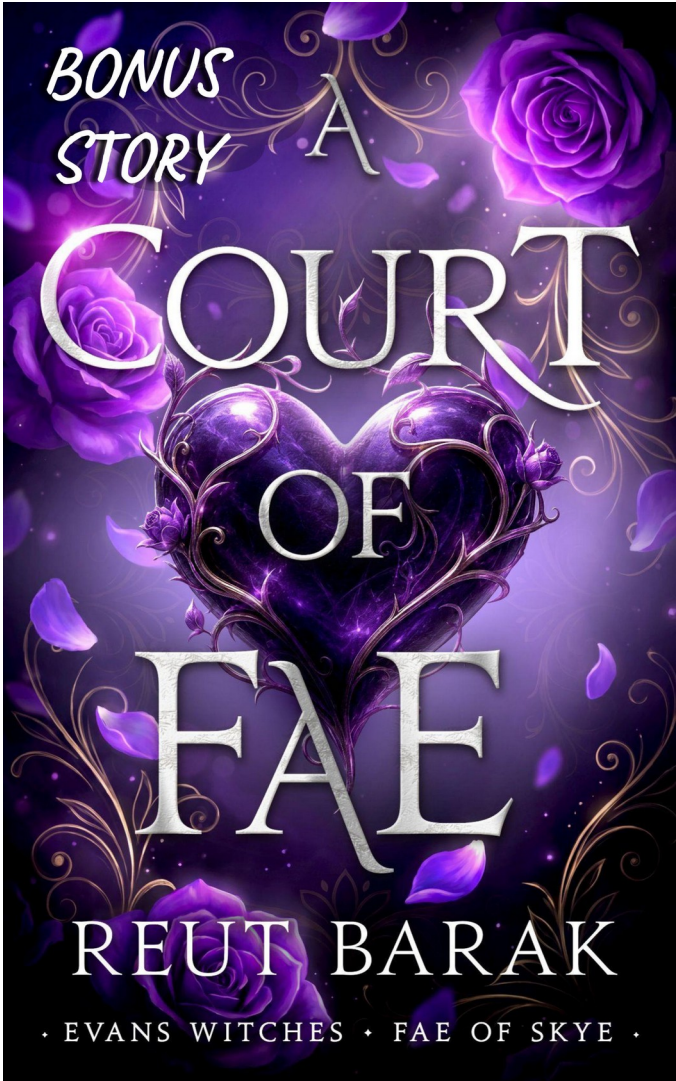


Reut Barak



Freya & Kalan's First Sex

"Good heavens!" I heard Kalan's impressed remark as I magically changed his clothes to the ones we wore long ago, that night when we'd met. "You *do* remember me."

Yes. I remembered *everything* about that night. The small village party, the dancing, the music. How much I'd needed time off, after working so hard at the library all week. But most of all, I remembered Kalan. Or Logan—as he'd introduced himself, hiding his identity as the crown prince of Unseelie behind a farm boy ruse.

"Can I get you a drink?"

I hadn't heard him approach. I turned from the bar to see a massively large young man fae in rough jeans and shirt, checkered and buttoned with an opening for wings that were far darker than most I'd seen around me.

He looked nervous as his emerald eyes shined at me.

“Sure.”

“Okay, great.” He took a seat beside me at the bar. Outside, the band was warming up. “I’m K—Logan.”

“Freya.” I offered him my hand.

He took it, and for a moment, I thought I felt a spark between us. If he saw it, he hid it well. He turned to the bartender and ordered us two glasses of cherry liqueur.

The movement caused his shirt to stretch over his broad shoulders and large, firm chest.

“Expensive taste,” I said.

“I’m indulging.”

I laughed.

“So, do you come here often, Freya?”

“I’m actually just here for the night. The party was advertised where I worked, so I came.” No need to tell him that today was also my last day on the job. I was going to the capital city. To join the Tower. “And you?”

“Just passing through. My...father’s farm wants to trade at a new market. I’m going to check how things are there and hopefully sell some produce that we can deliver next week.” He spoke fast, as if the words were hard for him.

I wondered whether he was lying, though why would anybody lie about *that*? “Good luck then.”

The drinks arrived, and he held his up. "Yeah. It would definitely take luck. Shall we toast to it?"

I giggled. "Cheers." I clicked and a tiny drop landed on my cleavage, right between my breasts.

It flowed down, leaving an almost invisible mark below them, on my long-sleeved dark-red dress with the ruffle trim and balcony cut. At least it kept the black cotton belt clean. It was the most expensive thing I owned.

I looked up to see Kalan look away. "Sorry."

I laughed. "You were giving me a compliment." And it had double the effect considering how hot he was. Handsome, too.

Those beautiful green eyes met mine, and there was neon in them—a gaze I had sometimes seen in men when they looked at me. I had large breasts for a fae. I knew the effect they had. Though I never desired to see it through. No man had touched them. Yet.

My eyes fell on his huge hands. For a moment, I imagined what it would be like to feel them *squeezing*. I bit my lip.

He smiled. "That was nice. What you just did."

I laughed at his directness. I tilted my head. I had a direct question of my own. "How old are you?"

"Does it matter?"

I shrugged. "Just curious. I'm sixteen."

"Nineteen."

I liked that he was a bit older than me. Maybe he had *experience*. He was a little more heavily built than the farm boys his age I had met back at the village I was from. I could almost feel those muscles under my fingers in my imagination.

Why not, actually? Why not feel him under my hands? He'd made the first move: drinks. Ball was in my court.

But before I had the chance to, he took the lead. "I see they're setting up for the dances. Do you dance?"

Cute. Smooth. "I could be persuaded. But only if *you* dance with me."

Beaming, he rose and offered me his hand. A spark passed between us again. He smiled, this time clearly noticing.

He held the door for me, and we walked out of the bar. Magical glitter-globes hung above the floor outside, spreading soft, shimmering lights. A few couples were already there, and the band just finished tuning. The leader rose and announced the first dance: a country one, with spinning and wing flapping.

"Do you know this one?" Kalan asked.

"I can dance it in my sleep."

He laughed. "I'd like to see that."

We both stopped at the obvious hint. I swallowed and then laughed, masking the fact that his words got to me. And that, for the first time, I thought I would actually enjoy *this* dance: the moves involved having the man fae's hand around you—not something I often liked.

Except now...I couldn't wait for it. With him. *Gods, he was heavenly hot!*

Kalan put his hand on my waist.

A surge of sweetness passed through me, and I nearly moaned.

Would we kiss tonight? Maybe, make out too?

The band started to play, and we moved with the tune. We turned and he shifted hands, again landing on my waist. I breathed in hard and had to force myself to focus on the dance moves, which would have been impossible if I hadn't known it so well. *Fuck!* How could I suddenly want anyone this bad?

The first dance was over too fast, and for a moment, I feared that he would bow to me and go find a new partner.

The band spoke among themselves and then announced a slow tune.

"Another dance?" Kalan leaned and whispered, his breath teasing my neck.

I stilled. He waited for my answer. I nodded, unable to speak.

He smiled. He stepped closer and his arms circled me. I leaned my head against his shoulder. We moved across the floor.

There was a turn in the dance, and he pulled me at the wrong angle. I felt his body flush against mine. His chest muscles squeezed my breasts together. Mmm...

“Sorry. I didn’t mean...”

“It’s all right.” I moved closer, aching to feel him again, surprising both of us.

His lips parted, and he looked at me intently.

I looked down. He didn’t move away. His rough cotton shirt teased the skin above my dress and for once, I was glad for the wide balcony opening. I wished my fingers could explore under his buttons. Feel these stiff muscles, feel...

He wanted it too! I suddenly noticed the bulging erection pressed against my tummy.

I loved the feeling. I looked up, and he leaned down. His bright-brown hair tickled my skin.

I let out a sigh.

What was with me tonight? I never had the hots for anyone before, and now, with this man fae I’d only met...

My breasts felt so full, like my corset would burst.

Don't think! Just dance, just...move.

His fingers rose from my waist to catch my hand, then raise it for me to twirl under him. We both laughed. There was a question in his eyes. I breathed in, nodding, and let him guide me away from the dancing crowd.

We stopped under a tall strawberry bush.

He looked at me intently. "I really want to kiss you right now," he whispered.

"L...I'd like that."

And then his lips were on mine. Soft and sweet. I savored every moment. Then his touch became rougher, claiming.

I let out a loud moan into his mouth and then pulled away. "Sorry."

"Never apologize for *that*." He leaned and caught my mouth again. He pulled my body toward his. His lips were intoxicating.

My goddesses, I wanted him!

His erection was larger now. I could feel the sheer size of him. Absolutely huge. I licked my lips. *Goddesses*. If I let my guard go...just for once...I could have a phenomenal experience. One to take with me through life.

And no one would know. We were both just

passing through this village.

My fingers knit through his hair.

“Gods, Freya,” he mumbled, pushing me against a wall beside the bush and pinning me with his body.

I started to pant. “We have to stop,” I whispered.

He moved away. “Right. I’m sorry.”

“No. I simply meant that we’re in public.”

He stared at me in disbelief. “You would... maybe...?”

The unspoken words passed between us.

“I...” I knew my answer. *Goddesses, just this once.*
“Yes.”

He hesitated. “I won’t be here again. I’m...leaving and going far away.” He breathed hard.

He was being honest. He was trying to say that he didn’t think we would keep in touch.

I thought for a moment. I still wanted this. And I wasn’t about to cave on myself.

“Till dawn, then,” I replied.

He simply smiled. “Thank you.”

He took my hand in his and then led me back to the inn entrance.

We were so eager that we bumped into the innkeeper, who was arranging a line of necklaces on a stand. She dropped a silver chain with the Triple Goddess moon pendant. I bent down to pick it up. I

didn't need to turn to know Kalan's eyes widened behind me.

"Here."

"Thank you, dear." The innkeeper took it from me.

"It's beautiful. Did you make it?"

"I did," she said.

"How much is it?" Kalan asked.

She named her price, and he fished in his pocket for the money.

He was buying me something? "I..."

"It would look beautiful on you." He gave her the coins, and she handed him the jewels. He opened the chain and put it on me.

The cold silver tickled my skin as he fastened the necklace on my neck.

I longed for more. He paused, his hands lingering on my necklace. A look of fierce desire shot over his face as he glanced at where the pendant landed, right between my breasts.

The innkeeper cleared her throat. "Sorry, folks, but we're blocking the entrance."

"Of course." He took my hand in his again and soon we were up the stairs, in front of a door, which he opened, inserting a key into the hole.

We walked in. He went to close the curtains, and I

used the moment to adjust my clothes. I pushed my breasts up and toward the center, and used the strings to tighten the fabric and pull it down as far as it would go. I could have used my water element magic for it, but I normally told people that I only had fire element, and I knew the subject could come up.

I must have burned his eyes when he turned. They fell straight there, and his mouth opened.

“Gods, I want you!” He started to move toward me.

My breath quickened.

This was it. It could happen any moment. My first time.

He reached me and leaned forward.

Our eyes met. His gaze devoured my breasts.

“I want...I want you to kiss me,” I said.

He leaned and stopped with his lips almost touching mine. “You want more,” he whispered.

I nodded.

And then his lips found me. Passionate. Craving.

Desire shot through my body. My back arched, and I moaned hard into his mouth, my fingers grabbing his hair.

When we parted, my heart pounded fast.

For a moment, we just stood there. Silent.

Then, he smiled. His thumbs moved down and he

moaned as he reached the lace at the edge of my fabric. His fingers moved toward each other from both sides, heading to the tight space between my breasts.

My chest pushed forward. And my left nipple released.

He stopped and stared.

"Gorgeous..." he mumbled. He caught it gently between finger and thumb, but didn't squeeze.

I sucked in a breath. This was far further than I'd ever gone with any man before. *And goddesses, did I want more.*

Just squeeze it, please.

His other thumb pulled the fabric down and the right nipple popped out. He positioned his fingers around it.

"Now tell me what you want." He pushed my nipples up from below, along with my breasts.

Grab me...please grab me. "I want you." I meant every word.

Slowly, his fingers closed around my nipples. And every muscle in me tensed as I longed for that promised squeeze. Moisture built between my legs.

"Yes," I whispered. My heart thumped.

He squeezed hard.

My back arched forward, and I collapsed onto his

hands. He caught me...caught my breasts, and then pulled the fabric down, exposing them.

He took a step back and just looked.

I stood there, exposed to him. I loved it.

"You're wet, right?"

"Drenched," I confessed.

"And you want me inside you right now."

Oh, my goddesses, yes. So much that it hurt. I nodded.

"How many times?"

"What?" *What did he mean?*

"How many times would you have me pleasure you? I offer four."

My mouth opened wide. *Was he serious?* I breathed fast, my toes curling at the way he'd just spoken to me.

He blushed and smiled, but kept his game. "For the first: I will need you to pull those incredible boobs together. I'm going to rub myself between them and come right there and you will come with me—I guarantee you that."

Goddesses, how did he know exactly what to say to make my inner muscles open for him?

"Then, while I build up my next peak, you'll feel my tongue between your legs, until I have you begging for more. And then I'll push into your

perfect, tight folds. And I'll make you come twice."

"And the fourth time?"

He smiled seductively, his eyes full of lust. "You're not religious, are you?"

What did he mean? Now, I had to find out. I would do this. All of it. *Gods help me, I couldn't wait.*

"Now, sit on that chair over there."

I swallowed hard, watching him unbuckle as I took a seat on the only chair in his room. Right beside the one table.

He pulled his pants down.

My jaw dropped.

He was massive. *So big.* I thanked the goddesses that fae virginity was not a physical thing. Though, I still wondered how I'd ever contain him.

He slowly took the rest of his clothes off. Perfect... he was simply perfect. Too bad it was only for one night. Totally worth it, though.

I watched as he neared, my breath quickening.

"Part your lips and wet them for me."

He was going to... *Yes, please!*

I did as he asked. He neared until he reached me and then he put his tip between my lips. I opened my mouth wide, and he pushed through.

Fuck! This felt amazing.

He had a bitter taste. I loved it.

His fingers found my breasts and squeezed them lightly with every push. My legs opened, aching for him. He smiled as he noticed. And then he lifted me onto the table and joined me there. It was hard and sturdy. Like him.

“Your breasts together,” he commanded.

I squeezed them for him, and he inserted his cock and rocked back and forth. I watch the tip come toward me and disappear again, longing to have it once more in my mouth.

“Now, you’ll come for me.” His fingers tightened on my nipples.

I squirmed.

“That’s right.”

Again and again, he pinched every time his cock moved between my breasts. Until...

A wave of energy moved inside me, rattling me, filling me with bliss. He saw it and squeezed so hard that the pain made the pleasure peak even higher.

He groaned, and I looked down as warm liquid filled the space his cock had occupied.

He kissed me. His tongue tantalized mine.

“I want more,” I said, when our lips parted.

“I’ll give you more. But not yet.” He lowered his face, and his tongue was on my neck. And then, on my right nipple.

Gods, he was so delicious.

"More, please..." I whispered.

He chuckled. And then took my whole nipple in his mouth and sucked.

I screamed. This was so much more potent than the squeezing. *Goddesses, I needed this.* He kept at it, and I melted into an ocean of bliss.

And then, he lifted my dress. "Ready?"

"No."

He stopped.

"I meant: yes. Sorry, I was teasing."

And then, his tongue was there. I bucked.

"Open your legs for me."

I did and started to pant as I felt him there. Circling. Sucking, and then...inserting his tongue.

I came again. My fingers tight around his hair. This time, the waves were stronger. One. Two. Three.

And suddenly, I felt his penetration. Massively huge. Filling me. Stretching me.

I bit my lip.

"You like it."

I squirmed as I convulsed around his length, and his throbbing cock pumped further into me.

Tears of joy filled my eyes.

"Should I stop?" He suddenly looked worried.

"Don't you dare!" I mumbled through the

orgasmic waves that rushed through me.

He smiled, relieved. He held his position until I came down from the height. I breathed out and our eyes met. "You want me to pump into you again?"

I reached up. His broad shoulder muscles had stiffened under my fingers. "Please."

"I like it when you beg. So...back and forth?"

I nodded.

"As you wish!" He grabbed my hips and then pulled almost all the way out. And with one swift shove, back all the way in.

I saw colors. "Gods!"

Again, he pulled out all the way, and then thrust back in. I screamed.

And then he started to quicken. Back and forth, back and forth.

"Yes. Yes. Yes," I heard myself scream. My muscles tightened, awaiting the promised release.

I was almost there. Higher than ever. I could tell. I needed this. Needed him.

With one swift move, he lifted me and pushed hard.

I collapsed in his arms, my cunt closing and opening, coming around him.

But he didn't. He held back, his eyes observing my every move.

"Thank you!" I couldn't help myself.

He laughed.

"This was the perfect..."

"We have one more time to go." He pulled out.

"Now turn and lean against the table. I'm going to fuck you from behind."

My mouth opened and my inner muscles tensed at his words. My chest tightened. I bit my lip.

He helped me up and turned me. Then, he pulled my legs apart and shoved.

The intensity was perfect. Fire flashed in my mind.

"You're so tight." He barely breathed. He started to trail kisses from my nape down.

My fingers scratched the table. He immediately pushed back and forth, and I was panting and moaning at the same time. Until the promised peak.

It came, a tornado rushing through me. And then he stilled in me with force, which made it come even higher. I was almost there, almost completely done, when he suddenly pulled out, opened my ass, and drove in.

"Gods!"

"You know you want this."

Did I? I panted, still coming. He moved, and I came harder.

"All you have to do is tell me to pull out, and I

will.”

Again, my body squirmed, another wave of the previous orgasm pushing through.

“Should I come out?”

I breathed out. *The hell with it.* “No.”

What will cause Kalan, prince and heir of the throne of Unseelie, to rush across the border to find Freya again?

Read it in *A Court of Fae*

<https://reutbarak.com/courtoffae/>

Read it already?

The series continues in *A Court by Birthright*

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