

# A note from Perci Jay

This story is ridiculous because it was never supposed to see the light of day.

Unfortunately, I'm still considering it canon.

Hey, when you're immortal, you might as well experiment.

Keep in mind before you proceed, I wrote this on a dare. If you're related to me, close the document immediately. If you work with me, never look me in the eyes again.

Don't say I didn't warn you.

## **WARNING:**

This story is explicit in nature and is not suitable for readers under the age of 18. This story also contains anal play, light pain play, and light BDSM. This story is not meant to be educational or instructional and exists for entertainment purposes only.

# One Autumn Night

Serafina x Riyan porn. Enjoy, ya filthy animal.

It was a long fucking day at the guardhouse.

The sun had dipped behind the walls around Hyton Palace. An autumnal chill caressed Riyan's shoulders as he dragged himself through the courtyard.

His arms hurt. His legs hurt. Not because he was sore, his body would never let his muscles strain to the point of fatigue, but because the absolute incompetence of his soldiers seeped into his bones like a thousand tiny arrows.

His father would have *never* tolerated such disorganization. Maybe he needed to be more like the feared General Hyton the soldiers were used to.

Riyan pushed open the door into the palace and scrubbed his face with his palm. Nope, no thinking. Coping only.

His heavy footsteps echoed in the stone halls as he ran through his options of how to make his problems go away. He could grab a nice, full jug of his preferred bullshit salve, or he could make a special visit.

His cock twitched in his pants and he smiled.

Special visit it is, then.

He turned on his heel and headed for the stairs. He climbed through the aches in his calves, winding up the steps like he was being pulled by his belt.

Riyan feet met the familiar blue carpet of the family chambers. In a few eager steps, he reached the door he was looking for, the eighth door on the right-hand side. He knocked on the oak wood three times—two high, one low. His special knock.

"*Come in,*" Riyan heard in his mind.

He pushed open the door. Serafina sat in her ivory armchair in front of her fireplace, her silver needle gleaming in the firelight and her embroidering hoop hovering above her lap. Purple fabric draped from the hoop across her legs and over the arms of the chair. Her little feet dangled by the chair's legs.

Riyan had forgotten he was supposed to repair her footstool—one more task left undone. Shame crept down the back of his neck.

He sighed as he dragged himself across the room. The floor creaked as he knelt down and rested his forehead on Serafina's lap—his favorite pillow.

Serafina ran her fingers through the roots of his hair, her fingernails gently scratching his scalp. He could not fight off the shiver that shot across his shoulders.

"I'm sorry about your footstool," he mumbled into her thigh. "Today was hell."

"You are busy," she reassured. Riyan listened to the soft whisper of thread pulling through the fabric. "I can ask a servant to put the loose leg back on."

Riyan grunted in disapproval. *He* wanted to fix it. After a lifetime of using his hands to break stone and shatter bones, he wanted to use them to fix things for once.

Like Serafina. She could fix things.

"What are you making?" Riyan asked, rolling his eyes up to examine the underside of the embroidery hoop.

"Brietta's birthday gift." Gold thread shimmered in the firelight as she pulled it through the fabric.

Riyan should have known, given the purple fabric. "Isn't her birthday months away?"

She pulled the thread through again. "This design is going to take some time."

Riyan smiled. Serafina was always his precious little planner. He admired how she could take something useful but boring like sewing into something pretty.

"You're amazing." His voice slowed as he watched her sew. "And creative. And smart."

She laughed. "What is all the praise for? Are you going to lick my ass next?"

Now *there* was an idea.

Riyan lifted his head and folded his forearms on top of her knees. He rested his chin on top of his arms and gave her a smirk as his eyes met hers. "Sweetheart, I could lick your ass until the end of time."

She scoffed, but her nose wrinkled with a smile. "You are disgusting."

"Says someone who has clearly never had her ass licked."

She pulled her needle and kept her eyes on her embroidery, but a smile stayed on her lips. “Stop talking.”

Riyan lazily canted his head. “I would, if only I had somewhere else to put my tongue...”

Serafina set her embroidery hoop on the armrest of her chair and looked up at him. “Riyan, that is gross.”

“How?” Riyan lifted his head so their eyes were on the same level. “It’s your body. And you know full well how much I love your body.”

Redness bloomed across Serafina’s cheeks and the sight sent blood rushing right to Riyan’s cock. He could feel her thoughts twisting through their bond. Her internal fire sparked, crackling faster as she considered.

Maybe she just needed him to give her reassurance.

Riyan’s voice dropped. “My mouth has already been everywhere else.”

“Well, not *there*.” Serafina’s eyes darted to the side. “That...cannot be enjoyable.”

She tucked a strand of her dark hair behind her ear and Riyan held back a smirk. That was her tell—she was curious but didn’t want to admit it.

“Oh, you can’t fool me.” Riyan gently tapped the end of her nose. “It’ll be fun, and no one else has to know...”

Serafina chewed her tongue behind her closed lips. The fire in her mind was slowly burning through her inhibitions. Riyan just needed to wait her out.

But *fuck* was he already hard.

Her face went still but she looked up at him through her lashes. “If we do...will you be mean to me afterward?”

Oh *that* is what she wanted? Riyan’s erection strained against his pants.

“Of course.” He smiled softly and leaned in to kiss her. “Always happy to make a bargain with you.”

She pushed her index finger against his lips and stopped him. “I need to finish this flower first.” Riyan nearly tossed the embroidery hoop off the chair before she added, “And some wine so I can...loosen up.”

Riyan was on his feet so fast that his head spun. He left Serafina’s bedroom to hunt down the perfect wine for his adventurous wife.

He eventually reached the cellar. Too much blood was still flowing into his erection for him to read the wine labels properly, so he grabbed one off the nearest shelf. The bottle seemed heavy—probably one of Derrick’s fancy wines. The shelf he took the bottle from probably had a “Do not touch, Riyan!” sign, but Riyan had never let Derrick’s possessiveness stop him before and he wasn’t about to start.

Riyan trudged back up the stairs, his toes catching the edge of the step a few times because he lost himself fantasizing about how Serafina’s ass would taste.

He reached Serafina’s bedroom door and gave his special knock.

*“Come in, Riyan.”*

Serafina sending messages into his mind always tickled the back of his neck, but the way she curled his name like a ribbon sent a shiver like a tidal wave down his spine.

He gripped the neck of the wine bottle and pushed open the door. He caught his breath the instant he saw Serafina kneeling on her bedspread, completely naked.

She let her head loll to the side, her dark hair sweeping across her breasts. “What did you bring me?”

Riyan kept his eyes on her pink nipples. He gestured with the wine bottle and let out something that resembled a grunt. He crossed the room to her canopied bed and raised the bottle.

He pushed the cork out with his thumb, his gaze tracing the end of a strand of hair that crested perfectly around Serafina’s belly button.

“Oh, fuck,” he muttered. “I forgot a goblet.”

Serafina grabbed the bottle and lifted it. The way her lips wrapped around the edge of the bottle and how her throat pulsed as she slowly swallowed had Riyan feeling light-headed.

She finally pulled off the bottle, her delicious lips stained from the wine, and looked up at him with half-lidded eyes. “This tastes expensive.”

Did it? “Only the best for a...special occasion.”

Serafina rolled her eyes but smiled before she took another pull. Riyan did not miss the way her tiny hands could not wrap fully around the base of the bottle.

“While I work my way through this,” Serafina said after she swallowed, “tell me what got you so pissed off today.”

Why was he angry? Not only had he forgotten that, he had forgotten what his name was.

Then it hit him and he rolled his eyes and let out a growl. “The soldiers were fucking around all day.”

He told her the shortened version of his shitty day as she drank. As he reached the end of his story, a pink flush had spread across Serafina’s cheeks and chest.

She set the nearly-empty wine bottle on the night table. “Sounds like a hard day.” She raised up on her knees and wrapped her arms around his neck. “How about you take it out on me?”

Serafina kissed him, biting the edge of his lip once before sweeping the tip of her tongue against his.

That wine *did* taste expensive.

Riyan chuckled low, weaving his fingers through the strands of hair on the back of her neck and tugging her off his lips. “Now, remember our deal. The rough stuff comes after.”

Serafina pouted. Fuck, she was always so cute when she pouted.

“Fine.” She shifted closer, her nose nearly touching his as her eyelashes fluttered down. “Just let me savor the last time I kiss you before you put your mouth down *there*.”

Her kiss caught his laugh before it could escape. She pawed at the laces of his shirt, but Riyan caught her by the wrists and shoved her back.

Serafina fell into the plush mattress and pillows with a giggle.

Riyan let himself feast on the sight of her lily-white curves against the dark green blankets for only a moment. He had taken her on her back countless times, but tonight was an adventure.

He didn’t mean to use his military voice, but it came out anyway. “Hands and knees.”

She let out a demure yet excited sequel and she obeyed, her cheeks flushing bright red as she presented him her bare backside.

Her sex was so beautiful—pink and gleaming—, but his focus was higher.

Riyan gripped her ass. His hands were massive, but she was more than a handful. He kneaded her soft flesh, his thumbs circling closer and closer to the center.

His cock twitched as he watched Serafina melt into the sheets, getting more relaxed in the front half while her back stayed arched for him.

He looked down as he gently spread her. He smirked. Derrick had been Serafina's first kiss, then the first one to put his mouth between her legs, but Riyan was about to enter unconquered territory. Her ass was *all* his.

"I heard that thought," Serafina murmured into the pillowcase. Her eyebrow was cocked as she looked over her shoulder at him.

Riyan could never hide anything from his sorceress.

He playfully pushed her head into the pillow. "Quiet, you. Let me...oh, what was the word you used? *Savor* it."

Riyan leaned down and flattened his tongue over her asshole, giving it a long and smooth lick.

Serafina gripped the sheets and moaned in her throat. Her back dipped down a little.

Riyan massaged her rear. "Did you like that?"

She opened her eyes and tucked her hair behind her ear—yes. Yes, she did like it.

"Um," she whispered, "wh—what does it taste like?"

"Skin." He popped her on the ass and she squeaked. "Get back up here. Arch that back for me."

She pushed back and up, just like he wanted. Riyan gently explored her ass with his tongue, giving her slow and luxurious strokes. He curved his hand inward and Serafina's low moans spiked higher as he massaged her clit. He wrapped his arm around her waist to keep her from bucking away from him.

Riyan came up for air and to check on his woman—her face had nearly disappeared between two pillows. Her face was flushed, but she was trying to hide. She was *embarrassed* at how much she liked what he was doing.

Riyan smiled as a wicked thrill coursed through him. Watching his prim little Serafina let go and embrace her primal desires was damn *delicious*. Years of strict “lady” training could not save her when he dragged her into the gutter with him.

And he was about to drag her further.

He eased his rhythm around her clit, only giving her agonizingly slow circles. “Tell me how much you like it.”

She let out a high-pitched whine from beneath the pillow.

That wouldn’t do. He barked out an order, and he meant it that time. “Tell me how much you love getting your ass licked.”

Serafina propped herself up on her forearms and lifted her face from the mattress. “I like it.”

Riyan gripped a fistful of hair and yanked her head back. He picked up speed around her clit as her ass arched against him. “What was that? Louder.”

“I love it!” she cried, her eyes squeezed shut from the pressure. “I love it, Riyan!”

He chuckled low in his throat. That was more like it.

He dove down and licked her again, daring to stick his tongue inside her.

How did every part of her taste so damn good?

Thinking about invading every last inch of her body had his cock straining against his pants. She was such a dirty girl, but only for him. *Only* for him.

He fucked her with his tongue while he stroked her clit faster and faster. Serafina cried out and her belly tensed under his fingers—she was about to come.

Riyan echoed the message in his mind, loud and clear for her. “*Come for me, sweetheart. Come with my tongue in your ass.*”

With a breathy cry, Serafina came. Her belly tensed and relaxed in a jerking rhythm with her breath as she rolled through it. Riyan kept playing with her, even though his fingers were soaked with her release.

When she was finally exhausted, Serafina folded down into the blankets and Riyan released his hold. She panted a bit, but then looked up at him with a naughty gleam in her eye.

“Time for my end of the deal,” she said with a wry smile.



Riyan pulled off his shirt. “Just how mean do you want me to be? Do you want the Hero of Lycaster or do you want the Beast?”

Her hazel eyes flicked down to the bulge in his pants. “I want it in my ass.”

Riyan nearly tore his pants off and buried himself inside her, but he stopped. Any time he overheard shit-head cadets at the military academy bragging about taking a girl up the ass, they always warned about making sure the cock was *extra* lubed-up.

Even though Riyan had threatened to rip someone a new asshole countless times, he didn’t want it happening to his sweetheart. The entrance might have been nice and slippery from his spit, but he knew he needed more. Much more.

Riyan joined her in the bed, resting on his knees but still towering over her.

“Turn around,” he said with a growl.

Serafina bit her lip, clearly holding back a giggle, as she crawled over to sit in front of him. Her hands rested on her lap and her big eyes looked up at him expectantly.

*Fuck*, having a powerful sorceress fully submit to him gave Riyan a rush better than any battle victory. He pulled at the laces of his pants, finally letting his cock free.

Serafina wrapped her hands around his thick shaft and took the tip in her mouth. Riyan held back a groan as she softly sucked and swirled her tongue around the head. She worked her way down the shaft, little by little, but it wasn’t enough for Riyan. He weaved his fingers through the roots of her hair and pushed her head further down.

Her jaw relaxed as he shoved his way in, filling up every bit of her mouth.

“Good job,” he said, low and breathy. He rolled his hips in a rhythm, her tongue feeling like velvet against his shaft as he fucked her mouth. “But you can do more.”

She gripped the blankets as he reached the back of her throat, pushing as far as he could go. She gagged. Pleasure shot up his spine as her throat pulsed around his head.

Riyan gritted his teeth, stopping himself from spilling over before he had the chance to stick it in her ass, as he fucked her throat. He tightened his grip on her hair. Tears beaded in the corners of her eyes and dripped onto her closed eyelashes.

He was mean. He was rough. Just like she liked it.

But then Serafina tapped his thigh twice—enough.

He pulled out of her and she gasped. Spit dripped down her flushed lips and completely coated his shining cock.

Serafina panted, looking up at him with shining eyes. Fucking gorgeous. Riyan grabbed her chin and gave her a kiss between her brows.

His whisper skated across her forehead. “Hands and knees again, sweetheart. We’ll do this nice and easy.”

She smiled, even though her chest was still rising and falling with her heavy breath. “Does it have to be easy?”

She was really testing his resolve, but straddling the line between happy pain and *pain* pain made him too nervous to give in. “Yes.”

He kissed her hair and patted her thigh. Serafina rolled over, getting on all fours before raising her ass for him again.

Riyan leaned down and gave her asshole one more lick, just to be safe, before he adjusted himself at the entrance.

That first slow push was so tight, Riyan’s eyes rolled into the back of his head. Fuck. He didn’t think her body could make him feel any better than it already had but...*fuck*.

Serafina moaned softly from the slow pressure. Riyan reached around and played with her clit again, rewarding her for being so damn good for him.

“You take me so well, Sera,” he said as he moved inside her. “You’re always nice and ready for me.”

She sank her teeth in her pillow and wiggled her ass against him as he massaged her. That little wiggle sent a shockwave of pleasure through his cock and made his balls tighten.

He slammed his eyes shut. He almost lost himself, but he wasn’t done with her yet.

“You little...,” he breathed as he gripped the side of her hip.

But his scold vanished as he slammed into her, fucking her ass raw and hard. He watched with delight as Serafina’s body jiggled with each thrust and as she screamed in the pillow. He kept rubbing her slit, determined to make her come again before he did.

She cried, low, deep and desperate, into the pillow and Riyan tasted his victory. Her entire body clenched around him, the pressure on his cock more intense than he ever thought possible.

He hissed out a moan and withdrew right before he came. He stroked his shaft as he painted her ass and lower back in long streaks.

Riyan breathed and the muscles on his stomach loosened. “Fucking hell.”

He crashed on the bed next to Serafina, staring up at the canopy as stars danced in his head.

After what could have been an hour, Serafina propped herself up on her elbows and looked down at him with a little smile. “Are you just going to leave me like this?”

Serafina could have cleaned herself off with her magic, but Riyan liked doing it himself.

“Give me a minute,” Riyan panted. He felt like he had just been turned inside-out—in a good way. “I fucking love you.”

“I know,” Serafina said with a smug smile.

He lifted his head to kiss her, but she wrinkled her nose and backed away. “You are *never* kissing me again after what you just did.”

Riyan reached over to the night table to retrieve a rag. “Never say never, Sera.”

She rolled her eyes. Riyan rested on his knees and cleaned up the mess he left on her back.

Serafina eyed the wine bottle on the table. “Derrick is going to be angry when he finds out you took his favorite wine.”

Riyan laughed. “Let him be angry. If he confronts me about it, I’ll tell him *exactly* what I used it for.”

He planted a kiss on Serafina’s rear end as she called him an asshole.

Riyan smirked. “You are what you eat, sweetheart.”