



Eternal Souls

Book 2 - BELOVED FOE

D. J. MANLY

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Eternal Souls Book 2 : Beloved Foe

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*SEQUEL TO "ETERNAL SOULS: BOOK I-
VAMPIRE LUST," AND PRECURSOR TO
"ETERNAL SOULS: BOOK III-WANTON
RENEGADE."*

*Late seventeen hundreds, just off the coast of
France:*

CHAPTER ONE: THE CAPTURE:

The second soldier had finished with him now. He said something vulgar to him in French, then swatted him playfully on his bare buttocks before instructing the other one to untie his hands.

The young man struggled to his feet, glaring at the two drunken soldiers. They stood in front of him, both leering as they adjusted their wool coats and buttoned the cloth covered buttons that covered the knees of their britches.

One of them blew a mocking little kiss at him. "Pretty D'anglais," he clucked, fitting on his black hat. "Pretty little boy."

The younger man lifted up his chin defiantly. "You will pay," he threatened between clenched teeth, leaning over to pick up his britches off the ground. "One day, you'll pay, you dirty smelly French pig!"

Mockingly, the short plump one with the black eyes watched him pull on his pants, then taunted, "How are you going to make me pay, English? You

have no power. You are here to serve us.”

The other one muttered something in French and spit on the ground.

The boy, who everyone here called D’anglais or English, narrowed his eyes as he watched them saunter off across the field. He uttered a sigh, wincing as he began to walk.

This scene was a familiar one to him now. Since he had been brought to this remote piece of land outside Paris, French soldiers had used him for their pleasure.

Not all of them were as brutal and ugly as the two who had just left him. Not all of them were interested in only satisfying their lust and ignoring his. There were some that he really enjoyed being ‘used’ by...but not these two.

It was dark now as he walked quietly into the barn and lay down on top of his straw bed to sleep. He was as alone as the night. He had no memories to comfort him. He didn’t even know his own name. As he fell into a deep and restless sleep, his mind took him back as far as his memory would allow it to go, to the day he had been brought to this place.

A little over a fortnight ago, he had opened his eyes to find that he was in the bowels of a darkened ship. When he tried to sit up, he couldn’t. One foot and one hand had been shackled to something. He raised his free hand to his head. It came away wet and sticky. He could hear water lapping at the side of the vessel as voices shouted over-head, male voices, gruff, speaking in some strange language. He moaned a little.

His vision started to blur and he could feel himself

losing his battle for consciousness. When his eyes opened again, daylight was pouring in through an opening above him.

Heavy steps signaled the approach of a big man with bad teeth. He didn't say a word. He just unlocked the shackles on his ankle and wrist and then hauled him to his feet.

In a language he didn't understand, the man appeared to be giving him some kind of instructions. He stood there unsure, staring dumbstruck at his dirty bandana and golden earring. A maze of dirty, smelly men surrounded him, all peering down at him with scowls on their faces. The man with the bandana on his head suddenly hissed at him. He grabbed him and began dragging him up the narrow steps to the deck. They had docked on the bank of some village. He could see people and buildings. Straight ahead of him in the distance soldiers paraded around in blue uniforms with high black boots and tight pants.

"Where am I?" he muttered, but the man beside him was not listening. He started pulling him off of the ship.

His feet touched ground, feet covered in black leather shoes with fancy buckles. He looked down at his torn shirt but it wasn't just any shirt, it was made from fine linen and trimmed with satin, like his pants.

The man in the bandana half carried him over the grassy bank with two more men, both big with funny looking hats, walking beside him. They kept their eyes on him and their hands close to the swords swinging off their hips.

Walking at a swift pace, the man had his arm

around his waist and he was being half lifted off the ground. They began to encounter people. Most were quite ordinary and poor, simple peasants in tattered clothing. Then there were a few gentlemen dressed either in plain black business suits or in fancy brocade velvet waist coats with fold down collars and snug pants, their hair tied back with black ribbons. A few wore powdered wigs. Women paraded in long dresses with their bottom's and busts padded with excess material, their hair cascading down under large frightening hats, their necks sparkling with rubies. They carried baskets on their arms, or were walking leisurely with parasols posed over their heads.

There were children as well, carrying heavy loads or walking properly beside their parents.

Everyone was staring at them, but no one approached.

As they trudged on, he began to struggle some against the big one's arm around his waist, but it was useless. A multitude of faces blurred passed him, either looking at them with open contempt or with outright fear. Most gave them a wide path, ignoring his plea for help.

He kept his head down now, feeling ashamed as people began to point at them. "Where are you taking me?" he demanded, which earned him a punch in the side from one of the others. It knocked the wind out of him for a minute.

He was being carried out of the center of the village to where a carriage waited on a makeshift road. Suddenly he gasped as the man who had hold

of him dropped him on the ground. He pulled him to his knees and placed a boot on the back of his neck. His forehead was pressed against the damp soggy ground, the pain forcing a groan out of him.

The man with his boot on his neck was speaking to someone now, but he couldn't see anything.

Finally, the boot was removed and the man behind him grabbed a handful of his hair and pulled his head back.

A tall man in a fancy waistcoat stood in front of him. His salt and pepper hair was tied back with a black ribbon. Two soldiers dressed in green and white stood by his side, their faces without expression.

The man ran his eyes over him, then took out a little snuff box and sniffed some into one nostril, then the other. Suddenly, he snapped shut the little box and leaned down. With his fingers, he tried to pry open his mouth. When he felt resistance, he growled at him. "Be still," he said in English.

The man behind him pulled harder at his hair.

He let out a gasp of pain.

The strange man inspected his teeth, and studied his face for a minute. Then the man reached down and urged him to his feet. He let his eyes travel over him and said something swiftly in French.

He gasped as two soldiers abruptly ripped off his shirt and pulled his pants down to his ankles.

"What...what...is...is the meaning of this?" He demanded, his face burning with shame. The soldiers had taken a hold of his arms so that he couldn't move to cover himself.

The man never answered. He reached out and

lifted his sex up in his hand.

He let out a sound of protest.

Then, the man fondled his testicles as he tried to maneuver out of the reach of his cold hands.

The soldiers increased their hold on him. Clenching their jaws, they shook him a little.

The man moved slowly around him, taking his time in his appraisal. He felt a few, sharp slaps on his buttocks, which caused his mouth to open into a perfect O.

Then the well dressed gentleman grunted, giving a nod to the two soldiers.

One of them pulled up his pants and casually tied them. The other haphazardly replaced what was left of his shirt. He watched as the man took out his purse and handed the other man in the bandana several pieces of gold.

My God, he thought. He was being sold like cattle.

"You cannot do this," he cried out, which earned him a slap across the face by one of the soldiers.

He began to struggle again as they picked him up and shoved him into the fancy carriage waiting nearby. He felt one of them poke him in the ribs with his bayonet as the other crawled over him and sat on his left.

Then a few seconds later, the gentleman climbed in. He knocked twice on the top of the carriage and they began to move forward.

The horses picked up speed as they galloped across the French countryside. He felt his entire body tremble as the two men plastered themselves against him in the shadowy coach.

He studied the intricately woven design of the gentleman's waistcoat for a second and wondered who he was. What did he want with him? How could he buy him like he was a piece of meat? But no one said a word.

For what seemed like an eternity, they traveled. Finally, the carriage was brought to a halt. The door swung open and a servant stood there in the dusk. He had placed a stool in front of the door. The man in the expensive clothes stepped out of the coach.

One soldier pushed at him and he fell out of the coach, and onto his hands and knees. Sprawled on the dusty ground, he blinked and looked around him.

He felt as if he were in the middle of nowhere. The two soldiers stood in front of him, watching, their arms folded across their chests. They talked casually about something.

The gentleman was walking towards a house, a big sprawling mansion of a house. The thin little man who had opened the door of the coach trotted after him on his heels.

The wind was howling through the trees. He felt cold, his chest half naked. He shivered.

Suddenly, one of the soldiers reached out and grabbed his arm. He dragged him towards the big house. Bringing him around to the side door, they shoved him inside.

A severe looking woman stood in the kitchen dressed in a black dress with a white hat and apron. Her stern look disappeared when she saw the soldiers. She gave them an almost coquettish smile.

The soldiers continued to shove him through the

kitchen, ignoring the servant. He was taken through a great hall and although at the time, he couldn't have described his surroundings, he knew he was definitely not in the home of a peasant.

He suddenly found himself inside a small room. His heart thudded in his chest, bile building up in his throat. Terror scratched at his insides.

The tall gentleman was there suddenly. He waved the soldiers away. Finally, he said in English, "I am Monsieur Rougemont. You are my property now."

"A slave?" He inquired, not believing what he was hearing.

"Yes," he nodded. "A very special slave. What is your name?"

"I...I do not know," he muttered. He lifted his hand to his head. "I seemed to have..."

"Ah," he said, "yes, I see." He spoke well in English with only the slightest of accents. "You have lost your memory, taken a blow to the head. Well, it is of no consequence."

"Have I always been a slave?" He asked, his head pounding.

He cocked his head. "I doubt that. But you are now."

"Where am I exactly?" He managed.

"You may ask what you like in this room but after, you will speak only when spoken to. Is that understood?"

He swallowed. "How is it that I am a slave?"

"You are a spoil of war. We are at war with the English. From the way you are dressed, I surmise you were not a soldier. Obviously you are a member of

the Leisure Class, perhaps part of the King's court?"

"I...I do not know," he replied softly, looking around. "All of this...I have not had time to...take this all in. You are...French?"

"*Oui*," he met his eyes.

"We are in France?"

"We are," he inclined his head.

"And how did I come to be on that ship? It was a pirate ship, I think."

"In times of war, even the pirates become patriots," he raised his hands and then lowered them. "Pirates have been warring also with the English. I had news of your capture weeks ago. I was waiting for someone like you."

He suddenly felt quite desperate. "You have no right to keep me here, Sir. If I am a nobleman as you say, there will be a penalty for this."

He laughed, then, went to sit in the winged chair in front of the fire. "I am well protected."

"I did not think that the French were slavers. I thought that you fought for liberty and..."

"These are extraordinary times, boy," he said, lifting one elegant hand, before placing it in his lap. "We are less than thirty miles from Paris. There is a civil war going on there, a fight that must be won. At the same time, we are fighting wars with England. Austria and Prussia now crowd our borders. I must do my part for the war effort."

"I do not understand," he said, standing meekly in the center of the room.

"My home has become a retreat for weary soldiers. We are running short of fighting men. I am not able to

fight due to my health condition so I open my home to the military. Here, the valiant French soldiers can rest and return to the battlefield rejuvenated."

"What has this to do with me, Sir?" He cleared his throat, suddenly feeling faint with hunger and thirst.

"You will be made available to the soldiers."

"Made available," he whispered. Then eyeing him, he demanded haughtily, "Explain yourself, Sir."

The man rose. He took a step toward him. "I said you could ask questions. I did not give you permission to be impertinent. You will address me with respect or I shall have you whipped."

He forced himself to calm some and then in a voice that shook with restrained anger, said, "If you please, kind Sir, explain to me what you mean."

He smirked. "I mean, your body will be made available to any soldier who should desire it."

The words reverberated in his ears. A look of horror came into his eyes. The man came closer, putting his face close to his. "When you are not sexually servicing the brave soldiers who darken my door, you shall tend to the horses. Do you know anything about horses, boy?"

He shook his head.

"Do you know anything about giving pleasure to men?" He demanded, his voice louder.

He shook his head again.

He backed away. "Take off your clothes," he commanded.

"My...clothes?" He blinked.

"Now," he snapped. "Now, or I shall send for the soldiers and have them ripped off again."

Slowly, the boy lifted the tattered shirt over his head, revealing a smooth well-toned torso. He undid the tie that held up his pants and let them fall to the floor. He trembled as he removed his shoes and stepped out of the pants.

He stood there, his face flaming with color.

He felt the man's eyes slide over him. He stiffened as he wrapped his fist around his sex and began to examine it. "Now, I can finally have a proper look at you," he muttered. "Clean enough," he pronounced.

He closed his eyes, trying to block out the humiliation.

"Turn around," the man instructed.

When he didn't move, he pushed him around roughly. "Do what I say, D'anglais."

He turned around slowly.

"Bend over," he told him coldly.

He bit his lip, tears of humiliation stinging his eyes as he followed the order.

Fingers pried his buttocks apart.

He bit his lip. "Please, Sir," he sniffed, holding back tears.

"Stop your blathering. The soldiers will want to do far more to you than this. This ass of yours, this is what the men will really want," he announced, slipping the tip of his finger into the opening. "Nice little ass. Nice tight hole."

The boy clenched his muscles to repel his finger.

He laughed, yanking him around now, lifting his chin. "You will take to it like a duck to water. You will be begging for those soldiers to use you," he whispered, examining his face. "You have the face of

a boy, quite beautiful. The English do have beautiful skin, so fair. How old are you?"

"I do not...do not...know," he whispered fiercely.

"You must be eighteen or so," he said matter of fact. "Have you ever had it up the ass, boy or are you a tender virgin?" He met his eyes.

"I...I...do not know," he gasped.

He released his chin. "Get dressed," he ordered.

He quickly dressed, then stood there uncertainly, wrapping his arms around his chest.

"From now on, you shall be known as D'anglais. There is a place for you to sleep in the barn. Soldiers will be told that your body is to be used for their pleasure. When you are sent for, you will come immediately, but not before you wash. Is that clear?"

He gulped some air.

"Is that clear?" He repeated, his fierce eyes glowing at him.

He nodded.

"The stable boy, Gaston will teach you how to care for the horses. You will also have other chores in the fields. And you will learn the language. You are in France now. I will not speak your tongue anymore after tonight. You will learn French." He said, waving his hand in front of him.

Suddenly, he called out to the soldiers. He was taken by the neck and pulled outside.

He was met by Gaston at the stables, a stooped over old man who spoke no English. They communicated by hand signals.

Gaston gave him a blanket and a pillow and pointed to the corner of the barn. He was cold,

frightened and hungry. The hay scratched his skin and the movement of the horses wouldn't allow him to sleep. He wondered why he couldn't even remember his own name. *Who was he? Where had he come from? And what would become of him?*

Two days after he had arrived, six French Soldiers came to Monsieur Rougemont's house on horseback. He was grateful that they paid so little attention to him.

He took their horses one by one, and he and Gaston proceeded to rub them down.

Throughout the evening, he glanced over at the main house nervously. He could hear the laughter grow more boisterous as the sun sunk in the sky.

Mr. Rougemont's country house was very large and elegant. The central entrance hall, lined with coats of arms and suits of armor, contained a large staircase, which led upstairs to rooms he had never seen. The lower floors were filled with a series of common rooms and a drawing room where people danced and played music. There was also a formal dining room, an informal breakfast room, library, study, and billiard room. Although he had only been privileged to a few of these rooms, he heard the other servants speak of them.

Finally, he lay down in his corner of the barn and tried to sleep. He was just dozing off when he heard a voice calling him. It was one of the house servants wanting to know where he was.

He sat up and rubbed his eyes. The man servant had set down a bucket of water and some soap on the floor of the barn. He pointed to it, then to the house.

His stomach was tied in knots. He stood up and slowly came over to where the man stood. He pointed again to the bucket.

He nodded and slowly began to undress. The man servant did not give him any privacy. He watched him as he washed and kept telling him to hurry up.

When he went to put on his clothes again, the man shook his head. "*Non,*" he said.

"Naked? I...go naked?" He gasped.

"*Oui,*" he replied stiffly, taking his arm and pulling him across to the side door of the house. As they drew closer, he heard the men's drunken voices. They were all talking at once.

He tried to break away but the servant clutched him tighter and then pushed him across the great hall. As he was practically hurled into one of the common rooms where soldiers lounged around on ornate couches and drank brandy, he tried to shield his nakedness with his hands.

Monsieur Rougemont stood up as he entered. He motioned to him. "*Ici D'anglais.*" He saw the three soldiers in the room. They were obviously intoxicated, their uniforms rumbled and undone.

Two of them rose from where they were sitting. He stood there, frozen to the spot, his hands positioned over his genitals.

One of them grabbed him by the back of the neck and propelled him forward. The other tore his hands away from his sex.

Monsieur Rougement said something to them and then with a nod of his head, he left the room.

The man sitting on the sofa said something to the

other two and they brought him closer, pulling his hands out to his sides so that he was completely exposed to him.

He was a man at least twenty years his senior with a hawk-like nose and narrow green eyes. As he got up, he noticed that the soldier was no taller than himself, perhaps five six or seven. He ran his glazed eyes over him and then reached down and slapped his sex a few times.

He gasped, feeling the sting.

He barked something to the other two. One of them laughed faintly, then, roughly dragged his legs apart. The older man reached out and began to fondle his sex, while the soldier on his left ran one hand over his buttocks.

He felt his sex swell as one of the men began to suck on his nipple. He let his head go back and he heard himself moaning. They held him prone, his arms out, and his legs spread, sucking and fondling him. He brought his head up to look at the man on the right. Unlike the other two, he was young and handsome. He suddenly wanted to be kissed by him.

The older man motioned to the other two and they half carried him across the room. He could smell the liquor as they forced him face down over the top of the sofa. Again, his legs were dragged apart, wider this time, as wide as they could go. He felt totally exposed, totally at their mercy and his sex was throbbing.

In French, they said things he didn't understand. Their voices sounded silky and slurred. Hands moved over his flesh, caressing his buttocks, his blood

engorged organ. Fingers invaded him, going deep inside.

He moaned deeply, rubbing his organ against the cloth of the sofa. He was on the verge of going into a frenzy of fear, mixed ironically with aching desire. He didn't know what was going to happen to him. He only knew there was a part of him that wanted it to continue.

"You like that, English whore?" A gruff voice demanded, grabbing his hair, sticking his tongue in his ear.

He moaned again as he felt hands move down over his chest and again slap at his erect penis.

They were talking once more, deep in their throats, their slurred speech filled with lust.

He was being pulled downwards, rolled onto his back. He saw that hawkish nose coming closer to him, his tongue darting out to trace a circle around one of his taunt nipples. He licked at it, then, bit it hard.

He winced as the other soldier now came forward and twisted both his nipples with his fingers. A tongue traced down his stomach to his sex. His sex was standing straight up between his spread open thighs. He bucked hard as hands held him down. A tongue licked his sex. There was low guttural laughter as he tried to move his cock closer to the hands and mouth that caressed his flesh.

Fumbling with his pants – the man who looked like a hawk – slid them down to his knees. He released his hold on him and pointed to his erection. "Suck it," he demanded.

He slid off the sofa and down to his knees. Soon he

was sucking not only his cock, but the other soldier's as well. The hard organs swelled in his mouth as he moved his lips and tongue over them.

"You have done this before," one of them murmured, moaning softly.

They all came in his mouth, one after another. He sat back on the floor and closed his eyes. His jaw was aching, his sex still hard.

The young handsome soldier left the room for a moment. Shortly he returned, carrying a small bucket.

"We are going to get you ready English," the older man said, then looked at the other two and snickered. "Pig fat," he declared. "We put this up inside that beautiful hole of yours and we grease you well. Then we ride you all night."

His eyes widened. "Please," he began. "I..." But before he could finish the sentence, he was dragged up to his feet and practically carried out into the hallway. There, they tied his hands together around one of the columns in the middle of the floor.

"Keep your legs spread, English whore," he was told.

Fingers invaded him again, this time covered with a thick oily substance. One, then two, then three fingers delved deep within him, moving past the tight sphincter to his prostate. The muscle began to relax as the fingers moved in and out and around his anus. An incredible pressure began to build inside of him. His body went into spasms, his hips bucking against the smooth marble of the column he was tied to. He moaned, his erect penis slapping against the structure.

The handsome one moved around in front of the column now and smiled at him. He said something to him in French, then, lightly kissed his lips. When he realized that he was receptive, he kissed him again, this time, deeper, sinking his tongue into his mouth. All the while, fingers were still slipping in and out of his anus; coated with the slick substance. He moaned loudly, his body vibrating with arousal.

As the soldier kissed him, he slid his hand in between the column and his chest. He flicked his thumb over one of his nipples, then, pinched it playfully.

He groaned again, the pressure building inside his cock now as another hand reached between his legs to play with it.

Then without warning, he felt a thick erect penis plunge into his stimulated and well-prepared orifice. He let out a cry of pleasure as the organ pumped deep within him. He spread his legs further to allow it to go deeper, bending some at the waist. As the night went on, they used him again and again, taking turns exploding inside of him and playing with his body.

When they were finished, they left him tethered to the big column in the middle of the great hallway. He dozed there until the Master came and untied him. He ordered him to go back to the barn and get some sleep before the sun came up.

He still didn't know his name but he did have one piece of information about himself he didn't have before. He knew now that he was no virgin. He had thoroughly enjoyed fulfilling the sexual demands of those men. He had loved their hands all over him and

he wanted it to happen again.

CHAPTER TWO: THE CAPTAIN

As weeks went by, he was beginning to understand French, and with but a few exceptions, he looked forward to servicing the French soldiers who came to rest at the home of Monsieur Rougemont.

He worked hard in the fields by day with Gaston for company. At night, if he was lucky, a handsome young soldier or two requested his presence at the house.

It had been almost six months since he had first come here, and still his memory had not returned. He was beginning to think it never would come back. If he were part of the aristocracy in Britain, no one had come looking for him. Chaos reigned in Paris. There was talk of getting rid of the King and people were being executed every day. Even if his countrymen were looking for him, it would be next to impossible to find him here.

This night, he was just falling off to sleep when he heard a great thundering of hoofs.

Gaston awoke and motioned to him. They both stuck their heads out of the barn at the same time to see who was approaching.

"Who is it, Gaston?" he asked him in broken

French.

Gaston turned to him and said something in French. He was very excited.

"You are speaking too fast, Gaston," he said.

He pointed to the men who were now dismounting in front of the great house.

"*Capitaine Dubois*," Gaston told him. Then he went on to say something else which the boy understood to mean that he had won many medals for bravery.

After that statement, Gaston began to light the oil lamps. He pointed to the pitchfork, which meant that he was to clean out three of the stalls.

After he had cleaned out the stalls, he waited. The horses and the men remained at the house for at least an hour. Gaston inspected the stalls and told him to clean them again. Who ever Captain Dubois was, he must be important he thought to warrant such a spotless place for his horse.

He was half asleep by the time he began to hear the voices of men approaching. He rose from where he sat in the corner of the barn and looked over at Gaston.

He seemed very happy. He straightened his shirt and motioned to him to stand up straight.

He yawned, and tried to comply, stumbling to his feet awkwardly, attempting to smooth down the material of his dirty wrinkled shirt.

Two men came into the barn. One of them was very drunk. He was a short man and he couldn't seem to stand up straight. Another man was trying to hold him up, which was difficult because he was almost as drunk as his companion. There was laughter. They

said something, pointed at each other and laughed uproariously. Then they began to sing.

Gaston looked at the boy and grinned. He told him that the drunken soldiers had forgotten the horses and to go to the house and bring them to the stables.

The drunkest man fell down in the hay. The other shook his head, losing his hat. He looked at his companion, clicked his tongue, and then he too fell down.

The boy stepped over the soldiers and headed to the house where three horses stood tied to a post outside the main gate. As he approached, he noticed that there was a man standing nearby. He was very tall and muscular.

As he drew closer to him, he recognized that he was wearing the dress of a captain.

The man turned around suddenly as if expecting to do battle. The front of his tight fitting uniform with the regimental brass buttons was covered with medals and decorations. He wasn't wearing the traditional white or black stockings, which covered the shoes. Instead, he had on high black boots over his wool pants. They looked very beaten and scuffed.

He relaxed when he saw the boy and then said in French, his voice sounding weary, "What is it?"

"*Les Cheval*," the boy managed, lowering his head. He was struck by the captain's beautiful face, and large dark eyes. He seemed very young to be so decorated. He was having a hard time breathing as he looked at him.

He said something briskly in French. If he hadn't have been so distracted, he might have caught what

he said.

"Excuse me, I don't understand," he managed.

The Captain lifted a dark eyebrow and then said casually, "You are English." His deep voice carried only the slightest hint of a French accent.

He raised his head. "Yes. You speak English well, Sir."

"Umm, *merci*," he replied, his seductive deep voice traveling softly on the night breeze.

"I have come to get the horses. The other men are...well they have forgotten," he said politely, feeling quite intoxicated by the captain.

He laughed slightly. "You are very kind, boy. But my men are drunken irresponsible idiots. That is why they forget their horses."

"Yes, Captain," he bobbed his head.

The young French man walked over to one of the horses and began to untie it.

Immediately, he busied himself with untying the other two.

After a few minutes he paused and said, "You...are the Captain?" He was uncertain as he studied him again. He couldn't have been more than twenty and three years. He was far too young to be a captain with all those medals.

"Yes," he inclined his dark head. "I am Captain Daniel Dubois. And your name is?"

"I...I do not know, Sir. " He said, embarrassed. "They call me D'anglais."

"How can you not know?" He narrowed his large eyes that seemed to be the color of deep rich cocoa.

He contemplated how he was going to explain

himself as he followed at his heels across the grass to the stables.

Finally he shook his head. "I know nothing of my past, Captain," he told him, casting him a glance as one of the horses whinnied and snorted.

They entered the barn.

The Captain paused and studied the boy. "How did you come to be here?" Daniel Dubois asked him.

"I was...sold, Sir. I am a slave," he told him, looking down at his feet which still contained the rather tattered fancy shoes.

He looked up suddenly to notice that the captain's beautiful, big brown eyes were filled with a mixture of compassion and anger. "No one should be a slave. I had no idea that Rougemont was a slave owner," he said stiffly.

The boy panicked. "Please Sir. Captain, this is the only home I have. Please, do not make him sell me. It is not so bad here."

The Captain gave him a puzzled look. "Very well," he shrugged his broad shoulders. "I will not mention this to him, but know this, France is a place of liberty. Even a prisoner of war is not considered a slave. We are not a nation of barbarians."

He nodded. "I understand. It is because we are at war. I am English and..."

"You speak the language, but you do not look English," the captain interrupted him.

"I don't?" He inquired curiously.

The Captain was handing the reins of his horse to an anxiously waiting Gaston. "No," he replied. "You have a Latin look about you. Spanish maybe."

This surprised him. He was about to ask him more but the Captain had turned abruptly away from him and was bellowing at his men.

His men tried to stand when he approached and called them to attention. One managed it, the other didn't. Dubois sighed deeply and fell quiet. He muttered something under his breath, threw them a dirty look and turned to Gaston. He told him something in French and then turned to go.

"Thank you, Captain," he called out to him before he walked away.

He turned and gave him a brief nod, then continued to make his way to the house.

Gaston chastised him for speaking to the Captain. "...and in English, of all things," he clicked his tongue. "How disrespectful!"

The boy just smiled and began to care for the horses. As he groomed them, he thought about the captain and how handsome he was. Surprised by feelings that felt strange yet familiar, he couldn't help but wonder when the Captain would come to the stables again.

Gaston said something to him like, "Get that dreamy look out of your eyes, boy. The Captain is way out of your league. Go to bed, now."

He dreamt about that handsome officer most of the night. His smile, the way he looked in that uniform, his voice; all seemed so familiar when the sun rose. In the dream, he took many sexual liberties with him. He knew what he wanted. He wanted his body, in complete submission to his every desire. He dreamt that they had been alone together in the barn. The

Captain had just appeared. Gaston was nowhere in sight. He ran his eyes over him as he came closer. The way he looked in that uniform was almost criminal. It clung to his body like a second skin. "Take it off," he told him, his voice raw and soaked in lust.

The captain slowly began to undo the buttons on his shirt. He moved it off his shoulders, causing the muscles in his chest and arms to ripple seductively under his bronzed skin.

He licked his lips as he watched him. "Now, the boots," he demanded.

The captain smiled, then reached down and began to pull off his boots.

Impatient, he moved toward the Captain and ripped at the pants. He tore them off. He looked at him for a long time, trying to get a clear image of his naked body but the dream wouldn't allow it. At most, he caught images that were only a result of his active imagination. But he found himself on his knees. He had his organ in his mouth and he swore he could taste him. He heard him say, "Yes, yes," and he knew that the Captain was lying on top of him suddenly, impaling him with his splendid cock, which was of course incredibly huge. Then he woke up.

Later that night, he was to see the Captain again when he was called to serve in the house. Angelique, the head house keeper gave him a clean shirt and made him wash his hands and neck. He was hoping that the Captain would request him alone in his bedroom.

"You will stand in the dining room in the corner and if any of the gentlemen want anything, you are to

come into the kitchen and fetch it, boy. Is that clear?" Angelique instructed, pushing her tightly wound gray hair further back off her forehead.

He nodded, only wanting to get another glance at the handsome Captain. Less than an hour later, he had ample time to look at him. He sat with Monsieur Rougemont near the head of the table while his two men sat together on the other side.

My God, but what a scrumptious man he was, desirable in every conceivable way. His face was certainly a thing of beauty with those large dark eyes and sensuous lips. His cheekbones were angled. His square jaw had just the lightest of stubble beginning to appear. And his body, well, even with that uniform covering his flesh, it was clear that he had a well toned muscular body. He wasn't too thin but he had no excess fat on his body either. He had broad shoulders and his body made a perfect V from the top to the bottom. If he had a big cock, well, then there wasn't a God of mercy after all.

He could not help staring at him as he spoke of the war and his heartfelt wish to see the end of it. "I grow tired of fighting and death," he told Rougemont who was saluting the soldiers at the table.

"We will be stuck in the past forever I fear if we do not win this war," Rougemont shook his head gravely.

The Captain lifted his glass of wine to take a sip. "No one wins a war, Sir," he said, drinking deeply. "And France is at war with everyone, including herself."

He rushed over to him as soon as he put down his

glass. "*Encore, Capitaine?*" he inquired anxiously, waiting to pour the wine.

Dubois glanced at him and shook his dark head.

"Did you say, no one wins a war?" Rougemont glanced at the Captain. "Surely I misheard you."

"No. You heard me correctly," Daniel Dubois repeated.

"But you are a highly decorated officer Sir, surely you have..."

"I have had my victories and my defeats. So have the English and the Spanish and so on. In the end, many people die and nothing is gained except for a few years peace before the next conflict. We have been at war with everyone at one time or another for eternity. When will it end?"

There was silence. Rougemont cleared his throat and changed the subject.

It wasn't until dessert was served, a creamy pudding which looked delicious, that he noticed the Captain's eyes on him. At first he thought he was imagining it, but eventually it became quite obvious. He held his breath, hoping for a sign that the captain wanted him.

He was released from service shortly after the dinner was over. He was disappointed as he walked from the side of the great house out into the yard.

The captain had not asked Rougemont at dinner if he could have him. Perhaps, his tastes did not run that way. Or maybe he was waiting for later. That was it. He preferred to be discrete. After everyone was a bed, he would send one of the servants for him.

As he was walking by a big tree near the stables,

suddenly he gasped as he felt a hand slide over his mouth. Then, he realized by the sheer height and mass of him, that it was the Captain.

He quieted and when the Captain was sure he wouldn't scream, he let him go. "Quiet, boy," he whispered. "Do not say anything. I must speak with you."

The boy gushed. "Captain. I...the way you were looking at me tonight...I must tell you...I...feel as you do...I..." he moved closer and reached up to touch his cheek. "You may have me."

The Captain captured his hand in his and pressed it down to his side. "Do not be ridiculous boy, do you think I come out here to you in the night to make love to you?"

He felt as if he'd been slapped. He felt foolish, humiliated, than angry. "You were staring at me...you..."

"I know who you are," he narrowed his eyes. "You have to leave here with me as soon as possible, before someone discovers your identity."

The boy pursed his lips. "What are you talking about? I cannot leave...I am..."

"I must get you on a ship to England. Listen to me," he clutched his shoulders and shook him slightly. "I have seen your portrait. You are Joseph, the nephew of King George. You look like your mother, who was born in Portugal. This is how I recognized you."

"You are insane! And even if this were true, we are enemies. Besides, I do not wish to go back to England." He was surprised when he said it, but

suddenly he realized that it was true.

The Captains eyes widened. "You are being used as a sexual plaything for the French soldiers. You do not wish to escape?"

He swallowed, blushing some. "I am here to give pleasure to the soldiers. I..."

"This is not about pleasure," he snapped. "This is about slavery."

"Why would you help me to get away then?" He stammered, looking at him suspiciously.

He paused for a minute before he said hastily, "I have my reasons. Be ready. I will come for you one of these nights as soon as I can. I must go back inside now before someone discovers I am gone. Go now," he hissed in the darkness. "Go, and say nothing to anyone of this."

He walked as if stunned back to the stables. He sat down in the darkness on his hay bed and put his face in his hands. *Joseph, he had said...and a blood relative to the King of England? This was impossible. It was all impossible. And even if it were true, why would this French Captain help him to escape, to go home? They were enemies. He would be betraying his country.*

He wouldn't go. He was not going to just ride off into the night with this Captain, even if he was the most beautiful man he had ever seen. Besides, the Captain had made it clear that he found his admiration ridiculous.

Determined to defy him, the boy lay down in the hay and willed himself to sleep but the Captain's image came into his mind. There was something so familiar about him. He felt as if he had touched him

in places that were forbidden and that he had experienced great pleasure in his arms. He drifted, dreaming and then he was there, without the uniform, totally naked, lying next to him, touching his flesh, kissing him. He surrendered completely and then saw himself enter him like a ram would take a sheep. He heard himself growl deeply in his throat like some kind of wild animal. Their eyes met and the captains glowed red like blood. He felt himself respond with uncontrolled desire and passion so strong that he bent his head and bit into his flesh. "Dino..." he murmured..."I love you. I'll always love you... forever...eternity...you are mine."

He woke out of a dead sleep. "Dino," he whispered. The name was on his tongue. Who in the hell was Dino?

It was dawn. More soldiers arrived just as the sun was dipping low in the horizon. He and Gaston were busy most of the evening with their horses.

Around ten o'clock that night just as he was ready to go to sleep, the manservant came in the barn with the tub of water. He knew what that meant. He quickly stripped off his clothes and washed.

He knew the Captain was somewhere in that house. He wondered if he had requested him or if it had been the new men who had just arrived.

He walked naked as usual to the side door of the house, no longer embarrassed of his nudity. He was used to the routine now. It did no good to hide. He was completely at their mercy and they practically did anything they wanted to him. It was at its worst when he resisted.

Monsieur Rougemont met him in the hall and ordered him to stay there. Two soldiers came out to join him. He searched their faces eagerly but the Captain was not among them.

It was disappointing because for the most part, they were not appealing. Both of them were short and rather stout with unattractive pointed features. They might have been twins.

Monsieur Rougemont folded his arms across his chest and told him in French to put his hands behind his head. He did so immediately, surprised that the Master intended on staying around.

"Turn around," he commanded in French, "and bend over. Show these men that sweet ass of yours."

He turned around and was about to bend over when he saw the Captain step into the room. He paused, feeling embarrassment suddenly.

The Captain stood in the entrance to the great hall, his shoulder length black hair falling loose around his shoulders. The white ruffled shirt he wore hung open at the collar revealing the brown column of his throat and the top of his broad chest.

He couldn't help but notice that the black pants were plastered to his thighs and tight enough to reveal the substantial bulge he sprouted.

"I told you to bend over, D'anglais," Monsieur Rougemont shouted now, his voice echoing in the great hall.

He ran his lips over his tongue, holding the Captain's eyes. He stood there with his hands folded behind his head as Rougement had told him to.

He deliberately pushed his hips forward now,

wishing that he could have been erect. He wanted to be his slave. He wanted him to put his hands all over him, make him get on his knees. He wanted to worship him, watch his face contort with passion, his body rise and fall in orgasm.

As the Captain's eyes moved over him, he felt his sex began to twitch. He moaned inwardly. Yes, lover. I want you more than I've ever wanted anyone. And you know it. I can tell by the way you're looking at me right now.

Rougemont came over and glared into his face, breaking the erotic spell the Captain had cast over him. "D'anglais, are you deaf?"

"Excuse Monsieur," he murmured softly. Keeping his eyes on the Captain, he slowly bent forward from the waist.

He heard the two soldiers make appreciative sounds in their throats as Rougemont urged them to come closer.

The Captain was still looking at him as the two soldiers approached. Their eyes were locked together. A faint smile played around his lips as the Captain's eyes penetrated his.

One of the soldiers pulled him into an upright position now. He ran his hands over his chest, pausing to tweak his nipples, before moving down to his semi erect organ. He grabbed it with one hand and then brutally twisted his testicles with the other.

He cried out, gripped with pain.

He didn't notice the Captain moving until he was standing in front of him. He took the soldiers hand and dragged it away from him.

He was speaking to him in rapid French. The soldier bent his head and moved back, not daring to reply.

Understanding only half of what the captain was saying, he stood shock still, holding his breath. There was something about honor and respect in his reprimand. And then he ordered the soldier to go to bed. The other one filed out behind him, silently without a word.

The Captain turned to Rougemont. "What is this?" He demanded.

Rougemont had watched the exchange with interest. He shrugged. "You're a fascinating man, Captain. I was wondering what would finally arouse your passion."

Daniel Dubois ignored the Master of the house for a moment and glanced at D'anglais. "Leave us now," he said.

He nodded and ran out of the hall, only to pause behind the door to eavesdrop on the rest of the conversation.

As soon as he thought the boy had left, the Captain gave Monsieur Rougement a cold stare. "Monsieur, you still don't know what arouses my passion but I can assure you that torture and enslavement do not."

"Are you dissatisfied with my hospitality, Captain?" The master asked him.

"I do not mean to insult you, Monsieur. You have been a most gracious host. I'm sure you have the best of intentions in providing the..." he paused, seeming to choke on the word, "services you do."

"Ah, you do not approve of your men using the

English boy for their pleasure. It seems that you have not yet shed your Catholic conscience. You still associate sexual desire with damnation. I would like to tell you, Captain that sexual appetites run the gamut of..."

"Monsieur," he interjected coldly. "I am no prude and I have no need of a lesson about sexual proclivities from you. I have seen far more in my lifetime than you will ever see."

"Forgive me, I have spoken out of turn," Rougemont replied.

"I was told to come here. I was told to instruct my men to come here for rest."

"And sexual fulfillment is not—" Rougemont began.

"What in hell are we fighting for?" Dubois demanded angrily, cutting him off. "Why are people dying like flies in the city? Why is brother fighting brother? We are fighting for liberty, for a new way of life, to overthrow an old repressive regime that favored some men above others. And yet, here I see oppression. I see cruelty."

"Have a drink Captain," Rougemont said in a silky voice. "Have a drink and then come with me to my room. I will show you the error of your ways. You don't know how to relax. You need to embrace your senses, release your..."

"No thank you," he told him in a voice that could have frozen rain.

There was silence.

"You military men," Rougemont accused. "You think of nothing but war."

"Not war, Monsieur Rougemont, death. Soldiers think mostly about death, and I have no intention of dying for a man who believes that it is moral to enslave another."

"That is a nice speech, Captain," Rougemont clapped his hands a few times. "But there is one flaw in it. You see, D'anglais enjoys being dominated by the men. If you don't believe me, ask him."

He sucked in some breath when he heard what the master had said to the captain. It was true that he often enjoyed these sexual encounters but not when they involved pain and torture.

"Well," the Captain replied, his voice laced with sarcasm. "He really does not have much of a choice, does he? He is your prisoner."

"Yes, in the beginning. Now, if given a choice, I believe he would stay of his own free will. He has a fierce sexual appetite for such a young succulent morsel. You should try him. He wants you."

He gasped now, thinking he shouldn't be hearing this. My God, did his desire for the captain show that much?

The Captain cleared his throat. "Thank you for the offer. I must respectfully decline. I'm leaving shortly. I must get back to Paris."

"Of course," Monsieur Rougemont replied tersely. "Good night, Captain."

"Good night," he said.

Slowly, D'anglais crept off through the kitchen and out into the night. He slipped into the barn and laid his head down on the straw. The sound of the Captains voice played in his head. He heard his

words, the words of an intelligent principled man. He fell asleep with jumbled French words in his head.

CHAPTER THREE: THE ESCAPE

Suddenly the Captain was kneeling beside him. “Come on, Joseph,” he whispered, shaking him roughly, “We have to leave here, tonight.”

He shook his head. “No. Go alone. I will stay here,” he said stubbornly in English. He went to turn over on the straw bed, pulling the moth eaten blanket up around his shoulders.

Strong arms pulled him back around. « *Mon Dieu, petit fou*. What is wrong with you?” he insisted angrily. “I am trying to help you.”

“I do not trust you,” he replied, sitting up in the dark. Only the light of the moon illuminated their faces. “I do not understand your motives to help me. You are a Frenchman at war with the English and it’s obvious you have no...well...no interest in me in other ways.”

The Captain sighed. “So that is it. I have insulted you. Well, I suggest you put your ego aside boy and get your ass moving. I will tell you this only once, I am trying to get you home.”

“Yes, so it seems and the question is why? What is in it for you?” Joseph probed, eyeing him suspiciously.

"My reasons are my own and need not concern you. All you need to know is that on my honor as an officer, I will protect you and return you to the palace."

"Palace?" He lifted an eyebrow. "I really live in a palace?"

"Yes. Your father is the King's brother," he sighed. "I already told you this. We are wasting precious time."

He grabbed his arm suddenly and pulled him to his feet. "Now come on, we will not have another chance."

He was about to struggle away from him when there was a strange voice deep inside of him that said, "Trust him. He is your destiny. He is the reason your life was not worth remembering. If you refuse, you will never see him again."

He shook off Daniel Dubois' hands and followed him outside. The Captain handed him the reins of a horse. "Lead him, until we are far enough down the road, Joey."

"Joey?" He echoed. "Why did you call me...?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. Your name is Joseph. I like Joey much better."

He liked it too, but he didn't tell him that.

They walked in the blackness with nothing guiding them except for the moon. But somehow he didn't feel any fear. In fact, he felt safe in the deep night as if he had some affinity to the darkness.

As they continued on, a tiny voice began to nag at him deep inside. It was telling him things that sounded quite mad. For a while, he managed to

ignore it.

"Are you sure you know where you are going?" Joey asked the Captain suddenly, his feet beginning to hurt.

"Of course," he snapped. "I know these roads backwards and forwards. Do not worry. You are in capable hands."

Finally, they got up on their horses and rode. After awhile, weird images and thoughts began to cloud his mind again. That tiny voice grew louder in his head. This time when he tried to shake it off, it lingered there in his consciousness. He kept his eyes on the Captain's straight broad shoulders, looking for distraction but the thoughts grew louder still, almost drowning out everything else around him.

"You have an old soul," the voice told him. "The age of that soul gives you memories. This man is everything to you. He is your life, your love."

Joey blinked as he watched Daniel Dubois riding on ahead of him.

The voice told him that the connection between them could never be broken by time or by death.

It didn't make much sense. He hardly knew this man, yet there didn't seem to be any doubt in his mind that this voice was telling him the truth. It whispered to him now, seeming to come from above in the trees. "You love so deeply. He is part of your very soul. He is the air you breathe, the blood in your veins. It is the rarest of loves, an eternal love."

"JESUS!" Joey cried out suddenly in the air, placing his hands over his ears. "Who? Who is the air that I breathe? Leave me alone, damn it!"

The Captain jumped off his horse and came running over to him. "Joey, calm yourself, you must be quiet. Someone could hear you. What is wrong?" He demanded.

Joey shook his head. He studied his handsome face for a second and he heard the voice again. "Be aware, there will never be another," it said.

Joey suddenly doubled up his fist, reached down and hit Daniel hard in the chest. "It is you! You are a sorcerer of some kind? I was perfectly fine before you came along."

Daniel backed away, his eyes widening. He laughed out loud, the punch having little impact on him. "What did you call me?"

"A witch, a devil from hell," Joey spat. "You are trying to trick me, to seduce me maybe but..."

"I am not trying to seduce you," he muttered. "Since the first time I met you, I believe it has been the other way around. And I assure you that I'm not the devil. I think you are insane, *malade!*"

Joey watched him as he stalked over to his horse. The anger gradually subsided. Joey's eyes filled with tears. He slid down off his horse and moved closer to him suddenly, "I know you," he whispered softly. "I know you with every fiber of my being. And yet, you don't know me, do you?"

The Captain turned around and blinked. "I think we need to rest. We have been traveling for a long time and..."

Joey reached out and touched his face. He closed his eyes. His mind was filled suddenly with images, blurred and confused. He opened them again and

shook his head, dazed.

The Captain looked at him as if he had lost his mind. "First I am the devil, now you act as if..." Daniel was at a loss for words.

Joey had such a strong desire to kiss him suddenly. "I have to have you," he whispered.

Daniel cleared his throat. "Have some water, Joey. You do not know what you are saying."

"But I do," he replied softly, his voice trembling with a desire he couldn't recall ever knowing. But yet, he had known this desire, long ago, with this man standing here with him now. "But I do know what I am saying. For the first time in a long time, something inside me rings true."

"So you know then," he insisted, gazing at him intently. "You know who you are, how you came to be..."

He shook his head. "Listen to me. Not that. You misunderstand me. I mean that finally I know who I really am. I do not care about anything before now."

Daniel gave him a look of utter frustration. "You are not making any sense, Joey. Perhaps you have lost your mind. Perhaps..."

"I know that unless we are together, my life will be empty and void."

"You do not even know me, for Christ's sake," he muttered under his breath.

"But I do, I know you better than anyone. I have always known you. That is why I came with you tonight."

Their eyes locked and held for a few seconds. Daniel shook his head slightly. "Listen, the sun will

be up soon," he sighed. "We should sleep for a little while. Let us tie up the horses. You close your eyes. I will keep watch."

He knew the Captain thought he was mad, but he was also convinced that the voice inside him was authentic. They had known each other before, made beautiful passionate love, satisfied each other's desires like no other lover could. They were meant to meet again.

As he lay down on the ground with a blanket wrapped around him, he wondered how he had lived without him this long.

It was at the crack of dawn when he awoke. He wanted to talk to him again about all of this but Daniel wasn't having it.

"I do not want to hear any more of this ridiculous nonsense," he told him, handing him some water. "Drink and let us be on our way."

They were riding again, this time in the hot sun.

"How long do we have to go?" Joey asked him. He felt sticky and dusty. He was also starving.

"Two days, no more," he called back over his shoulder.

"I am hungry," he told him.

"We will stop to eat soon," he told him.

An hour later, the captain built a fire deep in a wooded area. He had taken some provisions out of his haversack, meat and cheese, some bread.

Joey ate quickly, grunting with satisfaction all the while.

The Captain ate slower, savoring his food as if it were a last meal.

Joey stared straight ahead, thinking about that voice which had spoken to him. An eternal love, it had said. Could it have been just his imagination? Maybe it was just fear, just the night. That voice was real. He just hadn't figured out what it all meant yet.

"Perhaps," he said, looking at Daniel now, "I could not remember who I was, because it had no meaning for me."

Daniel leaned back for a minute, stretching out his long legs. "Joey, if this is more of..."

"Hear me out. If the voices are true, then time had no meaning for me without you. That is why I cannot remember how I came to be on that ship."

The Captain actually reached over and touched his arm. "It is just shock, boy, fear perhaps. Do not tell anyone about hearing voices. They will put you away."

"You think that I am insane?" Joey laughed a little, looking into his eyes. He loved this man. He had known it the moment he saw him. But why? How? It didn't sound anymore rational to him when he said it out loud.

The Captain handed him another piece of bread. "I think you are confused. I do not understand how you lost your memory. Perhaps, you took a blow to the head and..."

He stood up. Joey looked up at him, so tall, so male in that Captains uniform. He gave him a tender smile. "I did hit my head somehow but I do not think that is it. I am long over that by now."

"Sometimes it takes a long time to overcome a blow to the head, Joey," he mused.

"Looking at you makes me understand everything," Joey told him, standing up now. "Finally, I know who I am."

"Yes," the Captain said, "you know who you are because I told you," he sighed. "We have gone over this before, remember?"

Joey drank from the flask of water. "It goes deeper than that."

"I do not understand," he replied, frustrated.

"I had many lovers back at the Kingdom, beautiful young men that would do anything I wanted. I played out every sexual fantasy possible from submission to domination but—"

"The point is?" The Captain interrupted him, apparently not wanting to hear about his erotic encounters.

"The point is that no matter what I did and who I did it with, my lust was never truly satisfied. Now," he ran his eyes over him, "I know why. I understand everything, my frustration, and my pain. I was simply waiting, biding my time to be with you."

Daniel Dubois raised an eyebrow. "Enough," he snapped, more from confusion than anger, "stop this nonsense! I accept the fact that you find me attractive. I am flattered, but that is as far as it goes. Cut out these long speeches that make no sense to me. We have to get on our way."

"Then it is true what Monsieur Rougemont said, you are a prude!" Joey accused, laughing at him.

His eyes sparked with anger. "You were listening in on a private conversation!"

"Yes. And I need to thank you for your gallant

defense of..."

"I was not defending you," he threw back at him. "I was defending liberty. You, according to Rougemont did not need defending."

Joey gave him a slow smile. "It is true that I enjoyed some of your men, Captain. You trained them well," he licked his lips. "I can only fantasize about what the master must be like."

The Captain gave him a look of disapproval. "My training has a limit, Joseph."

He laughed. "So you are a prude."

"I am not a prude. There is a difference between submission for pleasure, and torture."

Joey nodded. "Yes, you are right and I was not enjoying myself when you chose to intervene. I thank you. But always remember, there is a fine line between pleasure and pain."

"Umm," he replied. "I will keep that in mind."

"So you think it is wrong to want to surrender completely to pleasure, Daniel?"

It was the first time he had used his first name like that. It rolled off his tongue, taking on a sensuous quality.

He shook his head. "I pass no judgment on what brings a man pleasure," he replied, walking over to his horse.

Joey nodded at him, admiring the way the material stretched across his firm, round buttocks. He watched as he mounted, and then got up on his own horse.

"So what brings you pleasure?" Joey asked him seductively.

"None of your business," he told him coldly.

"If I was to make it my business," Joey managed, running his eyes over him, "I assure you that your every sexual desire would be fulfilled."

Daniel Dubois laughed slightly. "You are a very confident young fellow," he mused. "What makes you think you could satisfy me?"

Joey felt something stir in his loins. "I don't think, I know," he whispered. "Just like I know that you could make me beg if you wanted to."

Daniel looked over at him now, his handsome face registering surprise.

Joey smiled. For the first time, Daniel didn't have an answer. That was because he knew that he was telling the truth. He would beg for it, if it came to that.

They rode silently side by side now. And finally, the voice was silent in his head, convinced of its victory. There was this peace that fell over him. He knew that his waiting was over. He was here by his side now, where he was meant to be. I will not lose you this time, he said under his breath.

His eyes were almost closed when he heard the captain announce, "Over there is a village called Ville Du Lac."

Joey opened his eyes, jolting a little as he realized that he was close to slipping off the horse.

The Captain was pointing with his finger. "There is an Inn over there. We will sleep for a few hours, then, ride again."

"Will we be staying in the same room?" Joey asked him slyly, as the town grew closer.

The officer threw him a glance. "*Oui*," he replied.

Joey smiled softly at him. "Perhaps I shall have the

opportunity to do some begging."

The Captain responded with a frown. "It is to sleep, Joey, nothing more."

Joey laughed. That voice spoke to him in his head again now. "Dino," it said, "by stirring the passion in your loins, perhaps I can stir your memory. And even if for the time being, it is only your loins I stir, well then so be it, my love."

There was that name again. Dino. It wasn't the first time it had been in his mind, on his tongue.

He let the thought escape him as they rode harder now, anxious to get off their horses.

They were both tired when they arrived at the Inn. As soon as they were in the room, Joey lay down on the bed without removing his clothes. His eyes shut almost immediately and he was asleep.

He didn't hear the Captain move onto the bed a little while later. He didn't see his eyes in the darkness.

Joey awoke alone, his body aching from the long ride, his stomach complaining from hunger. He sat up in bed and yawned as the door suddenly opened.

The Captain stood in front of him, fresh from a bath. He walked in with a tray and put it down on the bed. His hair was hanging loose around his broad shoulders. It was still a bit damp. He was wearing his uniform, which looked none the worse for wear.

"Food," Joey cried out, reaching for the tray.

Daniel moved the tray of bread, cheese and ham closer to him.

Joey grabbed a piece of ham and began to devour it immediately.

The Captain watched him for a moment and then shook his head. "You were hungry."

Joey picked up a piece of cheese now. He reached up with his hand, motioning to Daniel to lean down and receive it in his mouth.

Hesitantly he lowered himself and opened his mouth.

Joey fed him the cheese, watching his lips move as he chewed, then swallowed.

When he noticed the way Joey was studying his mouth, he stood upright.

Joey smiled at him. He extended his arm and took his hand, pulling him closer to him.

"Joey," the Captain warned, "I told you..."

The Captain had one foot on the floor and one knee on the bed. He resisted Joey's tugging at him.

"I can not over power you," Joey told him, "you are bigger and stronger than me. But if I could, I would," Joey met his eyes. "If I had the advantage, I would pull you down here with me and rip off that uniform and lick every inch of your..."

Daniel broke his hold and stepped off the bed. "I get the picture," he smiled tightly. "Now, I suggest you clean up. We need to be on our way."

Joey nodded. "Fine," he sighed. Then meeting his eyes, he said, "Why do you shy away from pleasure, Daniel? Is it because you are a big strong officer, or are you intending on becoming a priest?"

Daniel threw back his dark head and laughed.

The laugh took Joey by surprise. He seemed so young when he laughed like that. He smiled at him. "What is so funny?"

He brought his laughter under control and then grinned. "You. You are a riot. You assume to know a great deal about me."

"I would like to really know a great deal about you but you won't let me get close enough," Joey moaned, standing up now.

He ignored him. "Just thought you might like to know, there is a bathtub in the next room," he told him.

Joey let out a cry of pleasure. "A bathtub. How delightful," he said. Usually only the rich got to wash in a tub and then that was rare.

He folded his arms across his chest and studied his profile for a minute. His senses seemed overpowered by his presence suddenly. "Dino," his mind said.

The Captain wasn't looking at him. He was putting some things into his haversack.

Joey swallowed, and forced himself to leave the room. His desire for Daniel was growing, his body beginning to literally ache for his touch. When he walked out of the room, he felt the intense pain of being estranged from him.

The tub sat in a little room down the hallway. It was filled with warm water. He took off his clothes and smiled a little as he looked down at his swollen member. He eased down into the water and immediately realized that the Captain had just been in this water. He let it wrap around his body, trying to draw his physical essence into himself.

Dino. Why in hell was that voice inside of him always saying that name? He had called him that in his dream too. Yet, his name was Daniel.

He closed his eyes. He felt him all around him, caressing him in the water. He moved his hands over his body, across his chest, his nipples. He fondled himself lightly, then wrapped his fist around his erect cock and began to move up and down until he got release. He felt his touch, his kiss.

He was afraid suddenly. Was he losing his mind? He sensed him so strongly. He could feel his actual presence in that water. He closed his eyes again, lying there in the aftermath of a solitary orgasm.

Suddenly, he wasn't in the tub anymore. He was in this big castle. The Captain was there, embracing him. He was moaning. "My love, Dino...make love to me...fuck me."

Then he felt sharp teeth sinking into his throat. The blood ran down his flesh. He moaned again, in ecstasy. "Dino...oh God..." he breathed, crying out loudly. "Dino...Dino...yes, take me...take me... God..." He saw the blood. He saw the red eyes. He felt his pulses racing, his heart thudding wildly in his chest.

Suddenly Joey's eyes snapped opened as he felt a hand on his shoulder.

The Captain was leaning over him. "Are you all right?" He asked sincerely.

Joey began to laugh. "Yes, more than fine actually. Why do you ask, handsome?"

The Captain shook his head at the word "handsome," "because you were yelling out some name...Dino...or..."

"Yes," Joey told him, reaching out and pulling him by the collar. "It was your name I was yelling and you were fucking me in some castle somewhere. God, I

was so hot, I couldn't..." he trailed off and pulled on his collar again. "Come in here with me. Baby, you're a walking wet dream."

The Captain blinked, struggling against him. "I am a walking what...?"

Joey smirked, taking in the way that tight shirt strained against his broad muscular chest. "I do not know...I do not know where I got that. It means you sexually arouse me I think. Kiss me."

The Captain managed to slip out of Joey's grasp. He backed away. "Hurry up," he breathed, seeming a little flustered. "We have to go soon. I want to travel by night."

Joey let out a groan. He watched him leave the room and sighed deeply. He was to be driven mad with desire then.

He got out of the tub and began to dry off, the rough towel doing nothing to alleviate his throbbing erection.

All of a sudden, it dawned on him what he had just said to the Captain. "Walking wet dream," he repeated aloud. He'd heard that somewhere before, but it wasn't in this Century.

They had left the Inn. After they had ridden for a time, Joey looked at Daniel Dubois and out of the blue, he asked him, "Do you know what a vampire is?"

The Captain stopped the horse dead in its tracks and looked at him. His handsome face drained of color. "What?" He said.

"Vampire. Do you know what it is?"

"Yes," he said between clenched teeth.

Joey studied his expression. He looked tense suddenly, upset. "Did I say something wrong?"

"No." The Captain started the horse in motion again and picked up the pace.

Joey also increased his pace and came up at his flank. "Do you believe in vampires?" Joey eyed him.

He slowed down now and again looked at him. "Why?" He demanded.

"I saw you in my dream," Joey told him, "and you were a vampire. We were making love and you bit me."

"That is utter nonsense," Daniel flared. "Who told you I was a vampire?"

Joey's eyes widened a bit. "No one told me anything. I had a dream and..."

The Captain pulled the reins and jumped off of his horse. He yanked Joey off his horse, down onto the ground. Joey struggled to remain on his feet.

"Who told you I was a vampire?" He pulled him closer, holding both forearms tightly.

"No one. I had a dream, I..."

"I am not a vampire," he growled angrily and threw him backwards.

Joey could have sworn he saw a red flash in his eyes for a second and then it was gone. He gasped.

"My God," Joey said, getting to his feet, "It is true. You are a vampire."

His back was turned to him now. "How did you know anything about my condition?" He whispered fiercely. "No one knows except for a doctor in Paris."

Joey's jaw flew open. "What...what condition?"

He turned now, his face flushed, angry. "You must

promise to tell no one. They would put me away if they knew, maybe in a science lab or..."

"I promise. I swear to you. I will tell no one," Joey replied, coming closer.

"I have a sickness, a condition that the doctors can't explain. I have some odd mannerisms that are vampire-like in nature, but I am not a vampire."

"Like what?" Joey asked him curiously.

"My eyes, they glow red in the dark if I am tired, angry or...well..."

"Sexually aroused?" Joey suggested softly, feeling his knees grow weak. Yes, he had seen those eyes during arousal in his dreams.

He nodded.

"What else?"

"I am very strong, extremely strong and I can go days without food. I am also more alert, more capable in the dark. The light does not bother me, but I function better after dark."

"Then that explains all the medals," Joey said, snapping his fingers. "I could not understand how it was that you came to be so decorated. For someone your age and your rank, a Captain at..."

He waved that away. "Yes, yes, you are right."

"What about blood?" Joey asked him. "Do you drink blood?"

"I have no need for blood," he replied, then after a pause, he said, "so you need not be afraid that I will bite you."

"I do not fear that," Joey smiled. "In fact, I pray for it."

The Captain met his eyes, clicking his tongue at

Joey's freshness. "Be serious. It is a rare condition I have."

"I am sorry," Joey said. "I meant no disrespect."

"What I can not figure out is how you suspected I had it. I hide it well," he shook his head, clearly disturbed.

"I had a dream, that is all," Joey shrugged.

He nodded. "All right, let us not speak of it anymore."

"If that is what you want," Joey agreed.

"And stop dreaming about me," he snapped irritably, getting back up on his horse.

Joey laughed slightly. "I have no control over that," he said as they began to ride again. "Might as well tell me not to breathe."

After that, no words were exchanged between them for a long while.

Alone with his thoughts, Joey tried to work all this out in his mind. He had seen Daniel as a vampire in his dream, but it seemed to be in the future. Somehow, part of that vampire existence must have transferred from one life to another. But how could the future become the past? Unless...somehow they had ended up going back into the past. Damn, he couldn't even explain this to himself. How was he supposed to make Daniel understand it?

This latest discovery about Daniel's so called condition only served to confirm what he already knew. He and Daniel had been lovers in a former life. What confounded him however was the fact that Daniel didn't seem to have any recollection of their past lives together. He had definitely been a vampire.

Was he, himself also a vampire in that past life? If so, why didn't he have any symptoms like Daniel did?

As they rode, he considered these things. Maybe there were no answers. He was trying to bring reason to something that had none as far as he could see. Perhaps, he wasn't meant to know.

But he was sure that they belonged together. He felt that most acutely. They were meant to find each other again in this life. It was no accident that he had ended up on that pirate ship, even if he couldn't remember how he had gotten there. In fact, he now believed that he would never recall the events that lead up to his capture.

As they neared the next town, Joey reached out to him and placed a hand on his arm.

The Captain slowed the horse and gazed at him. "What is it? Do you need to rest?"

"I am all right," he said. "I just wanted to know if you ever dream, Captain."

"Yes, I dream," he replied, brushing some of his long dark hair back from his forehead.

"What do you dream about?"

"Lots of things," he replied, looking at the blue horizon.

"But you do not wish to share those dreams with me," Joey stated.

He sighed. "I assure you my dreams are a lot less exciting than yours."

"Tell me," he persisted.

"Well, if you must know, I dream of men dying in battle." He met his eyes.

"Makes sense. All right," Joey nodded.

"You expected something different?" He lifted an eyebrow.

"Maybe, maybe not. Tell me honestly, Captain, what do you have to gain in saving me, aside from risking having your neck stretched for treason?"

The question hung in the air between them. Then suddenly the captain announced, "Before I am killed on the battle field, I want to see my lover again."

Joey found it hard to breathe for a second, then he tried speaking, trying to keep his voice calm. "Your...lover...is...English?"

He nodded. "*Oui*. We were separated when the war began."

"Is she...ah...he...a soldier?"

He paused. "Well, you will know soon enough, I might as well tell you. He is your uncle."

"Uncle?" Joey replied, his eyes wide. "The King? He is fifty years old!"

He shook his head. "The brother of your mother, the Duke of Carstairs. He is twenty eight."

His uncle Fernando. Joey felt faint. He got down off the horse. "This is where you have seen me?"

"No. We've never met. I recognized you from your painting. It hangs in the hallway at your Uncle's castle. I was never there when you visited. We kept our affair secret for good reason."

Joey nodded miserably. "Uncle Fernando is married."

He nodded, looking away.

"You were sleeping with the Duke of Carstairs?" Joey cried out angrily. He tightened his fists. "Are you insane? Is he insane?"

Daniel looked at him. "We are in love."

Hot tears formed in his eyes. "You are not in love. It is a mistake. He is a substitute, do you not see?"

The Captain gave him a strange look. "A substitute for what...for whom?"

"For me!" Joey smashed his fist against the tree. "Damn. You are a fool. They would hang you in both countries for this." There was a dead silence as Joey tried to calm himself, then he asked, "Where did you meet?"

The Captain sighed. "Before the war. Fernando came to France on a good will mission, carrying news from your King. I was at the King's court."

Joey shook his head, fat tears falling silently down his face. "This is too cruel. I was supposed to accompany my uncle on that trip to the court, but I had a riding accident and was laid up in bed for two weeks. Do you not see? This is when we were supposed to meet. Instead, you met him!"

The Captain sighed with impatience. "Joey, you are making no sense. I am trying to get you home for your sake and if I have any motive, it is to see him once more before I die on the battlefield."

"Die?" Joey gasped. "Why do you say this?"

"You ask me if I had dreams, I have had one over and over these last few weeks. I saw my own death. This is why I must get back to England one last time and I need your help to do it."

A chill ran down Joey's spine.

"You love him, my uncle?" Joey managed, his throat throbbing with unshed tears.

"Yes, very much," he replied, looking down at him

with those eyes.

"And he you?"

He nodded. "I think so, yes."

"Then I will get you to him." Joey bit into his lip so hard he could taste the blood in his mouth.

The Captain smiled. "Thank you, Joey."

"On one condition," Joey met his eyes boldly.

"Anything," he replied softly.

"Before you lie with him, you lie with me."

His eyes widened. "What?"

"You heard me," Joey met his eyes boldly.

"Is it not enough that I betray France by taking you back home, you would have me prostitute myself as well?" His eyes flashed with anger.

Joey sighed. Is that what making love to him would mean? Determined, he swallowed his hurt. "You are willing to betray your King and country to lie with my uncle, why not with me?"

"Because it would mean that I have betrayed my own heart!" He replied angrily.

"Oh come now," Joey sneered, "you are telling me that in all the time you have been apart from him, you have not shared your body with another?"

Before he answered, Joey already knew what he would say. The answer would be no. Once he gave his heart, he gave his heart. Joey knew that.

"I have been chaste," he replied with indignation. "And I will remain so."

Joey softened some. "You do not understand, Dino, you were..."

"Dino? Why do you call me this name?" He demanded. "You were calling out this name back at

the Inn."

"It is, it was your name at one time," he muttered, running a hand through his hair. He sighed. "It doesn't matter."

"It was never my name!"

"What matters is that I was meant to be with my uncle on that trip to your country. We would have met if certain circumstances hadn't prevented it. I was the one you were intended to fall in love with Daniel. You must believe me."

He was pleading now, pleading to a man who thought he had lost his mind.

The captain shook his head. "I do not know what you are talking about. All I know is I am risking my life to bring you home. I admit, not without some selfishness on my part but—"

"If you want to see your lover, then of course you must," Joey met his eyes again, brushing away a stray tear from his cheek. "But, I will not change my mind. You will do as I ask. Then, I will be home and you shall be with my uncle one last time before..."

He turned his back and started to cry now. He understood that his riding accident had set off a chain of events never intended to happen. He had been forbidden to go riding that day, yet he had defied his father and went anyway. Daniel was never meant to fall in love with his uncle. He was meant to fall in love with him.

There was only one way to alter this course they were on. He had to insist that the Captain spend one night with him. If, during this night, he could awaken some memory of what they had been to each other,

then maybe he could save him. He had to make him see that they belonged together.

"Why are you crying?" the Captain asked him after a few minutes.

He turned to look at him. "Because I have failed you. I have failed us and now my waiting will be endless. I know that if you die in that battle, if that's what fate has in store for you, then I shall die as well."

He stared at him, shaken by his words. "You have this much feeling for me?"

Joey nodded, unable to speak. Then after a few minutes, he said, "I can not go on without you. It's the way it has always been. Living without you is not living at all."

Daniel looked down at his boots. Without comment, he went and mounted his horse. Then after a few seconds, he said, "Let us go. We will camp down near by when it gets dark."

Joey said nothing. He got up onto his horse, feeling so empty and utterly hopeless. His hand hurt from where he had slammed it against the tree.

Daniel had not agreed to his request. This discussion however was not over. Joey knew that once they were in Britain, the Captain would be completely at his mercy. He would have the power of life and death over him, power that he wouldn't hesitate to use in order to ensure that he submitted to him.

They made camp well after midnight. There had been no words between them for hours. The Captain appeared to be deep in thought.

Joey lay down on the ground with a blanket and

tried to sleep. He was exhausted but his mind raced with unanswered questions. Only days ago, he had been an untroubled stable boy with no memory of whom he was. Now, he remembered everything.

He remembered the palace and his father, cold, distant. Then there was his mother, beautiful but unhappy, neglected. He spent his time being lonely, looking for fulfillment in the arms of strangers, servants who were there to do his bidding. In between, he rode and studied and learned the art of fencing.

He loved going to Carstairs Castle where his Uncle Fernando and Aunt Christina lived. Recently his aunt had given birth to his cousin Nicolas and he loved to play with him.

He pictured his uncle in his mind. People said that he resembled him in many ways. They had the same curly black hair and sherry eyes. They were both slender and good swordsmen. His uncle was educated and charming and he spoke good English with an attractive accent. It made sense that Daniel had fallen for him. Their physical resemblance to each other made it even more probable.

He was meant to obey his father and not go riding. He was supposed to sail with his uncle the next day for France. The King had told him that it was important for him to be there as his representative. His father had been so angry when he was unable to go. Joey suspected that the King didn't trust his uncle with politics. As it turned out, Fernando's visit to France did nothing to prevent the war, so perhaps he was in part responsible for that too. It was these

thoughts that made him restless.

Then finally, when he did sleep, it was to dream. It was the oddest of dreams. There were little metal objects floating in a sky, many of them, and he was laughing, pushing on this lever. Someone said, "You're going to get stopped by sky patrol, and you'll get a fine for dangerous driving."

But he laughed harder. "Watch it, sucker!" He cried out, zooming past another little object floating in the sky.

Then suddenly there was a voice, deep, authoritative. "Stop the vehicle and pull over to the landing area!"

"Shit," Joey heard himself say. He landed, turning off the engine.

Another object surfaced nearby with some sort of symbol on the side, which he couldn't read. "Get out of the vehicle, please," the voice boomed.

Joey got out and there stood this man, all dressed in black leather with some symbol on his jacket. He removed the helmet from his head and long, dark hair tumbled across his shoulders.

"Wow," Joey said, "If I'd known *you* were chasing me, I would have slowed down."

He came closer. "Do you know how fast you were going?" He demanded, dark brown eyes meeting his. He didn't smile. He looked angry.

Joey smiled. "Doesn't matter," he sighed. "Doesn't matter."

He woke up then, looking around him. He was expecting to be in the night sky somewhere, but he was here on the ground. Daniel was nowhere in sight.

Had he left him? What a dream. Very strange. It definitely was not in this century.

He stood up. The Captain's horse was still tied by the tree. He walked to the horse and then noticed a stream. It was barely dawn, that dusky part of the morning when the sun hasn't quite risen in the sky.

He saw him walking naked out of the water, his skin wet, his hair clinging to his shoulders and back, his sex hard and aroused. This wasn't fair. He was so close, naked like this and yet he wasn't allowed to touch him. He watched him and wondered about these traits he possessed, this super strength and feeling of well being in the dark. The captain wouldn't believe him if he told him that these traits were simply a carry over from another life. He had seen him, the teeth, and the glowing red eyes.

When the Captain saw him, he froze and reached for his clothes, as if he wanted to hide himself.

Joey yanked the clothes out of his hand. "Let me look at you. If I cannot touch you, at least—"

Daniel grabbed his clothes back. "Don't make this any tougher than it already is," he snapped, beginning to dress.

"Tougher for whom?" Joey hissed. "It seems easy enough for you. You are getting what you want."

Daniel did up his pants and then looked at him. "Am I? I am not sure you will guard my safety unless I pay with my body. So I don't know if I will get what I want. You are free. Even if I do not take you back to England, you can find your way there I am sure. You have only to identify yourself and tell some English soldier to take you home. I have no guarantee that my

sacrifice will even get me to my lover before I am hung for treason, or held prisoner by the English."

Joey looked at him sadly for a moment. He studied the rivulets of water as they rolled down over his erect brown nipples and deliciously carved muscles. "You are right of course. But then you asked for this, did you not? You pretended to be my friend, to want to take me home in the name of some principle or ideal, and all along you needed me more than I needed you."

The Captain sneered at him. "Is that so? You did not even know who you were! You were a servant, a slave to a French Nobleman, satisfying the lust of French soldiers, sleeping in a stable like chattel and you think I needed you more? But oh yes, I forgot, you enjoyed it. You enjoyed being Monsieur Rougemont's English slut!"

Joey smiled. Even though he spoke words of anger to him, he could taste him in his mouth as he let his eyes roam over his delicious flesh. "Maybe so, but you deceived me."

"You deceive yourself, boy!" He scoffed, putting on his shirt.

Joey tilted his head.

Daniel looked up at him when Joey didn't reply. "You deceive yourself," he sighed, "into believing that there could be anything between us, that somehow our souls are joined forever, amen."

Joey nodded. "I can not expect you to believe me. I just know we were meant to meet again. Why I know this and you do not? Well..."

"...is because," he continued with insolence in his

deep voice, "you are out of your mind. It is true what they say about the monarchy, they are all inbred lunatics."

He went to mount his horse.

Joey took a breath. He knew Daniel would probably hate him temporarily, but he had to do what he could to make him see. Each minute that went by, pulled them further and further apart.

He put his hand on his arm. Daniel pulled away from him.

"If you do not surrender to me," Joey told him, "then I will not give you the protection of the monarchy when we hit the shores of England. You will be on your own."

Daniel met his eyes. "Very well, so be it," he said coldly. "I will take my chances."

Joey closed his eyes as he turned away and got up on his horse.

"I was right," Joey yelled out, "you are a cold bastard. You do not know passion. You might as well be a Priest in a God Damned monastery somewhere."

He looked down at him suddenly. He looked so proud, so beautiful sitting up on that horse. He narrowed his eyes at him. "I am no priest. I am just not interested in making love to the likes of you!"

He felt that like a cold gust of air. He nodded miserably. "Fine, you bastard," he muttered, "but interested or not, you will be in my bed before we are through. I warn you, I will have you, naked and willing in my arms."

"You dream again, boy," he growled, taking off on a gallop.

Joey cursed under his breath.

They rode hard and long, and finally after what felt like an eternity, the Captain stopped the horse in a clearing. "We rest. It is not far now, another half day perhaps. Here," he handed him some bread and a flask of water, "eat."

Joey sat down under the tree and tasted stale dark bread made of rye and wheat. He washed it down with warm water. But he wouldn't have enjoyed it anymore if it had been succulent pork and the finest wine. He was miserable. Why was he being so damn stubborn?

Dino had promised when they walked out into the sunlight that he would lead them into another life together. He remembered it now, clear as day. They had been together in a tower, two vampires. Dino told him he couldn't offer any guarantees about who they would be or where.

Could it be any worst? They were enemies, their countries at war with each other. Not only wouldn't he be his lover, he wouldn't even be his lover under threat of death.

Joey closed his eyes. Images of their lives together flashed before his eyes. Vampires. They were vampires in a modern age. That's where they had come from, but they had been lovers even before that. He saw a noose and he saw Daniel hanging from it. He gasped and opened his eyes.

He looked up to see him standing there in his French military uniform. Could he save him? Maybe he could change his fate, erase the dream he had of his own death.

"What is it?" Daniel asked him when he noticed his eyes on him.

"Nothing," Joey stammered. He closed his eyes again. "I need to sleep awhile."

"I will wake you in a few hours," A voice said somewhere in the distance.

"Umm," he murmured, silver chariots in the sky flying in front of his eyes. *We are going to miss this chance all because of a riding accident. I can't watch him die again.*

"It's all right," a voice said in his head, "you won't have to. He will die alone, suffering for hours due to the traces of vampire genes in his body. You will already be dead."

Joey gasped. So, it was true. He too would die.

"Why don't I have these genes?" Joey asked in his sleep, but there was no answer to his question.

Silver chariots again, and then a club with music and beautiful naked men dancing. He was laughing with other faceless souls and then he saw him. He walked into the Club with others, dressed the same.

"Oh damn, Sky Patrol," someone moaned.

He watched him saunter around the room, thoroughly enjoying the view. "Hot damn," he told someone, "now that's a walking wet dream."

Then suddenly a voice said, "It's not time for that life yet. You have to hold on. Do what you must. Make him understand. If he does not understand, you will never meet again."

A few hours later, he was back on the horse, stiff and sore. They finally reached the shores of the ocean and there sat a huge English frigate. He ran his eyes

over the numerous sails. It was a big one, the hull made of timber with a flat bottom, large hold and thick hulls.

Joey got off his horse. The Captain did the same.

"We will take the ship to England," Daniel announced.

"You expect me to let you, the enemy, on a ship bound for my Native Country?" Joey challenged him. "You will be taken prisoner if you board."

"Not if you give me amnesty," he replied softly.

"And why should I do that?"

"Because I have saved your life, brought you home. You owe me. Please," his voice grew low, "Let me see Fernando one last time before I must return to the war. One night, and then I will leave. You will never see me again. Is it too much to ask?"

Tears lit Joey's eyes. He looked away. *Yes, damn it, it was too much to ask.* To pave his way to sleeping with another man, was ripping his heart in two. But if he said no, he would leave him.

"Board with me," he sighed. "I will do the best I can to protect you."

Daniel reached out and squeezed his arm. "*Merci,*" he smiled.

"What if they don't recognize me?" He asked nervously. "What if...?"

"They will," he nodded. "Do not worry."

Joey sucked in some breath, then, walked quickly to the boat. Calling out loudly in English, he said, "Prepare ye for a member of the British Royalty, Prince Joseph of England. Make ready to bow."

Daniel walked cautiously beside him. Several

soldiers ran out on deck. Upon seeing Joey, they all fell on their knee. "Sire," the captain said, "we thought you dead."

Then, upon seeing Daniel in his French uniform, the Captain of the ship demanded, "Your Highness. Is this the knave who captured you?"

"No," he said, "this Frenchman saved my life. He is not to be harmed. He has business in England and will travel with us."

"But Sire," the Captain protested. "He is French and we are at war with France, and —"

"Silence!" Joey said loudly. "Do you dare question me?"

"No sire," he said, falling silent.

My God, Joey thought. It was true. The king of England was his uncle.

"Then care for the horses and prepare a room where I might sleep," he barked. "The Frenchman stays with me."

The Captain nodded. "Yes, sire." Abruptly, he began yelling orders.

The men muttered comments under their breath upon seeing a Captain of the French army walking beside the king's own nephew.

Joey went below, telling Daniel to follow him. "Stay close to me," Joey told him. "I can only do so much. If you are out of my sight..."

"I understand," he said. "Don't betray me, Joey, for if you do, I am a dead man. Remember your promise."

Joey didn't reply.

The men brought them food almost immediately,

and then Joey asked them to leave them.

"Are you sure, Sire?" One of the men asked. "He could cut your throat or —"

"Leave us!" Joey barked, barring the door.

Joey turned around now and looked at Daniel as he finished eating the stew the men had brought. He came closer and took the bowl from his hands. "Now, take off your clothes," he told him, standing back, folding his arms across his chest.

Daniel narrowed his eyes. "What?"

"You heard me. I can no longer protect you without some compensation. I want you, your body and if I can not have it, I will give you to the men on this ship as a plaything."

They were sailing already. He could see the movement of the water from the porthole, feel the sway of the ship. Night had settled over the waters. There was no escape.

Joey winced to see the wrath on his face, the utter disbelief and hatred that crossed his handsome features.

I am sorry, my love, he said to himself, but I have this opportunity to make you love me, and this opportunity only to ensure that our souls remain entwined.

"You are a liar," he told him, "and an untrustworthy English back stabbing son of a —"

"Careful," Joey cautioned. "If my men hear you verbally abuse me, they will come to my defense. If you must insult me, do so in a quiet voice and while you are undressing," he grinned, "so that I will have something to distract me."

Daniel froze. He stood up and backed against the wall. "I think I hate you," he told him.

Joey felt the knife go in and turn. "Well," he managed, swallowing pain, "so be it. As long as you make love to me, you can hate me all you want," he whispered. "Now, take them off," he insisted. "I have waited all I can. I can hardly bare it anymore. This is your last warning. It's either me alone or all of them up there. I saw the way some of men were looking at you and I can pretty well imagine what they would like to do to you. So..."

"Then it will be the men above," he glared at him.

Joey uttered a groan. "Please, don't do this. I..."

He stood with his hands on his slim hips, unyielding. "I've made my choice."

"You would rather betray Fernando with ten men, than betray him with one?"

He set his jaw.

"Fine, so be it," Joey threw up his hands, then stormed out of the cabin.

On deck, he went to find the Captain of the ship, a large man with protruding teeth and a mop of blond hair.

He was standing at the helm, looking out at the clear blue ocean. He stood at attention and then bowed when Joey approached him.

Joey waved at him. "Stand up straight," he said. "We have no need of formality."

"Your majesty," he acknowledged, then stood upright.

"I need to know if any of your men have tastes which run to men, when it comes to intimacy. Do any

of your men lust for someone like the French Captain below?"

He tried not to show his shock, but his eyes betrayed his surprise. "I...well..." he began.

"Be honest," he met his eyes. "I'm prepared to let those who want his body, use it," he said stiffly, gripping the edge of the ship.

The Captain, whose name was Phillips cleared his throat and looked back out over the water. "I would be...ah interested, Your Highness," he said. "Are you including the enlisted, or just the officers?"

Joey hesitated. "Just the officers," he said.

"Well myself, and two others who have expressed certain..." he paused.

"Spit it out, Phillips," he demanded. "What have you been expressing about the young virile Captain below?"

He flushed. "He is very...ah...attractive."

"Well put," Joey muttered. "Have someone take over for you here and bring the two others to my cabin within the hour. If you are up for a good time, then you shall have it."

"Anything we want," he whispered, his eyes glazing over for a minute.

"Anything," Joey said between clenched teeth. "However, you may not leave any marks on his flesh or give him extreme physical pain."

He nodded. "Your highness, may I ask why..."

"No, you may not," he snapped and walked across the ship to the other side. The wind was cold off the water now. In the far distance, he could see the coast of England. He wrapped his arms around himself for

warmth and felt this feeling gnawing at the pit of his stomach. Could he bear to stand by and watch these men as they played with his body, and made it their own? Was he doing this for revenge? Was he doing it because his refusal to make love with him had hurt him more deeply than he cared to admit? No. He was doing this to let him know that he was in control, to make him submit. And there was a part of him that wanted to see him naked and vulnerable.

Phillips was walking towards him now, his high black boots making a distinctive sound on the freshly scrubbed deck of the ship. Two others stood at his side. One was a tall raven-haired man with green eyes. He wasn't particularly handsome but he was muscular and built like a house. He said his name was Tracy. The other was a homely little man who introduced himself as Michael Smith. "I'm the ship's doctor, Sire," he said.

Joey nodded and told them to follow him to the cabin.

Daniel looked up as the four of them walked in. He stiffened and backed into the corner.

Joey met his eyes. "You are a prisoner on an English Ship, Captain. You are to do as you are told or be forced to walk the plank."

"I did not think prisoners walked the plank anymore," he sneered, giving Joey a sinister smile.

"We will make an exception for you, beauty," the English Captain said softly. He came closer and raked his eyes over him, "You know, I have always wanted to fuck a French Captain."

The other two men laughed.

Joey gave Daniel a smug look of satisfaction and went to lean against the door. But he was feeling a great deal of apprehension. "You still have time to change your mind," Joey told him.

He didn't reply.

The English Captain demanded that Daniel come closer.

Daniel didn't move, so Phillips reached out and grabbed his shirt sleeve. It ripped. Daniel went to swing at him when the other man, Tracy, pulled out a knife and held it in front of Daniel's chest.

Phillips laughed.

Joey moved forward. "I said he wasn't to be hurt."

"We will not hurt him, Sire," Tracy remarked. "We only need to control him. He's a wild buck who needs taming. Get us some rope, Doc," Tracy demanded.

Daniel looked around the room. There was very little room for escape.

The English Captain was on one side of him, the other man who was twice his size stood on his left. Joey blocked the door, and the other man was returning now with rope in his hands.

They grabbed Daniel and held him down, his face pushed into the pillow on the bed. Roughly they tied his wrists together.

Then he felt himself being pulled up by the rope that was left loose. The big man lifted the rope and tied it to the bed post.

The English Captain laughed. He pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket and stuffed it into his mouth.

Although he was still dressed, the way his hands

were pulled back, stretched his shirt across his chest seductively. Already, Joey felt his cock begin to throb in his pants.

The three men ran their eyes over their captive Frenchman. "He has got a lot of meat in those pants," Phillips said softly.

"Umm," the doctor replied. "I bet his ass is a delight as well."

"I want to see him naked," Tracy swooned. "I want to play with his nipples, fondle his manhood."

"First," the English Captain declared, "we take off his shirt, slowly. Give me your knife, Tracy."

Tracy handed over the glittering blade.

Daniel's eyes widened a bit as the knife came closer to him. Slowly, it trailed along one sleeve, then the other, splitting it in two, revealing his two muscular brown biceps. Then it was slit across both shoulders. The garment fell to the ground.

Joey licked his lips, finding it difficult not to go over and touch him himself.

Tracy moaned a little. "My God, what a man," he murmured, reaching out to touch one of his nipples.

Captain Smith pushed his hand away. "Not so fast, all in good time. You shall have permission to do anything you like, but take your time, man. I plan to enjoy this."

Tracy withdrew, his cock obviously hard as rock.

Phillips moved the tip of the blade over one of Daniel's nipples, moving it back and forth slowly. Then, he moved his knife to the other one.

Daniel sucked in some deep breaths, as his nipples became taunt and diamond hard from a mixture of

stimulation and fear.

Joey watched carefully. He knew Phillips was not really intending to cut him. He tried to relax.

"Do you want to pinch his nipples, Tracy?" The Englishman invited.

"Oh God yes," he said softly.

"Then do it, twist them hard, make him whimper," he said.

Tracy used both hands to twist his nipples, then, he pulled on them brutally until Daniel made a sound of protest from behind the handkerchief.

"Now, the pants," the doctor said, stepping forward. "Do we cut those off too?" He asked the Captain, smacking his lips.

Joey rubbed his hard cock now discretely from where he stood. He watched as the doctor undid Daniel's pants to reveal his sex, his testicles and his hard well muscled thighs. They practically tipped him off his feet to strip him of his boots and clothing.

He stood naked now with the three men ogling his sex and his thighs. His eyes were filled with indignation.

"I want to see his ass," Tracy said between clenched teeth. "I want to fuck him hard with something big, something he'll feel."

Daniel closed his eyes. He was beginning to feel actual fear. A hand untied the rope and turned him around. He was pushed against the wall. Rough hands fondled his ass, playing with it, slapping it, then, they turned him around again.

The English Captain ran his eyes over Daniel's body. Reaching out, he gave his cock a good slap,

over and over until it stood erect.

"He is at least eight inches, maybe nine," the doctor observed. "I want to taste him. Can I, Captain?" He pleaded.

"In a minute," he said as he bent his head forward and bit one of his nipples. Tracy reached between the two bodies and fondled Daniel's cock. The doctor began kissing his neck.

Phillips reared back. He met Daniel's eyes and he gave him a defiant look. "First you are going to suck every man's cock in this room. Then, we are going to suspend you from the ceiling, string you up. We'll take turns exploring that ass of yours, and playing with that fine cock. We're going to fill up every orifice until you plead for mercy, Captain Dubois. And you will like it, my fine slut, my well hung Frenchman."

Joey stepped forward now. His entire body was trembling with uncontrollable lust. He ran his hands over Daniel's chest and down to his stomach where he framed his cock with his hands. "I can stop this now," he told him, looking up into his eyes. He was intending on putting an end to this one way or another because he didn't want them touching him anymore.

Daniel shook his head, his eyes flashing red for a second.

Joey stepped back, suddenly somewhat afraid. He looked to see if the other men had seen it. If they did, they made no indication of it.

The other men moved in front of him now. One of them tied a piece of rope around Daniel's sex and then pulled him to the floor.

"Suck my cock, Frenchman," The English Captain demanded, pushing his erection towards his mouth while he pulled out the handkerchief.

Joey stepped forward to intervene. Before he could do anything, Daniel looked up at Phillips sweetly. Then, he lowered his mouth to his organ.

Suddenly, Captain Phillip's let out a terrible anguished cry. "Let go, let go," he demanded, "Get him off of me. He's biting off my cock."

Tracy and the Doctor tried to pull Daniel off of the English Captain. He finally released the Captain's organ and stood up. The ropes fell to the floor.

Tracy held his knife in his hands and went to swipe at him, but Daniel swung at it, knocking it across the floor. He lifted his foot and kicked him under the chin, sending him flying across the bed.

Next, he got hold of the English Captain. He took him by the throat with one hand, and squeezed, forcing him to his knees.

The doctor turned and fled.

Joey watched quietly from where he stood in the corner as Phillips fell over on the floor, unconscious.

He sighed as Daniel picked up his pants and began to dress. He didn't make any movement towards him.

"That was an impressive show, Daniel," Joey managed, feeling quite breathless, "but there is no escape. If you look out that window, you will see that we are almost in England."

He glanced at him now, narrowing his dark eyes. "Yes, and you will keep your promise to me," he told him. "You will take me to Fernando."

"Fernando again!" Joey sneered. "Do you not care

that if you are arrested, you will be put into prison and..."

"You have no honor," he flung at him, picking up what remained of his tattered shirt. "I bring you to safety and you give me to these barbarians to play with. You say you want me. You say we have a past, a destiny but yet you vengefully allow this."

Joey lowered his head. "I...you do not understand. I was trying to...I thought you would choose me. I was about to put a stop to it."

"Well, your little plan backfired on you, English," he sneered, throwing his useless shirt on the floor in frustration.

"Look, we have only hours before we reach the shore," Joey said, gazing longingly at the bed. "I ask only for a few hours of your time, and then I shall never trouble you again. I promise you, you will not regret it."

He paused. When Daniel remained stubbornly silent, he moved closer to him. "Help me get these men back to their cabins and then we can..."

"All right," he said, meeting his eyes, "but in exchange, you will give me your guarantee that I will be under your protection until I see Fernando again, and until I leave the borders of this country."

Joey swallowed, then, nodded slowly. "I give you my word."

He walked over now to check on the two men, one who was lying across the bed moaning, and the other who was in a heap on the floor. He managed to get them to their feet after some prodding, and lead them to their cabins.

When he came back into the cabin and closed the door, he froze. He could hardly breathe as he watched Daniel take off his pants again and crawl onto the bed. He lay there naked, totally exposed to his eyes. His succulent sex was curled deliciously up onto his flat stomach.

Joey couldn't take his eyes off of him as he came closer. He sat on the edge of the bed and reached out a hand, placing it over his heart. He moved his eyes over him, filled with desire and need.

"You have to come closer," Daniel said softly, "I cannot love you from over there."

Joey stood and undressed, then moved onto the bed on his hands and knees. With trembling fingers, he moved over his flesh, letting out a sigh as he traced the hills and valleys of his body.

Daniel let out a slow moan. His sex was hard and hot to the touch. Joey lowered his lips there, moving his tongue around the circumference, then, dipping it into the tiny hole on top of the head, tasting the droplets of pre cum that coated it.

He raised his head once, and said, "You will remember, my love, for all the times we have touched, let this be the time that shakes you to your very soul."

Daniel pushed his head back down between his legs and urged him to continue moving his tongue and lips over his sex.

Joey thought he said the word "Insanity" in French but he wasn't sure.

He reached underneath to massage his beautiful almond shaped testicles, then, dug two fingers up

inside of his anus. This prompted a low grunt to come from him.

He moved the fingers round and round up inside of him, deeper and deeper until he felt his body shudder with orgasm.

Joey raised his mouth up to kiss him. He delved his tongue deep into his mouth and felt him respond passionately.

After a full minute of exploring his mouth, he pulled away and said, "Turn over," while he pushed at his shoulder.

Daniel rolled over on his stomach.

Joey ran his eyes over his beautiful broad back, which led the way down his spine to the full swell of his beautiful ass. He lowered his mouth to those delightfully curved buttocks and began to lick and kiss them. Then he separated the cheeks and began to move his tongue in and out of him, deep and slow.

Daniel's body shuddered again as Joey mounted him. "I want to fuck you," he whispered, kissing his neck and his shoulders. "I want to possess you completely. I want to make you mine. Get up on your knees," he told him, putting his arms around his waist and pulling him up.

"Spread your knees further apart," he whispered. "I want to go in deep. I want you to feel me."

He slapped his buttocks gently, rearing back, taking his time to admire them. Then he reached under him and fondled his sex. He was hard again now. He pulled on his shaft, stroking it. "Beautiful man," he whispered.

He reached up to caress his long hair for a second

and then rammed into his ass hard.

Daniel grunted from the impact, reaching out his hand to prevent himself from slamming into the wall.

Joey went in deeper and harder and faster until he cried out with an earth shattering orgasm and fell on top of him.

He was lying on his back when he looked up to see Daniel's beautiful face looking down at him. His eyes took on a fierce red hue. He ran his hands over his sex and then lowered his mouth there as Joey moaned.

He ran his tongue along the length of his cock and took it deep into his throat, moving his lips up and down over it.

Joey moaned again, and grabbed at his hair.

Then he crawled over him and hoisted his legs up over his broad muscular shoulders and looked deep into his eyes. "Now, I am going to fuck you English," he whispered. "And after it is over, you are not going to remember being fucked by anyone else before me."

Joey moaned, as the Captain bent his head down and began to tongue his nipples. He gently bit one, then the other, before trailing his tongue down to take his organ into his mouth again. He sucked on it for a few minutes, then, licked it until Joey began to buck underneath him.

"What do you want?" He asked him.

"Take me, take me. I want to be your whore. From the first time I saw you, I wanted you to use me. Use me, my love. God, I love no one else but you. I love your big cock and your beautiful eyes. Take me, now."

He lifted his legs higher, positioning himself at his

pulsing entrance. Before he sliced into him, he teased his nipples for a few seconds with his fingers, pulling on them and twisting them.

When he thrust into him, Joey let out a shudder. He was big and thick. He felt himself being stretched wide. Inch after inch he took inside him until he wondered if he could take anymore. When he began to move in and out of him, Joey dug his head into the mattress and cried out. "Yes, yes. That's it." No one had ever satisfied his lust like this man. And no one ever could.

He looked up into those eyes and was lost. He was completely immersed in the feeling of the cock inside of him, moving and thrusting until he didn't think he could endure the pressure anymore. Then he exploded, white thick cream flying up onto Daniel's broad muscular chest and into his hair.

Daniel's face contorted in orgasm seconds later. He groaned, closing his eyes, his hips twitching, bucking hard as if to wring out every last ounce of pleasure from his cock.

They lay there on the bed. Joey leisurely touched his body, played with his nipples, fondled his sex. He now knew what utter peace and joy was.

When Joey opened his eyes an hour or so later, Daniel was sleeping beside him. Joey reached over and touched his shoulder and then pressed his lips there. He closed his eyes and relived the experience. He had to understand now that they belonged together.

Daniel's eyes opened. Joey reached for him with his arms but he sat up, turning his legs out onto the

floor.

Joey bit his lip, hurt from the rejection. "Did you not feel the connection between us when we made love?" He asked him softly.

"I felt only your deception," he spat, looking at him with those fierce beautiful eyes. "You gave me to those English officers, knowing how that would humiliate me. It only served to remind me what kind of a man you really are."

Joey closed his eyes and sighed. "Dino, listen..."

"Do not call me that name! Dino is not my name. My name is Daniel. Who in the hell is this Dino?"

"He was my love, as you are," Joey told him without expression. He didn't expect him to believe it.

"I am not your love," he sneered. "I am your prisoner."

"Fine!" Joey responded angrily. "Get out of bed. If you want to act as if we are strangers then I will treat you as one."

Daniel stood up, looking for his clothes.

Joey tried not to look at him, standing there naked like that. He evoked such passion in him. Suddenly, it was so overpowering that he came around to the other side of the bed and pushed the Captain against the wall. He ran his hands over his flesh and then lowered his head onto his chest. "I love you, can you not see this?" He moaned. "I did what I did out of desperation."

Daniel pushed him away, glaring at him. "And your blackmail, is this done from desperation as well?"

Joey sighed. "Daniel, you must understand. I am

trying to save your life."

Daniel began to dress. "What nonsense you speak," he paused to look at him.

"It is not nonsense," Joey said desperately. "You already saw your own death. What if I could change that?"

"There is nothing you can do about it," he said.

"But it was our destiny to meet again. It was the riding accident I had. We didn't meet when we were supposed to..."

"Stop this," he snapped, his eyes raging fire. "I have heard enough. I fulfilled my commitment to you. I gave you everything in that bed, now you will fulfill your obligation to me and see me safely to your uncle."

"And after?" Joey closed his eyes briefly, "How will you get out of England alive?"

"I thought we had an agreement," he eyed him.

"I will do my best but I am not the King. And if my uncle loves you so, why do you not ask for his protection?"

He sucked in some breath as he did up his pants. "He does not know I am coming and...we had some words."

"Words?" Joey lifted an eyebrow.

There was silence. He turned his back and mumbled something about needing a shirt.

"I will get you a shirt," Joey said absently. "But if I am going to help you to get to my uncle," Joey said stiffly, "then the least you can do is tell me what I am in for. What if he turns you away?"

He sighed. "It is a chance I have to take," he said,

turning around now and running a hand through his disheveled dark hair. "The last time we met, I told him I did not want to see him again."

"I thought you said that you loved him," Joey sneered.

"I do love him," he replied.

"Well then, is not love supposed to conquer all?" He asked, his heart aching.

"He asked me to renounce my country and remain in England with him," he said softly, sitting on the edge of the bed.

Joey's eyes widened. "My God," he whispered, his lips trembling. "He really does love you."

"Maybe so, but I refused because he would not leave his wife. He said he would make sure if I went to the King, he would give me sanctuary in England and I—"

"At the castle?" Joey gasped. "You were going to come to me?"

"Not to you, the King," he corrected.

"But I live at the castle," Joey groaned. "Do you not see, it was another opportunity?"

Daniel shook his head in confusion. "Another opportunity for what?"

"For us to meet," Joey replied.

"Anyway," Daniel ignored him, "Fernando will not leave his wife, so I refused."

"No matter how much he loves you, he cannot leave his wife," Joey told him. "It would be a disgrace because his sister is married to the King's brother. The King would disapprove. But that is not the point, it is just that fate gave us more than one opportunity to..."

"What are you talking about?" Daniel demanded impatiently. "I am talking about my relationship with Fernando. You're talking about us again."

"But it is all related, can you not see?" Joey pleaded. "Twice our paths were supposed to cross, but did not. It is too cruel," Joey shook his head. "Perhaps there is something I am missing."

"I know what it is you are missing," he said sarcastically, standing up, "It is called your senses."

Joey laughed. "Maybe so. I just wish I could make you understand this. If I explained this to you then..."

Daniel looked at him. "Do it then. Tell me, tell me all the crazy things your mind has been harboring before we get to England."

"And you will believe me?"

He sighed. "I will reserve judgment. First, who is this Dino?"

Joey met his eyes. "Dino is you."

"Me?" He repeated blankly.

"Yes, you in another life. He was a vampire."

He threw back his dark head and laughed. "All right, I think that is enough."

"Hear me out," Joey grabbed his arm, then, released him. "You asked me. Let me tell you. He was a vampire and I think that I was a vampire too." Joey told him.

He sighed. "And?"

"We were in love, but we were trapped somehow...we were surrounded by others who wanted to hurt us. You came up with a plan to carry us into another life. This is it. We have to find our destiny here, or you will die on that battlefield."

He narrowed his eyes. "Are you telling me that if I want to live, I have to fall in love with you?"

"Something like that," Joey murmured. "You may die anyway but if you do not recognize our past, it is over."

He laughed. "All right, now you have lost me."

"It does not matter because you do not believe me." He hung his head. "I would not believe me either." Then he raised his eyes to him. "Listen to me, no matter what happens, I give you my oath that I will see you safely to my uncle and out of England, all right?"

He nodded. "All right."

"Now," he came over and placed a hand on his cheek. "We have a few more hours left on this ship," Joey told him. "Will you please spend them with me?"

When Daniel didn't reply, Joey said, "It is not an order. It is not in exchange for anything. I have given my word that I will protect you, whether you agree to make love to me again or not. It is a request, a humble one from a man who will beg you, if that is what you want me to do."

After a minute, he said, "And we will not speak about it again after tonight?"

Joey shook his head. "No, you have my word."

He nodded.

Joey turned away, hiding the tears in his eyes. "Thank you," he managed and then as Daniel left the cabin to get some air on deck, he whispered, "I have never loved anyone else but you from the very moment my soul awoke."

But he didn't hear him.

When he went up on deck, Captain Phillips was there, looking the worst for wear. Joey tried to ignore him but the minute he saw him, he stalked over to where he was.

"Sire, I hope you are intending to hang that Frenchman as soon as we get to England."

"I cannot hang him," Joey told him. "He is on a special mission for the King. Besides, he has already been hung once...I think."

Phillips issued him a strange look, then, he said, "After what he did to me and Tracy...well..." he huffed.

"Yes," Joey nodded, "but if we were to explain how that happened, it might be rather embarrassing," Joey eyed him.

Captain Phillips hesitated, then, nodded silently.

"How long now before we reach the shore?" Joey asked him.

"Two hours, no more, Sire," he said, clearing his throat and tipping his head.

Joey walked away.

The moonlight shone bright in the sky now and Joey had decided that he'd wasted enough time. He made his way back down to the cabin, anticipating the moment when he would hold him in his arms again. His heart ached however, knowing that the Captain didn't remember their love. Worse, he detested him.

When he walked in, the Captain was sitting at the small writing desk beside the bed wearing only his pants.

Joey closed the door and ran his eyes over him. "What are you doing?" He asked him softly.

"Nothing. Just sitting here, wondering what to hell possessed me to come to England."

"Love, so you say," Joey murmured.

He nodded. "Love is a fool's game."

"Was it the dream...the dream about you dying that prompted you to come?" Joey asked, sitting on the side of the bed.

"Yes, I suppose it was. Then when I saw you, and I recognized you, it seemed that I was being shown the way."

"So you do believe in signs, in dreams?" Joey accused.

He shrugged. "Sometimes. But, I do not believe that I was a vampire in another life. That is just too..."

"But yet you have this sickness," Joey said gently, getting up to come closer to him. "Do you not see a connection?"

He sighed.

"Did you not feel anything when we made love?" Joey asked him sadly.

"Yes," he replied, looking at him. "I felt passion," he admitted, "but not love."

Joey bit his lip, reaching his hand down to caress his cheek. "Then I shall have to try harder, will I not?"

He reached for his hand and pulled him to his feet. He took him into his arms and held him for a moment, touching his hair. Then he looked up into his eyes and said, "Kiss me, Daniel."

Daniel lowered his mouth to his. They kissed deeply, then, drew apart.

Joey began to take off his clothes while the Captain watched him silently.

When he stood there naked, he said, "Touch me. Make love to me. It will be the last time." His throat ached with unshed tears as Daniel reached out and touched his face. He ran his hand down the length of his chest, causing him to shudder violently.

"I do not understand this desire you have for me," he whispered, bringing his lips down to his chest. "Why do you want me so much?"

He closed his eyes and laid his hands on his head, letting the silky strands of hair move through his fingers. "Because you are part of my soul. You are beautiful, Daniel, my lover, my heart."

Daniel raised his head now and held out his hand. He led him to the bed and pulled him down with him. "Then make me feel it, Joey. Show me."

Joey looked down into those beautiful dark eyes. He tried to gage what he felt but his feelings were impossible to read. He lowered his lips to his and took his bottom lip into his mouth. He sucked on it a minute, then ran his tongue over it. Unable to resist for a second longer, he covered his entire mouth with his. He felt him yield, surrender to the possession of his mouth as he moved one hand down over his thigh.

Daniel lifted his hips upward. Joey could feel his hard sex brush against his leg. He moved his hand over to it and let it play against his knuckles.

Reluctantly, he took his mouth away from his. His eyes swept down over his chest to rest on the easily visible bulge in his trousers. With trembling fingers,

he undid his pants and pulled them down over his hips.

Daniel lay there watching him silently. He closed his eyes as Joey sat on his knees hovering over him. He felt his fingers stray over his erection. They were cool and tender. Daniel opened his eyes and watched Joey's enraptured face. He saw his tongue move over his lips, Joey's eyes following the path he was making over his sex which was now conspicuously aroused.

"You have the most beautiful manhood," he whispered, gently encircling the head with his thumb.

Daniel moaned now, his cock aching as he continued to stroke it, to run his fingers over it.

He stopped and looked at him, smiling. "I want to make love to your sex. I want to worship it. I want to take it in my mouth and taste it."

Daniel took a breath, his chest heaving.

"You are so beautiful," he continued softly, reaching up to pass a hand over his chest. "It is of course one of the reasons I cannot get enough of you. But it is not just that," he said.

He teased his nipple with the tip of his finger and with his other hand, he began to lift and move his cock, gently at first then with more aggression.

Daniel lifted upward suddenly as Joey gave his sex a firm squeeze.

Joey pushed him back down. "No," he whispered. "I want you to want me. I want you to want to take me and make me yours. I want to hear you say it, Daniel," he whispered seductively as he began to slowly move his fingers up and down the shaft of his swollen member.

Daniel sucked in some much needed air.

Joey continued to move his hand over his sex, then, he lowered his mouth and ran the tip of his tongue around the beautifully shaped head.

"Oh, God," Daniel uttered, reaching down to clutch a handful of Joey's dark hair in his fist.

Joey stopped and looked up. He smiled. Daniel's face contorted with desire as Joey's mouth moved up his stomach and then to his chest. He licked and bit at his nipples as he felt his hips lift upwards again.

Daniel sat up and pulled him roughly to him. He lowered his mouth to his throat. His breathing came hard and fast as Joey felt his hands under his buttocks. He squeezed them and then forced Joey's legs apart so that he was straddling him, his legs around his waist.

He looked down into his eyes again. "What do you want?" He whispered.

Daniel's eyes took on a reddish glow. Joey touched his face.

"Ride me," he urged, his voice low and laced with need. "Ride me now."

Joey leaned down and pressed his mouth against his. Daniel placed his hand behind Joey's head and pressed him closer, hungrily devouring his mouth. All the while, Joey positioned himself to take his hard organ inside him. When it was perfect, he tore his mouth away from his and said, "Go on," he urged, his eyes locked with his.

He felt him charge up into him at the same time as Joey moved himself down on top of him. They both let out a cry, then, Daniel took a few breaths. "Use

me," he told him, placing his hands on either side of the bed and urging his hips even higher.

Joey rose on his knees and swallowed his sex down as far as he could go. He filled him completely. He began to move up and down, slowly, trying to control his own passion. He watched Daniel's face, beautiful, so sexual...his tongue moving over his lips, his eyes closing, and the muscles in his face flexing. As he allowed himself to be used for pleasure, Daniel's well-muscled chest heaved with his labored breathing and glistened with sweat. His nipples were as hard as diamonds, and Joey couldn't resist reaching out his hand to play with them.

He wanted to go slow, to give him extreme pleasure. He was finding it almost impossible to prolong the time when he would give in to his passion and ride him hard and fast. His own body was drenched in perspiration as he continued to move slowly up and down the length of his shaft. He shuddered, a deep thrill of pleasure taking hold of his entire body, causing him to throw back his head and moan deeply.

When Daniel reached out and stroked his engorged penis, he almost exploded. It took him a second to recover his pace. He licked his lips and looked down at him. "Naughty boy," he told him softly. "You are trying to distract me from my plans."

Daniel smiled at him. "What plans?" He managed with a grunt as Joey came down harder on him this time.

"You'll see," he reached down and met his lips, growling deeply in his throat.

"God," he breathed.

Joey laughed softly and now began to go a bit faster, up, then down, then up again. Digging his heels into the bed, he let go. He closed his eyes and began to ride him like one would a wild stallion through the fields with nothing to stand in its way.

Daniel's hands came to sit on his hips. He sat up now, his fingers digging into his flesh. "Joey," he cried out.

Tears came into his eyes. He had said his name. He was moaning now. They were both whimpering as Daniel came inside him, stroking his sex at the same time. Joey came seconds later, exploding as Daniel was still in the throws of orgasm.

Daniel was holding him. Joey wrapped his legs around his waist as Daniel pulled his head down onto his chest. Joey licked the beads of sweat off his flesh. Daniel pulled him even closer and kissed the top of his head.

Oh God, how good it felt for him to hold him like this, Joey thought. Could it be that finally he had made some connection with him?

They didn't say anything. Daniel moved Joey's legs out from behind him and lay down still holding him, his head on his chest and they drifted to sleep.

CHAPTER FOUR: BLOOD TIES

Just hours later, they were on their way to Carstairs Abbey, on their way to a place he had been countless times before. But this time was different. Fernando was the man Daniel professed to love.

As the carriage rumbled its way down the country paths towards its destination, Joey looked down at Daniel's hand which lay a mere inches from his own. He was overcome with the urge to caress it, but he didn't. He held himself back. Daniel had been distant this morning. He doubted very much if what they had shared last night had touched him at all.

The closer they came to the home of his uncle, the bitterer Joey became. He couldn't just sit back and allow Fernando to sweep Daniel away from him. He had to do something. He needed one more chance to make him see that they belonged together.

Suddenly the carriage came to a thundering stop. The driver jumped down and opened the door for them. Joey and Daniel stepped out into the cool morning air. The wind blew through the trees that were shielding them from the bright sunshine.

It was his aunt who came outside to greet them.

Surprised to see Joey, she gave him an enormous hug. She was a rather plain looking woman, saved only by her rich looking satin dress and propped up hair decorated with rubies and pearls.

"Where have you been?" She was saying, eyeing Daniel as he stood there awkwardly behind Joey. "The King has sent men to look for you. Your father is beside himself."

"I am fine, Aunt. Captain Dubois rescued me. He has seen me home safely."

His aunt held out her hand to the Captain who kissed it briefly. "The Captain and I have met. He is...or was...a friend of your uncle's," she said stiffly.

"My lady," he gave her a gracious bow.

She sniffed and then told them to come in.

She waved away all the servants as they entered. They followed her down a long corridor where many rich tapestries and oil paintings were hung.

"You must see your uncle right away," she chattered. "He has been worried. We will send word by messenger to your father and King George so that they..."

"No," Joey said, catching her by the arm. "There is no need. I will be home soon."

"But Joseph," she protested. "They will..."

Joey shook his head. "I will take care of it."

"Fernando," she called as they were swept into a large dining room with a long heavy oak table. In the corner was a candelabra sitting on an ornate carved armoire.

His uncle stood up immediately. "Joseph," he cried out when he saw him. "Are you all right?"

He came around the table to embrace him, then, stopped dead when he saw Daniel. He let out an audible gasp. Sidestepping his nephew, he came to stand in front of the Captain. For a moment, he looked as if he might cry.

Joey watched the exchange carefully.

"Daniel," he whispered. "What are you doing here?"

Daniel gave him a soft smile. It almost broke Joey's heart.

"I have come to see you."

"Yes," Joey said, his voice hard, "apparently, Daniel had a dream about his own death and he wanted to see you before he died."

Daniel narrowed his dark eyes and glared at Joey. "You did not need to tell him that."

Fernando glanced over at his wife. "Have the servant bring some wine and food, and leave us. We have business to discuss."

Joey gave his aunt a sympathetic look. It was true, she was no beauty but he felt badly about the way his uncle was treating her.

She bobbed her head and left the room.

"How did you come to...?" The Duke began, full of questions.

Daniel put up a hand. "I found your nephew in France. He had been taken prisoner by a nobleman. I decided to bring him home so that I might..."

"See you, uncle," Joey interjected. "Beg your forgiveness, no doubt on his knees," he sneered, throwing daggers at Daniel.

Daniel sighed, ignoring Joey's comment. "I thought

we should talk before I go back to the battlefield."

"What is this about death then?" Fernando demanded, running his eyes over Daniel.

"It is nothing," he dismissed, taking a chair at the table.

Fernando looked confused, as he went to take a chair himself. "I still do not understand how the two of you ended up together."

Just then, the servant girl arrived with cold meat and cheese, some bread, nuts and fruit. She poured them wine and then quickly left them.

Joey and Daniel began to devour the food while Fernando studied them both curiously.

"Why would you risk your life like this?" Fernando was looking at Daniel again. "How do you intend to get out of England?"

"Your nephew has promised his help," Daniel managed, in between bites of food. "I rescued Joey in hopes that he would see me safely in and out of the country."

Joey saw Daniel cast him a questioning look.

"Joey?" Fernando repeated flatly. "Why do you call him this?"

Daniel shrugged his broad shoulders carelessly. "It is easier to say."

Joey smiled at his uncle.

"You have been in his bed," Fernando accused under his breath, his eyes on his nephew.

"Of course," Joey told him, meeting his eyes. "You cannot blame me for that, uncle. You have no claim on him. You are a married man."

Fernando clamped his teeth together.

"I brought him to you," Joey said hotly. "I brought him to you even though he has always belonged to me!"

"Joey," Daniel snapped. "You promised that I might have this night with your uncle to..."

"To hell with what I promised," Joey stood up, shoving his plate away. "Tonight, if you want him, so be it, but it will not be alone. I too will have you, one more time."

Daniel's eyes widened. He stood up now as Fernando looked from one to another apprehensively. "It is out of the question! You have gone back on your word. You are a liar and a..."

"Man in love," Joey replied, his voice choking with emotion. He put his head down as Daniel cursed under his breath.

Fernando sighed. "This is outrageous. Daniel is under my protection now and I will not allow this..."

Joey laughed softly. "I am in control here, Uncle. Do not forget your indiscretion, with a Frenchman to boot. I could ruin you."

"And what about you?" Fernando challenged. "You are a disgrace to royalty."

Joey laughed. "It is not the first time someone has told me that." He moved away from the table. "I am going outside now. I will give you time to discuss it. Either you share him with me tonight, Fernando, or I turn him in."

Fernando rubbed his chin.

Joey looked at Daniel. "If you do not agree, not only will you not get the opportunity to spend the night with my uncle, you will find your neck

stretched at the end of a rope. You decide, my love," he whispered and quickly turned on his heels and left the room before Daniel had the opportunity to reply.

Outside, he hardly noticed the beautiful flower garden that surrounded him as he bit back the tears. This was his last resort. If Daniel and Fernando refused to accept his terms, he would have to admit defeat. There was no way he could bear to turn Daniel in. He would have to stick to his original promise and see him safely out of the country. But what happened to him then? How could he live without him?

His uncle came outside shortly after and walked over to him. He met his eyes. "I have done my best to convince him, Joseph. He insists that you have betrayed him."

"I have," he replied. "I have betrayed him."

"I cannot allow you to turn him in."

Joey cleared his throat. "Are you in agreement?"

Fernando shrugged. "Do I have a choice? I know if I defy you, you will disclose my indiscretion."

"Then when you are ready to go to him tonight," Joey gave him a meaningful look, "knock on my door. I will join you. Leave the door unlocked."

"He will be angry," Fernando sighed.

Joey shook his head. "I do not think so. I know what he enjoys."

Fernando stiffened. "He loves me."

"Umm, so it appears," Joey grimaced.

"Fine, I will do as you ask," Fernando said briskly and disappeared.

That night, Joey waited in his room. He paced relentlessly until he heard the defining knock. Pulling

his robe around him, he crept down the hall to the designated room.

He squinted as he walked in, focusing on the candlelight playing across the great intricately carved bed. He dropped his robe and locked the door behind him.

As he drew closer he saw the naked body of his uncle sitting up on his knees on the bed. He saw his fleshy back and well-padded buttocks and a pair of finely muscled arms wrapped around him.

His uncle was taking advantage of having the hard well-muscled body of Daniel in his arms. His hands played freely over that beautiful deliciously curved ass as Daniel's lips moved over his chest.

When Fernando noticed his nephew standing there, he pushed Daniel down on the bed.

Daniel struggled back up onto his elbows to see Joey standing beside him. The candlelight flickered over his naked body, illuminating only half of his angelic face. "You have no..." he began.

Joey reached down and placed a finger on his lips. He combed his fingers through his long dark hair lovingly, then leaned over and pressed his mouth against his.

Daniel made a move to push him away, which caused Joey to increase the pressure on his mouth. His hands came down to press him back into the pillow as Daniel's mouth opened to him.

Joey sat down on the edge of the bed, running greedy hands over the length of his hard muscled body. He heard Daniel moan softly when he touched him. He wanted to cry. Could it be that he did have

some feeling for him after all?

Fernando was pulling at him now, saying something about how he could not have him all to himself. With a groan of frustration, Joey separated his mouth from his. He moved further down on the bed and instantly wrapped his fingers around Daniel's erect sex.

Fernando was leaning over now, kissing Daniel's mouth. Joey felt the sharp sting of jealousy. He swallowed it, letting his eyes move over his sex. It was already slick with pre cum. He began to gently squeeze it, while roughly parting his thighs with his other hand. He caressed his inner thigh, then, placed his lips there. Slowly, he began to play with his sex. He slapped it gently from side to side, then lifted it and ran his fingers down the shaft.

Daniel's hips lifted against his hand. He groaned deeply, pulling away from Fernando's mouth.

Joey inserted one finger at the opening of his anus as Fernando encouraged Daniel to take his sex into his mouth.

Joey gently slipped a finger inside of him and began to move it around. He pushed it in deeper and pulled it out again.

Joey felt Daniel shudder. He smiled. Lowering his mouth to his sex, he began to lick it slowly, pushing the finger in deeper again.

Daniel pushed Fernando away from him, his eyes on Joey, eyes that were definitely taking on a reddish glow.

Not to be put off, Fernando lowered his mouth to Daniel's chest and began to kiss him, as Joey allowed

himself the pleasure of tasting Daniel's delicious sex.

He took it into his mouth now, moving his tongue around the head of his luscious manhood. Daniel moaned as Joey inserted yet a second finger up inside of him, his hands clawing into the mattress.

Joey didn't notice his uncle's frustration as he began to move his mouth up and down Daniel's thick member. As Daniel thrashed and undulated his hips, Joey continued to move in and out of him with his two fingers. He closed his eyes, his heart thudding in his chest, his own sex aching. How he longed to be in his arms, to be completely alone with him.

"God, God," Daniel whispered, his voice saturated with unbridled passion.

Being careful to stay in tune with what Daniel's body demanded, Joey placed his other hand underneath him and massaged his testicles.

Daniel's entire body went into spasm. He thrashed on the bed as Joey removed his mouth from his sex. He reached down to touch himself for a moment, his sex aching. He needed to be inside him now.

"I'm going to fuck you," Joey told him, meeting his eyes across the bed as he reached up and ran his fingers across his sensitive stiff nipples.

Joey had forgotten his uncle was still in the room as he crawled onto the bed, pulling Daniel's long legs over his shoulders so that he could mount him. "Do you want me?" Joey asked him, meeting his eyes.

His eyes glowed fiercely in the dark. "God, yes," he moaned.

"Good, because I love you," Joey told him, tears lighting in his eyes. "You are the most beautiful man I

have ever seen. I have to have you."

When Fernando placed a hand roughly on his shoulder, Joey looked up in surprise.

"What are you doing?" His uncle demanded angrily.

Joey squinted at him.

Fernando shoved him backward.

Joey grabbed onto the bed's foot board to steady himself.

"Not that," Fernando shook his head, "anything but that. That is mine."

Daniel sat up, warily.

"There were no conditions," Joey protested. "You agreed to share him and..."

"You little..." his uncle growled. He made a lunge for him, but before he could grab him, Daniel jumped in front of Joey and shielded him.

"So, that is the way it is then?" He accused, glaring at Daniel.

Daniel sighed, his arm drawn across Joey's chest. "Fernando. I made a mistake coming here. I should have never...it was already over before..."

"No," he shook his head, biting his lip. His hands shook now as he spoke. "We can work this out, Daniel. I will..."

"Fernando, listen to me," Daniel stood up now. "It is over. You will not leave your wife. I cannot give up everything when you are prepared to give up nothing. I knew when I saw you that..."

Fernando turned his back, trembling all over.

Daniel went to pick up his clothes off the floor.

Fernando turned around suddenly, his face livid

with anger. "Fine, then let the chips fall where they may, Captain Dubois. You are the enemy. You will swing at the end of..."

"Noooooooo!" Joey cried out, and leaping off the bed, he gave his uncle a hard push. "You will not call the guards."

He fell hard, hitting his head on the night table in front of the window.

Daniel instantly knelt down to see to him. He touched Fernando's head. It came away covered in blood. He checked his pulse.

Joey stood anxiously over Daniel's shoulder. Daniel looked up at him. "He is dead," he said softly. "You have killed him."

Joey put his face in his hands. "My God," he whimpered, tears streaming down his cheeks.

Daniel stood up. Dragging his hands away from his face, he said. "Joey, pull yourself together. We have to get out of here before someone discovers the body."

"But where can we go?" Joey asked, desperately.

"I will make it on my own back to France. You must go home and..."

"No, I cannot go home. I will not allow you take the blame for this. If they catch you, they will..."

"They will kill me if they catch me anyway, Joey. You can make up some excuse and..."

"No. My aunt knows I was here with you. It will not work. I am coming with you," Joey told him, meeting his eyes.

He nodded. "All right." He ran a hand through his hair. Then after a brief pause, he said, "We will go

back to France on that English ship."

"You mean commandeer the ship?" Joey gasped.

He nodded. "Leave it to me. Get dressed," he said hastily, pulling on his pants. "You get some provisions from the kitchen and I will get the horses, then we will leave. Make sure no one sees or hears you."

CHAPTER FIVE: EXQUISITE ECSTASY

“What if Captain Phillip’s ship has left the port already?” Joey asked Daniel as they prodded along on their horses.

It was three o’clock in the morning and very damp. Joey had wrapped his blanket around his shoulders for warmth.

“He will still be there,” Daniel said. “Do not worry.”

“And how do we convince him to go to France? I have power but...”

“I will take care of it, Joey,” he snapped.

Joey sighed. Daniel looked deep in thought. He had hardly said a word since they’d left Carstairs Manor. Did he hate him for killing his lover? My God, what had he done? He’d killed his own uncle.

“I know you must hate me,” Joey managed. “I am sorry, Daniel, I did not mean it...I...”

Daniel rode up along side of him. He stopped his horse. He looked deep in his eyes for a moment. “I do not hate you, Joey,” he said. “In fact, I think I am in love with you.”

Joey's jaw fell. He opened his mouth to say something, but Daniel shook his head. "No. Do not say anything, all right?"

"All right," Joey whispered in the dark. The moon shone down on them, drenching them both in moonlight. The only sound around them was the soft sounds of animals prowling the night.

Joey thought his heart would cease to beat as he looked at him.

Then he spoke again. "I knew I no longer loved Fernando, the moment I set eyes on him again. Something had changed. I regretted going there."

Joey reached over and took his hand. Daniel's tightened in his. "Then you believe me about...?"

He hesitated, licking his lips. "I believe that there is something. When you touch me, I..." he trailed off for a moment.

"You what?" Joey urged softly, desperately wanting to hear him say it.

"Well," he smiled softly, "it seems the more I have of you, the more I want you. Tonight, I wished that Fernando would leave us. I wanted only you."

Joey uttered a sound that resembled a half laugh, half cry and he leaned over and wound his arms around his neck. He kissed his cheek as he felt Daniel's hands on his forearms. "Oh God, how I want you, Daniel. Every minute of every day, right here, right now, if I had the opportunity."

"What is stopping you?" He asked him, removing himself from his embrace.

Joey smiled. "You devil," he whispered.

Daniel grinned and jumped down off his horse. He

tied it to the tree.

He made his way to a grassy spot nearby as Joey quickly tied his own horse.

Joey turned around and met his eyes as he stood there waiting. The soft breeze blew long hair around his face. He saw him take a breath, his broad muscular chest heaving with unspent passion.

Joey moved forward. Daniel reached for him, running his hands over his face, his hair.

"Tell me you love me, Daniel," Joey whispered against his cheek.

"I love you, Joey," he told him, holding his face with his hands and looking down into his eyes.

"Then show me how much," Joey urged, his sex straining against the material of his pants.

Daniel's mouth came down hard on his. He began to pull off his shirt, then his pants. And when Joey was completely naked, he moved away from him for a moment and raked his eyes over him.

Joey actually blushed a little, which caused Daniel to laugh.

"You saw that?" Joey asked, amazed. "You saw me blush?"

He nodded. "I told you, I operate better after dark."

"I do not know about after dark," Joey teased, "but you certainly know how to operate in the dark."

Daniel laughed softly as Joey reached out for him. "Your turn, Captain. If I do not get you out of those clothes soon, there will be hell to pay. Besides, I am cold and in need of some warming."

He allowed him to take off his boots, then his

pants. And as he did, Joey couldn't resist fondling his sex, which caused Daniel's breathing to become labored and rough.

After removing his shirt, he looked at it for a moment, then, smiled. "Lay down on the grass," Joey urged.

He immediately lowered himself onto the ground, looking up at Joey curiously.

"Lie down on your back and raise your arms over your head," Joey told him, his voice shaking with desire.

Daniel lay back and raised his arms. "What's all this?" He asked, smiling at him.

"You will see," Joey replied, bunching his shirt together so that he could tie it around his wrists.

As he brought his wrists together and began to tie the shirt around them, Daniel laughed. "That will not hold me."

"I know," Joey whispered. "Pretend."

He nodded, narrowing his eyes. "If it pleases you, sire."

Joey laughed. "It does. You will never know how much it pleases me. And I will make sure that it pleases you as well."

Lying there now with his wrists tied together over his head, Daniel lifted his hips seductively towards him. He was erect, his succulent sex curled irresistibly up onto his well-muscle stomach.

"You want this?" He suggested softly.

"What a naughty boy you are, Captain," Joey reached out and lifted the hot sex off his stomach, and then withdrew.

"Yes," he sighed. "I am very willing tonight. I am all yours."

Joey licked his lips as he saw his eyes glowing up at him. He lowered his body to the ground on his knees and reached out to caress his nipples. Slowly he moved his fingers over them, flicking them back and forth, pinching them gently until they were stiff and erect.

Daniel's hips rose a little off the ground.

"What do you want?" Joey asked him. "Do you want me to play with your nipples some more?"

"What ever pleases you," he whispered.

Joey lowered his tongue to one of the sensitive nubs, then the other. He licked them both and then sucked on them until he heard Daniel growl low in his throat.

Joey's hands came down to caress his sex, then, he placed his lips there and kissed the length of it.

"Jesus," Daniel whispered softly into the night.

Turning him over roughly, Joey kissed his buttocks and parted his cheeks, bringing his tongue to the sensitive opening. He pulled him onto his knees and continued to stimulate him, while reaching around to play with his throbbing cock.

Daniel was beginning to beg for release as Joey continued to stimulate his sex, lifting and playing with it without giving him any genuine satisfaction.

He rolled him back over and played with his nipples, suckling them and kissing his chest while he left his aching sex alone.

Breaking the ties easily, Daniel's arms came around him. "Tease," he hissed, pulling him up on top of him

and devouring his mouth.

He rolled him over as Joey laughed. Feeling his arms around him was more than just a taste of heaven. It was everything.

Daniel pulled him up on his knees and pressed his hard sex into his buttocks. One hand caressed his hair, the other squeezed Joey's erection.

Joey gasped as Daniel grabbed his hair in his hand and pulled him up straight into his arms. His hands moved over his chest, pinching his nipples, slapping at his erection while his sex began to impale him.

"Yes," Joey cried out. "Oh God, Dino...do it, take me. I want you so much."

He plunged into him, his mouth coming down on his neck, the other hand continuing to move over his sex as he went deeper. He began to thrust harder and harder until Joey felt his teeth rattle in his jaw. His cock was aching for release. He felt as if every nerve in his body was screaming. "Baby, baby..." he cried out as Daniel increased the rhythm, harder and harder, faster and faster, then suddenly, slow and sensuous, pulling all the way out and plunging all the way back in. His entire body began to tremble all over. He reached his hand back for his face and received a kiss on his palm.

His arms held Joey in a vice like grip as his hand moved faster and faster over his sex now. He was on the verge, his teeth chattering, the tension building until yes..."ahhh," he cried out as he exploded into Daniel's hand.

Daniel came himself a second or two after him. In fact, he was still in the throws of it when he heard

Daniel cry out softly, his voice muffled into the flesh of his neck.

They lay back down together in the grass. Turning over Joey ran his hand over Daniel's stomach as he placed his head on his chest.

"Um, that was good," Daniel breathed softly, kissing the top of Joey's head.

"You are good," Joey moaned, kissing his chest that was now damp with perspiration.

"You do know that you called me Dino back there," Daniel told him, meeting his eyes in the dark.

Joey sighed. "I am sorry...I..."

"It is all right," he said, shaking his head. "I did not mind. Let us try to get some sleep and then we will head out again."

Joey nodded, kissing his mouth softly. Oh what joy it was to be able to kiss him like this, to touch him. He closed his eyes and slept, only to dream of a fierce vampire with glowing red eyes. Dino, he whispered, moaning as he saw him standing there gazing at him. "I want you naked and submissive," he told him. Then he heard laughter. "You will never tame me," a voice said, "even though I will love you for eternity."

Joey woke up to the singing of birds. Daniel had dressed and was eating a piece of bread. He offered some to Joey after he dressed and came over to him.

Joey took the piece of bread he offered and kissed Daniel deeply. "I want you again. Can that be possible?" He ran his eyes over him.

Daniel smiled. "Yes. I feel the same but if we stay here making love all the time, we will never get out of England."

Joey laughed. "True. If only you were not so distracting."

He winked at him, and then got up on his horse. "Come on, let us go. We should be there within the hour."

They began to ride again, Joey wondering if they would actually make it back to France alive.

Then suddenly, they saw the water. Daniel pointed. There was Captain Phillips ship.

They kept on riding, harder now. Then Daniel slowed his horse and pointed again. "Joey, there is another ship. Do you see it? It is headed straight for the harbor."

"Is it British?" Joey squinted his eyes in the bright morning sun.

"I hope not," he muttered. "Just pray that it is French."

Joey kept riding, saying nothing. He was feeling a pang of guilt as he continued on. *If the ship was French, would they slaughter the people of the village? Could he just stand by and watch them?*

Once in the village, Joey leaned over and touched Daniel's forearm. "Daniel," he said. "These people here are innocent. If it is a French ship, I..."

"I will do my best to protect the village," he told him.

They slowed their horses in front of the Inn called the "Red Horse," and dismounted.

"Let us hope Phillips slept late," Daniel muttered.

"What are you going to do?" Joey asked nervously.

"We will convince Phillips that his ship needs to go to France."

"Why do we not just take the ship?" Joey asked him.

Daniel shook his head. "The ship is manned, Joey. I do not fancy fighting off all those soldiers. However, with that ship coming up on the water, it does not appear that the soldiers are even awake. Let us go inside. You tell the Inn keeper who you are and that you must see the Captain."

Joey nodded as they knocked on the door. They looked around them as they waited for any sign of movement. It was still early. The village was quiet.

The Inn Keeper was a short little man with a red face. He opened the door a crack and peered out.

"My name is Joseph, I am the King's nephew. I need to see Captain Phillips immediately," he said in his most authoritative voice."

Daniel grinned at him as the Inn Keeper opened the door and directed them immediately to the captain's room. "That was very good," he told him before they made their way up the stairs.

Joey issued Daniel a sassy look in reply.

Before Joey even made it into the room, Daniel was looking down at Phillips, his musket pointing right at him.

Phillips struggled to sit up in bed, looking around him. "What is the meaning of this?"

"You need not know," Daniel told him. "Get dressed and make ready to board the ship. We set sail for France immediately."

"France?" He bellowed. "Why would I...?" Then he paused and looked at Joey. "Sire, you are involved with this?"

"Do as he says," Joey told him.

Daniel handed Joey a sword. "Stay with him while he dresses. I am going to the ship."

Daniel disappeared out of the room as Joey held the sword on Phillips. "Get dressed," he barked. "Hurry up."

Phillips crawled out of bed and reached for his pants. "You would do this...betray your country for a piece of French ass," he accused.

Joey smiled softly. "Um, and oh what a nice ass it is, Captain. In fact, I seem to remember you enjoying that French ass yourself."

There was a silence. The Captain turned away and continued to dress.

On deck, Daniel found three members of Phillips' crew asleep, empty bottles of whiskey rolling around them.

Daniel walked over to the side to study the ever approaching ship. He could barely make out the flag now. Luck was with them. It was definitely French.

Coming back to where the men were sleeping, he removed their weapons and placed them behind him. Then he cleared his throat nosily and said, "Good day to you gentleman."

Gradually they began to rouse. They blinked up into the sunlight, straightening their uniforms, and then looked at him in alarm. All three of them struggled to their feet, looking for their weapons.

"You need not bother," Daniel said, shaking his dark head. "They are over here."

"French," one choked. "You are French!"

"Yes," he replied, leaning over to pick up one of

the empty bottles. He tipped it over, shaking it. "And it looks like you men are drunk. Are you the watch?"

Flustered, one of them said, "Yes, we are the watch. Are you planning on killing us?"

"No. Actually, I am the least of your problems, gentlemen. I would be much more concerned about that French ship that is approaching right now, if I were you."

"French ship?" One of them squawked.

"Yes. Actually, within the hour, they will cut you in two. So, may I make a suggestion?"

They all stared at him, speechless.

"I suggest you lower your flag. If you indicate that you intend to surrender, then maybe you will live."

"Impossible, we cannot surrender," one of them retorted.

"Well, you have no time to rally the men and prepare," Daniel rubbed his thigh lazily.

One of the others groaned. "He is right." He ran over to the side of the ship and motioned to the others. "Lower the flag," he growled. "Lower the damn flag."

Just then Captain Phillips arrived with Joey. He watched sadly as the men lowered the flag. He saw the French ship approaching.

Daniel gazed at him and then pursed his lips. "It appears your men were not as watchful as they should have been Captain," he murmured.

Phillips swore under his breath and then waited silently.

Joey took Daniel aside. "Daniel, I think we should give the men a chance to escape. My identity must be

hidden if I am to have passage back to your country."

Daniel placed a hand on his shoulder. "You are right. We will let them go. The capture of the ship itself should satisfy the French. And I will introduce you as my servant."

"But they will know I am English."

"Not if you are mute," he said with a grin.

"You would love that, would you not?" Joey teased.

Daniel nodded. "Yes, silent, naked and willing," he whispered, causing Joey to hit him hard in the arm.

It was Joey who gave the soldiers the order to desert the ship. They gladly left, escaping into the woods on foot, including Phillips and the other officers.

An hour later, soldiers from the French ship had boarded. Daniel was immediately recognized by the Commander.

His name was Jacques Vachon and Daniel had trained under him.

"Daniel?" He said, surprised to see him. "It has been a long time." He ran his eyes over him in a way that caused Joey a momentary flash of anger.

Joey was pulled forward and introduced as Daniel's servant.

"He does not speak," Daniel told the Commander.

Jacques Vachon, a short homely little man with dark hair looked Joey over carefully. "Um, what does he do?"

Daniel shifted uncomfortably from one foot to another. "He is my servant, Commander. He does as I tell him."

"Good," Vachon smiled softly.

"We will be needing passage back to France, Commander. I hope you will allow us to be your passengers."

"Of course, my boy," he replied, slapping his back.

"Will we be staying here for long, Sir?" Daniel asked him.

Vachon eyed him. "Over night. I expect you to come to the town and spend the night at the Inn with the other officers."

"As you wish, Sir," Daniel replied.

"We will leave tomorrow," he announced.

"And the villagers?" Daniel asked hesitantly.

"We have no quarrel with them. As long as they give us no trouble," he waved.

Joey sighed inwardly with relief. At least he wouldn't have that on his conscience.

The Commander was speaking to Daniel, but he was looking at him again. "We will take this ship," Vachon said. "We will also take just enough crew to get us home. I will put Lagacie in charge of my ship."

"Yes, Sir," Daniel replied.

Tearing his eyes away from Joey, he came closer to Daniel. He placed his hand on one of his biceps and squeezed it gently. "It is amazing, the man that you have become, Dubois. The way you fill out a uniform is well...quite an eyeful."

Joey stiffened.

Vachon stepped back and laughed. "We will get to know each other well on the way back home. Come Daniel, come have a drink with me. The English Captain must have some good wine in his quarters."

Joey watched as Daniel followed the Commander down below. He wasn't sure what all that meant, but he didn't like it.

That night Joey slept alone in a hammock below the deck while Daniel and Vachon went off to the Inn. Several times Joey went up on deck to look over at the Inn, which stayed lit until the wee hours of the morning. Even on the ship, he could hear the drunken laughter of the French officers.

When he finally did sleep, it was to dream. He dreamt of the guillotine...a shiny blood coated blade rattling toward him. He woke up in a cold sweat.

They set sail finally sometime in the afternoon, the officers snapping orders and holding onto their aching heads.

Joey was given a scrub brush and some water and told to wash the deck.

Daniel didn't appear up on deck until the sun declined in the sky. Joey was eating some lukewarm stew when he saw him approaching.

"Where have you been?" Joey mouthed, looking around him on the half deserted deck.

Daniel rolled his eyes. "Amusing Vachon."

"Amusing him, how?" Joey demanded, raising his voice.

"Shush, someone will hear you," Daniel cautioned, looking over his shoulder. "No worries. He was so drunk last night, he could not have raised it, if his life depended on it."

"Well, he better keep it in..." Joey began, just as they heard footsteps behind them.

Daniel turned around. Joey stood up at attention as

Vachon appeared in front of them.

He nodded at them. "Please, I would like you both to join me in my cabin," he said.

Joey and Daniel cast a glance at each other and then followed the Captain below.

CHAPTER SIX: THE LUST OF COMMANDER VACHON

The door of the cabin closed with a resounding thud. Joey stood hesitantly in the corner of the room while Daniel moved closer to the Commander. The room contained nothing but an over stuffed bed, a small writing desk with an inkpad, and a leather bound journal.

In the corner of the room was a closet where a pile of rope sat.

Vachon was looking at the Captain now, smiling. "You did your best to avoid me last night, did you not Daniel?"

"Sir?" He said.

"You thought I'd pass out drunk and I would not be in any shape to pounce on you," he said without expression.

Daniel didn't reply.

Vachon looked at Joey. "Do you know that I have always wanted him, your handsome Captain?"

Joey swallowed.

"I watched him as he trained," Vachon cooed, "studied the way his ass looked in that uniform,

imagined him naked. But I restrained myself. He never indicated any interest in me. But you see now fate has chosen to smile on me. He has placed Captain Dubois in my hands."

Joey looked at Daniel. A pulse was throbbing in his jaw.

"Take off your clothes," Vachon told Daniel, running his eyes over him.

"But Sir, that is highly irregular..." he began, flustered.

"There are many things that have happened lately which can be considered highly irregular, Captain Dubois. Do as you are told," Vachon commanded.

Joey narrowed his eyes. What did he mean?

Slowly, Daniel removed his shirt revealing the taunt muscles of his chest and those tantalizing brown nipples.

Vachon sucked in some air. "Go ahead. The boots."

Daniel reached down and took off his boots, setting them aside.

Joey felt his cock stiffen instinctively.

"Now, those pants," he breathed.

Daniel sighed. His face flushed some as he undid his britches and moved them down over his hips.

When the naked flesh of his thighs and sex came into view, Vachon uttered a soft moan of pleasure.

Joey bit his lip.

"Now, turn around and show me that ass, the ass I've spent hours fantasizing about," Vachon demanded, his voice labored with raw lust.

Joey watched as Daniel turned to reveal that round delicious butt of his.

Vachon walked over and took the ribbon from Daniel's hair letting it fall down over his shoulders. "Now, shake your hair out and shake that ass," he demanded.

Joey let out a moan as he watched Daniel move his beautiful buttocks in front of him. So close, and yet he couldn't touch him.

The Commander came over now and grabbed Joey's sex, making him cry out in protest. "Mute eh? Does not seem like it. And hot, ready for action."

Daniel had turned around now, his face angry. "Commander, this is unacceptable. I will not..."

"I know about your lover, Daniel," he interrupted. "I know that you and your so called servant here killed the Duke of Carstairs."

Joey's eyes widened.

"You need to get back to France," he pointed. Then he turned to Joey, "And you, you need to hide your identity."

Joey lowered his head.

"So you would turn us in, Commander?" Daniel asked him. "I was one of your best men, Jacques. I cannot believe that you would betray me."

"I will not betray you, as long as you do as I say for the remainder of the voyage."

"And when we arrive in France?" Daniel eyed him.

"You are free to do as you like," Vachon raised his hands, then, dropped them.

Joey looked at Daniel. "I do not want to..." He began.

"We do not have a choice," Daniel told him.

Vachon smiled at Joey. "Come now, boy," he

murmured. "Do not tell me you have not had him," he looked at Daniel. "And the sight of him now naked is driving you wild. Your cock is as hard as rock. You will have no other opportunity to have him on this ship if you do not have him here."

Joey flushed.

"Do we have an agreement?"

Daniel nodded at Joey, who sighed and then said, "Yes."

"Anything I want," Vachon insisted.

"Anything you want," Joey replied, looking at Daniel. There was a part of him that didn't want the Commander touching him or Daniel.

Vachon smiled like a snake, and then pointed to the rope on the floor. "Get undressed and pick up that rope over there."

Joey began to undress as Vachon walked over to Daniel and pushed him against the wall. "How you made me suffer in my own flesh, the way the muscles rippled under your uniform, the way the material stretched across your ass and your thighs." He reached out and pinched one of his nipples, then ran his thumb back and forth over it.

"Put your arms out and spread your legs," Vachon barked.

Daniel did as he was told, not quite believing he had gotten himself into this position.

Vachon raked his eyes over him. He slapped at his sex a few times until Daniel winced, then laughed. Leaning over, he bit at his nipples and fondled his testicles. Then roughly he jerked him around. "Bend over," he told him. "Show me heaven."

Daniel gasped as he felt his cold fingers jerk up into him.

"You're one hell of a gorgeous man," Vachon breathed. Then withdrawing his hand, he turned to Joey who stood naked before him.

"Come here, English," he motioned.

Joey moved towards him hesitantly.

Vachon played with his erection. "The very sight of him makes you salivate, does it not whore?" He demanded.

Joey nodded, pushing his hips closer to Vachon's hand as he stimulated him. He kept his eyes on Daniel who stood naked against the wall.

Vachon was rubbing one of his nipples now while the other hand moved over his buttocks. "Look at that erection," he murmured, again moving his hand down to play with it.

He moved away. "Take that rope and tie the Captain, wrist to ankle," he said, his eyes glazing suddenly. "And you are not to touch his ass, his big cock—which I intend to make bigger—or his tender nipples."

Daniel eyed the rope.

"Get on the bed, Captain and show me a view of that nice ass as you do."

Daniel sighed and crawled onto the bed, and then lay on his back.

Joey came closer and gently pulled up his ankle to his wrist and tied the rope around it.

"Spread him wide," Vachon demanded, his voice shaking as he watched Joey tie the other wrist and ankle.

Joey was trembling as he stood there. He looked down to see Daniel tied like that and he almost exploded in orgasm.

Vachon laughed, knowing the effect it was having.

He began to undress. Then taking a lace handkerchief out of his jacket, he came over to stuff it into Daniel's mouth. "This is so the men won't hear your cries of ecstasy as we sexually torture you, Captain."

Daniel protested as the material went into his mouth.

"Please," Joey whispered. "Please let me touch him," Joey pleaded as he ran his eyes over Daniel. The way that he was spread and tied left nothing to the imagination. He was completely at their mercy. Joey felt such a surge of sexual need.

The Captain laughed slightly, standing erect. His eyes were clouded by pure lust as he grabbed Joey around the waist and tipped him over slightly. "You can play with his nipples while I play with your ass. Just his nipples until I tell you otherwise."

Joey's mouth went to Daniel's chest. He sucked on one then the other nipple as Daniel tried to resist by moving his trussed body around.

This only served to increase the two men's lust, they paused to watch the display with pleasure.

Joey pinched and tugged on Daniel's nipples now without mercy, concentrating all his sexual tension on them, as Vachon's hands move over his buttocks.

"Enough," Vachon said when he heard Daniel's deep moaning. He let Joey go and reached into the drawer of his desk. He pulled out a rounded long

wood object and showed it to Daniel. "I am going to plug every orifice, in every way," he told him. "We are going to start with this."

Daniel's eyes widened some when he saw it.

"You can put that magnificent sex of his in your mouth, English," Vachon told Joey, "while I teach the boy some discipline."

Vachon oiled the wooden object carefully, running his fingers sensuously over the round head.

Joey lowered his face between Daniel's thighs and took his sex into his mouth. As he did, it began to stiffen and expand. Joey continued to stimulate him with his mouth, while putting a hand down to his spread cheeks and inserting a finger inside him.

Daniel moaned under the gag, his sex hard now.

Vachon pulled Joey away. "Enough. Put your ass up here English, I am going to mount you at the same time as I put this up inside his gorgeous ass."

Vachon grabbed his hair and pulled him back into his arms. Positioning one hand on his hip, he pushed him forward. He moved his hand all over his chest, pausing to tweak each nipple, then slapped at his erection a few times until it stood up stiffly in the air.

Joey let out a cry as he felt him enter him. At the same time, the wooden object was being moved around Daniel's entrance in a teasing way.

Joey moaned as he watched Daniel's face contort at the same time Vachon began to move inside of him. He was small compared to Daniel. In fact, he could hardly feel him there, but watching Daniel's tied up body move on the bed was driving him wild.

Daniel was moaning as Vachon thrust the object

deeper into him. He arched his back, his engorged sex rising up seductively in front of Joey's eyes.

Joey reached out to stroke it, which earned him a reprimand from Vachon.

"I did not tell you to touch his cock," he growled, moving faster inside Joey, which in turn caused the object inside the young captain to go in and out of him at a faster pace.

Daniel's entire body was trembling as he let out a muffled cry behind the lace.

Joey ground his hips back against Vachon, managing to secretly touch Daniel's knee as he exploded in passion.

Vachon ran his hands over Joey. "What a slut you are," he whispered, releasing him. Then he bent down between Daniel's thighs and began to slowly twist the artificial penis inside of him. He made it go deeper, then pulled it halfway out, then slid it in further and began to thrust.

With one hand, he reached out and slapped at his cock, causing Daniel to cry out again.

"Take out the lace," Vachon told Joey, "and fill his mouth with your cock."

Joey went over and pulled out the lace. He was hard again and there was this overpowering feeling of control. He wanted Daniel in this position. He was enjoying his helplessness, and looking at Daniel, he knew that he was enjoying it too.

He straddled Daniel's chest, placing his knees on either side of his neck. He placed his aching sex on his lips. "Suck it," he told him.

Daniel touched the head of his sex with his tongue

and slowly ran it around the circumference. Joey moaned and forced his lips apart.

As his sex sunk into the velvet haven of his mouth, Joey felt himself grow weak. Vachon was going slow again with the instrument, driving Daniel to the edge.

He was moaning as he licked and tasted Joey's sex. Joey closed his eyes and ran his hand over Daniel's hair. "I love you," he whispered softly.

"All right, English," Vachon demanded. "Get off of him. Come down here."

Joey crawled off of Daniel, running his hand over his body as he went to join Vachon.

"Now, you thrust with that, deep and fast. I will take care of that aching cock of his.

Joey grabbed the head of the object protruding out of Daniel's gorgeous ass. He watched as Vachon played with his straining cock, and then began to thrust.

Daniel cried out, moaning as his hips bucked out of control. Vachon continued to stroke him, lowering his mouth to aggressively release him from his torment.

When he came, Joey gave one final deep thrust and then removed the object.

He stood up, looking at Vachon who sat there still, casually playing with Daniel's sex. He ran his hands up over him again and teased both nipples.

"Gorgeous, is he not?" Vachon murmured, reaching over for the lace handkerchief and putting it back into Daniel's mouth.

"Um," Joey agreed, wishing that Vachon would stop touching him.

"Now, you are going to tell me what you would

like to do to him if I let you. And make it good," Vachon told him, placing one hand on his own sex which was beginning to get hard again.

Joey let his eyes roam freely over Daniel's naked, sweat drenched body. His head was back, eyes closed. His sex was lying between his legs, exposed, beautiful. The cheeks of his exquisite backside were spread. He was anyone's for the taking.

"Tell me," Vachon urged, playing with Daniel's nipples now.

"I would want to play with his tits for awhile, like you," Joey began. "I would run my thumb over them separately until they were pointed and hard. Then I would use the tip of my tongue to torment them. They would be so sensitive by then, the slightest flick of my tongue would excite them. Then, I would move to his ass. I would delve my tongue deep inside him and stimulate him orally without touching that meaty member of his. And when he was squirming and begging for it, I would play with his sex. I would show it no mercy."

Vachon was moaning now as he stroked himself. Daniel's sex was hard again. He laid there, his body aching from the constraints, his cock crying for attention.

Vachon trembled with orgasm as he looked at Joey. "All right, English slut. Untie him. I want to see him fuck you."

"Oh thank you," Joey whispered. He wanted to kiss him. Quickly he untied him.

Daniel lowered his legs with a grunt. He removed the gag from his mouth.

Vachon went to sit on the chair. "All right, Captain Dubois. You are a French officer, this is your prisoner, an English Slut. Show him you are the boss."

Joey smiled seductively at Daniel as he got up off the bed. "You want revenge on this Englishman for tying you up and using you, Frenchman?"

Daniel reached for him, pulling him over to him by the arm. "On your knees," he growled. "On your knees and suck my cock."

Joey got down on his knees as Daniel pushed his head towards his cock. Joey took it in his mouth and placed both hands on Daniel's buttocks.

After a few minutes, he pulled him up to his feet and turned him around. He pushed him onto the bed on his knees and got behind him. He ran his hands freely over his naked body, causing Joey to moan in pleasure while the captain looked on.

When he felt Daniel enter him, he gasped and then smiled as he began to thrust. He was filled with pent up passion and he wasn't sparing him. As he thrust, he pinched his nipples brutally and slapped his sex.

"Take me from the front," Joey urged. He wanted to see his beautiful face.

"Oh no, slut," he muttered against his neck, thrusting harder now. "I want to torment your cock and pinch those sensitive little nipples. I want you completely at my mercy." He thrust harder and harder until he came, leaving Joey unsatisfied.

"You are going to leave me like this?" Joey demanded.

Daniel grinned. "I am not finished yet."

Joey turned around and kissed him deeply.

"Tie him up," Vachon demanded suddenly, throwing Daniel the rope. "Attach his hands over his head and tie him to that wood beam."

Daniel looked at Joey who nodded in compliance. He wasn't afraid of Daniel.

Daniel dragged Joey off the bed and tied his wrists together. Pulling the rope up, he slipped it over the beam and hastily tied it together.

Joey wasn't protesting. His cock stiffened even more as he stood there naked and vulnerable, while Vachon and Daniel ran their eyes all over him.

He was trembling as Daniel watched him. "Touch me," he urged.

Daniel laughed softly, moving his finger across his chest.

Joey licked his lips.

Daniel began to roll both nipples between his fingers, letting Joey feel his sex against his thigh.

Joey threw his head back, pushing his hips forward. He moaned. "Yes," he said softly.

Daniel moved around back and gently parted his cheeks. He inserted a finger deep inside him while Joey moaned again. "We will put on a good show for the Commander and maybe he will be satisfied for the rest of the voyage."

"I hope not," Joey breathed. "You do not know what you are doing to me."

"Yes, I do," he laughed softly, going in deeper with his finger and moving it around. With his other hand, he showed off Joey's sex to Vachon by lifting it in his hand and fondling it without direction.

"Jesus," Joey cried out, as Daniel lowered his lips

to Joey's neck and pressed his body against his.

"Spread your legs, English," Vachon demanded, his breathing heavy.

Joey spread his legs as Daniel pushed him forward and reached over on the bed for the wooden instrument.

"You want it?" He asked, showing the object to Joey.

Joey's eyes widened. "It is huge," he said softly.

"Do it," Vachon said. "Ram it up inside him. I want to see it."

"Only if you want it," Daniel said in Joey's ear as he tormented his nipples again with his fingers.

Joey moved his mouth to his and they kissed deeply. "Play with my cock," he urged him in between kisses.

Daniel reached down and squeezed his sex, which was dripping with pre cum.

Joey moaned and let his head go back.

Daniel ran his hands over him, wanting to be inside of him. But instead, he inserted the object gently up into him and then began to move it in and out of him forcefully.

Joey let out a cry as he came. Daniel quickly replaced the object with his own sex and began to pump, making sure to touch him in places he knew he enjoyed. He came himself, putting his arms tighter around Joey and hugging his naked body to him.

After, Vachon came up to them and kissed them both.

"You have made me very happy," he said. "Go now and get some rest. We will have more delights

later tonight."

Up on deck, Joey gazed at Daniel and smiled. "Are you all right?"

"Yes," he nodded.

"I wanted you so much when I saw you tied up like that. Did you hate it?"

He smiled faintly. "No. In fact, I did not hate it at all. What about you?"

"No," Joey whispered. "I had such a fierce appetite. I could have raped you."

He laughed.

"Are we sick men?" Joey asked him with a frown.

"No. We are just brave enough to express our desires. I pity those men who never express it. They only dream it."

Joey nodded in agreement.

"I think it is healthy. The Commander knows what it takes to be an officer. He understands that sometimes we need this kind of thing, a time when we are completely without control."

"Then you knew this would happen?" Joey asked him.

"I had my suspicions," Daniel nodded.

"I long for the time I can have you to myself," Joey said softly.

"Me too," he said. "But this will have to do for now."

"As long as he lets me have you," Joey added.

Daniel kissed him. "Get some sleep. By the looks of it, we are going to need it."

Joey smiled and said goodnight.

As the days wore on, the Commander kept them

busy. Most of it was quite pleasant but Joey still longed for the shores of Paris, for a time when he could have Daniel all to himself.

CHAPTER SEVEN: BACK TO DESTINY

As they neared the shores of France, it quickly became apparent that Paris was in turmoil. They could see the gunfire and smoke rising in the distance.

The soldiers were preparing to disembark right into a civil war. Joey was worried.

A half hour before they docked, Daniel came to Joey to tell him that Commander Vachon had appointed an escort for him.

Joey barely got to say more than two words to Daniel before he was whisked away with this young soldier, to an abandoned cottage, right near the Place de La Revolution.

As Joey paced the floor, he tried to get some information from the soldier who spoke very little English. With his limited French, he managed to find out that the citizens of Paris were storming the Bastille.

Every gunshot, every shout caused Joey to run to the window and look outside. He sat down finally

when things quieted a bit and actually closed his eyes. Then, in his mind's eye, he saw Daniel. He had been shot. Blood ran down the corner of his mouth.

Joey jumped up, and before the soldier could stop him, he ran from the cottage towards the crowds.

The fighting had subsided some. Soldiers were either carrying the dead off somewhere or dragging citizens towards the prison.

"Daniel," Joey called, searching the empty faces of bloodied strangers. He had this bad feeling that something had happened to him. "Daniel, where are you?" He called out, tears blurring his eyes.

He felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned around expectantly to see Daniel. It was Vachon.

"Commander," Joey said frantically. "I am looking for Daniel. I need to know if..."

"Daniel is fine," he said. "In fact, I want the two of you to come back to my home. Tonight, we will explore even more delightful possibilities."

Joey shook off his hand. "No. You said we would be free here. It was only on the ship that..."

He shrugged. "If you do not wish to join us, then, go away," he muttered.

"Daniel comes with me," Joey told him defiantly.

He laughed carelessly. "Daniel is mine. I have waited long enough," he said.

"Daniel belongs to me," Joey told him, his face flushed. "We love each other."

He laughed. Around them was death and blood. People sobbed and shouted.

"He will do as I say or be tried for treason," he muttered.

"I will not let you..." Joey began.

Vachon reached out to two of the soldiers walking by. "Do you see this Englishman," he pointed at Joey. "He murdered the Duke of Carstairs. Kill him."

While shouting obscenities at the Commander, Joey was dragged off by the two soldiers towards the guillotine.

As he was pushed up onto the platform, one soldier held his head down on the block. Above him was a sharp blade dripping with the blood of others. My God. Was it going to end like this? Was he never to see Daniel again?

Suddenly, Daniel came into view. Vachon was there. They spoke together and then Daniel looked in his direction. His eyes widened, he turned, lifted his musket and fired a shot which hit the commander right between the eyes.

One of the soldiers beside him now tried to release the blade as he wiggled the contraption and swore.

Joey watched Daniel as he ran towards him, knowing that any second the end would come.

The soldier swore louder and told the other soldier it wasn't working.

Then a shot rang out. Daniel stopped right in front of the platform and slowly went down on his knees.

"Daniel!" Joey cried out.

Blood flowed out of the corner of his mouth as a soldier stood behind him, a smoking gun still leveled in his hands.

Daniel looked up and met Joey's eyes. "I love you," he managed, his face contorting in pain.

Tears flowed down Joey's face. "I love you," he

replied softly as he heard the blade begin to vibrate above him.

"I have got it," the soldier called out.

"We will meet again," Daniel gasped, his eyes never leaving Joey's. "I promise, we will meet again," he called out, as the blade came hurtling down.

He lowered his head as the blade followed through in its path. Joey was dead.

Daniel fell face forward in the dirt, his eyes filling with tears. And now the dream he had had over and over was coming true. He was dying. He would lay here bleeding on the ground, suffering. And his psychic suffering would far outweigh the physical.

He wanted it to be over. He wanted to die so that he could be with Joey again. It didn't matter how or where. They would find their way back to each other, just like they had this time and the times before it.

He closed his eyes. He saw himself in a bar with fierce looking creatures all around him. There was this vampire, an Old World vampire with curly dark hair and eyes the color of sherry wine. He was touching him. "I love you, young one," he whispered. "Make love to me. I want your body. I need your body." He felt his kiss. He felt his teeth sink into his flesh. "Um," he murmured, licking his lips. There was blood.

Then there was this strange silver object hovering over him. In an angry voice, he growled, "He's not going to get away with it."

Then he saw Joey, laughing. His hair was different, longer. He was wearing a skin-tight pair of silver pants, without any shirt. His nipples were

rouged. There was music and dancing somewhere in the background.

He watched as Joey sauntered up to him. He tried to hold onto the image as he felt his soul beginning to lift away from his body.

“What a big handsome boy you are,” a silky voice drawled. “I intend to have you naked and on your knees baby, before the night is through. You’re a walking wet dream.”

“Well I don’t know about the wet part,” he heard himself sneer, “but it’s definitely going to be in your dreams, renegade.”

THE END