



As My  
Lady  
Wishes

Mandy M. Roth

## Chapter 1

I watched the tiny gray man carefully. He was one of the nicer ogres. Though, that in itself was humorous. I hadn't believed any could be considered decent let alone nice, but I was starting to see this one didn't really fit in. Thorpe, that's what the others had called him. Yes, Thorpe was certainly a loner among the others. They didn't seem to take kindly to him and the feeling appeared mutual. On more than one occasion Thorpe had growled and cursed at the others in his native tongue. It was clear to see they didn't appreciate what he had to say but they also seemed to fear him. At least enough not to attack him.

Careful not to draw attention to myself, I kept my eyes on the intriguing ogre. Thorpe was down on his knees in front of a large rock in a state of what looked to be prayer or meditation. I wasn't sure and asking seemed a bit out of place. After all, I wasn't exactly an honored guest. I was more like the main dish for dinner.

Thorpe pressed his dark gray hands firmly to the rock. It was his fourth time making much the same move. When I'd first noticed him there, I'd assumed he was going to try to move the rock for some reason. When he made no such attempt, I gave that theory up. The truth was something I'd have never in all my immortal life come up with.

The ogre had not been attempting to move anything. In fact, he appeared to be conversing with the rock for last few minutes. None of the other ogres seemed to notice or care. I, however, thought it was quite odd. We fairies communicate through telepathy and occasionally through water, never through rock. I'd once heard of a faerie who could send messages via butterflies, but that still didn't compare to pressing one's hands against cold granite. It lacked life. The idea, while foreign, was fast growing only due to the fact I bore first-hand witness to the event. The ogre was certainly having at least a one-sided conversation with the inanimate object.

Perhaps he'd lost his mind. I'd heard it was common for ogres to go insane. Something about bloodlust and denied matings. Unfortunately, I didn't know enough about them to start questioning Thorpe. Not that he'd have felt compelled to answer me.

Pulling my feet up, I smoothed my skirt down in an attempt to cover all exposed parts. This was my second day traveling with the ogres. If it had been up to me I wouldn't have been with them at all, but circumstances being as they were, I was now their prisoner. The slightest error of judgment on my part had left me at their mercy, which they seemed to lack.

I'd tried to take a breather from the hectic schedule of the castle. My mother, the Queen of Fairies, was busy with preparations for my sister's wedding. Flora was to wed the eldest son of the Dioahne Sidhe clan of fairies. This in itself was a fabulous political move on the part of my parents. Marry off one of their daughters, and get lifelong allies in return. The Dioahne Sidhe were well known for their fierce ability as warriors and as Fae. They were something to be both feared and worshiped.

My parents had tried to force me to wed, but I had refused. I had someone dear to me, but I would not let them know who. They would never approve. He was not royalty and he

wasn't from a wealthy family. Both of which were the only things that mattered in the eyes of my parents. Love never came into play. Marriages were arranged for connivance and political gain. Nothing more. Nothing less. The love of my heart wasn't a man my father would deem worthy, regardless how much I loved him. He was simply a warrior but that didn't matter to me.

Flora had been more than willing to tie herself to a man she'd never met, and since fairies are immortal, that was a very long time to be tied down. Eternity with a man who married me only for his own gain wasn't what I wanted. I'd rather spend it alone or loving a man from afar than trapped.

My stubbornness had been my downfall. It had allowed the ogres ample opportunity to capture me. I'd foolishly stopped to eat fruit from a tree and heard horses approaching. At first I'd assumed it was a border patrol. My father kept the area heavily guarded, and with the threat of war always in the air he tended to make his borders a priority. The minute I'd spotted a scout who was not a Fae but an ogre, I knew I was in trouble. I'd hidden in the shadows, hoping to avoid the eyes of the ogres that had started to canvas the area. Thinking they had passed, I stepped out onto the path. I'd been wrong.

Now, I found myself crammed into the back end of a wagon that's primary purpose was to haul livestock. I was not a pig and not particularly happy with the arrangement. I'd already tried to jump and run but the wagon was warded. Simply put, I couldn't use magic within the confines of the warding without risking serious harm to myself. I learned this the hard way when I'd attempted to escape and I bounced back into the wagon with such a force it knocked me out. Luckily, when I came to Thorpe was watching over me. It could have ended so much worse than it did.

Thorpe turned and looked in my direction. "But, my Lord, what will you have us do with the girl?" he asked, his head bent down. "No, the others wish to be allowed to *play* with her." He shook his head back in forth. "I understand it is you who leads, but I would ask you allow me to bring the girl with us, unharmed. I think she may be *the one*," he leaned in further, "he goes to...I..."

Thorpe lurched back and grabbed his cheek. A cry of pain sounded from him with such a force that I jumped too. He looked at me for a split second before turning his attentions back to the rock but it was long enough for me to see he was bleeding. "My Lord, I was wrong to question you. However, I do believe she is the *one*. Please grant me permission for her to return with us." He bowed his head. "Thank you, my Lord."

*Lovely. Absolutely lovely.*

Two other ogres came around from the side of the wagon and began making animal noises. They had been leering at me since I'd been captured. They were both taller than Thorpe, but not by much. Most ogres were shorter than me and I stood only five-foot-six, so that meant they were pretty damn short. I kept a close eye on the two near me. The taller one had a long red beard that was caked full of dirt. The other ogre had a head of hair so murky black it looked slightly green. I was betting neither one of them had seen a bath in the last month and that was probably being generous on my part. The red-headed one leaned in towards the wagon. He made a move to touch me and I slid out of reach.

He pressed his face up against the side. "Think yer too good for me, faerie?"

I didn't answer him. I just sat very still, with my legs curled up tight to me. I knew it was best not to provoke him. Besides, I was too good for him. He knew. I knew. Anyone with eyes knew it.

"Yer people have slaughtered mine for centuries, faerie. Don't think yer too good for me. Yer lucky I don't..."

"Don't what?" Thorpe asked, appearing next to the wagon. The two ogres pulled back from me and took off running in the other direction.

"Thank you."

"Think nothing of it," he said, and walked towards the front of the wagon. "My apologies that you must ride this way, but I am afraid getting you to my Lord is more important than your comfort. Come, let us get started."

## Chapter 2

I woke to find myself lying on a stone floor. I turned and looked around only to find I was in a cell of sorts. The walls looked thick and were covered in slime. I wasn't about to investigate that any further. I had heard too many horror stories of fairies meeting their end by way of poisoned substances. No thanks, I'd pass.

A set of bars covered the entranceway. I jumped to my feet, went to them and shook. Wrapping my fingers around the iron bars, I pulled with all my might. They did not budge. It was hopeless and I knew it. If the wagon had been warded then the cell surely was. Killing myself by way of my own power wasn't how I wanted to go. I sank to my knees and slammed my fists down on the hard ground.

"Do you think that will help?"

I looked up to see who was talking to me. Nothing but darkness greeted me. Rising slowly, I backed up, stopping just short of rubbing against the slime covered wall. Something was there, watching me. I could feel it.

"Getting skittish in your old age now, aren't you?"

I searched the darkness with my gaze but found no one. "Who's there? Come out and show yourself."

A tall figure stepped forth from the shadows. I saw the long black hair first followed close by deep blue eyes looking out at me from the strong face. My heart skipped a beat as I lunged forward.

"Carrick, what? How?" I pushed my hand through the bars towards him. The urge to touch him and assure I'd not lost my mind was great. I hadn't eaten in a day and I was sure at any moment I'd start hallucinating. I prayed that this wasn't the moment. Carrick's thick fingers intertwined with mine and I let out a cry of relief. "Carrick?"

I tried to make sense of what I was seeing. He was dressed in a full set of black robes. I'd never seen him dressed up before. He'd always been in torn pants and a dirty shirt whenever I saw him. This was a change, a very surprising change.

"Breanna, why are you here? You should be home preparing for your sister's wedding."

Me? What about you, and look at you."

Taking a step back, he surveyed himself. He nodded then looked up at me. His gaze raked over body. I knew I was a mess. I'd torn my dress and was covered in leaves and dirt. I reached down and picked up a section of my long red hair, and picked two twigs out of it. I

was fighting a losing battle with the debris that I'd accumulated in my journey here.

"You are a sight," Carrick said, with a slight smile. He walked over and put his hand on the bars. I felt his magic rise up quickly and the door opened. I ran to him and threw my arms around him. He lifted me off my feet and brought his soft lips down on mine. The fluttery feeling I often got around him came flooding back. It was one of those feelings I wasn't sure I liked, but couldn't bring myself to pull away from him to stop it.

"Come," he said, putting me down and pulling me towards the end of the hall. I followed close behind him. He led me up a set of stairs and down a long corridor. The ease by which he moved about caught me off guard. How well did he know this place?

He pushed a large brown door open and pulled me inside. He swung me around, his eyes wide and his jaw firm. I thought he was about to yell at me for having been foolish enough to get caught by ogres but he didn't. Instead, he began planting kisses all over me. I returned every one. We had not seen each other for two months. I had started to fear he might have been killed. The war that was raging between the night creatures and the fairies had claimed many lives. I'd asked the head of the guards about Carrick, but he'd had no knowledge of his whereabouts. In fact, he'd had no knowledge of him period. That wasn't too odd for the General. He tended to forget quite a bit now. My mother said the General had taken a heavy hit of power to the head during one of his earlier battles. I often found him wandering around the courtyard singing childhood nursery rhymes. I'm not exactly sure why my mother decided to leave the man in charge of anything, but she did.

"I thought...I thought you were..." I couldn't bring myself to say it.

Carrick wrapped his arms around my waist and lifted me off the ground. He walked me across the room, kissing me the entire way. Soft kisses greeted my neck as he laid me out on a bed. Tipping my head back, I arched my body towards him. My fear of my father having him executed had weighed too heavily on me before. I'd been unwilling to let him die for the sake of his touch. Now, all I wanted was to feel him close to me.

He began to pull my dress up but stopped. I reached down, grabbed the edges of his top robe and pushed it back, revealing his chiseled torso. Biting my lower lip, I tried and failed to control my erratic breathing. Carrick stood slowly up and removed his robe, leaving him wearing only his black pants. I had never seen him without his shirt on before. My gaze wandered over every glorious curve of his muscular chest.

I tossed the dress aside and stood before him nude. He visually traced my body. I should have felt embarrassed, instead I felt warm and my body ached to be touched by him. I ran my fingers slowly down to the line of dark hair above his waistband. Sliding my fingers in, I made eye contact with him a second before I began to tug on his pants.

"Breanna." He grabbed my wrist. I pressed my body close to his, trapping our hands between our bodies. I bit at his neck lightly and felt his body tightening. "If we do this, you know what it means."

I did know what it meant if we went through with this. It meant we would be a mated pair for all eternity. Once a faerie gave themselves over to another, they were considered a mated pair. One could divorce a spouse, as long as they never consummated the relationship, but one could never leave a lover. Sex between two consenting fairies was taken very seriously. I knew if I lay with him, it would be forever, or until one of us died. We would never age and only a few things were powerful enough to destroy us, my father being one of them.

Father.

He would be furious. Livid to the point he'd not listen to reason. I could never return home, my father would see to it that Carrick was killed. He would never tolerate my life-long-mate being a commoner.

"It has to be your decision. It is your life that will be in jeopardy," I whispered, averting my gaze. "I won't risk you, Carrick. I can't. I thought I lost you once and it broke my heart. Knowing I'd be the reason for your death isn't something I can live with. Flora was right to accept Father's choice of a husband for her." I tried to pull out of his grasp but he held me firm. "I need to get back to the castle. I'll tell Father I'll accept whomever he chooses for me as well. I won't risk you."

He hissed as if he were in pain. "Breanna, how can you stand here and tell me that you're willing to spend your life with another man? Do you think it honors me that you wish me to be spared your Father's wrath by falling into the bed of another man?"

I went to answer only to find his hand over my mouth. "No. Speak not, my love. There is nothing you can say to make this better. How could you choose a stranger to me? Is it that you think me only a warrior? Am I not good enough for you?"

My eyes widened as my pulse sped. Yanking hard on his hand, he took pity and pulled it back so I could speak. "No. Gods, no. You are perfect, Carrick. I wish nothing more than for you to be the man I spend eternity with. I'm not going back to my Father because I think I'm better than you. I'm going because I love you too much to lose you."

"You love me?" he asked, surprise evident in his hushed voice.

My lips quivered and I fought hard to control my emotions. "Of course I do. I've loved you from the moment I met you."

Sighing, he dropped his forehead to mine and held me tight. "Mate with me. You should know that you will be at risk as well. I will do everything in my power to protect you and give my life to save yours."

I didn't know what it was I'd be risking, but I trusted him. Looking into his blue eyes, I knew that nothing else mattered. He was the only man I'd ever loved and regardless what happened, I'd never regret sharing myself with him.

I pulled his hand across my breasts. His fingers loosened their grip on mine. I seized the moment and slid my hand down and into his pants. He started to pull back, but I wrapped my hand around his cock. He was stiff and ready for me. As I eased my hand over him tiny moans escaped his mouth. I leaned down and tugged on the sides of his pants. They came loose and I slid them slowly down his legs carefully. On the way back up, my cheek grazed him in his glory of erectness. I put my lips on the tip of his cock and took him slowly into my mouth. His hand found the back of my head, as his fingers slid into my hair. I moved my mouth, up and down on him. Saliva built up as I went. He was now a glistening rod that was too large for me to take completely. I moved my hand up and put it on the base of his cock. My fingers tickled the edges of his balls. I found a steady rhythm and stuck with it.

His breathing increased. "If you wish for this to last, you will stop." He didn't sound very convinced that he wanted his cock out of my mouth, so I kept going. Carrick tightened his grip of my hair and he pulled my head back quickly. A feral look greeted me as I glanced up. "Breanna, I want to give this to you. I want to bury myself to the hilt in you and find bliss within your body."

The second a small amount of white fluid seeped from the tiny hole on the tip of his cock, I found myself longing to have his cum anyway I could. I rose before him and he grabbed hold of me. He lifted me up and I wrapped my legs around his waist. He was hard, wet and

pressed firmly against me. He hovered there, hesitating. Once he entered me, there would be no going back. We would forever be linked and it could cost us our lives.

“Are you sure?”

I nodded my head. “Aye. Are you?”

Carrick pushed into me and I took that as a yes. I was tight, but wet. Feeling him in my mouth was so very different than feeling him in me. I cried out, a cross between pain and pleasure as he broke through my maidenhood. His mouth found mine and our tongues mirrored our bodies as they dove in and out of one another.

My magic rose up within me. I fought to keep it at bay. He took a step towards the bed and he eased me down onto it, staying deep within me the entire time. His long silky black hair spilled all around us. I caught the look of deep concentration on his face as he pulled away from me. I grabbed at his back.

“Don’t stop. Please. Don’t stop.”

He was almost out of me when he slammed himself down hard. I screamed. His hand came up to cover my mouth. I nodded at him, understanding we could not be caught here together.

Carrick removed his hand and kissed my mouth, before sliding downwards, trailing kisses over my breasts. He pulled my nipple into his mouth and sucked gently on it. I bit my lip to keep from crying out. The slow, sensual torture continued until I was bucking and whimpering beneath him. When he moved back up and over me, I could do nothing more than open my legs to him. The need was too strong to do much else.

Holding true to his promise, Carrick went to the hilt, filling my pussy to the point I thought I might rip in two. Words failed me and only tiny animalistic noises came from me as I tried to adjust to his size. He licked the edges of my earlobe and my body reacted unexpectedly. My inner thighs tightened and a swell of power raced to my abdomen as an orgasm tore through me. He increased his thrusts, varying his pace ever so slightly, leaving me panting beneath him.

Reaching down, I tried to give him even more pleasure by seizing hold of his wet shaft as it slid in and out of my cunt. I brushed my swollen clit, and my legs twitched with each touch of my finger. Carrick sat up straight, and pulled my legs out high in the air. He brought his fingers down and mimicked my movements.

My legs tingled and my power rose to the surface. A spasm ripped through my body. “Carrick, no more. Please come with me. Please. No more.”

He pummeled into me like a possessed man, wringing pleasure from me regardless of how over the edge he threw me. I could no longer control my magic. It poured out and over us. His thrusts increased as his head shot back. “Breanna.”

One final blow took my breath away, as I felt his body tighten against mine. We cried out together as his magic met mine. Our power danced around us, as his hot magical juices filled me. I could feel them pulsing in me as his cock head sat against the entrance to my cervix. I knew my body was soaking up all that he offered.

Carrick licked my lower lip before kissing me passionately. When he pulled his mouth back, a slow, lazy smile came over him. “Hello, wife.”

I nipped playfully at his shoulder. “Mmm, husband, I think I may not be able to walk for a week.”

Lifting my leg, Carrick began to pump in and out of me again, still as hard as when we

started. A wicked smile spread over his handsome face. "That is good, Breanna, because I dinna think I will have my fill for some time. Maybe never." He kissed me again. "I am positive I will never have enough of you."

Before I could comment another orgasm struck, this one stronger than before. My pussy milked Carrick's cock as he shot semen into me. A strangled cry broke free from his throat as he held his body to me, assuring every last drop of his magical juice filled me.

A loud clapping noise sounded from behind us. "Bravo," a deep male voice said.

Carrick looked at me, his blue eyes closed slightly. Tension filled his upper body as he pulled a red sheet towards me before withdrawing his cock from me. Instantly, my body mourned the loss of his and it was all I could do not to beg him to take me again. No part of me cared that we had an audience. I wanted Carrick. Somehow, I managed to hold myself together. I took the sheet and covered myself.

Carrick stood in his naked glory and faced our guest. "Lord Devilin, how nice to see you."

### Chapter 3

Lord Devilin was as tall as Carrick. He had short salt and pepper hair and a mustache. I had never seen a faerie with facial hair before. It was odd and I wasn't sure I liked it. He was holding a small glass ball and looking at the two of us.

"Who is the whore? Your mother will be pleased to know I have found out your little secret. I see a dead woman before me now," he said pointing at me.

He turned and headed out of the room. Carrick grabbed his pants and retrieved my dress. "Get dressed, Brea! You can't be found here! You must go now!"

Shocked, I simply stared at him. "You're ashamed of me? I'm good enough to fuck but not to be seen with? You knew what this would mean. You said you wanted it."

He leaned in to kiss me but I backed away and moved off the bed. I clutched my dress tightly as I put it back on. It was ripped even more after our romping session and my right breast was almost fully exposed. I could see the edges of my pink nipple sticking out, but I didn't care. Bending down, I grabbed hold of one of Carrick's black robes to cover myself.

"Now I am a thief as well as a fool and a whore!" Not wanting to look upon him further, I rushed out of the open door. I heard him following close behind me. I spun around and threw power out at him. I missed and hit the door. It slammed shut in his face. A tiny portion of me wished I'd actually hit him with it. Running, I wanted to get far away from him. How could he use me like that? Did he know that by bedding me he had signed his own death warrant?

I turned the corner and ran smack into Lord Devilin. He grabbed me by my shoulders.

"Ah, had your fun and now you think you can walk out of here." He reached down and touched my exposed breast. "You are condemned to death now, whore." He wrapped his arm tightly around my waist. "Since you are going to die anyway..." He pushed his hand down the front of my dress and pinched my exposed nipple. I winced in pain, pulled my hand back, and struck him hard across the cheek.



Lord Devilin pulled a dirk out of his robe and walked towards me. He moved his free hand down and started unfastening his pants. "I will fuck you 'til you beg me to stop. You will show me respect, you peasant whore."

I moved backwards only to find myself pinned against the wall. He came and stood right before me. "Beg for mercy."

I spit in his face a second before I brought my knee up hard, catching him in his now exposed and very vulnerable spot. He dropped the knife and leaned forward. I struck him in the back of the head with my fist and ran. The moment I went through a large doorway, someone yelled out to me. "Stop!"

It felt like my arms were made of concrete. I couldn't get my limbs to move. Looking up, I found myself standing before a throne and on it sat a tall slender woman with long black hair.

"Who are you?" she asked, her brow arched and her lips pursed.

"She is the one your son has bedded. She is the reason for his disappearances. I found them together, in the act itself." Lord Devilin said from the doorway, his breathing was labored and I couldn't help but smile as I saw him limp.

The woman looked like she'd been struck. She turned and looked at Devilin. "This is most serious. Have you any proof?"

I watched as the glass ball he'd been holding rolled in front of me of its own accord. It let off a puff of smoke, before an image leapt forth from it. There before my eyes I saw Carrick and I in the bed together. My legs were wrapped around his naked waist, his mouth was over my breast and he was thrusting himself into me. The woman clapped her hands, and two things happened, ogres appeared, and the image vanished.

"Guards, take her and dispose of her. No trace of her is to remain. My son's honor is at stake."

"Mother, no!" Carrick said, as he burst through the door.

"I will not have my son tied for all eternity to a commoner, a penniless whore."

A penniless whore, me? Mother? Carrick was the Queen of the Ogres son? He was royalty and wealthy after all. Why had he hidden it from me?

"Mother, no, she is not a peasant. I love her."

*He loves me? He treated me horribly and disposed of me only to burst in and claim he loves me?*

The Queen turned and looked at me. "My son seems to think you're not a common whore and that he loves you. What do you have to say of this?"

I glared at Carrick. Lord Devilin was holding him back and he was pleading with his eyes for my forgiveness.

Pulling my power up, I let it flow around me. It knocked the Queen's stationary spell away and freed me to move. I cast a repair spell and felt my hair pulling and twisting into a long braid and my dress mending itself. I shook my head and at the same time knew that all the dirt had left me. I surprised everyone in the room, including myself. I knew my family's magic was strong. I just didn't know how much of it I'd inherited.

I held my head up high and met the Queen's gaze. "I am Princess Breanna, Daughter of Liam, King of Fairies. I am no peasant and I was foolish enough to believe that your son loved me."

The Queen's eyebrow rose. She looked over at Devilin and nodded. He released Carrick and he came running to my side. He tried to hug me but I refused to let him touch me.

The Queen stood. "To tie yourself for all eternity to a man you can't stand to be touched

by is not a smart thing for a Princess to do.”

Every ounce of me wanted to scratch Carrick’s eyes out. I held back, choosing instead to glare at him. “You lied to me. Not outright but you let me believe you were a poor warrior with no family and no home. All those walks, all that time we spent talking together and you could never once find the right moment to tell me you are the Prince of the Ogres, the Prince of night creatures? How could you do that to me? How could you betray my trust? Did you think I’d stop loving you if I found out who you really were?”

“Yes,” he said softly as he lowered his head. He really did think I wouldn’t love him if I’d known the truth.

“I think what we are dying to know Princess is do you love him?” the Queen asked.

My gaze flickered to Carrick. I loved him when I thought he was penniless. I loved him when I thought my father would never approve, and I loved him still.

“Yes.” He went to embrace me. I put my hand up. “Not until you apologize for lying to me!”

“I’m sorry Brea, I’m so sorry.” He hugged me tight, and I let him. His mother laughed and we both looked up at her.

“Mother?”

She tossed her head back and let out another loud laugh. “Oh, you are perfect for him. He is just like his father. He needs a strong woman to keep him in line. You’ll do nicely, yes you will. I shall leave you two alone. I will contact your father. I am sure an arrangement can be made that will suit both parties. As for the two of you, I expect that you will be locked in your chambers, celebrating your life-long union. Go now.”

“Thank you, Mother.”

“I’ll expect grandchildren.”

Carrick looked at me and I nodded. “Yes, Mother,” he said as he pulled me back down the hall towards his bedroom door. He stopped in front of Lord Devlin, and glanced at me.

“Did he harm you?”

I nodded my head not really wanting to go into detail.

“Did he try and take liberties with you?”

Again, I nodded. Lord Devlin looked as though he was about to faint. “Prince Carrick, I had no idea she was King Liam’s daughter, I thought...”

Carrick put his hand up. “Silence!”

I stepped forward and glared at Lord Devlin. “You thought you could use me and kill me.” I brought my foot up hard and fast and met his stomach. He fell forward and looked up at me.

“I beg you to show mercy.”

Carrick ran his hand over my arm lightly. “It is up to my wife.”

“Give him to the ogres, they very much wanted to have a faerie, let them have him.”

Carrick leaned over and kissed my neck. “As my lady wishes,” he said, as he moved his hands to my butt and began to caress it. “Thorpe! Come, take Lord Devlin to the rest of the men. Tell them they are free to do with him as they wish.”

Lord Devlin cried out. I ignored him and leaned into my husband’s ear. “Make love to me again.”

“As my lady wishes.”

~\*~\*~ THE END ~\*~\*~