

Warning

Bonus Scenes from **The Blackstone Dragon Heir**

Heat Warning:
Some X-rated, dirty, and sexy explicit scenes ahead!

The Proposal

“So, everything looks great so far,” Dr. Parry said as he examined the stitches on Catherine’s side. “The wound’s healed nicely...”

Catherine let out a breath. “Good.”

“And you haven’t been straining yourself?” the older doctor asked.

She shook her head. “No, Doctor, I’ve followed all your orders.”

“Excellent.” He pulled her shirt down and turned to Matthew. “I think we can do a follow up in another week. But we’ve got nothing to worry about at this point. Maybe some minor scarring, but that’s about it.”

“I feel fit as a fiddle,” Catherine declared as she stood up.

“Thank you so much, Dr. Parry,” Matthew said as he shook hands with the doctor. “For everything you’ve done and for allowing Catherine to recover here at Blackstone Castle.”

“Well, I know she’s in good hands here with you,” Dr. Parry replied. “There hasn’t been a lot of scientific studies on the subject matter, but many believe that mates who are sick or injured do better when they’re together.” He looked back at Catherine. “Of course, you were also very lucky, young lady.”

“I know I am,” she replied, giving Matthew a small smile.

“Well, I’ll be off then.” Dr. Parry walked over to the table where his bag sat and began to pack up his bag.

“I’ll bring you out,” Catherine said.

“I have to check on something, but I’ll see you around, Dr. Parry,” Matthew said he left their room.

“You don’t have to see me out,” Dr. Parry said as he picked up his bag.

“It’s not a problem at all,” she said as they walked out of the room. “Besides...I wanted to ask you...if you think I’m well enough for...you know. Physical activities.” She blushed hard, hoping the doctor would understand what she was *really* asking.

“Oh,” Dr. Parry said. “Yes, well...as long as you don’t plan any acrobatics like...hanging off the chandelier or anything, you should be fine.”

“Oh good.” That was all she needed to hear. She bid the doctor goodbye as he walked out of the door.

The last two weeks weren’t terrible, living in this beautiful castle and being waited on hand and foot. But Catherine never had to stay in bed like an invalid before. It was embarrassing at first, to have to rely on Matthew or nurse he had hired to care for her for every little thing, but she had been determined to get well as soon as possible so she didn’t protest.

Of course, Matthew had been nothing but supportive. He didn’t even want to sleep in the same bed, for fear of hurting her, but she insisted. He didn’t even attempt to have sex with her while she was recovering, though if the erection that poked her in the ass every morning was an indication, she knew he was just as eager as her.

“Hey.”

Catherine turned around at the sound of Matthew’s voice. “Hey,” she said, walking toward him slowly. “I have some good news.”

“Oh?” He raised a brow at her.

“Mmm-hmm.” She slid her hands up his chest, then wrapped her arms around his neck.

“Dr. Parry has cleared me for physical activities.”

“Wha—oh.” His face changed.

“Let’s go up to the bedroom,” she said in a low voice. “As long as we’re careful—”

Matthew cleared his throat. “Uhm, actually...Meg has dinner ready for us in the library.”

“Huh?” Her brows knitted together. “I’m sure it can wait a bit.”

“Well, you know Meg.”

She sighed. “All right. Let’s go.”

Matthew led her away. When they got there, the fireplace in the corner was already blazing, and a table had been set up with a feast. Meg had seemingly pulled out all the stops for this dinner, which was not unusual, though it wasn’t like there was a special occasion or anyone else dining with them tonight. The table had a large roast chicken, all the fixings, and a bottle of wine. The dessert, a blueberry pie, was on a smaller table in the corner.

Matthew helped her to her seat, and as she looked up at him, he seemed almost...nervous? *That was strange*, she thought. “Are you okay?” she asked.

“Me?” he asked with a laugh as sat down. “I’m fine.”

As they ate their meal, they talked and chatted. Catherine had been cooped up in the castle for the last weeks, so it was nice to hear about Matthew’s day. Though she had some visitors (mostly Sybil and Kate), she was still feeling lonely. She also talked to Christina via video chat or phone almost everyday, depending on the time zone and her sister’s availability.

“Ugh, I don’t think I left enough room for pie,” Catherine declared as she placed her napkin on the table. “I think I’m going to gain ten pounds by the time I’m done recovering.”

“That’s Meg for you,” Matthew chuckled. “Mom would always have to watch her figure, since she didn’t have that shifter metabolism.”

“Yeah, I understand,” she said. “My brothers and Papa were the same.”

“Could you get me a piece of pie?” Matthew asked, nodding to the table in the corner where the dessert was.

“Of course,” she replied with a nod and got up. She grabbed a plate and a knife, and proceeded to cut a piece. As she turned around, she gasped. “Matthew?”

Matthew suddenly appeared behind her and was down on one knee. In his hand was a black velvet box. “Catherine,” he began. “I know we haven’t talked about the future or anything, but the only thing I know is that I only want you in it. I want you to be my mate and my wife. So, will you marry me?”

Catherine let out another gasp as he opened the box and she saw one of the largest diamond she’d every seen. “I...yes of course!”

Matthew got up and then slipped the ring on her finger. “I love you,” he whispered, before gathering her in his arms and pressing his lips to hers.

Catherine wrapped her arms around his neck to pull him down closer to her. “Matthew...I love you too,” she said when he pulled away. “I can’t wait any longer.”

“Sweetheart, we can get married as soon as we can get everyone together,” he said.

She giggled, then grabbed his hand and tugged him toward the couch. “No, I mean, I can’t *wait*.” She pushed him down on the leather seat, then straddled his lap. “Please, I want to make love to you. I need you inside me.”

Matthew let out a growl, then dug his fingers into her hair, pulling her down for a kiss. Unlike his previous kiss, this one was rough and wild, and made her core clench with desire. She moaned as he practically devoured her.

She grabbed the bottom of his shirt and tugged it upward, and he pulled away for just a second to help her get it off. Her fingers fumbled with his belt, but she managed to unbuckle it and unzip the front of his trousers.

God, he was already half hard. As she stroked his through his boxers, his cock strained against the fabric.

"Catherine," he said. "Are you sure you're up for this?"

"I'm fine," she said. "I'm better than fine. Let me show you." She got off his lap and onto her feet. She whipped the sweater off over her head, and slipped her leggings off until she was wearing nothing but a smile. "You like?"

"Of course," he said with a sly smile, his eyes roaming over her naked body. He frowned when he looked at the bandage on her side. "Are you sure..."

"We'll have to be gentle and slow," she said, crawling back on this lap. His skin was so warm and felt good against her. "Maybe I should be on top."

"Maybe," he said, as he nipped at the soft skin on her neck, which elicited another moan from her. "God, you're so beautiful, Catherine. And all mine."

His possessive tone sent a shiver down her spine. "And *you're* all mine," she said as she placed a knee on either side of him.

"Hmmm...I bet you're already wet, you little minx." He slipped a hand between her legs, his fingers finding her core. "Oh yeah...so wet."

"I've been wet since we got here," she panted. When he slipped one finger inside her, she cried out.

"Hmmm...better make sure you're ready for me, then."

"Matthew!" She grabbed onto his shoulders and he slipped one, and then another finger in her, dragging along her tight passage. When his thumb found her clit, she lost it, and cried out his name when a wave of pleasure tore through her. She collapsed against him, sighing as she came down from her orgasm.

"My, my...that was quick," he said.

"I've been so damn horny since I got out of the hospital," she said with a pout.

"Awww, sweetheart...don't worry. From now on, you can have all the orgasms you want."

"Hmmm..."

Catherine got on her knees and reached down to grab his cock. "I want you so bad."

"Then go ahead and have me, sweetheart."

She pointed the tip of his cock at her entrance. Slowly, she moved her hips down, taking him inch by inch, until he was all the way in. She was slick from her orgasm, but it had been a while since Matthew had been inside her so she needed time to adjust.

"Are you all right?" he asked, running his fingers down her back.

"Yeah..." she sighed. She leaned down, and kissed him on the lips, then began to move her hips slowly.

Matthew groaned into her mouth, and she could feel his cock twitch inside her. God, he felt amazing. This was the first time he was inside her without any protection, she realized, but she couldn't bring herself to stop. She needed this, needed him so bad. And so what if she got pregnant? The thought of having Matthew's children sent another thrill through her. When he looked up at her, with those blazing silver eyes, she wondered if he was thinking the same thing.

"Fffuck...Catherine...you're so tight...ugh..." He moved his hands up from her waist to her breasts, cupping them in his palms. Leaning forward, he put one nipple in his mouth. The sensation of his wet mouth on her sensitive nipples was too much, and as she felt his teeth grazing her skin lightly, she began to buck back and forth faster.

She leaned back and closed her eyes, letting the sensations overtake her. It was too much, and at the same time, not enough. She wanted it all.

“You’re mine,” he growled. “All mine.” He placed his hands on her waist, and lifted her up and down on his cock.

“Matthew!” Her body tightened, the pressure building up inside her was threatening to burst. Finally, it did and as she let out a cry, her body trembled with pleasure. Warmth spread through her, just like that time the mating bond sealed their fate and she wondered if it would be like this all the time.

Matthew’s hips jerked up, his cock continuing to pummel into her. He let out a groan, and his cock began to fill her with his sticky seed. He pumped her full and she could feel the cum inside her and then run down the inside of her thighs.

“Hmmm...” She laid her head on his shoulder, relaxing against him. “This feels so right,” she whispered.

“God...Catherine...” He sighed. “That was incredible.”

“Oh yeah,” she agreed. “Just imagine when I’m fully recovered...we can do so much more.” Frankly, she couldn’t wait. After all, weren’t shifters known for their incredible sex drive? Something told her she’d never bored.

“Hmmm...so were you more excited for the sex than the marriage proposal?”

“Yeah, that part was good, too.”

He threw his head back and laughed.

The Honeymoon

This next scene has **references/spoilers** to the next book, “The Blackstone Bad Dragon” but does not give away exact details, so read at your own risk.

“Oh my,” Catherine said as they entered the villa. “This is amazing.”

“I’m glad you like it,” Matthew said as he walked up behind her and put his arms around his waist. “Check out the outside.”

They walked out of the massive living room, which led to a balcony over the cool blue oceans of the Caribbean.

“This is incredible,” she said with a gasp.

“Does it remind you of home?” he asked.

Her eyes grew wide, as if trying to drink in every detail of the scenery before her. “A little bit,” she said. “This is...how did you every book this place for out honeymoon?”

Matthew gave her a cryptic smile. “It belongs to a friend of mine,” he said. “No one knows about this little hideaway. It’s a private island, and he built everything from the ground up. He owed me a favor and so we have this place for a week.”

“This is the best honeymoon ever,” she said.

“And the only honeymoon, I hope,” he teased.

She laughed. “Of course.” Turning around, she wrapped her arms around his neck. “Though every day with you feels like a honeymoon.”

“I’m glad,” he said, looking down at her. He felt at peace, finally being married to her. He was still worried over what happened during the wedding, but he was glad no one was hurt or worse. His dragon was uneasy as well, and he felt its need to protect Blackstone after what happened. *We need to protect our mate first*, he told the dragon. *We have to make her happy*. That, and seeing Catherine finally looking relaxed, seemed to calm his dragon down.

“So...we have this whole place to ourselves?” she asked.

He nodded. “The staff have their own living quarters away from the main villa and they’ll only come here to serve meals.”

“Good,” she said with a smile. “Because last down to the beach is a rotten egg!” She turned around and quickly ran out of the room.

Matthew threw his head back and laughed, then chased after his wife. He could have easily caught up to her with his shifter speed, but enjoyed seeing her running down the stone steps and giggling. When she reached the beach, she flashed him a cheeky grin and then began to strip her clothes off.

“What are you doing?”

“What does it look like?” she asked as she tossed him her skirt. “C’mon! The water looks

divine!” Catherine turned around, naked as the day she was born, and jumped into the water.

Matthew didn’t need convincing, though Catherine’s naked, sexy little ass bouncing up and down as she frolicked in the water was certainly a good invitation. He quickly whipped his own clothes off, and dove into the warm water.

“Isn’t it amazing?” Catherine asked as he popped up beside her.

Matthew stared at her wet, naked breasts. “Oh yeah. Definitely. And the water’s great, too.”

She let out a shriek as he scooped her up in her arms, and then plunged both of them into the water. She giggled and spluttered out water when they both rose out.

“Hmmm...I could get used to this,” he said as she moved closer. “You...me...the water.”

“Oh, and you’d give up being CEO of Lennox Corp?”

“If you wanted me too.” He stared deep into her blue eyes, much bluer than the ocean around them. “I’d do anything you want me to.” And he meant it. Catherine was his life and he would give up anything and everything if it would make her happy. “I love you.”

“And I love you,” she said. “Which is why I would never ask you to give up something you’ve worked for your entire life.”

He leaned down and touched his lips to hers. She was still sweet as ever, but the sea water gave her mouth a slightly salty taste. His cock went instantly hard as soon as her slick, curvy pressed up against his. God, he could never tire of her, never not want her. She was imprinted in his brain and all he wanted was to be by her side.

Catherine lifted herself up and wrapped her legs around his waist, pressing herself to him. “Oh God, Matthew...I want you so much.” She ground her hips against him, teasing his cock by rubbing herself on him.

“Damn, Catherine...I could fuck you right now.”

She shivered at his words.

“Do you want that, sweetheart? Do you want me to slip my cock inside you?”

“I...ugh...” She threw her head back and moaned as he pushed the tip of his cock against her pussy lips. “Yes...please Matthew.”

He slipped his hands down her buttocks and lifted her up higher. He nudged her pussy lips with his cock head, then slowly began to press inside her. She was tight and hot, and all he wanted was to be fully inside her.

“Fucking hell...you’re incredible...” he whispered in her ear.

She wrapped her legs around him and began to move. As she clenched around him, he nearly lost it, and he gripped her hips to slow her down. “That’s it, baby, take your time.”

“Ugh, Matthew...I just want...”

“I know sweetheart.” He slipped a hand between them, then found her clit. When he flicked his thumb over the hardened nub, she shivered and cried out, clinging to him as a small orgasm rocked her body. “That’s it...beautiful.” And she was gorgeous when she came. He loved watching her lose control, especially when he was inside her like this. As much as he wanted to stay inside her, he wanted to make love to her on an actual bed.

“Matthew,” she moaned in protest as he slipped out of her. “You didn’t...”

“Let’s go back to the room,” he said. “I love watching you naked in the water, but I don’t want to get sand everywhere.”

She laughed. “Right.”

They got up from the water, not caring that they were both naked, and made their way back to the villa. Matthew insisted on carrying her up the steps, in case she slipped, but really, he just wanted to feel her body against his. When they reached the villa, he walked them into the bedroom and deposited her on the bed.

“Matthew!” she admonished. “I’m all salty!”

“I know,” he said with a wicked grin as he positioned himself on the edge of the bed. He spread her legs and moved his head between them.

Fingers dug into his scalp as he licked her pussy. She was starting to get wet again, the slick juices coating her lower lips. He easily slipped his tongue inside her, and the feel of her clenching around him made his cock get even harder. He rubbed his shaft on the soft sheets, the friction somewhat relieving him of the ache.

She squirmed under his mouth, hips pushing up against his face. When he slipped a finger inside her and hit the right spot, she exploded. Her sweetness filled his mouth, and she cried out and lifted her hips off the bed.

“Fuck, I can’t get enough of you,” he growled. She still wasn’t done recovering from her orgasm when he pulled her down, spread her legs further, and plunged inside her.

“Matthew!” she cried out, her hands grabbing onto his shoulders. Fingernails scraped down his back, but he ignored the sweet pain. He was inside her again, fully seated in her and all he wanted to do was fuck her until she was boneless.

“Ugh...Catherine...” He grunted as he kept pummeling inside her, his cock moving along her slick, wet passage. The friction was incredible, and he didn’t want to stop.

Catherine’s pants grew into moans, and she lifted her hips up to meet his every thrust, her pussy clenching around him as he continued to fuck her. She clung to him, whispering his name in his ear as her body shuddered.

He thrust into her a few more times, allowing her to ride out her orgasm, until he let go. He shuddered as he came, filling her with his sperm. They had stopped using condoms since he proposed, and they had talked about having kids right away. If she wasn’t pregnant now, he was pretty sure she would be as soon as this honeymoon was over. And if she wasn’t? He would happily keep trying.

He let out a sigh and rolled on his back, taking her with him so she was on top. He kissed the top of her head. “I love you,” he whispered.

Catherine looked up at him, chin on his chest. “And I love you.”

“I promise I’ll protect you,” he said.

She frowned. “Do you really think...it’s not over.”

He let out a breath. “I don’t think so. And your father and brothers don’t think so, either. But,” he smiled down at her, “it’ll be over. I’ll make sure of it.” And he always kept his promises. He would find out who was trying to hurt his family and his town. After all, he was the Blackstone Dragon. “So don’t worry about it,” he said, as he gently rolled her off him. “Let’s just enjoy our honeymoon. No one knows where we are, except for Luke, and so no one will bother us here.”

“Sounds like a plan.”