



The
**KING'S
GAME**

A Merlin's Legacy

ENCOUNTERS

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Knight*

Changeling Press

The King's Game
A Mageverse Merlin's Legacy
Paranormal Women's Fiction Encounter
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After a particularly brutal mission, Arthur Pendragon, immortal vampire and Once and Future King, turns to his beautiful witch wife, Guinevere. They badly need to heal their mutual wounds... And he knows just how to do it.

The King's Game

Guinevere stood unseen, wrapped in silk, invisible in her cloak of magic as she watched the man who had been king.

Arthur stood on a granite outcropping of the cliff, letting the waterfall pound his upturned face, washing away the blood, smoke, and dirt from his ageless features. Moonlit droplets shown in the thick dark beard that framed his sensual mouth and glittered in his lashes and the long hair that slicked over broad naked shoulders.

All but purring, she watched the snaking water stream down the thick plates of muscle he'd built fighting the wars that had made him High King of Britan. Two thinner trickles wound through the curls over his groin to sluice down the length of his cock and drip from its head. Even soft, the shaft hung long and thick over the fat plums of his balls.

Guinevere licked her dry lips as her heart began to pound in long, eager thuds that made her breasts quiver. Finally he stepped from beneath the waterfall and dove off the stone outcrop, his long, powerful body stretching out in a leap no human could have matched. He sliced into the lake surface like a sword blade and began to swim toward shore. Drops of water flew from each strong stroke, glittering in the moonlight.

Anticipation blazed through her senses, but she clamped the Truebond down, knowing it would give her away. And he *needed* this. Especially with the memory of the hours they'd spent digging bodies from the rubble. Even the toddler they'd saved hadn't been enough. She'd seen pain darken his brown eyes to black. Even after so many centuries of the battle to save humanity for themselves, he'd never grown immune to mortal suffering. It was up to her to give him the peace he'd earned.

Reaching the shallows, he stood in a muscled rush to stride toward the bank, where he'd left a folded towel, Excalibur gleaming among his torn, bloody clothes.

Still invisible, heavily shielded from his senses, she watched him flip the towel over his dark head, big bare feet spread wide in the grass.

And gave serious thought to pouncing. Reluctantly, she rejected the thought. He'd sense her the moment she moved, even invisible as she was.

God, he made a picture standing there, hard and scarred, muscle rippling, surrounded by mounds of Mageverse flowers, moon roses glowing white under the stars and the towering, ancient oaks.

She could almost imagine Nimue's arm thrusting from the surface of the lake, Excalibur in her delicate hand. Never mind that legend had nothing to do with reality.

Arthur dragged the towel off his hair and began drying off his strong body, slow and lazy. Gwen edged closer...

"Ha!" Fangs flashing in his grin, he whirled and lunged, one hand flashing out in a lightning grab. But her reflexes were just as good as his, and she was even faster as she twisted aside, her laughter ringing as she let the invisibility spell collapse.

"Sorry, I'm not that easy!" she taunted as she whirled and darted away.

Listening to the rapid thump of bare feet racing after her, Gwen plunged back into the night-shrouded forest. She had no intention of being caught.

Yet.

* * *

Hunger howled in Arthur's blood, making his fangs ache as he chased his wife through the dark. He wanted -- needed her. So damned much. Always had. Always would.

But she never made it easy. Easy was boring.

She wore some kind of short tight silk gown that barely covered the lower curves of her ass. Her long legs blurred in leaping bounds as she ran, arms pumping, golden hair streaming behind her. The sweet round curves of that gorgeous ass made him impatient with pursuit. He wanted her *now*. He stretched out, grabbing for a slender, flying hand...

Gwen ducked the grab, spinning aside -- right into his waiting left arm. His fingers clamped onto her shoulder and jerked her after him as he dove, his right arm encircling her. They went down as Arthur curled around her, taking the impact on his

back, his arm curling up to protect her head. His own hit something hard, but he barely noticed the spark of pain. Too focused on his tasty, tasty wife and the hungry ache in his balls and the roots of his fangs.

One small fist slammed into his jaw with surprising witch strength, but he had no intention of letting her go. "Forget it," he growled, catching her wrist before she could try again. "I caught you, and I'm keeping you." *Forever.*

He flipped on top of her, smothering her struggles with the weight of his body as he dodged her snapping teeth. "Bite me and I'll bite you back."

Her small teeth flashed in a crazed, sexy grin. "God, I hope so."

From the corner of one eye, he saw a length of thin rope lying inexplicably among the leaves of the forest floor. She must have conjured it. His Gwen did have a kinky streak.

His was more of a four-lane interstate.

Arthur snatched up the rope even as he fought to contain her ferocious struggles. She fought like a trapped fox, snapping and clawing, but he was much, much stronger, and he'd never minded losing a little skin to Gwen. It wasn't long before he had one end of the rope tied tight around her wrists, but she made a determined effort to knee him.

Yeah, had to do something about those luscious legs before she connected.

He flung himself across her thighs, pinning them with his weight as he jerked the loose end of the cord. It snapped, leaving him a section he could use to secure those flying feet.

He ignored the heel that slammed into his thigh, grabbed the ankle, and whipped the cord around it. She struggled and cursed him roundly as he trapped and bound the other too. Despite the salty language, there was laughter in her voice. Strong as he was, she could stop him anytime she wanted, and they both knew it.

She twisted her head to give him a mock glare. "Bully!"

"Yup." He grinned, baring his fangs. Like his cock, they were at full extension.

Reaching down, he wrapped a fist in the silk dress -- what there was of it. He jerked, and it ripped, nice and loud. Rocking back on his heels, he gave her a toothy grin. "God, I do love that sound."

"Pervert!" She glared up at him, her lovely breasts bare and pale in the moonlight, the tips drawn tight with arousal. Her legs looked impossibly long, considering that she wasn't a tall woman. And she smelled of arousal, salty and hot.

"Back at you." He grabbed her wrists and stood, tugging her up onto her knees. Holding her bound wrists above her head with one hand, he grabbed his cock with the other. "Open up."

She snapped her teeth, and he barely jerked out of range.

Giving her a glare of mock-savagery, Arthur tightened his grip on her wrists, letting her feel his strength -- but not enough to really hurt. Being Gwen, her eyelids fluttered a bit and he saw her shudder in arousal. "Suck!"

Panting, she gave him a glare, then leaned closer. He tensed a bit -- sometimes she played harder than he expected -- but that soft pink mouth opened for him. He fed her his cock, inhaling deeply as her mouth closed around him. "You really need to take the edge off," he told her, his voice rough and deep. "I want this to last a long, long time."

With a little sound, half moan, half hum, she leaned in, taking him deeper, pulling hard, making sure he felt it. Her tongue played around the crown of his cock, seeking out the sensitive harpstring that ran along its underside. Suckling ferociously, she rose on her knees and angled her head, swallowing him down. Choking a little as she took him right to the balls.

God, it was good. So good, so hot, it wiped away the darkness, the memories of the dead he couldn't save. So good there was room for nothing in his mind but her. Her mouth, the silk of her breasts as she pressed so close, he felt her nipples tease his thighs.

Drawing away, she pulled off him only to press close again, working him hard despite the grip he had on her bound wrists. He let his head fall back as she sucked and licked and pulled, until the orgasm boiled out of his balls in a furious fiery jet.

She pulled off him and gave him a glittering, triumphant look.

"You're not done," he told her, though his knees were weak. "On your back." He gave her bound hands a little push.

She folded gracefully backward, and he followed her down, not releasing her hands. Letting his weight sink into her, he pinned her in the way he knew she liked. And took her mouth, tasting the astringency of his own come as he kissed her fiercely.

* * *

Gwen lay gasping as he kissed his way down the length of her neck, hesitating a little over her banging pulse. She arched into him, pressing her throat against his mouth. "Yes! Do it!" God, she wanted to feel those fangs sinking into her throat, wanted that delicious pain and the hot pleasure that followed it. Wanted to feed him, feel him drink his fill.

"Not yet," Arthur growled. Reminding her, as if she needed reminding, exactly who was dominating whom. *This time, anyway.*

His mouth closed over her nipple. Sucking so hard she could feel the curve of his fangs on either side of her nipple. He released his grip on her bound hands, and she dropped her arms around his neck, working her fingers into the silk of his hair. Enjoying the feeling of his beard rasping over her skin.

He worked his way lower, pausing for gentle bites, scraping his fangs lightly over her skin. Making her breath hitch in anticipation of the bite that didn't come. *He's always known how to drive me insane.*

At last he lifted her legs, draping her bare thighs over his shoulders so her bound ankles rested on the small of his back. He settled in, lowering his head to give her a long, wet lick the length of her pussy that made her breath hitch.

Angling his head, he considered the wet flesh. "So pretty," he purred, and nuzzled her, his dark eyes flicking up to meet her eyes. He gave her a wicked grin, flashing fangs, then began licking her, tongue dancing and swirling, sending burning darts of white hot sensation shooting through her aching body.

Gwen groaned, the sound high and anxious as he got serious, sucking first one labia, then the other into his mouth. Feeling the sharp press of the points, she jerked, breath catching. He released her, chuckling, the sound dark and wicked, and took her clit into his mouth for a sudden, fierce pull.

The resulting blast of sensation made her back arch in shocked arousal. He purred laughter again and released the sensitized nubbin. The black silk of his hair stroked her thighs as his head moved, his beard scraping sensitized flesh.

Spinning her up, faster and faster. Hotter and hotter.

He reached around her thigh, stretching up to cup her bare breast. Strong fingers tightened, thumb and forefinger plucking and twisting the stone-hard tip as his busy mouth feasted. Simultaneously, he slid his free hand between her thighs, finding her slick pussy, sliding two fingers in, then three, fingers curling to rake her G-spot. His lips encircled her clit and began to suckle as he pumped her pussy.

His thumb found the pucker of her anus, pushed deep. Pushing and pulling, fingers curling and straightening, each tiny motion adding another spike of pleasure, another searing snap of delight.

The raw sensation blasted the last of her self-control, and Gwen rolled her hips, hunching helplessly as he tormented her. "Arthur! Oh God, Arthur, now! Fuck me now!"

As she watched, lust a roar in her blood, he lifted his head to eye the way her wet flesh pulled and sucked his fingers.

His black eyes flashed up to meet hers, and he smiled slowly, revealing the tips of his fangs.

"Please!" she begged, shameless, her voice rough and hoarse with lust.

"No," he told her, and dove in again, his mouth sealing over her clit for a clamping pull that made her jolt and scream as the orgasm boiled up out of her core and shook her like a rabbit in the jaws of a wolf.

Before it even began to fade, he was up and on her. One big hand slapped into the earth beside her head as he grabbed his meaty cock, aimed it. And drove it in.

Cramming the whole length into her in one endless, raking thrust through clinging flesh.

"Yes!" she howled, as he dropped down over her, pressing his whole rigid length balls deep. *Soul* deep. Right where she needed him.

Gwen looped her bound wrists behind his head and wrapped both fists in his hair as he began to drive, shafting her in strokes that made her breasts dance. Digging into her in pounding, merciless thrusts that stung and raked. Just right. Just perfect.

Black eyes met hers over bared fangs, feral, predatory.

Gwen threw open the Truebond she'd held closed during their game. And FELT. Felt his lust and his pleasure. Felt the way her body rolled against his, soft and firm, delicate satin and wet heat and...

God, Gwen, love you love you... If something happened to you, I'd...

The blaze of his love tore through their bond, filled her as his cock filled her. And she let him feel hers. Her pleasure, her hunger, the need that had only deepened over the fifteen centuries they'd battled for love and survival. Despite searing pain and near-death experiences, despite misunderstandings and moments of fury and frustration and danger.

So she let her truth ring through their bond. *Without you I couldn't live. Wouldn't want to. I'd follow you to heaven or hell...*

Arthur growled, the sound savage, and craving slashed through her. His craving for her blood, her craving to give it to him --- to share, once again, that exquisite union.

Yes! She let the word ring through their bond, and rolled her head back against the rich earth beneath her. Offering him her blood.

His lips touched the curve of her throat even as his hips ground that big cock into her slick, eager cunt. His fangs sank deep, piercing her skin, the sting deliciously sharp, followed an instant later by the drugging delight of his bite.

She tightened her bound arms around his neck, wanting more, and he gave her exactly what she craved. His lips sealed over her skin as he suckled, still thrusting, each

punch of his hips jolting her pleasure higher, higher. His bite added a delicious sting that intensified it even more.

Panting, helpless, Gwen twisted and writhed under him, her fingers fisting hard in his hair as he pumped and pumped. Her orgasm strengthened into a hailstorm that seemed to pound along her nerves, the pleasure so fierce, she lost control of her magic. Light exploded from her body, sparks snapping along her bare flesh, leaping from her body to his. He growled at its sting as light particles flew upward as if their joined bodies were a campfire, only to rain down around them, bouncing on the leaves and lighting up the night. Flashing and whirling all around them in time to his ecstatic growls, her helpless, choked screams.

Until at long last the light faded with the last pulses of pleasure. Arthur sagged into her arms, his softening cock still buried deep. They clung to each other, panting, their minds going quiet in their bond.

Gwen started to stroke his hot, sweating back, only to find her wrists were still bound. With an impatient flick of her will, she made the ropes disappear just as she'd conjured them to begin with.

"Love you," he sighed, and rolled onto his back, pulling her with him and arranging her more comfortably along his hard body. "Forever."

"Forever," she agreed, and nestled into the arms of her immortal king.

Master of Seduction (Merlin's Legacy 1)
A Mageverse Paranormal Women's Fiction Novel
Angela Knight

All her life, Sheriff's Deputy Rachel Kent has dreamed of becoming one of the immortal Magekind witches who protect humanity from itself. But first she must prove herself to the handsome vampire whose job is to decide whether she'll become a danger to those she's supposed to save.

Nathaniel Allard is a Court Seducer who has been sent to trigger Rachel's witchy transformation by making love to her three times. The problem is, gaining such incredible powers may drive Rachel insane and force Nathaniel to kill her. Otherwise she may kill him -- and anyone else who gets in her way.

Nate vows he'll only agree to complete Rachel's transformation if she proves she can be trusted with the powers she'll gain. But as he tests her -- and makes love to her with every test she passes -- mutual lust becomes something more. Will love be enough to save Rachel's sanity?

Master of Seduction (Merlin's Legacy 1)
A Mageverse Paranormal Women's Fiction Novel
Angela Knight

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Deputy Rachel Kent ran flat out, though her ribs ached with every stride, every breath. The bullet had left a bruise on her chest the size of a silver dollar.

Still better than being dead.

The sun had dipped below the horizon, but it wasn't entirely dark yet as she pounded down the two-lane rural road. Shadows gathered in the thick woods on either side of the blacktop, and the sky overhead purpled as the last of the sunlight bled away.

Sweat slicked Rachel's skin, gluing the T-shirt to her heaving ribs and rolling down her legs as her feet hit the pavement. Normally she liked to do her running at dawn this time of year, before the July sun made South Carolina's humidity even more miserable. That wasn't an option tonight. She needed to exhaust herself. Otherwise she'd lie awake for hours, looking for a way she could have avoided killing Don Gordon.

So far, Rachel hadn't thought of one. Not if she hadn't wanted to watch him murder his wife and daughters. Yet every time she closed her eyes, she heard Emily's heartbroken scream, "Daddy, daddy, daddy!"

Daddy tried to blow your brains out, sweetheart.

The moment flashed through her head yet again: Don turning his gun on his wife as Eileen huddled against the wall, trying to shield their kids. Rachel had been too far from him or his victims to reach either, so she'd stepped between them. It was the first time she'd fired her Glock in the line of duty. The two guns boomed almost simultaneously.

The impact of Don's bullet hitting her Kevlar vest felt like a baseball bat to the sternum. She'd fallen to one knee, fighting to breathe.

When she looked up, Don lay on his back a few feet away, staring up at the ceiling as the life drained from his eyes. The neat hole in the center of his chest barely had time to bleed before his heart stopped.

Daddy, daddy, daddy!

It wasn't killing Don that bothered her. He was an abusive asshole she'd taken to jail three times in six months. Two of those times, his wife had ended up in the ER. His death had greatly improved his family's collective life expectancy.

No, what bothered Rachel was giving four-year-old Emily a memory that would haunt her for life.

Cut it out. You're wallowing.

Unfortunately, trying to repress her growing obsession only strengthened it. Rachel knew she had to get her mind on something else. Even the ache of her chest made a useful distraction. Which was why she was pushing so hard when bruised ribs made a three-mile run borderline stupid.

Rachel took a left into the apartment complex that had been home for the past three years. Four long buildings stood on either side of the street, sheathed in cream vinyl siding and surrounded by neat green hedges.

Breathing hard, she slowed to a walk as she turned into her unit's parking lot. And stopped to mutter a curse. Two boxy trucks stood in front of the building, each topped by a satellite dish.

News vans. *Great. Just great. I am not in the mood for this.* And not exactly camera ready either, given the sweat that glued her shorts and T-shirt to her skin. Bending over, Rachel braced her hands against her knees and fought to get her breathing under control. Her ponytail flopped against her cheek, damp from the run.

She'd be tempted to walk away, but she knew both crews would still be staking out her building when she returned. Besides, Gee would disown her. *Kents don't run from anything, kid.*

When she thought she could speak without gasping, Rachel straightened and rolled her shoulders back. Ignoring her aching ribs, she headed for the red awning that shaded the building's door.

The news crews stood in a little cluster, chatting in the bored way of people on a stakeout. Catching sight of her, the videographers pivoted to aim their cameras in her direction as the reporters went on point like bird dogs.

Until they got a good look. Judging by their disappointed expressions, she wasn't who they were expecting. Probably didn't recognize her from her Sheriff's Office photo. *Yeah, let's see you look spit-and-polish after a run in this heat.*

But just as she was hoping she could sneak past, the female reporter brightened and stepped into Rachel's path. She looked like an ex-Miss South Carolina -- blonde, toothy, and the proud owner of two miles of leg. "Deputy Kent? Debbie Rice, WTAY News. People are saying you're a hero since Amy Gordon's video went viral. What can you tell us about that night?" With a toothpaste-ad smile, she tilted her mic toward Rachel.

Why in the hell did Amy have to live-stream the whole thing on Facebook? But Rachel knew why. The kid had thought whipping out her phone would keep Don from beating her mother -- again.

Nope.

"I did what the taxpayers pay me to do. Excuse me, I need a shower." She pushed past, amused as Rice recoiled from her sweaty, smelly self with a murmur of disgust.

Debbie's big African-American rival wasn't so easily put off. He shouldered in and stuck his mic in her face. "Darren Mayfield, WACN. Eileen Gordon said you deliberately stepped between them and her husband's gun. Weren't you afraid he'd kill you?"

"I was wearing Kevlar. They weren't."

"Which wouldn't have saved you if he'd shot you in the head."

"No." She dodged around him and edged a few steps closer to the door.

Debbie flashed those teeth and hip-checked Mayfield out of the way. "Would you be willing to grant an interview?"

"You'll need to take that up with the department's Public Information Officer." She fished in her shorts pocket for her keys.

"It was obviously a justified shooting. Does it bother you they put you on leave anyway?"

"Nope. It's departmental policy." The brass didn't really question her actions, but they did think any cop involved in even a justified shooting needed a few sessions with a shrink before going back to work. Given her nightmares, it was probably a good idea. Not that she'd share that little tidbit with this flock of vultures.

"Deputy... "

Having sidled to the door while they were distracted, she quickly unlocked it, stepped in, and closed it in their collective faces. Leaning against the door, she breathed out in sheer relief.

Someone knocked. "Deputy! Deputy Kent, do you... "

Ignoring them, Rachel headed up the two flights of stairs to unlock her apartment door, slip inside...

And damn near jumped out of her skin.

"There you are! I was getting ready to send out a search party." Grinning, the woman sprang up from the rust sectional couch. Tall and model-slim, she wore skinny taupe trousers with a pair of black stilettos. A sleeveless black blouse bared lean arms and an inch of flat belly. Honey blond curls tumbled around her shoulders, artfully streaked with paler gold, and her blue-gray eyes gleamed clever in a heart-shaped face.

She sure as hell didn't look like anybody's great-great-great-great grandmother.

"Hello, Gee." Despite her exhaustion, Rachel's smile was genuine. Like the rest of the Kent clan, she adored her witchy ancestor.

Ignoring her drying sweat, Oriana Kent swooped in for a hug that smelled of exotic flowers and the ozone tang of lightning. "You really made me proud, kiddo. That jerk would have killed his whole family if not for you."

“Thanks.” Spotting something dark looming from the corner of one eye, Rachel turned.

The man leaned a muscular shoulder against the gas fireplace’s tiny mantle, one dark brow lifted in sardonic amusement. He towered over them both, broad shouldered in a black knit shirt that bared powerful biceps and corded forearms. Black jeans, faded in all the right places, drew the eye to muscular legs. His sable hair was barely long enough to curl, and a goatee framed his erotic mouth, lending a little scruff to the striking contours of his angular face. *Somewhere a GQ cover is missing its model*, Rachel thought.

Then she saw his eyes, and her amusement vanished like a popped soap bubble. Those blue irises were dark and cold as a polar sea, assessing and predatory.

Which was when it hit her he wasn’t Gee’s boy toy. *Oh God, he’s a Magus.*

An agent of the Magekind.

A vampire.

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