The Dark One's Mistress

by Ethereal_Wishes

Summary

The Dark One has been the prisoner of Avonlea's royal family for over a century. Rumplestiltskin was treated cruelly and faced dire humiliation during his imprisonment. After King Maurice dies, his daughter Belle takes the throne. He wonders what new hell he'll be subjected to under his new mistress. He's extremely perplexed when she frees him from his shackles and sets a crown atop his head when a proposal of marriage ensues. Will he use their union to his advantage, or will he learn to trust his heart instead of his dark magic as he places his fate in her hands?
Chapter 1

The Dark One's Mistress

A/AN: This idea came to me earlier today, and I decided to go with it.

For decades the Dark One had been a slave to the ruling hierarchy of Avonlea. He was often used as the chess piece in turning the tides of war, civil disputes, petty revenge, and just downright humiliation. Rumpelstiltskin was nothing more than a pawn to the royals, and he wished for death each loathsome day which passed. Often times he was led around in shackles, forced to parade stark naked throughout the court. It was how King Maurice preferred it, to show him who held the power. The day King Maurice died, he didn't shed a tear. It was a day filled with joyous revelry for Rumpelstiltskin, until he realized he would now have a new master. Princess Belle of Avonlea had become queen overnight, and he knew very little about her. She was outwardly beautiful, and he'd heard princes and nobles from all across the realm vied for her hand in marriage, yet she hadn't accepted a proposal. As a queen, she would become more coveted by the surrounding kingdoms.

His cell was filthy as he reclined his head against the stone wall. He wasn't expecting visitors, because the honorary celebrations for Queen Belle's coronation would linger on for days. Perhaps he could coax the guard into bringing him a few scraps from the royal table afterward. The solitary window in his cell signaled that nighttime was descending upon them. He wondered when the new queen would come to call upon him. He hoped she would afford him more kindness than her father had. Eventually he fell asleep, only to be roused from slumber a few hours later by the creaking of his cell door. His eyes opened wide as he gazed at the light leaking through the cracked egress.

A woman wearing a golden crown atop her neatly coiffed chestnut hair stepped inside. She was adorned in layers of heavy golden fabric, a ballgown befitting a queen. His heart hammered in his chest as he shamefully covered his nakedness. The queen would surely not wish to look upon his wretchedness. His breath hitched in his throat as he felt a warm palm caress his cheek. It was the most docile advance he'd been granted in ages.

"You, poor thing. My father was a cruel and vile man for chaining you up like an animal. These are no longer your quarters. I've commanded my servants to prepare your chambers. My royal tailor will also sew you up some fine attire. I want you to know you're no longer a prisoner here in Avonlea, but my guest of honor. I hope we'll be able to chat more later, but for now I'd like for you to have a proper bath and a good night sleep," she commanded, assisting him to his feet. She draped a linen sheet around his shoulders to conceal his nudity as she ushered him out of the tiny cell. He was rendered speechless, wondering if this was some sort of cruel joke. Strangely enough, he found every word of hers to be true. Two maids scrubbed his gold grayish skin clean of grime and filth and then he was gifted with a pair of nightclothes. The mattress he was allotted to sleep upon was downy and stuffed with goose feathers. In the morning, he figured he'd be led back to his miniscule living space and mocked like a fool.

Morning arrived, and with it came trays of the finest grub the castle provided. He assumed it was poisonous, but it didn't stop him from tearing into the scrumptious meal. Lunch and dinner followed the same routine, and he sensed no ailment. He strictly stayed in his chambers, too afraid of venturing elsewhere. He was still a prisoner after all, no matter how luxurious it all seemed.

On the third day, a servant brought him a change of clothing, and told him the queen wished to see him. His gut roiled with bile as he changed into the scarlet tunic and brown trousers. He was also provided with a pair of black leather boots. Wearing human clothing again felt foreign to him since the king had practically domesticated him.
The queen had asked him to dinner. A timid servant escorted him through the door into a fully furnished dining room. She steered him to a table with multiple chairs and a tea service. The queen sat at the head of the table, adorned in a flowing cerulean gown which hugged her curves immaculately. The air thickened around him as he tore his eyes away from her. Surely he was being led to his doom.

"Would you like some tea?" she inquired, smiling warmly, offering him a steaming cup of earl gray.

"Yes please," he responded, somehow able to find his voice. His hands trembled as he reached out to take the cup from her. He held the steaming cup to his lips and attempted to take a sip but it fell clumsily from his grasp. He cursed inwardly as the blue and white china cup clattered to the floor, discoloring the carpet. The queen blinked, taking a sip from her own cup, sensing his disgruntlement.

"I'm so sorry, your majesty! Please forgive my incompetence!" he berated himself, while attempting to clean up the mess with a linen napkin. He could have easily magicked the stain away but not having possession of the dagger prevented his from accessing his powers. Surely he would receive ten lashes for his ignorance. She stood up and bent down beside him, picking up the cup. She examined it and noticed a small chip on the side.

"I'm s-s-sorry for damaging your things," he apologized, expecting a beating for his ignorance.

"It's just a cup and it's only chipped. I think it adds charm," she beamed, reaching out her hand. He hesitantly took it, feeling something warm and pleasant spiral through his chest as she assisted him to his feet.

"You're not angry with me?" he inquired timidly, like a scolded child.

"Why would I be angry with you? I have many cups but none like this one. I could fix it but then it would take away from the memory we just made," she supplied, catching him off guard.

"Why are you being so kind to me?" he questioned disbelievingly.

"Because you're a human being, and no one deserves to be subjected to the humiliation as you have. You've done much for my family without a sliver of gratitude. So, today I thank you for your service to my kingdom despite the barbarity you've undergone," she affirmed.

"But I'm a monster," he admonished.

"I've been studying up on the dark curse my entire life, and I've learned the wielder of the curse was once human. The reason why you appear beastly as you so described it is because of the curse. However you're still human underneath those glimmering scales, and I'd like to offer you a position in my royal council. I know it won't amend the abuse my bloodline has put you through, but I want you to know you're not my prisoner," she propositioned.

He sniggered at her offer. "Your entire family has put me through untold hell for the last century! Granting me my freedom would mean handing over the dagger. The room, the fine tailored clothing, and a few hearty meals aren't going to coerce he, Dearie! Lock me back up in my prison, because with my dagger, you're still fully in control of me!" he seethed, causing her to stammer back.

Belle sucked in a deep breath as she gazed at the vexed Dark One. She knew under his glittering persona, he was a lost and broken individual. "Giving you the dagger would mean I would be at your mercy along with my subjects. Your pent up rage towards my kingdom is understandable, but I won't relinquish control of the dagger just to suit you. However, I promise not to use it under any circumstance, without your permission at least," she pledged.
"Fine, but I'm going to need a strong binding contract before I believe you," he countered, narrowing his gaze at her.

"I have the perfect solution then," she said, squaring her shoulders back.

"And what would that be?" he snarled in disgust.

"As the queen, I'm expected to marry. However the law doesn't state who I can marry. I'm allowed to make my own choice according to those regards. Marrying another king would merely grant me more armies, lands, titles, and chests of gold, but I don't need any of that. I already have the most valuable arsenal in my possession," she retorted, wetting her lips as her gaze bore into him.

"What are you saying, your majesty?" he ground his ruined teeth together impatiently.

"What I'm saying is, no king or noble rivals your power. My resolution to all of this is a marriage proposal. Will you marry me, and become my royal consort, Rumpelstiltskin?" she proposed, her gaze becoming sultry, sending a wave of heat straight to his groin.

"M-M-Marry you!? Are you mad? I'm the Dark One, and you're-"

"A queen who knows what she wants. You've intrigued me from the moment I saw you as a small child. My father forbade it, but I sneaked out once, and I watched you smite those ogres, turning the tides of the war. Something stirred within me, and I swore when I became queen I would have you all to myself," she purred, etching closer to him.

Rumpelstiltskin felt his chest begin to concave at her admission. "I do enjoy a good quip, but this is madness," he hissed, biting back an impish giggle as she approached him.

"Shall I prove it to you then?" she inquired, her eyes rimmed with unbidden lust as she cupped his face in her hands, drawing his lips to hers. She kissed him fiercely, setting his heart ablaze. Though the kiss was clumsy and inexperienced, he felt it within the depths of his soul.

As she pulled away, he gazed at her obtusely. "You're serious?"

"Yes," she nodded reassuringly.

"Then I accept your proposal," he bowed nobly with the intent of using their union to his advantage. He would have his dagger back in no time, and he would leave them all to rot in their decay. He would bring every last one of them to their knees.

A/AN: This is going to be another prompt fic, since I'm nearly finished with my other one, I decided to do another.
Chapter 2

The Dark One's Mistress: Part Two

A/AN: Some of Belle's high council members aren't too keen on her marrying the Dark One.

"You can't be serious, your majesty! Marrying that beast goes against a multitude of laws and regulations! He's not even human!" her royal chancellor, Lord Cogsworth, countered.

"The law states the queen is allowed to marry whoever she wishes. Rumpelstiltskin will make a great ally, and I'd like to transform the estranged partnership we've had with him for years," Belle commented, raising a glass of brandy to her lips as she conversed with her royal council members. She knew they wouldn't concede to her union with Rumpelstiltskin, but it was her decision.

"This is nonsensical and preposterous, your majesty! The king would roll over in his grave if he knew who you'd chosen as his future son-in-law!" Lumiere, her father's royal prime minister, lamented.

"Then let him roll. My father, and I shared a strained relationship for years. May he rest in peace, but I have no further use for him. It's been ages since a woman has reigned over Avonlea, and I intend to choose a husband who has untold wisdom. Rumpelstiltskin has lived for centuries, and I know he'll be a great asset to my leadership. As much as I'd appreciate your approval, I don't need it," she confirmed, rising from her chair, and leaving her councilmen to stew in their anger.

Belle rubbed her temples agitatedly, yearning for nothing more than a long hot soak in the tub. For the evening, she selfishly put her royal duties aside, opting to soak under mounds of bubbles instead. Her maids silently rubbed her scalp clean, massaging soaps and oils deeply into her roots. After her bath, she wrapped herself up in a robe, deciding to retire early for the evening. Her mattress dipped as she sat down on her expansive bed, the one she would soon share with her husband. Her insides tingled as she daydreamed about what his skin would feel like pressed pleasantly against hers. She sighed, laying back against the pillows.

Despite their peculiar relationship, she missed him. Her mind fixated itself on the dagger, locked away in a place only she was knowledgeable about. She could summon him whenever she willed it, but she had sworn to him she wouldn't abuse its power. Counting down the days to their nuptials was all she could afford herself at the moment. Soon enough he would be in her arms eternally, but for now, she would wait. Love wasn't something she aspired from their relationship, because royals were scarcely ever afforded that luxury. Their union would be nothing more than an allying partnership. However becoming friends was something she did hope for later down the road. She closed her eyes, welcoming the slumber she so desperately craved.

~X~

Rumpelstiltskin groaned in displeasure as he downed his third glass of Scotch. Suffering a hangover wasn't something he had to deal with thankfully. It was one upside of being the host to the Dark Curse. As much as he longed for his freedom, he'd finally made peace with the fact it was better than suffering in silence in that dank dungeon. Marrying the queen was something he could use to his advantage. As the Dark One, he would coerce her into his corner. He was a trickster, thus the reason all of the previous royals had kept him on a short leash, but Belle was naive. Setting him free would cost her everything. Convincing her he truly loved her was part of his diabolical plan. Wooing her would cause her to become lax, and he would be able to easily manipulate her into handing over the dagger. It was going to be too easy, or so he thought.
Belle awoke the following morning with only one thing on her mind. She had to see Rumpelstiltskin. It was early in the morning, and the castle was still fairly quiet. She plotted soundlessly through the corridors until she came to his chamber. She raised her hand up, knocking hesitantly. She wondered if he was still sleeping, or if he slept at all. In one swift motion the door opened, revealing a petulant Dark One.

"What brings you to my chamber so dreadfully early, your majesty?" he inquired, as his eyes roamed over her womanly curves. As much as he'd come to loathe their arrangement, there were certain aspects of it he knew he would savor. It'd been over a century since he'd lain with a woman, and he certainly looked forward to bedding the queen. He smirked at the thought of rutting between King Maurice's daughter's thighs as she cried out his name in unbridled pleasure. He'd pay a monumental amount of gold to see the look permeating the king's features if he were here to witness it.

She cleared her throat awkwardly, tucking her robe securely around her slender frame. "Despite the high council's objection against our union, my plans to wed you shall commence. It's customary for each person to purchase a wedding gift for the other, and I was wondering what you would like?" she inquired, leaning against the egress.

Rumpelstiltskin was caught off guard from her proposal. She wanted to give him a gift? "You're asking me what I'd like for myself?" he inquired hesitantly. He knew asking for the dagger was futile, but he could ask for something else he supposed. He reminisced about the days he spent quietly sitting at his spinning wheel in his dusty hovel. It'd been the only thing he was skilled at before he became the Dark One.

"I'd like a spinning wheel. Spinning helps me forget and soothes my frazzled nerves," he retorted.

Belle furrowed a delicate brow. His request was certainly peculiar but not overly farfetched. "Alright, I'll have it sent over at once," she returned, nodding solemnly at him.

"And what about you, your majesty? What sort of gift should I present to you?" he queried, peering deeply into her azure irises, his gaze so intense, it made her weak in the knees.

"My request is a simple one actually. All of my servants and subjects call me, your majesty, and not a single one of them calls me by my given moniker. All I want is for you to call me Belle. We are nearly equals, and I don't ever want to be known as, "your majesty", to you, Rumpelstiltskin," she appealed, covering his talon with her supple hand.

His chest constricted from her feather like touch. "Belle, it is then," he bowed reverently, bringing her hand to his lips, brushing a gentle kiss along the underside of her wrist. Her breath hitched in her throat from his gentle ministrations.

"Well I should be readying myself for the day. I bid you farewell for now, Rumpelstiltskin," she imparted, pressing a soft kiss against his cheek. He blinked startlingly as she dashed off, his cheek still lingering from the heat of her kiss. He touched his face hesitantly, wishing he could seal the warmth there forever.

Later that afternoon a spinning wheel was delivered to his chamber with an ample amount of clean straw which he'd later requested. He pushed back the feelings which had begun to stir in his heart for the fair queen. So far, she'd kept every single promise she'd made to him. Would he truly be able to betray her in the end?
Chapter 3

The Dark One's Mistress: Part Three

A/AN: It's been like over a month since I updated anything, but I'm back! Enjoy chapter three!

Rumpelstiltskin spent the next several days holed up in his chambers. The queen had some important business to attend to elsewhere, giving him plenty of time to think. The wedding was merely a month away, and he still couldn't figure out if it was all a fever dream or reality. However, spinning allowed him to cope with his musings. The access to his magic was limited, but he discovered he was still able to use it for menial Dark One tasks, such as spinning straw into gold. This delighted Rumpelstiltskin, granting him a glimmer of hope, because if he were able to access even a sliver of his magic, it meant the queen trusted him. He hadn't been able to partake of any of it under the former ruling monarchs because they didn't place an inkling of trust in him. It's not like he could blame them, because he would have usurped every last one of them if ever given the chance.

The queen was different however. She was docile and non-threatening. As much as he hated to admit it, he felt at ease in her presence. After discovering his ability to spin gold, a thought had struck him. The queen had gifted him with a spinning wheel which was a small luxury to be afforded, but to him it signified devotion. He didn't trust the queen or any mortal under any circumstances, but he did revere her. She'd requested such a simple thing from him when she'd asked him to call her by her given moniker. In Rumpelstiltskin's mind, it hadn't been enough. He had the innate desire to worship her and kiss the ground she walked upon, though he couldn't fathom why. Mortals had always left a foul taste in his mouth even when he he'd been one himself. They were never kind to him. No one had ever afforded him any mercy during his three hundred years, except her.

He supposed they would exchange rings at their upcoming nuptials which had been in her family for generations, but he yearned to fashion an engagement ring especially for her. During her absence, he began handcrafting the ring from what little magic he had access to. After several failed attempts, he was finally able to fashion a ring intricately shaped like a heart. It was a pitiful presentation contrasted to what fine jewels a prince or noble would have gifted her with, but it would have to make do.

It was nearing midnight when she returned home on that third day. She inhaled deeply as her heels clacked against the flagstone. Forging a new trade agreement with King George had been tiresome. What was it with men not taking women seriously? If she'd been a man, the cumbersome trip would have ended sooner. Part of her mostly longed for her bed, while the other longed for the company of her future husband. Nearly a week had passed since they'd agreed upon an alliance of marriage.

Her guards followed close behind as she neared Rumpelstiltskin's chamber. She turned to face them briefly. "You're both discharged from your nightly duties. You've both served me well on our latest endeavor, but it's becoming rather late, and you should both relieve yourselves for the evening," Belle commanded, resting her hand on the brass knob.

"But, your highness. Wouldn't you feel safer if Rupert or I accompanied you? That beast might hex you or lick the flesh clean off your bones!" Dudley lamented.

"I can assure you, Rumpelstiltskin, is no beast nor of any threat to me. Now both be on your way!" she reassured them, flourishing her hands in a shooing motion.

"As you wish, your majesty," Rupert supplied, dragging his companion by the arm towards the stairway. Belle exhaled relaxingly as she hesitantly knocked on the imp's door. She fidgeted,
anxiously awaiting his answer. The door opened slightly, and she glimpsed his amber orbs glowing eerily within the darkened chamber. As he opened the door further, her heart fluttered as she drank in his neatly pressed crimson doublet and brown leather trousers.

"My queen, what brings you to my chambers at this late hour?" he queried, granting her a reverent bow.

"Truthfully, if you must know, I missed your company," she blushed prettily, averting her gaze demurely.

Rumpelstiltskin's heart involuntarily danced within his chest from her admittance. "Visiting me this late won't cause your reputation to be marred, will it?" he cautioned, blocking her entrance. She halted as his precautions sank in.

"All it would take is one word from the night maid to put your regency at stake. Your servants loathe me, Belle, and they'd do anything to banish me to another realm or sport my head on a pike," he warned, etching closer to her lips, his breath heavily laced with bourbon and something unearthly alluring.

"I've never cared about what others think of me," her breath ghosted against his lips, making him shudder with delight. She closed her eyes, expecting him to kiss her, but when several seconds passed without any instance, she daringly opened them to find him standing there with his palm outstretched towards her.

"What's this?" she inquired, glancing at him queerly.

Rumpelstiltskin dismounted onto one knee. His disarray of curls curtained his features as he gently grasped her left hand in his. "While you were gone on your journey, I spent my time preparing a gift for you. You only requested that I call you by your birth name, but I decided to forge a gift for you from what little magic I still have access to which isn't much. I requested the spinning wheel and the straw for spinning gold. I managed to fashion an engagement ring for you, and I wanted to give it to you as a binding element in regards to our deal. So, what do you say, Belle, will you marry me?" he giggled impishly, his palm falling open to reveal the delicately woven gold band.

Belle blinked owlishly, taken aback by his kind but simple gesture. The band was plain with a crooked shaped heart in the middle, but her heart welled with adoration. Fancy balls had been held in her honor, and she'd been presented with anything her heart had ever desired while he'd rot in his darkened prison for decades. Tears streamed unbidden down her cheeks as she admired the ring, a symbol of devotion, given to her by a man who'd been damned by her family's cruelty for nearly over a century.

"Yes, I accept! It's beautiful, and you're so kind. It's the most thoughtful gift anyone has ever given me," she cried as he gently slipped it onto her left ring finger. As he rose to his feet, she threw her arms around him in joyous revelry, peppering his cheeks with kisses. He hadn't expected her gratitude or such an elated reaction from a woman who had the world at her fingertips.

"I bid you goodnight, Rumpelstiltskin," she sighed happily, caressing his cheek tenderly. Before he could compose a proper response, she had already rounded the next corridor, leaving him to stew in his musings. He felt the barricade around his heart slowly crumbling as he fought desperately to keep it there. The queen was slowly peeling away the layers of self-loathing he'd attempted to hold onto for centuries, and he wasn't sure how he was going to go through with his plot in the end. He could feel his emotions being compromised as his admiration deepened for his new mistress.
Chapter 4

The Dark One's Mistress: Part Four

A/AN: This story has been hard to put down, so I suppose it's what I'm going to focus on for now.

Belle worried with the intricately woven band on her third finger as she admired it under the candlelight. No matter how tired she was in body from her long journey, her heart felt energized. The craftsmanship on the ring was slightly flawed, but it was still beautiful in her eyes. She gazed upon it fondly as if it were a heftily karat diamond. She brought the delicate band to her lips, kissing it softly before blowing out the candle on the bedside table. Her dreams were filled with wedded bliss as she pondered upon their upcoming nuptials, for her heart hadn't burned for anyone as it did for Rumpelstiltskin.

Their wedding day quickly approached as the weeks ticked by. Rumpelstiltskin found himself to be a nervous wreck as the servant's adorned him with the proper attire for the kingdom's most anticipated day in history. News had traveled swiftly within the realm of the beautiful queen shackling herself to the feared demon. Everyone wondered what sort of enchantment he'd placed upon her to coerce her into marrying him. He ignored the brooding stares the court and councilmen gave him as he stood at the altar awaiting the queen's arrival. He cast his glance upon the flagstone, wishing it would open up and swallow him if it meant he could escape their scrutiny.

The wedding march proceeded to play on the ancient organ, and he briefly tore his gaze away from the ground to witness the queen gliding towards him in the purest white gown he'd ever seen. She was utterly breathtaking, and it was almost too painful to look at such an angelic being. They'd scarcely had a moment together because as the newly appointed monarch of Avonlea, her plate had been overflowing with responsibilities. However, for an entire week, she would solely be his. The crowd of naysayers seemed to fade around them as she approached the altar. Her beauty was unrivaled as she gazed into his deep amber orbs with such compassion. She grasped his neatly trimmed talons in her supple hands as they both turned towards the officiator. They spoke the same words paupers and princes had exchanged for centuries.

Rumpelstiltskin gazed hesitantly into her eyes as he recited his vows the parishioner had instructed him to speak. "You are blood of my veins, you are bone of my bone. Yours is my body, that we may be one. Yours is my soul until our worlds end," he wavered slightly, slipping the ring her father had gifted her mother on their wedding day.

Belle mirrored the vows he'd spoken as the priest had instructed them, her heart hammering in her chest as she uttered each syllable."You are blood of my veins, you are bone of my bone. Yours is my body, that we may be one. Yours is my soul until our worlds end," she declared, slipping a gold band encrusted with precious gems she'd had specially made for him on his left ring finger. Forcing him to wear her father's ring seemed cruel, and she never wanted him to think of her as he had her ancestors. She hoped he came to see Avolea as a home instead of a prison.

The priest had ordered them to seal their union with a kiss which signaled forever. He'd kissed her clumsily, shuddering as she placed her delicate gloved hand against his right cheek tenderly. They were barely acquainted, yet they'd just forged the most sacred bond for all eternity. The new couple paraded out of the throne room as false announcements of gratitude assaulted their ears.

Rumpelstiltskin yearned to be away from the crowds, and he hadn't felt more relieved until they'd boarded their carriage, and the door shut behind them. He sat on the opposite side of her, shifting his legs uncomfortably as the coach began to move, whisking them away to the royal summer palace where they would spend their honeymoon. He nervously twiddled his thumbs as he gazed outside
"Are you nervous?" she inquired in her alluring accent. It was the thickest Avonleaian accent he'd ever heard, and he was certain he'd never grow tired of hearing it. It was gentle, reminiscent of a summer breeze on a warm and sunny afternoon.

"Pardon?" he queried, daring a glance at the queen and his new wife. The last part he couldn't hardly believe. She was stunningly radiant with her neatly coiffed chestnut curls and elegant ball gown styled wedding apparel.

She smiled broadly at him, reaching out to clasp his talons in her delicate hands again. "There's no need to feel nervous, husband. I hope this week proves to bring us closer together and changes some of your reservations about me," she returned, yearning for him to bare his soul to her.

He smirked, biting back the damning retort forming on his tongue. The queen had been more than gracious to him, and if he desired to ever see his dagger again, he would have to be compliant and be as forthcoming as possible without revealing his true motives. Besides, she was fair and beautiful, and he would never admit it, but he was happier than he had been in a long time, even when he was free.

"I apologize, my queen, but this entire arrangement is still proving to be rather peculiar to me. I went from the prison to the palace overnight. I hope you'll forgive me for my hesitancy. This all just seems more like a fever dream if I'm being honest," he replied, flourishing his hand in the air for the full effect.

Her azure eyes twinkled mischievously as she moved to sit beside him. He blinked uncertainly as she cradled his face in her hands. His breath hitched in his throat as she etched closer to him, drawing her lips to his. The kiss was searing and more passionate than anything he'd ever felt in his life. His insides shivered as she kissed him hungrily and without reserve. He returned the kiss fervently as heat shot to his groin. His reaction to her advances surprised him, but he found it impossible to evade her advances. In a moment, the kiss had ended, and he gazed at her astonishingly, her eyes rimmed with lust.

"Do you still believe this is all a dream, my dearest, Rumple?" she crooned, stroking the side of his face ardently. She glanced down at his trousers, noting his apparent desire for her.

"I'm sorry, my queen! How uncouthly of-" he apologized as she severed his comment with another kiss. She daringly reached down to stroke him through the sheer fabric. He involuntarily threaded his fingers through her thick tresses, pulling at them slightly as her featherlight touch sent him reeling with pleasure. She broke the kiss, staring into his wild amber irises.

"Do you like it when I touch you, husband?" she inquired, grinning through her half lidded gaze. He nodded vigorously as she continued her gentle ministrations. He grabbed her hand, halting her momentarily.

"I thought you liked it?" she queried, casting him an analytical glance.

"I most certainly do, but if you don't stop, then I won't be able to control myself much longer. As much as I'm going to relish making you writhe with pleasure, I'd rather do it in a more appropriate setting," he giggled impishly, sending heat pooling in her belly.

"So, you're saying, you don't wish to consummate our marriage within the carriage?" she remarked sarcastically, furrowing a delicate brow.
"No, I want to be able to gaze upon all of you like a grand feast spread before me. I can only assume, no wine rivals the taste of you," he rumbled in her ear. Her cheeks burned and her insides quivered at the thought of him touching her so intimately. Her lips trembled as he tucked an errant curl behind her ear. When she kissed him again, something deep within his soul broke, and he was certain the affections he was developing for the fair queen was more than commonplace infatuation. The Dark One within him was repulsed by her purity and innocence, while the spinner reveled in it. Pushing her away would have been the most sensible answer, but she'd already enraptured him with her spell. The dagger became secondary in his mind as a determined queen continued to break down the walls around his heart.

A/AN: The next chapter will be the honeymoon!
Chapter 5

The Dark One's Mistress: Part Five

A/AN: This chapter contains smut, so if that isn't your thing, then go read a G rated fic? Enjoy, Dearies!

Belle's lips were pink and swollen from kissing her new husband, and all she could think about was him ravishing her later on. Her insides tingled as they dismounted the carriage together. The summer palace was located on the outskirts of Avonlea's border. They walked hand in hand as two armed guards tarried close behind them. Belle turned to the pair of guards, arresting their attention.

"Dudley, Rupert, I have a new assignment for you," the Queen remarked, clasping her Dark One husband's hand as she conversed with them. He pealed his ears, keeping his eyes on the looming estate as he eavesdropped on their conversation.

"And what would that be, your grace?" Rupert inquired, bowing solemnly.

"I'd like some alone time with my husband which means I hope you'll both busy yourself with other endeavors besides watching over me like a hawk. I'll be perfectly safe here at the Summer Palace without your constant surveillance. I hear the village of Candor is hosting loads of festivities this weekend in my honor. Why don't you both treat yourself to a pint?" Belle suggested, tossing them a small bag of coins.

Dudley caught the bag, gasping aloud as he mentally counted the doubloons within the velvet satchel. "But, your majesty, we can't just leave you here without some sort of protection!" Rupert countered.

"I believe my husband is more than capable of protecting me, Rupert. Now, listen up, gentlemen! We're on a week long holiday, so act like it! I don't want to see either of you until next Sunday afternoon when you come to escort us both back home!" she commanded authoritatively.

Rumpelstiltskin was taken aback by her proposal. Did she truly trust him enough to protect her? His heart involuntarily wrenched with guilt as his plot to steal the dagger surfaced within his subconscious.

"We'll see you Sunday, your Highness," Dudley grinned eagerly, dragging Rupert back to the carriage. Rupert cast her a concerned glance as he hesitantly followed the other man.

Belle glanced back at her betrothed. "May we finally have some privacy," she announced, clasping his hand tightly in hers as they continued towards the palace. Rumpelstiltskin paused in the middle of the pathway, halting her from proceeding any further.

"You're okay with being alone with me?" he inquired disbelievingly.

Belle blinked, gifting him with a tender glance. "Of course, I feel safe with you, Rumple! You've been a perfect gentleman through this entire process, and I trust you. How can we ever be married without instilling a bit of trust in each other?" she inquired, dusting her index finger down his jawline.

His heart seized with guilt as he closed his eyes momentarily. He cradled her hand against his cheek, attempting to dispel the raging storm of insecurities from his mind. The gesture calmed the nervous wreckage within his soul. Trusting another mortal was impossible, but Belle was proving to be the...
exception. She was worming her way into his blackened heart whether he liked to admit it or not.

"How about you show me this palace of yours?" he inquired, switching to a safer subject which Belle obliged to without protest.

"Certainly! I must show you the grand ball room, and the dining hall, the gardens out back..." she prattled on and on exuberantly. Belle enthusiastically gave him a tour of the majority of the estate until her feet began to ache from walking. After touring the gardens, he began to notice a slight change in her demeanor.

"We've had a long and tiresome day, Belle. Why don't we get settled in for the evening?" he coaxed, rubbing soothing circles along the underside of her wrist with his index finger. The queen swallowed hard, biting back a moan, still growing accustomed to the new sensations his touch invoked in her.

"Yes, that sounds splendid. I'd rather relax for the remainder of the evening," she voiced, sighing euphorically as he massaged her shoulders. He planted a searing kiss on the back of her neck, causing her to sigh pleasurably.

"Shall we retire to our chambers for the evening?" he purred darkly within her ear, setting her nerves ablaze.

"Yes!" she nodded vigorously.

"Lead the way, my Queen," he responded, gesturing to the royal staircase. Belle grasped his hand in hers as they ascended the palace steps, her heart pounding with anticipation for what was to follow. When they reached the final step, her heart somersaulted within her chest as she glanced at the door, leading to the room where they would spend their first night together as husband and wife.

"This way," Belle respired nervously, leading him to the room where they would spend the night. She pushed open the door which emitted a protesting creak. The room was fully furnished with a spacious king sized bed, ornate paintings decorating the walls, and bureaus full of their clothing which had been transported and unpacked a week before their arrival.

"Through those doors, there's an enchanting view of the outer courtyard," Belle supplied, pointing to two large ornate double doors.

"The courtyard is the furthest thing from my mind at the moment, Dearest," he chuckled impishly as he began to undo the stays on the back of her wedding gown. The air thickened in her lungs as he unloosened the gown and hung it neatly over a velvet armchair settled in front of the hearth.

She inhaled sharply as he began to unlace her corset. She sighed in relief, grateful to be free of the cumbersome contraption. His eyes roamed hungrily over her curves as he gazed at her partially nude form. She stood before him, adorned in only her knickers and shift which left little to the imagination. Her pert nipples surfaced through the fabric. Rumpelstiltskin couldn't resist the urge to reach up and cup her breasts gently in his hands. Belle gasped as he rubbed the small nubs with his thumbs. New sensations erupted through her which she'd never experienced before.

"Does that feel good, my Queen? Would you like me to stop?" he appealed to her.

"No. Please don't stop," she pleaded as he continued to lightly knead her breasts.

"Shall we continue this somewhere more comfortable?" he whispered, gesturing towards the large canopy bed. She nodded furiously, kissing him fervently. He coaxed her towards the bed, shedding his doublet in the process. His leather trousers felt constricted as his hardened length demanded to be free of its cage.
He broke the kiss briefly, pulling the shift over her head and casting it aside. He hoisted her into his arms, laying her across the mattress. She rested her head against the pillows. Her chest heaved with labored breaths as he gently slipped off her knickers, exposing her fully to him. Her cheeks were heavily flushed and her chestnut tresses splayed behind her in a tangled disarray.

Something primal raged within him once he realized no other man had gazed upon her so intimately before. She was truly his. His heart swelled with emotion at the thought of this angelic creature actually desiring him. Tears misted behind his eyes, and he fought to keep them at bay as they leaked from his eyelids. He hoped she hadn't noticed his ridiculous bout of emotional distress, but she had.

"Rumple, what's wrong?" she crooned, sitting up. This was their honeymoon which was meant to be a joyous occasion, and he was ruining it as old wounds he thought he'd buried reemerged.

"Forgive me, Belle, but it's just hard for me to comprehend anyone, especially someone as beautiful as you desiring me in this way. I'm half-beast, and you're too beautiful to be shackled to someone as hideous as I am!" he lamented, tearing his gaze away from her. He couldn't bear to see the pity in her azure depths.

"Hey, there will be none of that! This is our wedding night, and I don't want you to feel such hatred towards yourself," she retorted, tilting his chin up, forcing him to meet her gaze.

"Belle, you deserve a prince, someone who isn't cursed and-" she placed a nimble digit to his lips, silencing his despondency.

"Before we continue any further, I believe it's important we get to the bottom of this. I've researched the origins of the Dark Curse my entire life, and I'm aware you were once human. What was life like for you then? Did you have a wife or a family?" she pressed.

He sighed exhaustively, knowing he would eventually have to bare the pieces of his broken existence to her. He'd long buried the man he once was before the curse. He was a coward and a disgrace to anyone he'd ever cared for. He held nothing but self-loathing for his human counterpart and wished the curse would consume the rest of him, so he could be free of that part of himself forever.

"Rumple, please talk to me," she pleaded, cradling his face in her palms.

He inhaled sharply, averting his gaze to the flagstone. "I once had a wife and a son many years ago. She left me to raise my son alone, and I raised him until he was thirteen. The Ogre Wars were raging during that time, and the Duke of the Frontlands lowered the age requirements to be able to recruit more soldiers. My son fell into that age bracket, and they tore him away from me. The reason I became the Dark One was to save my boy, but I failed. His body was ripped limb from limb by those detestable beasts which I obliterated with my new found abilities. No matter how much blood I've shed for my son, it will never bring him back. The one thing my magic can't do is bring back the dead," he sighed, gazing down at his talons.

"And no one has loved or cared for you since your son's passing?" she surmised, crossing her legs as she sat beside him.

He nodded wordlessly. As much as he detested sharing details of his past with anyone, his heart felt lighter. Sharing his burdens with Belle granted him a small semblance of freedom. His shoulders relaxed as she moved to sit behind him. She pulled him against her.

"I can't change your past, Rumple, but together I know we can have a wonderful future. You may not believe me, but I truly desire you. The night you gave me the ring you'd fashioned just for me
deeply touched my heart. No one had ever done anything so kind for me before," she whispered against the shell of his ear.

"But it was nothing. It was a poor representation of what you truly deserved," he countered.

"Turn towards me, husband," she commanded. He turned around, blinking owlishly at her. Belle removed her family's heirloom wedding set from her hand and tossed it across the room. It landed beside the hearth. She held out her hand for him to see the crooked heart-shaped band.

"I'll always choose you, Rumpelstiltskin. My family is gone, and even if they were still here with me, I would still choose you. Your path hasn't been an easy one, and I know I can't erase the pain they caused you, but I'll do whatever I must to compensate it," she affirmed, etching closer to him. Their lips crashed against each other as the weight of her words blanketed his mind. Had Belle promised to return the dagger to him in a roundabout way? His mind grew foggier as she continued to kiss him. Eventually, the barriers of his clothing were cast haphazardly on the floor as the melding of two bodies transfixed the binding of two souls. One was frayed around the edges, while the other was pristine, but they fit together immaculately.

Rumpelstiltskin never realized you could find home in a person, but as Belle writhed beneath him, he captured her euphoric cries with his lips. He felt her slick walls clench around him, pulling him into the void where only she existed, leading him home.

A/AN: More honeymoon bliss shall ensue next chapter as they continue to become better acquainted.
Chapter 6

The Dark One's Mistress: Part Six

Rumpelstiltskin nuzzled the space between the valley of her breasts affectionately. Belle sighed contentedly as they lay wrapped up in each other's arms. "You're certainly a splendid lover," she praised, carding her fingers through his tufts of curl.

"How many times does that make?" he giggled impishly, glancing up at her with adoring amber orbs.

"Five," she answered, inwardly rolling her eyes at what her ladies had told her about sex being a woman's wifely duty, and something only the man enjoys. That could have been further from the truth. Rumpelstiltskin had proven to be an outstanding lover each time they'd made love, constantly caring for her pleasure before his own.

"Are you sated then, my Queen?" he purred, coming to lay beside her. She could feel the place between her thighs becoming damp again as he feathered her neck with kisses.

"I believe I could go another round," she smirked, switching their positions. His eyes grew wide with intrigue as she pinned his wrists to his sides, crawling on top of him. His mouth grew into a wide "O" shape as she shifted her hips, taking his full length inside of her. She freed his wrists as she cradled his face delicately in her hands. His eyes reflected pure vulnerability as he allowed her to have control which was something he'd never desired to relinquish.

"Trust me," she whispered softly within the darkness. Her warm velvet core gently cradled him as she rocked gingerly against his hips. She kissed him amorously, her love gently caressing the frayed edges of his soul. How had he not realized he'd craved the touch of another after being denied humanly affections for so long? Stars exploded behind his eyelids as he attempted to deny himself of his release for as long as possible.

"Just let yourself go, Rumple," she whispered against the shell of his ear. Her walls clenched around him, milking him of his seed. She captured his lips in a searing kiss, swallowing his cries of pleasure. She gazed down at him, caressing his face ardently as she placed butterfly kisses on his eyelids, cheeks, and nose. The Dark One warned him of her likely betrayal. No one ever stuck by him for long. He was hideous and grotesque, and the Queen would eventually realize that.

However he found himself unable to resist her womanly charms as he allowed her to wrap him securely in her arms as she tuck the duvet around them. His eyes closed involuntarily as he cocooned himself against her warmth. In his entire three hundred years of existence, he'd never felt safer than when he was in Belle's arms.

~X~

Lord Gaston propped his feet up on the royal councilmen's table, yawning boisterously. "So, gentlemen, I'd like to know what was so urgent that you felt the need to disturb my annual hunting expedition," he retorted, casting them all looks of annoyance.

"We're thankful you agreed to our invitation and decided to come, my Lord," Lord Cogsworth spoke up.

"Yes, well I'd like for you to all get on with it, because I have more important matters to attend to," Gaston remarked, glaring daggers at them.
"Your cousin has gone mad and married that demon spawn, infamously known as the Dark One. The ruling hierarchy of Avonlea have attempted to keep a tight leash on him throughout the years, but the moment the king died, the queen freed the beast of his prison and declared to us she desired to marry him against our strong displeasure," Lumiere, the royal prime minister chimed in.

Gaston furrowed his brow disdainfully. "My cousin has always been sort of an oddity compared to the rest of our family, but her father always made sure she had the most expensive education. What reason did she give for her decision?" he inquired.

"She claimed he had vast knowledge at his disposal because he's been alive for centuries. He has a great deal of power which is said to be controlled by a dagger. Whoever possesses the dagger has full control of him. The royal family are the only ones who know of the dagger's location. We believe the queen to be unstable and unfit to rule the kingdom because of her rash decision. We would like for you to rule in her place," Lord Cogsworth explained.

"And what of this dagger? Will its guardianship be transferred to me once I ascend to the throne?" Gaston questioned as his mind filled with the endless possibilities of what such power entailed.

"Yes, my Lord," Lumiere assured him.

"And what of my cousin? We all know she won't part with her throne so easily. You surely must have some grand plot to usurp her, or you wouldn't have called me here," he countered, gazing at them puzzlingly.

"Fret not, my Lord. We've already taken care of the matter," Lord Cogsworth assured him, a nefarious look permeating his features.

"Excellent! Call me back to court when the matter is settled, for I have a hunt to continue," he replied.

"You'll be notified immediately," Lumiere nodded in confirmation.

"Take care gentleman, and I bid you both farewell," Gaston said before taking his leave.

As the night carried on, a huntsman lurked within the shadows awaiting the opportunity to massacre the Queen, for a great bounty had been placed upon her head, and he intended to collect the hefty payment he was promised.

A/AN: And the plot thickens! Stay tuned for what happens next!
Chapter 7

The Dark One's Mistress: Part Seven

Belle clung to her beloved's arm as they traipsed through the palace gardens. They'd engaged in a hearty breakfast. The palace employed a staff all year long who dwelt in the servant's quarters out back. The staff had made themselves scarce, utterly terrified of the Dark One. Rumpelstiltskin nuzzled his bride's cheek affectionately, plucking a pristine white rose from a bush and tucking it gently behind her ear. Belle blushed prettily from his romantic gesture. She was perplexed by how much he'd softened towards her.

"Why, thank you Rumple," she bat her eyelashes playfully at him as he clasped her hands gently in his talons, pressing an affectionate kiss against her brow.

"You're welcome, my Queen," he returned, gracing her with a rare smile. At first, she hadn't enjoyed him calling her "Queen", but he'd turned it into a term of endearment, and she rather liked it.

"How would you like to spend our day? We could have a picnic right here in the gardens or-" her statement was severed as an arrow flew past her head. Rumpelstiltskin pushed her into the bushes forcefully as he ran towards her attacker. Belle gasped in surprise as she tumbled into the hedges. It took her a moment for her to realize what was happening. She fought her way out of the vegetation, ripping her skirts in the process.

"Rumple!?" she called out warily, scanning the gardens for his presence.

"Rumplestitskin!" she reverberated, her voice growing more panicked when she still hadn't located him. Her heart plummeted in her chest when she saw him emerge from the foliage. His tunic was covered in blood, and his trousers were ripped in various places. His eyes were feral as he met her gaze.

"Rumple?" she queried hesitantly, taking a step back as he quietly approached her.

"I killed him, Belle," he admitted, his amber orbs enraged and murderous.

"Killed who?" she inquired, rubbing her arms in an attempt to calm her frazzled nerves.

"The huntsman. I swore I'd spare his life if he told me who sent him, and he claimed it was your royal council. You really should elect new members, Belle. They're vexed because you married a monster, so I showed him how beastly I truly was. I ripped out his jugular and cursed his name for trying to murder my Queen," he hissed possessively.

The rational side of her brain told her she should put a thousand miles between her and the imp, but she couldn't bring herself to push him away. He'd defended her honor, and the blood he'd shed was to spare her. "Come here, husband," she coerced, her heart thrumming heavily against her breast as his talons grazed her hips, staining her gown with the huntsman's blood.

She cradled his face delicately in her hands, searing him with her lips. The kiss was desperate and wanton. "You still want me after I killed a man?" he remarked in disbelief, breaking the kiss momentarily.

"You saved my life. How could I not want you?" she respired, her breath hitching in her throat as he pulled her gown down slightly, exposing her right shoulder. He nipped the flesh lightly, eliciting a cry of pleasure from her throat.
"What do you desire, my Queen?" he rumbled in her ear.

"You, and only you," her breathing was erratic and her words wavered as he feathered her neck with kisses.

"Do you trust me?" he asked, gazing into her azure depths, his eyes full of pure vulnerability.

"Yes, I trust you, Rumple," she reassured him, caressing the side of his face ardently.

"Then allow me to protect you. You're life is at stake, but I can keep you safe," he vowed.

"But how?" she inquired, gazing at him quizzically.

"I need you to give me the dagger. Without it, I won't be able to. Others will come who seek to destroy you, and I may not be able to stop them next time," he supplied as fear flickered across his gaze.

"If I give you the dagger, you could easily slay me and the rest of my people, and most of them are innocents. They have nothing to do with these deranged politics," she voiced her concerns aloud, hoping he would understand.

"Your subjects will be safe, but If anyone crosses you, I'll annihilate them," he pledged, and Belle felt her insides tingle from his declaration.

"We shouldn't stay here and speak so openly of these matters. Is there some place we may go and converse privately?" she asked him.

"Yes, but not without your permission. You're my mistress, and I'm not allowed to go anywhere of my own accord," he responded. Belle's heart clenched with guilt from his admittance, but she was still reluctant to hand over the dagger.

"Take us to the place dearest to your heart," she whispered, placing her hand over his chest. He gazed down at her, closing his eyes as he embraced her fully, whisking them away to a castle deeply settled within the mountains he hadn't visited in over a century.

Belle opened her eyes, glancing up at the looming fortress. "What is this place?"

"It's my home, would you like to see it?" he implored, pulling her close to his side.

"Yes! It's so magnificent! It feels as if we just stepped onto the pages of a book," she spoke, her voice full of childlike wonder.

"I cannot use my magic without your consent, Belle. It'll be a mighty long trek if we attempt to navigate through the terrain to get there," he supplied, resting his hand on the small of her back.

"You have my permission, Rumple," she returned. He shuddered euphorically to feel the overwhelming sensations of dark magic coursing through his veins. It'd been so long since he fully used his powers for anything, though he was still under the Queen's control. In the beginning, he would have destroyed her and her entire court if she'd handed over the dagger, but things had drastically changed between them. She'd freely offered him her body and her devotion, and he yearned to protect her.

They landed in the great dining hall. It should have been coated with layers of dust, but the Dark Castle was enchanted and had managed to keep everything looking pristine for the last century. "Welcome to my humble abode," he said, bowing reverently.
"From the outside it appeared to be crumbling, but on the inside, it's so immaculate," she marveled in fascination.

"It's because the castles enchanted. No one may enter without my consent. It's been abandoned since my absence. I'm sure it'd be eager to serve you. Make a request!" He coerced.

"I would like a cuppa tea," Belle replied, slightly intrigued to see the working inner mechanisms of the castle. A white porcelain cup rimmed with blue appeared in her hand full of piping hot tea. She nestled the cup in her palms, drawing it to her lips. The fresh brew cascaded down her throat, and she sighed in satisfaction.

"This tea is excellent!" she praised. He gently plucked the cup from her hands, etching closer to her lips. She closed her eyes, anticipating a kiss. He licked the seam of her lips teasingly, tasting the remnants of the herbal brew.

He pulled away, giggling impishly. A wicked gleam flickered across her gaze. "Castle, would you so kindly rid us of these soiled garments," she requested. Rumpelstiltskin's eyes widened as their attire vanished, leaving them utterly bare.

Belle's countenance softened as she closed the distance between them. He hissed as she pressed her immaculate curves against him, kissing him hungrily. He snaked his arms around her. She squealed as he hoisted her into his arms, depositing her onto the bear skin rug in front of the hearth.

"Light us a fire," he commanded as the hearth roared to life. The flame's illumination danced upon her milky white flesh, filling him with unbridled desire.

He leaned over her, his breath ghosting hotly against her ear. "This is the first time I've ever had a guest here, let alone made love." She could feel his hardened length pressing pleasantly against her thigh.

"Then we should change that," she grinned, opening wide for him. Moisture collected near her folds, and he bit back a curse, his eyes roaming over her womanly curves hungrily. She wrapped her legs around him, drawing him into her core. His pupils dilated as he slipped inside of her slick heat.

They moved together languidly, relishing the feeling of how their bodies felt tangled together. "I love you, Rumpelstiltskin," she mumbled in his ear. His heart burst at her declaration, and he gazed into her azure depths, searching for any deceit, but finding none. Tears cascaded unbidden down his cheeks, and she gently brushed them away with her fingertips.

"I love you," she professed again, cradling his face delicately in her hands. He bit his tongue until he tasted the tang of iron. He yearned to tell her the same, but he wouldn't. Everything Rumpelstiltskin had ever loved always left him broken and desolate in the end.

"Castle, I bid you bring me the Dark One's dagger." Her voice resounded off of the ancient walls as the blade appeared in her hands. His eyes mimicked twin saucers as he gazed upon the blade he hadn't seen in over a century held in her right hand. He buried his head in her nape as a guttural moan escaped his lips as he spilled his seed inside of her. She wrapped her arms around him tentatively, feeling the cool blade pressing against his naked flesh.

"Belle," he gasped as she allowed the talisman to clatter to the floor beside them.

"I love you, Rumpelstiltskin, and I know those words will mean nothing to you unless I grant you your freedom, so be free. I'm at your mercy," she clenched her eyes shut as he reached for the blade. Limitless power surged through him as he glanced down at his wife. He'd fantasized about this
moment many a night, having her writhing and naked beneath him before he slit her throat. His dreams had become reality, except he wouldn't harm her. The persuasive Queen had wormed her way into his heart, and he'd fallen madly in love with her.

"Oh, Belle, I would never hurt you. I love you, my Queen," he uttered the words he never imagined he ever would as he pressed the knife into her palm, closing it gently.

"I don't understand," she blinked in confusion as he rolled off of her, coming to lay beside her.

"I'm at your command, my Queen. Whatever you desire, I shall grant it," he said, bidding her closer.

"But I wished for you to be free," she objected, holding up the blade, admiring the intricate calligraphy of his name etched across the metal. Flames from the hearth flickered eerily off of the blade.

"Belle, with you, I am free. I'm not worried about you using my power against me." The words rushed from his mouth, blanketing her in their pleasant warmth.

"Then I want you to hold onto this. I vowed to never use your powers against you, and I meant it," she swore, pressing the blade into his hand and covering it with her own.

"I shall avenge you, my Queen. Those who have wronged you shall pay!" He growled, baring his ruined teeth animalistically.

"We shall figure it out together, my love," she crooned. "Today I'd like to remain here with you, for there's still much of this castle I'd like to explore," she told him.

"As you wish, my Queen," his countenance mellowed as he ordered the castle to dress them in comfortable attire. It granted him a loose tunic and breeches, and gifted Belle with a muslin blue dress, befitting a servant, but she didn't seem to mind as they walked hand in hand, leisurely enjoying the enchanted castle and each others' company.

A/AN: The next chapter will be a bit bloody. Just a fair warning! ;)

Chapter 8

The Dark One's Mistress: Part Eight

A/AN: I can hardly believe there are only two chapters left of this tale. Thank you all for your continued support, and I hope you enjoy chapter eight!

Rumpelstiltskin gazed fondly at his slumbering bride. They'd spent the entirety of the day exploring the Dark Castle. His little wife seemed to favor the library most of all. He delicately stroked the thin golden band on her left ring finger. She adored the ring he'd fashioned for her over her family's jewels. He fixated his gaze on the dagger, the hilt clutched in her right hand. It was his wedding gift to her, though she'd insisted he keep it. Tonight everything would change. He gently slipped the blade from her grasp, immense power surging through him. She stirred slightly, but didn't awaken.

"Don't worry, my Queen. I'll be gone only for a spell," he purred in her ear, his mind filled with blood lust. The names of the councilmen the huntsman had dispelled resonated within his mind. He waved his hand softly over his Belle, a crimson blanket of magic engulfed her, vanishing instantaneously. He used his magic to deepen her slumber, so she wouldn't awaken before his return. He transported himself to Avonlea Castle. The hallways were darkened and silent as he quietly stalked through the corridors, searching for his prey. The first door he came upon belonged to the Royal Chancellor, Lord Cogsworth.

Rumpelstiltskin remembered a time when the Chancellor had flogged him severely with a whip after he'd mouthed off to him at a war council meeting. It'd taken weeks for his backside to heal, raw from inflammation. No one had offered him a tonic, but had instead, painfully rubbed salt in his wounds to be spiteful.

The imp waved his hand, and the Chancellor's door swung open. The bearded man raised up his head, rubbing his eyes drowsily. "Who goes there! Show yourself!" Lord Cogsworth demanded, reaching for the pistol he always kept nearby. His amber eyes glowed ominously in the darkness, and before the Chancellor could scream, Rumpelstiltskin had already plunged his sharp talon into the man's chest cavity, removing his heart.

"You're supposed to be dead," the Chancellor croaked, his eyes growing wide with terror.

"It's quite a funny story, Dearie, but I managed to intercept your little assassination attempt. I hope you've prepared your soul, because you're about to join your comrade," he giggled impishly, squeezing the heart, causing the man to howl in pain. His eyes glazed over as the glowing red organ crumbled in the demon's hand.

"One down, and one more to go," he smirked sinisterly, magicking himself to the prime minister's chambers. Rumpelstiltskin loathed Lumiere the most. He was a womanizer, and had been caught several times harassing the palace's female servants, but it mattered little to the king. As long as the prime minister kept Maurice's pockets lined with gold, then he couldn't have cared less who the man rutted with, even if it was rape.

He observed how the man salivated over his wife when he was in her presence, but he would never touch another woman without her consent again, for today would be his last. Lumiere snored obnoxiously, his mustache quivering with every exhale. Rumpelstiltskin seized the man by his nightshirt, pulling him forward. The Prime Minister opened his eyes, gasping for breath.

"This must be a nightmare! The huntsman should have killed you and that royal harlot!" he seethed
"Not quite, Dearie! I bet you haven't seen this in awhile, have you?" Rumpelstiltskin grinned sinisterly, flashing his dagger tauntingly.

"How is that possible!? You stole it!" Lumiere accused, gasping for breath.

"Actually it was a wedding present from my bride, which I'm going to enjoy gouging out your eyes with! You'll never look at her nor another woman lewdly again!" The imp cackled evilly as he pierced the man's eye sockets. He screamed in horror, but his cries ceased as Rumpelstiltskin ripped out his tongue. Lumiere flailed helplessly in his blood, and he smirked with satisfaction as he watched him suffer. The prime minister's body stilled. Rumpelstiltskin traced a sharp nail down his nape, feeling for his pulse. He smiled triumphantly, realizing he was dead.

"It appears my work here is finished!" he bowed mockingly to the prime minister's corpse as he magicked himself back to his beloved's chambers. She was still fast asleep, unaware of the vile deeds he'd committed. He slipped beneath the duvet, spooning himself against her backside. He tucked the freshly cleaned blade back to her delicate hand. He stifled back a yawn, utterly spent from his murderous rampage. He fell into a deep slumber, darkness humming in his veins, but the light was still there, flickering amidst his ocean of darkness, reminding him he wasn't a complete monster. The light was soft and warm, and he held it gently within his arms.

A/AN: Short and sweet, but the next will be longer! I promise! ;)
Chapter 9

The Dark One's Mistress: Part Nine

A/AN: Belle has a rather interesting reaction to Rumple's news...

Belle opened her eyes hazily, her Dark One husband's arms wrapped about her like a vise. Her eyes landed on the dagger, his name etched intricately across the blade. She grasped the hilt firmly, daringly caressing the calligraphy of his name. A pleasant shudder rippled throughout her body, entrancing her with its siren's call.

"Take the power...It can all be yours if you'll allow yourself to embrace the darkness. You can be the Queen of the entire realm if you'll just take the power," the blade whispered sensually to her.

She glanced over at her husband, still fast asleep. Running the blade through his chest would've been easy in his vulnerable state. Seeing him writhe with pain as the darkness wrapped its tendrils around her soul sickened her with pleasure. It was too easy. As if he could somehow read her thoughts, his eyes fluttered open.

"Good morning, my Queen," he purred, feathering her nape with kisses.

Her fogged mind cleared as he took his time pleasuring her. "Please take this," she insisted, thrusting the dagger into his hand.

"You don't want it?" he queried, halting his ministrations.

"It's too powerful, and I don't trust myself with it. The darkness is an alluring temptation I don't wish to partake of," she returned, dismissing the thoughts she had about ending his life.

"That it is. The weight of it can be soul crushing, and continuing to hold onto my humanity day after day is challenging," he admitted, magicking the dagger away. He reclined back against the cushions, pulling her into his arms. She laid her head against his chest, sighing contentedly.

"And to think you've fought it for this long. You're phenomenal, my love," she whispered, caressing his cheek ardently. He closed his eyes, reveling in her touch.

"It certainly has its challenges, but you're my light, Belle. You keep me from immersing myself fully into the darkness, despite the urge to do so and kill off every inhabitant in this bloody realm," he confessed, his eyes growing predatory. Her insides quivered as he looked at her as if he were about to devour her. It was arousing, yet frightening all at once.

"Rumple, what's this?" she asked, noting the splotches of blood staining his tunic.

His grin turned sinister. "Oh! I forgot to mention, you'll need to elect new councilmen. I sort of disposed of the others," he shrugged nonchalantly, a high pitched giggle rippling from his throat.

Belle sat up, gazing at him in disbelief. "You killed Lord Cogsworth and Lumiere?" she quizzed, her stomach turning somersaults.

"I did. Are you displeased with me, Mistress?" he asked, amusement flickering across his gaze.

"No, they were both vile men. My father turned a blind eye to their nefarious dealings for years, but I'm concerned for you, Rumple. If the darkness is soul crushing, it means with every dark deed, that
weight only becomes heavier. If you keep darkening your soul, then your humanity will completely vanish, and I'm unwilling to let that happen," she spoke, her alluring accent a soothing caress to his tattered heart.

"And how do you propose to do that, Mistress?" he inquired, casting her an analytical glance.

"There must be a spell, the joining of two souls, perhaps? There's a spell book back in my castle. Surely you've heard of it before? It tethers two souls together. Equaling out the weight of the curse would grant you a semblance of freedom," she proposed.

His stomach lurched with bile, his heart wrenching in response. "Belle, I'm not damning your soul for me. My fate was sealed long ago when I took on this curse. What's done cannot be undone. You must understand that," his tone turned serious, reminiscent more of the spinner trapped within than the imp.

"Then there has to be another way to extinguish it and bring back the light," she countered, delicately holding his talon in her supple hand.

"The only way for me to revert back to my former self is to die. I'll never be a man again, Belle. So, I'm sorry if that's what you were expecting, but it can't be undone," he wavered, averting his gaze to the beveled glass panes which overlooked the castle grounds below.

"I refuse to believe such. There has to be a way," she returned, coming to lay beside him once more. He cradled her in his arms. She was far more precious to him than the hoards of treasure which occupied the castle, riches that would rival a thousand kings.

He respired deeply. "Belle, do you know how I became the slave of your family's court?"

Belle gazed at him, her eyes so kind and warm. "No, my father forbade me from ever asking, though I've certainly always been curious about your origins. Share with me only what your comfortable with," she said, patting his arm reassuringly.

"I shall tell you it all, including the most painful parts," he replied, closing his eyes as he drudged up events he'd sworn to never remember.

"Long ago in a small village, lived a pauper and his son. The pauper gambled all of their money away, leaving the boy without food most of the time. He didn't care about his son, and later sold him to the blacksmith to work tireless hours in the heat. The boy never knew love, and had been berated his entire life. When he grew older, the Duke of the Frontlands drafted him into the Ogres' War, a war which couldn't be won with man's weaponry alone. The boy, now a man, had always thirsted to be a hero. He just wanted someone to look at him with admiration and acceptance. He met a beggar on the road who told him about a talisman, tied to a demon, with the ability to grant one unlimited power. The man believed him and set off to find it. The talisman was a dagger which happened to be in the Duke's caste, so he took it. He summoned the demon just as the beggar had instructed him, and the beggar appeared before him. The young man became confused, and out of anger, he stabbed the beggar. The beggar laughed sinisterly at him, calling him a poor desperate soul. The power coursed through his veins, wrapping its ugly tentacles around his heart. The young man stopped the wars on a whim, and the Duke was overthrown by the people. The young man received no thanks for his heroic efforts, only scorn for using dark magic. They shunned him, so he hid himself away for many years, living in isolation. However, one day a beautiful young woman with dark auburn hair ended up in his territory. It was a cold and wintry night, and she was seeking shelter. He let her into his castle, and she wormed her way into his heart. They spent much time together, and he fell madly in love with her. She convinced him she loved him too, and he was so eager for someone to care for him that he believed her, which led to his downfall. He dispelled all of his secrets to her and told her
of the dagger. She stole it from him, gaining control of him from that day onward. Her name was Cora, and she happened to be a princess, fifth in line for the throne, but with my power at her disposal, she gut them all and became queen. I've been a slave of the ruling hierarchy of Avonlea ever since," he disclosed, unaware tears were leaking from his eyes.

"My great-great-great grandmother enslaved you...She was certainly a vile queen, that's for sure," she huffed, cradling his face reverently in her palms. "I'm sorry for what my family has put you through, but I vow to never harm you. I love you, Rumpelstiltskin, and I only wish for you to be free whether that's with or without me," she remarked, brushing her lips against his tenderly.

"Belle, with you, I am free," he said, kissing her again. This time there was magic in the motion, an inevitability born of something stronger than the both of them. They were both terrified yet relieved, but most of all of all, they were in love. Power whooshed out of him, and a golden light exploded around them. The castle walls shuddered from the intense magnitude of power.

"What's going on!?!" Belle demanded, quaking with terror. Rumpelstiltskin held onto her tentatively, feeling the darkness being stripped from his soul, layer by layer, until there was nothing left. Belle's eyes widened dubiously. "Your skin, it's a normal hue," she gasped, dusting her finger down his jawline. His wild curls had tamed into a long silvery mane, his amber orbs a deep sable now.

"The curse, it's-"

"Broken," she finished his sentence, throwing her arms around his neck and sobbing heavily into his tunic.

"It doesn't make any sense. We've kissed plenty of times, and it was never broken," he uttered softly. She pulled away from him, glancing deeply into his eyes. "I believe it's because you finally believed someone could love you, that I could love you. The fairy tales call it true love's kiss, but they're merely stories. It's supposed to be strong enough to break any curse though," she illuminated, wiping her face on her sleeve.

"Could it be that we've woven our own fairy tale? I was a hideous beast, yet somehow, you managed to find it in your heart to love me," he stated, his voice so fragile, she thought he might break.

"From the moment we first met, I never saw a beast, simply a man I longed to know," she gave him a watery smile.

"Now that my curse is broken, where do we go from here?" he asked, glancing at her quizzically.

"Have you tried accessing your powers? Perhaps breaking the curse transformed your abilities," she pointed out.

Rumpelstiltskin wordlessly nodded, imagining the dagger in his hand. His love for Belle willed it to materialize. He glanced at the silver knife where his name was once written, but it was empty. "My dagger, my moniker is gone. I don't understand," he stammered confusingly.

"It's a wonderful sign, my love. It means your soul is no longer tethered to it, which means you can no longer be controlled!" Belle chortled jubilantly.

"So, what now?" he asked, glancing at her quizzically.

"Well, I plan to enjoy the remainder of my honeymoon, and then we return back to court where
you'll rule by my side until death do us part," she declared, undoing the cascade of buttons down his shirt.

"You still want me?" he asked, swallowing back the nervous lump in his throat.

"I'll always want you, Rumpelstiltskin, no matter what form you're presented to me. That's why it's called true love, dearest," she beamed, pulling him down on top of her. He sighed euphorically as they lost themselves within the throes of passion once more.

A/AN: The next chapter will be the last and will be posted next week.
Chapter 10

The Dark One's Mistress: Part Ten

A/AN: Well, dearies, here's the conclusion to this story. I'm sad to see it end, but it was loads of fun to write. A big thank you to all of you who've stayed with me throughout this journey. The ending wasn't what I expected, but my musey gets what she wants! I hope you enjoy it!

"Do you think your magic is strong enough to take us back to the summer palace?" Belle gazed questionably at her husband.

His curse had broken two days prior, but he found he still had magic. It was just a bit more elusive, and he was attempting to rein it in, grasping for control without the curse to aid him. Being mortal again meant he weakened easier from exerting too much control of his abilities. The enchanted castle also hadn't been so welcoming of its new master either. It recognized the Dark One who'd made it submit to his will centuries ago, but not the gentle spinner. It would often ignore his requests for a meal or a new set of clothes. It was almost humorous to see her husband become frustrated, often cursing at it for ignoring his commands. The castle seemed to have a personality and agenda of its own in the matter of whom it favored. However, Belle seemed to be in its good graces, and it still delivered whatever she requested on a whim. She'd noted her husband's sore ego over the castle's desire to serve her and not him, and she wondered if the enchanted estate did it to spite him.

"I believe if I concentrate my powers solely on the spell, it'll work, but I'll probably be in need of a decent rest afterward," he explained, grasping her hand delicately in his.

"You can do it, my love. I have faith in you," Belle crooned, caressing his knuckles lightly. Her declaration of love strengthened him. He closed his eyes, focusing on the pleasant warmth radiating from her palm as he transported them back to the summer estates. They reemerged in the gardens where they'd last stood a few days ago. Belle observed the gardens, and they appeared overgrown and unkempt. Before she could comment on this trivial matter, her husband began to lose his balance.

Rumpelstiltskin felt his knees buckle beneath him, the spell draining him of his energies. Belle caught him before he hit the ground, steadying him upright. "Thank you, my Queen," he huffed exhaustively.

"We should get you upstairs for a rest. Can you walk?" she inquired, glancing at him concernedly.

"Yes, I can," he nodded, his strength slowly returning. They made it upstairs without any interferences. The palace was strangely quiet which resonated oddly to Belle. As they entered their former chamber, Belle noted the room was a tad dustier.

"How, peculiar. We've only been gone four days at most, but the room looks as if it hasn't had any proper upkeep in years," she marveled, swiping her finger over the dusty bed frame.

"Oh my...I may have an answer for that," he swallowed hard, resting his weight on the edge of the mattress.

"And, what would your answer be?" she inquired, furrowing a delicate brow inquisitively.

"As the Dark One, I always had a rough estimate of time, especially while being imprisoned. Each second weighed on me eternally, but when you broke my curse, time seemed to be something I was unable to calculate. The Dark Castle isn't simply enchanted, but a time paradox as well. Within its
walls, time is of no matter. A minute spent inside could constitute as a month on the outside world," he supplied, the weight of his words crashing down on her.

"Then it means hundreds of years would've passed in Avonlea during my absence. It would be like I disappeared without a trace, which means I'm no longer the queen," she said, melancholy evident in her voice.

"It's my fault, Belle. Breaking my curse had a monumental price it seems. You could have become a great ruler if it wasn't for me. You should have let me rot in your father's dungeon," he sighed regretfully, averting his gaze to the flagstone.

Belle placed a delicate hand on the small of his back, stroking it soothingly. "Rumple, giving up my throne for you was a small price to pay if it broke your curse," she reassured him.

"I'll never understand what I ever did to deserve you or your love," he said, taking her hand and kissing it reverently.

"You've always deserved my love, Rumple. I'm assuming this place is abandoned. There's only one place for us left to go," she said, sitting down beside him.

"What of Avonlea? Wouldn't you like to know how much time has passed since our departure?" he returned, casting her a questioning glance.

"Would it make any difference, Rumple? I can't ever go back, so knowing how long I've spent away from court is futile. Now I'm merely a queen with a few short paragraphs written about her in some old dusty book of chronicles somewhere," she remarked sullenly.

Rumpelstiltskin focused heavily on her declaration, searching within the depths of his magic for a word or a clue about the happenings of her former residence. A faded piece of parchment appeared in his hands.

"What's that?" Belle queried, glancing at the yellowed paper.

"It's a formal account of what happened the day we left, recorded and written by magic," he stated, handing it to her.

Belle scanned its contents, her eyes watering as she read the letter. "It says my cousin Gaston was appointed royal regent during my absence. Shortly after taking the throne, the land was ransacked by ogres. The kingdom went to war, but securing victory was impossible. There were no survivors. I'm the lone survivor of Avonlea. The blood running through my veins is all which remains of my people."

An ugly sob tore from her throat, and he held onto her tentatively. She balled the parchment up in her fist, tossing it precariously to the ground. "Take me back to our castle," she ordered, her voice so fragile, he thought she might break.

"As my lady commands." He compliantly transported them back to their chambers. Belle curled up in a ball and slept the remainder of the day, or years, she wasn't certain how time moved for others outside the castle walls.

Rumpelstiltskin had commanded the castle to prepare them a pheasant marinated in mushroom and wine sauce, roasted potatoes, and gooseberry pie for dessert. Surprisingly it complied to his wishes, though he assumed it was because it picked up on Belle's despondent mood. Rumpelstiltskin tried to feel remorseful for her kingdom's fall, but he couldn't bring himself to feel even slightly guilty over it. They'd unjustly imprisoned and tortured him for decades, and he wasn't in the least bit sorry for the
fate it had succumbed to.

However, no matter how he felt, Belle continued to grieve and it disheartened him. The gourmet food he brought her was often left untouched, and her lack of appetite distressed him greatly. He knew he had to do something.

He'd waltzed into her chamber just as he did every morning. "My Queen, I have a surprise for you," he spoke, rousing her from slumber.

"Rumple, how many times have I told you to stop calling me that? I'm not the queen of anything anymore!" she huffed grudgingly, rolling over on her side.

"But, I have a surprise for you, and you won't know what it is unless you get out of bed," he said, throwing back the covers, uncharacteristically hoisting her over his shoulder. She gasped startlingly as he toted her down the hall, depositing her on the flagstone in front of two colossal looming doors.

"What is this place?" she asked, glancing at him quizzically.

"Open it and find out," he said, gesturing to the doors. Belle pushed them open hesitantly, her eyes filling with wonder as she drank in the astounding library before her.

"Rumple, this room was never here before. You showed me every room in this castle...You did this, didn't you?" she asked, blinking at him in astonishment.

"I had the castle build it for you. It's taken quite some time to complete, but I desired for you to have a room in this castle which you felt truly belonged to you," he said, touching her shoulder lightly.

"Rumple, I'm truly sorry for shutting you out, but the loss of my royal lineage was so painful that I couldn't cope with it," she apologized, feeling ashamed for her grief.

"My wife, your lineage hasn't died. We could always rebuild what you've lost with time," he remarked, touching her flat abdomen softly.

"You propose we have a child, then? A royal heir?" she asked.

"I do," he said, brushing his lips ever so gently against hers. She enveloped him in a hungry kiss, thirsting for his touch like an oasis in the desert. The kiss led to her temporarily forgetting about the library as he transported them back to their chambers. Clothing vanished as their hands eagerly sought out each other, longing for a lover's touch. The bed rocked beneath them as they each took their fill, leaving them utterly sated and bone tired as they simultaneously reached their climax.

"That was-" he panted heavily.

"Thrilling," she grinned, turning over to meet his gaze. He kissed her senselessly, leading to them spending all day in bed, leisurely exploring each others' bodies as if it were the first time.

As the weeks passed, Belle found herself spending more time in front of the chamber pot than she'd liked. Rumpelstiltskin spent his time tending to her needs and consorting with the castle about making an assortment of teas which would remedy her morning sickness.

As the months carried on, her morning sickness subsided. She spent the majority of her days reading aloud to her bairn. Sometimes she curled up on the settee within the castle library or read from her bed. It all depended on her mood.

When it came time for her to give birth, Rumpelstiltskin eased her labor with light magic, delivering
the children solely on his own. Belle had given birth to twins, two boys which they dubbed Neal and Gideon.

The babies steadily grew into rambunctious young boys, filling the castle with excessive laughter and their lives with untold joy. As the years ticked by, Neal expressed the desire to become a knight, so Rumpelstiltskin arranged for him to serve in a king named David's court. However, Gideon desired to stay closer to home and train to be a mage like his father.

Belle stayed in touch with Neal through letters. One day he arrived home with a beautiful blonde woman, named Emma. She was the king's daughter, and they were to be wed. For the first time in many years, the trio ventured outside of the Dark Castle to attend their son's wedding. The family sat in places of honor to watch the uniting of two souls.

Belle's hand gravitated to her husband's lap. He clasped her hand tightly in his own as they observed the exchanging of vows. "I guess this is how my royal bloodline will be carried on, since building back a long forgotten kingdom is futile," she whispered to her husband.

Rumpelstiltskin glanced at her. "Don't you recognize your own land, Belle? Nearly a thousand years have passed in the outside world. The castle was rebuilt, but this is the same soil you once trod on. King David and his Queen, Snow White, took this land for themselves. Avonlea may be long forgotten, but your bloodline shall thrive. A descendant of yours will always sit upon the throne," he whispered against the shell of her ear as their son kissed his bride. Cheers erupted throughout the crowd, filling her with happiness.

"You planned this, didn't you?" she asked, glancing at her husband in puzzlement as they clapped for Neal and his new wife.

"No, my dear. Sometimes fate just happens to have a sense of humor," he winked. Belle clasped his hand tightly in her own, stringing together all of the moments which made up their life. He'd been a prisoner in her father's dungeons, and she'd been a curious child, a child who would one day become a woman, destined to love the Dark One. The legacy they left behind, far more fulfilling than what her family would believe if they could see her today, a seasoned woman hopelessly in love with a man she'd chosen to see behind the monster.

The End

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!