

A  
APHRODISIA



THE  
LORDS  
OF  
SATYR

DOMINIC  
ELIZABETH  
AMBER



## Reviewers on *Nicholas*:

"...the leading man is the sexiest one this reader has seen in a long time!"

—*Romantic Times BOOKreviews* (Rhomyly Forbes)

"Everything about this story and the elements within worked...a wonderful book that did not disappoint!"

—*Paranormal Romance Reviews*

"I really didn't want this book to end, and when I finished I knew that this book would stay with me..."

—*TwoLips Reviews* (5 lips; Reviewer's Choice; Recommended Read—Julianne)

"...kept me spellbound and wanting more..."

—*Joyfully Reviewed* (A Recommended Read—Amelia)

"...engrossing and easy to read in one sitting...the sex is knock-out hot...sure to please any erotica fan."

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—*Night Owl Romance* (5 stars—Tammie)

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—*Romance Junkies* (5 stars, Chrissy)

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—*Fallen Angel Reviews*

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—*Coffee Time Romance*

## **Reviewers on *Raine*:**

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—Michelle Buonfiglio, myLifetime.com

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—*Joyfully Reviewed* (Recommended Read—Amelia)

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—*Romantic Times BOOKreviews* (RhomylyForbes)

“Superb”

—*Coffeetime Romance* (Wateena)

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—*The Romance Studio* (5 hearts—Sandra)

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—*Simply Romance Reviews* (Grade A+—Lynda)

“This book was so well-written that I had to make myself put it down in order to deal with everyday responsibilities!”

—*Whipped Cream* (5 stars—Viscaria)

## **Reviewers on *Lyon*:**

“Unputdownable”

—*Paranormal Romance Reviews* (Top Pick, Sonya)

“Oh wow, just when I thought the series could not get any better, Elizabeth Amber really out does herself with *Lyon*. The ingenious plot of this storyline kept me on the edge-of-my-seat...an extraordinary read.”

—*Coffee Time Romance* (5 cups—Cherokee)

“...[a] stand out in the genre...highly recommended!”

—*Kwips & Kritiques* (5 stars—Anne)

“This entire series has blown me away. Ms. Amber’s ability to set the stage

and take this reader through emotional highs and lows, plot twists and turns, villains and sensational sex is phenomenal...I highly recommend the entire The Lords of Satyr series.”

—*TwoLips Reviews* (5 stars—Julianne)

“...a story that will stay with this reviewer for a long time to come.”

—*Mild On Books* (5 Stars—Jennifer)

“...a hot and tantalizing addition that has me craving the next book, *Dominic*.”

—*Night Owl Romance* (Top Pick; 5 Stars—Tammie)

“The Lords of Satyr series has completely enchanted me since the very beginning.”

—*Romance Junkies* (5 Blue Ribbons—Chrissy)

“...summer reading at its pinnacle.”

—*Simply Romance Reviews* (A+ Outstanding Read—Lynda)

“...going on my keeper shelf, right next to the first two books.”

—*Whipped Cream* (5 Sundaes—Viscaria)

“...Amazingly hot and wickedly erotic.”

—*Realms on Our Bookshelves—Germany* (4.5 stars—Natascha)

### **On The Lords of Satyr series:**

“This is bold and courageous storytelling. Amber grabs readers by the libido and connects them with empathy to her characters’ deepest emotional and sexual needs.”

—Michelle Buonfiglio, my Lifetime.com

**Also by Elizabeth Amber:**

LYON: The Lords of Satyr

RAINE: The Lords of Satyr

NICHOLAS: The Lords of Satyr

Coming soon:

DANE: The Lords of Satyr

# **DOMINIC: THE LORDS OF SATYR**

**ELIZABETH AMBER**



APHRODISIA  
KENSINGTON PUBLISHING CORP.

<http://www.kensingtonbooks.com>

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**DOMINIC**

*Temple of Bacchus*  
*Else World, 1837*

**“H**er name is Emma.”

The Facilitator’s voice echoed off the ancient stone walls, lending his words authority as he directed Dominic’s attention to the large, mirrored disk positioned prominently in the middle of the temple’s bloodied floor.

The image of a woman, who existed somewhere in a neighboring world, was reflected on the disk’s surface like a living portrait. Her countenance was serene, oblivious. For she was unaware she was being watched.

Carved from polished obsidian as black and impenetrable as the night, the six-foot mirror was encircled by nine more disks of lesser circumference. Each was concave and had been shaped from a disparate exotic stone intended to represent one of the lunar phases. All were set at

an angle meant to capture the moonlight streaming in through an aperture in the roof and to direct it toward the central mirror where the woman was on view.

“You expect me to rape her,” Dominic stated, his voice flat.

The woman’s hand moved, and a page flipped. She was reading.

“We expect you to do what is necessary. As always,” the Facilitator replied, speaking for himself as well as the two silent Acolytes who flanked him.

At first glance, the woman appeared to be plain, unremarkable in every way. Dominic judged her to be a quarter of a century old like himself, perhaps a little older. Except for the occasional movement of her hand, she was utterly still. Her head was bent intently over a tome entitled *The Fruits of Philosophy*, which lay before her upon a polished desk.

She wore spectacles, and her profile was half turned from him, so that the shape of her delicate cheek was limned by flickering candlelight. Tendrils of ash-brown hair curled along a vulnerable nape.

The garment she wore was stiff and lengthy, and it almost completely hid her body from view. He'd heard that Earth-World females sheathed themselves in swaths of fabric impermeable to the masculine eye but until now had believed this to be only a rumor. Her breasts were full and her figure shapely. Why did she hide it?

“You'll bow to Our Will in this matter?” prompted the Facilitator.

Dominic grunted a grudging assent. His hard, quicksilver gaze flicked over the woman again. He'd been required to do worse in his life. And he had little choice.

From the corridor behind them came the swishing sound of the votaries' brooms. Solemnly they swept the sacred remnants of what had been a colossal statue of Bacchus into vessels that would later be placed in reliquaries.

Rage simmered in him. This hallowed sanctum—his home—had been brutally attacked. And to think that just hours ago he'd been out fighting the very beings who had taken advantage of his absence to defile it!

He resided here, alone for the most part, sleeping in an alcove with few creature comforts. Like a bird of prey, he swooped down on the enemies of his people by night and

returned to the relative protection offered here in the temple to roost by day. But this attack had altered his schedule.

“Seven were killed in the strike here last night,” the Facilitator informed him, though he hadn’t asked. “And the amulet in the statue has gone missing. We can only thank the Gods that the time involved in its removal prevented our enemies from reaching these mirrors.”

“Our ‘enemies,’” Dominic mocked, shooting him a cynical look. The stench of demons was everywhere, yet the Facilitator adamantly refrained from referring to them directly, as if doing so might somehow raise them in the flesh.

“They weren’t ‘prevented,’” he informed his elderly companion. “They came here with specific intentions. They destroyed the statue but painstakingly hacked its genitals and right hand off. The fact that they left only those pieces undamaged and to be discovered by us in this mess was no accident.”

It had been a message directed at him, for those were his susceptible points.

The Facilitator’s placid gaze didn’t alter.

“It’s widely known that these scrying mirrors allow us to

see into the adjoining world,” Dominic persisted. “They were purposely left intact so that we might continue to do so.” He jerked his jaw toward the woman in the mirror. “Let me postpone this new duty until I can find out the reason behind this attack. Until I can hunt down the demons who were responsible.”

The two Acolytes on either side of the Facilitator stirred for the first time, murmuring in distress. Whether in response to his suggestion of postponement or to his profanity in calling the demons by name, he neither knew nor cared.

The Facilitator calmed them with the lift of a hand, and then shook his head at Dominic. “No. You will do as We have directed.”

Dominic heaved a frustrated breath and stalked away. Standing in the arched entrance of the chamber, he watched the votives at their work. The twelve marble statues that ringed the room regarded him coldly, unspeaking. Accustomed to their unwavering, brooding gazes, he ignored them.

Slamming the side of his fisted, gloved hand against a limestone column, he felt the familiar bolt of lightning zap up his arm, a cruel reminder of his duty. Free will was a luxury he had not enjoyed since the age of ten. The three males behind

him ruled his sect, and he would obey their directive.

“How am I to get through the gate?” he gritted after a moment.

“Ingratiate yourself with her husband. Cajole him into offering you safe passage. He’s one of the Earth World Satyr, but he serves here in our regiments.”

Dominic’s brows rammed together, and he whipped around toward the female in the mirror.

“She’s wed? To one of our fighters?” he demanded. “And you would have me usurp his rights with her?”

Another page flipped under the touch of a feminine hand, reclaiming everyone’s attention. Gold flashed on the woman’s finger. She wore a wedding band.

“She’s not of our blood,” he was hastily assured, as if that would render the unsavory task he’d been assigned perfectly palatable. “Her sister is King Feydon’s offspring. One of the infamous half-Human, half-Faerie brides wed to the three Earth-World Satyr lords. But this one—” he tapped the mirror with a gnarled finger, causing the woman’s image to undulate for a few seconds, “this one doesn’t share the deceased king’s blood.”