
BROKEN RAE OF LIGHT

Her Unexpected Mate
Book 5

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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Chapter 1

KILDARE, Ireland – Monday

Rae

I'VE BEEN WATCHING him since we got here, cream fisherman sweater with the sleeves pushed up, his toned arms are tanned, and I can see the muscles in his neck each time he moves. I know he will be able to lift me, toss me around even, I hope.

The sight of his heartbeat in the side of his neck, the whiff of him I get each time he shifts on his barstool, the blood rushing through his veins is calling to the monster deep inside me. His sculpted jawline, handsome good looks and the scent of sandalwood soap are calling to the woman inside me. I'll let both run wild tonight, get everything I want from him and more. Use him to satisfy all of my needs.

I get distracted from my musings about the fisherman

when I see someone looking at us and making his way over to the table. No, not just looking at us, he looks like he wants to fuck Ciara on the table. When I tell her, and she looks over at him, I see the look on her face and instantly know who it is, even before she tells me.

“It’s Rian! Is he coming over here?” I watch her take a few quick gulps of her beer.

“No fucking way.” I nod at her, my eyes widening. “And yes. Yes, he is.”

“I am what?” I watch Ciara blush when she hears his voice and I know she has it bad.

“Coming over to meet your woman’s best friend.” I quickly shove my hand toward him, shaking his. “I’m Rae. You must be Rian?” When I motion for him to take a seat I watch as Ciara scoots over and the quiet exchange between the two makes me smile.

I look back up at the man across the bar, whom I spotted earlier, and decide to leave them to it and go out on my own adventure. “I will give you two the table and head over to the bar. There is a gentleman caller I’d like to speak with.” I stand from the table, nodding to the couple and make a beeline straight for the handsome man in the white sweater who waved at me a few moments before. His blond hair and bronze skin calling to me. He is perfect and I anticipate that we will have an incredible night.

“Hi!” I tell him when I take the barstool next to his. “I’m Rae.” Reaching my hand out I shake his.

“Cody,” he tells me as he closes his large hand around mine. When he does, I take in a deep breath, getting lost in the scent of him. I can hear the blood rushing through his veins, the smell of it is so intoxicating I have to fight back the urge to lick my lips. “How are you doing tonight, Rae?” he asks and I smile at him, letting my eyes flash silver and slipping a thought into his mind. I watch his eyes

widen, and I know he is picturing my naked body beneath his as they do. I continue to feed him other thoughts of us together.

Finally, he clears his throat. "I'm sorry. I got distracted for a minute," Cody apologizes to me and I smile at him. I set my hand on top of his laying on top of the bar and run it up his forearm. Sweater cuffed around his elbows, the touch of my hand on his bare skin sends a shock through me. I've already decided to go home with him, I just have to make sure he asks.

"No worries." I smile at him and send him another image of us naked together.

We get lost in small talk for a while, the entire time I continue to advance toward him until I'm standing next to his barstool. My arms draped around his neck, when I kiss the sensitive skin over his jugular my mouth waters and my fangs press against my gums as I fight back the urge to release them into him.

When I feel a tap on my shoulder I turn and see Ciara and Rian standing behind me. "Hey. We are going to get out of here." Ciara motions to Rian and I wiggle my eyebrows at him. He laughs and Ciara just smiles at me. I get lost in the moment and laugh with Rian, at the blush spreading across my friend's face.

I lean in and hug Ciara. "Be safe," I whisper in her ear and she nods and smiles at me.

"I really like him," she whispers back in mine and I squeeze her again.

I watch the two go and turn back to Cody at the bar, the puppy dog look in his eyes tells me that he has had enough and that it is best if I go ahead and put him out of his misery now.

"Do you want to get out of here?" I ask him.

"I thought you would never ask, lass." He stands from

his barstool, putting his arm around my waist and leading me out of the pub.

A SHORT DRIVE later we pull up outside of a small house on the edge of town, and I wait while Cody gets out of the car and comes around to my side, opening the door for me.

Taking his hand as he helps me to my feet I fall forward into him, my body pressed against him. I can tell that under his thick sweater he has a toned body as mine collides with his. Tipping my head back and looking up into his eyes he drops his mouth to mine and takes me in a kiss.

A soft, generous kiss. I sigh into him, I had hoped from the looks of him back in the pub that he would have been a good hard fuck, but it looks like I'm out of luck in that department tonight. His hands close around my waist and he pins me back against his car. After we make out for a while, I pull away from him.

"Are we going to go inside?" I point in the direction of the house and let my mind fill his with more thoughts of my naked body on top of him. Watching him just nod dumbly at me. It shouldn't be this easy. I shouldn't take advantage of the men I meet, but I can't help myself.

"Of course," Cody tells me. He steps backward from me and slides his hands down my arms, taking one of my hands in his. Turning, he leads me toward the front door. I follow him, my eyes falling over his rounded ass, perfectly accentuated in his jeans.

I follow him into his house and immediately slip out of my shoes, taking off my jacket and tossing it onto a nearby chair. When Cody turns to face me I smile at him again, eager to get down to business. I know I'm wet and ready, I

have been all night. I am growing impatient and I think I may have misjudged him. I flare my nostrils and steady my breath, not wanting to show my anger at myself to him.

“Rae?” He says my name and I can’t help myself, I send him more images of myself naked under him, legs wrapped around his waist.

“Cody?” I reply, stalking toward him and wrapping my arms around his neck. “Fuck me. I’m not the girl who needs you to make me feel at home and safe. I don’t need gentle small talk and you to reassure me about this. This is what I’m here for. I want you to fuck me.” He breathes out a sigh of relief and buries his face in my neck, kissing down over my skin to my collarbone, exposed in my low-cut shirt. When he reaches the tops of my breasts, I arch my back and push them out to him, encouraging him to take them in his mouth.

A man of few words, he clearly gets my hint and his hands find the hem of my shirt, ripping it off over my head. When his hands find my breasts and he gropes them hard, I hiss out my pleasure. The heat spreads through my body to my pussy.

I slide my hands down to my pants and unbutton them, when he sees me he does the same, taking off his sweater next and standing before me shirtless. I was right about him being toned, his chest and biceps are perfect and I know he will be able to catch me. I run toward him, jumping into his arms and wrapping my legs around his waist.

His hands cup my ass and he holds me to him, turning and carrying me to the kitchen table. Setting me on the edge of the table I let him slip off my pants completely and reach behind myself to unhook my bra. When I slip it down over my shoulders, I hold it out to him, hanging by the strap on one finger.

I smile, biting my lip, and let my eyes go hazy, imagining having him slip into me as I wrap my legs around him. I send him the image and he nods. “Good boy,” I tell him, he is catching on now, they all do eventually.

Watching as Cody slips his pants down over his hips, I am greeted with the image of his swollen cock and my mouth waters. I nod and he steps toward me.

“Condom?” I ask him as he stands between my legs. When his eyes widen I know he hadn’t thought this through and I hold my finger up to him.

I slip from the table and retrieve my pants from the floor, slipping the strip of condoms out of my back pocket and handing him one. Tossing the others and my pants back onto the floor. I watch him as he opens the small foil package and slips it over the tip of himself. Slipping out of my underwear, I turn to face the table. I place my hands on it, palms flat, and bend at the hips waiting for him to enter me from behind. I shift from foot to foot, chewing on my lower lip.

“Are you sure?” his deep, earnest voice asks me and I roll my eyes, grateful he can’t see me. Looking back over my shoulder I nod.

“Yes. I’m sure. Fuck me now!” I growl at him, my impatience growing. I’m over this gentle type who are always worried about my feelings. Tired of not being properly fucked, good and hard.

When he slides into me from behind I hiss out my pleasure. Tossing my head back I feel my hair splayed over my back, hoping he will take it in his hand, twist it around his wrist and ride me hard. I push the images in my mind through to his.

I can feel him hesitate, but then he moves. Hand wrapped around my hair he pulls me back onto him and impales me.

“Fuck,” I growl.

“Mmm... You feel amazing, Rae.”

Picking up the pace he starts to pound in and out of me and I catch his rhythm, riding him toward my orgasm. Slipping my hand down from the table and between my legs, I find my clit. I can tell he isn't going to last long and I'm not going to have my entire night be wasted. I find my clit and rub circles over it, building my orgasm.

I can feel him buck and twitch inside me, I'm running out of time. My frustration growing. I seriously misjudged this one and I'm angry with myself for it. Squeezing my eyes closed I push the thoughts from my mind, and fill it with images of another man, a rougher man, hands around my throat, arching my back, pulling me onto him forcefully as he fills my pussy.

Reaching behind me I grab his wrist and jerk the free hand not tangled in my hair around me, making him grab my breast.

“Touch me. Please, Cody. I need you to do this for me. I need to come. Make me come on your cock.” I hear the desperation in my voice, hoping he does not.

When he pinches my nipple as I pinch my clit, I climb higher and get ready to come, just then he bucks in me and stills. I collapse forward onto the table, so close to my orgasm that my toes are curling, I don't let up on my clit, and I push myself back onto him hard, over and over again, using him for my own needs as his still hard erection fills me.

“Fuck!” I growl as I explode, tensing around him, finally getting the release I was looking for.

When he drops his hands from my body and steps back, I turn and pounce on him, arms around his neck. I let my truth strength show now and pull him down to me. Extending my fangs and sinking them into the side of his

neck, as a small gasp escapes his lips. It is all I hear as I fill my mouth with his blood, relishing the sweet taste of him.

Hot liquid pours down my throat as I gulp, bleeding him, I slow myself. Not wanting to hurt him, not wanting to take too much. When I'm sated, I flick my tongue out over the puncture wounds in the side of his neck and let my saliva heal him. I pull back and let my eyes flash silver again, sending him images of my mouth on his, on his neck, peppering him with kisses and love bites.

He will be left with one hell of a bruise tomorrow, but I know well enough he won't remember what happened. Won't recall my attack and he will be left remembering our sex and my leaving him a massive hickey. I smile at him, running my hand down over his jaw.

"Thank you," I say, biting my lower lip again, retracting my fangs and bending to pick up my pants.

"You're leaving?" he asks, the hurt is evident in his voice. *Why are they all so clingy?* I ask myself and turn to look at him. Again, the puppy dog eyes get me and I shake my head.

"I can stay," I tell him, holding my hand out to him and letting him lead me to his bedroom.

THE CLOCK on the nightstand says it is three in the morning. I'll never be able to get a cab back to the pub to get my car and I know Ciara is with Rian and I don't want to interrupt the two of them. I slowly, carefully, slip out from under the arm of the man whose bed I am in and creep from the room. Finding my clothes, in a pile on the floor by the table, I pick them up and quickly dress. I slip my phone from my pocket and send the text message I often send, but hate every time.

EDMUND

MY PHONE RINGS and I know who it is immediately, at this time of night, that ring tone. It means only one thing, Rae.

Rae: *I need you to come to pick me up. Please.*

Her second message contains an address, and I climb from my bed and head toward the door. We have gotten into this routine. Ciara doesn't know how bad it has gotten, or how many beds I have dragged our friend out of in the past year.

I can't tell her no. Can't turn away from her. But each time I get the call, or text, I die a little more inside. I don't know how much longer I can keep this up. I must tell her the truth. I have to tell her who she is to me.

The time never seems right, never feels like the right moment to say, "Oh, by the way, you're my mate. Stop fucking everything on two legs."

By the time I reach the front door I'm fuming, wondering which jackass from town she went home with tonight. I hope it was worth it. Because this is the last time I'll be scraping her up off the pavement in the middle of the night.

When I pull up outside of the house, I recognize it. Knowing the guy from the pub, I doubt he was worth it, and I chuckle. This isn't good, now she will be in a shitty mood because she wasted her time.

"Hey," I call to Rae as I roll down the window. As she turns to me, silver eyes glowing in the night, filling with tears, I look away. I can't handle her tears. Can't handle her pain.

“Thanks,” she tells me as she opens the passenger side door and drops into the seat. “I didn’t want to call Ciara because she is out on a date.” I nod, there is always a reason she doesn’t want to tell my sister. I know it’s because she is ashamed, but what she’s been doing is no secret.

“It’s fine.” I clear my throat, watching my tone, my knuckles white on the steering wheel. “Where’s your car? The pub?” I ask as I put the car in gear and turn around heading back to town.

“Yes. Thank you, Edmund. I owe you.”

“You so owe me.” I lighten up now, realizing I can’t abandon her next time she calls me. I’ll be here, each and every time. Eventually, one of these days she will look at me and see me for who I am.

The ride to the pub is quiet, these rides often are. I drop her off at her car and watch as she gets into it, pulling out in front of me, and I follow her home.

Reaching the keep, we both park and head inside, sure to be silent and not wake anyone in the house. As we reach her bedroom door, Rae turns toward me and I smile.

“Thank you,” she whispers and gives me a hug. I pull her body against mine, enjoying every moment of the contact between us.

“Any time. Goodnight, Rae.” I kiss her cheek and pull back from her, the cold immediately taking over my body, making me regret missing the chance to wrap her in my arms and kiss her the way she needs to be kissed.