



Say My
Name
TATIANA
CALDWELL

SAY MY NAME

Tatiana Caldwell

You've never heard the fable Rumpelstiltskin told like this ...

Due to her father's constant bragging, word of Anna Miller's beauty and virtue piques the interest of King Thomas. Upon taking the boasting of her father too literally, the king of Grimbro's imprisons Anna and threatens to kill her and her father if she fails to spin straw into gold.

A mysterious and sensual magical being finds himself drawn to the castle—and the beautiful Anna. He offers his help in exchange for the most intimate, precious gifts she could possibly give. Soon Anna finds herself wanting far more than just his help. But he threatens to consume her and all she holds dear.

Unless she says his name.

SAY MY NAME

Excerpt

Anna frowned as she walked into the room. The guard had spoken the truth; it was not the same testing room as the evening before.

This one was bigger. And yet it too was filled with straw.

“Don’t tell me I’m supposed to spin all of this into gold.”

“Yes, madam. The king expects the room to be full of gold by morning.”

She laughed dryly, wringing her hands together and shaking her head uncomfortably. What was with King Thomas’s fascination with straw and gold? Surely he could manage to earn his fortunes through more traditional, plausible means? “More straw and yet the same number of hours to spin it all?”

“You should be up to the task,” the guard said with a smirk. “The king has spoiled you on this day.”

Anna scoffed. He hadn’t been spoiling her. He was preparing her for another night of work. The door was shut and locked, trapping her in a new prison of straw. Her despise of the king increased twofold.

She paced the room, wringing her hands together. Instantly, her thoughts went to the magical green man who helped her before. “Oh goblin, where are you?” she pondered aloud.

“Right beside you,” the deep voice replied.

Anna spun around to face her green-colored savior. “How do you know ahead of time what room he will bring me to?”

“I don’t know ahead of time. I’ve been with you for half the day.”

“You’ve what?” She narrowed her eyes and crossed her arms. “You’ve been spying on me?”

“I prefer to call it watching over you.”

“Why?”

“To ensure no harm comes to you. You know I don’t trust that king.”

She nodded at that, and relaxed her arms. “I know. Then I thank you for watching over me today.”

The goblin’s eyes brightened briefly, then his expression turned grim. “Let me know if you change your mind and wish for me to kill him.”

Anna put her fists on her hips and glared at him. “I said no. I don’t want *anyone* to die. Killing is never right.”

“I suppose not.” He shrugged and grunted. “And getting rid of the king without any in line to take the throne would throw the entire country into chaos.”

Surprised by his response, Anna tilted head to the side, eyeing him. “Why do you care about the politics of this country?”

“They affect you, do they not? Therefore, my concern about your well-being extends to your country.”

Anna turned her head so that he could not see her cheeks flush. “You act as if you know me well enough to care that much.”

“I feel as if I do. And what I don’t know about you I desire to learn, if you will allow me.”

“I don’t think I would mind that,” she replied, unable to keep a soft smile from tugging at her lips. “But first I need for my father and me to be freed. And to do that, I believe I should give this lunatic what he wants, regardless of how much I loathe it.”

“And how may I help you with that? Tell me what you want me to do, and I will do it.”

“At the moment I need help again spinning gold. Will you do that for me?”

“Yes. And in return?”

Anna sighed, blowing a few strands of her hair away from her face in the process. Everything in this world seemed to come with a price. But what else did she have that would be of value to this being? She looked down at her right hand. “I have this ring.”

He glanced at it. “It doesn’t appear very valuable. What’s so special about it?”

“It was my Ma-ma’s.” She paused to finger it, her heart growing heavy with nostalgia and sadness. “She gave it to me on my sixteenth birthday, moments before she

passed away.”

The goblin hesitated, and she could see a shadow cross his face, dotted with what she thought to be sympathy, an emotion she was all too familiar with seeing after the death of her mother. Was he, too, saddened by her loss? The unspoken sentiments of this mystical non-human tugged at her heart. She did not flinch away as he approached her, his eyes locked on the ring. He took her hand in his and lifted it to his face.

“Then with my sincerest appreciation I will accept this ring as payment,” he said. He pulled the ring off and then placed a kiss upon the finger from whence it came.

Anna did not know what gave this being the right to put his hands and mouth on her whenever the urge struck him. But more importantly, she did not know why she was tolerant of it.

And aroused by it, even. So very, thoroughly aroused.

When he took her finger between his thick, moist lips and suckled it, she gasped as the sensation jolted her. Her hand trembled but he steadied it, drew it deeper into his mouth and sucked it harder, all the while backing her into a corner. She clutched at his shoulder to hold herself up on her wobbling legs, and he slid a knee between her thighs, anchoring her against the wall. Warmth and moisture flooded there, and an aching in her gut soon followed. A soft groan escaped from her lips.

He removed his lips from her finger so that he could clasp them upon her mouth.

Both her body and mind were enflamed. What was she doing? She only just met this wild man a day ago, yet felt trusting of his words, comfortable pressed against him, and open for his kiss. And with crazy, blind abandon, she passionately kissed him back, grabbing hold of the back of his spiky hair, dancing her tongue around his.

“I don’t even have a name to call you by,” she rasped.

“Then give me one,” he breathed into her mouth.

**** End of Excerpt ****

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About Tatiana Caldwell

Let's see, what should I tell you about me? I'm an IT geek who happens to also be a vixen with an overactive imagination. I will write anything from programming code to smoldering erotica, so long as it involves brains or sex. Preferably both. ;)

I'm a published author of erotic romance in several sub-genres, including paranormal, fantasy, futuristic and science fiction. I believe love can happen not only any time or any place, but with anyone, and so my stories feature a diverse cast of characters.

When I'm not writing or working, I can be found reading; playing video games of all kinds; watching movies, anime and sci-fi television shows; exercising; spending time with my husband and children; or making complex spreadsheets.

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