# PHAZE FLARE FREE FICTION



BRENNA LYONS

Phaze 6470A Glenway Avenue, #109 Cincinnati, OH 45211-5222

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## Earth-Born Lord A short story in the Kegin series By Brenna Lyons

#### Abrin 32<sup>nd</sup>, Ri 25-2994

Justin Hayes sat at the table in the *magetra's* office, shifting nervously and pulling at the collar of his military uniform. The tutors provided for him had assured Justin that it was the appropriate attire for a contract day, but he still felt like an imposter.

He wasn't a military man, but Justin held the rank of Captain in the royal guard. His rank was honorary. Justin could order troops. In fact, his estate was populated by two dozen soldiers that he ordered on a daily basis, but Justin had no idea how to hold the laser-edged sword belted to his hip let alone wield it. Any cadet in the Keen army would massacre him in battle, and the Earth-born queen's six-year-old son handled a dagger better than Justin did.

His title was no more noteworthy than his military rank. It was an accident of birth.

Well, aren't all noble titles?

But, Justin's title was a bastardized version of a title at best. "What did I do to deserve a title?" he grumbled in the English he'd only had the opportunity to use with other Earth-born, the King, and a few servants educated in the language for his comfort.

Lord Justin hadn't earned his title--or even been born to it in the normal sense of the word. He didn't even know what noble line his Keen roots came from. He could know...if he asked the Breeding Office, but what would be the point when the man who gave his genetic material had undoubtedly been dead for generations--perhaps for a century or more?

If most titles were an accident of birth, his was a cosmic joke...literally. Who knew, when a six and a half foot tall soldier stepped through a rippling doorway into the center of Justin's bedroom two years ago, that the wholly unbelievable tale of his birth would prove true? If the soldier hadn't known about Justin's condition, he would have dismissed the whole thing as a practical joke.

Well, maybe not. There was that doorway, and I couldn't dismiss that.

The *magetra* smiled sympathetically. "Laes sint timetra." Justin swallowed a laugh, nodding regally, his mind providing the

translation almost effortlessly after two years of intensive study. Yes. Noblewomen were always late.

He sobered. He would marry Renna in a few moments, and he still didn't know for certain that this would work. Justin had only the word of alien doctors and a few Earth-born re-breds like himself that he could have children on Kegin.

The door opened, and Justin stood abruptly. Renna met his eyes and blushed deeply as she had every time he had seen her since the Breeding Office handled the introductions of young noblewomen interested in contracting with him. Justin had known the first time he met Renna's gaze that she would be the one he would accept.

Her father, Riel, stepped into the room beside her, offering Justin a smile and a nod. The tutors had assured Justin that Lord Riel saw this as an advantageous match for his daughter, that he was pleased to have one of the new Keen lords as a close relation.

The queen herself sat as translator, though she was due to have her fifth child almost any day. She was a radiant woman, a third-generation Earth-born re-bred like himself, though she carried herself like a native after almost eight years on Kegin. Queen Susan was a shining example of what he'd been bred and brought to Kegin for, to produce the children he had wanted so desperately on Earth but couldn't have.

When the contract was sealed, the queen led Renna to him and placed his bride's hand in his. "You may kiss the bride," she whispered in English.

Justin nodded his thanks and leaned toward Renna, expecting a chaste kiss. Her fervor surprised him, delighted him. His arousal was fierce and immediate. He pulled back, shaken by his reaction.

Queen Susan's smile was the widest in the room. "Her barrier has been taken by her woman healer for you. The certificate is in the packet of paperwork." She left the room, trailed by her personal guard, before Justin could form a response.

His heart raced. Some men would be upset that they were denied taking their bride's hymen. Those men were largely human men with human wives. The complications of a Keen first mating were greatly reduced when the barrier had been taken painlessly by a cauter bar.

Justin grasped Riel's wrist in the traditional sign of agreement and led Renna to his private transport, his entire body humming. It would be a long drive back to his estate, but the only alternative would be taking Renna to a common inn. It would be an insult to take her to an inn,

unless it was an emergency of some sort. His libido hardly rated as an emergency, no matter how overtaxed and underused it was.

As the transport left the town and wound through the foothills, Renna slid to his side. She leaned her face up to his, nipping at Justin's lips. "Kiss me," she pleaded in Keen.

He obliged her, blindly pressing the button that would close the screen separating them from the driver and guards. Renna reached over his shoulder and pressed another button, closing thick blue drapes over the windows.

She pulled at his jacket, opening the buttons in two tugs. Renna ran her hands over the silin tunic beneath.

"Renna," he cautioned her. He would finish what she was starting in the back of the transport, if she didn't slow down.

"Shhh. I know. Earth men wouldn't." She pushed his jacket off of his shoulders. "You are a Keen lord. I am your bride."

Justin untied her cloak, groaning as it slid away. She wore a presentation dress to the contract table. The ankle-length silin gown was slit neck to navel with her breasts pushed up and in until the edges of her aerole peeked from beneath the material. A second slit reached from the hem to the crease of her left thigh.

Renna fingered the length of his cock as it rose behind his trousers. "You are a Keen lord," she whispered.

"The guards will hear."

She smiled. "And know you are what you were born to be."

Justin eyed the gown breathlessly. "I can do anything? Here?"

"You've waited two years and not taken a schente."

He blushed, shaking his head. No. He hadn't taken schente.

At first, he'd equated the sterilized women with sex slaves. Justin found slavery abhorrent.

When the practice had been explained to him fully, he'd still resisted. Justin hadn't resorted to hookers on Earth, when finding a woman who wouldn't freak at his condition was difficult. He'd be damned before he'd resort to it when he lived on a world populated with women who reportedly lived for it.

Renna pulled up at his tunic, and Justin helped her remove it. She buried her face in the blonde curls sprinkled over his chest, tasting his skin with the tip of her tongue.

"Your scent is perfect--so strong."

Justin reached through the lower slit in the gown, fingering her

weeping lips. He'd been told how sexual the Keen females were, but Justin hadn't expected such a heated response from a virginal bride.

Renna sucked at one of his male nipples. "Do I please you?"

"Very much," he admitted.

"The musk is more potent when taken internally," she told him.

Justin took what should have been a calming breath. Her musk settled in his lungs, a potent aphrodisiac as he was warned it would be. Yes. He had been educated in the uses of the musk in love play.

He raised his fingers to his mouth, sampling the fluid that coated them. Visions of Renna opened wide while he licked at her assaulted him. His cock surged at the thought.

"Yes," she urged him. "Take what you need."

Justin dropped to his knees in the wide expanse between the screen and the seat, thankful now that the transport seemed built for these antics. He pulled the dress back at the slit, baring her black curls to him.

Renna smiled as he spread her legs wide and eased her to the edge of the seat. "You've waited two years, Justin," she reminded him.

He groaned, dropping his head to the hearty musk calling to him. Two years? No. He'd waited thirty-two years for a woman he could call his own, for a female scent that made him ache and hunger, that scattered his thoughts.

Her flavor was intoxicating--the relaxation of shot after shot of hard Earth liquor without the bite in taste or the certain knowledge of aftereffects to come. He lapped at her, sucked at her, massaged her inner walls. His head spun, full of visions of his cock traveling the channel his tongue did.

Renna twisted against him, her hands fisted in his hair. She didn't try to stifle her cries and pleas for him. Justin didn't stop until he tasted the change in her flavor, until she ground her spasming body around his tongue.

Justin pulled at the buttons on his trousers, pushing them down his thighs. She was high on her climax, as she would expect to be when he claimed her for the first time. *Anything*. He eased himself back onto the seat.

Renna didn't ask for direction. She settled astride him and guided Justin's cock to her entrance, throwing her head back as she settled an inch of him inside.

He grasped her hips. "Tell me what you want," he growled the traditional Keen phrase a male asked for first claming and every first

claiming after a mother's fast.

She smiled. "Make love to me, Justin."

He didn't question where she'd learned the English response for him. Justin bucked into her, drawing her hips down to seat her deep in his lap. Renna's eyes opened wide, her pupils dilated in her mating frenzy. She gripped his length, her walls hot and satiny, a feast of sensation for his starved body.

"More," she gasped. "Let your instincts guide you."

Justin drew back the silin bodice with his teeth, letting the full breasts beneath spill out to his mouth. He suckled her hard as he thrust into her again and again, shivering as she screamed his name.

Climax came quickly. As he was promised, his body guided him. He clamped her tight around him as his cum flooded her. Wave after wave of blinding pleasure drowned his senses. A strangled cry he hardly recognized as his own filled the air around them.

Justin held his breath as it happened, the moment he'd always dreaded with human women. His cock thickened another twenty-five percent. It wedged into the band of muscle at the os--the gates of her womb.

Renna screamed his name then panted out prayers to Fion, the Keen goddess of love and mercy. She kissed him, running her hands over his body, every movement frantic.

"Has it happened?" he asked as he lessened, hiding his terror that he hadn't stimulated her properly.

She reached between their bodies, bringing her fingers up with a sheen of their mixed fluids. Renna painted his lips then her own, kissing him. Justin bathed her lips with his tongue, and she did the same. His cock hardened within her again.

Renna smiled. "Yes. You know what you were born to do."

"More?" No woman had ever encouraged him to take her again.

"We have hours until we reach your estate. Love me three times before we reach the gates, and I will grant you any boon you wish."

He furrowed his brow, confused at her request. "What do you seek?"

"It took Prince Michael more than a week to impregnate his bride." Her fingers teased at the muscles of his chest.

Justin smiled. "You want to best that?"

"I want no one to ever surpass us. I want to conceive today."

His mind worked at that. With every mating within a day's time,

they increased their odds of conceiving. They stood at one in fifty now. They'd be at one in fifteen if he took her three times today and one in ten if he took her a fourth. Of course, the numbers were largely theoretical. There were few Earth-born re-breds to base the numbers on so far.

"You'll increase your chance of conceiving more than one," he reminded her.

Renna pressed down hard on his length. "It took King Jole more than a month to conceive two at once and Lord Alex more than two months."

Justin lifted her to the carpeted floor, pulling her legs over his forearms. "Be sure."

She shot him a hungry look. "After I conceive, we will have the schen."

He thrust into her, reveling in Renna's scream of pleasure. Justin couldn't imagine the schen. His understanding was that the pregnant Keen female was insatiable. After thirty-two years of sexual famine, that would be reward enough in itself for three times before they reached his home.

\* \* \*

Justin laughed harshly as they passed the gates to the estate. His cock wouldn't lessen for several minutes.

"They'll wait for us," Renna assured him.

He nodded, pulling her cloak around her body and securing it at the neck and waist.

"You could ask anything of me," Renna whispered. "Is this truly what you want?"

Justin scanned his eyes down her body possessively. "I am a Keen lord. You are my bride. There will be no doubt of those two facts."

She blushed, pulling his jacket on over his bare back. He stilled her hands as she started to button it. Justin would enter his home looking his barbarian roots and revel in it.

He slid free of her body as his cock lessened, hiking his trousers up over his hips and buttoning them quickly. Renna brushed her fingertips over his length, and he hardened for her again. She nodded her approval.

I am a Keen lord.

Justin waited for Renna to straighten her cloak then stepped out of the transport, putting a hand out to assist his bride. Men looked away. Renna wasn't theirs to look upon. Women stared in wonder at Justin, with his bare chest visible through the open front of his uniform jacket, his tunic tucked into his beltline, a raging hard-on pressing to the buttons of his trousers, and his bride's presentation dress tossed casually over his shoulder.

There would be talk about this, the knowledge that Renna entered their home in only her boots, stockings and that cloak. Justin was half-barbarian, an Earth-born re-bred Keen lord. He was born for one purpose--to take a mate and produce the children that would make Kegin strong again.

"Send our evening meal to our rooms," he instructed the head of his household.

Justin led Renna to their rooms, gathering fluid from between her thighs as he kicked the door closed. She shuddered, her breathing ragged as he painted her lips and then his own.

"And now my reward for the fourth time in the transport," he growled. "Before the food arrives, our chances will be one in six."

#### More titles in the Kegin series (sensual/erotic romance)

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#### **About The Author**

With a BS in accounting and computer programming, backgrounds in everything from teaching to tracking fraud suspects, it is a strange irony that Brenna Lyons will become best known for her first love, writing.

She became the youngest Taproot winner of her time at age eleven, earned an externship in poetry at the University of Pittsburgh at age fifteen and took first place in a competitive essay contest at seventeen. In her first three years published in novels, Brenna has finaled for five EPPIES, three PEARLS (taking Honorable Mention, second to Angela Knight), two CAPAS, a DREAM REALM AWARD and a lucky thirteen P&E Top Tens.

A former Navy wife, Brenna now lives with her husband, three children and a zoo of pets in Haverhill, MA. She's the current president of EPIC and belongs to WRW, EWAG, ERWA, TELL and Broad Universe. She loves talking to readers and can be reached via her site at <a href="http://www.brennalyons.com">http://www.brennalyons.com</a>



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