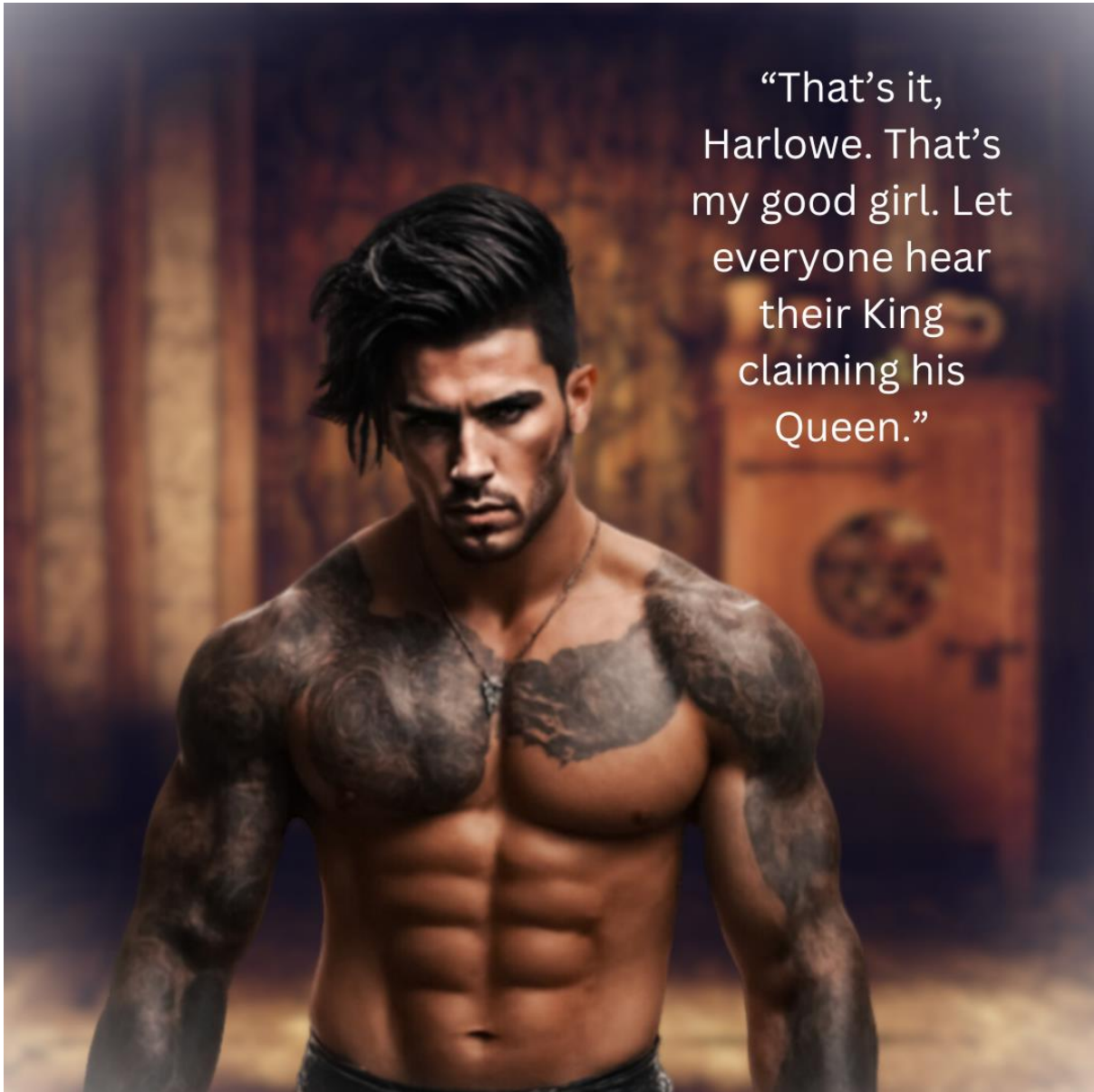


A Queen of Fire and Flame - Bonus Chapter

*Harlowe*



Silas leaned against the closed door, his powerful body on full display and his eyes radiating heat.

I clenched my thighs together as my core flooded with warmth. If the sinful smirk pulling up the corner of Silas's mouth was any indicator, he was well aware of the effect he was having on me.

"You're wearing far too many layers for the filthy things I want to do to you, Wife," Silas said roughly.

A shiver raced down my spine at his words.

Wife.

I was someone's wife now.

I'd fought against the notion for so long, but here and now, standing before Silas in all his naked glory, it felt right, like it was always meant to be.

Fate.

Silas pushed off against the door and prowled towards me. The intensity in his eyes had me backing up a step.

A wicked smile curved his lips.

"You can no longer run from me, Harlowe," Silas purred. "You're mine. In this life and the next."

I wanted to run from him. Make him chase me and earn his reward.

But I was too impatient to feel his hands on my skin. Stroking my flesh and bringing my body to life like only he could.

I reached up to pull the sleeve of my gown down my arm, but the low growl emanating from Silas gave me pause.

"I've been waiting all day to strip you out of this dress," he said huskily as he clasped his hand over my own. "You won't deny me now, Little Menace."

I swallowed thickly. Silas could set me ablaze with mere words.

His large, calloused hands moved over my shoulders as he gripped the sleeves of my wedding dress.

I tensed.

"If you tear this dress, Silas, so help me, not even the gods will be able to spare you from my wrath," I warned.

Silas chuckled darkly. He lowered his mouth to the column of my neck as he placed gentle kisses up my throat until he reached my ear.

"I wouldn't dream of it," he whispered.

"Sure," I scoffed.

Silas gently tugged my dress down my arms and over my hips until the mass of fabric pooled at my feet. Reaching around my back, he removed the binding from my breasts and the cool night air had my nipples puckering.

Silas sank to his knees, his face level with my lower abdomen. He leaned forward and pressed his lips against my skin, leaving a trail of scorching hot kisses as he made his way to my panties. His fingers hooked into the lace and he slowly shed the last vestige of my clothing from my body.

This strong, beautiful man peered up at me from his knees, a look of reverence and adoration on his face.

"You are the most exquisite creature I have ever laid my eyes on," he said thickly.

My hands found their way into Silas's hair, and he hummed in approval. "And I get to call you my Wife."

A thrill shot through my body with his declaration.

"I will worship you until my dying breath, Harlowe," he whispered as he lowered his mouth to the juncture between my thighs.

His tongue darted out, slipping between my folds as he lapped at my clit.

"Silas," I moaned, my hands moving through his hair with desperation.

He increased the pressure of his strokes, his tongue working me into a frenzy.

"Silas... oh gods... Silas... I'm going to come," I panted.

My words only encouraged him further, and when his teeth grazed my clit, I shattered, crying out in bliss as pleasure thrummed throughout my body.

Silas continued to lick and suck as I rode out my orgasm. When I was utterly spent, he rose from the ground, lifted me into his arms, and strode towards the bed.

"My turn, Wife," he growled as he lowered me on the mattress and climbed over the top of me.

I could feel the hard outline of his erection pressing against my thigh as Silas thrust his hips.

"Do you feel what you do to me, Wife? I've wanted to claim you from the first moment I laid eyes on you this morning. You were a vision, a veritable goddess among mortals, and I wanted to devour every inch of you."

"That's exactly what you did," I chuckled, remembering how Silas rushed towards me, claiming me in a searing kiss before the ceremony had even begun.

"It wasn't enough," he rumbled as he lined himself up with my entrance. "I need more. I'll *always* need more of you, Harlowe."

Silas's mouth crashed against my own and he jerked his hips forward, entering me in one go.

I cried out, but Silas swallowed the sound as he thrust his tongue into my mouth. There was an urgency to our kiss. It was like we both needed to get closer, needed to bury ourselves under the other's skin until we were so deep we'd never be able to find our way out again.

Silas's rough palm skimmed my side until he found my breast. His thumb and forefinger closed around my nipple and he tugged roughly. A zing of pleasure shot straight to my core and I bucked against him.

"You like that, Wife," Silas crooned, as he lavished my other breast with the same treatment.

"You know I do," I panted.

Silas groaned, and he sank his teeth into my shoulder, claiming me anew.

"You are my perfect match. Pulled straight from my deepest desire. You're more than I deserve, Harlowe, but I'm keeping you all the same."

Silas lifted himself off me so his forearms bore his weight. His thrusts deepened as he fucked me in earnest. With each forceful thrust, Silas's hips grazed my clit, and I felt the stirring of another orgasm.

His hand darted forward, collaring my throat. "Who do you belong to, Wife?"

"You," I gasped without hesitation.

Silas groaned in satisfaction. "That's right, Wife. Now come for your Husband."

His words triggered an explosion inside me. White hot pleasure scorched my body, leaving no corner untouched. Stars burst behind my eyelids and I screamed, not caring who could hear me.

"That's it, Harlowe. That's my good girl," he breathed, his thrust coming faster and harder. "Let everyone hear their King claiming his Queen."

I didn't respond.

I couldn't.

My orgasm continued to ravage my body as Silas's movements became jerky and desperate above me.

"I can't wait to share the rest of my life with you, Harlowe."

His breaths were coming in ragged pants as he frantically chased his release.

"I can't wait until the day I fuck my heir into you. To see your belly grow round with my child."

The thought of bearing Silas's child had warmth spreading across my chest. I'd never thought about having children before now. But I realized at that moment, that was something I wanted with him. I wanted to share a family with him. I wanted everything... *with him*.

"I will spend the rest of my days falling at your feet and thanking the gods for bringing you into my life," Silas said, as if hearing my thoughts.

Tears filled my eyes as Silas released a shaky breath. His hot come filled my channel, spilling down my thighs and marking me as his.

Because I *was* his. In every possible way. Just like he was mine.

"Hey, what's wrong? Did I hurt you?" Silas asked, the concern clear in his tone.

I shook my head, and Silas wiped my tears away with the pad of his thumb.

"Then why are you crying?"

"I'm just so happy," I half laughed, half sobbed.

Silas's eyebrows furrowed in confusion before a broad grin spread across his face.

"Then allow me to show you just how happy you've made me," he said as he flipped me onto my stomach.

"Silas, what are you doing?" I chuckled.

He gripped my chin with his fingers and tilted my head to the side until our eyes met.

"Didn't I promise to do filthy things to you, Harlowe?" he said, lifting his brow in challenge. "I intend to claim every inch of your body tonight."

His free hand glided down my hip, and he cupped my ass. "Every inch," he growled as he squeezed the supple flesh.

"The night has only just begun, Wife."