

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

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Embrace
THE WIND
WESTERNWIND

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Embrace the Wind

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WESTERNWIND:

EMBRACE THE WIND

Charlotte Boyett-Compo

Chapter One

Three sets of very hungry eyes followed the handsome warrior as he strode—no, the owners of those eyes decided—as he *strutted* down the hallway with his hands shoved into the pockets of his black leather uniform pants. The flexing of the tight muscles of his ass was a sight to see and every woman he passed turned her head to look at him. From the black boots to the black kerchief around his neck, he was an enticing display of maleness.

“He’s trouble with a capital T,” said the red-haired woman.

“And should be left alone,” the blonde observed.

“Or ridden until he begs for mercy,” the silver-haired woman said on a long sigh.

Her sisters giggled at the remark and giggling was something those two did not do. It shocked them as much as it did their older sister. They exchanged glances with furrowed brows then three heads slowly turned in unison to stare at the warrior until he disappeared around a corner. They were silent for a long time then all three made rude snorting noises in unison.

“We want him,” the eldest stated.

“Aye, we do,” the middle sister agreed.

“So what do we do about it?” the youngest inquired.

The silver-haired sister folded her arms over a lush chest. “We make him an offer he dare not refuse.”

“*Maddin vie, mraane.*”

Each of the women turned to the man who had wished them a good morning and bowed their heads respectfully to him.

“*Maddie vie*, Lord Kheelan,” they greeted the High Lord of the Council.

"Lady Argent, I would like to speak privately to you when you have a moment."

"Of course, milord," the silver-haired woman agreed.

With a slight inclination of his head, the most important man at the Citadel continued on his way, gray robe rustling around his tall frame.

"What do you suppose he wants?" Corallin Tarnes, the red-haired woman, asked her sister.

Argent Ben-Alkazar pursed her sensual lips. "He intercepted our thoughts and wants to bludgeon me with his unwanted, unwarranted advice as usual," she said of her brother. "What else?"

"Hold firm with him, sister. It is time," Aureolin Belvoir suggested. "We are no longer underage maidens. We are women and deserve to know the same pleasures as any woman does."

"Have no fear, little sister, I intend to see he minds his own business," Argent replied.

"What he needs is a woman of his own," Corallin said then lowered her voice. "One who doesn't belong to another warrior."

"Shush!" Argent warned, gray eyes flashing. "We do not speak of that, Cora!"

Chastened, the red-haired woman lowered her head, her green eyes mirroring her regret. "You are right. My apologies."

"We have work to do, sisters. I shall see you at the *Coir Screeuee*," Argent told her sisters, referring to the desk at which the three of them worked.

As she made her way to the offices of the High Council, Argent began to plan what she would say to her overbearing brother. He—along with the other two lords on the High Council—could be very highhanded when it came to their sisters. Lord Dunham Tarnes was Corallin's brother and Lord Naois Belvoir was Aureolin's. Each of the women had the same mother but different fathers and it was their mother's influence Argent counted on to help her put her brother in his place.

"We are of age, Mother," Argent said softly.

"*You are,*" came a soft, melodious voice from beyond time and space.

"And we believe this warrior is the *Graihaltagh Reiht*, the Chosen Lover."

"*This is true. He is.*"

Argent's heart soared. "Then we can have him?"

A tinkling laugh caressed the silver-haired woman. "*Only if you can snare the wolf, daughter. He has spent many a year running from commitment. You will need to bring him to ground first.*"

"Please don't let Khee interfere," Argent pleaded. "He still thinks of me as a child despite having reached my thirtieth-first birthday and Dunny and Naois see Cora and Aureolin in the same light. They are twenty-six and twenty-three but you would think them still in swaddling clothes to hear their brothers tell it."

"*Kheelan has worries of his own, daughter, and both Dunham and Naois will stay out of this. Tread carefully and your warrior will come to heel.*"

The *Fer Gait Toshee*, the Primary Gatekeeper of the Citadel – the Terran fortress from whence the Reapers were dispatched to protect mankind from evil – felt her mother, the *Ben Chiarn Mooar*, the Great Lady of the Multitude, fading away, and as she always did, felt the nearly unbearable sadness of being so far away from the woman who had given her life.

But she and her half sisters and half brothers had been assigned essential jobs on this distant world so many millions of light-years from their homes. A vital directive had been given to them from the Triune Goddess Herself to help the Reapers ensure the continued existence of humankind. As *Breitheamhtái*, judges for the Multitude, it was up to them to add their psychic powers to that of their brothers, the Shadowlords, to thwart the evil that often plagued mankind.

"The Multitude will provide for you," their mother had told them before the long-range cruiser upon which they were traveling had breached the airspace over Rysalia,

the home of the Ben-Alkazars. “When it is your time to find a mate, one will be sent to you.”

Though it had been a lonely job so far away from their homeworlds of Rysalia, Serenia and Oceania, the rewards had been great. The Multitude—the secret society of sorceresses dedicated to the eradication of evil as well as the assurance of equality and enlightenment of womankind—had seen to all their needs.

Save one.

Pure, untouched, the Gatekeepers had bided their time with patience and unshakeable respect for Morrigunia, the Triune Goddess who governed them all. They knew She would provide for them when the time was right and the stars and Fates were in alignment. But watching the Reapers bring their mates to the Citadel, seeing the precious fruit that had sprung from the unions of those warriors and their lady-wives, the hunger for a man of their own had grown steadily. They wanted to know the love between man and mate. They ached to discover the secrets of that part of life whereupon man and woman gave and shared the greatest of gifts—themselves. They longed for companionship and laughter. To them, it was far more than just the need to bear their lover’s sons, they wanted to share his life as well. They wanted to make him happy, make him theirs. Give him peace as only they knew they could give it. As the years passed, they worried the Chosen One would never come.

Arriving at the black polished door that led into the High Council chamber of the Shadowlords, Argent thought back to the first time she’d seen this immense fortress.

The Citadel had been built over the crumbling foundation of an older structure, following closely the same perimeters as the original building destroyed during the Burning War. Fashioned in the shape of a flattened star, the edifice was an imposing brick construction five stories tall including the basement. Covering twenty-nine acres and encompassing over six million square feet, the headquarters of the High Council was an imposing site. There were ten sections—each dedicated to the defense and safety of all of Terra. There was a section for each of the seven continents that made up the

planet, one section entirely for troops, another for maintenance personnel and workers with the remaining section just for the use of the High Council and its Shadowlords. Each Shadowlord had an entire floor to call his own. Behind the doors at which she stood, the fate of mankind rested in the hands of three powerful men whose psychic powers were immense. The most powerful of the three was the High Lord, her father's only son, her brother Kheelan.

"Don't dawdle, Argent."

The mental command from beyond the doors rankled the silver-haired woman and she clenched her jaw, narrowed her gray eyes and reached for the handle.

* * * * *

Reaper Eanan Tohre swung a long leg over the chair and slid down onto the seat with a grunt. "What's up, brother mine?" he inquired.

His identical twin Owen shot him a narrowed look. "How were things in the Oklaks Territory?"

"Okay," Eanan said, leaning back. He folded his arms across his brawny chest and shot his legs out in front of him, crossing them at the ankle.

"Then why were you brought back to the Citadel?" Owen asked. "What the hell did you do to make them recall you this quickly?"

Eanan cocked one shoulder. "How the fuck do I know? The Prime said I was to report before the end of the month and here I am." He glanced around the cafeteria where he'd been ordered to meet his brother. "How does a man get a cup of coffee around here?"

"He gets his lazy ass up and goes over to the counter to order it," Owen snapped. He pushed his half-empty plate away and released an irritated breath. "Why do I have this niggling feeling that you've screwed up, Eanan? Arawn is ready to retire and he needs someone out in the Oklaks to take up the slack."

Eanan snorted. "Morri isn't going to let Gehdrin retire." He wobbled one booted foot atop the other. "She isn't about to let *any* of us retire. Ever."

"You did something," Owen stated. "I know fucking well you did."

His twin cocked his head to one side. "Why aren't you in Wismin or Moilia? How come you're here busting my balls?"

"I had to bring my sons for their checkup with Healer Desden. We'll be here for another few days."

Eanan's eyes lit up at the mention of his brother's sons. "How are our wee future Reapers?" he asked.

"They aren't Reapers yet," Owen snapped, "and may never be. It will be their choice whether or not they want a hellion when they are old enough to make that decision and I'll not have Morrigunia influencing them either!"

Lips twitching with laughter, Eanan wisely remained quiet and did not let the laughter erupt. Instead, he dropped his head back and stared up at the ceiling. "I'm horny," he informed his brother.

Owen rolled his eyes. "What else is new?" He pushed away from the table and got to his feet. "For the love of Alel, Eanan, toe the line, will ya? I would really hate to have *mo Regina* take your ass back to Mantanuska."

That sobered Eanan and he lowered his head. "I'd really hate that too," he agreed. "I rather like Terra."

"Then don't do anything to fuck this up. Whatever they want you to do, do it and keep your mouth shut. And for the love of Alel, whatever you do, don't go to extremes with it." Owen pointed a finger at his twin. "Understand?"

"Aye."

After another narrowed look aimed at his twin, Owen marched off, his shoulders hunched forward like a bull after a red flag.

“Whatever they want you to do, do it’,” Eanan mimicked then looked around him. He spied a woman at the counter and gave her his best come-hither smile. Like clockwork, she came hurrying toward him.

Deadly lawmen who patrolled the outlying territories of Terra with a laser whip strapped to one leg and a six-shooter the other, all any Reaper had to do was crook his finger and women came running—eagerly or reluctantly and with apprehension. The nine black-clad male warriors were a law unto themselves and honest men stepped aside for them. Criminals feared them. Evildoers ran from them but could not stay hidden from the psychic powers wielded by the elite squadron of highly trained assassins.

“What can I do for you, milord?” the woman asked as she came to stand before him, curtsying briefly, her eager eyes mirroring the awe most women who resided at the Citadel had for the Reapers.

“Darling, you can do anything you want to me,” Eanan said in a silky purr. His gaze wandered over her buxom figure with appreciation before settling on her pale blue eyes. “What would you *like* to do for me?”

Monica Albright blushed to the roots of her light brown hair. She flicked out a pretty little pink tongue and swiped it across her upper lip. “Whatever you want me to, Lord Eanan.”

Eanan looked past her and uncrossed his long legs, drew them in and stood. “Is there somewhere we could discuss this?” He lowered his voice. “In private?”

Shivering beneath the hot amber gaze of the Reaper, Monica pointed to a door on the far side of the room. “There’s a storage closet...”

“Works for me,” Eanan said, and reached down to take her hand, drawing her with him toward the door.

If anyone saw the Reaper ushering the willing girl into the storage closet, they looked the other way and no transgression would be reported. What a Reaper wanted, a Reaper got. Nothing was ever denied the shape-shifting warriors.

Eanan closed the door behind him, thumbed the lock then with a reckless, predatory grin on his chiseled features moved to Monica. He stalked her as she backed away, reading in her saucy eyes a look that told him their encounter was going to be worth his while. When she came up against the wall—could go no farther—she lifted her chin and put a hand to the buttons of her blouse.

“You want to suckle these, milord?” she asked as she opened her blouse and molded her hands around her breasts, squeezing them for his benefit.

“Aye,” he said in a throaty voice as he reached her and wrapped his fingers around her wrists to move her hands from her chest. He slid his hands into her bra and plucked the fleshy mounds from their covering.

“I want you inside me,” she breathed, panting. She moved so she could rock her lower body against his.

Eanan did not respond to her words. He knew better than to dip his wick into the woman’s sheath for there was a geis against it, a taboo. Centuries before, when the first Reaper had been made at Morrighunia’s hand, the Triune Goddess had placed a sacred ban upon him that prohibited him from entering a woman’s body unless he intended to make her his bond mate, to Join with her legally as man and wife or cohabit exclusively with her as his concubine, never to put his hands to another woman as long as he drew breath. To violate the ban was considered a disgrace and had dire consequences for the Reaper. To Eanan’s knowledge, no warrior had ever dared disobey the prohibition. He certainly had no intention of being the first.

His cock hardening to steel between his legs, he leaned in to her and lowered his head to flick his tongue over her nipples. Large and tight, the erect little buds were a tasty treat. He molded her breasts in his hands, moved from one to the other—licking and nibbling, drawing them deep into his mouth. He had jammed one taut thigh between her legs and she was rubbing the juncture of her thighs along his, squeezing him as her hands roamed up and down the back of his black silk shirt.

Never let it be said, he thought as he drove one hand down between their bodies so he could pull up her skirt, that Eanan Tohre ever left a woman dissatisfied with his performance. He had become an expert in knowing just where to touch, when and for how long before he gently pushed the woman to her knees to satisfy his raging hunger. With her aching for him, craving him, she would gladly see to his needs, and when that last squirt of cum had shot from him, he would sink to his knees beside her, lay her down to give her the pleasure she deserved.

His teeth nipped at the swollen bud as he drew it between his lips, his tongue swirling around it. She was shivering, her belly muscles quivering, and the intoxicating scent that clung to his body no doubt driving her wild.

Thrusting his hand behind the elastic waistband of her bloomers, his warm, rough palm dragged over her trembling flesh until the tips of his fingers tangled in the crisp hair at the apex of her thighs. He nipped playfully at her breast. He suckled her. He licked her nipple until it was as hard as a pebble. All the while his fingers inched their way in very slow increments—barely a whisper of a touch—down the silky mound of her sex until the tip of one finger touched her clit, the hard calluses of his palm catching in the fine, wiry curls.

“Ah,” he heard the woman moan as he slid his fingers deep inside her heat.

He stroked her slowly as he laved her nipples, his middle finger pressing harder into her wet channel, his index and ring finger riding the slick fold outside her opening, the base of his palm pushing firmly against her clit. He spread kisses up her bosom and along the side of her neck until his lips rested against her ear.

“Is this what you want?” he asked softly, his hot breath sending shivers down her side.

“Aye, it is,” she breathed. Her breath was ragged, her heart slamming hard behind her rib cage. A light sheen of perspiration dotted her upper lip.

He moved back until he could look her in the eye, held her gaze for a moment then slid his hand up until the pad of his middle finger touched her clit.

“Milord!” she gasped as he rolled the little nubbin in a tight circle.

He tapped her clit softly, gently, rhythmically, timing his taps with the beat of his heart. The tapping became faster as her body began to respond to the cadenced beat of his finger to her fevered flesh.

His hand stilled, fingers spreading at the V of her legs, and she moaned.

“Oh please, don’t stop!” she begged.

Once more he began that light tap against her pulsing core, her juices flowing out of her like sap from a maple. His eyes were twin embers of golden fire as he stared at her breasts and he lowered his mouth to her once more, drawing the straining peak between his lips and pulling hard on the sensitive flesh. He stabbed at the tip with his tongue then nibbled gently until she was whimpering. He lapped at her, circled her hard little pap then moved over to the other breast to give it the same devotion.

His cock was straining brutally against the front of his leather pants and burning him as if a glowing brand were being applied to his flesh. He put a hand up to grasp her forearm and pulled her hand down between them, placing it at the hard bulge.

“I need you, wench,” he said in a throaty growl, and rubbed her hand hard against him.

“Aye,” she whispered and—just as he knew she would—squatted down, feverishly working the black studs that held closed the fly of his pants.

As she pulled him free of the leather, he put one hand on her head—tangling his fingers in her hair—and the other on the wall opposite him to brace his weight. Her mouth drew him in and he closed his eyes, letting his head fall back as she worked her magic on his willing shaft.

His hips started a rhythm of their own as he rocked his cock between her sweet lips. She was no amateur, no stranger to pleasing a man. Her throat was relaxed and she was taking him in as far as she could, her tongue swirling around him as her fingers worked his balls. Her lips slid over him until she was flicking across the broad head of his cock then swirling the engorged head between her lips, pulling on his flesh, suckling him,

lapping at the juices that oozed so freely. He heard her swallow then begin her concerted effort to please him. He massaged her head, his fingers plying her scalp. His heart was slamming hard in his chest, the blood rushing in his ears and he was galloping like a wild stallion toward the climax that promised to be all he could want. Her lips tugged at him. She raked her teeth gently along his length. She squeezed his balls and then with a slight little chuckle, slid her finger into his ass.

“Mother of Alel!” he hissed as his eyes flew open, and before he could take another breath, came like the proverbial race horse in her mouth, her finger jiggling deep inside him—twisting, turning, hooking, doing things to his body he had never experienced. He pushed his hips against her face and shuddered hard as she brought her finger halfway out of him then slammed it in again—hard and deep.

His hand tightened in her hair and he moaned, all the strength leaving his legs so his knees felt on the verge of buckling. With her finger buried as far inside him as it would go, she released his cock and raised her head, one finely arched brow elevated.

“Is that what you wanted, milord?” she asked, licking her lips of his juices.

Before he could answer, she jerked her finger from his ass and lay down flat on the floor, holding her arms up to him.

“Come, warrior. Satisfy me.”

He fell on her, unable to do anything else. His weight stretched out atop her and he ground his limp cock against her, wanting entry, needing to get inside her so badly he was panting. He fumbled with the flaccid shaft, but it would not stiffen. With frustration, he shifted his weight and rammed his hand between her legs.

“Aye, warrior. That’s it.”

Thinking she must have remembered he would not fuck her in the traditional way, he felt her spread her legs as wide as she could with his heavy weight pressing down on half her body, her leg trapped beneath his. His fingers worked in and out of her like a piston for a moment then he took her clit between his thumb and middle finger and

began to roll it firmly, his lips pressed to her ear, his tongue swirling inside as he plied her engorged little nub.

Monica threaded her hands through his thick black hair and pulled his head back so she could cover his lips with hers. He squirmed for just a moment as she thrust her tongue into his mouth but then he was pumping his fingers into her again, bringing her closer and closer to her release.

Though he didn't like to be kissed by strange women, he allowed it because his body would not obey his mental command to move away from her, to tear his mouth from hers. She was invading his mouth with a knowledgeable little tongue that still had his taste upon it. As soon as he realized that, he tried to draw back but she brought a leg up to anchor him on her and deepened the kiss – though he could have sworn that was impossible. Her hands were anchoring his head so she could plunder his mouth and that irritated him. He wanted to be free of her, get the taste of himself out of his own mouth. The moment he felt the first ripple of her orgasm, he increased the speed of his fingers' thrusts and went as deep as he could, holding them inside her as the waves of undulations squeezed him and she screamed into his mouth.

When it was all over save for the readjusting of clothing and the mumbled "Thank you", he unlocked the door and stepped outside, in a hurry now to be rid of her. For a reason he could not explain, the tryst had left him feeling soiled, dirty, and what he wanted most was a long, hot shower. He wanted the smell of her off his body and the taste of himself out of his mouth.

It didn't help that he passed the silver-haired beauty on the stairs on his way to his quarters. She stopped in her descent as he ascended and watched him, a look upon her face that said she knew precisely what he'd just done.

Eanan mumbled something unintelligible as he passed her and would have gone on his way had she not called out to him.

"Lord Eanan?"

He groaned and stopped, squeezing his eyes together, clenching his fists before turning as politely as he could to face her. "Aye, milady?"

She cleared her throat and gave him a withering stare that would have crippled a lesser man. "You are to report to the *Shamyr Falt* within the hour."

His eyebrows slashed together over his hawkish nose. "The audience chamber? Why?"

"Just do it, warrior!" she snapped at him, and flounced the skirt of her dark blue robe. She looked away and continued down the stairs.

"For what?" he called out to her but she ignored him. "Lady...?"

He didn't know her name. If anyone had told him, he couldn't remember what it was. He thought her one of the most beautiful women he'd ever seen but Lord Kheelan had made it clear she and her duo of sister Gatekeepers were off-limits to him or any other Reaper.

"Touch one of them and suffer the consequences," Lord Kheelan had warned. "And believe me when I tell you the consequences will be dire, Reaper!"

Cursing under his breath, he took the remaining stairs two at a time, his lips pursed, his jaw tight.

Chapter Two

They were sitting there glaring at him with steady eyes that never blinked. He was perched atop a fragile-looking black velvet cushioned chair that was both uncomfortable and noisy as he shifted – nay, squirmed – under their silent regards. His fingers were laced together in his lap, his legs slightly spread as he sat with his back straight, shoulders squared. His chin was up, his eyes revealing the confusion his presence in this strange room was causing him.

When he'd been escorted in by Sir Giles D'Brickshaw, who was the Primary Guide at the Citadel, he had been ordered to sit and be quiet. He had done exactly as ordered until the Gatekeepers had entered the room. Like the gentleman his mother had trained him to be, he came to his feet, smiling politely as they took their places behind the long desk.

"Be seated, Reaper," the silver-haired beauty commanded.

That had been half an hour earlier, not one word had been said and he was gods-be-damned sure not a one of the women had blinked. Gray, green and blue eyes were locked on him, and three very beautiful faces were carefully blank as they regarded him.

He shifted again, his ass growing numb. His gaze shifted from the silver-haired lovely to the redhead then to the blonde. Though he smiled, they did not so much as move a single muscle in their pretty faces. His smile withered away to be replaced with the look of perplexed concern tugging at it now.

When he could no longer suppress the urge to speak, he did so, his voice a bit harder and rougher than he intended.

"What's this all about?"

They did not answer.

"Why am I here?"

Again no answer.

Eanan narrowed his eyes. They knew, he reasoned. They knew precisely what he'd done with the woman in the supply closet and they were punishing him for some reason as yet to be explained.

"What I did was not against any rules," he defended, looking from one set of chilly eyes to the next. "There are no regulations that say I cannot find comfort as long as I do not... If I don't... If she only... If we..." He found he couldn't say it. He flung out a hand, fumbling for words. "You know."

"No, we do not know, Reaper," the one in the middle replied. Her gray eyes were frosty as she glared at him.

The blonde speared him with a look that said she might slap him silly if he were close enough for her to do so. "We are virgins, milord. Pray tell us what it is you did *not* do with the whore who serviced you."

He swallowed hard. Virgins? By the gods, he didn't know there were such things in this day and age and on this planet. He now understood why the High Lord had issued his warning.

"Begging your pardon, milady, that is not something I should be discussing with you," he said, feeling a moment of panic as he wondered what Lord Kheelan would do to him if he knew the subject had even been broached with the Gatekeepers.

"Oh, but it is, Reaper," the red-haired one insisted. "We are *Breitheamhtái*, Lord Eanan. We are judges. It is within our realm of duty to evaluate any mortal sin you perpetrate against the female inhabitants of the Citadel."

"Sin?" he echoed, brows clashing together. "Milady, I have committed no sin. The sex was consensual and the last I heard, consensual sex between a man and woman is not a sin in the eyes of the goddess or Alel."

"It is if one of those involved is a *Graihaltagh Reiht*," the blonde stated.

"A Chosen...?" He stopped, shook his head. "To whom does she belong? She led me to believe she was free of attachment. If she belongs to a warrior, I will make amends to him and..."

"You will make amends to us," the silver-haired woman interrupted.

He stared at her a moment then the confusion lines smoothed from his face to be replaced with a look of slight disgust. "Oh, so that's the way of it then," he said. "Well, I didn't know she belonged to you ladies. I would never have..."

"Be quiet, Reaper!" the woman in the middle snapped with irritation.

He clamped his lips shut, annoyed now, and crossed his arms over his chest, a muscle working in his cheek as he stared back at the trio. It was bad enough he'd been summoned before the harpies. Now he had to endure their degenerate gazes passing over him as though he were yesterday's cow droppings. Anger began building within him – an anger he knew he'd better not unleash.

"Stand up, Reaper."

For a moment he considered ignoring the silver-haired woman's orders but unfolded his arms and got rigidly to his feet. He stood with his arms hanging at his side but his fists opened and closed – the only outward sign his temper was rising.

They sat there watching him for a long time, but if they expected him to rail against their silent assessment of him, they'd be disappointed. He fixed his gaze somewhere above the prettiest one's head and concentrated on a small speck on the wall.

"Reaper?"

He shifted his gaze down to the silver-haired temptress. "Aye, milady?" he snarled.

"Take off your clothes."

Eanan blinked and his lips gradually parted. He turned his head slightly to one side, eyes narrowing. "I beg your pardon?" Surely, he reasoned, he had misheard her words.

Her next words were clear and precise, spoken with just a hint of warning. "I did not stutter, milord."

His attention slid from her to the blonde to the redhead, back to the silver-haired beauty sitting between them and held. "I don't think I heard you correctly."

"Oh yes, you did," she disagreed. "Now strip."

He raised his chin, his gaze hardened. "No." He shook his head slowly as though emphasizing his denial and repeated, "No."

The woman in the middle leaned back in her chair and a slow, retaliatory smile crept over her lush lips. She put her elbows on the arms of the chair, steepled her fingers and gazed at him over the tips. "Would you prefer we have guards brought in to strip you instead? You might not enjoy the spectacle but I can assure you we would find it most entertaining."

"I'm dying to see him naked," the redhead declared.

His head snapped toward her, eyes wide.

"And stretched on the bed at our mercy," the blonde added.

His mouth dropped open as he shot his shocked expression to the obviously youngest of the three.

For a moment he thought they were toying with him, and in his anger marched to the desk, placing his balled fist on the top.

"No!" he hissed directly to the woman in the middle. "This isn't funny, wench."

"It isn't meant to be, warrior," she replied. "Now take off your clothes or we'll have them taken from you."

Eanan's eyes turned molten gold with fury and his lips peeled back from his fangs. "I'll rip the throat out of any man who tries to take my clothes off me."

He wasn't prepared for the power that zapped through the air. One moment he was standing there with black silk uniform shirt and black leather pants in place and the

next he was as naked as the day he was born with nothing standing between him and the three women save air.

Gone was the desk. Gone were the chairs. The room was without a single break in the walls. No door led from the accursed chamber and upon the floor was a thick fur that stretched wall to wall. In one corner sat an oversized brass bed with black silk sheets and a silver comforter embroidered with black roses.

"You are the *Graihaltagh Reiht*," the silver-haired witch proclaimed. "Our *Graihaltagh Reiht*."

"You belong body and soul to the *Breitheamhtái*," the blonde announced.

"And it is your destiny to serve us, warrior," the redhead put in.

Eanan looked wildly around him, his hands cupping his cock and balls as best as he could as he backed away. There was no escape from the room, no portal through which he could flee. He'd never felt so vulnerable in his life.

Or as frightened.

"Don't do this to me," he said, anger gone to be replaced with fear of what the Shadowlords would do to him if he so much as touched one hair on the heads of these women.

"Tell him, Argent," the redhead insisted.

They were looking at him as though he were the main course at the evening meal and he shivered, scrunching down in an effort to protect his privates from their eager view.

"Aye, Argent, tell him," the blonde agreed.

The silver-haired lass bestowed another wicked smile upon him.

"He knows we have claimed you, Eanan Tohre," she said. "He was not pleased and our other brothers were not pleased but we have the *Cur Chied Da*, the Sanction of *mo Regina*, to have you."

"The goddess?" he gasped. "She... She..." Her words to him on Mantanuska came back like a lightning flash. *"You have insulted Me one time too many. It is time you learn who owns you, Reaper!"*

"Where the fuck are you taking me, bitch?" he had demanded.

"Where you will behave for a change."

He groaned, seeing Her evil hand in this. "She brought me here for you?" he managed to ask.

"Answer him, Corallin," Argent ordered.

"Indeed She did, warrior, and we have not only Her sanction to have you but the sanction of the Great Lady as well."

"So you are ours and we are yours," the blonde one said with a twinkle in her blue eyes.

"Oh, you think so?" he grumbled, and backed farther away from them. There was no place to hide, no place to run, nothing behind which to stand and he was feeling very exposed. There was gooseflesh on his arms and thighs. "Well, I don't!"

"Oh, come now, warrior," Argent said in a reasonable voice. "What man would not want three nubile virgins for his mistresses, right, Aureolin?"

"The key word there being three," Aureolin said with a giggle. "How many men do you know who would turn down such an offer?"

"We're willing to share you between us and have you teach us to pleasure you as no woman before us has been able to do. Why would you not want three willing bodies at your beck and call?" Argent inquired.

"And three tight sheaths into which to slide your shaft?" Corallin asked.

"Stop it!" Eanan shouted. His eyes were wild as he desperately sought a way out of this mess. It wasn't that he didn't find the women alluring. Each in her own way was prettier than the other. Each was voluptuous and eager to have him, and yet all he

could do was back away and cower with his hands slapped tightly over his privates. "This isn't right!"

"What isn't right, warrior?" the blonde queried. "We're offering you what no other man will ever have and you will garner the companionship of three women who will give you nothing but devotion and love in return."

Argent put her hands on her shapely hips and tapped her foot in vexation. "Are we going to have to shove you to the floor and mount you against your will, warrior? Is that what you want? Do you want us to overpower you and ravish you? Will that soothe your hurt warrior soul?"

"You!" he said, putting out a shaky hand to point a rigid finger at her. "Stay the hell away from me! There isn't going to be any shoving and mounting, wench."

The sisters looked at one another and he saw the exact moment the decision was reached between them. As one, they turned to him and the look in their hot eyes made his blood run cold.

"No," he said, shaking his head slowly. "Don't you do it! Stay away from me, you horny women!"

He darted past them and ran toward the bed, realized where he was headed and did an abrupt U-turn.

"Now that is just too funny for words," Aureolin tittered. "Look at how his butt cheeks flex when he runs."

"That's not what I'm watching move when he runs," her sister Corallin said in a low, sultry voice. "I've never seen a man's cock but that one looks to be of goodly size."

"And his balls..." Argent started to say, but Eanan's mortified roar silenced her.

"Stop looking at my balls, you lecherous bitch!" he hissed. He stood off to one side, thinking he should have continued on to the bed. At least he could have grabbed the sheet to wrap...

The sheets and the coverlet simply disappeared.

Eanan groaned in such a way the woman couldn't help but laugh.

"Argent has many talents, don't you, sister?" the blonde one giggled.

"But he has attributes I find mouthwatering," the redhead replied.

Eanan had no doubt they found him desirable. After all, here he stood in all his brawny, magnificent glory as he'd once been labeled. He had been graced with broad shoulders, chiseled pecs, washboard abs, narrow waist, flat belly and long legs with just the right amount of hair covering them. His chest was nicely furred – not too sparse, not too much – and his nipples had a tendency to stand out like hard little stones. At that moment, his powerful hands – hands that could break a man in two or snap a laser whip with such precision he could flick a gnat from a fly's back at fifty paces – were covering genitals he suspected were some of the finest there was.

"Warrior, we are going to have you," Corallin told him. "Willing or not. You are the Chosen Lover."

"Stop saying that!" he pleaded, and winced at the break in his voice caused by – what? – frustration, hopelessness, desperation.

"We'll be gentle with you," Aureolin said softly.

It was just too much for the Reaper to take.

The women jumped when he threw back his head and howled. The piercing ululation of the cry made the hair stand up on their arms. It filled the air with menace and was so loud it caused their teeth to ache. When he lowered his head, he glowered at them from under thick eyebrows drawn together with lethal rage.

"Oh, that can't be good," Aureolin muttered.

"You don't think...?" Corallin whispered in shock, a hand to her mouth.

"He wouldn't dare!" Argent stated, and took a step toward him, although from the dangerous look on his handsome face, that probably wasn't the wisest thing to do. "If you Transition on us, so help me, warrior, you will spend the rest of your days locked in a con cell!"

Slowly Eanan Tohre lowered his hands until they were loose at his sides. He lowered his head, amber eyes shooting sparks of anger, but then he smiled. The smile was primal, wicked, accompanied by a low, throbbing rumble deep in his throat and he showed his fangs again.

"Uh-oh," Corallin said, and swallowed hard.

"You want to play, wench?" they heard him growl. He held his hand out, palm up and wagged his fingers toward him. "Then let's play."

Argent looked into those angry eyes that were glowing with crimson glints and called his bluff. She walked toward him with her hips swinging seductively, a challenging grin on her face.

"Whatever you say, warrior," she cooed to him.

Eanan straightened. He had thought to frighten them but after an initial widening of their eyes and a slight paling of their faces, they recovered quickly enough. The beauty coming toward him was doing things to his body he couldn't control.

"Oh look!" he heard the blonde say. "He's getting hard!"

The Reaper had to bite his tongue to keep from groaning at that remark. Three sets of eyes were glued to his growing erection and the treacherous thing between his legs was enjoying every moment of the adoration it was receiving. It leapt and the "Ahhs" he heard made him want to howl again.

"Oh, he has to be the biggest among the Reapers," the redhead observed. "Surely none can surpass *that*!"

"And he's all ours," the blonde said on a long sigh.

"I am not yours! I can't be yours!" he countered, and took two steps in reverse only to find his back against the wall and the silver-haired beauty barely a few feet away. "There is a geis against me taking you women!"

"The geis does not apply to the *Graihaltagh Reiht*, warrior," Argent informed him. "It is your destiny to service the *Breitheamhtái* as our consort. So give in, Reaper, because we *are* going to have you. Why fight it?"

Why indeed? he thought. He had been brought back to the Citadel from his assignment in the Oklaks Territory so it was obvious this dehumanizing destiny had been set into motion by none other than Morrighunia. The gods-be-damned bitch had set him up and the moment that thought slithered through his head so did Her tinkling laughter.

"Enjoy the spoils, My Reaper," She cooed to him. *"Use the knowledge I've made sure you have accumulated over the years to pleasure the Breitheamhtái. They have earned their reward. You are My gift to them."*

Eanan's shoulders slumped. He was fighting a losing battle and he knew it. With the goddess against him, he didn't stand a chance so he gave up his fight to keep the luscious Gatekeepers at bay. After all, as a man, he should be thrilled to have three such lovely, sensual virgins itching for his cock. What man in his right mind would dare to turn down a liaison between three beautiful women willing to share him? He should be swollen with pride to be the Chosen Lover of the most important females on Terra.

And he *was* swollen all right! He was aching so desperately for the sultry women that he was literally trembling with need.

"Owen is going to kill me," he moaned.

Argent's eyes flared and her flush lips turned hard. "Any man who dares lay a hand to you will garner the full wrath of the Gatekeepers. You are under our protection, warrior. The gods help any man who would think to ever stand against you!"

That statement caught Eanan's immediate attention and he looked from one woman to the other and realized the truth of what the silver-haired lovely had said.

"Am I to stay here at the Citadel then?" he asked, not sure he wanted to spend every waking moment dancing attendance on these women, gorgeous as they were.

"Unfortunately not," Argent said with a sigh. "Lord Arawn needs you in Oklaks, but when you are in residence here, you will stay with us in our quarters and see to our needs. Perhaps every other month or so."

"You'll have your own personal railcar that will bring you back from your assignment to the Citadel," the redhead told him.

"And your own personal male servant to see to your needs on the journey back," the blonde added.

"Needs such as meals, baths and the like," Argent was quick to point out.

Now that sounded damned fine to him!

"But you must remember you are to service only our needs," the blonde stressed. "If you so much as touch another woman, we will slap your cute little ass in a con cell so quick you'll never know what hit you."

Eanan grinned. "I think I can refrain from pleasuring other women, wench, knowing I've three that belong to me back home."

The blonde preened, sashaying closer. "We belong to you then?"

He scratched his cheek. "Aye, I guess you do."

Argent reached out to lay a soft hand to his naked chest. "Is it settled then, warrior?"

In for a penny, in for a pound, he thought, and swooped an arm around her to bring her up against him, plastering her shapely body to his. "I think we can say it's settled, wench."

She stunned him by putting her hands to his cheeks and bringing his mouth to hers, kissing him so hungrily it made his toes flex. Her ripe body pressed into his and she ground her hips against him.

He felt hands on both of his forearms and realized the two other women were standing to either side of her, their fingers trailing up and down his flesh, raising chill bumps. He tore his mouth from the plunder of Argent's.

"Okay, let's get something straight, ladies. We're going to do this my way," he said, and eased the silver-haired pretty one back from their close contact. "Until you are more experienced, we're gonna do it one at a time."

"But we want to touch you," the redhead protested.

"And look at you," the blonde said with a pout. "We've never seen a naked man before."

"Or touched one," the redhead amended.

"All right," he agreed. "I'll tell you what. I'll go lie down on the bed and you can look 'til your hearts are content but..." He wagged a finger at them. "You can't touch until I say you can. Understood?"

The women exchanged looks then nodded, though he could tell they weren't happy with his stipulation. Argent stepped back, the others as well, to let him pass between them.

Feeling self-conscious, sensing their eyes devouring him as he walked to the bed, he stopped and turned to face them before he sat down on the bare mattress.

"You know, it would be best if we were on an equal footing here, miladies."

"In what way?" the redhead queried.

He smiled wickedly. "I'm naked. You should be too. You..."

He didn't get to finish for Argent waved her hand and the blue robes they were wearing disappeared. He swallowed hard. For though he'd known they would be gorgeous, stunning women, he had no idea they would be sheer perfection in form. Their bodies were the most beautiful, firm and gloriously curved of any women he'd ever seen—and he'd seen more than his share of lovely ladies.

"Do we please you?" the blonde wanted to know.

Eanan had to force moisture to his mouth so he could answer. "Very much," he mumbled, unable to shift his gaze from the high, rounded breasts, tiny waists, long,

smooth legs, slender arms and the enticing wedge of wiry curls in the center of their curvaceous hips.

"You please us too," the blonde whispered. "We thought Owen handsome, but you are much sexier than him."

"Really?" he asked, grinning at that news. Old sibling rivalry reared its ugly head. "More handsome than Owen, huh?"

"Oh aye," the redhead acknowledged. "Far more handsome, Reaper."

"Ain't that a kicker?" he asked, his grin from ear to ear as he sat down, glanced at his straining cock and looked back up at the women with a touch of conceit on his chiseled features. "I'm probably a better lover too."

"We'll never know," Argent said as she and the women came over to the bed. "You will be the only man we will ever have."

He followed the redhead with his eyes as she skirted the foot of the bed and went to stand on the other side. The blonde went to the foot, curled her fingers around the brass rail, and the silver-haired beauty stayed beside him.

"Lie down, Reaper," Argent said in a husky voice, "and let us look our fill."

"Okay, but no touching now," he reminded them.

Feeling somewhat like a human sacrifice, he did as she asked and stretched out on the bed with his legs slightly spread and his hands above him, gripping the headboard rail. He wanted to squirm beneath their intense scrutiny as he felt their attention crawling over every inch of him from his tousled hair to his bare toes, lingering hotly at his loins.

"Oh my," the redhead whispered. "My oh my!"

"Do you have a question, Red?" he asked Corallin.

It seemed she reluctantly tore her eyes from his crotch. "Ah aye," she said as though one had just occurred to her. "Is your cock larger than your brother's or are you identical in that way too?"

He chuckled. "Well, to be honest with you, I've never paid attention to Owen's cock but I imagine we're about equal in that department."

"Are you larger than most men then?" she pressed. "You look very large to me."

"And very thick," the blonde added.

He glanced down at his cock. At least the thing was lying down and not sticking up like a fucking flagpole. It pulsed against his belly as if to tell him to give it time to awaken. He laughed silently.

"How long is it, Reaper?" Argent queried.

He raised his chin. "I once measured it and it's ten inches when fully erect so I'd say I'm on the large side," he said with male pride.

"Huh," Corallin replied. "Will it all fit inside us or will it hit our wombs?"

He felt a tremor pass down his body. "Ah, most of it, aye, but probably not the first time I take you."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want to hurt you, wench."

"Oh, I don't mind!" the redhead said, eyes excited. "Really I don't. I want it to hurt so I'll know you're inside me!"

"Corallin has a slight problem with liking discomfort," Argent said, shooting her sister a disapproving glance.

"I want you to throw me down and slam your body over mine," Corallin said, eyes wide. "Then you can ravish me. The harder, the better."

Eanan felt sweat gathering in his palms as he gripped the brass rail. It took every ounce of his mettle to turn away from the hot, greedy look on the redhead's face.

"W-What about you, Blondie?" he asked, his lips feeling numb. "Have you a question?"

Aureolin looked to Argent, who shrugged disdainfully, then she locked eyes with Eanan. "Argent made it possible for us to watch you when the woman suckled you in

the storage closet. You seemed to like it. Will you teach us how to perform that act upon you?"

Another hard shudder rippled down Eanan and his hands tightened around the brass rail. "Aye," he said in a gruff voice. "I will be more than happy to teach you." When she looked satisfied at his answer, his eyes shifted to the silver-haired woman standing at his left side. "And what of you, *lheelh*?" he asked, using the old language word for silver-haired. "Is there something you'd like to ask?"

"Aye," she said and ran the tip of her tongue over her upper lip.

His belly clenched and he felt an intense stab of desire rip through him. He was mesmerized by her action and felt his cock spring straight up between his legs. When her eyes slid down him to that hard shaft then back to his, he stopped breathing. "What?" he whispered.

Her eyelids closed halfway. "Which of us would you like to breach first?"

Chapter Three

He told them to decide who among each other would be the first for him to take.

When he'd allowed them ample time to study his body – turning over so they could look at his backside, which they seemed to “Oooh” and “Ahhh” over almost as much as his front – he turned over again.

“Now you can touch,” he said, and jumped as first Red then Argent practically leapt upon the bed, and Blondie climbed over the footboard like an eager adolescent scaling a fence to reach forbidden fruit. Before he could take another breath, Argent was shooing him over to the middle of the bed with a fan of her graceful hand so both she and Red could kneel to either side of him. Blondie contented herself with wedging between his legs once he was settled and bending forward to avidly study his cock.

Fingertips trailed over his arms, through the hair under his arms and onto his chest. Palms spread over his pecs and fingers raked through the chest hair, plucked at his nipples.

He ground his ass into the mattress, trying hard not to groan or grunt, not to make the first sound. No woman had ever pinched his nipples and he found the sensation intoxicating, so despite his best efforts, he could not help making little sounds of enjoyment he was sure the women were noting.

His nerve endings were firing like crazy as fingernails dragged gently over his flesh and an inquisitive finger plunged into his navel to trace the spiral there. He shivered and drew in a sharp breath as Argent leaned over him to inspect a scar on his right arm and her bare breast grazed his chin.

“How did you come by this scar, warrior?” she asked.

He turned his head to see what she meant. “Oh, Owen did that with a wooden sword when we were boys.”

"And this scar?" she asked, trailing her fingers along the side of his neck.

"Shrapnel during a battle," he said. "Nearly took my head off."

"Isn't it odd that the hair under his arms isn't curly like the hair on his chest and over his cock?" Blondie asked, her head tilted to one side as she observed him.

"I think the hair under a man's arms is very sexy," Argent replied.

"I like the feel of the hair on his chest," Red commented, rubbing her palm in a large circle over his pecs.

"I am anxious to see how it feels against my nipples," Blondie commented. "I bet it tickles."

Eanan clamped his teeth together. He had invited them to touch him but their observations were doing strange things to his body. His cock was burning with need and he ached to have one of them touch it.

Blondie was running her hands all along his thighs and knees but her attention was once again riveted to his crotch. She seemed enthralled by it and it looked to him as if she were working up her courage to touch the thing she wanted most. When Red's hand strayed a bit too close to the crop of curls below his navel, the little yellow-haired minx shooed her sister away.

"This is mine for now!" she proclaimed.

"Well, the hair is mine," Red argued, and threaded her fingers through his nether curls.

Eanan could not stop the groan her tugging on those wiry curls caused. His thigh muscles contracted to bulging ridges.

Argent, on the other hand, seemed fascinated by the hardness of those muscles and was running her palms over his thighs then his pecs and biceps, pulling one hand down from his iron grip on the headboard to examine each of his fingers in turn.

"I like a man who keeps his nails trimmed and clean," she told him.

But it was Blondie's tentative stroke of his cock that nearly sent the Reaper over the edge. He snatched his hand back from Argent and grabbed the headboard as though his life depended on it.

"I think he liked that," Blondie said, and wrapped her fingers delicately around his cock. "Oh sisters! It is hard as steel but velvety soft! Feel it!"

Eager hands touched him, stroked him, fingers swirling around the engorged head, delicate little fingernails dipping into the slit that had garnered more "Ooohs" and "Ahhhs" as liquid oozed from its depths.

"It's like a little mouth," Blondie suggested.

His eyes widened as Red put a finger to the ooze then brought it to her mouth. "Taste it," she encouraged her sisters. "It's salty and slick."

Blondie and Argent had to experience it for themselves, each running a thumb over his aching head.

"I like that," Blondie declared. "Oh, I *really* like that. I can't wait to put him in my mouth!"

"Argh," Eanan groaned, and squeezed his eyes shut. He didn't know how much more of this torture he could take. He couldn't remember being as hard and full as he was at that moment, and with their hands pulling lightly at him, sliding under his balls to cup him, weigh him...

"Interesting piece of anatomy," Argent said. "Heavy." She removed her hand so the redhead could touch him.

"They are wrinkled like corduroy but they are so warm!" Red exclaimed as she fondled him. "And hairy."

"Didn't that whore put her finger inside him?" Blondie inquired.

His eyes flew open. "No!" he yelped, and he lifted his head, repeating the word firmly. "No!"

"But why not?" Blondie asked, her lips thrust out in a pout. "She did it."

"Aye, and if you do it, I'll come like a race horse, wench, and you really don't want me to do that before I've had at least one of you," he protested.

"Why not?" Argent queried with a sharp frown.

"Because it takes men half an hour or more to be able to do it again after they've climaxed," he said, hearing the wheedling in his voice and embarrassed by it.

Argent leaned over him and traced her fingertip along his bottom lip. "Don't worry, warrior. We've got all the time in the world."

"Aye, but..." he began.

Before he could stop her, Blondie wriggled her finger beneath him and inserted that wicked little digit as far inside him as it would go. He gasped and stiffened, making a strangled sound as she jiggled her finger and his hips shot off the bed.

"He is going to do that thing. I can see it in his eyes," Red warned. "Look at his shaft and his balls are all tight and tucking up."

"He is going to spill his seed," Argent labeled it.

"Oh goodie!" Blondie exclaimed, and she leaned over him, taking him into her hot, wet little mouth.

That was all Eanan could stand. His iron grip on the headboard was the only thing he still had a hold on. He came so violently he felt the blood pounding in his ears with a mighty roar. His heels dug into the mattress, his hips pumped upward and with three sets of hands fondling his body in different places all at the same time, he came and came and came until he thought the top of his head would blow off.

He shot hard over and over again, trembling violently with each spasm and his ass ground against the mattress, his neck arched, head pressed hard against the headboard.

"Aye, warrior," he heard Argent say as she spiked her fingers through his hair and pushed it back from his sweaty forehead. "That is what we wanted."

The stroking went on and on.

"Enough!" he shouted, trying to writhe away from those eager hands. "Please!"

Blondie still had him in her mouth and was sucking him as though he were a lollipop. He could feel the pressure of her flat, little tongue against the underside of his cock as she swallowed—moaning deep in her throat—and a hard shudder traveled from his head to his toes.

“Please, wench, please!” he begged. The sensation was sheer torture—exquisite though it was. “No more please!”

“I think you’re hurting him, Aureolin,” Argent said softly.

Blondie sat up, letting his cock slide limply from her mouth. She licked her glistening lips.

“Oh sweet, merciful Alel,” Eanan groaned at seeing that innocent act.

“I didn’t mean to hurt you, Reaper,” she apologized.

He turned his head but there was no way to escape the eyes on him. He looked into Red’s green gaze and she smiled gently at him.

“I am aching to taste you, warrior,” she told him.

He groaned helplessly and looked back at Argent.

“I will be the one to be your first mate then Corallin will have you,” Argent said, and at her sisters’ protest, she held up a hand and spoke clearly and firmly, brooking no argument. “It is my right as *kied er ny gheddyn*, firstborn. I claim him first and it will be my maidenhead that will blood his stalwart body.” She stared into his eyes. “Then I will taste your seed, warrior. I will suckle you.”

Eanan whimpered for already his body was beginning to react to the seductive words.

“You will like it, Argent,” Blondie stated. “I did.”

“Warrior?” Red asked, drawing his eyes back to her. “I’ve a question.”

Weakly he rolled his head toward her. “Aye?” he managed to croak.

“Where Aureolin touched you, did that give you such pleasure that you could not stop the spurting of your seed so forcefully?”

A strange expression akin to pain passed over the Reaper's face. "Aye," he answered, and realized he had just sentenced himself to being poked and prodded in the ass any time the little sweethearts wanted to invade him. He moaned again and mumbled something about the gods helping him.

"Could you...?" Red lowered her voice as though her sisters couldn't hear her. "Could you put your cock in my hole like she put her finger in yours? Would it fit?"

"You're killing me here, wench," he complained. "Have you women no idea what such talk does to a man?"

"I can see perfectly well what it is doing to you, warrior," Argent answered, glancing down at his cock—a recalcitrant muscle that was coming alive much too soon and far too eagerly.

"You didn't answer, Eanan. Can you put your cock in me there?"

He nodded. "Aye, Red, but it will hurt."

"Oh, don't tell her that," Blondie snorted.

"I wouldn't mind," the redhead said with a grin.

"Merciful Alel, take me now before they turn me into a shriveled husk," he whined.

Argent shooed her sisters off the bed. "Go. Let him have a moment of rest."

"Why?" the two asked in tandem.

"Because I don't think either of you should be here when he takes me and that is what is going to happen very soon now." She gave them an arched brow. "Go sit in the corner with your backs to the bed and wait your turns."

"Why can't we watch?" Red asked.

"Because I don't want you to!" Argent snapped. "I want him all to myself. Once we've each had him then we can watch one another, share his body. One can suckle him while one kisses him and another plies his nipples since he seems to like that, but I think he will be more at ease if we do this first taking one at a time." She looked down at him. "Isn't that the way of it, warrior?"

"Aye," he mumbled, knowing full well what he thought and felt didn't matter.

"So go," Argent ordered. "And don't let me see you peeking!" She waited until her sisters had moved off then stretched out beside Eanan, her front to his side. "Now tell me what I need to do to make this a pleasant experience for you, warrior."

He stared into her silver-colored eyes and felt himself falling in love for the first time in centuries. Once—long, long ago—he had loved a woman so desperately he had committed a foul murder in order to have her, taking her from the man she loved and in the process bringing about her own death. He had destroyed three lives that day—Owen's, Owen's love and his own. Though he had paid dearly for the crime, it haunted him every day of his life.

"Don't think on it, Eanan," Argent said softly. "That was then. This is now." She put her palm on his chest where his heart beat sadly for the grave sin he had committed. "*We* are now."

He understood that she could read him as clearly as a book and he reached up to take her hand. "Milady, it is I who will give the pleasure here and you will be the one to receive it."

He kissed her wrist then pushed her to her back and leaned over, placing his lips to hers as he began to run his hands over her body as she had over his. He was careful to stay away from touching her breasts or between her legs as he fanned his fingers across her fevered flesh. His tongue he pushed deep between her lips and she responded by digging her short nails into his back and arching her hips up to him in offering. He moved so he could pin half of her body down, giving her his weight, insinuating his knee between her legs but cautious not to touch the heated core of her, knowing that would fan her flame higher. He nipped at her bottom lip with his teeth, slid his tongue slowly and provocatively over her upper lip and dipped under it to tease the frenum. When she shuddered, he moved his hand gently to her left breast and cupped her.

Argent moaned into his mouth and bucked against him. Her body was writhing already upon the mattress and she slid down so the junction of her legs could straddle his thigh.

He accommodated her by lifting his leg higher—pressing firmly against her—and her nails drove into his back. Before she could recover from that mini invasion, he brushed his thumb across her nipple. A low sound like a growl came from her arched throat and he released her mouth to trail hot kisses down her throat and onto her breast.

“Reaper!” she cried out as his lips closed around the swollen nipple.

Eanan could feel the dual looks aimed his way and knew without a doubt the sisters were watching intently. He cupped Argent’s breast and laved the areola, flicked his tongue across it with tiny stabs that had her head whipping back and forth, the silvery hair flying. He shifted his attention to the other breast and lavished attention there before beginning a concerted effort to move back and forth between each, his knee pressed harder against her hot center.

“Eanan!” she pleaded, straining her lower body toward him. “Please!”

His cock was rock-hard and he could feel her oozing against his thigh. Though she was no doubt wet enough, he wanted to prepare her for his entrance so released her breast and walked his fingers down her trembling body, through the tight little curls to find her clit. The moment he took it between his thumb and middle finger, she became crazed with need. Her nails dragged down his back and she pulled him tighter to her.

“Take me!” she demanded. “Now. Before I lose my sanity!”

He chuckled and thrust one finger into her moist slit. She nearly bucked them both from the mattress trying to impale her cunt on that digit. He withdrew, knowing she was as primed as she would get.

“Let’s make you a woman, Silver,” he said in a husky voice and moved over her, reaching down to position himself at her entrance. “Look at me.”

Her gray eyes were dilated with passion and a fine sheen of perspiration dotted her upper lip. She locked gazes with him as he lowered his mouth to hers. The moment his

tongue touched hers, he slid his cock all the way into her, pushing past the slight barrier and deep into her hot, wet channel. He felt her tense for a moment, heard her soft groan that had been captured by his mouth and as he filled, stretched her, slid his hands beneath her rump to lift her toward him. Her legs came up and locked around his hips.

He stopped kissing and gave her an approving look. "That's it, baby," he said, nodding. "That's what your man wants."

Argent clawed at his shoulders. "Warrior," she pleaded, and he knew she was asking for something she didn't understand but desperately needed.

He gave her what she wanted.

With very slow strokes at first then deeper and harder ones, he took her into true womanhood, became the only man she would ever allow into her body and heart—the man she had bought with the virginal blood that was even then coating his hard cock.

"Come for me, Silver," he ordered. "Come hard for me."

And she did, along with a yowl of pure release that had her sisters on their feet, shivering with anticipation.

When she was sated, depleted, and he had gained the strength to continue, it became Red's turn. He took her down the same excruciatingly addictive path he had led her older sister. Taller than either Argent or Aureolin, Corallin's long legs were like mighty vises around his lower body and he would have bruising from the force she used on him. She liked it rough and he gave her what she craved. When he'd claimed her maidenhead and brought her to orgasm, he roughly whipped her over and penetrated her from behind, giving her another explosion of enjoyment. He came inside her like that then rolled over, drew her into his arms and cuddled her as she cried softly, clinging to him like a small child.

Blondie turned out to be the squealer of the three and a woman who liked to dig her nails into his ass as he rode her. Her peels of delight, her loud grunts and snorts and moans as she went from girl to woman and then to lover made him smile. She nipped him playfully on the shoulder with her teeth hard enough to draw blood, but when she

came, she nearly passed out from the intensity of the pleasure, and when the last tremor left her, snuggled against him and wanted to talk.

And talk. And talk. And talk.

When he finally got her to shut up, he looked at their eager expressions and sighed deeply.

"Who's next?" he asked.

Corallin threw herself at him. "In the back now, warrior. Do it in the back now!"

And he had, completely unnerved by her reaction to what he thought was a brutal and ugly way to have sex with a woman. But she had loved every moment, shouting at him to pound harder, to ram her faster. By the time she came, he was soaked in sweat and feeling like a satyr.

"Me now!" Blondie cried, all but shoving Corallin off the bed.

Her sweet little face was beaming as her blue eyes dragged over his body and she licked her lips. She was on her knees beside him, bouncing from one knee to the other like a little girl.

"Just a minute, wench," he said. "I need to clean myself first."

He had no idea where it came from but as he moved to get up, a warm, wet cloth appeared in his hand. He stared down at it with wonder.

"Hurry, Reaper!" Blondie encouraged.

Shaking his head, he made quick work of washing himself, laying the cloth aside when he was finished.

"Reaper!" the blond beauty whimpered. "Come on!"

Eanan shot her a disbelieving look then emitted a slight growl. Reaching for her, he pushed her down, grabbed her legs and pulled them over his shoulder, her lips thrust into a familiar pout. When he brought her hips up and locked his lips onto her clit, the pout began a wide O of shock and pleasure.

Aware the other women were watching, this spurred him to greater heights of pleasuring Aureolin, knowing the other two would be eager to try this exotic new thrill.

With Argent, he taught her to ride him, guiding her hips with his strong hands as he stared up at her luscious breasts and her long silver hair fanning down over his thighs when she dropped her head back. Her orgasm as she rippled around him caused her eyes to roll back in her head.

At long last he lay staring at the ceiling, his body blissfully exhausted between the two eldest sisters with Blondie asleep atop him, her head on his shoulders and her lower body wedged between his thighs. He'd taken them each into a world they had only glimpsed and he'd worn them – and himself – out on the journey.

Owen is going to kill me, he thought then looked at the sleeping face of the girl he now knew was named Aureolin Belvoir. "If these three don't kill me first."

He turned his head and stared at Argent's lovely face and felt something odd stir inside him. He was puzzled by the alien feeling and tested it as he would have a sore tooth. He mentally poked at it, turned it over and over in his brain but still what he was experiencing was confusing him. His brows drew together as he tried to understand exactly what it was that was making his chest feel tight, his eyes burn, his heart ache.

Was it because he was still tired from the sexual acrobats of the night? Did his eyes sting because he did not get enough sleep? Had the physical fatigue caused the pain located in the region of his heart?

Shifting slightly to get a better look at the woman beside him, he studied her features intently – thinking perhaps there was something there in her face that was causing this odd sensation building within him. His gaze roamed over the soft flesh, the pert little nose, the sultry mouth, the stubborn chin. It lingered on her silky lips and he found himself longing to taste them again. He lowered his attention to the steady rise and fall of her breasts and realized he ached to hold them in his hand, to mold his palm to their fullness. Dropping that scrutiny to where their bodies touched, he spied just the faintest shadow of the folds of her sex and found himself growing hard. He wanted to

bury his cock inside her so badly it made him tremble. It was at that moment he came to the realization that he knew precisely what was ailing him.

"I'll be a gods-be-damned Diabolusian warthog," he whispered.

When had it happened? he wondered as he continued to stare gently at this gorgeous woman. When had mere lust turned to something far more intense, more binding?

The strange sensation in his chest wasn't weariness from the exhausting sex he'd engaged in earlier. The prickling at his eyes wasn't from a lack of adequate rest and the ache in his heart had nothing whatsoever to do with fatigue.

He had found that elusive emotion he had never thought to know again.

He had found love and the realization shook him to the core of his foundation. When her beautiful gray eyes opened to reveal to him the tender, giving, loving soul behind those silver windows, he thought he might cry from the intensity of the feelings that were flooding his being.

"Maddie vie, dooinney," Argent said, wishing him a good morning,

Eanan was stunned for a moment by the title she gave him—husband—but he realized that to the three women lying in the bed with him, that was exactly what he was. He belonged to them and they to him. He was their husband in all the ways that mattered, but to the woman gazing back at him, he knew he would be even more. To her, he would be soul mate, bond mate, and the last thought he would ever have this side of the Abyss would be of her.

"Maddie vie, ben heshee kied," he responded and saw her eyes fill with tears that he had called her his primary wife as the Rysalians do.

"Ben heshee kied," she repeated. She entwined her fingers with his. "I am proud to be your wife, Reaper."

"Proud enough to take my name?" he asked, gazing back at her with the budding love that had opened a new petal during the long night hours.

"Argent Tohre." She tested the new name and smiled. "I like it."

"Are you going to offer us your name as well, warrior?"

Eanan turned his head and looked at Corallin. "If you will have it," he said, though in his heart he knew he would have only one true wife.

"We will," Aureolin mumbled, her lips against his sweaty chest.

"We will give you many, many sons," Corallin informed him. "A dynasty of Tohre Reapers."

That was a sobering thought, and for a moment Eanan felt panic rising up in his chest but then Argent brought his hand to her lips and kissed his knuckles to soothe him.

"Rest easy, Reaper. That's at least nine months in the future," she said quietly.

He looked at her, searching her eyes, realizing she would know. "There will be a son in nine months, won't there?"

Argent shook her head. "No."

He breathed a sigh of relief until she spoke again.

"There will be six." At his look of absolute horror, she smiled. "Twins run in your family, remember?"

Eanan Tohre could hear the merry laughter of the goddess rippling through his brain. He could feel Her tripping lightly through his mind—tweaking his nose, attacking his shoulder with a playful push, dancing gleefully around him, red hair flying and green eyes flashing with glee. "Gotcha!" he heard Her coo. "You'll behave now, My Reaper!"

"Six boys," he said with a groan, flinging an arm over his eyes. He remembered Owen's warning, "Whatever you do, don't go to extremes with it."

"Six precious little Reapers," Blondie declared.

"And more with each passing year," Corallin agreed.

"Yep, Owen is going to kill me for sure!" he decided.

He didn't want to think about what Lord Kheelan would do to him.

Chapter Four

"Sit your ass down and give me one good reason why I shouldn't have you castrated, Tohre!" the High Lord roared.

Taking a seat in front of the desk of the most important man at the Citadel should have put the fear of the goddess in the Reaper, but Eanan merely shrugged away the threat.

"It would just grow back," he replied calmly.

Lord Kheelan's angry eyes narrowed even more. "Aye, but if I keep slicing it off every time you go near my sister, then I rub salt into the wound, it would not be a pleasant thing." A muscle jumped in the Shadowlord's cheek as he ground his teeth.

Eanan shifted uncomfortably in his chair. "I agree that would not be the highlight of my day but I would imagine your sister and *her* sisters would take exception to you doing that to me, Your Grace."

The High Lord cursed a blue streak then slumped back in his chair. "My sister is asking for Joynal," he said with disgust. "Do you know how infuriated that makes me?"

Believing himself on sturdy, safe ground, Eanan smiled. "Your Grace, I have asked them to be my wives and—as is traditional on your homeworld—I have pledged Argent to be my *ben heshee kied*."

"Primary wife," Lord Kheelan said with a groan. "I had wanted my sister to be the only light in a deserving man's world and not one of three candles he lights when the mood strikes him!"

"She chose me, Your Grace. They all did. I was minding my own business when they..."

Fury lanced through the High Lord's eyes. "You *do* know you've impregnated all three, don't you? There is no doubt you will Join with them, Tohre. That is a given. Their brothers and I are in agreement on that even though each of us would like very much to stomp you into a puddle of shit!"

"Your Grace..."

"Get the fuck out of here before I have Desden bring up that ghoret we have in the bio lab and I let the viper loose on you, Tohre!"

Eanan got to his feet, turned to go but stopped. He squared his shoulders, faced the High Lord again and raised his chin. "Just so you and the other Shadowlords will know. I promise to be a good husband to them all," Eanan said, surprising himself at the statement. "I will do everything in my power to make them happy."

"Humping you seems to make them happy," Lord Kheelan growled. His gaze raked the Reaper. "Why, I'll never know, but if you are what they want, you are what they will get. Now get the hell out before I change my mind about castrating you!"

Eanan closed the High Lord's office door very carefully behind his exit. He grinned brutally, realizing he had the upper hand where the Shadowlords were concerned and wondering how he could use that knowledge to his benefit.

"Was he a real bear about it?" Argent asked as she fell into step beside him.

So engrossed with thoughts of how drastically his life had changed, Eanan had not heard her approach. He looked down at her as she slipped her hand into his.

"He is angry," Eanan said. "Had you been a sister of mine, I would have acted the same way. Most men would. I can't fault him or the other Shadowlords for that."

She laid her head on his shoulder. "You are the one the goddess chose for us, Eanan. She knows and we know you are the right choice. You will grow to love my sisters as you are beginning to love me," she stated.

He smiled. "Aye, I believe I will. Each in your own way as befits our rather unusual arrangement," he agreed, squeezing her hand.

"We each have our own apartment and drew straws to see who you would sleep with this night. Corallin won. Tomorrow is Aureolin's turn and the day after belongs to me." She sighed. "The day after that, you must return to the Oklaks Territory for there is trouble brewing there."

Eanan had mixed emotions about leaving the women. He doubted the Shadowlords would allow him to before the Joining—the *Joyanal*—was said over them. He asked her when that was to be.

"Just before you leave for your assignment," she replied. "Arrangements are being made even as we speak. Everyone will be there."

He swallowed hard. "Everyone?"

"It is a grand occasion and the wedding feast, the... What do you call it?"

"*Giense poosee*," he supplied.

"The *Giense poosee* is a celebration and it will let everyone know you have chosen us and we have chosen you. I suspect the goddess will be there too!"

"Whoopee," Eanan mumbled.

As his lady went on and on, telling him about the planned festivities—the dishes, the decorations, the gala after the feast—Eanan felt like a man trapped in a silken cocoon, but it was one from which he found he wasn't anxious to break free. That surprised him almost as much as the strange, warm feeling that was growing whenever he looked at the lady beside him.

But there was something that bothered him and he had to know.

"You will not mind sharing me?" he asked. "There won't be any jealousy between you?"

"We always knew we would share a man between us," she said. "We were born to be Three. What one of us knows, the others will know. What one of us feels, the others will feel. What one of us experiences, the others must experience as well. We have always shared everything in our lives. Sharing you is a natural extension of that."

He stopped. "But will they understand that I can not love each of you in the same way?" he asked, searching her pretty silver eyes. "I know I will have great affection for them, Argent, but I suspect I will only know true love with you."

She reached up to cup his cheek with her free hand. "Eanan, I know you love me. You are worried you will hurt their feelings. You won't. They are content to share you and they know your regard for me is stronger. It is only fitting in their eyes that you have more intense feelings for the eldest of us."

"No, I don't want to hurt them," he said. "If they are happy with this situation, then that is the way it will be." He frowned. "Your brothers and my brother on the other hand are a different matter."

"You've no need to worry," she said. "My sisters and I have it all under control."

* * * * *

"You are fucked, Eanan," Owen said, shaking his head. "You are *royally* fucked."

"That's one way of looking at it," Eanan agreed.

The two men were sitting in the courtyard where just recently one of their fellow Reapers had been severely punished for breaking the rules of their team. Though the whipping post had been taken down, both were staring at the spot where it had stood.

"There is a reason Morrigunia made it a rule that we can only have one mate in our lifetimes," Owen stated. "Satisfying one woman all the time is difficult at best. I can't even imagine trying to satisfy three and I don't buy that no-jealousy shit. There is bound to be trouble, brother. Mark my words."

Eanan shook his head. "I really don't think there will be, Owen. They are accustomed to sharing everything."

"Aye, well, a man's love is not the same as a pair of boots or a gown, *ommidan*."

Eanan smiled at the old language word for jackass. It had been many, many years since he'd heard the nickname Owen had given him when they were growing up

together. Back in the day, it had annoyed Eanan, but now it was a reminder of the closeness they'd had once shared as boys.

"How did you know you were falling in love with Rachel?" he asked.

Owen's face transformed from that of a brother to a man deeply in love. "I just knew," he said.

"I think I'm in love with Argent and I've only known her such a short time." He turned his face toward Owen. "Is there really such a thing as love at first hump?"

Owen rolled his eyes. "Leave it to you to put that kind of spin on the problem, but to be honest, I suppose the answer is yes. I believe the term isn't love though, so much as bonding." He gave Eanan a steady look. "I think you've bonded with the silver-haired beauty."

"I think I have too," Eanan agreed. "I've told her she will be my primary wife."

Owen winced. "How romantic of you. You really know how to court a girl, don't you, brother?"

Eanan stood, brushed the seat of his black leather uniform pants and looked up at the bright sky. For weeks it had rained cats and dogs but at last the sun was out and shining once again. It boded well, he thought, for their future.

"Well," he said, "I guess I might not get to see you until Saturday."

"What are you going to be doing that you won't be around until then?" Owen inquired.

"They tell me I'm to spend the night with Corallin tonight and Aureolin the night after. Friday, I'll be with Argent and then Saturday I'll be leaving for the Oklaks right after the Joining feast. I've got to sleep and eat in between there sometime." His lips twitched. "It's not easy being a prized stud, you know?"

"*Ommidan*," Owen mumbled.

"Aye, but a prized *ommidan*," Eanan reminded him.

* * * * *

Corallin grunted. She was covered with sweat and was panting hard to catch her breath. Her stomach muscles were quivering as she stared sightlessly at the ceiling. Her lover had pushed her—and pushed her hard—for over an hour, and when he'd finally allowed her to come, she'd screamed loud and long, his cock rammed tightly within her.

"Satisfied, Red?" Eanan asked as he propped himself up on an elbow and stared down into her beautiful face. He traced a knot-work pattern over her left breast.

"For the moment, Reaper," she answered.

Her wrists and ankles were tied to the bedposts with four of his leather ties she'd told him she'd confiscated from his room and there were strawberry marks all over her creamy skin from where Eanan had taken not-so-gentle nibbles. The flesh under the ties was red but he made no move to untie them.

She turned her face toward him. "Would it be too strange for you if I asked you to whip me next time? Not beat, you understand, but lightly whip?"

Slight discomfort flitted over Eanan's face but he shrugged it away. "If that's what you want."

Her green eyes sparkled. "It is! I even have a quirt for just such pleasure."

Flogging someone was not Eanan's idea of pleasure but he'd do whatever it took to please the redhead. She was—after all—his responsibility now.

"I draw the line at scarring you, Red," he stated. "No matter how much you ask, how much you desire it, that I will not do."

"And I've no yearning to be scarred, Reaper," she told him. "Just dominated and made to submit to your every wish." She laughed at his expression. "Isn't that every man's dream?"

He grinned. "Aye, I suppose it is."

"A moderate amount of pain would be nice though."

“As much as it grieves me to do that...”

His thumb and middle finger closed around a ripe, rosy nipple and pinched just hard enough for her plump little bottom to squirm on the bare mattress.

He had been surprised at her quarters when he'd entered. Expecting a frilly, silken suite of rooms, instead he had found stark furnishings that reminded him vividly of what a nun's quarters must be like.

Bare walls devoid of everything save an emblem of the goddess done in copper paint, bare floors, a full-sized iron bed with utilitarian footboard and headboard, a single armoire done in rough, unstained pine, a bare-topped desk and a single straight-back chair without a cushion that looked very uncomfortable made up the bulk of the room's fixtures. A small room off to one side contained a toilet, lavatory and a galvanized tin tub.

There was no lace, no satin or velvet. The bed did not have covers or pillow and the temperature of the room was on the chilly side without benefit of windows to allow in light or air.

“This is not a bedchamber, Red,” he had commented. “This is a cell.”

“A dungeon cell,” she replied, sweeping a hand to offer him the bare stone walls and floor. “I am a no-frills woman and I like stark things. It is where I am comfortable.”

Comfort was not something he would have equated with this dank, dismal and dark room, but if this was where she was happy, he could bide his time here as needed. Although the room reminded him vividly of a prison where he'd spent too many weeks cooling his heels until Morrigunia rescued him.

“Argent says you are worried that you will not satisfy our needs,” she said as he moved his fingers to her other nipple.

“I want to make all three of you happy,” he said.

“You are doing that already,” she said then swept a pretty little tongue over her upper lip. “Now untie me and take me into the punishment chamber.”

Eanan's brows drew together. "And where might that be?"

"Through there," she said, nudging her chin toward the foot of the bed, and when he looked, he saw a door he could have sworn had not been there the moment before. He realized he should learn to simply go with the flow and take things as they were presented to him so he began untying her wrists.

"It has always been my dream to have a master," she said. "One dressed all in black. One with a heavy hand, a powerful body and a thick cock to stretch me."

Eanan's cock stirred at her words. He could have sworn he heard the treacherous little muscle shouting, *"Come on, Reaper! Come on, come on, come on! Hurry it up! Time's wasting! Hop to! Get a move on! Don't keep the wench waiting!"*

Mentally shaking his head, he made quick work of untying her ankles.

"Now command me to crawl to yon chamber, Master," she said as she sat up, and looked at him with adoring eyes.

"Ah, wench, I don't think..." he began, but she was off the bed and on all fours as she crawled slowly across the cold stone floor.

"Right away, Master! I'll do whatever you say, Master!" she said as though he had ordered her. "Please be merciful, Master!"

The door to what she had labeled the punishment chamber opened of its own accord and a freezing cold wind blew into the bedchamber. Eanan was buffeted by the force of the air current and as she disappeared into the dark room beyond, he drew in a long, steadying breath then followed her, as unsure of what he'd find and his own reactions to it as he'd ever been in his three hundred some odd years.

"Mother of the goddess!" he whispered as he took in the replica of an ancient torture chamber complete with dripping walls, rats scurrying around on the dirty rush-strewn floor and smoky exposed ceiling beams. There was a rack, an iron maiden, shackles hanging from the ceiling, a low table holding a variety of instruments—most of which he had absolutely no intention of touching much less applying to her lovely

body. There was even a glowing brazier with a branding iron thrusting out of its yellow-red interior.

"That will have to go!" he snapped, pointing at the dangerous thing.

"It's just there for effect," she assured him.

"Just as long as you remember that," he grumbled.

"What is your pleasure, Master?" he heard Corallin say, and tore his gaze from a pair of iron boots. *"Would you like to tie me to the rack and have your wicked way with me?"* Her eyes were eager, alive with desire. *"Or would you prefer to bind me in leather and make me suckle you?"*

That sent a stab of pure heat through his cock! He had to clear his throat in order to speak. This was way over his head and not something he'd ever entertained even in his adolescent wet dreams. Pain and torture were as foreign to him when it came to sex as lying with another man would be, and he'd experienced enough pain and torture in real life not to want it in his sex life.

"Wench, this is..."

"Grab me and lash me to the whipping frame," she said, cutting him off. *"Take the quirt to me for daring to sample the wares of your best friend, your sergeant major!"*

"You sampled the wares of my...?" He stopped, understanding the need on her lovely face and then nodded slowly, knowingly. *"Ahhh,"* he drawled. *"You dared spread your thighs for him, did you?"*

Corallin trembled. *"Aye, forgive me, Master. I could not help myself. I fear I am a shameless whore."*

He walked to her, bent down and took her arm, dragging her carefully to her feet. With his hands circling her upper arms, he shook her lightly. *"You dare admit it, wench?"*

She lowered her eyes. *"Forgive me."*

"Since you lay with Cornelius, you will suffer the consequences!"

"Cornelius?" she questioned, and her eyes danced with laughter.

"Was it Maximus then?" he inquired with a thunderous brow, backing her toward the X-shaped frame. "Or was it Flavius?"

She lifted her chin. "It was with all three."

Eanan widened his eyes. "Well, then you'll suffer three times as greatly, you deceitful bawd!"

He spun her around and shoved her gently against the frame, jerking one arm up and holding her there with his body as he locked the shackle around her wrist. As he manacled the other, he slid his thigh between her legs to spread them apart and put his lips to her ear.

"You will pay for all your transgressions, my sweet one."

Once more Corallin shivered, and by the time he had her ankles locked into place, she was trembling constantly. The moment he ran his hand between her legs to cup her sex, she all but came on his fingers.

"Wet but not wet enough," he said. He thrust into her and pried her roughly apart to finger her clit. "By the time I am through with you, you'll let no other man touch you!"

Despite his every instinct screaming against it, he found her silken quirt with the tiny leather balls attached to the ends and used it sparingly on her luscious little ass, standing to one side as he applied the punishment until her cheeks were rosy and she'd had two violent climaxes. He trailed the handle between her legs and impaled her with it then lightly flogged her shoulders until she was writhing with another climax. Then he took her brutally from behind as her fingers dug into the wood of the whipping frame with her cries goading him to rougher treatment.

By the time he left her chambers the next morning, Eanan Tohre was as satiated as his lady and yawning wildly.

* * * * *

"What is this called again?" Aureolin inquired.

"Sixty-nine," Eanan said as he adjusted the hold he had on her hips. His ass was in her face and the warmth of her breath when she spoke hit him right where it sent tremors of delight racing through his balls.

"Oh aye. I remember now," she said, and swiped her tongue over his right cheek, laughing when he flinched, dragging his swollen cock along her chin.

"Wench," he warned, "do that again and I'll come all over your face!"

Aureolin was the fun one, he thought. Her room was girlishly done in gingham and lace and stuffed animals dominated. The furniture was painted white and the bed was a large canopy style with ruffles. The color scheme was pale blue with drawings of all the Reapers in myriad poses adorning the walls. She was a talented artist with an eye for the quirky so many of the drawings were caricatures. The ones of Owen had made him double over with laughter.

To go along with her sense of whimsy, she had a wicked sense of humor and thought nothing of goosing him when he was near his climax. The first three times they'd made love had been the ordinary ways—him on top, her on top, against the wall—but she had wanted something more.

"Something only you and I will do together," she had announced. "Something unique to us."

At first he thought he detected a hint of jealousy or resentment toward his relationship with her sisters but then he realized that wasn't the situation at all.

"We don't mind sharing you, Eanan," she said as though she'd read his mind. "You belong to us."

"Are you sure, Blondie?" he inquired.

"Very sure," she said with a nod. "We each have just what we want. Why ever would we be jealous?"

She'd simply wanted to share something with him that marked their partnership to make it special for her.

Oral sex was just the ticket. She enjoyed blowing him as no woman he'd ever known and she thought nothing of swallowing his cum and smacking her lips as though it were a treat.

She liked it with him straddling her face as she lay on her back upon the bed, her hands on his balls.

She liked it with him standing and her kneeling at his feet.

She liked it as she lay with her head dangling over the side of the mattress and his cock pistoning in and out of her open mouth as he stood by the bed.

Once more she blew her breath across his ass and the muscle contracted at the same time his cock leapt in anticipation. Before he could warn her again, she stuck a finger high inside him and it was all he could do not to shoot all over her.

"Damn it, wench! Don't!" he cried out then sucked in a harsh breath as she swallowed his straining cock and he came like a fucking race horse.

The woman liked oral sex way too much but he was going to make gods-be-damned sure she *loved* it when he reciprocated and did her at the same time she did him.

Utilizing some of the playacting he'd learned with her redheaded sister, he ordered her to get him hard again and she set about to do just that. He was determined the next time he would be in full charge of the situation, taking it in hand.

"Oh no you don't!" he protested as she started to suckle him and ran his tongue along the folds of her sex.

"Reaper!" she hissed, clamping her thighs to his head.

For the next hour and a half, he suckled her clit mercilessly until she groaned, thrust his tongue in and out of her cunt until she was writhing and twisting like an eel, licked and lapped and nibbled even as she took him as far into her mouth as her relaxed throat

would allow, drawing tautly on his flesh. He fingered her for added benefit and she kneaded his balls in exchange. They rolled onto their sides—first the right then the left—and did it again and again. The sounds coming from the bed were wet and loud and thoroughly enjoyable to them both.

This time when he trudged slowly to his own chambers, Eanan was bone-tired and weaving, barely able to drag himself to bed.

* * * * *

“You poor baby,” Argent said as she cradled him to her.

His head was on her shoulder as she smoothed the hair from his forehead. They were both damp from lovemaking and he’d fallen asleep atop her with his lower body between her legs.

“They wore me out, *lheelh*,” he complained. “I could barely walk this afternoon when I woke and now look at me. I’m drained.”

“You’ve another round or two in you, Reaper,” she assured him.

Eanan groaned. “Oh hell no I don’t. We’ve only made love once since I came through your door and although my spirit is willing, my body ain’t. All my body wants to do is go back to sleep and that’s just not right.”

She smiled. “Then let’s talk,” she said.

“About what?”

“The thing that is bothering you still,” she said.

He shifted his body from hers and turned to his back, closing his eyes. “I just can’t get my head around this sharing thing,” he said.

“I know,” she said softly. “We’ll help you through it, dearling.”

“Owen says I’m fucked.”

"What would Owen know? Owen is a stick in the mud," she said. "Always has been, always will be. Rachel is doing all she can to pry him out of the sludge but he is resistant to change."

"The little ones will help," Eanan said, and tried to hide a yawn.

"Aye, they will. Having children can give a man a sense of his own youth and I think that's what Owen Tohre needs."

Eanan nodded, too tired to even agree.

"What you need is the three of us reminding you that you are loved—well and truly—and that you will always have us at your back."

He opened one eye and turned his head to look at her. "Even with the Shadowlords?"

"Especially with the Shadowlords."

He smiled wearily. "That's good to know because I tend to be a fuck-up, *lheelh*. Ask Morri. She'll tell you."

There was a hard silence and Eanan pried the other eye open to look at the woman he was already considering to be his wife. "What?"

"As was ordained long ago, She gave you to us and we have great respect for Her but She had best leave you alone from here onward. She may be a goddess but we answer to a higher power than She."

Eanan blinked. "There is a higher power?"

"Indeed there is," Argent replied. "Much higher."

"Huh," he said, surprised, but she didn't give him a chance to ask further about it.

"Turn over and I'll give you a rubdown," she ordered. "Your muscles are as tight as a new drum head."

Obediently he rolled over with his hands folded under his head as she straddled his bare ass and began to work her magic on his taut shoulders. Her touch was heavenly and he felt the kinks dissolving from his muscles.

"And this problem you have with thinking we are going to mutiny and then you'll be caught in the middle between us has to cease, Reaper," she said. "Think of yourself as a tool we trade back and forth to get the job done."

That analogy didn't set well with him. He wasn't pleased to be thought of as something they could drop in to borrow as the mood struck and he told her so.

"No, no, no, no, no!" she said with exasperation rife in her voice. "You are thinking in a man's terms, Reaper. Try to see it from our viewpoint."

"I don't see the difference, *lheelh*. You are comparing me to an implement to be used. I'm more than the sum of my shaft, wench."

"Perhaps my comparison was a bit simplistic and insulting," she said.

For a while she continued to knead his back and waist then shifted her body so she could work on the muscles of his ass.

"All right, then look at it like this," she finally said. "You are a fine sable brush and we are the canvases upon which you will create your masterpieces. With Corallin, it will be a dark work done in grays and blacks and perhaps with just a hint of crimson for flavor. With Aureolin, it will be a tasty little work filled with frolic and laughter." She leaned over him and kissed the nape of his neck. "How's that?"

"Better," he acknowledged, "but what of you, milady? What work of art will I create upon your canvas?"

"What would you like to paint upon my canvas, Reaper?" she countered.

He lifted his head and craned his neck so he could look up at her. "Love," he said. "Rich, vibrant, enduring love painted in the colors of the heart."

Tears misted Argent's eyes. "Do you mean that?"

"With my entire being, aye, I mean it," he said. "It's all I've thought about as I fell into tired sleep these last two nights." He lowered his head. "I don't know what you did to me, Argent, but I can't get you out of my mind and it is you I think about every waking moment." His voice turned sad. "Even when I'm with your sisters."

"And that concerns you."

"I don't want them to get hurt."

"They won't," she said. "We knew when the Chosen Lover came to us he would choose one of us as his first wife, that he would love her more than the other two. We expected it. That it was me is an honor I greatly cherish." She lay down so her breasts were flattened against his back. "Stop borrowing trouble by trying to overanalyze this, Eanan. It is what it is and is the way the megaverse conceived it to be."

He thought about that for a moment as she straightened and began squeezing his left cheek muscle firmly. Her ministrations felt so good he became limp and useless on the mattress and could barely draw breath he was so relaxed.

"I really am developing deep feelings for you," he told her at last.

"I know."

She worked her way down his legs and onto each separate toe. By the time she finished with the little digit on his left foot, he was sound asleep again.

Eanan woke with the sun brightly shining through the open weaves of Argent's white lace curtains. He blinked against the intrusion and moved his face from a stray beam of sunlight.

The bed beside him was empty but when he put a hand to the silk sheet, there was body warmth there and his lady's scent clinging to the fabric. Reaching for the plump pillow that still bore the impression of her head, he brought it to his face and inhaled deeply, drawing her deep into his lungs.

"Are you hungry, my Reaper?"

Tossing the pillow aside, he turned over and held out his arms. "For you," he said in a husky voice.

She came to him and went into his arms gently and with all the confidence of a woman who has found her own destiny in life. She stretched out beside him and snuggled into his embrace.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Quarter of the hour of six," she said.

"And the Joining is to be when exactly?"

"Ten of the clock."

"By rights it should have been at the stroke of midnight," he said.

Her hand was splayed against his chest, her fingers threaded through the crisp curls there. She kissed his shoulder and craned her head back to look up at him.

"I love you, Eanan Tohre," she said.

"I love you, Lady Tohre," he whispered, and placed a kiss on her forehead.

"Make love to me all morning," she said. "Allow me to have your scent within my body when Kheelan walks me down the aisle to you."

"Oh, that should go over well with the High Lord," Eanan mumbled.

"Trust us to protect you, you wimpy Reaper," she teased.

"I've a feeling you're going to have to," he told her. "If the High Lord doesn't sic the ghoret on me, the other Shadowlords may take daggers to my manhood."

"They'll do no such thing and you know it," she said, twisting a spiky curl around her index finger.

"Well, they'll want to," he insisted. "Among other even more devilishly painful things only a Shadowlord can devise."

"Stop talking and make love to me, Eanan! Time is of the essence!" she insisted. "Get your mind off our brothers and put it where it should be."

"And where's that, Lady Tohre?" he asked.

"On me," she stated firmly.

He rolled her over and covered her with his body. “I *am* on you, wench.”

With such a beautiful woman naked beneath him, her silver hair draped over his bare arms and down his side, her gray eyes looking up at him with trust and growing love, Eanan thought he had surely died and gone on to his reward. Never could he have imagined ever having hearth and home and be husband to a woman such as this.

“Or consort to two more,” she said.

Eanan laughed. He would have to be very careful of his thoughts around this one. She could read him like a book.

She hooked a leg over his hip. “Reaper?” she snapped at him. “Can you come up with anything else to think about instead of seeing to your woman’s needs?”

“You want me to come up with something?”

“Aye, I do!”

He ground his groin against her, letting her feel the growing erection her words had caused. “How’s that?”

“Not a big issue yet but if handled properly, it might become one,” she said, tucking the corner of her bottom lip between her teeth and grinning at him.

“Then let’s handle it, wench,” he ordered gruffly.

Her body quivered as his fingers roamed at will over her flesh and dipped into the hollows. She released a low groan of pleasure as he slid his hand between her legs and cupped her sex. The heat of his palm was intoxicating.

“This,” he said, stroking her firmly. “This is what you want.”

Writhing beneath his touch, Argent buried her hands in the goose-down pillow and arched her hips up to him, straining so every inch of her slick folds could press against the palm of his hand.

“And what I want is you so wet the sheets beneath you will weep with your fluids.”

His words made her tremble, caused her heartbeat to speed up, her breathing to catch in her throat.

He slipped a strong, hard finger into her slit and probed deep. "You want this?"

She nodded and swept a tongue over her dry lips.

"Or would you rather have this?"

Another finger joined the first.

"Or maybe this would be better."

A third finger slid inside her damp heat and he twisted them gently back and forth, wetting her even more.

Argent pulled at the pillow, released it and grabbed a handful of sheet to curl in her hand. Her body was on fire with need for this man and the ache between her thighs was intensifying.

"Let's see what else you might want, *lheelh*."

He put his hands to her thighs and pushed her legs apart, shoving his hands under her ass. He lifted her and brought her sex to his mouth.

"Reaper!" she cried out, and her hands went to the thick black curls covering his head. She tugged ruthlessly at the midnight hair and heard him growl.

"I'm not into pain, baby," he told her. "Leave off with rendering your man bald."

Argent groaned and slammed her hands once more to the covers, twisting them as brutally as she had his hair. She arched her hips – wanting his mouth on her again and not chastising her for something she couldn't help.

"I need you, Eanan!" she cried.

"You need to behave," he said, and thrust his tongue deep inside her for just a moment before bringing it out and sweeping it unmercifully across her clit.

Stars burst behind Argent's silver eyes and she screamed as wave after wave of orgasm shook her. Her ass ground into the mattress then arched toward her lover – wanting more, needing more.

Eanan pushed her legs up, hooked them over his shoulder and rammed into her hard and quick, ensuring another series of earth-shattering climaxes for his lady. She

was panting as the spasms went on and on. Her eyes were squeezed closed and she put a long rent in the sheet as she clawed at it.

Harder and faster he slammed into her soft, wet heat. Driving into her with enough force to rock the bed against the wall and make the bedsprings squeal. The tip of his cock was right up against her womb. She came for him over and over again until she began to plead with him to finish, to come.

His cock was stone-cold hard and burning, but the release remained just out of his reach. Sweat dripped down his brow and upper lip, trickled down his chest and pooled across the mat of hair on his chest. His flesh slapping against hers, his cock jamming in and out of her silken sheath, his thighs were beginning to quiver. The pain was pleasure. The pleasure was pain. Yet still he thrust faster and faster, feeling the might of one hell of an orgasm galloping toward him.

At the moment he came, Eanan Tohre thought he would die from the sheer intensity of the release. The world turned black around the edges then flamed brilliant red and orange and yellow. Heat flowed from his cock with every spurt until he was drained of every drop and fell upon his lady spent.

"Mother of the goddess, Eanan," she said. "That's a good way to have a heart attack."

Gasping for breath, feeling even limper than overcooked noodles, the Reaper lay perfectly still save for the occasional shudder that racked his body. His heart was thundering so loudly he could hear it reverberating in his ears. There wasn't an ounce of stamina or energy left in his body. He simply couldn't move.

"Well, if you had not already gotten me with child, you would have that time," she teased him. "I'm so full with your seed I may drown in it."

He shivered then closed his eyes. Sleep was what he needed. Sleep and rest.

Argent enfolded him in her arms and began to hum an old folk song. She had no way of knowing it was one of his favorites from a land and time so far away. As he fell

into a deep, deep slumber, the last thing he heard was her soothing voice showering him with love.

Epilogue

On a lovely Saturday morning as the clock struck ten, the High Lord escorted his sister Argent Ben-Alkazar down the aisle to be joined with the Reaper Eanan Tohre. Behind them, Lord Dunham Tarnes escorted his sister Corallin, and a few steps back were Lord Naois Belvoir and his sister Aureolin. The priest awaited them at the front of the chapel with Owen standing as his twin's best man.

Among the attendees were all the Reapers and their ladies if they were mated, the healers, the guides, a lone Amazeen warrioress whose eyes were shockingly misty, and a stunning being in a copper gown who sat off to one side in midair, one shapely leg crossed over the other, Her fiery red hair floating around Her as though in a light breeze.

As befitting her place as *ben heshee kied*, Argent came to stand at Eanan's left side and he took her hand in his. Second wife Corallin through virtue of her age came to his right to take his other hand. The youngest knelt before him with her hands wrapped around his left leg so all four were connected by touch as the ceremony began.

It was a traditional Joining—save for the hour at which it was being held—and when the priest reached that part of the ceremony in which he asked for Eanan's pledge to his wife, the Reaper looked first to Argent to repeat the vows he had been given by the priest, praying he would not stumble during the saying.

"I take you, Argent, as my *ben heshee kied*, my first wife. I promise to love and protect you, comfort and cherish you, provide for you in sickness and in health until time is no more for us."

He turned to Corallin. "I take you, Corallin, as my lady-wife. I promise to love and protect you, comfort and cherish you, provide for you in sickness and in health until time is no more for us."

Looking down at Aureolin, he smiled at her grinning, childlike face. "And I take you, Aureolin, as my lady-wife. I promise to love and protect you, comfort and cherish you, provide for you in sickness and in health until time is no more for us."

Aureolin stood and took the hands of her sisters so the four of them formed a circle. In unison, the women spoke their vows to Eanan.

"We take you, Eanan, as our husband. We promise to love and protect you, comfort and cherish you, provide for you in sickness and in health until time is no more for us."

The priest glanced at the Triune Goddess Morrigunia who was now hovering over the altar and at Her regal nod cleared his throat. "By my authority as chaplain of the Citadel and by the powers granted to me by the Triune Goddess, I pronounce you husband and wives. Congratulations, Lord Reaper and Lady Gatekeepers. You may now kiss your brides, Lord Eanan."

One by one he pressed his lips firmly to the women's, lingering the longest on Argent's cherry-red mouth.

The feast awaited and as soon as that was done, he would be leaving for the western territory of Oklaks with his Prime, Arawn Gehdrin, who would be leaving his lady-wife at the Citadel for a longer visit. Behind him, he would leave three tearful but satisfied women and the six Reaper offspring they would deliver come the fall.

"You look happy," Owen said as he came to stand behind his twin's chair, his hands on Eanan's shoulders.

Eanan twisted his head around to look up at the brother he had once wronged so treacherously. "I am happy," he said.

"I'm happy for you, my brother."

"A toast!" Arawn Gehdrin called out, and everyone rose to their feet with the glasses of champagne that had been provided. "To Eanan and his ladies. May all their troubles be little ones!"

"Here! Here!" all but the Shadowlords sang out.

“To the next generation of my Reapers!” Morrigunia said from Her airy perch.

“To the next generation of *our* Reapers,” the Gatekeepers said in unison.

Every eye snapped to the goddess and every breath was held except those of the Gatekeepers. The humans there saw deadly fury etched on the beautiful face of Morrigunia. Her green glare was shooting sparks at the new brides—who held that glower with soft, secret smiles—then Morrigunia hissed and disappeared in a flash of copper fire.

“Oh, that can’t be good,” Rachel Tohre was heard to say.

Eanan shook his head.

Life was never going to be dull with his women.

All four of them.

About the Author

Charlee is the author of over thirty books. Married 40 years to her high school sweetheart, Tom, she is the mother of two grown sons, Pete and Mike, and the proud grandmother of Preston Alexander and Victoria Ashley. She is the willing house slave to five demanding felines who are holding her hostage in her home and only allowing her to leave in order to purchase food for them. A native of Sarasota, Florida, she grew up in Colquitt and Albany, Georgia and now lives in the Midwest.

Charlee welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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