
POSSESSION

Colonel's Conquest - Book Four

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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.

When life mimics art... this is what you get. To my guys, wherever you are.

Prologue

Zahir

He would come for her. Zahir knew that look on his commander's face. It was possessive. Raw. Intensely ready to take, to persuade, to consume. Usually he saw it just before the high of a battle, or just after, when taking the spoils of war. But now, Iolanthe was those spoils. The Colonel meant to take her. And Zahir would only get in the fucking way. He tightened his palms, ready for action.

Iolanthe had two choices: two. Whether she knew it or not, she held all the cards. Claiming she was powerless was damned foolish. Didn't the woman see how much control she had over them? Zahir cast a long look towards the door, eager to fight. Eager to annihilate. He unclenched his fingers, knowing it was in vain. She was the one with the decision; she was the one who would make or break him.

She lay on the sofa, resting. The night's events had tired her, as usual. He gathered she would be more tired by the end of the evening if things progressed.

So, would she choose the fucking Colonel, or send him on his damned way? Zahir's eyes narrowed as he heard the rustling from the forest, the fated shadow at the door.

He was here.

Her choice, and it was enough to catapult the whole goddamn scenario into orbit. The Elysium queen wanted Maxim, for unknown but nefarious reasons of her own. Now Tiberius bargained with the other side, going into a marriage alliance with a damned whore.

Things had gone to fucking shit, and it would only get worse once Zahir opened that door and let the monster inside. His fists curled, and he gathered his weapons to his hip, wanting so badly to use them. Ready to turn his whole life upside-down for her. Either way, he wasn't leaving this battle alone. Come hell. Come death. He would take Iolanthe as his own.

Iolanthe's eyes opened and flickered towards him in question, as if she heard the sounds coming from the outside of the home. She wanted answers but he couldn't give them, not this time. She was the master, the one who won the whole fucking battle, the one who swooped in and took it without even trying.

As he heard the footfalls coming up to the house, Zahir tried to disregard his anger, his nervousness, his fucking powerlessness. Iolanthe gave him one last, long look. Then he knew. He was her guard, meant to protect her. Nothing more.

Chapter 1

Iolanthe

She knew who was at the door before Zahir even answered it. Pleading, she cast a long look to her guard.
“Make him go away,” she said.

Zahir turned to her, his face neutrally cool. “If I thought you really wanted that, there’s nothing that would stop me.”

He opened the door. Then he stepped out as Maxim entered. They bumped shoulders, exchanging silent warnings that Iolanthe, even in her state of isolation and hurt, could see. Maybe they hated each other. Certainly, each man had his hand on his weapon.

She moved towards the exit, uncertain, and ready to run after her guard. “I’m tired,” she said to the Colonel.

Maxim chuckled, closing the door, and shutting Zahir out. Leaving her no choice but to stay in the home with him. Not that she ever had one, anyhow.

“Ah. The famous excuse of females before they hadn’t the option.” He reminded her, of course, that she was his. His Pure,

his captive. His to destroy and ravage and fuck until she couldn't walk straight. By the look on his face, he wanted to do all those things.

"I want you to leave," she sputtered, backing up. She hit the edge of the bed. He had cornered her, and by the way she was situated, she'd have to put up more than the usual fight to get away. If she even cared to. The thing was, she just wasn't sure anymore.

He cut right to the quick, stunning her by his ruthlessness. She shouldn't have been surprised by the way he could hurt her.

"You're having my child."

"Yes. The one you wanted me to get rid of," she answered coldly.

He said nothing, his back stiff. "So, tell me, Iolanthe," he said, pressing her further. "Is he a good fuck? Does he make you come like the dirty little slut you are?"

She fisted her hands, driving them up and towards his chest. It was like hitting a wall. He didn't even budge as she struck him.

"I never slept with Zahir," she said.

"I don't believe you," he told her. "I know you." Grabbing her flailing hands, his palms encircled them and held tight. He had her caged. Locked in a love-grip that pained. "And I know that my pretty girl loves to spread her thighs and cream when she's told no." Maxim growled near her ear, his eyes going dark with combined lust and rage. "Do you scream? Does it hurt like I'm going to make it feel so fucking good?"

She caught a breathy sob. She wanted it, all his promises. Her eyes lit up with hope. "Please don't."

"Don't what? Tell the truth?" He kissed the pulse-point of her throat, tenderly... then he marked it cruelly with his teeth. She pressed up on her tiptoes, meeting the edge of his lips. She was screwed up, because he was right. She loved when he did these things. But only him, never Zahir. Zahir never hurt her,

wouldn't ever do the dirty things to her body the Colonel dared to do.

"You don't understand," Iolanthe said, her hands released by him with a push in the direction he wanted her to touch him. Immediately she stroked down his lean torso, along his solid abdomen. His muscles clenched as she felt along him. She whispered affirmation. "He's not you."

"You better fucking believe he's not, baby," Maxim said. He lifted her, his hands going under her ass. Her legs curled about his waist, tucking into his body. She *was* a whore, a dirty slut, for acting this way. But if so, she was Maxim's slut. She moaned as he dropped her mercilessly onto the mattress, his muscular body toppling over her, pressing her down.

She loved his weight on her. His size, larger than her own.

"Maxim," she said, her voice small. "Don't do this..."

He ripped open the bodice of her dress, feasting on her swollen nipples. They ached, were puffy and sensitive and needy. More so since her pregnancy, and definitely so now. He looked at her for a long moment, his eyes roaming over the distinct change. Fingers stroked along the sides of her breasts, the only gentleness he was willing to bestow.

"Maxim, please, sir..." She couldn't fathom why she gave in so easily. But she knew. He always had that control over her.

He smiled, that ugly smile that she found devastating and real. Her hand reached for his jaw, pulling him down to meet where she wanted him. His eyes flashed briefly, surprised, then he shoved her hand back, to the mattress where he kept it. She loved being bound, if only by his palms, a willing captive exactly when it was needed.

He understood. With a harsh lick, his tongue curled over a nipple peak, sucking and biting, his eyes gone fully black with passion.

"That's it, baby. I want to hear you say *my* name. Don't

fucking ever tell me no again. Cause I'm always gonna take what I want to fucking take from you."

Shoving her dress up her hips, he released the zipper of his fatigues, letting his cock out. He gave her one moment to ready herself, one moment to look into his eyes and blink her acquiescence. Then he plunged. Hard and deep and fierce.

"You're mine. Fucking *mine!*" he said, his balls slapping against her in his force, feeling so good. "Tell me, baby girl. Let me hear you."

He held her wrists down, so hard she would bruise by his fingers. She wanted his marks upon her skin. His ownership over her body.

So deep. So full. His body hit against her clit, and she felt the beginning spasms of the orgasm she dared him to hold off from her. She wanted it all this time, all of him. His seed, his sweat, his hard body as it grinded up and in her. She didn't care. Tears of pleasure ran down her cheeks.

"Please, Maxim, please, sir," she sobbed. "Let me come."

He jerked. Her words sent him into a scowl, a deeply thoughtful one as his chin tipped up and his jaw tightened. He was ready to come, her excitement fueling his own. She wanted to push him. She needed him to push her back.

He hissed into her ear, kissing her neck in a possessive tease. "My pretty little pet," he told her, commending even as he scorned. "You think you can handle all of me?" He laughed, a dark wickedness.

"I can, I can," Iolanthe answered, past the point of reconciliation. Past the point of any shame. She wanted release, any way she could get it.

He pulled out of her and she moaned in protest. He grinned savagely.

"Then be my perfect little slut, sweet Iolanthe," he told her, a vow in his words. She heard his promise, the intention behind it. He would never let her go. No, not ever. He grunted, leaning

forward with his intention. “Let me fuck those pouty lips, and I might let you come.”

She nodded. Maxim gave her no choice, not that she wanted to protest any further. He yanked her jaw down, pulling her mouth wide and open. Hovering over her, his body loomed massively, imposingly in control over hers. She wanted him to take her, to be ruthlessly beast-like and to gut her emotions raw. Even if it she hurt afterwards, even if she didn’t get to keep him.

“Tongue out, baby. Take all of me,” he said, groaning. He didn’t hesitate. He shoved into her. Iolanthe gagged willingly, spit coating her chin and happy tears blurring her eyes. He tasted so good. He had the scent of her musk on his skin, the saltiness of his seed already slicking her throat. Just as she acclimated to his size, he pulled out and intruded again. Perfection. His fingers stroked her hair, loving and gentle, even as his dick marauded her mouth.

“Touch your hot little cunt, sweetness,” he instructed, his voice gone hoarse. “But if you come, your ass will feel the flat of my hand.”

She almost dared. She wanted it so badly, and she was so close... so close.

His cock jerked, hitting the softness at the back of her palate. Rivulets of spit and tears fell as she listened to him, as her body stayed under his command. With eyes fastened on her, he scowled in pleasure. “Now, baby. Now. *Come.*”

Iolanthe obeyed, her fingers pinching her most sensitive spot. She arched, and Maxim growled, his seed spurting into her waiting lips.

“That’s good, baby. Such a good, obedient girl,” he praised. She licked his cum from her lips, making sure she swallowed all she could. He rubbed what had fallen down her chin over her skin, possession in his eyes.

Gathering her, Maxim stroked her hair and held her to his body. He was still mostly clothed, and she was in complete disar-

ray. It didn't matter. What happened between them had been beautiful. And to her horror, she wanted more.

As if he knew, he chuckled. "Such a greedy girl, my Iolanthe," he murmured. "Never satisfied with what she has."

She agreed, her fingers going towards the placket of his trousers, ready to pull the remainder of clothing from him. She wanted to see all of him, his cock which until now nestled at her hip, half-aroused and covered in their juices. She felt his erection rejuvenate, a thickness that she wanted inside of her, no mercy. No shame. He shifted, removing his fatigues, and shrugging off his shirt. He lay bare before her, her muscled man. Iolanthe ran her palms over his hot flesh, her eyes just as greedy as he had claimed.

Slowly she rose, just enough to shimmy her dress from her body. His eyes, already dark with passion, now hazed with further lust.

"Fuck, Iolanthe. You look..." He swallowed and his eyes met hers. Briefly, just for an unattended moment, she saw past the shadow that he hid behind. Softness lingered there, a kindness, a warmth. She wanted to sink into the depths of him, to cradle the little boy that wandered lost inside. In a snap though, the Colonel returned, his voice harsh and demanding. Iolanthe smiled gently, taking what she had been given and tucking it away as something precious.

His hand reached low, cupping her intimately. "Your sweet pussy isn't done with fucking, is she, Iolanthe?" He growled, his fingers already manipulating her tenderness. Iolanthe shook her head, her hands wandering up to his hair. She threaded her fingers in, just the way he liked. He closed his eyes, his head rocking back at her soothing touch. "Such a greedy slut aren't you, my Iolanthe," he praised. "But I'm going to make sure my baby is satisfied."

"Please," she answered, already moaning, and arching up in

tandem with the two fingers he rubbed back and forth along her slit to tease her. "I need you. Pleeease."

She darted a glance up towards him, her lips pressing soft, precious kisses to his chest and throat. He covered her, his arms bracketing most of his weight.

He kissed her, his tongue warm and wet and so sinful. She sighed, inhaling his good scent: like earth, musky yet tinged with the freshness of cinnamon. She could taste him forever. He kissed her as if he didn't mind, voluptuously mixing their breaths until she didn't know who ended and who began.

Leaning on one elbow, Maxim slid a palm down her body to her hip. Sideways, across her burgeoning belly. He paused, stopped. Time stopped, too.

He looked up, his eyes fathomless. He slid his cock inside her, slowly, deeply. Iolanthe sighed, feeling immediately replete. The ache inside her, he swallowed whole, taking his time as he rode her. He never took his eyes off hers.

Iolanthe started to cry again, tears of pleasure, tears of regret.

He frowned. "What is it, baby? Am I hurting you?"

"No. It feels wonderful," she said, catching a breath as he hit her sensitive clit with the up-slide of his cock.

He gave a satisfied grunt, saying nothing in response for a long moment. His head canted back, and she felt his balls clench up. He was a monster in bed. Her beast, untamed and irrepressible.

But she wanted all of him. Not only the parts he was willing to give.

She worked a smile, but a shadow filtered over her heart. One that perplexed and kept her from bliss. Maxim paused his ministrations, a deep crease indenting his forehead.

"Iolanthe," he barked. "On me!" She snapped to attention immediately. He grabbed her chin and roughly kissed her. His

grip meant to control, to assuage her fears. His kiss meant to dominate. He succeeded.

“Never leave me when we’re in bed together,” he growled. She knew it was a warning, a dire one. Iolanthe pressed her lips together and nodded.

“I’m sorry,” she said in a whisper.

“Were you fucking him just now?” he hissed.

Her eyes darted up, shocked. “No, I wouldn’t!”

He laughed cruelly. What had been a beautiful moment turned icier than night. He didn’t believe her. His eyes told his hurt, his anger, his utter and complete disgust over her. His disbelief that she didn’t want him and only him, right here, right now.

His easy motions aggravated. “When I’m inside you, it’s me,” he said. “It’s fucking all about me.”

Iolanthe’s mouth puckered in a scornful pout. She arched under the intensity of his knowledgeable body, but her mind revolted at his words. “Of course it is,” she answered boldly. Her hands gripped his shoulders, digging her nails in. She wanted to make him bleed. He would wear her mark when this was done, too. “It’s always about you,” she whispered.

He sneered. “That’s right, baby girl. That’s fucking right.” He thrust until she knew he would soon come. She needed him to, wanted her own chance as well. “And while he may be your lover for now...” She shook her head, denying, while he continued talking, merciless. “I will be your fucking Master for always. Got that?”

He roared. Coming so hard, fast, and deep she felt him to the very depths of her. The climax she wanted slipped away as tears rolled down her cheeks.

“I hate you,” she said finally, wiggling out from underneath him. He was panting, and he gave her a sorry, resigned look for a long moment. She might reach him, her dark beast of a man, yet. Her heart opened to hope, to the possibility of resilience.

That they might be able to make it through this maelstrom. She was dead wrong.

“Iolanthe,” he said, drawing to his feet, his eyes void. He fastened his fatigues and pulled on his boots. He was leaving her. Just. Like. That. “I don’t really fucking care whether you love me or not anymore.”