



A FAELICIOUS
Holiday

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AUTHOR'S NOTE



Welcome to Lance's vacation with Candela, a short story that takes place after the conclusion of Candela and is before Winter Fae Queen begins. This little steamy interlude can be read without reading Candela, although I can't promise it won't make you want to read more of this faelicious Fire Fae's story!

Thank you to all the readers who have made the Elemental Fae World such a success, this little story is for you.

CHAPTER 1
WELCOME TO GREENLAND



Lance

“Aww, it’s like a snow village!” Candela exclaims as we step out of the portal and face a small human settlement.

I stretch my legs and groan. “Great. Maybe they’ll have some ice I can put on my ass.” Thanks to Jasper, the husky shifter in our mate-circle, I’d been suckered into chasing him all through the forest last night because he spotted a damn rabbit.

Candela nudges me in the ribs while keeping a steady hold on a pink box at her side. “Don’t be such a melted lump of sugar! I can’t believe we’re really in *Greenland*! I can’t wait to explore.”

Wrapping my arm around her shoulder, I whisper enough magic over us to keep my human warm.

Because yeah, it’s freezing, and while I’m a Fire Fae equipped to maintain a connection to the Fire Source even across realms, my mate would find it difficult to stay warm in her sexy little outfit that I suspect she’s wearing for my benefit.

Luckily, she has me for a mate.

“And explore we will,” I promise her, guiding her off the beaten path until we move out of the city as gentle snowflakes drift all around us. Gripping the belief crystal in my pocket, I can spot the faint glimmer of

magic that shows me the way.

She looks longingly over my shoulder back at the small human village. “I was hoping we could check out a hotel.” She glances at me, her eyebrows waggling. “You know, to warm up before our meeting with that friend of yours.”

I grin, because that sounds fabulous. It’s rare that I have Candela all to myself, mostly because her other two mates are just as ravenous for her as I am, but I have no problem with sharing.

Still, getting a little one-on-one is very overdue, and we’re here for fae matters. Matters that Candela argued impacted her as well, and she insisted on tagging along.

“I doubt there are any human hotels around here, but there will be places to stay in the Interrealm City, so don’t tempt me,” I tell her as I graze her brow with my lips, gifting her a fiery kiss that makes her shiver against me. “Prince Kalt is waiting on us, and I know he has other Faedoms to get to.”

“Hmm,” Candela remarks as we exit out onto the bank that surrounds the small town.

A glacier drops straight down, making my mate swallow. “Are you sure this is the right place?” she asks, concern biting her voice as her breath puffs steam into the air.

“Yep,” I say, sensing the humming energy that would call to any creature with even a hint of fae blood in their veins.

The Interrealm City, a hub for all fae kind to intermingle, is arguably one of the greatest achievements from our Elemental Fae Queen. She’s a Halfling and, before her ascension, was considered an abomination, so I understand her motivation to normalize her kind.

Abominations are fae of mixed heritages, or in Claire’s case, a mixture of human and fae. Mixing bloodlines results in immense power, and Queen Claire is no exception. She is connected to all five elemental Sources, something that could have destroyed her had her mate-circle not been there to

ground her, including my brother, Titus.

He loves her more than life, as do all of her mates.

That is the key, though.

Love.

Scooping Candela up into my arms, she squeals as I seal my mouth over hers, hungry for her. I could never get enough of my mate, and a part of me wanted to pull her into the snowdrifts and take her right now just to show her what her love means to me. I have enough heat to keep us warm no matter where we are.

She giggles against my lips. “Sprinkles and frosting, you’re incorrigible. Didn’t you say we were meeting Prince Kalt for lunch?” She pulls up her wrist to check her watch that she already adjusted for the time change. “We have about ten minutes.”

I frown, because what I have in mind will require much more than ten minutes.

If it were any other fae, I would just skip the meeting altogether, but my brother told me that King Cyrus is worried about his cousin. And as Kalt’s best friend, it would be irresponsible of me not to help.

Especially when I suspect I have the solution to his little triad problem.

“Fine,” I say, setting my mate onto her feet again. With a flick of my wrist, I send warmth curling up her thighs, making her gasp when my power licks her core. “But we’re continuing this later.”

“Incorrigible,” she repeats, and then I tug her off the cliff. She gulps in a breath and closes her eyes, extending her foot as she blindly trusts me.

I can’t help but smile, because Candela is the only human I’ve ever seen with so much faith.

So much *belief* in me.

Magic rings out like a bell when our feet touch the enchanted surface on the other side. I dig out a belief crystal from my jacket, a gift from the Winter Fae, and give it a fiery kiss before placing it in Candela’s hand.

The Interrealm City comes to life all around us, unfurling in a burst of snowflakes and glitter, the demonstration iconic of Winter Fae magic.

The buildings gleam like ice, Winter Fae structures surrounding other various types of buildings that represent the fae they accommodate.

This area is new for me. The Embassy Row of Faedoms marks Queen Claire's achievements, and it's my first time seeing the magic come to life.

The treaty is still young, something that's marked by the ongoing construction.

But some of the Faedoms are already represented.

Obsidian arches protected by snakes for the Midnight Fae.

Towers with mirrors and glass for the Fortune Fae.

And stone buildings covered in vines and life for the Elemental Fae.

A fine layer of snow drifts from the sky, because even though this realm is invisible to the surrounding humans, it's not completely removed from the environment.

More buildings than I can count span in the distance, housing all the Winter Fae species who choose to live in this magical kingdom. But among them are a few new constructions, just like Embassy Row, suggesting fae from other Faedoms are relocating.

It's a miraculous sight, something that'll change the realms forever.

"It's *beautiful*," Candela exclaims, clutching my fingers as her wide eyes take in the view. Snowflakes still gently fall around us, settling on her eyelashes. I don't send my heat to melt them, because it's a beautiful look on my cupcake baker.

Like she's a frosted treat ready to be devoured.

She glances at me, a knowing smile touching her face. "Don't you think about anything other than sex?"

"Sure," I say. "I think about my next meal." I glance at the pink box in her grip. "I know those cupcakes are for Kalt, but we should keep one for dessert because I plan on licking it off your body."

She rolls her eyes, but the pink warmth kissing her cheeks assures me that she would very much enjoy that. I've done it before, of course. There is a surplus of cupcakes in her bakery, and it only feels appropriate to take a bite now and again.

"Now we now have seven minutes," she informs me, glancing up at me with glittering amusement in her eyes. "Where to?"

Sighing, I survey the area, then find street signs that must have been added recently, likely due to the number of new fae joining the Interrealm effort. Little arrows point to the various directions, and I check the panels until I find what I'm looking for.

Interrealm Communications.

"That's the one," I say, tugging my mate in the indicated direction, and we venture into the fae city as my mate beams with excitement.

Yes, perhaps this is a good idea. The sex I had in mind in the snowdrift is nothing compared to the built-up excitement I'll taste on her skin by the time I take her back to her rooms.

Because I have a treat set up for her while I talk business with Kalt, something that my cupcake-loving mate won't be able to resist.

CHAPTER 2
CRYSTAL CUPCAKES



CANDELA TWIRLS her thumb over mine as we make our way across the streets. Tall, elegant structures line the streets, sparkling under the sunlight like perfectly formed ice sculptures.

“Those are the belief towers,” I inform her when I notice that she’s admiring them. “They power this area with belief magic to keep it hidden from the humans.”

“Fascinating,” she murmurs as we enter a crowded area of fae.

Candela has always been at ease among supernaturals, as she calls us, almost as if she has always known that we exist. There are many kinds of supernaturals in the world, although the ones that we live with seem to be uninterested in fae kind for the most part.

Which is fine by me. The various species of fae have a hard enough time getting along as it is, but walking these streets, no one would know the strife and death that pollutes the past of our race.

Smiles are infectious, spreading to me and my mate as we enter the massive hall that functions as Interrealm Communications. Fae say hello and greet Candela, able to see that she’s human.

Here, though, everyone is welcome.

I feel a sense of ease and peace wash over me as I guide Candela to the Interrealm café, a cupcake bakery and coffee shop that’s inside this building.

Her eyes light up when the scent of caramelized sugar hits our noses.

“Oooh,” she exclaims, releasing me as she rushes to the counter and presses her nose against the glass. “Look at *those!*”

I laugh when I spot which cupcakes have caught her attention. “I’d be careful with those,” I suggest, noting the selkie candies placed on top of the frosting instead of a cherry. While delicious, they would induce sensual fantasies in her dreams.

Tilting my head, I decide that may not be such a bad thing.

She glances up at me and raises a brow, cuddling her pink box of her own cupcakes against her chest. “Yeah? Why’s that?”

I tease a tendril of fire around my fingertips as I contemplate my response. It’s nice to be able to use my magic freely here. The fae on the other side of the counter works with another guest, unconcerned by my flame.

I brush a kiss over Candela’s cheek, leaving a magical ember of warmth that travels to her lips. “They’re addicting, like me.”

She chuckles as she licks away my magic. “Well, then I’d better order two!”

She hands me her box and then pulls out her purse, which is full of the appropriate currency for this realm, a gift from my brother. The hothead is useful for things sometimes.

As I watch Candela smile and talk to another fae as if she deals with our kind every day, a whisper of frost across my knuckles overtakes my flame, making me frown as I shake off the fine dust. Candela happily orders us the “cute little crystal” cupcakes, as she calls them, and two hot chocolates with extra marshmallows while I find the source of the icy disturbance.

Piercing blue eyes of a Water Fae Prince watch me from the other side of the café, belonging to my best friend, Prince Kalt.

Grinning, I return his favor, lacing flame over his drink that makes his hot chocolate steam as he pops a taffy into his mouth.

“Hmm, thanks for the boost,” he tells me as I sit across from him and place the pink box on the table. He gently takes a sip of his hot chocolate, then sighs. “It had gotten cold while I was waiting for you. You’re late.”

“I’m right on time,” I counter, raising a brow.

He glances at the wall where the clock is running five minutes too fast. “Not according to that.”

Candela joins us with a flurry of smiles and the scent of sugar. “It’s a bakery trick,” she informs the prince. “Bakeries that care about their customers, anyway. It’s easy to lose track of time when enjoying baked goods and something warm, so it helps make sure that customers have a five-minute buffer for their next engagement.”

I raise a brow. “Do we do that at your shop?” I’ve never really noticed, although, Candela is my life now. I have nowhere else to be.

She giggles as she slides a plate with my selkie candy cupcake in front of me. “Of course we do. I care about all of our customers, and I wouldn’t want them to be late to their next engagement just because I distracted them with sugar.”

“You *can* be distracting,” I admit, taking my cupcake and giving it a sensual lick.

Kalt clears his throat, reminding me I haven’t even introduced my mate.

“Right,” I say, putting the cupcake down, enjoying the flutter of effects just a taste of the frosting has given me. I tasted the crushed-up selkie candy infused into the baked delight. “Kalt, this is my mate, Candela. Candela, this is my best friend, Prince Kalt.”

Kalt gives my mate a respectful nod. “I’ve heard a lot about you.”

My mate blushes. “I wish I could say the same, but Lance doesn’t talk about his kind very much.” She gives me an accusatory glare. “Like, you could have told me such *amazing* cupcakes existed!” She brings the treat to her mouth, and Kalt gives me a glance. I shake my head, glad he allows me to have my fun as she takes a bite, her tongue swirling out to catch the crystal. It

crunches between her teeth and she groans, making a sound worthy of the bedroom. “Ooooooh, fresh frosting, that’s good!” She devours it in three bites before jolting to her feet. “Um, yep, I’m ordering more of those. I’ll be back!” She hurries off toward the counter again, except now she has to wait. A new crowd of fae are placing orders, and she instead peruses the other cupcake showcases as she decides what she wants.

I chuckle as I nibble on my own cupcake, saving the selkie candy for last. Its bright flavor explodes in my mouth, going straight to my dick, which is already hard for my mate.

“Best friends or not, you’d better make this conversation quick,” I inform the Water Fae.

He chuckles. “I take it that things are going well between you and your mate-circle?”

“Hmm,” I agree with a nod. “Shane and Jasper are holding down the fort while we’re gone. I promised them I’d bring back souvenirs.” I spot Candela telling the fae she wants a box of the selkie candy cupcakes, and I chuckle. “I know just the thing I’m going to bring back.”

Kalt leans back in his chair and smiles, but his gaze is distant, the icy depths of his irises filled with a flicker of despair.

I wonder if I imagined it when he clears his throat and resumes his stern posture again. Kalt is a fae focused on his mission to establish the Interrealm agenda with all the fae races, and by the looks of it, he is making great progress.

“Well, we can get right down to business, then. I need an intern to join me at the North Pole,” he says.

I raise a brow. “That’s what you wanted my help with?” Well, this is working out better than expected. Kalt summoned me to help him with his Interrealm relations efforts, but didn’t tell me what he wanted to see me about. After daring Artica to apply to Kalt’s internship with the Winter Fae, I promised her I’d put in a good word for her, which is exactly what I intended

to sneak in when I spoke to Kalt during this trip.

He is making this too easy.

I know a little more than I let on. The “internship” is actually a potential courtship, something to keep our realms from heading into a war. After a little visit from Yule, a brother to the selkie who is already part of the Winter Fae Prince’s triad, I knew exactly why Kalt wanted an intern.

And I knew exactly who I was going to recommend for the position.

“I assume this has something to do with the triad proposal?” I ask, raising a brow, choosing to play dumb so that Yule doesn’t get in trouble for my sake.

Kalt rubs the back of his neck as he sighs. “More like *demand*. Prince Lark still insists I’m part of his triad with that selkie.” A rare glimmer of heat enters his icy eyes, suggesting that there is real attraction between him and the Winter Fae Prince, but it glosses over when he meets my gaze. “He’s losing focus. The Winter Source works on belief, and I know, no—I *believe*—I’m not the fae for the job. It could risk everything if he tries to force me into his triad, and it’ll be even worse if he doesn’t find a princess for his upcoming coronation.” He pops another taffy into his mouth and chews, the faint scent of coconut hinting at my nose. “If I don’t help him find a suitable candidate, he’s going to die.”

“And you’ll be blamed,” I surmise.

He nods, confirming the dark possibilities.

Death of a Winter Fae King, a fae that our Water Fae Prince rejected.

Which would inevitably lead to war.

Taking a sip of my hot chocolate, I contemplate Artica’s request that I put in a good word for her. She would undoubtedly make a perfect intern, but now confirming Kalt’s true purpose for the role, it is imperative that the intern be a potential mate for a Winter Fae Royal.

Not just to stave off war.

But to help Artica find true love... and perhaps to help Kalt find his way

in this world, one way or the other.

To become a Winter Fae Queen, though, she would have to have a level of joy and belief that would be unusual among our kind, an affinity for ice, and a potential for enough love to bring together not just two mates but three.

Which is precisely why I dared her to apply.

“Do you have any candidates in mind?” I ask, aware of the promise I made to Artica that I’d put in a good word for her, but I need to know where his mind is first.

Kalt rubs his chin. “After reviewing the applications, only one really stood out to me, which is where I was hoping you could help.” He reaches down and picks up a briefcase, producing a series of documents. “You served as Claire’s assistant, so perhaps you might know her preference better than I do. I have to be sure I choose the right one.”

Taking the papers, I begin flipping through them, noting a few possible candidates if the stakes had been lower, but I already know who I’m going to recommend. “Why do you care who Queen Claire would choose?” I ask. “Aren’t *you* the Interrealm Emissary?”

Kalt wilts before righting himself. I’m not used to seeing him like this, as if he’s questioning his belief in everything. “I would just like a recommendation before I make my final decision.”

I take my time looking through the documents. Fortunately, Candela is still busy ordering something new, this time a colored candy cane that is likely enchanted, but I’ll tell her about that later.

I hold up Artica’s application, amused to find it decorated with glittering snowflake stickers.

One melts over my thumb and I frown.

No, not stickers, she actually enchanted the document with frost. Clever fae.

“Have you considered Artica?” I ask, handing Kalt the application.

He smooths over the damage I caused with his fingers, righting the snowflake design with elegant precision worthy of his station. “She’s the one who stood out to me,” he admits, his gaze still on the snowflake he fixed. He runs his fingers over it again as if the ice can tell him everything he wants to know. “It’s a lot of responsibility to change someone’s destiny. If she’s not compatible, the realms might fall into war. And if she is...”

“She’ll become a queen,” I finish.

Kalt flashes his icy gaze up to me and nods.

I can see the responsibility of the situation weighing on him now. He’s questioning everything, which is exactly why he wants me here.

Not just for my opinion because I was Queen Claire’s assistant, but because I’m his best friend.

And right now, it’s his friend that he needs.

“Artica is my recommendation,” I tell him as I glance over at my mate, who’d drawn a crowd. She’s telling them a story, likely of when she went ice skating and fell flat on her face. Or would have, had it not been for Shane there to catch her while I watched, stunned by her beauty and consumed by jealousy before I knew better.

Before I knew how much love Candela had to give.

“She was my choice, but there’s an obvious reason why that might prove to be problematic,” he says.

I grin. “And why’s that?” I already know the answer; I just enjoy watching him squirm.

He frowns. “Because she has a massive crush on me, Lance. You’ve seen how she looks at me.”

I’ve also noticed how he looks at her, something that only I’d pick up on as his best friend.

“She’s still the right fae for the job,” I insist.

For more reasons than you might know, I mentally add.

“Any particular reason why?” Kalt asks, but his gaze is steady on me this

time, his slipping belief temporarily halted in the wake of the hope that Artica might offer.

“Because she helped me win over my mate,” I tell him honestly as I turn to watch Candela spread joy throughout the crowd. She glances at me and takes a candy cane, giving it a sensual lick with a gesture that goes straight to my cock.

Then her eyes go wide as she begins to float.

At first she’s stunned, then she laughs with delight, because nothing frightens her. Everything is a moment of joy and sweetness. The fae all around her laugh, infected by her joy, and swing her around in a circle as she squeals, having the time of her life.

Of course, that’s before I show her how much fun I can be between her legs under the effects of selkie candy.

“She did?” Kalt asks, curious. While he would have read my report to Queen Claire, I’d left out a couple of personal details.

“Mmm,” I agree, twisting my cup of hot chocolate and sending warmth into it again before I take a sip. “I’m assuming you read my report where I said that Candela has a special affinity for North Pole magic?”

“Yes, the enchanted candle,” he confirms. “Winter Fae magic is drawn to her.”

“Because she has belief,” I reply. “The kind of magic that you had already told me about. It’s what I see in Artica, and what I see in Candela, that makes them compatible with Winter Fae magic.” I smile, watching my mate enjoy herself. “Of course, Candela is already taken. So that leaves Artica as your only option.”

Kalt chuckles. “I wouldn’t dream of taking your human from you.”

“As if I’d let you,” I say, allowing my inner heat to flare in my eyes. “As for Artica, she’s the ideal candidate in this list by far. She’s one of the few Water Fae I know, other than yourself, with an affinity for ice, and her potential for belief makes her an ideal candidate for the Winter Fae Realm.” I

lean in, making sure I cap off my recommendation with a bang. “You’ll be sorry if you don’t hire her.” Because I’m starting to suspect that the real solution to this is Artica’s existing attraction to Prince Kalt. Perhaps she is the key in bringing our realms together, as well as Prince Lark’s triad.

A cheer catches my attention, drawing me back to my beautiful mate as she laughs.

Fucking fires, she is gorgeous. Her delight spreads to all the fae in the room, including me, as the edges of my lips lift. I can’t help but smile when I watch her.

Kalt surveys my expression. “I’ve never seen you smile like that. Is a mate-circle really that amazing?”

I blink at him a few times, confused as to how he can even ask that question. “There is no other purpose in my life than Candela and our mate-circle.” He is the Interrealm Emissary; shouldn’t he know that? Mate-circles are the answer to all our realms’ problems.

Each member of my mate-circle has fixed an unfixable problem in my life.

Shane, a human firefighter, discovered a way to cool my temper and allow me to find joy in the steam.

Jasper, a husky shifter, taught me how to live in the present and not lose myself to the past, or dwell on the what-ifs of the future.

And Candela... she is the sugary heart of my soul, a gift I will treasure for the rest of my days.

“It is amazing,” I tell him, smirking when Candela finally comes to rejoin us as she piles up our table with treats, her laughter fueling the fiery core of my heart. She falls into her chair and I pull her onto my lap, not able to keep my hands off her for a moment longer.

“What’s amazing?” Candela asks as she clings to my neck, then squeals when I slip my warmth over her, sending flames sparking like confetti all over her body. What Kalt can’t see is the heat I send between her legs that

makes her part her beautiful lips. I slide another cupcake into her mouth to squelch the moan, and Kalt raises his brow.

“You,” I tell her, licking the frosting off her lower lip.

“Can’t argue with you there,” she says, bopping me on my nose with her finger, leaving a trail of frosting over her own that she kisses off.

Kalt pushes back his chair. “That’s my cue to leave.”

Candela yips, actually *yips* like a dog. She’s definitely been spending too much time with Jasper.

“No, wait! These are for you,” she says, pushing forward the pink box. Her cheeks flush with an adorable matching shade. “I didn’t realize that fae had such amazing cupcakes as well, or I would have thought of a different gift.”

Kalt glances at me and smiles, lifting the edges of the box to reveal Candela’s signature salted caramel cupcakes.

His lip tick, because while that is definitely Candela’s most popular flavor, it’s also the favorite flavor of Yule’s brother, the selkie in Prince Lark’s triad. I chose the flavor on purpose just to see how Kalt would react.

“What is it?” I ask, putting on an innocent air.

“Do you not like this flavor?” Candela asks, positively crestfallen. “But Lance said—”

“I love it,” Kalt assures her, taking one of the cupcakes from the box and unwrapping the silver paper. He bites into it, relaxing a little bit as he chews. “Mmm.”

“See?” I tell her, kissing her neck. “I told you he’d like it.”

Kalt finishes his cupcake, but he knows what I’m up to. He licks his finger before closing the box. “I’ll share the rest with my next Interrealm visitors. I’m sure they’ll help smooth negotiations.” He gives Candela a soft smile. “I’m aware that Queen Claire has made special orders from your shop. Rumor is that you’re the best in all the realms.” He winks. “I can personally say that’s not a lie.”

Candela covers her face. “Oh, please. It’s not like they’re *magical* cupcakes. It’s just sugar and frosting, really.”

“And love,” I remind her. “And joy, and *belief*.” Because that’s really what makes her cupcakes so delicious. They might as well be magical.

Kalt raises a brow. “I could teach you how to enchant them, if you like.”

She laughs. “Oh, that’s okay. My customers come to me because they’re looking for the non-magical variety, and there’s already a magical bakery in my town. Wouldn’t want to upset the competition!”

“Hmm, all right, then.” He bows, then looks at me. “Take care of him, human.”

“I will,” she promises, running her finger over my lips.

Kalt nods, then vanishes in a puff of mist.

Candela’s eyes go wide. “I’ll never get used to this place.”

“Oh, the tour isn’t over yet,” I tell her, my lips at her pulse again. “We have all of these cupcakes... and I know just what to do with them.”

CHAPTER 3
MELTED CARAMEL



I ENVY Kalt his ability to mist to any location he wants. The trek to our guest room within the Interrealm City was far too long a walk, especially when bogged down with boxes of cupcakes and treats.

But oh, it was definitely worth it.

Our room was made for a Fire Fae, the walls glistening with magically reinforced ice that insulates my heat, keeping us both warm.

Candela splays out on the bed, completely naked, with her legs spread for me, watching, waiting to see what I'm going to do.

I twirl another selkie cupcake on my finger, but I have an idea for this one.

"How many have you had so far?" I ask, raising a brow as I admire her sweet center. She knows better than to close her legs. I'll reward her for obedience, and she very much wants to be rewarded. "Of the *crystal* ones, I mean." I rest my knee on the bed, sending heat curling between her thighs.

She shivers as she licks her lips. "Three, I think?"

Two was probably already an overdose, based on the unique infusion of selkie candy I tasted in the frosting. One more, and instead of just dreaming of me, something new might happen.

Especially if I add a twist of my own.

"Hmm, then one more ought to do it," I say, sending a tendril of flame

into the cupcake.

Instead of melting it, I direct the fire to find the candy shards and infuse with it, make it molten, and then harden it with my desire for my mate.

She will feel what I feel for her, and right now, I'm about to go fucking mad.

"I... don't want to gain weight," she admits, making me outright laugh.

"Oh, sweetheart, you could gain a hundred pounds and I would still want you." I lean down and offer her the cupcake. It has a delicious new scent of spice that wafts off of it, making her lick her lips. "But I will say, the benefit of magical cupcakes is they're made to be nutritious, not fattening." These in particular are meant to induce sexual prowess and energy, and probably don't supply any calories at all.

"Really?" she asks, her gaze on the cupcake. When she leans forward, I slide my free hand up her thigh, making her shiver. "Then maybe I should take Kalt up on his offer to teach me how to enchant cupcakes."

Deciding to punish her, because I really don't want to talk about another male right now, at least another male who isn't in our mate-circle, I remove my free hand from her thigh and reach over to grab another one of the selkie cupcakes from the bedside table. Slowly, I turn it upside down, then dip it over her pussy, making her mouth part. I have neglected her clit so far, choosing instead to lick frosting off of her nipples and lips, but now I'll remedy that.

When she earns it, because the kiss of frosting on her clit is a brief moment of contact, making her whimper for more.

"Take a bite, Candela," I instruct. "And then I might indulge a taste, too."

She tugs at my sleeve, because I'm still fully clothed, my hard dick straining against my pants. It torments her that she is completely naked and at my mercy while I play with her.

"Please," she begs, although I'm not sure what she's begging for.

“A bite,” I remind her. “Then you can use your words.”

Encouraging her, I lower the cupcake again and give it a swirl over her sensitive flesh, making her hiss in a breath.

Then she runs her tongue over my fire-infused cupcake, groaning as soon as the frosting slips down her throat.

I feed her the entire thing, feeling something new burn between us.

Removing the cupcake between her thighs, I note that the frosting is beginning to melt as if my mate’s on fire.

“So... hot...” she pants, her eyes rolling back into her head.

Lowering myself over her center, I lick away the sweet sugar, lapping at her throbbing nub as she bows off the bed.

She runs hot against my tongue, which is concerning, given that I’m a Fire Fae, and I grab onto her thighs, pinning her down, because I realize I might have fed her too much.

She isn’t just feeling what I’m feeling.

She’s merging with my magic, because that’s what a true mate-circle would accomplish. Mates share power through their link, but... Candela isn’t fae.

Except she *believes* herself to be a part of my world.

And perhaps that means she is.

“Lance,” she cries, threading her fingers through my hair as flames sprout all over her body. She opens her eyes, her gaze turning hot as fire as she grinds herself against my tongue. “I can’t... I can’t...”

She can’t finish her sentence, but I don’t need her to. Instead of holding back my fire, I release it, allow it to merge with her and coax it out of her body.

She’ll be consumed from the inside out if she keeps it in.

My clothes are supposed to be fireproof, but as she claws against me, she leaves shreds of burned cloth behind, desperately begging me to satisfy the burn.

“Lance,” she says again, her voice strained. “Something’s wrong.”

“You’re absorbing my power,” I tell her as my clothes blister off of my body, a new flame roaring over the bedsheets and kissing the ceiling.

The room bursts with sweetness as sugar melts, leaving us in a saccharine caramel encasement high on selkie candy and desperate for one another.

Her eyes go wide. “But you said...”

“That it wasn’t possible,” I agree, brushing my lips over hers, my dick running over her wet clit where I just tasted her. She burns even hotter than I do, and I release more of my magic, encouraging her to let it go.

I can’t let her combust.

Not unless it’s with an appropriate outlet.

“Fae mates stabilize one another when the power is too much, especially in abominations,” I tell her, because that’s exactly what she is right now. Perhaps one day we’d come up with a better word for a creature that mixes races, but at least I know what she needs to survive.

“Sex,” she says, almost with relief as her thoughts invade my mind.

I know it’s just the selkie candy playing out her fantasies, and it’s our mate-bond that allows me to see them, but my dick throbs against her clit when I see all of the things she wants to do with me.

Eat those candy canes again and fly while she rides my dick.

Show Shane and Jasper all the new tricks we’ve learned.

Devour me with her mouth while Shane fucks her ass and Jasper takes her pussy.

She wants me to release my seed with my flame down her throat and truly let go now that she can take the fire.

“*Fuck*,” I curse, unable to think as the images flash through my mind.

Candela guides my hips and centers me, then commands me to do just what I said.

I comply, slamming into her as she throws her head back on a scream.

Blue flames roll over my arms as my dick is encased by her tight warmth,

and I move in the way she wants me to, her fantasies playing out in my mind, and I'm going to make sure they come true.

She wants it hard.

She wants it hot.

And I turn her over on her belly and kiss her neck, grab her breast, and fuck her into oblivion just like she wants.

We come together on an explosion, the climax so powerful that it cracks the thick ice walls, leaving us to collapse on the charred bed, completely spent and covered in melted sugar.

"Frosting and sprinkles," Candela says, her breath releasing puffs of embers. She glances back at me, the glitter of flames still in her eyes. "Let's do that again."

I don't have any more cupcakes to offer her, but I coax the melted sugar on her skin to form a new treat.

"Mmm, yes, please."

The End



Want more Lance and Candela? [Click Here!](#)

Be sure to enjoy all of the books in the Elemental Fae Universe!



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- [*Book Five*](#)
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Crescent Five: Rejected Wolf Shifter RH

- [*Book One: Moon Guardian*](#)
- *Book Two*
- *Book Three*

Unicorn Shifter Academy

- [*Book One*](#)
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- *Book Three*



Non-RH Books (J.R. Thorn writing as Jennifer Thorn)

Noir Reformatory Universe Reading List

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[Noir Reformatory: First Offense](#)

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