

Encounter -- Night Rides: Lord Griffin's Choice

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Lord Griffin's Choice

Hilda observed the bearded giant from underneath lowered eyelashes. He stood laughing with the unicorn prince, surrounded by adoring women. Lord Griffin was the prince's number one warrior and the women competed to be his bedmate for the evening.

Sweet mother. If she were two decades younger, she would be part of the zealous throng, eagerly offering up her pussy for his plundering. But she wasn't two decades younger. Lord Griffin had pointed that damning fact out to the prince. He had deemed her unworthy of entertaining even the eldest of his men, assigning her to den mother duties. That had stung like a motherfucker. She was to care for the women the royal party fucked, observing the evening's entertainments, and doing nothing more.

She watched him stride toward her, his swagger arrogant and irritating. She wished to hate him. He had humiliated her. The tanned skin at the corners of his eyes crinkled as he smiled. She couldn't hate Lord Griffin. The bastard was too charming.

"This is a celebration, Lady Hilda." He flipped the scarf covering her hair. "Not church mass." He placed a muscled arm around her waist. His chest was bare, his stomach flat and defined.

She ignored his comments and ignored the sensations spreading from his palm. "Which of my girls will be your choice tonight, Lord Griffin?" she asked. She didn't know why she asked that damn question. Hearing the answer would pain her.

"I hesitate to tell you." He tugged off her scarf, wrapping it around one large wrist. "For fear the woman may deny me." He swept her hair to one side, baring her neck.

She trembled as he dragged his mouth over her skin, his lips soft, his beard rough. Motherfucker, his touch felt good. "No woman would deny you. You are our greatest warrior." He was big and strong and oh-so-very handsome.

"And your girls are instructed to deny me nothing," the comment was wryly imparted. He nibbled on her earlobe.

It was true. The prince had informed her that Lord Griffin was to have all his desires indulged. "Why would they wish to deny you?" Her voice was breezy. Her hands twisted. She yearned to touch him. She didn't dare. He was toying with her. She wouldn't encourage his cruelty.

"I agree that it seems an absurd notion." He chuckled, the sound rolling over her like thunder. "But some women do not find me irresistible." He flicked the buttons from the back of her dress as though no thread attached them. "Are you one of those women, Lady Hilda?" He spread the fabric, baring her shoulders, and pressed his lips against her.

She gulped. She wasn't one of those women. She couldn't resist him but she would never tell him that. "Lord Griffin, this is not seemly." He tugged her dress down. She held the bodice to her breasts.

"All your girls are naked. All my men are naked. If we are to lead, we should be one with them." Rough hands traced her spine, down to the dimples above her ass.

He was right. Everyone, other than a disgruntled prince slumping on the throne, was naked. They frolicked, carefree and joyous. She wished to do the same, for once discarding her false façade. Lord Griffin might call her Lady Hilda but she was no true lady. Breeding, as she'd been often told, always showed. She dropped her hands.

Lord Griffin's rough hands replaced hers, cupping and squeezing. "Your girls may deny me nothing. You, Lady Hilda, may deny me everything." He plucked her nipples into tight peaks. "Your task is to care for the women, not entertain the warriors."

Had that been his plan, to give her choice? She looked back into dark eyes. They glowed with desire... for her. "Why would I wish to?" she repeated her earlier question. She wiggled until her gown slipped over her generous hips, puddling in a pool of fabric around her feet. Sweet heaven. She was completely naked. Self-consciousness swept over her.

"You are so beautiful." He gripped her hips, pulling her back into his leather-covered cock. He was hard. What he saw must please him. "When I first saw you, I knew." Buttons popped as he undid his breeches. "I knew you would be mine." He bent her over a wooden table, her ass in the air.

"For tonight." She wasn't free to be his for longer.

He stroked her wet pussy. She was ready for him. She had been ready since she met him. "For forever." He kissed her shoulder, sucking on her skin. "You are mine, Hilda." His broad cockhead replaced his fingers. He was large, larger than... She bit her lip in anticipation. "Mine." He thrust into her.

"Motherfucker!" she cried out. He stilled. Sweet heaven, she had said that out loud. Her face heated. "My apologies, my lord." He would know now that she wasn't a true lady. He would reject her, sending her back to... She shivered. She wouldn't go back.

His chest shook against her rounded spine. "My sweet, sweet Hilda." There was laughter in his voice. He rocked into her. "I knew you would be perfect for me."

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