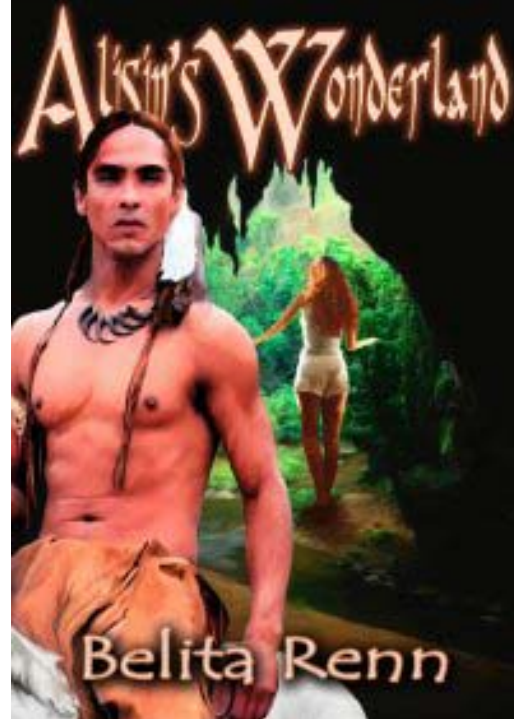


**TORRID TWISTED TALES**



# **ALISIN'S WONDERLAND**

by

**Belita Renn**

**WHISKEY CREEK PRESS**

[www.whiskeycreekpress.com](http://www.whiskeycreekpress.com)

Published by  
WHISKEY CREEK PRESS  
Whiskey Creek Press  
PO Box 51052  
Casper, WY 82605-1052  
**www.whiskeycreekpress.com**

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ISBN 978-1-59374-708-4

### **Credits**

Cover Artist: Nancy Donohue  
Editor: Katie Walo

Printed in the United States of America

## **Dedication**

To my family



## Chapter 1

Alisin Hambray's life was hopelessly dull and more than anything, she longed for adventure. She leaned on the windowsill and gazed down the empty road, thinking wistfully of the fun her parents would be having. Her parents had departed for the games that King James had arranged for the entertainment of his son, Edward. If only she had been allowed to go to the games, but she knew why they hadn't allowed it. They thought she didn't know of the private games that took place when the King hosted tournaments. Certainly there would be jousting, and archery matches to enhance the pride of the men who wished to boast their skills. Flaunting their accomplishments was a favorite pastime for men. The private games were what interested Alisin. Husbands and wives had to be careful to conceal their trysts, but for the single members of the gathering there were plenty willing to partake in carnal bliss.

Sighing, she picked up her basket and headed for the garden. She was twenty-one and had only had one lover, the Black Knight of Paris. He had arrived with his garrison and honored her father by delivering a message from King James. Her father had offered him a room to take his ease. Excellent food and beer to satisfy his hungers were in ready supply.

Thoman was his name, Sir Thoman Histibo of Paris. Merely recalling their intimacies made the emptiness of her female core clench with longing. Alisin knew she wanted him after one look at the handsome knight with strong muscles and battle scars on his arms. Retiring early following the evening meal, she had gone to her room to prepare for the night ahead. After removing her heavy velvet gown, she had slipped into a sheer chemise that revealed her soft curves, the small round globes of her breasts and the auburn curls at the apex of her thighs. Her golden-streaked brown eyes were attractive with her porcelain complexion. She sprinkled rose water on her body and hair before slipping on her dressing gown. Upon leaving her chamber, she hurried down the hall to the guest-rooms. There she waited in the knight's chamber for his arrival. After removing her dressing gown, she lay across his bed clothed only in the see-through material, her body on display to tempt him. In his cups, Thoman hadn't thought twice about accepting her unspoken offer.

When she thought of their night together, she didn't feel regret over joining with the strong knight in his bed. He had been eager to show his appreciation. Smiling, she recalled how he had shucked his tunic while crossing to the bed. Half-naked, he had fallen onto her like a starved man grabbing food. His mouth covered her face with kisses, while a large, coarse hand grasped her breast through the soft material and captured the turgid nipple between his thumb and index finger.

His tongue had invaded her mouth and plundered, while urgent hands had torn her chemise from her body. She felt he had taught her the true meaning of hungry kisses that night.

As Alisin neared the side door that would grant her entrance into the garden, she closed her eyes, remembering the feelings Thoman's hands had evoked in her body. She could still recall the tug of his mouth upon her nipples, although months had passed since the glorious encounter. In the morning, he had bid her family farewell, and although he hadn't spoken privately with her, his gentle gaze had lingered on her face. Alisin sighed, regretting his parting. Perhaps one day, he would return.

Her pelvic muscles clenched with longing at the mere thought of their time together. She needed a man to rub her itch for physical connection.

She strolled through the collage of blooms. The sweet aroma filled the air. *Although I love the aroma of flowers, I want more than to spend my time gathering them to decorate chambers.* Alisin wandered down the path to the arbor. The vines on the side of the arbor provided a spot concealed from anyone inside the house, which was her favorite place in the garden. Sitting behind the wall of flowers, Alisin knew she had a few minutes of complete privacy. Usually she used these moments for daydreaming. Today her concentration was focused on her body because of the memory of the Black Knight.

Spreading her legs, she pressed her hands between her thighs at her crotch. Pushing on the material of her gown, she felt the pulsing throb of her growing desire within her body. The material made it difficult for her to touch herself, but she could feel the pressure of her fingers against her female core.

The material covering her breasts was much easier to feel through. Moving her hand to her nipple, she stroked her fingers over the soft center, while the other rubbed against her feminine lips. Her head fell back as the jolt of her touch



moved into her chest, then down to meet the sensations in her core. Alisin lifted one foot onto the bench so she could rub the material against her clit and feel the sensations within her body. She pushed between her lips and rubbed her aching flesh. Her body trembled so hard it felt as if the bench upon which she sat were shivering.

"Mistress?" Mistress Sandson, the housekeeper and her chaperone in her parents' absence, called from the garden. Startled, Alisin snatched her hands away from her private parts and moved from the bench in embarrassment. Quickly she smoothed her skirt down. As she peeked around the flowers to call to Mistress Sanderson, Alisin realized the ground beneath her feet was still trembling—it hadn't been her body shaking the bench at all. The movement beneath her feet became violent as she stepped from the arbor, forcing Alisin to stop. Rocks from the garden wall tumbled to the ground. The ground before Alisin cracked and split as Miss Sandson came stumbling into view. Alisin ran toward the fallen servant and jumped over the split ground. When she landed on the shaking, crumbling soil, she stumbled backward and fell. As she continued to fall, Alisin cried out in fear. Plant roots and rocks protruded from the dirt walls of the ground passing by her eyes. Her long auburn hair fluttered around her head as the opening of the hole rose higher above her. Miss Sandson appeared above the hole, gazing down at her with wide eyes and an open mouth.

"Mistress?" Miss Sanderson cried, as Alisin moved deeper into the earth and farther away from her home and security.

"Mistress Alisin!"

Mistress Sanderson's scream echoed down the pit as Alisin fell deeper into the earth. Her body flipping, she faced the

dirt walls, cracked and with roots and rocks running through the soil. Her waving arms touched nothing, the hole wider than she was tall. Her scream of terror echoed off the walls. Lifting her head, she looked upward at the receding opening of the hole. Mistress Sanderson's head was only a dark shadow now.

Her body turned again, the dirt seeming to be all around her. Glancing down, she looked beneath her body at the approaching bottom of the hole. Her speed had been increasing with each passing moment. She feared that when she hit the hard earth at the bottom of the hole, she would splatter, like an egg dropped off a second floor balcony.

Her feet turned toward the bottom of the hole. Her gown puffed up, filling with air, and her descent slowed. Warm air fluttered around her body, caressing her skin. She opened her mouth to scream as the ground approached, but no sound came from her constricted throat. Her voice was paralyzed with fear. Her feet hit the ground at an odd angle, and then she fell onto her knees. As she fell forward, she instinctively held out her arms to catch herself, and then she began rolling. As she tumbled down a dirt hill, she moved under a ledge that formed a ceiling overhead and she rolled into an underground cavern. Then she was suddenly on what felt like grass, which was impossible—*grass didn't grow underground, did it?*

Alisin supposed as there was light from the hole she had tumbled down that there would be other sources of it inside the cave. The ceiling beside the hole rose higher as she continued down the hillside, until it was so far up it became a black roof above her. Although she could feel the grass beneath her arms and face, it was too dark to see it. The hill's

slope leveled, and she slowed. Finally she was able to stop herself. Sitting up, she held her swimming head. Blinking, she looked up the hill to the source of the light coming from the hole at the top.

## Chapter 2

Whimpering, Alisin twisted her body until she was on her knees and hands and started climbing. Her ankle was filled with pain, but she was determined to climb back to the opening. Mistress Sanderson would fetch help and someone would know how to rescue her.

“Oh no, you will be sorry if you go that way,” a squeaky voice said behind her.

Startled, she glanced over her shoulder. A little man probably only three feet tall and dressed in a white toga was strolling down a path toward her at the bottom of the hill.

“What did you say?”

“You shouldn’t go that way. You must go forward, never back.” Passing behind her, he appeared on her opposite side and continued down the path. He spoke, his back to her. “You don’t want to go that way. Backward is bad. Forward is the way. Come this way.”

“Are you certain?” She looked back up the hill, realizing that it would be an impossible climb to the top now that she had an alternative. Besides, if she did make it to the top of the hill, she would have to wait until they could fashion a rope long enough to pull her out. Therefore, the best course available would be for her to follow the little man.

She called out, hoping the sound of her voice would carry because she didn't wish for the servant to send anyone down looking for her. "Mistress Sanderson, there is a man here who knows another way out. I am going with him." She crawled down to the hillside and pushed away from the base of the hill. She dusted her hands and began limping after the little man. He moved quickly in his tiny black shoes. "How can I see when there is no light?" she asked.

"Of course there is no light—it is night. You aren't very smart."

Offended, she straightened her shoulders. "I am smart enough."

He snorted. "You were trying to go back when forward is the only way you should go." Not bothering to slow his pace as he spoke, his tapping little feet were slowly moving him farther ahead of her.

"Can you not slow down, my ankle is paining me. I cannot keep up."

"Slow? What do you mean? I must go forward if I am going to reach the day."

"Reach the day?"

"Must you repeat everything I say?" he mocked. "Following me isn't the only way." He had moved so far ahead it was getting difficult to hear him. Then suddenly, he was gone. With no other choice, she continued to hobble along, hoping to regain sight of him.

She soon reached a large boulder she was forced to go around, but still she couldn't see the little man. What she now saw were rays of light coming down from the cavern's high ceiling. Hundreds of tiny breaks and cracks in the dirt ceiling were allowing light into the cavern. *So this is what he*

*meant by reaching the day.* “Well, at least I can see.” She looked around the area. “How am I going to find the opening to get out of this cave without him? I must find the little man.”

Continuing forward, she finally spotted a man riding a horse toward her on a path that ran perpendicular to the one she was walking upon. The rays from the cracks above were spread wide across the path allowing her to easily see horse and rider. The stallion was a white beauty, and the man appeared tall with the sun reflecting off his golden brown hair. His masculine features were too strong to be considered handsome, but his muscular body was certainly attractive. His golden brown arms had a hint of red as though blushed from the sunlight.

When they were only a few feet apart, he reined in his mount to a slow walk. “You will never reach it the way you are going,” he said, speaking in a deep, alluring timbre.

She looked into eyes so brown they were almost black. “I beg pardon, but I was told to come this way.” Lifting a stubborn chin, she felt insulted by his confidence. “If this isn’t the path to the entrance, which way do you suggest I go?”

As he approached the crossroads, he leaned on his thick thigh and gazed down at her. “You want to find the way, then come with me. Come ride with me.” Slowing his mount more until it was barely walking, he held out his hand toward her.

“You’re not going to stop for me to mount?” she queried, limping forward.

“No time to stop.” The large hand waited for her to grasp it. When she did, he lifted her onto the horse as though she weighed no more than a bug. Placing her straddled over the horse blanket before him, he settled her bottom at the juncture of his thighs. The position forced her skirt to rise above

her knees. It made her uncomfortable to reveal her limbs to a stranger, but she was tired from walking and her ankle throbbed. The thought of returning to the ground was enough to keep her from complaining about the embarrassing position.

The scent of peppermint filled her lungs as the gloved hand holding the leather reins circled her stomach, and she leaned back against his body to prevent him from bumping against her breast. In spite of her movement, his thumb stroked over her breast and down her rib cage as he directed the horse with the reins. His free hand settled on her thigh. It was thrilling to be stroked by the gloved fingers so she didn't complain about the innocent touch. She doubted the man even realized he was touching her intimately because of the thickness of the leather he was wearing.

The light streaming down in golden rays from the cracks in the ceiling produced brightly lit spots that faded to deep shadow. In the light, everything was rich in color, the grass was green, the flowers had beautiful blooms, the bushes had silver-tipped green leaves, and there were trees of every autumn and summer shade.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Crader."

"I'm called Alisin. It is very lovely here." The shadows made it difficult to make out anything beyond the light, but she found if she stared at a spot long enough, she was able to determine shapes. Brown trees, plants, everything growing in the shadows were a dark shade, from brown to black.

The light seemed to follow them down the path.

"How does it do that? This spot was in shadow a moment ago."

"Don't know what you are talking about. If you want to go into the shadows, you have only to say so. Things are different in the shadows," he replied.

"Yes, I noticed things are different. I wasn't complaining. I was merely curious."

"I didn't mean to be rude. If you wish to go into the shadow, we will. It is your decision entirely."

"Where are you traveling to?" she asked.

"The Queen of Tunderland is holding tournaments. I hope to win this year. Would you like to go with me?" He cleared his throat. "As my guest."

"I should be getting home, but if it is on the way, I would like to stay for a short time."

His free hand began stroking her thigh. The black leather fit his hand seamlessly, as though it had been formed to him. She could see each knuckle, each flexing of his fingers. The tips were making circles on the material covering her thigh. His fingers worked the superfine wool higher, until he was touching her flesh. She assumed his touch was out of habit and that he wasn't really aware of what he was doing, and as it felt wonderful, she didn't wish to draw his attention to what he was doing and maybe end his ministrations.

"It is warm in the sunlight. Is the shadow cool?"

"Yes, everything is different in the shadow."

His timbre had softened and had a persuasive quality. Perhaps he did know what he was doing. Maybe he was attempting to distract her by being mysterious about the shadows. "You did mention that. I was merely wondering how things are different."

"You can see by looking how things become opposite in the shadows."



Sighing inwardly, she decided to change topics, as this one wasn't going well. "What do you do at the tournaments?"

"I like to compete in the races. They are the most fun to me."

"Do you win?"

"Sometimes, but it doesn't matter if you don't win after having such a great time."

"What else do they have beside race? Is there jousting?"

"Yes, but it is a rather boring event. I seldom bother to watch. I find there is always something to do if you are looking. There are many who do not feel the same as I do about jousting, as it is a popular event."

His hand now stroked across the top of her thigh. He had moved up to an area easier to reach, pushing her gown up and bunching the material at her pelvis. Perhaps this place was affecting her, or perhaps it was her hunger for a man, but Alisin didn't attempt to hinder his actions. It was true she had allowed a stranger to go too far, but it felt so good, and for some reason, in this strange place it felt acceptable to allow him these improprieties.

Ahead on the road, she spotted the short man she had seen upon her arrival. How had he gotten so far ahead of her in such a short amount of time? Had she not been riding the horse, she would have been forced to sit and rest before now because of the heat. The heat that she realized had been growing noticeably warmer in recent minutes. "Do you feel the temperature change?"

"Yes. I'm sorry, we will be forced to enter the shadows during the heat peak. After that we can return to the sun."

"Okay. You must be hotter than I." The leather armor he wore had to be heating in the sunlight. "Why are you dressed in leather?"

"A warrior must always be prepared for battle while traveling."

As they reached the little man, Crader called out a greeting. Twisting around, the man glanced up at them.

"I see you found the warrior. Are you certain that is where you want to be?"

"Riding a horse? Or do you refer to me going to the tournaments with Crader?"

"Is that your name, warrior?" He continued walking backward down the path slightly ahead of the horse.

"Yes. Are you going to tournaments? Aul enters the jousts. He usually wins when he enters," Crader revealed.

"Good for you, Aul, I am proud to know both of you."

The little man nodded. "I am proud mostly, though there are a few more gifted than I."

Crader snorted. "Considering your size, none are more gifted."

"Thank you, warrior. I must admit you have a subtle gift I wish I had. However, as I don't, I will enjoy yours when possible, and as you have a guest I know it will not be today."

The warrior's deep chuckle was soft and amused. "I need to remove this armor," he murmured softly beside her ear.

"Alright, do you wish me to get down first?"

"If you don't mind."

"Not at all, will you help me?"

"If you have to ask, I haven't made you understand how welcome you are." Grasping her waist, he lifted her off the horse. Settling her gently onto her feet, Crader straightened,

swung his leg over the horse and dropped to the ground. Continuing to walk beside his horse with Alisin, he began disrobing by removing the leather gloves. The leather armor followed, leaving him in loose-fitting breeches. Alisin was tense with anticipation, wondering if he would remove more. When he reached for his pants, her heart leapt and started racing triple time. He had a beautiful body that she wanted to touch.

She was doing her best to act as if all of this was normal for her, as it appeared to be ordinary for him. With each passing moment, she was forced to acknowledge more and more that this place wasn't like home. In fact, she found that she was enjoying it in a thoroughly wicked way.

The pants followed and soon he was walking nude beside her. His body was muscular with rippling muscles, round buttocks, and a semi-hard shaft that bounced before him in a nest of dark curls. His broad chest was smooth, his skin was light brown with a red undertone, and his hair was straight and cut at collar length. Alisin felt she had died and gone to male heaven.

"Ah, that feels better."

"Are you a Muslim?"

"Indian. I am from the place called New Found Land."

"How did you end up here?"

He shrugged. "I was looking for a change." He stretched his back and twisted at the waist, relaxing muscles. "We will be entering the shadows soon. If we don't, the heat in the sunlight will burn us up, reaching two hundred degrees."

"My stars, is it always like that?"

"During peak, yes. The shadows are different, cooler, around seventy degrees." Gone was the gentle, amused timbre. He now spoke stiffly.

Was there something wrong with the shadows? *He did keep repeating that things were different...* "Is something wrong that you wish to tell me about?"

"No, nothing is wrong. I just wanted to warn you. The shadows can affect people oddly. It may make you feel different."

"I will keep that in mind." Frowning, she limped along at his side. Her eyes kept straying to his nude frame. The muscles in his thighs flexed easily with each step. His hand rubbed across his smooth stomach and she wanted it on her body. Breathing heavily from excitement, she masked it beneath the physical exertion. "I don't believe I have walked this far in a long time. Can't we stop and rest?"

"No time to rest. The tournament will be started before we arrive now." Turning, he swept his leg up and jumped on the blanket on the horse's back. He held out his hand to her. His naked hand, like his body would be against her if she accepted. A pulse throbbed in her clit. The image in her mind excited her. The decision made, she reached for his hand.

Tugging her close to the horse's side, Crader leaned down, grasped her around the ribs and lifted. The muscles in his arms and on his chest flexed from the effort. Swinging her leg over the horse, she wasn't concerned when her skirt rose up her thighs. His large hands settled on her thighs and his fingers again began sliding the skirt up to her pelvis.

Aul turned around and smiled. Slowing his step, he walked backward again. "Are you going to be Crader's guest at the tournament?"

"That is the plan." Flashing a smile at the little man, she noticed he didn't meet her eyes. Was there something wrong with being his guest? "Crader? Exactly what is involved in being your guest? It just means I go with you to the games, doesn't it?"

"You go to the games yes, but you will help me with one of them. Don't worry, your part will be very easy. All you do is lie on a flat cart while I push it and take you through the finish."

"I think I might be able to handle that."

"If we win, there will be a party after."

"My skin is burning."

"We will move into the shadow. Try to relax." He turned the horse, and they moved into the shade. Cool air washed over her skin, a light breeze touching her face.

"Oh, Crader, it feels wonderful after the heat."

He grunted. "Take the reins and keep her going straight along the side of the path." His timbre changed to a dark, gravelly tone that demanded obedience.

Taking the reins, she quickly learned how different the horse was behaving. In the shade, the mount appeared to be black and the animal's temperament was nasty. Fighting the controlling leathers, it tossed its head and yanked the reins, determined to go its own way.

"I don't think I can hold it."

"You must. Just do it," he instructed sternly.

Arching her eyebrows, she wondered how he dared feel imposed upon when he was using her as his driver. She could walk but she wouldn't give him the pleasure of seeing her limping along behind the horse. Despite the anger she was feeling toward Crader, he still excited her. His commanding

attitude was sending thrills through her body that titillated her cunny. There was something about the idea of him taking authority over her that she liked. She wanted him to ignore her objections and take her right there on the horse.

Alisin smiled with delight when his hand covered her breast and squeezed the soft globe. Her nipples rose up to greet him, and he plucked one and then slid his hand across her body to pluck the other. Her body shuddered in response to his coarse palm.

Glancing at the little man walking backward before them, she glared when he grinned at her with a mocking leer. He lowered his hand and began massaging the bulge tenting the front of his toga. She felt a sudden charge of delight that he was watching Crader touch her breasts. Normally, she would be embarrassed at someone watching as she was touched, but for some reason, it wasn't bothering her in the least. In all honesty, she was enjoying the freedom of feeling exposed. Her scandalous behavior felt like liberation.

Fighting to keep the horse under control, she used it as an excuse not to reveal to Crader that she enjoyed him touching her. She felt wicked delight that Aul could see, but not feel anything that Crader was doing to her body. *He would be so jealous if he knew how wonderful Crader's hands feel.*

Squeezing her nipple, Crader laid one of his hot palms on her thigh. His mouth nuzzled her ear and she purred in her throat. "See how the shadow affects me. . . Does it affect you?" His hand moved up and down stroking her inner thigh, and she felt his fingertips gently raking through her curls with each pass of his hand. Tension tightened her chest with anticipation when she remembered that she had not worn bloomers.

"I do believe it is making me act a little differently," she murmured, laying her head back on his shoulder. His hand slid around her hips to her buttocks and he tugged her gown from beneath her bottom. His hard shaft was finally pressing against her nude buttocks.

She swallowed the lump of excitement strangling her throat. The muscles in her cunny clenched and released in a steady pace as his fingers tickled along her hip beneath her gown, then continued around, found her curls and slid straight to her nether lips.

Moaning, she rolled her face to press her lips against his red throat. In the shadow, he no longer appeared golden with a red cast—now he was a deep shade of red.

His finger tickled her labia, then sliding his index finger, he rubbed it over her throbbing clit. Her sheath throbbed and ached. It had been so long since she'd had a man, and his hands felt so good she didn't want him to stop. The other large hand was still moving between her breasts to squeeze and pluck her nipples.

A moan rumbled in her throat, sounding as animalistic as his. His hand quickly unlaced the front of her gown. Pulling the laces apart, he shoved his hand inside and covered her breast.

He rubbed her clit for a moment longer, then removed both his hands completely. A groan of regret was torn from her throat.

Grasping her hips, he lifted her buttocks from the horse.

"What are you doing?" Her shoulder was pushed forward over the neck of the animal. The head of his manhood pushed into her opening after she was tugged up and made to sit on his erection. Moving her legs over his thighs, he opened her

wide. His fingers covered her mons and slipped inside to her clit again.

She knew she should have been outraged by his assumption that she wanted him inside her, but since it was exactly what she desired, she was grateful he had taken control before she had been forced to beg.

Pushing forward, he shoved against her buttocks, driving her nether lips against the hard calluses on his fingers. The coarse flesh rubbed against her exposed clitoris.

Up until now, she had been concentrating on Crader, her reaction to him, and the stubborn horse struggling against her commands to follow the road. Lifting her gaze, she saw the little man before them still, walking backward and grinning widely.

Aul chuckled. He had withdrawn his penis from beneath his toga and was rubbing up and down the shaft with enthusiasm. He backed into a darker shadow that almost made him disappear from view. The horse was heading toward that dark area. Once they entered the black shade, the little man wouldn't be able to watch and she could enjoy the warrior's shaft without distraction. The horse moved into the darkness, and the warrior grunted as the darkness passed over her and moved onto his body.

A hand settled between her shoulder blades and pushed her forward roughly. Rising in his stirrups, the warrior slammed hard into her juicy sheath. His hand held her so tightly against the horse that it put him in total control, so all she could do was lie there and accept the pleasure he was giving. He rammed against her with a fierceness that was almost frightening. Almost—but mostly, it excited her. Her body clenched around his erection. She was able to feel every hard



inch of his shaft. Her clit throbbed against the wrinkled hump of the blanket and she cried out as her climax burst free. Crader groaned, pulsing inside her, and slowed his fierce thrusts. Then slowly, he withdrew.

Frowning, she gazed down at the horse's neck, wondering if he was going to allow her to rise soon. She felt something slick and wet being rubbed against her sphincter and then the soft head of his erection pushed against her opening.

"Ah, I don't think so." The idea of him entering her excited her, but she was also a little scared of it.

"Sit up."

"Well, maybe."

"Bear down." Grasping her under her arm, he lifted her slowly, impaling her on his hard shaft. She cried out as what felt like a large stone resembling a penis was pushed into her canal. Once she was up and settled on his shaft, she was tense, waiting for him to move further inside her.

"Lean back against my chest."

"Why?" Although she asked for an explanation, she complied, and leaned back against him. The hard shaft pushed deeper.

He moaned with pleasure. "You ever been ass fucked before?"

"No."

"Then we shall save it for later." Wrapping his arms around her, he took the reins from her hands.

His behavior was certainly the opposite of what she had expected. She didn't know if she should feel relieved or insulted. Here he was buried to the root in her canal and he said he would wait for completion. It made her feel as though she had failed in exciting him sufficiently. "Aren't you going to

pull out?" she asked after a few moments when he didn't move.

"No, this is good." The horse rocked her gently and she felt each movement of the animal repeated in the nudging of his erection inside her body.

"Actually, this is kind of uncomfortable."

"Then play with your clit. It will take your mind off your ass."

"You removing yourself from my body will take my mind off it."

"Play with your clit," he commanded in a firm tone.

*Apparently he is enjoying this.* She didn't comply for a few moments, but being stubborn didn't help her discomfort so she finally slid her fingers between her lips and stroked her clit.

Slowly she began to enjoy her touch and he didn't feel as intrusive. In fact, it was kind of exciting having her body impaled on a man's shaft.

The little man appeared in a lighter shadow ahead of them. He was naked and carrying his white toga over his shoulder.

When they again entered the lighter shadows, the warrior pushed her forward and removed his shaft from her sphincter.

"Sorry. The shadow does things to a mind."

"The shadows made you do it?" *Was it possible he really had no control over his actions?* It had certainly altered her own behavior!

Holding the horse's neck, she glanced ahead and saw that the little man had turned to face them, his toga once more covering his body.

“Did you like having the warrior in your ass?” He smiled. “I rode with him once. I know what happens when you ride with the warrior in the shadow.” He laughed.

Crader moved the horse into the complete sunlight. “Thank you. I hate riding in the shadows alone.”

“I can imagine. No, actually I cannot, what happens when you enter the shadows alone?”

“I nearly jerk my dick off. Aul is probably sore now from jerking so hard on his.”

“Is that why he took such pleasure in you entering my ass?”

“Possibly. I hurt him once, now I make him suck me if we enter the shadows together.”

“Why does he ride with you if he doesn’t want to do it?”

He chuckled. “I never said he didn’t want to. Only that he doesn’t want me in his ass. That is why I came before entering your ass.”

“You mean you were soft?” He certainly hadn’t felt soft inside her.

“Partially. Since you are inexperienced, I’m glad I didn’t hurt you.”

Alisin thought they had all gone a little bit crazed in the shadows. She didn’t understand what had happened, but she hoped they never had to enter the shadows again. She was also exhausted, as though the shadows had drained all of her energy. Yawning, she leaned against his chest and dozed.

### **Chapter 3**

When she awoke, they were arriving at the tournaments. The ceiling of the cave had the appearance of shattered glass with hundreds of large cracks that filled the area with sunshine. The wood stands had been built in a large oval and they were packed with people of all adult ages. Crader had told her that children were not allowed to attend the tournaments. The parents left them at home, just as her parents had left her. But Crader didn't think of her as a child and it felt wonderful to be treated as an adult.

Large clusters of people were milling around behind the stands eating turkey legs and boiled potatoes on sticks. Crader rode the horse to the corral and stopped. Tossing the reins to a youth, he slid from the horse and reached up and helped her down.

The crowd in the stands cheered, but from their location Crader and Alisin were unable to see what was happening.

"Let's get something to wet our throats and fill our stomachs."

"Sounds great. Will you be able to race after eating?"

Sliding his hand around her waist, he pulled her against his hard torso. He had replaced his leather clothes while she was sleeping. She didn't know how he had managed to get his pants on without awakening her, but they were on his body

now. Placing a finger under her chin, he lowered his head. "I think since we have been intimate, a kiss wouldn't be out of order." His lips touched her mouth in a light feathering caress. Pulling her tighter against him, he pressed his mouth more firmly against her lips. The tip of his tongue slipped from between his lips and licked across the seam of her mouth. The wet tip tickled and she smiled. His tongue slipped between her lips and stroked between her lips and teeth. When she parted her mouth in a silent laugh, he thrust his tongue inside.

As he stroked his tongue against hers, she felt as though she were melting. She forgot where she was and that there were people standing everywhere around them. Sliding her hands up behind his neck, she held on to him, and resisted when he pulled away. He moved free. Licking her lips, she looked up at him with new eyes. Suddenly she was more aware of him as a strong, attractive male than she had been when he had been inside her body. His strong arms felt comforting around her waist. She felt safe within his arms and it was a good feeling, one she wished she would never lose.

"That was nice."

He smiled. "I'm glad you liked it. Shall we get that drink?"

She nodded. Keeping an arm around her waist, he turned toward the table where the refreshments were being served. They stood in line and he got them two mugs of ale. They stood by one of the tables and nibbled on fruit, meat pies, and raw vegetables while drinking. Alisin wasn't accustomed to drinking ale and this seemed unusually strong.

Alisin was feeling light-headed and in high spirits by the time she finished the mug of ale.

"I think they are announcing our event." Taking her mug, he set it on the table, then he took her hand and led her through the crowd.

He took her into a tent that had been set up behind the stands. Inside there was a group of women and men and flat carts. A prissy man in red velvet with toggle buttons on his shirt came around and took Crader's name and added it to the list of men entering the contest.

"You have your own woman?" The man fingered one of the toggles on his shirt while casting a glance at her.

"Yes, this is Alisin."

"Very well, Alisin, are you old enough to wed?"

"Yes, why?" she queried suspiciously.

"Merely assuring that you are old enough to be in the games." He nodded and moved to the next couple.

"If you didn't have a woman, would they have supplied one?"

"No, I would have needed to find one when I arrived. He was merely assuring that no parents would be outraged if you entered the games. Let's get prepared." Taking her hand, he led her to a cart. Lifting her, he sat her on the flat bed. "You hold onto the side." He indicated the opening in the sides of the cart's low walls. "Lie down and grab hold." The cart was short and there wasn't enough room for her legs.

"What do I do with my legs?"

"I hold them. Let me demonstrate." She lay back and he stepped between her thighs and lifted her legs over his arms. "Comfortable?"

"Surprisingly, yes. What now?"

"We move the cart out to the starting area. You want to ride out and get used to it?"

"Yes, that sounds like a good idea." She slid her fingers through the hole and wrapped them around the upper piece of wood. It was smooth and narrow and fit easily within the circle of her hand. Holding her legs, Crader turned the cart and started toward the tent entrance. He stood close against her pelvis blocking anyone from seeing beneath her skirt.

Outside the tent, he turned the cart. She was unable to see where they were going, as her view was of Crader standing over her and the brown ceiling of the cracked cave high overhead. If she turned her head, she could see flashes of material from clothing through the holes in the sides of the cart. The oblong holes were the width of a hand with small pieces of uncut wood between each.

Crader lined the cart up and told her to stay where she was. "We will be starting soon." She saw a flash of a man walking by with legs over his arms at the elbows.

"This is a weird race. I have never seen anything like this."

Shrugging, he grinned. "I was looking for...something different in my life when I found this place. It has been an interesting change. The queen invented these games. She has an unusual sense of humor, which is why women are included in them. However, if you do not wish to be involved, I can find another partner."

"Then she might be insulted if I do not participate. Let's not make her mad."

"I don't intend to. I would like to keep my head."

Alisin gasped, lifting her head. "She has actually ordered people's heads chopped off?"

"Unfortunately, yes, but she never has at the tournaments," he assured her.

The announcer blew a horn to signal the next event.

"All right, here we go." Reaching between her legs, he opened his pants, removed his penis, and after flipping her skirt up to her waist and testing her wetness, pushed it into her sheath.

"What the devil are you doing?"

The announcer blew the horn again.

Crader held her legs and started running, his body pushing hers, his erection shoving in and sliding out with each running step. Heavens above, she was being swived in front of stands filled with people, while running around the arena. Turning her head to the side, she hoped to conceal her face.

"Crader, I am going to kill you for this! You never told me you were going to be swiving me in front of all these people."

Breathing heavily, he was unable to speak as he continued running around the arena. The crowds in the stands cheered.

They must have crossed the finish line because Crader stopped running. He held her legs when she tried to rise, continuing to pump into her.

"Crader, stop." Releasing the sides of the cart, she shoved her skirt down. Crader groaned and climaxed, spewing his seed into her body.

"Pull up your skirt," he ordered between clenched teeth.

"No, let me up." Trying to struggle away from him was impossible in her position.

"Pull up your skirt, before you make the queen angry."

"No."

Dropping one of her legs, Crader grabbed her skirt and shoved it up. She fought with him until he finally lowered his head, pulled his hand away and stepped back from her body.



He stood with his semi-hard erection exposed before the cart and helped her to rise.

Balling up her fist, she hit him with all of her strength.

"Enough!" a loud female voice yelled.

Twisting, Alisin looked up and discovered they were still in the arena, stopped before the queen's box. Crader was shoving his penis back into his pants when she swung around to face him. "You dung heap, you won."

Panting, he nodded. "Keep your head down."

"Sir Crader, you are to be congratulated on your wonderful performance. However, your choice of females for this event was poor. Next time you come to this event, We expect a better showing from the female. The guards will dispose of this woman for you. You will find someone more appreciative of your abilities to go to the party with you," the Queen of Tunderland decreed.

"Thank you, Your Highness." Taking her hand, Crader pulled her toward the exit. "Keep your head down," he whispered fiercely. "You are to be executed. We have got to get you out of here."

"Are you kidding me?"

"No, didn't you listen to what she said? The guards are to dispose of you—what the devil do you think that means?"

"But I did nothing!"

"You embarrassed me before the whole kingdom, and the queen doesn't allow such insults to her warriors."

Stumbling along after his long strides, she twisted her head around to see if there were any guards advancing toward them. "I'm just supposed to allow any warrior to poke me with anything, anywhere, in front of anyone who wants to, merely because they are warriors?"

"Exactly," he whispered urgently.

"I would rather die."

"You will, if we don't get you out of here." He pulled her behind a tent. "Take off your clothes."

"Why?"

"Just do it. You will be harder to recognize without them." He tugged off his shirt while she stepped out of her skirt and pulled off her blouse. He shoved his shirt at her. "Put this on, it will do until we can find something else."

After she put on his shirt, she bundled up her clothes and shoved them underneath, giving herself a large belly.

"Good idea. Stay one step behind me." He moved behind her and tied her hair with a length of leather from his own locks and, after pulling the ends up beneath her hair, he tied it again, making her tresses appear shorter. "Follow me."

Holding her stomach, she followed behind him like a dutiful wife, or whatever. She glared at his broad back. She wouldn't be in this dilemma if she hadn't agreed to be his guest. If she hadn't agreed to be in the race, this wouldn't have happened. It had all sounded so simple. Why hadn't he told her the important details about the race? Why hadn't he explained the danger? Now that she thought about it, he seemed to keep the important details secret. What was he keeping from her now?

Two guards approached him. "Is this the woman?"

"No, does this look like the sweet meat from the race? This is my servant. The woman ran away as soon as we left the arena."

The guard stared closely at her as though he didn't want to believe Crader. Alisin ran her hand over her rounded stomach and smiled at the guard. He shook his head and mumbled

something about her belly, then hurried off to spread the word and to search for her.

"You must stay in my chamber and remain my pregnant servant until I leave."

"I want to leave now."

"No one can leave before the party. Certainly not me. Anyway, they will stop any woman who tries to leave now and probably kill her."

Biting her lower lip, she followed him across the field to the castle. "I think this is foolish. Going into that woman's castle is asking for trouble."

"Hush," he whispered, "servants don't talk—they obey. Only in my bedchamber can this be different."

Alisin clamped her lips together and followed him up the front steps. They entered the castle through high double doors. The entrance hall was cavernous with a high ceiling and large chandelier hanging in the center over a central table. They circled a huge flowerpot and a stone bench with a cushion across the seat. A large fireplace had logs burning in the hearth to heat the chill from the marble walls. Crader gave his name to a footman and the man escorted them up a wide staircase to the upper landing. They strode down a long hall to a chamber with gold trim on the door. Crader opened the door and walked inside, then waited until she entered before closing it.

The room was like a small palace with cushions on the chairs, a huge fireplace, and dining area. The bedchamber was through an arched doorway.

He looked at her and raked his fingers through his hair. He appeared troubled. But he forced a wane smile. "I've never had a slave before."

“Crader, I’m not really your slave.”

“I know. I don’t like the responsibility of having a slave.”

He seemed to be making an effort to explain things he wouldn’t have bothered to before. Perhaps he realized it was necessary to not keep secrets from her now. “I’ll see if I can find something for you to wear. It would be wise to remember what I told you about warriors. You still look enticing with a belly, so the warriors may not care that you are with child. You must remain hidden here, as I cannot stay to protect you. I must attend the party.” Crader crossed the chamber and began looking through the trunks. “We will leave this place as quickly as we can.”

“It has to be soon. I need to go home. My family will be worried about me.” In truth, it would be the servants who were worried, as her family was away. The servants would feel responsible for her accident, and fear reprisal from her family.

“It cannot be until after everyone is in bed and asleep. So make yourself comfortable. Why don’t you take a nap? I understand pregnant women do that a lot.”

“I wouldn’t know. I have never been around a pregnant woman.”

He sighed. “I must attend the party, Alisin, then I will take you from here. Now, I am going to try to find you something to wear, so hush. ” He put his finger over his mouth as an example.

“Yes, my lord,” she teased.

“The name is Crader, sweetmeat.” He grinned.

“Why must you attend the party?”

“Where are you from?”

"North Cumberland. I am trying to get home. You do know how to get there?"

Sighing, he nodded.

"You are avoiding my question about the party, is something bothering you?"

"I told you the queen has a weird sense of humor. I must attempt to appease her anger. I suspect I will be punished for upsetting her." Turning his back to her, he strode to the door and slipped from the room.

Alisin sighed heavily from frustration. It was as if the whole world had gone insane.

Finding an hourglass on a side table, she turned it over with the hope that Crader would return before it emptied. Biting her bottom lip, Alisin paced the room. This was such a confusing place. How was it possible to fall in a hole and find another world in a cave? How did they survive down here? Only this morning—or was it yesterday?—she had been complaining that her life was dull.

The hourglass ran out and she turned it over again. Exhausted, she sat in a chair and gazed out the window at the games going on across the meadow. What had to be the jousting was taking place. She saw the little man in the arena fighting a man by poking at him with his hard manhood. Rolling her eyes, she turned away from the window. A tap on the door made her heart start pounding. Rising from the chair, she moved to the privacy screen and slipped behind it as the door started to open.

"Alisin?" It was Crader's deep voice.

Relief washed through her body. Stepping from behind the screen, she called softly, "Here."

"I found you some clothes. These should make it easy for you to maintain your rounded stomach." He held up a Grecian gown with a tied sash beneath the cups of the breasts and across the waist.

"Where did you get it?"

"I purchased it."

"Oh, then I am in your debt." She took the gown from his hands.

His head tilted to the side. "Yes, you are." He smiled just enough to turn up the edges of his mouth. "I must go."

"Crader, do you think the punishment will be bad?" she asked, troubled.

"She has unusual desires, so it will probably be something like sucking her toes." He opened the door and slipped from the room.

She tied her skirt and blouse together and used it to secure a stuffed pillow from the window seat around her waist. There were so many cushions in the room, one would never be missed. Slipping on the gown, she felt its design made her fake pregnancy look realistic and also aided in helping keep the pillow from sliding from beneath.

Yawning, she decided it was time for a nap. Lying down on the soft bed, she closed her eyes and imagined making proper love with her warrior. She didn't think their physical encounters on the horse or in the cart race were romantic, but still she felt drawn to Crader and hoped that there would soon be a truly romantic intimacy. She drifted into sleep.

*Crader was a handsome knight in shining armor. He jousting with a lance on his beautiful mount, shielded in metal about his head and breast. He won the match and the queen invited him to sit with her. Crader signaled for Alisin to join him as he removed his armor.*

*She hurried to his side and he hugged her to his chest and kissed her passionately. Then he escorted her toward the queen's seats.*

*Rising from her throne, the Queen pointed at Alisin. "Guards, this woman is a traitor, she doesn't believe as we do. We order you to put her to death." Several guards began hurrying through the crowd toward them.*

*Crader grabbed her hand and they ran toward his waiting horse. He tossed her on the blanket and then swung up behind her. Wheeling the horse around, he urged the beast to greater speed. They rode like the wind toward safety, leaving the guards far behind. Crader was her hero. He stopped the horse and dropped to the ground and drew her down into his arms and kissed her with a passion that equaled hers.*

Alisin suddenly awoke to someone kissing her. Lifting her lashes, she confirmed it was Crader and relaxed, lowering her eyelids again. He was really here and her hero. That he would risk his life to save her wasn't lost to Alisin. She felt in awe of his bravery, yet an intense need to have him in her arms. She reveled in his kiss.

Crader made her feel as though she were the most desirable woman he knew. He held her close and stroked her back with strong warm hands. Their tongues caressed as he fondled her breasts, gently tapping the nipple he made hard. Her body ached with longing for completion. She felt wet between her thighs as her body prepared for him. Leaving her lips, he kissed the base of her throat and slid down and took her nipple into his mouth. He suckled gently, slowly increasing the pressure, drawing deep feelings of desire from her female core through her stomach to her breasts. It was so heavenly she never wanted it to end.

He kissed down her ribs, causing the muscles unfamiliar with such sensations to ripple beneath her flesh. His tongue

darted into her bellybutton and sent flames of desire to her sheath. Her sheath throbbed with longing and ached with anticipation. Her clit pulsed. Panting heavily, she plucked at her turgid nipples and rolled them between her thumbs and fingers. Crader made her pelvis jerk when he kissed along her hipbone and reached the juncture of her thighs. Gasping, she marveled that a mere male with such soft lips and tongue could make her feel these wonderful emotions.

Pushing her legs apart as he slipped between her legs, he kissed the inner side of her thigh. Her legs quivered with anticipation and tension. Her lungs were squeezed so tightly in her chest it was difficult to breathe. Her knight certainly knew how to make a woman feel like a goddess. Alisin's eyes popped open when he parted her nether lips and licked her clit. Never in her wildest dreams would she have imagined that a man would do such a heavenly thing to her body, and, oh, it was pure heaven.

Her body bowed up and she cried out as the tongue continued to flick, lick, caress and probe against her sensitive clit. "Oh castles and crowns, Crader, that had better be you." She smiled, teasing him.

He lifted his head to look at her, his deep blue eyes smiled. "My wish is to pleasure you, Alisin of North Cumberland." Without pause, he lowered his head and his mouth resumed licking her clit.

"You certainly are." Covering her heart with her hands, she took a deep calming breath in an attempt to calm her pounding heart.

He began suckling and her hands fisted in the covers. She needed something to hold her down, because she felt as though she were going to float right through the roof of the



room. He moved and her pelvis rose up to follow him. The tip of his hot tongue slid over the opening of her sheath and she bucked up, trying to reach him for more.

“Please, I need...”

Rising above her, he positioned his manhood against her opening and slid into her tight wetness. He moved slowly and tears of bliss leaked from the corners of her eyes.

She had never known it could be this romantic being with a man. That he was taking time to pleasure her instead of reaching for his own revealed what a truly wonderful man she had found. Each loving thrust made her soul tingle with pleasure. She wanted the beautiful sensations to continue in rapid repetition. Her body moved faster to meet him. Crader matched her speed, caressing her from inside. Then suddenly she was jerking and quivering and crying out as her soul burst open and spilled out of her frame. It melted back into her body, slowly merging with it again.

Crader tossed his head and moaned as he released his seed into her body, while waves of aftershocks made her tremble.

He rolled to the bed beside her and gathered her against his chest. The pounding of his heart was beneath her ear and sounded as loud as her own. Over the next few minutes, their breathing eased and their heartbeats slowed.

“I apologize if I was too rough with you today.”

“What happened in the shadows to affect us that way?”

“I thought you understood. I don’t know how to explain about the effects of the shadows. I am sorry, I should never have allowed you to ride with me. I was dreading entering the shadows, and then I saw this lovely lady standing beside the road. It seemed as though fate had brought us together. When you were willing to ride with me, I was thrilled because you

were willing to be with me. It also made me nervous that I might harm you. I had never been in the shadows with a woman before you came along. My blood was pounding in my ears and I couldn't think straight. All I could think of was sinking into your beautiful body.

"I also knew I would be able to get hard and climax for the queen and it would win her favor if you would agree to be my guest. Too late I discovered you didn't understand the rules of the game, so all of this is my fault and I intend to see you safely away from here."

"I have to admit I was shocked and embarrassed and you were a scoundrel at times," she pointed out. "But since I received so much pleasure in the end, and you apologized, I believe I can forgive you."

"I promise I will get you away from here. I will even escort you to your family and assure your safety if you wish."

"Are there anymore dark shadows?"

"There may be one or two, but if we see one, you can walk and I will ride until we are out of it. I am not being rude, but I will probably be busy and unable to walk." A self-deprecating grimace tugged his mouth.

"That sounds reasonable."

"Good. Then get up and dress, so we can leave."

"I was dressed when I went to sleep," she chided.

"Yes, and I had fun undressing you."

## Chapter 4

Alisin dressed and they slipped from the room. Crader had her walk one step behind him like a servant in case they ran into anyone. Her heart pounding, she feared that someone was going to stop them and prevent them from leaving, and that would be the end of her. A servant stepped from a doorway and advanced down the hall toward them. Crader continued walking and Alisin followed obediently, although she thought her heart was going to explode as they drew near the man. She had to breathe between parted lips but she kept them as close together as possible to conceal that she was panting. Keeping her head down, she watched the man through her lashes.

He nodded when he passed Crader and then he looked at her hard and she worried that she was caught. Although the man continued walking and passed them without a word, she still feared he was hurrying to get help. He might at that very moment be raising the alarm to prevent them from escaping the castle.

They descended the stairs to the entrance and the door looked to be a long distance away. Reaching the base of the staircase, Alisin spotted the guards standing at the door. Again her heart started pounding. Her ears were ringing so loudly that when the guards spoke to Crader, she couldn't hear what

was said. She moved closer to Crader, terrified that the guards were going to hold her captive by force while Crader walked out the door and left her to die.

Crader opened the door and stepped outside. She was so frightened she couldn't move. Crader held out his hand to her for her to follow. Knowing he was waiting for her enabled Alisin to force her legs to move, and she followed him out the door. The guard closed it behind her. Tears rolling down her cheeks, she grasped Crader's hand and descended the steps with him. They held hands as they crossed the meadow to the corral where his horse was housed. Crader left her at the gate while he fetched his horse. Bringing it out of the corral, he closed the gate and lifted her onto the blanket, then climbed on behind her.

He walked the horse across the field where the arena was held. As they reached the road, a guard stepped from the trees. "Who goes there?"

"Crader of New Found Land and my servant." Her hands clutched his thigh as fear once again gripped her.

"You allow your servant to ride with you?" he demanded suspiciously.

"She carries my child." Crader stated in an haute tone.

The guard chuckled and walked back into the forest.

Crader urged the horse forward and they rode away at a slow walk. After they rounded the bend, he urged the horse into a trot, then a canter. At the next intersection in the road, he turned.

"Will this direction take me to my home?"

"It will."

"Oh, Crader, I was so scared. I still fear they will come after me."

"I know you were afraid, sweetheart. You can relax, it is over now. They may look for you, but they won't find you."

"You cannot be sure of that."

"I doubt they are really looking that hard for you. You know they cannot know exactly what you look like. It's not as though they know you."

\* \* \* \*

At midday when they were forced to enter the shadows, Crader stopped the horse and helped her down. "It would be in your best interest to stay behind me, so I cannot see you when the powers take over the demands of my body."

She allowed him to ride a short distance ahead, though the ache in her sex had already begun before she started walking. The longer they were in the shadows, the more she ached. Pressing her hand between her thighs, she pushed against her aching clit. Watching Crader's back, she plucked at her nipples. She could see Crader's arm moving up and down as he stroked his manhood.

As they approached a darker shadow, Crader slowed and she knew he was dreading entering the area. Alisin stopped walking. Then he spurred his horse on with a light nudge of his foot. She followed, also apprehensive over what this area would do to her. Yesterday she hadn't noticed any major effects in the dark shadows, but that could have been because Crader had all of her attention. Hearing Crader's grunts that sounded almost painful, she looked ahead and saw that his arm was jerking up hard and slamming down even harder. He truly was giving his poor body a workout.

Upon entering the dark shadows, Alisin tensed, as the ache in her sheath began and pulsed so hard it was like an itch she couldn't avoid scratching. She dug her fingers into her

crotch and rubbed it hard. It helped for the moment and then she noticed a twitching in her sphincter. It was a persistent irritation that couldn't be denied. She dug her fingers between her cheeks and rubbed her aching sphincter.

"Oh, knight's blood, let this end soon," Crader pleaded.

Biting her bottom lip, she moved her hands to her aching nipples. She tugged and rolled them to ease the ache. Then she repeated the whole ritual again and again until finally she entered the lighter shadows again. The itching ache eased to a normal pulsing twinge she could endure, with only an occasional touch needed to satisfy her body. When they finally were able to move from the shadows into the light again, Crader stopped to await her arrival. Although he had to be in pain, he lifted her onto the horse before him without complaint. He cuddled her against his body offering what little comfort he could for the rest of the day.

That evening they made camp deep in the trees away from the road. Crader walked with his legs spread and moaned occasionally.

"Let me see what you did to yourself," Alisin requested, hoping to ease his pain.

"Why?"

"I want to know how bad it is."

"It's bad, trust me," he responded dryly.

"I am considering riding with you in the shadows tomorrow, but first I want to see if it's really necessary."

"I told you, I would do it by myself. I won't afflict you again."

"Let me see your manhood. I happen to know you are not bashful," she teased.

"That's true." Opening his pants he pushed them down and revealed red, raw-looking flesh.

"Oh, Crader, you will never survive another incident of such abuse without drawing blood. Your flesh will be shredded. I would rather you make love to me than for you to abuse your body so much."

"Misuse of my body is my problem. I will survive it." He removed his boots and clothes and set them aside. "I would like to make love to you on a bed, not a horse." After fetching his blanket from the horse, he spread it over a smooth patch of ground near the flickering fire that had been started earlier. Crader stretched out on the blanket, folding his hands behind his head. "Ah, this feels good after being on that horse all day."

She cuddled in his arms to keep warm. "Crader, since you are so sore, I am certain you will be careful with me in the shadows. Please promise you will give it a try."

"We will try, but if I hurt you, you must get away from me."

\* \* \* \*

When morning arrived, Crader found them some berries in the wooded area. After the light meal, they started riding again. When they approached the noon hour, Alisin asked Crader to stop. "Please kiss me like you want to make love to me before we enter that shadow."

Turning to the side, she sat across his lap, and he helped her swing her leg over the horse so she was facing him. Wrapping their arms around each other, they kissed long and deeply.

While they were kissing, Crader nudged the mount forward into the shadow. They kissed passionately. As their desire mounted, Crader opened his pants and asked her to sit on

him. She eased herself onto his shaft, wrapping her legs around his hips and bracing her arms around his neck. Rocking on his lap, she slowly made love to him. When they entered the dark shadows he helped her move faster, both of them working hard to satisfy the itching driving their lust.

They both climaxed but were unable to stop until they left the shadows. Panting and exhausted, they hugged as they moved into the light.

"Thank you," Crader said with sincere intensity.

"You are very welcome, but did you notice it was more controllable this time? At least it was for me."

"Yes." He nodded. "It was better. Perhaps because I have feelings for you now that I didn't have before."

"I hope if there are any more shadows, we will be able to do the same."

"I do too." While hugging her, he rubbed her back.

Alisin removed the cushion tied around her waist and put it beneath her bottom. Crader teased her, but she didn't care. "You are the one who made me sore. You should be glad I have the cushion to help me."

"Seriously, I am. I can never express how much it meant to me that you stayed with me in the shadow."

They rode in silence for a short time.

"Tell me about your life. Are you married?" Crader queried.

"No, no husband. My parents, Thomas and Geraldine Hambray, are good people and they worry about me, but they seem determined to think of me as a child. My father purchased a piece of land that joins his for me so I can live next to them when I do marry. My brothers and father raise sheep together, and are responsible for supplying the king's court with



all they need. My husband is expected to do the same. My brothers Charles and Philippe are both married, and their lands touch ours. Charles' wife Sara is expecting their first child. Philippe and Laurane married this year."

"So do you have someone in mind to be your husband?"

"No. My life is boring, usually. I was actually longing for an adventure when I ended up falling through a hole and arriving here. Now tell me about you."

He sighed. "Not much to tell. I had a home in London and I grew bored of the same thing happening every day. I have no family to hold me down, so I started traveling for a change. I saw this little man inside a cave—Aul—and he told me about the tournaments so I followed him into a cave and ended up here. Mostly, it has been great, lots of sex without obligations. No one expects you to marry him or her, because there is no marriage unless both want it. It isn't considered necessary to marry to have a family. As you know, the bad part was entering the shadows. I am not attracted to men, but I impaled several in those shadows. I didn't care who they were. I even let one do me."

"Swive you, or suck you?"

"He did both. He was my first encounter with the shadows. After that, I discovered I received more relief if I was doing instead of receiving. In London, I was a bookkeeper, but I hated it. Staring at pages of records everyday is no way to live life. I want to be outside."

"Do you think you could be a sheepherder? It's not as bad as it sounds. My father and brothers are more like overseers. They are responsible for and assure that the sheep are healthy, well fed and delivered to the king. They have workers who herd the sheep."

Sliding his hands around her waist, he leaned forward against her back and murmured close to her ear, "Are you asking me to wed you?"

"It is outside work, and you would have your own house and land to work."

"And a wife to make love to."

"Yes."

Sliding his hands up, he rubbed them against her nipples, though with the reins, they weren't really free to caress her body. "I doubt your father would approve. I have nothing to offer you."

"You saved my life."

"That's not a good reason to marry. I don't want a wife who marries me because she feels obligated. A month or year in the future and you would hate being married to a man for that reason, too."

At dusk, they reached the mouth of the cave. Crader explained that they would be in Kent upon leaving the cave. It was still a long ride to North Cumberland. "There may have been a shorter path to your home, but this is the only opening that I know. This is where I entered behind Aul. We must have been traveling away from your home the whole time."

They made camp in the woods inside the cave entrance.

"You don't think the queen's guards will follow us here, do you?"

"No, they won't come this far for someone who hasn't committed a real crime. Or did you kill someone when I wasn't looking?" he teased. "Either way, tomorrow we will be outside the cave, and they cannot leave their borders."

They slept in their clothes, cuddled together upon the blanket. In the wee hours of the morning, they awoke surrounded by a group of guards.

"What is the meaning of this?" Crader demanded.

"We seek the female who joined you in the tournament races. Give us the woman without trouble and you shall go free."

"You have the wrong woman."

One guard's horse shied to the side as though frightened. He patted the animal's neck to sooth it. "Give us the woman. We cannot return to the queen without her. It would mean all of our deaths. It is better to lose one life than fifteen."

"Then don't return. Stay here." Her heart pounding, Alisin was proud that her voice sounded so calm. "I am not the woman you seek. She ran away. I have not been running, we are merely traveling. I am this man's servant."

"We shall discover if you are telling the truth." The lead guard signaled his men, and they dismounted. They tied Crader's arms and legs and sat him on a boulder. Then the guards sat in a circle and demanded Alisin wait on them. Using their food supplies, she made tea and served it to the men. As she moved between the men, they massaged her buttocks and fondled her breasts. Clenching her jaw, she pretended she was accustomed to this kind of behavior as a servant would be. Casting a glance in Crader's direction, Alisin noted that he was leaning back on the boulder looking bored.

"I wouldn't mind a spot of tea myself," Crader mentioned.

The guard closest to Crader raised his head and looked at the leader of the group.

The man nodded. "Sure, let the warrior join us."

The guard rose and moved to Crader's side, while Alisin moved to the leader's side when he beckoned her over. She stood beside his arm while he massaged her buttock and shoved his hand between her thighs. "I was told your servant was with child," he commented musingly to Crader.

"She is."

"I fancy a poke with her. I don't care that she is with child."

"We have been riding a lot and in her condition, I don't know if the baby could take the extra strain."

Rubbing his chin, the leader seemed to be considering Crader's comment. "Hum, you going to keep it as your heir?"

"Yes, it is my first. I had actually begun to believe that I would never sire a child. Now my only fear is that this could be the only one I shall ever sire."

The leader nodded. "I imagine that would be a worry for man your age. I have five strapping boys, and half a dozen girls." The man looked to be in his forties, while Crader appeared to be in his thirties. If Crader was insulted by the comment, he didn't reveal his feelings. The guard again swatted Alisin on the buttocks. "Don't just stand there—serve your master."

Hurrying to their pack, she removed Crader's mug and carried it to him. She filled it with tea while he stared at her with troubled eyes. Lowering her head, she murmured, "I am sorry that I made you wait, my—master."

"Don't worry about it now, I will punish you for it later." Taking a step back from him, she kept her head bowed. She had nearly said my lord. After that slip, he probably should punish her. She had nearly given them away.

The guards beside him started to chuckle. One repeated the conversation and all the men grinned.

Crader motioned Alisin forward and signaled for her to lean down close. She placed her face before his, blocking the view of his lips from the guards. "Would you consider giving them a blow job to get rid of them?" She hesitated for only a moment before shaking her head. "Then you suggest something."

After all the things she had done since entering this cave, Alisin didn't see why she shouldn't do this. After all, she had to do something to get away from the guards. But a blowjob was out of the question; she had to think of something smart. Lifting her head, she spoke so the guards at his sides could hear. "I could give them a sex show, masturbate while they masturbate."

"Very well." He waved her away. "I think that using her ass could be dangerous too. My servant suggests that she perform masturbation for you while you masturbate."

"Yeah, I heard her," the guard at his side verified.

"May I speak, master?" she whispered. Crader nodded "We could make it a game. The one who comes first can suck you off. You know how excited it makes me to watch you being sucked by a man."

"It will sure make us last longer knowing that if we come first we have to suck you off," the guard in the middle of the group said and then chuckled. "I like the idea."

"Only because you beat off last night and figure you will last longer," the guard at his side grumbled.

"How do you know what I did last night, were you watching me again?" He was an ugly brute and it was easy to assume he had lots of practice pleasuring himself.

"No. You are not exactly quiet, and we all know the sounds." This guard had a softer appearance than the others, and moved with fluid grace.

The other guards chuckled. The leader leaned forward with a pleased expression. "If the wench will give us an enthusiastic performance, then the loser will suck Crader, as long as we can stand over her and watch."

Swallowing a lump of horror, she also felt a mingling of relief. She didn't think she could have stood sucking fifteen smelly men.

After they finished their tea, one of the guards spread a blanket in the clearing for her. Standing trembling before the fifteen gawking men, and with Crader looking on with a blank expression, she slowly slipped from her gown and rubbed her chilled flesh with her hands. The guards quickly removed their swords and shoved their pants to their knees. Crader arched his eyebrows as though mocking her if she had thought this would be a solution. She hadn't really, but it never hurt to hope. Sitting on the blanket, she was suddenly surrounded by men with lustful expressions.

"Remember—with enthusiasm," the leader warned.

"I will have plenty once one of you begins sucking my master," she teased. Lying down before the standing men, she began squeezing her breasts. The guards' hands surrounded their cocks, some hard, some only partially so. They started stroking as her nipples puckered and stood. Rubbing her legs together, she squeezed against her clit to get her juices flowing. Right now, she was so frightened she didn't know if she could get wet. She stroked her body, stimulating her skin. Her eyes focused on the hands pumping the erections. Some

were longer, some thicker; all were different shades of purple, red, pink, and, brown.

Playing with her nipples, she rolled and caressed them, moaning softly, and panting lightly between parted lips. Writhing on the blanket, she caressed her torso, stroked over her hips, and touched her curls. Several of the men grunted and moaned. Parting her legs, she spread her labia, revealing her clit to their view.

“Oh, I want to lick that.” The guard’s words sent a jolt through her sex, and memories of Crader licking her between her thighs flashed in her mind. She held onto the memory and tapped her fingertip lightly against her clit. Thoughts of Crader touching and licking her were working, and she began feeling a little excitement and pleasure from her touch. Moaning, she wiggled on the blanket, stroking her body and rolling her puckered nipples. The guard who stood at the foot of the blanket stared at her spread legs and jerked hard on his shaft. It was the man who had supposedly relieved his desires the night before.

“Keep those lips spread, wench. I am going to give you something to wet yourself with.” He looked at the other men and smiled.

Alisin dipped two fingers inside her sheath and wet them, then removed the shiny digits and carried them to her lips and licked the juice.

“She is wet enough,” one of the men grumbled to his companion. “Dip them fingers again, beautiful.”

Complying with his wish, she stroked the juice over her clit and moaned loudly. Her eyes made contact with Crader’s compassionate gaze. He was still staring at her face with a blank expression. She knew he was probably furious with her

for including him in the deal without his permission, but he could have refused. Of course, he might not wish to reveal his excitement, although she knew he wasn't completely opposed to the idea of being sucked off by a male, after what he had told her about his previous times with men. She pondered for a moment, but either way, she felt like teasing him. She flashed him a pleased smile and watched his eyes narrow.

"Damn me, look at that smile. She is enjoying this."

"Smile hell, look what them fingers are doing to that body."

The brute at the foot of the blanket groaned deep and spewed his cum on her thighs and splattered some on her hand and crotch. He staggered backwards, covering his face. "Ah, hell."

The other guards chuckled.

"Move over in the lady's view and get on your knees," the leader instructed, moving to stand in his former position between her spread legs.

"I'm not going to do it."

"If you don't go over there right now, you are going to be sorry."

"I'm not going to suck no cock."

Leaving his position, the leader grasped another guard's arm and tugged him in the direction of the brute. Both men grabbed an arm and dragged the brute to Crader and shoved him down. When the man started pushing himself up, the leader placed a foot in the center of his back. "You were the first to agree, so we went along. You will not back out." Grasping his hair, the leader lifted the man's face. "Warrior, if you please. For making me lose this time with the lovely lady, and disobeying a direct order, you will suck this man until he



comes, so you had better make it pleasurable for him. Also, any man who wants to can fuck your ass.”

The graceful man left her side and moved behind the brute and pushed into his sphincter. The brute cussed, but didn't attempt to pull away. Crader moved hesitantly before the man.

“Don't worry, he won't hurt you. Will you, Dun?”

The brute shook his head. “No, I will pleasure you real fine.”

“He will too, as he knows he is going to be swived until you come.” Releasing Dun's hair, the leader moved to an angle facing the three men and her. He touched his erection gently, as though determined not to come until he was assured that the man was punished as he had declared.

Continuing to touch herself while all of this was going on, she had gotten distracted enough to prolong her show. Watching Crader's cock slide carefully into the man's mouth caused her excitement to flare again. She wasn't interested in what was happening between the two joined guards. She was fascinated watching Crader's cock slide between the man's lips and Dun's tongue flicking out to lick him. She had never seen a man receiving oral sex and knowing it was Crader made it much more exciting. Another man spewed his seed onto her body, and then another and another.

“Good thing she is with child so you won't need to worry if the baby is yours or one of ours,” one of the young guards teased Crader, and revealed his ignorance of how babies were conceived.

His eyes closed, Crader didn't acknowledge the youthful guard. She wondered if it excited him to know she was watching a man service him.

Her excitement built as she watched Crader, her body growing increasingly tense. It was going to be soon now. "Master?" she called.

Opening his eyes, Crader turned to look at her. Her climax burst free and she cried out, staring into his eyes. Grasping Dun's hair, Crader pumped hard into his mouth, tossed back his head and cried out as his cum leaked out the sides of the man's mouth.

"Swallow," Crader ordered.

More cum splashed onto Alisin's body, and the last of the men finally moved away. Only the leader remained swollen and in need of release. He looked at her cum-splattered body and flinched. "I don't think I can get excited with her body covered in cum. As it is your fault, Dun, you will service me." Moving into Crader's now-vacant spot, he presented his erection to the brute's mouth. Dutifully Dun opened his mouth. "Anyone else want to fuck Dun while he is being punished?"

The brute moaned.

"I think I will have a go." Another of the guards stepped up and pushed into his body.

"Our lady needs a bath, gentlemen," the leader informed the guards, who were lounging around her blanket with contented expressions.

"But we only have drinking water."

"You messed her up, clean her up."

"It's all right," Alisin said, sitting up.

Groaning, the men circled her body, laid her back down and started licking her body clean. Hands gripped her thighs and a tongue licked over her clit. Looking down, she saw Crader cleaning her sex. Tears of gratitude filled her eyes, and tenderness swelled in her heart. She knew in that moment,

she loved this wonderful man. Tongues licked her everywhere, but she focused her attention on the tongue covering her sex and cleaning her as lovingly as any mother cat would its kitten. Closing her eyes, she rocked her head, and thrilled at the sensations flowing through her body. By the time she cried out her release, her body was licked clean.

Sitting back, Crader wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. "Just returning the favor." He smiled.

The leader shook Crader's hand and the guards started toward their horses. "We will look elsewhere for the woman. I doubt we shall find her, but I'm sure we can find a criminal before we return and claim she is the one." Mounting their horses, the men rode away.

Sighing with relief, she watched them leave.

"Once you managed to find an excuse not to give them blow jobs, why did you stick me with getting one?" Hands braced on his hips and his legs spread wide, Crader stared at her with a frown.

She shrugged. "I didn't know how it was done. Now I do." It wasn't the reason, but if he accepted it as her excuse, she wasn't going to say different.

"I could have taught you," he pointed out sternly.

*Oh.* "Don't you think it proved that you needed attention? A kind of proof that we hadn't been having sex to protect the baby?"

Turning, his hands fell from his hips. "Next time ask if I want to be sucked by a man. Let's get out of here before they change their minds," he ordered as he stomped away.

"Is it really any different from what a woman would feel like?" After gaining her feet, she began dressing.

"Yes," he snapped. Striding back, he snatched up the blanket and shook the dirt from it.

"How?" she questioned, smoothing his shirt over her hips.

"Women don't have beards." Folding the blanket, he carried it to the horse and draped it over the horse.

Clamping her mouth closed to prevent a grin, she strolled to his side. "I would really love a bath."

"You just had one." His attitude unrelenting, he finished folding the blanket over the horse. "Let's get moving. We have lost a day." Turning, he cocked his head and looked at her. "Do your parents know you aren't a virgin?"

Her eyes grew wide. "You aren't going to tell them?" She dusted her clothing, and moved toward the rear of the horse. "Crader, you wouldn't?"

His eyebrows arched. "Might not need to."

"What do you mean?"

Swinging up onto the horse he reached for her. Lifting her before him, he started the horse through the trees. "The campfire must have given us away. We didn't go deep enough into the trees, as we had been."

"You're not going to tell me, are you? You are going to make me worry."

"At least we have a top blanket now. I hope we won't be bothered by that lot again. Still we must careful, as there could be others out looking for you in this direction."

"I'm surprised they left the blanket."

"They couldn't return home with it covered in their seed. They would have feared the queen would hear of it and believe they had been whoring instead of searching for the condemned female. You know she is mad. Her whole world cen-

ters around sex. I suppose royalty has nothing else to keep them entertained.”

“I cannot begin to tell you how terrified I was. I think I was even too frightened to shake.”

“You managed to climax twice. You must not have been as frightened as you think.”

“Don’t you believe it. I knew I was being watched for mistakes. A climax was important to convince them that I wasn’t frightened of them any more than a servant would normally be. I had to block them from my mind and concentrate on you and the wonderful sex we had. I tried to convince my mind that the image of the males I was seeing was totally fictitious, like a dream. I must say, they made it difficult. Each time one of them shot cum on me, it jarred me from my fantasy.”

“You must tell me about that fantasy. If it made you come, perhaps I can make your fantasy come true.”

“You already have.” She pressed her cheek against his chest, and sighed.

## Chapter 5

They rode until well after dark on the off chance they were still being followed. Crader moved the horse slowly through the trees, while she held a torch for light. They went deep into a thicket until he was satisfied they would not be discovered.

"This spot looks good," Crader decided at the edge of a gully. "The banks will conceal the fire from view."

Alisin didn't care where they stopped as long as she could get off of the horse. Crader held her forearm while she slid from the mount. Her first job was to gather up firewood. She began her tasks after wedging the torch's shaft between two rocks. After Crader removed the blankets from the horse, he formed a pit with rocks. She stacked the sticks behind him, and then smoothed the blanket over the ground.

When he was finished, Crader carried the torch into the trees. He returned a short time later with a hand full of berries. "This was all I could find."

"As long as it's enough to shut up my stomach, I will be happy."

"Let's eat and go to sleep before our bodies have a chance to want more."

The mention of sleep was enough to start her heart pounding. *Will he make love to me?* She wanted him to love her

as he had in her fantasy. Her gaze shifting to his pelvis, she saw no erection pressing against the front of his breeches. Settling onto the blanket, she sighed, as it didn't appear he had any interest in becoming involved in sexual activities.

This entire escapade was his fault for involving her in the sexual activities at the queen's arena. He had known it was a sexual situation and hadn't warned her. That one tournament game was the cause of all they were going through.

He may have been the cause, but Crader could have abandoned her. Were it not for him, she would be dead now. It was true she wouldn't have been in the tournament without his invitation. However, she would have eventually made her way to the tournament ground and some other man could have propositioned her. Not knowing the women weren't allowed to refuse, she would have been in trouble anyway. Once she had refused a man, the queen could have taken offense, just as she had when Crader and she had been in the arena.

Accepting half of the berries, she began eating slowly. Crader cuddled against her side to share his body heat after he finished eating. When she was down to two, berries she placed one between her lips and held the last up to Crader's mouth. Parting his lips, he allowed her to place the berry between his lips.

"You know, I think I enjoy being fed." Drawing her head against his chest, he rubbed his hand down her arm. "I think I will keep you and make you my slave. Then I can make you feed me all the time." There was a twinkle of amusement in his eyes.

"Slaves are not legal," she mocked.

"In England, but I could take you in the wrong direction and you would probably never know," he said smugly.

"Please don't tease me. I will make you a deal. Take me in the right direction, and I will feed you anytime you wish."

"Promise?"

She nodded, stroking her fingers across his chest. Alisin felt his nipple beneath his shirt and circled the smooth area with her fingertip. She felt satisfaction when the nipple rose into a hard pebble.

"Keep that up and we will get naked."

"Is that your first command?" She smiled and stroked the hard nipple again.

"Woman, I am warning you to stop." There was a smile in his voice and a wicked gleam in his eyes.

Alisin continued to stroke across his turgid nipple.

Crader's hand moved to her breast. "They should have named you Sin. And as you are going to be my slave for the remainder of our journey, I am changing your name to Sin."

"Do you want me to call you master?" She smiled.

"No, my lord will satisfy." His hand tugged up her shirt to reveal her breast. She expected him to cover it with his warm flesh. Instead he lifted her hand from his chest and pressed it to her nipple.

"Stroke it for me," he commanded in a husky timber.

"I want your hands on me." Doing as he requested wasn't difficult after performing for fifteen guards. Her fingertips stroked and plucked her nipple.

Rolling her onto her back was a welcome move. The warmth of his solid frame warmed half of her body. His hand moved between her legs and parted her labia. A warm finger



stroked across her clit. He rubbed half circles over the velvet hood, causing it to throb.

“Oh, Crader, that feels so good.”

His hand withdrew and he placed it on his hip. “I thought it was agreed that you would call me my lord.”

Wanting his hand back, she was willing to call him anything. “Oh, sorry, my Lord and Master. I will not forget again.”

“See that you don’t.” His hand smoothed over her thigh. Then it pushed down between her thighs and nudged her legs farther apart. Her breathing accelerated as anticipation gripped her when his hand moved slowly up her thigh. His thumb nudged against her female lips, and he caressed up her thigh with an open palm. Lowering his head, he nudged her hand from her breast. The heat of his breath puffed against her pebbled nipple, and then the tip of his tongue flicked across her puckered flesh. His mouth opened, lowering slowly, while his thumb pushed between her nether lips. Hot lips closed over her turgid flesh as his thumb pushed against her hooded nub. Arching in reflex, she thrust her nipple into his wet lips. Alisin groaned deeply.

“You like that, my little Sin?”

“Oh yes.”

“And this—do you like this?” His index finger slipped down her opening and thrust into her juicy sheath.

“Oh yes.”

“Yes what?”

He stroked her clit and then rocked his hand to thrust his finger deeper, touching that sweet spot.

She moaned. “Yes, my Lord, it feels wonderful.”

Smiling, he returned his hot mouth to her nipple. His tongue flicked and his lips gripped and tugged. Her pelvis pumped against his hand, and she moaned deeply.

When he withdrew from her again, she groaned in regret.

“Roll over, get on your hands and knees.” Once she was in position, he slipped his head beneath her and suckled her dangling nipples. His mouth drew them deep, tugging at her breast. It felt as though her life was being sucked out her nipples. His hand returned to her female core, and he pushed a finger into her sheath and stroked over her clit. Rocking her pelvis, she pushed down on his hand. This was too much to ask, too many new sensations. He hit that special spot inside her body over and over with each thrust of her hips.

“Oh please, my Lord, please,” she begged.

She allowed her head to hang as he withdrew and moved around her. His thick member slipped up and down in the slick juices outside her opening. Then the soft tip of his head pushed into her body.

“Oh yes.” She pushed back to meet him.

“Kneel, Sin, and sit on my stick.” He placed an arm around her ribs and helped her rise. Pressing her back to his chest, she bounced on his shaft.

“That’s it, Sin, grind against me.” His hand slipped down her body to her curls and raked through them, tugging them lightly. A finger pushed between her female lips and pressed against her clit.

The heavy feeling of demanding need was driving her wild. She rode him hard, driving her body up his torso and down against his erection and pressing finger. His hand covered her mouth to prevent her from crying out loudly. Her

female core pulsed as she cried against his palm, while her body jerked and shuddered against him.

“Hands and knees, Sin,” he ordered breathlessly. She fell forward. His warm hands moved to her hips as he thrust forward. Driving his erection deep into her body, he pounded hard against her, his scrotum slapping against her labia. His thumb pressed against her sphincter and rubbed the puckered flesh, while he shoved deep into her body. A gasp was torn from her throat when his pushing body hit against his thumb and pushed it against the opening of her ass. His deep groan accompanied the pulsation of his seed being pumped into her body.

Crader sighed. “That was good, slave.”

“I think the idea of me being your slave excites you.”

“Actually, I think it does.” He chuckled as he withdrew from her body. “I am going to enjoy our time together.” He sank to the blanket at her side and lay on his back. His breeches pushed down on his hips, his penis was still protruding from the nest of curls.

“If you were to stay, I could pretend to be your slave occasionally.”

His head turned in her direction. “How often?”

She shrugged. “I hadn’t really thought on it. Did you have something particular in mind?”

He faced the sky above them. “Forget it. People don’t get married to gain a sex slave.”

“Oh, is that what kind of slave I am? I don’t believe you mentioned that I was a sex slave before. I imagine I could be a sex slave at least once a week.”

"Oh yeah?" Lifting his hips from the blanket, he tugged his breeches to his waist. "You are really laying on the temptation, but the answer is still no."

"Obviously I am not tempting enough." Rolling onto her side, she faced away from him. "Good sleep, Crader."

"Oh, no you don't." Grasping her shoulder, he tugged her onto her back and leaned over her. "Slaves are not allowed to pout, get mad or complain," he said gently.

"I apologize, I didn't know. As you can see, I need more instructions. Are you going to leave me half-trained for another man to finish my education? What if he isn't as gentle and kind as you are? I will certainly be in a mess."

"Then I suggest that you not become anyone else's sex slave," he murmured.

"Yes, I suppose you are correct." Closing her eyes, she tried to go to sleep. She was tired and relaxed physically, but her mind wouldn't let go of the conversation. She wanted Crader to be her husband. She was fairly certain that tonight while they were sharing the berries that Crader had given her the larger share. It wasn't that she was greedy. A man who would care for her welfare before his own was one worth knowing. When she added in all the other things she knew about his considerate handling of her, Alisin knew he was perfect. She was certainly proud to know him, and she would be floating on clouds to be able to introduce him as her husband. Only she couldn't because he had turned down her offer of marriage. His refusal made her wonder how men felt when women turned down their offers of marriage. She had to think of a way to keep Crader considering being her husband. "But won't I be my husband's sex slave if he requires it?"

“Alisin.” His deep timbre warned her to stop before he grew mad.

“Well, you claimed you had nothing to offer. I merely wished to point out that you have skills to offer, and physical strength to protect and, if needed, to work the land and tend the sheep.”

“If you do not shut up, I am going to tie you and put a gag in your mouth,” he warned teasingly, a smile tugging the side of his mouth.

“Yes, my Lord.” She smiled, feeling confident that she had given him more to consider. It wasn’t enough that he enjoyed her physically. He could be attracted to any number of women. She needed more to tempt him into giving up his wandering life. During the next few days, she must discover what would tempt him to stay with her and become a sheepherder for the crown.

A hand swatted her buttocks and woke her. It was pre-dawn, with a few rays of light. “Time we got going. Wake up that pretty little body and put this on.” His shirt landed on her face.

Groaning, she pushed her body from the ground. “Crader, the sun isn’t even over the horizon.”

“Just do it.”

She gained her feet and rubbed her behind. “Someone is in a bad mood this morning.” She helped him by folding the blanket they got from the guards while he spread the horse-blanket over the mount’s back. He took the blanket from her and stacked it on top of the first. He swung his leg over the horse. Then Crader held out his hand to assist her, and helped her swing up behind him. She held his waist while she settled.

They rode in silence for a while. When she could stand keeping her mouth closed no longer, she queried, "Why did we need to leave before the sun rose? Did you hear something or someone approaching?"

"If I had, your mouth would have certainly given us away."

"What is your problem this morning? I couldn't have done anything wrong while I was asleep. Was it something I said before going to sleep?"

"Would you mind not rattling on this morning? I would like a little peace and quiet."

"Yes, my Lord." She decided that playing the slave might help soothe his anger.

Crader stopped the horse beside a lake after the sun had risen. "Let's take a bath. You smell ripe."

"Oh." *Had the cum from the day before left an odor?* Did it offend him today to think of what she had done? It had been to save her life, and if that offended him, then she certainly wasn't going to apologize.

Sliding from the horse, she waited until he found the soap in his bag and passed it to her. Accepting the soap, she strode to the water's edge and removed his shirt. Clenching her jaw because the water was cold, she entered slowly and bathed. Her skin grew cold and the water didn't bother her after a few moments. When her bath was finished, she walked to the shore and passed Crader the soap. Then she continued to the horse and pulled her gown out of his bag to dry her body. Once she was dry, she laid the gown over the blankets to prevent getting dirt on the damp material. By the time she fetched his shirt and drew it over her head, Crader was striding toward her.

"Why didn't you warn me the water was as cold as ice?"

"I had no one to warn me," she justified. "Besides I wasn't cold after a minute."

"No, you were frozen. Let's get a fire built." He dried off and drew on his breeches and a navy blue tunic. The material was soft and stretched across his broad shoulders.

"You look very handsome in blue."

"Help me build a fire."

It appeared he was determined to remain in a foul mood. They gathered sticks and he built a fire. He remained by the fire warming while she fetched the blanket. Then he stood and walked across the clearing to the trees. She watched him disappear as she settled on the blanket. Lulled into sleep by the warmth of the fire, Alisin was awakened by a delicious feeling in her body. Opening her eyes she stretched and realized Crader was between her thighs. His warm tongue licked her clit and she moaned. He suckled and made her squirm and beg, but when her body neared release, he stopped.

Sitting up between her thighs, he looked around. "We need to get going."

Blinking, Alisin stared up at him with her thoughts totally focused on sex. "Now? You want to leave before we finish? Crader, is there something you aren't telling me?"

Ignoring her, he moved to the horse and mounted. He rode to her side and dismounted to lay the blanket on the horse. When he was back on the mount, he instructed her to sit before him on his lap.

She wasn't about to complain when he was in such an odd mood. One minute he was making love to her and the next, he was withdrawn. It didn't make sense.

They rode into the trees. Alisin leaned back against his shoulder. A few minutes later, she gasped in surprise as his hand stroked up her inner thigh, parting her legs until he reached the apex. "Take the reins."

His free hand grasped her shoulder and settled her more securely against his chest. She turned her head and pressed her lips to his warm throat and kissed him. Then she moaned as he pushed his finger into her sheath and thumb onto her hooded flower. His thumb rubbed up and down.

"Crader," she moaned, "why are you torturing me?"

"I think you need to be punished. Last night you were thinking of spreading your thighs for another man without my permission."

"Your permission?"

"Certainly, you are my slave. I allowed you to masturbate for those guards. You cannot do anything with another man without my permission, which includes doing anything sexual." His fingers withdrew and thrust into her slick sheath.

"Oh," she moaned, her hips rising off his thigh to meet his thrusts.

"Sit still."

She closed her eyes and licked his neck as an outlet for the desire throbbing in her body. Obeying his command was difficult. Alisin wanted to come, but she feared he would continue to stop when she drew near. Twisting, she reached for his chest and stroked the strong muscles until she found his nipple. Licking and suckling on the skin of his neck, she moaned as her body tightened with tension and grew heavy and ready to climax. His thumb continued to stroke her clit and his fingers moved inside her, stroking the soft muscles inside her sheath. "Oh, Crader," she whispered against his



throat as her body jerked and shivered as her climax burst inside her body. His thumb pressed hard against her throbbing clit and her climax seemed never-ending. Finally she collapsed against his chest.

She panted heavily, lying against his warm chest. "I apologize, my Lord, for calling you Crader."

"You were right, I have a lot of training to do over the next few days. You must learn how to suck my cock and give me the pleasure I have given you," he spoke softly against her hair.

"Yes, my Lord. I will be happy to learn."

He stopped the horse. "Now is a good time, while I am clean. Let me find a good place." He rode the horse through the trees until he found a boulder beside a small stream.

It was a beautiful location, and would provide a perfect setting for her first time sucking a man to satisfaction. Alisin was excited over the idea of learning something that would please him. Anything she could do that would pleasure him would bring her that much closer to convincing him that she would make a good wife.

Crader removed his breeches and placed them on the boulder. Instructing her to sit, he stood before the rock. His erection stood proudly in anticipation of her warm mouth. Grasping the shaft with her hand, she copied the moves she had seen. She licked the soft head and then slipped her lips over it. Her teeth settled gently on the tip. Wiggling her lips, she sucked him into her mouth. Then she cupped his scrotum in her hand and rubbed the soft flesh between her fingers while sucking with her mouth.

When she closed her eyes, she recalled the delicious feeling he had given her when he suckled her clit. She imagined

those same feelings flowing through his body. Crader's soft moans proved her thoughts to be accurate. Grasping her hair, he began pumping into her mouth. His thigh muscles appeared locked with tension. Alisin's mouth was suddenly filled with his cum. She swallowed it down to clear her throat.

"Ah, that was good. Now I feel better." He groaned, dropping his head back.

Alisin licked her lips and smiled at him. "I'm glad I could help your bad mood. I will remember that as a treatment for when you are angry and I don't want you to be."

"That's a good idea. I cannot promise it will always work, but it certainly wouldn't hurt."

"Good." She smiled as he helped her rise. Gathering her into his powerful arms, he kissed her. His soft tongue thrust into her mouth and stroked the roof, which made her shiver with delight.

\* \* \* \*

They rode for the rest of the week during the daylight hours and camped at night. Crader purchased food from small villages and set rabbit snares in the evenings. Finally they were on the road nearing her home.

"Crader, have you considered staying? We could have a good life together."

"No, not under these conditions. I have nothing to offer you."

"Oh." Tears formed in her eyes, but she knew he couldn't see them.

"The path to my house is ahead. You had better let me off here. Returning with a man would only cause them to be upset. Especially as you don't wish to marry me."

"All right." Stopping, he set her on the dirt road. "This time you might want to avoid wishing for adventures."

"Yes, I have had my fill of adventure for a lifetime. Good journey, Crader." Turning, she hurried to the end of the path. Then she turned and watched as he rode slowly away. "I love you, Crader of New Found Land," she said to herself, her voice dropping to a whisper as tears strangled her. Ducking her head, she ran down the path to the house.

Inside, her parents were home from the king's tournaments, as it had taken her so long to return. She gave them a brief account of her adventure. Leaving out the sexual encounters, she found it difficult to explain what had happened. They didn't believe most of it and questioned the slim details.

"Why would the queen order you to be killed?"

"I didn't know she was the Queen of Tunderland, and I turned my head away from her. I guess she was insulted."

"And she sent guards to arrest you. How did you escape?"

"The gentleman who gave me directions helped me escape."

"Why would a stranger risk his life for you?"

She sighed. "I don't know, Mother. I guess he felt guilty for giving me directions that carried me into the path of the queen." She rose from the chair. "Now if you will forgive me, I am tired, I haven't bathed in a day, and I am feeling horrid."

"Of course, dear, run along, bathe and nap. I will send a tray up to you. In the morning, you can tell us more of this adventure."

"There is nothing more to tell." She quit the room before thoughts of Crader overwhelmed her with tears. Her wonderful knight in shining armor and she couldn't even give him proper credit for all he had done.

## Chapter 6

Crader rode into the small village to the pub. He strode inside and ordered an ale and then asked if there was an inn, or a place where he could take a bath. He wasn't really surprised when he was told "no" to both as it was a small village. He sat at the back table and leaned his chair against the wall while sipping his drink. He felt like a weak-kneed coward for making love to Alisin, then leaving her beside the path. Would it have harmed him to escort her to her home? he wondered. Shouldn't he have made certain that her parents understood that her absence hadn't been Alisin's fault? He had disappointed Alisin. Heck, he had treated himself nearly as poorly. He wanted Alisin with him right now. Suddenly his reason for sending her away seemed foolish. After finishing his ale, he returned to his horse.

It was evening before he reached Alisin's house. Wiping his hands on his breeches, he climbed the front stairs of the three-story farmhouse. When the door was opened, Crader asked to speak to Alisin. The man at the door opened it wider and asked him inside.

"I'm Alisin's father," the man revealed.

He judged the man to be in his early fifties. He had a weathered face, a solid build, and silver in the temples of his dark hair. "I'm Crader of New Found Land, Mr. Hambray. I

felt like a slug for leaving her at the path. I wanted to make sure she was able to explain our strange adventure.”

“Come in, young man. It sounds as though we have much to talk about. You are right that we had a hard time believing her story. Especially since she didn’t have a horse to travel the great distances she described.” He led the way into their parlor.

“We shared, so we had to go slow to prevent overtaxing my mount.”

“Of course. When exactly did you and Alisin meet up?” He indicated for Crader to take a seat on the settee, and he settled onto a side chair facing Crader.

Crader sat on the end and leaned against the high back and sighed. “It feels good to be off a horse and on a padded seat.”

“Would you care for something to ease your aches? I have some good wine.”

“That would be wonderful, if you don’t mind?”

Rising, Alisin’s father crossed to a side cabinet and removed a decanter and poured the clear liquid into a glass. “You were telling me when you met my daughter,” Hambray prompted as he passed Crader the glass then returned to his chair.

“I believe it was the day she arrived in Tunderland. She said she had fallen down a hole, and she was limping. We rode to the tournaments the Queen of Tunderland was hosting.”

“You were alone at this time?”

“No, Aul was there. He is a midget traveling to the tournaments also. Alisin agreed to go as my guest as we were traveling in the same direction.”

“I see.”

"She only intended to stay a short time, but then the queen ordered that her head be chopped off. I hid her, and while she pretended to be my servant, I took her from the castle. Has she told you all of this?"

"A little. She was tired and wanted to rest."

"I guess she wants to forget about it. It was pretty tense at the time." He paused to take a drink of the wine. The sweet taste rolled over his tongue without difficulty.

"No doubt. Please continue."

"Anyway, I convinced the guard that she was my servant and we rode away. I was certainly proud of how brave she was during those moments when our future was hanging in the balance."

"I am surprised you risked your life for a stranger."

"I promised her I would take her out of there. I am not a man to go back on my word. I didn't realize how determined they were to find her though. They followed us all the way to Kent."

"I imagined the inns you stayed at kept them informed of the direction you traveled."

Crader shook his head and then took another drink. "We camped. It was cold. We ate berries, and anything I could trap, but she never complained. She is a rare woman."

"The guards caught up with us at Kent and again, while appearing calm, Alisin helped me convince the guards they had the wrong woman."

"I didn't know we had a guest." A stately woman stepped into the room.

"Dear, this is Crader of New Found Land. He assisted Alisin's return to us. Crader is the man who saved her when the

Queen of Tunderland wanted to have her executed,” Hambray explained.

Rising, Crader nodded to the woman who was his Alisin’s mother. His Alisin—that sounded good.

“I am pleased to meet you, Mrs. Hambray.”

“You saved Alisin? How can we ever thank you?”

“Please sit down, dear, and allow Crader to complete his story.”

“There is little more to tell. We talked the guard into looking elsewhere for the woman they were seeking. I fear some poor chicken thief or pickpocket will die in Alisin’s place.”

“What did she do to be convicted to death by this queen?”

“Nothing really, the queen takes offense easily.”

Mrs. Hambray frowned. “Alisin mentioned she had merely not recognized the queen.”

Crader emptied his glass and sat it on a side table. “That’s right. I had won the race and the queen had stood to congratulate me. When Alisin turned to me, the queen was insulted.”

“Crader and Alisin slept on the ground all the way back. It wasn’t safe to go to an inn.” Hambray filled in the details to his wife while he moved to the cabinet and refilled Crader’s glass.

“You deserve a reward. I am afraid we don’t have much.”

“I want Alisin’s hand in marriage,” he blurted.

“She is only a child,” her mother claimed, stunned.

“I don’t think she is anymore, dear. Her experiences must have forced her to grow up quickly.” Mr. Hambray’s spoke comfortingly, smoothing the shock for his wife. “Wouldn’t you agree, Crader?”

"Yes sir, I do." He yawned, covering his mouth with his hand. "I apologize, these chairs are so comfortable that my body has relaxed and is demanding rest."

"You must be as exhausted as Alisin. Would you like to stay here tonight? We have an extra bedroom, now that the boys have moved out. Our village doesn't have an inn, and you must be tired of sleeping on the ground," Mrs. Hambray offered, reminding him of his kind mother who always worried over the comfort of others before herself.

Crader felt a moment of nostalgia. He missed his parents. They had been good people who died too soon from lung fever. His mother would have skinned him for the way he had treated Alisin. His wandering this past year and leaving all his responsibilities behind him would have disappointed them. They had taught him to be proud and responsible was the only way a man could gain respect, and a respected man was rich, even if he lacked worldly goods. He hoped to make them proud in the future.

"I would greatly appreciate it, Mrs. Hambray."

"I will have a tray brought to your room, if you would like to go up now," she offered.

He felt like hugging her for being so much like his mother. He felt his mother's love for him as strongly in his spirit as if she were present. "I will need a bath before sleeping on your sheets. I am sorry for the extra work I am causing you."

"Nonsense, we owe you a debt for bringing Alisin safely home. I'll just go tell cook." Rising, she hurried from the room.

"I would like to discuss your offer of marriage with Alisin."



"I think you will find her agreeable." Moving to the window, Crader moved the heavy velvet curtain aside to look over the rolling hillside. His action concealed the grin that tugged at the corner of his mouth. He wouldn't tell her parents that she had asked him to wed her. A husband and wife could have secrets that no other knew.

"I knew there was something Alisin didn't wish to tell us. Just as I know you are leaving out things from your account of what happened. I don't want you to tell us the intimate details, if there are any, but all the information you can pass on, we would be interested in hearing. We are grateful you have returned our daughter safely to us. In the morning, I will discuss your marriage offer with Alisin." He rose from the chair. "Come, let's find you a bed. I'm afraid if you get too comfortable, you will fall asleep." Crader moved to the older man's side and Hambray slapped him on the shoulder like his father always had. He was going to like having them as family. "You can call us Father and Mother."

"Thank you. If she agrees to marry me, I shall be happy to."

Hambray escorted him up the stairs to a spare bedroom. "We have a cook and housekeeper to help with the chores. One of them will bring you a tray. You know I want to keep Alisin living close to me?"

"Yes, she told me. Sheep farming."

"I bought the adjoining land for her and her husband to live on. Would you be willing to stay?"

"I have nothing and no one to return to."

\* \* \* \*

He was sitting at the breakfast table with the Hambrays when Alisin came down the hall. Smiling, he turned to greet

her. "Alisin, your parents have made me feel completely at home."

"I'm—glad." She walked into the room and sat across from him at the table.

"I'll go help your mother." Mr. Hambray rose from the table and strode to the kitchen to give them some privacy.

"What are you doing here?"

"Perhaps we should speak somewhere more private." Rising from the table, he met her at the end and took hold of her elbow. He led her out the dining room into the hallway.

"I remembered after I departed that I still haven't taught you all the different ways to make love. Would you like to go to your room and learn now?" he teased, to ease the tensions he was feeling.

"Do be serious. You know we cannot do that in my parents' home."

"You said you would be my slave one day a week. There is no reason I cannot choose the day," he mocked, but he was unable to keep his grin under control and it broke free.

"Crader, stop. Tell me why you came back."

"Like I said, I realized I shouldn't leave until I had taught you all you need to know to keep a man happy. I estimate that it is going to take a long, long time."

"Do you think it is possible for me to learn? After all, I wasn't able to make you happy."

"I couldn't leave you. I tried, but I couldn't, doesn't that sound as though you made me happy?" He placed his hands on her shoulders and stroked the soft flesh beneath the material with his thumbs.

"It might if I believed that was why you returned, but I have a feeling there is more that you are not telling me."

“There is more I need to say. I know you don’t love me and that you merely wish me for your husband because I saved your life and you feel a sense of gratitude toward me.”

She shook her head, and opened her mouth to refute his words.

“Allow me to finish. You have been an understanding companion and forgave me for acting the barbarian in the shadows. You have been my sex slave, again I believe you were motivated by feelings of obligation since I saved your life, and I have a feeling you would wed me because I saw you masturbate before fifteen guards to save your life. None of these are reasons to bind yourself for life to a man.

“I want you, Alisin, my Sin, not for any of the reasons above, but because I love you. I want to marry you, and watch my babies grow in your belly. I want our children around us as we grow old. I think I could be happy spending each day with you, so I came to ask your father for your hand.”

“You love me?” she whispered.

“I do. I have said it and never have I been more serious in my life about a statement that passed through my lips. Will you marry me?”

“What did Father say?”

“That the decision is yours. Don’t agree because you feel you need to. Only agree if you want to be with me every day for the rest of your life.”

“Oh, I think I can manage.” She smiled. “Of course I will marry you, Crader. I love you too.”

Gathering her into his arms, Crader kissed her deeply, binding their agreement. When he lifted his mouth, she had a dreamy glaze in her eyes. He smiled. “I want to make love to you right here on this spot where you accepted.”

"Oh you." She punched him in the shoulder. "Watch what you say, my parents may hear you."

Smiling, he captured her hand and whispered, "I believe your father has guessed we are lovers."

"I don't care; you don't need to confirm his belief."

"All right. I will sleep in the spare room until we are wed. Will you slip in there some nights?"

"Is your body the only thing you think about?"

"Of course not, but you do want to keep me in a good mood while we are at your parent's home," he teased.

"I will arrange with father for you to stay in the house we shall be living in after we wed."

"Do you trust me to go through with the wedding once I am settled into the house? I could change my mind." He grinned.

"I said arrange for you to stay there, I didn't say I would ask him to sign over the house to you."

He frowned. "That is too bad because a few minutes ago he said that he plans to do just that this afternoon. We are going into town to visit his solicitor."

"I thought you said he hadn't agreed and that he was leaving the decision up to me."

"Oh he did. Only he assumed you were going to say yes. He muttered something about you probably carrying my child anyway, and something about a rushed wedding."

"Well I'm not and I'll not have a rushed wedding."

"You will unless you plan to spend your wedding night tied to a bed being punished, and you know how I punish. I don't want to wait one night longer than necessary to make you mine."

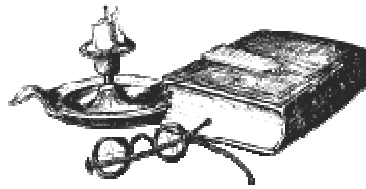
“I suppose a fast wedding wouldn’t be that difficult to plan,” she conceded. Once she placed her hands on his head, she pulled him down to her lips.



## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Belita Renn is a retired hairstylist who started writing when she was seven, although she waited many years before attempting to publish her work. A fan of her third cousin, actor Buster Keaton, her first book of comic short stories was published in 2000 under the name Belita Keaton. Her first romance was published in 2004 under the name Kim Parson. She switched to Belita Renn when she started writing erotic romance. To learn more about Belita's books, visit her website at [www.kimparson.20m.com](http://www.kimparson.20m.com) or [www.belitarenn.com](http://www.belitarenn.com).

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