. Her body thrust hard from the feel of her lover suckling the phallus. Her emerald orbs blazed with desire while she watched her beloved sucking her harder.

She clasped her lover's shoulders; her body jerked harder. She could feel the scar on Raven's shoulder causing her heart to swell. She could never forget or forsake bond they had shared since childhood. "My love," she gasped. The desire pooled between her quivering thighs. "I need you."

"I am yours to command," the brave warrior conceded placing the phallus between her breasts and stroking it harder.

For a brief moment Alithea was unable to speak, her mind focused on watching Raven stroking the phallus between her breasts. "Bed!" she demanded suddenly knowing that her body was teetering dangerously close to the edge of sheer ecstasy.

She released a feral moan when Raven climbed upon the bed reclining on her back. She beckoned Alithea to join her. The Queen simply shook her head and waved for her lover to move. "Ah you are in a feisty mood this evening," Raven chuckled before turning her body and balancing her long form on her hands and knees.

"I have missed you my husband," Alithea sincerely gasped climbing up behind her lover and boldly filling her hands with the warrior's firm flesh. "Our bed is frigid without you," she groaned while she kissed and tasted the warrior's backside while nudging Raven's thighs apart so she could see all of her lover. It still amazed Alithea that in the public she was a stoic proper lady and ruler of the land, yet when she was alone with her lover she turned into a shameless hussy focused only upon the pleasure of the flesh. Silently she thanked the powers that brought them together, knowing that no others touch could make her feel and want such overwhelming passion. She truly belonged to Raven. She knew it before they had wed, she knew it each time she looked at their children, and she felt it each time their eyes met. The fire between them could never be extinguished.

She knelt behind her lover clasping the shaft of the phallus before slipping it between her beloved's slick folds. She was pleased when she heard her lover groaning with pleasure. She glided the smooth phallus against her throbbing nub. She ran one of her hands along the firm flesh of Raven's bottom teasing her harder.

Her hand slid up along the warrior's back caressing the firm skin until she was clasping Raven's shoulder. She thrust her hips forward further teasing Raven while the warrior begged her for release. Her heart was pounding as she pressed the tip against the opening of Raven's womanhood. Her lover clutched the bedding tightly. Alitheia rolled her hips before thrusting her body hard and slipping inside of her lover.

"By the heavens!" Raven screamed out. Alitheia tightened her hold on her shoulder while her other hand clasped the warrior's hip. The Queen was filled with a hedonistic desire; she pumped her hips frantically her lover perfectly matching her frenzied rhythm.

Neither of them spoke, instead the room was filled with furious grunts and groans as Alitheia conquered her King. Alitheia refused to ebb her body even when she felt Raven's trembling releasing and cries of pleasure. Her body kept

pleasuring her beloved while Raven collapsed beneath her crying out her name. She dug her blunt nails into Raven's flesh, while she tasted her flesh, suckling her so deeply that she left a mark on the warrior's skin. Raven wriggled helplessly beneath her while Alitheia continued to give into her primal desires.

"You're insatiable," Raven gasped while the Queen's hips kept gyrating taking her lover harder with each stroke.

"And whose fault is that?" Alitheia responded struggling to find her breath finally slowing her movements. Raven's body turned slightly so they were now on their sides the Queen nestled behind her. Alitheia wiped the hair from her sweaty brow; finally slipping the phallus from her lover's body.

"Ah, so this is my doing," Raven choked out while Alitheia removed the phallus and cast it aside.

"Yes," Alitheia snickered wrapping her arms around her lover's body slowly caressing her flesh. "I wish to taste you my husband."

"May I be granted a wish?" Raven coyly murmured.

"Anything," Alitheia vowed when her lover turned and embraced her.

Her body swooned when Raven captured her in a searing kiss. Alitheia gave in to the feel of Raven's tongue exploring the warmth of her mouth. The warrior's hands glided along her body. Long fingers parting her teasing her passion as their bodies melded together. Alitheia whimpered when she felt her lover slipping inside of her. The Queen's body swayed against her lover's touch as the kiss deepened. Raven's touch was gentle gliding her fingers in and out of the Queen's passion. Alitheia was fighting against the fire; her lover's touch growing more persistent. She gave into Raven's touch as they rolled across the bed. She eagerly allowed Raven to guide her up pausing to grind her wetness against her lover's flesh until her passion was lingering above her lover's lips.

She looked down upon her lover who reclined on her back caressing the soft flesh of Alitheas backside. She drew the Queens passion to her lips. Alitheas straddled her lovers face pressing her wetness against Ravens eager mouth. She cried out when she felt Ravens tongue slipping along her swollen nether lips stroking her slowly while she drank in her passion.

Alitheas pressed harder against Ravens touch. She felt her pearl being captured by the warriors lips. The Queen cried out with pleasure while her lover feasted upon her. Alitheas rocked her body frantically as Raven suckled her harder. The warriors calloused hands caressed her backside gathering her passion with her fingers. Alitheas fought against the raging tide when she felt her lover painting the puckered opening.

"Yes!" she cried out feeling her lovers finger slipping inside of her.

Alitheas body ceded to the pleasure and her body exploded. She was further excited by the knowledge that her lover was drowning in her passion. She ground her body harder against her lover painting the warriors skin with her wetness. She felt the room spinning. The world was turned upside down and the night became a blur of passion. They touched and loved well past the roosters crow.

Rowan was giddy after they finally climbed out of bed and bathed. She played with her children before joining her wife for breakfast. Her giddiness turned sullen when she spied that their pesky guest was still visiting.

"Sir Hammond," she snidely greeted the annoying man who was trying to chat with her wife. She blew out an exasperated breath when the man refused to acknowledge her entrance and continued to try and talk to her bride. "Sir Hammond!" she bellowed disgusted by the mans lack of manners. Every once in a while Rowan needed to remind herself that she was, for all intents and purposes, the King. This was one of those moments.

"My apologies your highness," Hammond responded.

Rowan did not miss the condescending tone in the mans voice. "You can keep apologizing as you remove yourself from my seat," Rowan quipped with a feral smirk.

"I beg your pardon," Hammond snarled.

"Certainly a man of your breeding understands that is bad manners to sit that closely to another mans wife," Rowan carefully explained while Alitheas flashed a wicked grin. "Particularly when the man whose seat you are occupying is the

King."

"Certainly," Hammond grunted before finally standing and moving to another chair.

"Well done," Alitheia whispered capturing Rowan's hand once she had reclaimed her chair.

Rowan clasped her lover's hand tightly still miffed that Hammond had failed to show her any respect, not even bowing when she entered the room. *'Yes, we all know you feel you should be the one sitting in this chair,'* she silently fumed while glaring at the arrogant man.

"Hammond," she began purposely omitting his title just to annoy him. "Why are you visiting us and just how long are you

planning on staying?"

"I am here because of the dire situation in Cacidine," Hammond explained puffing out his chest earning a groan from the Queen.

"What situation are you referring to?" Rowan inquired in a bored tone.

"The dragon," Hammond pressed. "I think it would be best if the governing of the village was handed over to me."

"I slew the dragon just yesterday," Rowan shrugged. "Cacidine is now safe."

"From what I understand you slew one dragon there is still another," Hammond gloated.

'Jeron is your lackey is he?' she quickly and silently deduced. "Yes, a female who is no threat as long as no one disturbs her lair. She is nesting."

"Sire are you certain that is a wise course of action?" Hammond sighed as if he was suddenly bothered by the conversation.

"I was unaware that you were experienced in this area," Rowan taunted the arrogant man. "Have you slain a dragon?"

"No," Hammond responded with a hard swallow.

"Seen one?" Rowan taunted him even further.

"Well, no," Hammond stammered.

"Know of their nesting habits or the proper way to slay one?" Rowan baited him further while Hammond simply stared at him. "No? Interesting, yet you feel that you should handle this situation. Tell me, have you raised your sword for King or country? Fought in battle or have you simply lived out your pampered life spoiled to the point that you refuse to greet your ruler with the proper respect?"

"Your highness I meant no disrespect," Hammond retorted almost choking on his words.

"And yet you have insulted my husband," Alithea interjected while Rowan's ire grew. "I think my husband's position on this matter is clear. The governing of Cacidine will remain as it is. It would appear that you have wasted a trip, we do thank you for your visit."

It never ceased to amaze Rowan how her bride could dismiss someone in the most polite manner yet let her displeasure ring through. Hammond simply stared at the both of them with his jaw hanging open. Finally the man stood and bid them lackluster farewell.

"Well now I know whose pocket Jeron is in," Rowan surmised once she was alone with her bride.

"You handled that brilliantly," Alithea complemented her with a kiss.

"I was about to run him through," Rowan confessed with a heavy sigh. "Now you my love are impressive. I still can not fathom how you can dismiss someone so politely and still be telling them to bugger off."

"Hush such language," Alithea giggled before kissing Rowan's hand. "I don't think he's ever accepted that my father denied him my hand. Now what to do about Jeron?"

"Not to worry my love, I will handle that viper," Rowan gloated. "I suspect that my safe return was a bit of a disappointment to Hammond."

"That vile creature," Alithea fumed.

"Not to worry my love," Rowan boldly asserted. "He is a pampered imbecile I will have no trouble in correcting his bad manners. In the meantime I do have a request. It seems that Ives has taken a shine to the fair Diana."

"Springtime and love," Alithea beamed. "Diana has mentioned that she finds Sir Ives quite fetching. Leave it to me."

"I leave everything in your more than capable hands," Rowan laughed before kissing her bride's hand. "I'm off to talk to my troops, since Hammond knew about the second dragon I can safely assume that my men have returned."

Rowan was on fire when she stepped into the barracks. "Ives," she beckoned her second in command. She pulled her friend outside quickly. "Good to see you returned safely and rather quickly. Did Cacidine not prove to be interesting?"

"I had a problem with one of the men," Ives carefully began. "Seems that celebration was not what he was seeking. Jeron got rather nasty with a local lass and I thought it best to remove ourselves from the village."

"How nasty?" Rowan demanded.

"Nothing serious just slovenly," Ives quickly explained. "Still I thought it best to leave before we went from heroes to villains. Still it was serious enough for us to not stop along our journey home."

"Thank you," Rowan nodded. "Speaking of Jeron what else has he been up to?"

"He seemed upset that you left so quickly," Ives explained. "He was so worried that he volunteered to follow after to you to ensure you a safe journey home."

"Hmf," Rowan snorted with disdain. "Anything else?"

"No, although I did spy him early this morn conversing with Sir Hammond of all people," Ives mumbled. "Now what would a pompous ass like Hammond be doing chatting with a lowly foot soldier?"

"Scheming my descent," Rowan theorized. "Did you hear any of the conversation?"

"Only that Sir Hammond was miffed by something he heard last evening, something about the Queen being satisfied," Ives beamed slapping Rowan on the back. "He seemed quite sullen."

"Really, Alithea seemed rather pleased," Rowan snickered with a slight blush. "Fetch the troops; I need to have a word with them."

Rowan waited for the troops to be assembled before her. She noticed that Jeron seemed particularly fidgety when they were gathered. "My men, I am proud of each and every one of you," she proclaimed drawing her sword and shoving the blade in the ground before them. Every man was stunned. All eyes rested upon the King's sword. Despite her words of praise they continued to stare at the sword knowing that it was a challenge.

"I understand that following a King who is not of noble birth might cause dissension," she studied all of them carefully finding only a hint of betrayal in one set of eyes.

"Sire there is not a man among us who would not follow you to the depths of hell if that is what you command us to do," Maxwell proclaimed while the others nodded and grunted in agreement. Once again only one person failed to show his allegiance.

"There isn't one man among you?" She challenged; her steel gray eyes bore into the one viper in the pack of brave men. "One who challenged my every instruction during our last campaign, one which has pledged his devotion to another and plotted my demise," she hissed not missing the way Jeron was squirming. "If you think I am unfit to sit on the throne now is the time to prove yourself. Come now isn't there one man among you who thinks I am unfit to rule this kingdom?"

"That would be a dead man," Saxon vowed as he and others glared over at the now sweating Jeron. Rowan's lips turned into a cruel smile when Jeron backed away. Saxon and Ives quickly drew their swords.

"Gentlemen, let the man speak," Rowan commanded. Despite the way the others grumbled each was seemingly eager to strike down the traitor. "Jeron now is the time. He was worthy enough to allow you to place his coins in your pocket, is Hammond not worthy enough to fight for? Step forward and fight for the man you think should be wearing the crown or rot in the dungeon. The contest will be just between you and me this I vow."

Rowan stepped across the dirt field a good distance away from herself and the others. "There is my sword," she offered with a wave of her hand. "Take it and fight for your King."

Rowan held her breath when Jeron finally took a tentative step forward; she was pleased that the man did possess some sense of honor. "No one will raise a hand against him," she commanded her troops her eyes never wavering from Jeron's faltering approach. She was filled with a sense of peace as she waited for him to accept the challenge and try to strike her down. She had seen him training, and she knew that even though she had given him the advantage he was treading in deep waters. She stood there unarmed knowing he would prove to be no match for her.

The troops watched the sounds of chain and metal tingling behind Jeron's approach. Then just as he was about to reach for the sword he fell to his knees and began whimpering like a child. Rowan rolled her eyes disgusted by the sight

of the braggart falling to pieces in front of his comrades.

"The dungeon it is," she sneered at his cowardice. "Maxwell, Saxon escort this coward to the dungeon," she instructed knowing that her men would not deliver him to his cell unscathed. "I will deal with you in due time. The jailer will be pleased to finally have someone to keep him company," she quipped before turning to her troops. "I thank each of you for your loyalty to this land and my family, the day is yours enjoy it."

"Ives come with me," she entreated her old friend. "I thought he'd at least try," she muttered under her breath.

"For all the bragging he's done I thought the same," Ives nodded in agreement.

"It is a fine day is it not?" She sighed happily. "The rose garden is quite nice during the evening. Perhaps this evening you will feel a need to take a stroll?"

"A stroll in the garden?" he sputtered giving her a strange look while they walked towards the castle. His eyes suddenly lit up. "A stroll in the garden," he exclaimed like a schoolboy. "You've spoken to the fair Diana?"

"No, I leave these matters to the true ruler, my Queen," Rowan confessed with a light laugh.

"Knowing the Queen's temper I must confess that you are a wise man," Ives snickered in response. "One more thing," he slowly began once they were safely away from the others. "Hammond did mention that he was shocked to see how much your children look like you. It seems he doubts your manhood."

"Does he?" Rowan choked her eyes widening with fear.

"My King, with one glance no one could doubt our future rulers lineage," Ives quickly reassured her. "You have been my friend since our first battle, you've saved my life many times, and I know you as a brave warrior and a wise King. It matters not that I've never seen you writing your name in the snow. I harbor no questions or doubts that the crown is resting on the head that it should."

"Very well then," Rowan responded with a hard swallow. "Be certain to polish your armor before night falls and be kind to the lady's escort," she cautioned with sly smile.

"I will my Lord," Ives beamed before he bowed.

Alitheia raced around the garden, the affairs of state would have to wait. At this moment three impish children were in need of a good tickling. She was out of breath as she raced after them while they quickly scurried beneath the shrubbery

wisely using their small stature to avoid their mother.

"There you are," she laughed as she scooped Cormac up in her arms and began to tickle him fiercely. She laughed along with him while the small boy squealed with delight.

"Such beautiful children," a cold voice broke through the merriment.

"Yes they are," Alitheia proudly responded before she allowed her son to gently slip from her grasp.

"That one is named Cormac is he not?" Hammond inquired.

"Prince Cormac," she quickly corrected her eyes burning with fire. She brushed herself off before approaching her unwanted visitor.

"Cormac, such an unusual name, does it not mean Raven's son?" He taunted causing her to clench her fist. "I seem to recall a servant girl many years ago by that name. Strange."

"What is it that you find strange?" Alitheia hissed while she stomped over and glared up at him.

"You know what I find strange, that you are so arrogant that you remain here even after my husband and I have made it crystal clear that your presence is not welcome. Be aware sir that you are treading on very thin ice and the thaw is coming. Do you have doubts regarding my children's heritage? Look at them and tell me that they are not the King's off spring."

"I can not," he glumly conceded. "Yet that man, whoever or whatever he is, should not be wearing the crown. He came from nothing."

"That man is my husband," Alitheia spat out. "And your King. Chosen by my father for his honor and his bravery. A heroic knight who has brandished his sword for King and country without question, more importantly Rowan is the one I love and will love until my dying day. If there is nothing else I suggest you take your leave." Alitheia stood proudly before him. She couldn't help smiling when her children gathered around her. Her smile grew even brighter when three faces also glared up at the impertinent fool. "What is it? You have more questions regarding my husband?" She taunted him. "Very well then you can address your concerns with him since he is standing behind you." Alitheia held back her laughter when Hammond's head snapped back and discovered the King lurking in the archway that led to the garden.

"A moment of your time Sir Hammond," Rowan beckoned the slack jawed idiot.

Alitheia took a step forward only to have Peregrine appear and block her path. "Rowan is more than capable of dealing with him," the wizard cautioned her. "The children should not see what is about to happen."

"Stay with them," Alitheia instructed sidestepping the wizard and following after the retreating duo.

"You wish me to baby sit?" Peregrine sputtered.

"Yes, I do not trust that blackard, my place is by my husband's side," she flared before racing after her husband.

Her heart was racing when Rowan led Hammond out to the field and retrieved her sword still firmly planted in the ground. "You wish the Queen's hand or is it simply the desire to seat your fat arse on the throne that has driven you to treason?" Rowan challenged the suddenly nervous Hammond.

"Treason? I assure you my Lord I have done nothing," Hammond sputtered.

"We could wait to see what Jeron will say after spending time in the dungeon," Rowan shrugged.

"Jeron?" Hammond blanched.

"Yes, your little friend chose imprisonment over fighting me," Rowan calmly explained. Alitheia looked on while a crowd gathered. "I am offering you a chance to earn what you desire. You want the throne? Defeat me honestly instead of stabbing me in the back and the throne is yours. Choose your weapon sir, swords, the joust or a good old fashion fist of cuffs?"

"Are you challenging me to a duel?" Hammond gasped. He trembled slightly upon noticing the growing crowd surrounding them.

"Is that not the way a gentleman would handle such matters?" Rowan challenged. "You've insulted my family, my wife, and my name, meet my challenge or join your lackey in the dungeon."

"Blades," Hammond spat out his nostrils flaring as he spoke. "King Hardwin's swords."

"Very well, Ives fetch King Hardwin's blades," Rowan demand just as Alithea broke through the crowd.

"He is an excellent swordsman," Alithea cautioned her beloved as she took her place by Rowan's side.

"I know," Rowan smiled. "As am I."

"Don't get dirty, I just had the maid clean out the tub," Alithea sighed before placing a lingering kiss on her lover's lips.

"I will try my best," Rowan promised tucking her fingers beneath Alithea's chin lifting it so she could steal another kiss. "It is time," Rowan informed her.

Ives stepped forward carrying a large ornate wooden box containing two thin bladed swords. They had been a gift from a foreign visitor with the sole purpose for dueling or, as they had always been used for, mere decoration. "Choose," Rowan gallantly offered to the sneering man.

"Gladly, it sickens me to see an abomination sitting on the throne," Hammond hissed while he inspected the blades before making his selection. "You are not fit to wear the crown, I should be the one wearing the laurels," he spouted off before he flared his sword testing the weight.

"Funny I was just thinking that you are not fit to clean up after my horse," Rowan lightly offered before she extracted the remaining sword.

"Gentlemen places," Ives instructed as they squared off raising the blades up to their faces and awaited the command. Ives stood between them in order to maintain a proper distance. "My Queen?"

Alithea sighed thinking that men could be so silly at times but still it warmed her heart to see her beloved ready to do battle with the boorish man who had insulted them. "Very well," she sighed again raising her hankie. Silently she prayed for her lover's safety before allowing her hankie to fall to the ground. She watched; Ives stepped away and the two combatant's swords met.

She watched the combatants intently, each fending off the other's blows. Alithea furrowed her brow curiously. Then she realized that Raven was toying with Hammond drawing out the match. "Stop trying to embarrass him, supper is waiting," she muttered under her breath feeling miffed when Rowan snickered.

"As you wish," Rowan laughed giving her a slight bow before she swung out her blade. Easily she knocked the sword from Hammond's meaty hand. Rowan moved swiftly cutting off the space between them and placed the tip of her blade against the quivering man's throat. "Since you are unarmed, I will spare you. Enjoy the dungeon," she sneered before lowering her blade and turning towards her Queen.

Alitheas heart leapt when she spied Hammond scrambling to retrieve his blade. The blood rushed from her body, her face turning ashen while she watched in horror as Hammond dashed after her lover. She parted her lips ready to scream out her warning that the coward was trying to attack Rowan from behind. The words never escaped her lips. Rowan simply smiled at her while twirling her blade and thrusting it backward.

She gasped horrified by the sight of blood spilling from Hammond's body as he fell to the ground. She was shaking, her emerald orbs glued to the horrific sight. She was only dimly aware of her beloved's arm wrapped around her shoulders. "You do not need to see this," Raven whispered turning Alitheas away from the vile sight and leading her away.

Later that evening Rowan relaxed by the fire with her children nestled in her lap. Raleigh was still prattling off questions while he played with the dragon's talon. Alitheas had been strangely quiet since the duel. It weighed heavily on Rowan's heart that her love had to witness such violence.

"Enough," Rowan groaned wearily. "It is well past dusk, time for bed."

One by one she picked them up all the while they grumbled their protests. "Let Greta tuck them in tonight," Alitheas quietly instructed. Rowan had been looking forward to tucking her children in. Having missed out on reading and playing with them while she was away. Yet, the helpless look in Alitheas eyes informed her that tonight her place was by her lover's side.

"Greta," she called out for her mother who magically appeared. "Would you mind tending to the children?"

"It will be my pleasure," the proud grandmother beamed as she collected the already yawning youngsters who were still pleading for more time.

"I am sorry that you witnessed what happened," Rowan offered kneeling beside her bride.

"My place is by your side," Alitheas choked out. "I am not mourning his death, he tried to murder you. I just never suspected there would be so much blood," she concluded in a distant tone as Rowan clasped her hand over Alitheas's.

"Sadly it was meant to be," Peregrine announced as he suddenly appeared.

"Could you at the very least cough or knock; give us some warning," Rowan growled at the elderly wizard.

"I had to baby sit," Peregrine fussed. "As I was saying, today every member of the Royal guard, staff and Hammond's staff witnessed your bravery and more importantly your honor as your Queen stood by your side. No one will ever doubt your right to wear the crown. Just as your joining was meant to be so was today's challenge."

"Not my last," Rowan sighed heavily as Alithea gave her a curious look.

"You have seen him in your dreams?" Peregrine prodded.

"Yes, a dark man with fiery red eyes," Rowan confessed with a hard swallow. "Cruel eyes. Any chance you can tell me when he is coming?"

"I wish I knew, but he will come." Peregrine cautioned.

"Who is this man?" Alithea demanded clutching Rowan's hand tighter.

"My father," Rowan muttered. "I do not know his name nor does my mother. All I know is that he is evil."

"True," Peregrine grimly conceded. "I will try to stop him, yet I feel it will be you who will be the one to end his reign of terror."

"Enough of this dreary conversation," Alithea demanded. The day's events had already left her feeling violated. She couldn't endure hearing that more danger was looming over them. No she needed peace. She needed Raven to comfort her, soothe her troubled heart and convince her that all would be well. "Ives and Diana are enjoying the garden; perhaps I could persuade you in taking a stroll along the lake?"

"Anything you wish," Rowan vowed before assisting her lover to her feet. "A private stroll," she added casting a warning glance at the sorcerer.

"I love this time of night," Alithea threw out as she drank in the scents of the garden and the night air. "I can still smell the flowers and the night birds are at play. Speaking of night birds," she smiled stealing a glance over the shrubbery to find Ives and Diana strolling along the garden path under the watchful eye of Diana's chaperone.

"I think there will be another wedding soon," Rowan gleefully whispered linking her arm in Alithea's. "What I adore about this spot is this is the place I took you for a stroll after we had been betrothed."

"You looked like a frightened kitten," Alithea laughed. "The clanging of your armor almost frightened the swans away."

"I was terrified," Rowan conceded with a light laugh. "I loved you from the time we were children and I doubted that you could find it in your heart to love me or over look my short comings."

"You are perfect," Alithea admonished her lover. "It was always meant to be. I think Hammond knew your secret."

"I suspect he did, and that others question my manhood as well," Rowan agreed. "They overlook it or choose to disbelieve. Either way the kingdom sleeps well this evening and I am in the company of the fairest maiden in the land."

"Fancy that I am as well," Alithea quipped guiding her lover towards the other side of the lake. "Thank you, being here with you has washed the memory of this afternoon away."

"My pleasure," Rowan graciously accepted. "I will do anything to prove to you that you hold my heart and soul now and forever."

"As you hold mine, until I expel my dying breath," Alithea smiled. They strolled into the darkness only the dim light the sliver of the moon offered illuminating them. "Strange at times I often do not know how to address you. So, many times I look upon you and you are my sweet Raven. Other times I look upon you and see the King, the brave Rowan, slayer of dragons."

They fell into a comfortable silence allowing the Queen's words to warm each of their hearts. "The moon has crescent," Alithea sighed softly. "I love it when it is full yet when it falls into the small glimpse of a crescent it reminds me of your scar, the blemish that is a constant reminder of your first heroic act."

"Heroic?" Rowan laughed shaking her head. "I fell."

"It was heroic since your fall was brought about when you saved me from falling," Alithea tenderly explained nestling closer to her lover's warm inviting body. "I know that we were only children but I saw you as my hero that day. Your bravery captured my heart."

"Again, I must insist that I merely fell," Rowan snickered her protest.

"Are you disagreeing with me?" Alithea playfully challenged. "That scar is proof of your bravery and on our wedding night it is what quelled my fears."

"And mine," Rowan conceded. "I was still wondering if I was destined for the dungeon or the executioner's block after we had loved and I revealed my true self to you."

"I find your true self quite fetching my love," Alithea confessed with a blush. "Not that seeing you in your armor isn't quite appealing as well."

"Shall I hurry back to the castle and change my attire?" Rowan jested as Alithea guided her up against a large oak tree.

"No," Alithea playfully admonished her lover. Her hands slipped along the soft supple curves of Rowan's body. "May I be granted the pleasure of seeing you now?"

"Now?" Rowan squeaked with surprise as Alithea's hands drifted to the knot on her trousers. "Out in the open?"

"Come now my love," Alithea entreated her hot breath caressing her lover's quivering flesh. "The castle is dark, the others a safe distance away the night is ours."

Rowan sighed deeply fearful that despite the quietness of the night someone might catch them. Alithea's emerald orbs gleamed with a smoldering desire. It was Raven's undoing; she brushed her fingers along her Queen's fair cheek enjoying the feel of her lover leaning into her touch. Her heart was racing as she reached up and tugged gently on the ribbon that held her beloved's hair neatly woven. She smiled brightly watching the long, red tresses cascading down covering her lover's cherub features.

"I wish to see you," Rowan whispered. Her gaze riveted to the gentle rise and fall of her lover's bosom.

"Is that all you wish on this magical evening?" Alithea entreated tilting her head certain she heard the faint sound of laughter.

Rowan began to snap open the tiny buttons that held her lover's body prisoner. "My wishes are endless," Rowan confessed while she slowly freed her lover from her garments. "So many buttons, laces and cumbersome layers of clothing how do you endure dressing each morn?"

"Now you understand why I rise so early," Alithea softly responded.

She watched as each layer of clothing departed her creamy white flesh and fell to the ground. The Queen inhaled sharply when her lover brushed her calloused knuckles lightly against her nipples. She arched her back eager to feel more of her lover's touch. Rowan cupped her heaving bosom her rough palms teasing the rose colored buds.

Rowan captured her wife's soft pink lips with her own kissing her deeply while tenderly massaged her breasts lost in the feel of twin buds puckering against her palms. "My sweet love," Raven sighed happily. Her lips drifted to the gentle curve of her lover's chin and down to her soft supple neck.

The scent of the night air mingled with the musky aroma of their desire. Raven's kisses wandered down her bride's warm flesh. Alithea stood before her naked offering her not just her body but her heart and soul. Raven licked the swell of Alithea's bosom. She murmured with delight when she felt the Queen's blunt nails digging into her shoulders. Alithea's breathing grew heavier as Raven lips and tongue taunted her nipples.

Alithea struggled; her knees quivering from her growing need. She released a soft cry when she felt her lover's teeth nipping at her erect nipple. "My sweet Raven," she murmured gleefully clinging tighter to her lover's body. Her mind swirled with pleasurable thoughts as she felt her beloved's mouth tasting her flesh.

Rowan's touch drifted lower; her mouth eagerly tried to taste every inch of her lover's body. Alithea's soft whimpers echoed in the darkness as Raven sank to her knees. She groaned with

pleasure when her lover's fingers laced through her short dark hair and guided her closer to the Queen's treasure.

Rowan clasped her lover's hips and drew her closer moaning with pleasure when the scent of Alitheia's desire filled her senses. She fought against the temptation of ravishing her lover right there and then. Her breathing quickened; she guided her lover to her knees and lowered her down on the grassy landscape. She traced the curves of her beloved's body with her fingertips as Alitheia's lips parted. The Queen's sharp pants invited Rowan to take what was hers and hers alone.

"Show yourself to me?" Alitheia pleaded as Rowan drank in the glorious sight of her lover's naked form lying beneath her.

Alitheia's emerald eyes burned with fire while she watched Raven quickly shedding her clothing revealing the splendor that lurked beneath her masculine attire. She gasped helplessly when Raven's flesh greeted her own; their bodies melded and became one. They became locked in a searing kiss; gently they swayed against the one another's firm flesh. Their passion greeted the others as they rocked slowly against the other's body. Each became lost in the feel of her lover's wetness mingling with her own as they caressed the other's body.

Kisses grew deeper while the gentle caresses grew into desperate groping while their hips began to thrust in an urgent need to quell their passion. The rulers of Lyennarian lay naked on the ground each seeking the other's womanhood; the chilly night air warmed by the fire that burned between them. Alitheia's body rose up when she felt her lover slipping inside of her. She parted her thighs and she begged her lover for more.

"Sweetness," she gasped while she slipped her hand between their bodies. She cried out when her fingers finally discovered Raven's wetness.

Raven's head jerked up when the Queen's touch slipped inside of her, their hands now moving in perfect rhythm as they plunged deeper and harder. Alitheia released a feral growl as her lover's breasts swayed dangerously close to her lips. She dug her blunt nails into her lover's flesh she gave into the temptation and captured Raven's nipple between her lips. She suckled her lover like a starving child as they took one another harder.

Alitheia felt her body burning as the passion consumed them, each driving the other higher forcing the creatures of the night to flee from their cries of passion. Alitheia nipped at her lover's flesh; she felt her body shuddering with pleasure. She released a feral growl as Raven's body tightened around her. Each teetering on the brink of pure bliss while they fought to focus on the other's needs and desires. Their bodies erupted in unison and they screamed into the darkness.

The world spun out of control. The Queen's mind was filled with a whirlwind of brilliant colors. She was no longer holding her lover, now she was clutching at the grass feeling Raven's mouth feasting upon her. "Heavens," she gasped her vision blurred. She tried to recall just how the warrior had slipped from her embrace and ended up nestled between her thighs.

Her body refused to calm as Raven's teeth and tongue taunted her pearl. Raven's fingers filled the Queen's warm wet center. The cool night breeze taunted her prickling flesh while Raven ravished her. Alithea gave into the joy; her body thrusting higher off the ground. She was filled with euphoria as she ground her passion against her lover. Her body was still heaving as her focus slowly returned. She smiled up at her lover who was hovering above her.

"Amazing," she sputtered drinking in Raven's vibrant smile.

"My Queen is pleased?" Rowan purred while Alithea fought to still her quivering body.

Alithea simply smiled unable to speak as she reached up and pulled Raven down. She clung tightly to her beloved enjoying the feel and scent of her warrior's body while her body slowly calmed. "When we return to the castle I will express my joy," she choked out before she expelled a content sigh. "For now hold me."

"As you wish," Raven murmured softly. They held one another tightly. "I trust you are planning another sleepless night."

"I am my love," Alithea vowed nestling closer to her lover.

The End.

This story continues in [Evermore](#)
