

A Daughter of Fire and Flame – Bonus Chapter

Silas

(Chapter Twenty-Eight)



**“You better run,
Little Menace,
because when I
catch you, I’m
going to fuck you
raw.”**

When I felt the trickle of blood running down my chin, it triggered an intense need that went straight to my throbbing cock.

My Little Menace had drawn blood, and it was hot as fuck!

I’d told her to run.

I’d told her that when I caught her, and I would catch her, that I was going to fuck her raw.

And my Little Menace didn’t hesitate. She turned on her heels and sprinted into the woods.

The thrill of the chase thrummed in my blood, most of which was pooling below my navel.

It had been too fucking long since I'd tasted her, too long since I'd had her writhing in pleasure beneath me, and now the wait was over.

Ready or not, Little Menace, here I come.

My careful steps were silent as I navigated the underbrush of the forest. My senses were on full alert, waiting for any hint my prey was nearby.

The snapping of a twig, followed by the crunch of dried leaves, told me I was getting close.

My heart beat rapidly, and my whole body vibrated with anticipation.

The further into the forest my Little Menace ran, the darker it became.

I smiled wickedly.

I very much enjoyed playing in the dark.

A gentle breeze drifted past me, carrying the scent of my Little Menace in its wake. A small thud followed by a soft gasp told me the hunt was over.

I rushed forward, closing whatever distance remained between us. I almost stumbled and fell when I pulled up short. The sight before me sucked all the air from my lungs.

Harlowe was sprawled on the forest floor, her copper strands were splayed around her head just begging for me to run my fingers through them. Her look of surprise and parted lips had my cock thickening against my leathers.

"Caught you, Little Menace," I said, the gravel in my voice making my tone rough.

Harlowe sprang to her feet, her momentary shock gone and in its place a look of utter contempt had her pursing her lips.

"Go find Sienna to fuck, Silas," she spat at me.

Sienna? What the fuck did Sienna have to do with anything?

I covered my confusion with a smirk and stepped closer.

"I already told you I didn't fuck Sienna. Whatever poison she whispered in your ear was only her attempt to rile you." I cocked my head to the side, studying her. "Looks like it worked," I purred.

I could sense rather than see the relief my words brought her. But my Little Menace wasn't done yet. She crossed her arms over her chest, pushing her perfect tits higher, her cleavage peeking out from beneath her tunic.

I groaned internally, and my cock jerked in agreement.

“So what’s this really about, Little Menace?” I asked, trying to distract my cock before I came in my pants like a boy tasting his first woman.

“You lied to me, Silas. You fucking betrayed me!” she shouted.

All right, that did the trick.

I clenched my jaw. I had lied to her, and it had been the biggest mistake of my life. When my father sent me on my mission to steal away the Princess of Valoren, I had no idea how enamored I would become with her.

Fuck, I loved this woman. I loved her with every fucking fiber of my being. But she wasn’t ready to hear that right now.

“I’ve already told you —”

“I know, I know,” she interrupted. “You didn’t mean it, or you did it to protect me, or whatever other bullshit excuse you came up with to make yourself feel better. But that doesn’t change the fact that you betrayed me, and that cost me, Silas. For weeks I was at Kieran’s mercy, and you and I both know he has none.”

My spine stiffened with her words. What had that fucker done to her while he held her captive? I would never forgive myself if he harmed her.

Stalking towards her, I cupped her jaw with my hand and walked her backward until she collided with the tree behind her.

I didn’t take my eyes off her. Not once. And the dark glint in her eyes told me she was more affected by me than she tried to pretend.

“Tell me what he did,” I growled, my nostrils flaring.

Harlowe looked away, but I wasn’t having it. I tugged her jaw until she was facing me again. There would be no more hiding between us.

“Tell me what he did to you,” I demanded.

“I fucked him to spare Everly’s life,” Harlowe said in a clipped tone, raising her chin defiantly.

My entire world narrowed, blocking everything else out around me. My heart beat erratically as if echoing the pain now attempting to drown me.

My eyes roamed over her face, but if I expected to see a broken woman, I would be waiting for a very long time.

My Little Menace was a force to be reckoned with. A Queen not only by the blood running through her veins but by the strength of her character.

She was strong. She was a fighter. And I couldn't be more proud of the woman standing in front of me.

Still, this was on me. I'd taken her to Pyrithia. I'd exposed her and made her vulnerable. Kieran had seized on that vulnerability, and it was my Little Menace who'd had to pay the price for my poor decisions.

The pain that thought generated just about split me in two.

"Fuck, Harlowe. I'm sorry," I said with a ragged exhale.

It wasn't enough. It would never be enough. I would devote the rest of my life making this up to my Little Menace and even then, I'd still be unworthy of her.

"Don't be. I didn't say I didn't enjoy it," Harlowe purred.

That snapped me out of my spiraling thoughts.

What the fuck did she just say?

I narrowed my eyes at her. My hand darted forward of its own accord to collar her throat.

"Is that so?" I asked, my voice barely a whisper, but the lethality in my tone was clear all the same.

I could barely contain my swirling emotions.

Rage. Fear. Longing. Regret. Love.

They all roiled inside me, fighting for dominance.

Harlowe's pulse hammered against my hand, but she didn't cower.

Was she afraid of me? Fuck, she just said she'd been forced into something she didn't ask for and here I am, pinning her against a tree by my hand on her throat.

She was probably terrified. What the fuck was wrong with me?

Then my gaze locked onto something that had every thought fleeing my head in an instant.

All except one.

My Little Menace was a liar.

Her thighs pressed together, rubbing against one another to relieve the mounting tension in her tight heat.

She tried to pretend otherwise, but my Little Menace wanted me just as much as I wanted her.

And it was about time she was reminded of whom she belonged to.

“Did you forget who you belonged to, Little Menace?” I snarled. “Tell me, did your pussy weep for him as it does for me? Did his cock stretch you and own you as mine does? Did he hear the sweet melody of your moans as you came undone? Tell me, Little Menace?”

Her cheeks flushed with need, and yet, she still fought me.

“You don’t own me, Silas,” she said, but her voice came out husky.

“Don’t I?” I mocked, raising a brow. “I bet you’re already wet for me, aren’t you?”

I didn’t give her a chance to protest. I pulled at the ties of her pants and slipped my fingers below the waistband of her panties, dipping a finger inside her.

Fuck.

She was soaking fucking wet for me. A deep groan fought to be released from my throat.

“Mmm, that’s what I thought,” I growled.

“I might want your cock, but I don’t want you, Silas,” she taunted me.

I ignored the momentary hurt her words caused. The gods knew I fucking deserved them.

Instead, I smirked. “It’s a start.”

“I hate you,” she said breathlessly.

“No you don’t,” I grinned.

“I don’t trust you.”

Fair.

“You don’t need to trust me, to fuck me,” I countered.

We stared at each other for a beat, and then our lips crashed against one another in a hungry kiss, full of desperation. I bit Harlowe’s bottom lip, and she gasped. I took advantage of the moment and thrust my tongue inside her mouth.

Harlowe wrapped her arms around my neck and deepened the kiss.

And fuck if that slight gesture didn’t send me into a desperate need for more of this woman.

I was so fucked!

Harlowe kicked her boots off and I reached down to tug off her pants. My hands landed on her bare ass and I lifted her, her legs wrapping around my waist instinctively.

I pressed her further into the tree for support while I reached into my own pants, freeing my throbbing cock.

Lining myself up with her entrance, I groaned when I found her slick with need.

“Fuck, Little Menace. Your pussy is fucking dripping for me.”

Harlowe rubbed herself against the head of my cock, and my restraint snapped.

“I need to be inside you right now, Little Menace. I’m going to fuck you hard and fast. It’s been too long, and I need to feel you coming undone around my cock.”

In one fluid motion, I thrust inside her, eliciting a delicious moan from her lips.

I buried my head in her chest.

Being inside her again was like coming home.

“Fuck, you’re so tight,” I panted.

Panted.

Like a fucking animal.

My eyes darted to where we were joined. A deep sense of possessiveness washed over me at the sight of her tight sheath stretched around my cock.

“Do you see how well you take me, Little Menace? This pussy was made for me, wasn’t it? No one else. Now tell me who fucking owns it,” I demanded.

“Just move,” she snarled, and I couldn’t help but chuckle.

My Little Menace was going to make me work for it.

Well fuck, I liked a challenge.

I rocked my hips against hers, driving myself deep inside her, over and over again, as I fucked her raw.

“Oh, gods,” she breathed, making me near manic for more of her.

“That’s it, Harlowe. Take my cock. Take. Every. Fucking. Inch,” I said, punctuating my words with a deep thrust.

“More,” she demanded.

I became an animal. Impaling her on my cock as I claimed her.

Harlowe threw her head back, her walls tightening around me as her orgasm threatened to explode.

“Look at me, Harlowe,” I demanded. I needed to see her pleasure contorting her features as she came undone around me.

The pleasure I gave her.

Harlowe lowered her eyes to mine.

“I want to see your eyes fill with tears as your pleasure unravels you.”

And just like that, she came. She screamed my name as her pleasure consumed her and I became a beast. Unhinged. The primal need to paint her walls with my come driving me to the brink of insanity.

“Yes, Little Menace, scream my name. I’m the only one who will ever give you this kind of pleasure,” I growled, hardly recognizing my own voice. “Fuck, Harlowe, your pussy is strangling my cock.”

And then I was coming.

My come filled her pussy as my release mixed with her own.

We were both panting heavily as we came down from our shared orgasms.

“I still hate you,” she said breathlessly.

“And I still don’t believe you,” I breathed.

I leaned in and placed a tender kiss on her lips and whispered, “I’m going to fucking kill him for touching what’s mine. I don’t care if I have to destroy this entire realm to get to him. His end is coming.”

Harlowe glared up at me, and I could feel the white-hot rage emanating from her.

“You’re a fucking bastard. I’m not your anything,” she seethed.

What? What did I fucking do now?

I just stared at her, unsure of what to say, so I said nothing.

Harlowe pushed against me, and I lowered her to the ground.

“Let’s get back,” I said, and she stormed off, her fists curled at her sides as she marched away from me.

Ah, fuck.

This wasn’t going to plan.

My Little Menace was content to punish me.

Lucky for me, I was a masochist when it came to her.

My lips curled as I watched her pert ass bounce with every step she took.

Challenge accepted Little Menace.