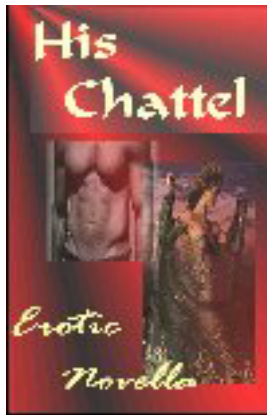


# His Chattel

By Danielle Fonda



**Maiden Bound**

**By Danielle Fonda**

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# Chapter One

They approached as a black horde in the midnight hours, amidst the cheerlessness of a deep winter solace night. They conquered and took possession of the keep in a mere hour's worth of time, for even the lord of the demesne had run cowardly before the black legions terror.

Lady Sabra did not know why her husband, Robert left in such haste while taking nearly all Rothingham's knights with him shortly after the bell tolling of evening prayers. She did not know until later, when she heard the first warning of the bells and realized then that Rothingham Keep was under attack.

She truly was not amazed, for she had understood for a long time that the avenger would come. Robert had spoken of it oftentimes in his agitated way. Telling of the rich demesne in France that he and his men personally lay waste too in the war recently fought. When Robert first returned to England after fighting at Lord William the Conquers side, he had been so prideful of his actions that he'd commanded the local singers to conjure a ballad of his daring.

Yet she doubted Robert's bravery. She knew too well of his cowardice cruelty and she sought out Nigel, the captain of Robert's knights and asked him quietly of the tale. When she'd heard of the treachery—of the pillaging and the mass killing, her heart had grown so cold that she knew an evil specter had touched her soul. Months later when she'd learned there was a strong son and heir still alive to those ravaged lands in France, she'd wept for the terrible and wicked loss that he'd suffered. Then later she'd wept in fear, for since the day she heard of the Norman knight, *Noir Faucon* of Peralise, she'd known for certain that he would come to seek his revenge.

In some manner though-through it all she had not imagined that *Noir Faucon* or Black Hawk, in English speaking, would be so sizable! He was a mountain of coal black armor, still helmed and

bellowing in tenor rage as he stood with his great broadsword drawn in the center of Rothingham's smoky main hall.

"Where is she? Bring me this wench *now!*"

Sabra curled backward along the Keeps inner wall of mortar and wood. She hid in the shadows as though somehow she could escape notice from whence this dark lord broke through the main doors into the hall. 'Twas foolish of her and even more absurd she could see now that she had ever prayed this black knight could somehow be *her* savior. Foolish-*foolish*, hopes that she'd conjured without reasoning in her mind, hoping to be freed from this hell that she'd been imprisoned to by marriage. Nonetheless, when a person lost all hope they did *oh* so foolish deeds! As in dreaming of a dark warrior knight who would witness that she was an innocent woman and rescue her away. Absurd, when she recognized full well that the Black Hawk of Peralise meant only to send her to hell for the deeds her husband had claimed.

"The lady is here!"

Sabra watched in horror as the steward's wife, Agatha, sprang from the wall beside her crying out this treachery. Agatha stumbled forward falling onto her knees before the towering black-helmed knight of Peralise, then she brought her shaking hands upward together as if she prayed.

"Save us—*save us!*" Agatha cried turning her gray head and one accusing finger to point out Sabra's shadow. "There she is my great lord—*have mercy!* Do not kill us all!"

The long tail of the black plume, caught dramatically in Black Hawk's helm dipped when he dropped his gauntlet-covered hand to the top of Agatha's scrawny head.

"I kill none here who swear their vows to me this day!" he shouted.

Sabra watched with shaking dread as Lord Black Hawk straightened and turned his gaze in her direction. She vowed in that moment that she could see red fire in his eyes—glaring through the thin black vertical slits of his visor.

*He is but a man—but a man!* She admonished herself fearfully even as he began to stride heavily toward her. *A fearsomely big man!* She faltered backward along the wall as Lord Black Hawk stalked her, until she was trapped in the smoky shadows of the furthest corner of the hall. There she stood cornered, unable to halt her body's shaking, as she realized what strength must be behind this towering lord's fists. *Fists that he would use to beat her!* This thought skittered through her mind and had the substance of vivid

memories in her mind's eye. It caused her to turn away with an anguished cry, until she could hide her face into the corner.

Only the brute fist which she envisioned would be equal to her husband's cruelty did not fall upon her. Yet within moments her shame came swiftly, as the dark lord spoke his caustic words.

"*Mon dieu*, does all these Bascoms hide as cowards?"

Sabra recoiled at finding Lord Black Hawk's tenor voice so near to her that his size blocked out all the light as if it were a shroud at midnight.

"*Bring* a torch, Pascal, so I may see this whoreson's wife!"

Suddenly two gauntlet fists were planted on the wall beside her head! Sabra whimpered in fear and surprise as the massive presence behind her shifted until chain-mail links were forced into her spine. The avenging lord's voice when he spoke was husky and accented, frighteningly suggestive! "I would examine my personal prize, yes."

Sabra's mouth filled with the taste of hot male sweat, steaming in headiness around her, as she clamped her jaw tight, desperately trying to keep her teeth from chattering. When she knew surely she would suffocate from his male power seeping through her, all around her, the dark lord withdrew his bulk from her spine and stepped backward with an audible chinking of his armor. It was then she could sense the torchlight drawing nearer through her closed eyelids, even though she prayed against it. All the while, horrible thoughts rushed through her mind.

*He will not kill me—he will not! He called me prize . . . that-that means he will not sever my head from my body with one powerful stroke of his sword. He will not!*

"Turn around *esclave*. Now!"

The dark lord's bellow so startled Sabra that she jumped around to face him with the word *esclave* ringing in her ears. *Esclave* meant *slave* in French speaking words!

"Are you this Bascom's wife?" Lord Black Hawk demanded.

Sabra's frantic gaze darted upward and she panicked when she realized that Lord Black Hawk had removed his helm and they should view each other face to face! Her thoughts frantically bade her to look away—to cast her gaze downward but her eyes would not obey!

The dark lord's face was a pagan god's visage . . . fearsome—yet compelling. His features were tanned-skinned and rawboned, and he had earthy-shaded eyes that held no reflection but deep malice that turned fleetingly to surprise before it was shuttered behind his mahogany irises. His hair was shorter, laying in sweaty waves of stark blue-black ebony, the same color as his full moustache. His jawbone was square with cheekbones that were faintly concave beneath the strong bone structure outlining them. His nose was a proud hawk's beak, long and narrow, and his eyelids were heavy-lidded. When he turned his head slightly at some inconsequential sound behind them in the hall, she saw a small gold ring pierced his right earlobe.

"Yes," she finally gasped with her hands clenching in the wool skirting of her burgundy colored over tunic. She tried futilely to catch her voice. "I a-am thee Sir Robert Bascom's wife, Lady Sabra Bascom."

She was unable to endure Lord Black Hawk's forceful male visage a moment longer so she lowered her gaze and did not view his powerful, gauntlet-covered hand reach forward to take hold of her upper arm. The surprise of it caused her to yelp in fright just as she realized that it was a firm handling, yet not cruelly bruising as he pulled her forward.

"*Non esclave!*" he snarled in a heated tenor voice. "You are *no* more the lady, but now *Noir Faucon's* whore!"

His words were staggering and frightful making her cringe as he pulled her toward the center of the hall, while she stumbled along beside him with a voice gone numb. It was an action that she could have expected—*rape*, yet not this whore's calling. *That* twas truly ominous.

She could see that a good many of Rothingham's servants and retainers had been gathered, standing in mute subservience to wait their new lord's command. When Lord Black Hawk guided her up onto the raised platform, to stand in front of the wooden-planked head table, she was amazed to realize how few of her husband's people had been killed this night. In the two years of her marriage she had not once thought of these people as her own also. Nay, they were her husband's down trodden chattels just as she was.

Why did Lord Black Hawk in his rightful vengeance not murder us all, she asked herself? Could it possibly show a breed of honor on his part?

"You *will* all witness!" Black Hawk shouted. "This woman is now *Noir Faucon's* whore and will be called, *mes minet* or *esclave*, by all of you who I have conquered this night and now command!"

Sabra nearly crumbled as her knees gave way but Black Hawk held her upright, as she cried, “My name! Thee cannot take my name!”

The dark lord’s grip tightened on her arm nearly bruising her flesh, as his other hand swept forward and tore the starched white-linen wimple from her head. “You will find, *mes minet*, that I may do anything *with* you that I wish. And I will!”

## Chapter Two

Piers Neville, the man they called *Noir Faucon* in France, watched in amazement as the freed glistening curls of Lady Sabra's blonde hair tumbled down her shoulders to swing around her generously curved hips. *Mon dieu*, it was like polished gold coins glinting in fires light so alive was this woman's hair. Her skin was creamy in shades of pink and whites, and she had a lover's mole above her upper lip accenting her rosebud mouth. She possessed green eyes that reminded him of sunlit moss and she was generously curved in those places where a man's hands wished to linger.

She was in fact the most delicate and feminine woman he had ever laid eyes upon. Quickly he tried to tell himself that it was only her golden English countenance which he was unused to. The women in France were dark, rich, and sultry. Surely in time this blonde vanity he experienced would fade, he thought? He strove to ignore it, assuring himself that it was fitting and that this Lady Sabra would make him a beautiful whore.

Indeed, this would make matters easier for what he must do. Even as these thoughts galvanized his determination, he released his hold upon the golden vision woman as if she could burn him by touch alone. Then he turned to his squire.

"Pascal, take my whore to the lord's chambers and bathe her. I will have no scent on her from this whoreson, Bascom! I want all of his possessions in that chamber burned."

"*Oui*, my lord," Pascal replied dutifully as he stepped forward to take hold of Lady Sabra's elbow to gently guide her away.

Piers observed that the golden Sabra appeared bewildered, perhaps dazed, as she leaned heavily on Pascal's supporting arm. It was just as well for he could not abide crying and hysterical women. It was then Pascal murmured, "This way, mademoiselles."



“*Whore or mes minet!*” Piers growled angrily making his tawny-haired squire Pascal, turn a quick head to bow to his wishes.

“This way, *m-minet*,” Pascal revised hesitantly and obviously ill at ease.

Piers watched Pascal hurry their pace in his effort to lead the lady away, just as he was considering whether he wished every man beneath his command to call his sunlight whore, “*my pussiè*.” He grumbled deep in his chest at his wavering considerations. She was *his* whore now and he would display her as such until Lord Bascom could no longer raise his head in this English realm, and he was forced-*forced* to fight *Noir Faucon* to regain his honor.

*Mon dieu*, what did a man do with such a coward as this Bascom was, Piers wondered. He had known when he attacked Bascom’s demesne this eve that there was the best chance that Bascom would run before him. It was hopeless to keep the legion of foreign men, the size of which he employed, unnoticed in this English countryside. So he had known that Bascom was forewarned of his arrival and what he knew of the man thus far predicted he would flee instead of standing and defending. Now he must work to bring the coward back, and flaunting the bastard’s wife as his whore should accomplish this. Yet his thought’s clamored—what man could leave his wife so defenseless to face his enemy?

“*Merde*,” he cursed, he could *not* fathom these actions, however he had much to do now and needed to be returning his attention to that. Collecting his thoughts he turned to face the people gathered, he was intent on securing this English demesne as his own and he was ready to have these people kneel and swear their fidelity *to him*.

Several hours later Piers finally found the time to seek his retiring chamber. He was weary and truthfully not in the mood to enact the deportment of master to his shapely golden whore, Lady Sabra. He stopped outside the lord’s chamber where Pascal was just coming to his feet from sleeping on a pallet.

“Has she given you any trouble?” Piers asked as he watched the young man rubbing his blurry eyes.

“*Non*, my lord,” Pascal yawned, scrapping a hand through his tawny hair. “I had to go to the west hall of the keep to find her night clothing. Passing strange this e’s, but I believe she did not share her husband’s chambers.”

“And all of her clothes were in this chamber then?”

“*Oui*, my lord, and not one piece in this one. Also when I arrived here, there was a strange young man in this chamber. As soon as I opened the door he fled to a corner. I made certain he carried no weapon then sent him to the hall with the other servants.”

“He was a servant then?”

“*Oui*, I assumed, but he was dressed much better. Although-.”

“Although *what*, Pascal?”

“He had these rouged lips—and bangles, my lord.”

“Bangles?” Piers questioned grimly. A rare understanding was beginning to dawn on him.

“Jewelry,” Pascal whispered with an odd uncomfortable look.

“Like zee women would wear.”

“*Merde*,” Piers cursed under his breath. “Tomorrow, Pascal, you will show me this man, yes.”

“*Oui*, my lord.”

“This evening or more certainly this morn I will leave the lady to her rest and seek mine elsewhere. I am too weary to fence with anyone else. However, you will bring my *esclave* to me at the early meal and allow her to wear only those clothes in the brass-banded trunk, *nes ce paz?*”

“*Oui*, my lord, it will be as you say.”

“Good, Pascal,” Piers replied as he slapped the young man’s back companionably. “Have some sleep now. This is good work we have accomplished on the long road from Peralise. The burden of my parents death is balancing easier on my shoulders this night.”

“*Oui*, my lord,” Pascal answered. “I feel this also.”

“We are close, *mon ami*,” Piers uttered with a rare smile. “We are close to our enemy Lord Bascom now.”

Pascal watched *Noir Faucon* leave until he was certain his lord would not be returning, then he turned his gaze to the twisted bundle of gray wool hidden behind a battered trunk in the alcove before Lady Sabra’s door.

“Ye did not tell him,” whispered a lilting voice within the parcel of rough wool. A golden head peaked out and Pascal gazed into sleepy blue eyes the color of azure. As when he had first met her hiding in Lady Sabra’s chambers Pascal felt his heart thump rapidly. She was so lovely, this petite maid of Lady Sabra’s, so lovely and so young.

“*Non*, Mademoiselles Juliette, I have told you I would not tell my lord. He e’s too worried of other matters to care of a simple maid. But you must remember as I have told you that you cannot serve your lady now. *Noir Faucon* would not like this.”

“But what shall I do my lord?” Juliette asked anxiously.

She struggled into a sitting position and he placed his hand on the arm of her brown woolen tunic to help her. She was trembling and he could not blame her, for there were fierce warriors crowding what had been her home. It was the reason he was compelled to

hide her in the first place. *Noir Faucon* had ordered no raping. Yet men would be men and force was a fine line especially with a lovely untried maiden such as Juliette.

“You must not call me ‘my lord’, little Juliette,” he chuckled. “Just simply Pascal will do.”

“Oh I c-could not—Sir,” she stuttered shyly dipping her head.

Even with the best of attentions, Pascal could not help the tightening in his youthful groin. *Sacré bleu*, he had never even kissed a demoiselle yet this innocent girl stirred his blood with only shy confused looks. Thank *dieu*, he had decided to hide her at least until *Noir Faucon*’s knights calmed from their conquering high spirits.

“You must try, little butterfly, for I am but a squire,” Pascal reasoned, then he impulsively clasped her small hand. “How old are you, Juliette?”

“But ten and eight, Sir Pascal,” she replied demurely.

*Dieu*, he was but ten and eight. “And you are certain there e’s no one I could take you to—*non famille*?”

“Nay, Sir Pascal, I am but an orphan servant here.”

“Ah well,” he answered bravely. “Then you will trust me and it will all become better, you will see this, yes?”

“Aye, my lord, I will trust ye,” she answered with a sweet smile.

## Chapter Three

*The dark lord* had not come in the night to rape her. These were Sabra's first confused thoughts upon waking from troubled sleep. In certitude, she had nearly bolted from the high bed when she realized that she had fallen asleep at all. Leaving her glancing fearfully about the chamber expecting to view the towering dark lord lurking in any corner. That was until her senses returned and she chided herself for being so foolish. Lord Black Hawk was *not* a man to lurk in anyplace!

Nay, he would come boldly and demand what he believed was his right, only he had not and that was in its own way bewildering. Had he not claimed to all the people in the Keep that she would be his whore? That lead her to expect the worse—rape, yet it had not happened and she was greatly relieved. Nevertheless, this plight still loomed as a certainty. Perhaps, she thought ruefully she wished the deed had been accomplished so the fearful waiting would be over.

“Nay,” she chided herself, yet she must admit that she was calmer and more rational thinking this morn and that was well. She despised herself when terror took her reasoning as well as her dignity. Not that she had been allowed much dignity in this household, however what little she could cling to she despaired to lose. Now was the time that she must collect her wit and commonsense about her, for she knew that she stood on the threshold of a turning in her life. It was what she did with it that would decide her fate.

Absently she twisted a strand of her long blonde hair around her finger as she worried her mind over her circumstances. Her reasoning bade her first to be unflinchingly honest with herself and in this manner she admitted that her first mission must be to arrive at the end of this newest journey *alive*. It was quite effortless to believe

that Lord Black Hawk meant to judge an eye for an eye, that his family had been murdered and he would seek the same retribution on the family of their murderer seemed likely. It could still be truthful, yet somehow through his actions so far she considered that she had reason to hope this would not be so.

“Truly he would have slain me last eve if that were his intent,” she whispered. However he had not, instead taunting for all to hear that she would be his whore! Why taunt everyone within hearing, why not simply accomplish this deed?

It came to her then, the understanding, and she shivered anew. Not because she felt the least loyalty for her husband but because she knew him so well and therefore understood that Lord Black Hawk’s scheme could never have any hope of working.

Her husband would *never* come to her aide, thereby allowing Lord Black Hawk to challenge him and slay him. Robert was a cruel coward of the highest placing and cared more for his young men than he ever cared for her. Yet if Lord Black Hawk discovered that her worth to Robert was so little where would this leave her? Because she must-*must* get away from Robert and Rothingham in the end!

Of course there was the fact that Black Hawk would kill her wretched husband Robert eventually . . . of this she was certain, and that would leave her a most relieved widow. It would solve one of her greatest problems if Robert were to die.

“*There* is only one hope for thee!” she exclaimed. “You must become the Lord Black Hawk’s *willing* whore—and be favorable at this!”

It was her only hope, and perhaps she could garner enough caring from Lord Black Hawk to at least dissuade him from eventually slaying her. However the truth be told, she really had no notion on how one might portray a well-learned whore or even what to expect from a normally lead man in her bed. It would not be easy . . . nay, it would be terrifying, yet she only had to remind herself of the consequences if she balked.

At that moment a discreet knock came upon the chamber door and a moment later its opening showed young Pascal, bearing a tray. Sabra realized that she had no cloak to cover her thin shift, so she stayed on the bed as Pascal offered her morning greetings, then came to set the tray on the end of the large raised bed.

“Lord Black Hawk asks that you join him for the morning meal, Mademoiselles.”

Sabra noticed that Pascal distinctly disobeyed his Master’s command on what to call her when they were alone. She had found

Pascal so far most chivalrous in his treatment of her. She hesitated, but thought him to be kind.

“I have brought you a morning cup of wine and a few of these items that I thought you could make use of. Lord Black Hawk has commanded that you wear none but which e’s in this brass-banded trunk.” Pascal appeared uncomfortable as he tugged on his tunic sleeve. “Mademoiselle, I do know that you should have the proper maid to help you to, um—dress, but my master I think, would not approve of this—so . . .”

Sabra raised her hand and offered a hesitant smile. “Please, Pascal, I understand and will do well on my own.”

“*Oui*, Mademoiselles,” Pascal replied as he began backing out of the chamber. “I will come back shortly to escort you to Lord Black Hawk.”

Sabra observed that Pascal made a dash from the chamber after these hastily spoken words and she wondered what could have made him so suddenly nervous. A short time later when she looked through the clothing offered in the trunk she realized that she had possibly discovered the reason for Pascal’s nervousness.

The clothing that she found was incredible. She had never seen the like of such attire before. After some moments of sifting through the apparel she was left to conclude that the items had to be from the more fashionable continent, French perchance. When she tried on the first ankle length tunic of red silk, which was gathered strangely at the bosom, waist, and hips she concluded that surely this could only be attire made specifically for a man’s leman!

The bodice dipped so low that it skimmed the very tops of her nipples, and it was so tight that it mounded her ample breasts into two pale hills of white flesh. Even the sides of the skirting were slitted to the knees and there were absolutely no over tunics in the trunk to be seen only frilly garters and no under shifts but several soft material slippers.

It was wickedly indecent attire that sent shivers up her spine! Yet Lord Black Hawk commanded to display her this way and she had no choice! Still it took every piece of courage that she possessed to step from the chamber so attired after she let her hair hang free and applied the rouge offered to her lips. Each step that she took toward the main hall in Rothingham showed the garters above her knees through the slits in the gathered skirting.

Pascal, who was at her side, looked everywhere but directly at her after his first glance. His obvious embarrassment for her made her cheeks flame hotly. When they reached the front of the lengthy hall, she nearly faltered likely leaving her fingernail marks on poor

Pascal's forearm. However he did not complain but only paused his stride for a moment seeming to allow her time to gather her courage.

The hall was filled, for it was mealtime. Many more men were gathered than she had ever been accustomed to seeing. These were Lord Black Hawk's men, his knights, their squires, and the foot guards. She stood nervously, realizing that she must traverse their company to reach the head table in the center of the hall where Lord Black Hawk must wait. However, through the crowd of men she could not see if he really was there. The moment she and Pascal stepped several paces into the hall, the entire grouping of men around them fell silent. It was horrible and she distinctly felt every male gaze upon her, making her feel nothing less than naked in their presence.

## Chapter Four

Piers watched the approach of Lady Sabra through a heavy-lidded gaze as he sprawled in the lord's chair with one of his legs thrown over the whimsically carved armrest. He absently stroked down his moustache with two fingers and flipped his thin bladed knife with his other hand. Blade to hilt, blade to hilt, hitting his palm accurately each time. Indulgent . . . arrogant, master of all that he surveyed was his pose, and especially master of the feminine piece of artistry approaching him.

He frowned. He did not wish to view this Lady Sabra as so beautiful a woman. Alas though, she was and being forced to dress so scantily as his whore only proved that to every male in the hall. Each one of them unable to tear his gaze away from the swing of her rounded hips, the flash of her shapely white limbs seen through the slit of her gathered tunic, and that glorious golden hair curling around her derriere. Then his gaze reached her breasts!

*Mon dieu*, the lady had a proud set of tittes. They were ripe fleshy mounds of pastel-white, daring to leap outward of the bare confines of scarlet material corralling them. It was an opulent display of the choicest curves and slopes of a woman's body—and he experienced an indulgent rise to his cock!

"*Merde*," he hissed under his breath as he drove the pointed end of his thin blade into the wooden planks of the head table. He did not care for this uncontrolled response to his enemy's wife, and the woman that he would make his whore.

She was closer now rounding the end of the table to step onto the dais with the help of Pascal's supporting forearm. He could see the blush staining her fine cheekbones, the crimson rouge on her full bow-shaped lips, and the top portion of her tender pink nipples, which were exposed above the decadently low-cut bodice of her scarlet gown. Her irises were emerald colored, nearly black with the storm of her emotion. They held fear, shame, uncertainty, and something else that stroked his male indulgence with a smoldering heat.



He had dressed her as this, he thought, as his fingers tightened around the stem of his gilded chalice of wine. He watched her hesitate as she drew nearer to him, a feminine faltering of heaving bosom, bitten lower lip, and shaken step. Suddenly he swung his leg free of the armrest and stood making her falter backward two steps.

“You will eat *with* my men!” he shouted. “You will sit *there* at the lower tables!” He swung his large frame back to face his men. “I give you *Noir Faucon’s* whore!” he thundered. Yet he was not bellowing so loud that he did not hear Lady Sabra’s soft cry of anguish behind him as his fist slammed onto the table, rocking it. *He would teach her . . . he would teach her who was her master now!*

His men clamored their approval with rancorous shouts. “Make her serve us!”

“We will eat her for our meal!”

And then bitingly, “Lay her out upon our table!” This last call received bass roars of approval and suddenly out of the corner of his gaze, Piers saw Lady Sabra break free from Pascal. He turned his head to see her flee, nearly falling as she tripped off the back of the dais, and then she ran toward the shadows in the rear expanse of the hall.

His men started their first movements to give chase, yelling, “Catch her!”

Before he bellowed, “You will leave her to me!”

He did not waste time to see if they obeyed him, he knew they would as he strode forward to leave the dais. He passed Pascal, who looked at him with concern and slight amounts of censure, as he mumbled, “She e’s but a petite lady, *Noir Faucon*.”

The sound he made to this claim could have been a wolf’s snarling as he stalked past Pascal and off the dais. He found her easily. The back span of the hall was a large area but square, containing only the Buttery and Pantry. Perhaps she had known the futility of escape for she stood with her face pressed against a portion of the wall. She was shaking. It came to him to speak ill of her cowardice just as last eve, yet then he remembered her entrance into the hall. She had not been dragged so scantily dressed into the hall of men but walked with quiet dignity beneath what must be shameful for her. She was perhaps defenseless but not truly cowardly.

“You would run from me?” he demanded as he stopped several paces behind her.

The lady surprised him by whirling to face him with a passionate outcry. "I run not from *thee*, my lord." Her slender arm lifted with her finger pointing back toward the hall. "Never *all* of them! Not like that. I should die first!"

He stalked closer, towering over her. "And you believe you have *this* choice?"

The lady dropped her arm, yet kept her gaze steady with his by tilting her head back slightly to do so. "Thee are my Master now, and if thee wishes me to be thy whore—I w-would learn to do so. If thee tires of me, I could expect to be given to another, b-but *that* I cannot-."

Piers watched her forest green eyes skitter fearfully behind him to the center of the hall as her spacious bosom heaved in one trembling breath. *Mon dieu* it slammed him how truly beautiful she was and how much he wanted to-.

"*Sacré bleu*," he cursed, and without warning he grabbed the startled lady by her waist. Which he noted in scorn was tiny and gentle in his rougher, big hands. "There is *no* bargaining, my little whore. If I command you to crawl, you will!"

"*Ohh!*" she screeched.

Incredibly he felt her fingernails gouging the tops of his hands where he held her waist. She tried to pry his grip loose while one of her small feet collided with his shin. *Mon dieu*, this hurt and he realized incredulously that she was fighting him! The extraordinary life of her curly blonde hair became entangled in their hands as she thrashed in his hold, now of his arms, one around her waist and one beneath the ample swell of her bosom. He lifted her off her feet and propped his back against the wall as she struggled panting, "Nay" and "Never!" Her back pressed against his tall frame giving her little purchase for her struggles, however her squirming did cleave her ripe buttocks over his mercilessly hard cock.

He assumed that she suddenly felt this because she abruptly fell still with her head falling backward to rest upon his shoulder. It afforded him a view through the skeins of her sunlight hair. He could see her puckered nipples where the material of her gown bunched upward and gaped open beneath his forearm. *Mon dieu*, those enraged pink nips thrust forward as long as his thumbnail. He had never before viewed a woman's nipples that strained outward so beguiling, and the circlets surrounding those turgid peaks were small pink coins with the whole nipple quivering as she breathed.

"You have *no* hope to win, *mes minet*, against my strength," he uttered fiercely.

“I would discover a way to end this life, if thee delivered me to all your men! I-I *swear* that I would,” she cried.

He felt the heat of her breath swirl upward under his chin in mint and wine scents. He turned his gaze and found himself looking at her lightly rouged lips so close where she’d turned her head upward to deliver her defiance.

“You will *not* defy me,” he rumbled fiercely. The thought of her doing harm to herself raised his blood in anger, and it was *this* anger he told himself which caused him to fasten his lips over hers aggressively.

Sabra’s fearful and angry thoughts came to an abrupt halt when Black Hawk’s supporting arms around her shifted and she found herself standing more quickly than she could regain her balance. However it mattered not because her back was immediately pressed to the damp stone wall behind her by Black Hawk’s hands surrounding her waist.

She brought her arms upward in confusion only to have them pinned and pushed backward by his muscled chest, while his dominating male lips covered hers which were opened in surprise. Lord Black Hawk’s tongue was hot and demanding, thrusting into her mouth, prodding her own tongue aggressively with its width and strength. A moan forced itself from the back of her throat as his lips twisted over hers, and he pulled her head backward by his hand in her hair. The action allowed him more power to command her mouth and he fed on her lips and tongue as if starved. *Never* once did he allow her to catch her breath as the heat of his mouth—his body saturated hers making her dizzy in its musky warmth.

He suckled her tongue erotically into his mouth, around her fevered moans, as her fingernails dug into the rich wool tunic covering his chest. Yet still he fed on her mouth, sucking and releasing her tongue in torrid thrusts, with one of his big hands moving from her waist to spread widely across the curves of her bottom. With only that one hand he lifted her up into the cradle of his lean hips, pressing his rigid male organ into the lowest portions of her belly. Grinding—thrusting his tongue deep inside her mouth until her head swam and she clutched his neck with both hands.

His wet tongue was heavy and demanding allowing her no respite as it heated her mouth and suckled her tongue, until fire flamed in her breasts and scorched her loins. *Never-never*, had she been kissed like this, as the woman a man claimed wholly as his own. When Black Hawk’s mouth left her lips they were swollen and aching for more as she felt his sultry breath fan her face.

“You are my whore, *mes minet*. Say it!” he commanded in a husky tenor voice.

She whispered in an unsteady voice with her eyelids closed and her neck still stretched backward by his heavy hand clutched in her thick hair. “I am y-yours, my lord.”

She felt his mouth then, at the hollow of her throat, where his molten tongue lapped strongly. His teeth followed with pricking nibbles that made her gasp and arch her breasts and hips forward against his immobile body.

“Say it, *minet*,” he commanded again in a bass hiss.

“I-I am thy w-whore!” she cried in anguish.

Sabra battled her passion burned tears behind her closed eyelids finding herself released and left limped against the wall as she clutched an empty hand to her stomach. She dared to peek, opening her eyes still in a daze of latent passion.

“You have such fire, *mon sucre* bud. Is it possible that Bascom has never tasted this heat of you?” Black Hawk’s gaze was black fire as he used one finger to slowly trace the top circle of her left nipple, the portion exposed above the line of her bodice.

Unexplainable, she arched her back lightly as if seeking more of his touch, while she stumbled over her words. “I-I.”

Black Hawk chuckled, deeply male, arrogant, and-and thrilling. “Hush, petite *minet*, I find that I do not wish to know this. You are mine now, yes?”

Piers continued to trace one of his fingers over the creamy white plumpness of Lady Sabra’s breast. His finger traveled down into her sultry cleavage and back upward over the heaving rounded slopes of her right breast, to finger her nipple puckered into a jutting spoke. His fingering popped the fragile turgid peak up over the top of scarlet material as his sweet captive whore quivered, raising her bosom upward to-.

“*Mon* lord, there e’s a standard seen rising on the eastern road.”

Piers moved quickly, inexplicably shielding Sabra’s dishevel from his knight, Marseilles, by turning his body and holding her to his chest. “Is it a fighting force?” he asked.

“*Non*, *mon* lord, it e’s only a household cavalcade. A neighboring baron we are told,” Marseilles answered.

“Is the drawbridge down?”

“*Oui*, *mon* lord.”

“Allow them entrance but, Marseilles, kept the guards doubled and hold a close watch.”

“*Oui*, *mon* lord,” Marseilles answered as he turned and retreated a few steps down the corridor.

## Chapter Five

Piers stepped away from the woman with golden-haloed hair and creamy pink skin. *Sabra*, his mind called even as he openly called her whore and worse. She was passionate this full-bodied woman who tempted him beyond cause. However, at this moment she was dazed from his kisses. Her passions ruled her leaving her befuddled and his ego soared beyond repair that he could affect her so. Never had a woman responded to him this way.

He experienced the rarest sinking of guilt for what he was about to entertain. However, he had to do it. So in moments, after making a quick determined return to the center of the hall with Sabra at his side. He whirled her toward him completely startling her as he forced her belly down over his thighs while he sat in the lord of the demesne's ornate chair. His guilt was wholly forgotten with one sweep of his hand, lifting up Sabra's scarlet skirts over her back to reveal her entirely naked buttocks.

The roar of his mens approval was resounding as he realized that he truly did intend to slap this demoiselle's creamy-white and fulsome behind. The fleshy white-sloped cheeks of her rump began to squirm beneath his gaze, and he levered his forearm more firmly across the small of her back from where her bosom must hang over the armrest. From her struggling he assumed that Sabra had finally become fully aware of her plight and he resoundingly pinched one of her womanly plump buttocks. The action making her yelp and stop her struggling as his men laughed.

*Smack! "Oh!"* she squealed. His first open handed slap to her pliable rump jiggled the softly cleaved flesh!

*Smack! Smack!* Piers saw the reddened imprints appear immediately on Sabra's tender buttocks as her head came up and she tried to lever her elbows onto the armrest to support her upper body. However, his fourth and fifth slap to her saucy rump sent her wobbly purchase tumbling.

*Smack! Smack!* “Ooww!” she cried. He’d never spanked a demoiselle’s naked bottom before, perhaps an impertinent squeeze, pinch, or pat as they passed by him. But this! Slapping helpless tender female flesh was arousing.

*Smack! Smack! Smack!* “Ooooo!”

Out of the corner of his gaze, Piers noted the visiting lords enter the hall with one of them obviously a lady-wife. His hand met thrice on Sabra’s wincing bottom.

*Slap! Slap! Slap!* “Ow! Ow! Ow!” The smacking spansks still echoed around them, as he hissed, “Surrender to me, wench!”

“Oh please, my lord!” she cried with her lush ass flexing and drawing in squirming agitation as he slapped the pillowed rumps twice more feeling the sting on his palm.

*Slap! Slap!* “Anything!” she cried sobbing and trying to wriggle her curving buttocks away from his punishing hand.

“Surrender to me as I told you, *mes minet*.”

*Smack!* His palm connected harder to her rosy-tinted ass and she squealed, trying to kick her legs. *Smack! Smack!*

“Oh! I will do anything thee say. Anything!” Sabra sobbed in cowering shame, and then she felt herself being released from Lord Black Hawk’s imprisoning arms. She thought of nothing else but to escape, to raise herself out of the ignoble position. However, when she began to push herself upright off the armrest her gaze met face to face with Baron Kensington. He was one of Rothingham’s noble neighbors.

Her entire body felt as though it flushed scarlet with embarrassment. Although, twas not because Baron Kensington witnessed her shame, for he was one of Robert’s *most* ardent paramours. The two together delighted in each other but more in subjugating young men to their whims. Nor was it his lady-wife, Margaret, who forever gazed at her too intimately for comfort. Nay, twas the one standing behind them, Margaret’s brother, Hammond, who was a healthy male and tearing what little clothes she wore to shreds with his gaze. Why this should matter to her now, she could not comprehend after all Lord Black Hawk’s men had seen her naked bottom.

She gasped a hard breath trying to stifle her humiliated thoughts. She would not cry anymore! She noticed the heaving motions of her scantily clad bosom brought both Lord Hammond’s and Lady Margaret’s livid gazes. Why not, she thought raggedly, she was fairly spilling out of her bodice especially in the bent over position that she was in. Then she felt Black Hawk’s hands on her waist as he lifted her obviously hurrying her to rise.

Only Lord Black Hawk did not allow her to escape from his confines. Instead he held her perched upon his thigh with one muscled forearm wrapped snugly around her waist as he reclined in the chair, throwing one leg arrogantly up over the armrest. Sabra noticed instantly Lord Kensington's gaze dropped lewdly to the area that must display Black Hawk's codpiece to his unfettered view. While her position on her lord's muscled thigh left little doubt as to its bulging hardness. She wondered if Black Hawk could possibly know who Lord Kensington was really lusting after?

"We have a custom in Normandy to welcome friend or foe to our table but we watch the foe very carefully, yes," Black Hawk drawled. He swung his leg insolently while his hand calmly reached up to spread over the upper flesh of her mounded breasts. His other hand was squeezing her abused bottom, the gesture warning her to stay placid and allow his handling. "My lady and I regret your witness to our small domestic beset but I have convinced her my way is best, yes."

He chuckled then and so did Lord Kensington with a nervous tongue lapping over his plumper bottom lip. While Hammond and Lady Margaret nearly fell forward watching Black Hawk's fingers stroking the upper mounds of her chest with a thumb to middle finger motion, then spreading out flat again. She clenched her hands over his forearm around her waist but did not otherwise move, all the while wondering why he called her his lady.

"And now my dutiful lady will introduce me to *my* guests."

The infliction that Black Hawk used on the word "my" was arrogant as he jostled her hips with his thighs, obviously to secure her motivation to his order. She choked out the introductions with a wavering voice that she despised as she watched Black Hawk's ebony eyebrows furrow when Baron Kensington's fawning attentions became more obvious.

"Is he flirting with me?" Piers growled beneath his breath. He was certain that Sabra was the only one who might hear him. He immediately sat forward covering the hardened bulge of his cock with Sabra's skirting and securing it from the effeminate lord's bright-eyed gaze. His hand dropped from Sabra's tender collarbone to grab a gilded chalice filled with wine which he gulped down—calling out after.

"Sit! Sit, my lords, my lady. We will drink some Norman wine," he offered a little too loudly.

While they sat and were served Piers turned his gaze to Sabra who was twisting her small hands on his forearms, crinkling the dark hair there against his skin. She kept her gaze lowered with her

plush bottom lip pushed forward in anxiousness. He used one hand to lift the silken weight of her curly saffron-colored hair, revealing the shell-shape of one of her dainty ears which he murmured into.

“Is this man your husband’s noble friend then, *mes minet*?” Sabra nodded mutely keeping her gaze averted as he clasped her throat like a collar, stroking his thumb in the fragile hollow. “Is this the emissary to your well being then?” he asked in mild astonishment.

Sabra’s startled green eyes lifted to his and he saw as she glanced away from him quickly that she wished she had not let him see her fear and perhaps her lie. “I-It could be, my lord,” she whispered. “Lord Kensington and Robert are c-close friends.”

“This baron is your husband’s lover then?”

Sabra twisted in his grasp and his hand tightened on the tender column of her throat making her gasp, “Yes!” Her eyelids closed tight and her whole body shivered. He released her throat to tug her into a partial embrace against his chest where he stroked her back through the clinging strands of her golden mane. He eyed his guests over Sabra’s shoulder as she took refuge pressing her face into the curve of his neck.

“I must say, Lord Black Hawk, tis truly inspiring to have acquired such a noble warrior as you appear to be for my neighboring boundaries,” Baron Kensington said with his pale gaze sweeping Piers suggestively.

*Mon dieu, I could puke*, Piers thought as the baron continued. “My wife and I will feel *so* much safer in these uncertain times with you so near to us. And as your newest companions in this land you must allow us to present you at King William’s court.”

“And what of your *fond* companion Lord Bascom?” Piers interrupted. “Do you not harbor any, mm—concern for his should we say, disappearance?”

“Oh nay, my lord,” Lady Kensington exclaimed in a husky contralto voice. “He was ever *so* droll and now it seems a coward to leave his land and servants this way with hardly any defense. And you, my lord, seem *ever* so much more daring!”

Piers watched Lady Kensington attempting a siren’s moue of her sticky rouged lips and he sighed, thinking he would get no closer to Bascom with these putrid nobles help. It provoked him that they made no mention of Bascom’s lady-wife sitting so indecently upon his lap. It was as if her plight did not signify, yet he could only hope that word of her scathing treatment would gain Bascom’s ear. Yet if the man preferred boys in his bed, and it appeared readily that he did, perhaps he had no care of his wife’s



treatment. Still in the eyes of his peers, man lover or not, could he sincerely allow this effrontery?

Piers only knew that were Sabra his wife no man would treat her thus! Of course he would not leave her alone and defenseless to be captured in the first place, and he hoped that he would have been prepared well enough not to let his demesne fall. *But by the gods* that was in fates grasping hands as it had been in Peralise where his father had declared his neutrality during the war and still he was murdered by Bascom's treachery.

Bascom had gained entrance to Peralise with a plea for sanctuary and promises of peaceful acquaintance. Only once Bascom entered Peralise's sandstone walls, and after several hospitable days which he used to plan his treacherous attack, Bascom had then wreaked carnage on Peralise. *Non*, this was not the time for wavering, Piers thought viciously he *would* have Bascom's head and no less!

"Of course then, if you believe me to be so daring, Mademoiselles," he announced. "Who am I to refute you. So we will have my beautiful, *petite minet*, serve us more wine and we will all toast to Bascom's cowardice. Such a cowardice which has gained me *this* English demesne and an interesting new whore to warm my cock," he finished proclaiming to his guests, as he lowered his voice to Sabra's ear. "And you, my little *enscalve*, will obey me in this with a smile upon your lovely lips. Else I take you once again over my knee with a better view granted to our guests."

Piers felt Sabra's fingernails curl into his shoulder where she held onto him, however she did whisper obediently, "Yes, my lord." Then from beyond their intimate dealings he heard Dame Kensington's sugared contralto voice.

"The whore, *petite minet*, how deliciously wicked my lord."

Piers helped Sabra to her feet as he answered, "*Certainement*, Madame, I do find Bascom's leavings very delicious."

Sabra's cheeks flamed as she hurried from the dais with the excuse to find more food and wine to serve a welcome one for the brief respite it earned her. However, when she turned from the buttery counter after filling a clay flagon with wine she found her path was blocked by Lord Hammond.

“I cannot say, my fulsome plum, that I have ever seen you looking so . . . mm, healthy,” Lord Hammond drawled as his gaze tipped over the top of the flagon and directly down her cleavage. His aristocratic visage appeared flushed and his tongue was wetting his bottom lip in an uncommon gesture to her. She remained mute trying to sidestep him and walk around him. His hand shot forward grasping her elbow and nearly tipping the flagon of wine as he held her within his proximity.

“Bascom’s retreat seems to agree with you, *puss*,” he uttered, drawing her closer. Sabra quickly gazed down the smoky hall and realized how truly far from everyone else they were as he continued to drawl, “Perchance you and I should become more closely acquainted?” His gaze hurriedly darted back to the center of the hall, then back to her. “If you please me now I could be persuaded to take you as my leman.” He paused, wetting his bottom lip again. “Take you away from here perchance?”

Sabra thought perhaps she was dazed. How foolish of her to ever expect a nobleman to act with honor! “Nay—my Lord Black Hawk would be unmerciful,” she lied hastily, not knowing whether the dark lord would care of this or anything else.

“Ha!” Lord Hammond exclaimed, already trying to push her behind the butteries high counter. “He is occupied and if we fuck quickly he need *never* know, puss. *Now* come, show me your good faith—and perhaps I shall be generous to you!”

“No!” Sabra cried dropping the wine flagon onto the rushes as he pushed her backwards forcefully.

## Chapter Six

“*You have a true whore’s heart, Madame!*” Piers thundered as he flung Sabra from over his shoulder to land with a breathtaking rush upon the straw-filled mattress in the lord’s chamber. He could see she was trying hard to catch her breath just as she was attempting to scoot backwards away from him.

“Thee named me this!” she cried.

She appeared unnerved by his fury as he came up on the mattress to straddle her thrashing legs. “And you perform so expertly!” he growled. He grabbed the edges of her scant bodice curling his fingers into her ample cleavage while he buried his other hand in her hair, pressuring her head backward, and stretching her delicate neck.

“Lord Hammond attacked me!”

Sabra’s cry of innocence came with the sound of him ripping her garment from its collar to its hem, baring her heaving breasts and the golden curls of her sultry snatch to his gaze.

“*Scarlet liar!*” he rasped hoarsely through his rage. Then he pulled the tattered pieces of red silk from Sabra’s pale white body. He had *seen* Lord Hammond back Sabra against a wall, he had even heard her moan of pleasure.

“*Sacré bleu!*” he suddenly spat. His gaze had been firmly focused on the pure magnificence of Sabra’s pink and white titties surging buoyantly beneath him. Only then he saw the bruising fingerprints marring her left breast. He released her so quickly that she could do nothing but gaze up at him with stunned and fearful eyes the color of ebony-stained emeralds.

*Could she enjoy roughness*, he asked himself crazily as the heated fury in him struggled with his compassion and hot burning jealousy? *Jealousy?* This reason left him more stunned as he lifted himself off Sabra, off the bed, to walk heavily to a chair by the

hearth which he sprawled into. How could he be jealous? Yet he was—furiously so at the thought of Lord Hammond touching Sabra. At the thought of any man touching her!

“Bring me wine,” he ordered hoarsely as he slid back into the chair. Moments later a goblet filled with wine appeared at his hand and he took hold of it looking up at Sabra. She was naked and glorious as his gaze swept her curving figure and he grabbed her hand tugging her onto his lap. “You are mine,” he stated harshly, draining the goblet of wine.

“Yes, my lord,” she murmured with her eyes downcast and her small hands attempting to cover the blonde curls of her woman’s fleece.

He nearly laughed at her curious attempt at modesty. She was a puzzle, this delicate golden flower. Had her husband ever given her pleasure? He thought this doubtful and he wondered if the man had ever bedded this angel?

“Umm,” he murmured thoughtfully catching Sabra peeking at him beneath her sooty-tipped, blonde eyelashes. “How would you please your lord?” he asked with his voice gone baritone in its huskiness as he watched Sabra dart a flustered gaze at him. He chuckled, grabbing her hands away from the saffron curls at the apex of her thighs. “Your hands would be better placed here,” he said as he took one of her dainty hands and settled it over the long ridge of his cock beneath his supple hide codpiece. He held her hand there with his hand covering hers and her swift intake of breath raised the large pale melons of her naked breasts high, as her gaze locked on his uncertainly.

“Are you so innocent that you do not know how to stroke a man, my *sucre* bud?” He placed Sabra’s other hand upon his chest. “Or are you trying to deceive me?” he asked, pushing his hand through her hair to clasp her neck.

“N-Nay I-,” she stuttered as he pulled her forward so that her face was so close to his, until they were lip to lip.

“At least kiss me as I showed you this morn . . . yes,” he murmured as he rubbed her hand up and down the steely impression of his cock. He could smell her sweet breath right before she pressed her parted lips over his.

Sabra knew that she must be bold and use every secret that Black Hawk had taught her with his mouth this morning. He favored it aggressive, blatant . . . So she ate, nibbled, and suckled around the edges of his pliant masculine lips until he clamped her head from behind and swept his tongue deep inside her mouth! He bent her backwards over his arm with the luxurious wool of his tunic grazing the straining tips of her nipples.

"Suckle my tongue, petite," he murmured around his kiss, then he made a hissing sound when she did.

She relished his thick male tongue. It had rough edges and sucking on it made her want to squirm. It made her squeeze his male organ tightly with her hand, making him rumble deep in his chest. Then he pulled his lips away from her mouth and said in a low hoarse voice.

"This is how you will suckle my big cock with your mouth, petite. Just as you do with my tongue."

His dark eyes glittered like black fire as she sputtered, "M-Milord?"

"Do you deny me?" he questioned softly . . . dangerously.

She shook her head mutely and suddenly found herself lifted up into his strong arms as he stood and took her to the bed.

"This is wise, sweetheart, for I will not be denied by you ever. *Comprende?*"

"Yes," she answered obediently as he lay her on the bed and he straightened looking down at her. His gaze traveled intimately over her nude body as she cupped her womanhood from his view—and then he began to take his clothes off!

First his tunic left revealing his thickly muscled chest with a heavy mat of crisp black hair nestled in the concave of his two swelling breast muscles. His stomach was worked in tight sinewy ridges, his hips were lean and hard where he lowered his leggings, codpiece, and small cloth. His male organ was nob-nosed, a jutting male spear thrusting forward tautly from a circling of short black hair. The ruddy organ bounced lightly but stayed poised upward as he moved toward her.

She expected him to pounce on her somehow and was surprised when he grasped her knees and pulled her forcefully to the edge of the mattress. Then bewilderingly he went down on his knees at the edge of the high bed and lifted her calves up over his shoulders! She was shocked and trembling with embarrassment at the exposed intimacy he forced her to present him as she raised up on her elbows with burning cheeks. Yet she could only see the top of his dark head lowering between her thighs!

His hands reached around her hips and she could feel his fingers spreading her secret lips open. “*Oh*,” she gasped at the same instant his warm breath fanned over her—*her*! “*Ohh*, my *l-lord*!” she squealed as she felt Black Hawk’s tongue licking, long and slowly from her bottom upward to the top of her exposed sex. Gasping, she felt the thick roughness of his tongue tasting her and then he put his entire mouth around-d-d!

“Oh—*oh*, *ahh*!” she moaned convulsively, squirming her hips in confusion. Yet the rigid tendons of Black Hawk’s forearm across her hips and belly held her down as his fingers spread her sex open wider and he blew a gust of hot air over her bared and vulnerable flesh! She fell off her elbows onto her back.

“*Sainted Mary*!” she cried in a mewling sound as her knees fell open wider to hang over the burgeoned muscles of Black Hawk’s upper arms. He moved his tongue deeper, licking up and down, forcing her fingernails to curl tight into his forearms. The pulse of pleasure flaring through her loins was getting stronger. It was building! It felt like sweet honey dripping fire . . . and her breathing, her pulse, and her hips all moved to each new summit. Then she was gasping and clutching at the short waves of Black Hawk’s thick black hair.

“This is *my* sweet bud,” he uttered in a husky growling sound and then his lips puckered around a bulb of her flesh that made her whimper while white flashes of light began to flicker behind her closed eyelids!

Suddenly she was afraid! She could not seem to control herself . . . her body. The taunting pleasure was too intense! She wanted to be devoured by it and yet at the same moment she felt more strongly that she wanted to *run* . . . to run and hide.

“I *c-cannot* . . . I-I,” she cried helplessly. Crazily. Then suddenly he was there kissing her mouth, tasting of-. “*Oh*,” she moaned into his lips.

“Hush-hush,” he murmured as he continued to kiss her thoroughly until she was lost in his mouth, lost his tongue filling her mouth and her arms were wrapped about his neck holding him closer. Then she felt his wide hand sliding down over her belly until he cupped her loins completely into his big hand. He fingered her core filling her with pleasure and fear combined. She stiffened in response and his lips left hers.

“Look at me, *petite*,” he commanded in a murmur as his mouth hovered over her parted lips.

*Oh.* She was afraid. She was-. His eyes were ebony pools filled with a hungry look that lent them stalkers sheen. He was determined.

“Do not be afraid, little one,” he murmured. “The greatest treasure that you could gift me is your passion.”

He used two fingers to rub over her most intimate place of fear and passion, and the friction caused her excruciatingly sweet agony. Her fingernails dug into the tough meat of his biceps. “Please,” she whimpered, tossing her head and brushing his lips as she went.

“Yes,” he uttered. “Give me your passion, Sabra.”

*Her name—he said her name, in such a tenor masculine tone.* “*Ohh God, Black Hawk!*” she cried out as her body shattered taking her into a blinding moment of rapture. She seemed to convulse and her legs lost all control as they quivered wildly. Yet her arms had strength as Black Hawk used one arm to pull her upward against his chest and she circled her arms across his muscular back. It was strange, but he seemed to be shaking too as he murmured soft wonderful things into her hair. “So sweet . . . so beautiful you are, Sabra. So petite and soft with this woman’s body.”

“Oh,” she sighed as she pressed her mouth to the humid tendons of his neck tasting his hot salty skin with her lips. He chuckled in a sound that could only be appreciation as he shifted away enough to look at her, and she felt her cheeks grow hot with embarrassment over what had just occurred. He however, had an arrogant look of satisfaction in his dark eyes and mayhap a bit of amusement at her fluster.

“Is this your first taste of passion, petite?” he asked in a husky tenor.

She tried to protest, to-to lie, surely he would appreciate experience, however she had never been able to lie with much success and she felt so very close to him at this moment. “N—yes,” she stutted.

His half smile was even more arrogant lifting one side of his full ebony mustache. “This pleases me, my *sucré* bud.” One of his hands spread wide over her bared bottom rubbing her in a possessive manner. “Now you will take my passion into your mouth,” he murmured with his black eyes shimmering in heat.

She nodded her head mutely and he used his big body to roll them so that she lay on top of him while he lay on his back.

“Use your mouth on my body,” he murmured huskily with heavy-lidded eyes and the twinkling gold earring showing in his masculine earlobe. He stretched his strong neck backward slightly

and pointed a finger to the muscular hollow in his throat. "Lick me here, *sucré* bud."

Sabra felt the syrupy awakening of what she now knew was her passion as she stretched forward and tasted Black Hawk's throat with her tongue. He murmured deep in his chest at the licking of her tongue and the roll of her breasts against his muscles.

"Here, petite." He pointed to his brown male nipple and she shifted slowly closing her lips over the hard nubbin sucking on it.

"Harder, petite," he commanded as his loose hand curved over her bare bottom pushing her sex tight against his engorged shaft of rigid manhood. She felt like squirming on it, rubbing herself up and down its length as he moved the guiding finger on his chest to his other nipple and she followed his finger with her lips.

His hand on her buttocks was wicked, pressing into the crease and fingering the place her husband Robert had so sorely ravished and abused. She should have been afraid of Black Hawk's finger touching her there but he was gentle and she was hot . . . *So* hot that she realized his delicate probing was bringing her pleasure.

"So sweet," Black Hawk uttered, as he moved the guiding finger on his chest downward making her raise upward on her knees to follow it with her lips. The new position embedded his fingers deeper into the crevice of her behind, as she licked the warm musky flesh of his stomach with her tongue. She felt the pronounced ridges of his stomach muscles with each long slow lap of her tongue.

"*Oui*," he hissed in a bass rush, and a moment later he clenched his belly muscles tight as she suckled his navel. "So passionate, petite," he murmured as he moved his guiding finger through the springy black hair circling his groin and she followed with her mouth and tongue. "The head, petite, take the head into your mouth," he commanded. "*Oh dieu-dieu!*"

*All at once* Sabra found her body flipped over onto her back with the hot velvet head of Black Hawk's powerful shaft still embedded into her mouth! His knees were straddling her rib cage and pressing into the sides of her breasts.

Piers leaned over Sabra's head holding his body up off the mattress with straight arms as he flexed his hips slowly. He pressured the throbbing head of his cock deeper into Sabra's silken mouth then withdrew partially outward again. "*Suck* on it, sweet, do not let me take it from you," he urged hoarsely.

*Oh dieu, and she did!* She succored him so tight that a tremor wracked his body. He lowered his gaze to watch her red swollen lips wrapped around his cock as she greedily sucked it deeper into her mouth. His gaze became transfixed on the lovers mole above



her top lip as he humped his hips over her again and again, each time she swallowed more of him into her sweet haven until he was mating her mouth with even strokes. Her fingernails gouged his buttocks but not in escape as her hands helped push his rhythm, and he strained to hold his climax back with sweat breaking out harshly on his body.

At the last possible moment he pulled his cock free from Sabra's beautiful mouth and reared back on his heels. He scooped her large breasts into his hands, pressing the firm ivory flesh around his engorged shaft. Then he humped three more times into the cocoon he made of her plump titties and he spilled his seed with a shuddering release. His grunt of satisfaction splintered into a growling sound as the pleasure burned his cock in rolls.

A moment later he was surprised to feel Sabra's dainty tongue licking around the head of his cock, cleaning away the creamy juices and making him shudder once again in response. A few more moments of this and he would be hard again, he thought with half a grin. She was very special, this woman of his. She was a contrast of innocence and daring that appealed to him deeply. He pulled away from her hot mouth with a chuckle and reclined on the bed beside her reaching beneath her to pull her into the circle of his arms.

"Ah, sweet Sabra, the next time I will give your beautiful mouth my juices, yes."

Sabra smiled shyly with a demure lowering of her sooty blonde eyelashes over her blushing cheeks. "Yes, my lord," she whispered.

"You must call me Piers when we are alone, petite. It is my name, yes."

Her forest green eyes peeked at him with a hint of surprise and curiosity. "Yes, Piers."

"Did you believe, *Noir Faucon*, did not have a proper name, Mademoiselle?" he lazily questioned as his fingers stroked the creamy skin of her hip.

"I wondered," she said with a catch in her voice that was nearly a giggle.

"Umm," he murmured, and then he stated proudly, "My name is Piers Antoine Peralise."

Suddenly, hearing the sound of his full name from his own lips shattered his languor with vivid memories of his heritage. *What was he doing?* What had this blonde vixen made him do? She had made him carry his feelings into the aftermath of what should be simply a man with his whore! He tensed instinctively—and immediately

thrust Sabra aside as he rose from the bed with a growl of dissatisfaction, feeling confused and suddenly agitated.

“There!” he pointed as he strode to the wine. “*Mes minet*, you will sleep on the pallet in front of the fire! There you will be near if I have need of your mouth in the night.” Sabra gasped, and Piers assured himself that he felt better . . . did he not? “*Go* now wench, I am tired!”

## Chapter Seven

“Do ye think he will beat her unto death, Sir Pascal?”

Pascal felt Juliette shivering and she inched closer to him where they sat in the straw in one corner of the abandoned weaving shed. It was the safest place that he could think of to hide Juliette and it worked out well for no one ever came to the half-dilapidated shed behind the main keep. Although he worried about her greatly being alone here at night. He planned to sleep on the ground before the shed’s tilting doors where even Juliette would not realize he stayed to protect her. It was silly but with the way *Noir Faucon* was behaving and toward the sweet beautiful, Lady Sabra. He knew his lordship would never viciously harm the lady, yet still he would wait awhile longer to speak to him about Juliette. He would wait until events gained more peace.

“He would never hurt zee lady,” he answered firmly, finding and taking hold of Juliette’s small hand.

“But he beats her in front of everyone,” Juliette exclaimed softly, leaning into his shoulder like a small kitten seeking safety.

Pascal took a deep breath and inched his arm around Juliette’s slender shoulders. He had never dared this with a demoiselle before but it seemed she might not mind if he tempted it slowly. He felt a bit of excited pleasure a moment later when she accepted his arm and even cuddled closer. He had never felt anything so soft and winsome as Juliette.

He sighed feeling very manly as he said, “It e’s but a small spanking. Lovers do this in their passion and my lord has great passions for Lady Sabra. I see this, yes?”

“Lovers and passion, Sir Pascal, do ye truly think it?” Juliette sighed, tilting her pretty eyes like the color of dark blue silk up to him. They were so close that her rosebud mouth nearly touched his chin. He could nearly dip his head down and-. *Dieu*, he should not think of such a thing! Not with his precious little Juliette.

“Do ye wish to kiss me, Sir Pascal, as we saw Lord Black Hawk kissing Lady Sabra?” Juliette asked shyly, dipping her golden lashes.

Pascal was surprised and he fought his flush of chagrin as he had then, when he and Juliette had spied the lord and lady kissing so passionately. He might not have minded seeing the kiss or been more intrigued had Juliette not been by his side at the time. Only with Juliette beside him as they watched two people kissing as he’d only dreamed of doing, he’d felt uncomfortable, yet shivery all over. *Mon dieu*, how many times had he thought of kissing Juliette in just the short time he had known her? His eyes narrowed suspiciously as he looked down at Juliette’s button nose.

“You would offer this thing, butterfly? Would you give your kisses away so freely?”

“Nay,” Juliette exclaimed pulling away from him to face him squarely. “I have n-never . . . yet. But I would with ye. For all ye have done for me. T’would mayhap be right that I was yours instead of another’s.”

“What e’s this you say?” he answered in concern, grasping her diminutive hands. It was true that she had little chance of remaining untouched as a servant with no family and no one to stand beside her. He had thought of this often since discovering her. If only *Noir Faucon* was more settled and he could speak to him. Yet what solution would that be, for a warrior’s household such as *Noir Faucon*’s was. There was no place for a pretty young maid among the rough knights and retainers. Ah, but if the Lady Sabra and his lordship were bound together someday—then . . . But did Juliette have enough time to wait for this? *Merde*, he would cleave any man that thought to use her!

“Please, Sir Pascal, let it be ye for me,” Juliette whispered nudging his jaw with a berry-lipped kiss before she ducked her head shyly onto his shoulder.

Oh *dieu*, how could he fight such sweetness? How could he not? He would kiss her. He would kiss her only, for he wanted her to be his first and then he would soon find a way to protect her. “I only kiss zee demoiselles that call me, Pascal,” he murmured lightly, nudging her down onto the hay so he could lean over her.

“And you kiss so many, Sir, um—I would mean, Pascal?” she asked smiling timidly as her hands skimmed his shoulders.

“You are my first,” he admitted dropping his head with his lips so close to hers he could feel her warm breath.

“I am so glad, Pascal,” she sighed happily.

When Pascal touched Juliette's lips, his body told him it was rapture. Only he was so nervous he was clumsy and he nicked one of Juliette's front teeth with his own making a tinging sound. "I am this sorry, little one," he started to stammer.

"Oh, Pascal, do not stop," Juliette exclaimed breathlessly as she wound her hands around the back of his neck and pressed her lips to his once more.

*Oh dieu*, this was sweet! Together they worked their lips around gently—then a little bolder. Embolden, Pascal tempted a thing he knew was done from hearing other men bragging of such things. He worried Juliette's flush lips open with little nibbles then he lapped his tongue over hers!

"Mmm," she moaned, fitting herself against him with a wiggle that left him breathing hard.

He could feel her small pert breasts pushing against his chest as he clamped one hand to the indentation of her small waist and he tasted her tongue once more. It was heaven as he'd only dreamed of and he used his other hand to touch her hair and cradle the back of her head so he could kiss her more thoroughly.

"*What treasure is this yer hiding, Frenchie?!*" a voice boomed behind them.

*Merde!* It was two of Lord Kensington's knights, Pascal saw as he glanced over his shoulder clutching Juliette tighter.

"I told ye, he was hiding something fine," one knight said to the other. "Looks like a virgin filly!"

Pascal heard Juliette gasp as she clutched him and he bunched his muscles bringing them both to stand while he pulled Juliette behind him.

"Unless this Frenchie squire's already poked her!" The tall grisly, brown-haired knight stepped forward menacingly.

"*Run*," Pascal hissed at Juliette as he pushed her toward a break in the mortared wall behind them and he stepped forward to guard her escape path.

"Wait, wench!" the brown-haired knight bellowed as he started to charge forward.

Pascal did not waste a backward glance at Juliette's escape. He rushed forward and bunched his body into a roll on the hard packed dirt knocking the brown-haired knight off his feet with a resounding clunk of chain mail when the knight hit the ground. Sheer surprise had been on his side Pascal thought, because the armored knight had never thought that he would attack him. And he had not really, just used his size and the preponderance of armor against the knight. However now, as he came out of his roll to land sprightly

on his feet he saw the shorter knight was pulling his sword. Prudence now bade him to run and he did, however he left shouting a few well-placed words over his shoulder.

“This little maid *e’s Noir Faucon’s* property and he would not abide you bothering her again!” *Certainement* that should keep them away from Juliette if she should cross their path again, he thought as he sprinted out of the backside of the shed to find his little butterfly.

## Chapter Eight

Sabra woke the next morn feeling puffy and exhausted because last eve after serving her lord as any good whore would do, she was tossed to the floor to await his next pleasure. Which never came, and she silently cried herself into fitful slumber. It had been so beautiful to end so badly. How could two people be so intimate yet remain so distant? It was impossible, she decided after a lengthy moment. They were not distant now even if Piers wished to pretend that they were.

“Piers,” she said, tasting his name, saying it out loud where none could hear. It was a strong name for a strong and proud man. “Thee cannot deny me now,” she whispered with her hands placed before her chest as if praying it so. Piers knew her now, she knew him, and they had trusted together.

“Mademoiselle-Mademoiselle!”

Sabra came upright off the pallet clasping the rough woolen blanket around her just as Pascal came hurriedly through the door.

“You must come quickly, mademoiselle. The master, he commands it—and he e’s like the great angry bear this morn!” Sabra watched the pronounced bulb of Pascal’s throat bob as he gulped air to continue. “He says you are to wear the gold, and all will ride to this tourney that Lord Kensington tells him of.”

“Ride,” she whispered anxiously. *She could not ride.*

“He says you are to be by his side when he e’s ready to mount his stallion,” Pascal finished appearing flustered.

“Oh,” Sabra all but squeaked, trying to rise yet at the same moment trying to hold onto the blanket and making the entire attempt clumsy as her heart pounded.

“I will wait outside zee door,” Pascal said beginning to turn away.

“No wait!” she called, stalling him. “The ladies will take a cart surely,” she finished hopefully even as she wondered herself which ladies she could be speaking of. Yet surely Lady Kensington would be going?

“*Non*, Mademoiselles,” Pascal answered. “Ze, Lord Black Hawk has a gentle palfrey readying for you . . . all will ride.”

“Oh nay I cannot, Pascal!” she exclaimed. “Thee must tell our lord that I know not how to ride!” She paused taking a deep breath to calm her fears. “I will be ready in little time and thee must tell Lord Black Hawk that I would gladly ride a cart to, um—thee must say—to his every pleasure.”

Pascal looked so skeptical that Sabra realized that she must convince this reluctant emissary of hers. “Please, Pascal, convince him for me. Please, I vow that I will never ask thee another deed for myself, but I must not ride . . . I cannot!”

“I—I will do what I can, Mademoiselles, but-.” Pascal shook his tawny head and shrugged his youthful shoulders before he left.



## Chapter Nine

Sabra wasted no time going to retrieve the gold shift Piers command that she wear. Even after she'd donned the shameful outfit she would not allow herself to pause as she hurried from the chamber. She was determined to allow Piers no cause to be angry with her, thereby allowing her the boon of a cart surely. However when she reached the entryway to the hall, where the massive oak-shod doors were thrown open to the fresh morning air, she stopped to peek out into the Bailey trying to gauge her reception. The yard was filled with men on top of their stallions, men beside their stallions, and squires attending to their charges. So she tried to stand on her tiptoes to see above or around them. However, she did not see a cart or Piers and now she faced a new dilemma, for she could *not* go amongst all these fearsome beasts to obey Piers command! It was then she heard his bellow.

"Where is *mes minet*? *Merde*, I want that woman here now if you must carry her!"

Sabra stumbled backward two faltering steps, unconsciously holding up the gaping bodice of her gown. "I *cannot*," she moaned very close to tears and then she turned to flee.

"Tsk-tsk!" Lord Kensington uttered sharply behind her as he caught her by surprise about the waist and turned her back toward the bailey.

Sabra gazed up at him in dreaded understanding that he knew too well of her fear—and he reveled in it. He had attended twice when Robert had closed her into the pen and then driven his wild black stallion at her. Both Lord Kensington and Robert had laughed at her terror, making wagers on when she would faint from fear. A fear that would never have known existence had not her husband, Robert, forced it there with his drunken "game" he called it. "Better than bedding her," Robert would say laughing uproariously.

“Surely you would not keep your lord waiting,” Kensington drawled, even as he pulled her too quickly out into the sea of stamping hooves, animal sweat, and fearful heaving snorts.

Sabra could not catch her frightened breath and was too paralyzed with fear to fight Lord Kensington’s direction. Then he was gone! A massive brown stallion snorted at her and another black stallion backed his mighty hindquarters toward her with stomping hooves as his tail swished against her shoulder. She screamed! She was stricken by old fears made new and she clutched her face running blindly in her terror.

Piers saw the flash of gold. He heard the fearful heart-wrenching scream of fear just before Marseilles, big brown stallion, reared upward on its hind quarters. Piers acted instinctively, swiftly, thinking of nothing but getting to Sabra and the horror he could not live with if he was too late. The men around the impending tragedy were shouting for the mademoiselle to move.

Piers crashed his stallion through the circle of agitated horses and men, in an instant seeing that Marseilles big brown stallion would crush, his petite Sabra, when the stallion came down off his frenzied rearing. Without hesitation Piers drove the gray stallion he rode straight into the brown’s side, toppling the brown enough so that the animal would miss Sabra who screamed again and fell to her knees in the dirt. However the brown fell so far sideways that the stallion could not catch his fall fairly and he came down too hard on his left leg. The snapping of bone was a loud cracking sound followed by a horrendous careen of the animals pain that reverberated through the bailey with a sickening sound.

Piers dismounted with his stallion still prancing sideways in agitation as he threw his reins to Pascal and strode toward Sabra. He was livid with anger and fear combined as he grabbed her arms none too gently and hauled her up before him in a limped pool of sheer gold material.

“*What are you thinking* to scream by these animals, you little fool?!” he shouted at her as he shook her. Then noticing her tears, her shivering, and the ghostly white pallor of her usual blossom pink complexion. *Merde*, she was terror-stricken and he did not blame the foolish woman for she had nearly gotten herself killed! However that was the point, he could understand her fear now but before? What had made her scream before and why was she still looking around fanatically at all the milling horses and men as if she were seeing evil phantoms?

“Take me away from here, *please-please* take me away!” she begged in a frightened gush, clawing at his shoulders.

“You will be still!” he growled, shaking her yet feeling uneasy about her honest fright.

“I cannot!” she cried and she tried to pull away from him scratching his cheek in the attempt.

“*Merde*, you little vixen!” he shouted as he grabbed her frantic hands and hauled her up over his shoulder.

“*No!*” she screamed and she began to fight him, wildly kicking her legs and gouging his back. “I cannot ride, Piers, oh *God*, I cannot!”

*What was this?* Piers wondered as he began striding toward the stables and hopefully a bit of privacy. As it was, he could only imagine thrown over his shoulder as Sabra was in the gaping sheer gown she was wearing that her entire bosom must be exposed behind his back. By the look on his mens faces as he passed, he considered it must be quite an lush view. *Merde*, it was his own fault for making her wear such scandalous clothing.

“Another little domestic problem,” Lord Kensington drawled from atop his horse as Piers passed by him without comment. “Were the *whore* mine I would beat her for this ridiculous claim of fear. Fear of horses, my *god* how laughable. I would say she was up to something, *my dear*, you better watch yourself.”

*My dear?* With great effort Piers continued walking instead of turning around and beating the bugger of men to a pulp. It was sickening that Lord Kensington made his preference so clear. His preference for Piers! He had been fighting the effeminate lord’s flirtations all morning and he was sick to death of it even if he had good reason to keep Lord Kensington by his side.

In fact, all of his suffering would be for naught if he did not get to the tourney where Lord Kensington had eluded Bascom would try to ambush him. This brought his thoughts back to the less wiggling bundle of woman thrown over his shoulder. As well as defying him and delaying him, now he was endanger of losing his opportunity completely because of her. *What was this about fear of horses? —And how could this Kensington possibly know this?*

Piers arrived inside the stables and went straight toward a wooden block. It stood as tall as his knees and even as he sat, he pulled a much more subdued Sabra off his shoulder and immediately tugged her belly down over his thighs. Without pause he rucked up Sabra’s skirts as she tried frantically to cover her naked bottom with her hands.

“*No!*” she squealed.

He used one hand to grab her wrists, lifting her hands away from her squirming ass and with his other hand he smacked her soft white buttocks.

*Smack!* “Oh!” Sabra yelped, trying to jerk away from the sting of Piers’ hard palm. But there was no place to go, she was hung helpless over his thighs as he held her wrists high.

*Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!* “O-Ow!” she cried, lurching beneath Piers wide palm spanking her vulnerable buttocks.

She tried to flay her legs! *Smack!* “Oh!” She tried to wriggle her bottom away so he would strike her anywhere but the tender crease! *Smack!* “Oo!” He hit right in the vulnerable cleft of her buttocks. *Smack! Smack!* “Owww!” Now he plied the writhing under curves of her defenseless rump with stinging slaps! *Smack! Smack! Smack!* “Owww!” She cried at the pain and more the tearful humiliation. His big hand was growing more insistent, lifting the punished flesh of her bottom upward with each slap! *Smack! Smack! Smack!* He had her body riding over his thighs with squirming rolling motions as he punished her mercilessly with his spanking. Her bottom had to be scarlet by now. *Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!* “Owwwww! Mercy-Mercy!” she squalled.

“Is it enough?” Piers finally asked her, even as he stroked her punished bottom with his wide hand as though he would spank her defenseless bottom again at any moment. It made her buttocks quiver shamefully.

She cried silently, she did not know what to say, even if he spanked her bottom harder she could not ride a horse. Then suddenly she was lifted upright and Piers settled her stinging and naked behind on the hose covering his hard thigh, while he still held her skirts lifted upward and fisted at the small of her back. She hung her head and used her hands to shield her woman’s mound from view.

“Well?” he asked again as he lifted her chin and brushed at the tears on her cheeks with his thumb. She could only look at him in dread shaking her head mutely which furrowed his ebony brows to dramatic anger.

“You would *defy* my command to ride a horse?” he asked angrily.

She nodded her head very reluctantly and Piers began to look as if he would ply her over his knee again. “No!” she yelped, grabbing his thick wrist in her hands as if to stop him. He looked down at her hands barely circling his wrist and then seemed to look lower as his black eyelashes brushed the tops of his chiseled cheekbones. His hand moved downward carrying her hands with it and she gasped as he cupped her sex in his hand. He spread his fingers over the

curling hair and moist sensitive tissue beneath—deepening his hold.

His gaze lifted to hers as her eyelids fluttered and he held her, fingering her sex possessively in his hand. Then he began kneading the upper crease with the heel of his hand while his middle finger slipped through the clinging folds to breached her.

“Oh hh,” she whimpered, falling toward his chest and grasping his shoulders.

“What am I to do with you?” he murmured as he fingered her again penetrating two fingers deep inside her aroused wetness.

“*Noir Faucon*, do we ride?” shouted a man’s voice from outside the stables.

“*Merde*,” Piers growled, but he still held her deep inside as he shouted, “I will be there in a moment ride ahead.” Then his head dipped and he whispered feathered kisses around the small mole on her upper lip. “You will take my big cock into your mouth, yes petite?”

Sabra murmured her dazed agreement, holding tight to his shoulders as he withdrew his fingers from inside her. He picked her up into his arms to carry her further into the stables where he found a clean empty stall. Once there he set her down and backed her into the stable wall.

“You will kneel before me, petite,” he commanded with a hungry fallow look stretching his lean cheekbones.

“Yes, Piers,” she replied, breathless, going down on her knees between his legs at the same time she grasped his codpiece and drew it downward. Only just enough to allow his thicken genitals to spring free. She had the flushed head of his manhood in her mouth a moment later as Piers propelled his hips forward trapping her head against the wall and between his big hands. He stroked his thick manhood deep into her mouth and she found that she took its invasion with pleasure.

“*Suck* me, Sabra,” he growled with a husky command. He spread his legs on either side of her which pushed her shoulders back as he began to thrust and withdraw his fiery organ in and out of her mouth. He held her head firmly to his motion as she clutched his thighs and tried to take as much of him as he offered her—and as quickly. He was coupling her mouth as an ardent lover would and he clasped the back of her neck and thrust even harder!

“*Ahh, dieu! Dieu*—my love,” he rasped with his whole body tense and straining as he enslaved her mouth completely to his thrusting organ.

Suddenly he turned their bodies, using his hands to guide her until he stood propped against the wall with her still kneeling between his legs. He lifted his hands from her head and raised them up over his head taking a hold of a railing there. "It is yours to finish," he uttered hoarsely straining his hips forward with his glistening enrage cock jutting outward at her.

She understood that he was allowing her the choice to swallow his seed or not. It was the trust between them, the true partnership even though he was the more dominate. He would never completely take what she was not ready to give him freely. And so she suckled him, drawing his hot-blooded jutting organ deep into her mouth as though she would devour it.

"Oh *dieu*, yes," he groaned as his entire body convulsed and the meaty organ between her lips throbbed, then spilled hot cream over her tongue while the head quivered against her palate and Piers grunted in subdued bellows of pleasure.

Still she continued to succor him slowly until the last rippling pulses of his groin trembled to a halt, and then she withdrew her mouth from around his shaft and lay her head to his hip. She was shaking. She now knew the quivering in her own loins was the sweet ache of passion brought forth headily by their intimacy together. She knew in that moment that she could beg him shamelessly to take her, to ease her own burning hunger for him, her hunger for his touch upon her body. Love had never meant anything to her before as it did now with the fear that he would not return her pleasure. With the fear that he could so easily walk away and she would not have the right nor the courage to stop him. She would only be able to watch hopelessly for he was the lord, the man, and that truly did make her a whore.

"Come here, petite," Piers murmured, drawing her to her feet to hold her against his chest. "You are aroused, little one, I can feel this. Here in your breasts so full for me with the nipples so tight." He pulled one loose sleeve down over her shoulder exposing her left breast, taking the weight in his hand as he squeezed. "I can feel your belly tremble, I can feel the heat of your skin, sweet Sabra. All this tells me that you love my big cock in your mouth, yes?"

"Yes, Piers," she murmured hitching her breast higher into his hand.

"And you ache for me here?" He pinched the tip of her nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

"Yes," she whimpered undulating against him.

“And here, you ache for me here also?” He clasped her sex with his other hand through the flimsy material of her gown and she quivered.

“Please,” she begged.

He lowered his mouth to her ear and whispered, “I have not the time at this moment, petite. This will be your punishment for denying my command, you will ache for me while I am gone. I needed to take you with me, to show all of them my golden whore. I need to entice your bastard husband to fight me as a man, face to face. But I will give you this boon and when I return you will explain to me why you wished so desperately not to come with me. Then I will ease your ache with pleasure, Sabra.”

He kissed her then, a long and lingering kiss that stole away the bite of his words. Telling her with his mouth that if he had the time he truly would not leave her wanting even though his words said otherwise. When he lifted his mouth from hers he turned to adjust his codpiece as she fixed her bodice and then he shouted for Pascal as he led her from the stables.

Pascal came forward and Piers said, “You will stay with, *mes minet*, here at Rothingham. I want her locked in my chambers until I return, but you will feed her, yes.”

“*Oui*, my lord,” Pascal replied.

“That is good then, we will hope that Bascom shows as promised, I would greatly enjoy making you a widow this day, petite Sabra,” Piers said with a wicked lifting of his moustache.

If he thought she would be shocked or begging him not to kill her husband he would be surprised for she could not help murmuring, “Please be careful, my lord.”

## Chapter Ten

After two days absence the moment Piers stalked into the bedchamber Sabra could see that he was angry. It sharpened his ebony eyes and drew his full mouth beneath his moustache into a partial sneer. As he paced forward, she stepped backward until her spine came up against the wall. There she clutched the loose bodice of the emerald silk garment she wore willing herself not to turn away from Piers in fear of his anger.

He reached her quickly, grabbing both her wrists, and easily pressured them downward to the wall beside her hips. The loose collaring of her gown slid down over her shoulders barely catching on her heaving breasts in front and falling to her waist behind. Piers pressed his knee arrogantly between her legs forcing her to separate them as his tenor voice hovered near her ear. "Did you warn your husband, Sabra? Kensington says you did this!"

"*Nay*," she panted and the movement caused the emerald silk to slither to her waist, baring her pink-nippled breasts wholly to Piers' gaze.

"*Why?*" he began asking, moving his upper body back as his gaze lingered on her breasts and his knee came up tighter in the lee of her thighs. Feverishly she wanted to ride his knee like an abandoned whore as the taut spokes of her nipples burned and her sex ached for his touch. "Why?" he asked again in a harsh hiss. "*Why* did you not ride with us?"

"I-I was afraid," she stammered. He let go of her wrists and clasp the column of her throat so swiftly she was startled into a whimper.

"You are afraid of Bascom?" he asked with his voice becoming louder with each word. "*Has* he been here?"

"Nay!" she cried feeling his wide warrior's hand flex on her throat. "I hate my husband, Piers!" she cried. "And yes . . . I am *afraid* of him," she gasped with tears in her eyes. "Yet he has *not* been here. I swear this to thee!"



Piers seemed to struggle with his control as his dark gaze searched her face with predatory keenness. Then abruptly he grabbed her waist with rough hands that would not be denied and he pulled her away from the wall, pushing her down onto the bed. His large hands were quickly in motion, pulling the emerald silk she wore down over her hips and legs. Too swiftly he pulled it away from her feet and tossed it aside leaving her nude. He raised one knee onto the mattress between her legs as he deliberately looked down at her exposed sex, ripe for his viewing.

She wanted to turn away. She wanted to reach upward and bring his muscular body down on top of her. Completely unable to stop herself she separated her thighs wider to his gaze, and his virile nostrils flared while his cheeks grew leaner.

*"Please, thee promised,"* she begged, shamelessly running her hands over her round hips and down her thighs.

Piers made growling sounds in his throat as he began to tug his blue woolen tunic off, leaving his braes and codpiece as he came down on the bed over her. "I am going to fuck you this time, Sabra!"

"Yes," she mewled in excitement, arching her breasts upward toward his mouth.

He was aggressive and rough taking her breasts with no mercy. He nipped one of her nipples with biting pleasure-pain and the other he pinched between his forefinger and thumb. She squirmed in wild pleasure wrapping one of her knees around his leg, humping her sex wantonly against his woolen clad thigh.

Suddenly he loomed above her, and using one swift motion he tossed her onto her stomach. She should have been afraid. She should have been terrified when he came down over her buttocks in a boldly stalking motion, gripping both cheeks in his big energetic hands.

"Beg me to take you," he demanded roughly, as he pressed confusing hot and passionate kisses along the concave ridge of her spine, lowering his mouth quickly to kiss the small of her back.

"Mercy, my lord!" she cried clutching her slender fingers into the bed furs above her head as Piers buffeted her squirming buttocks with torrid kisses. "Mercy, please-please take me!" she gasped.

He moved quickly again, as though demons prickled him into restless urgency. He swept her long hair off her back impatiently and then his mouth came down feverishly on her nape. She offered it up to him like a pagan as his square hands delved beneath her to grasp her breasts, zealously kneading them. She whimpered in feverish arousal and a small amount of fear at his robust nature.

“Tell your lord you will do *all* for him,” Piers demanded with a vibrant tenor rumble. “Tell him you will offer up your hot *pussié* as a sleek mare is to her stallion.”

“Piers,” she panted, helpless in the storm of his making.

“Show me,” he commanded, raising from her back to grip her outer thighs as she came up on her knees at his command. “Show me!” he demanded again.

She spread her knees widely across the mattress whimpering with need or slavery to his will, she did not know, as she knelt bared and vulnerable to his view.

“Ah, petite,” he murmured huskily. “The things I will do to you,” he promised as his large hands rubbed the back of her thighs and split her buttocks wider.

“Mercy,” she begged him again as she heard him removing his codpiece.

“I will give you hardness instead of *merci*, yes petite?”

“Yes,” she panted sharply, still shameless.

Abruptly he tumbled her onto her back and pulled her legs apart on either side of him as he knelt between her thighs. She could see his thick cock was freed from the codpiece and his manliness was swollen stiff and poised at her.

“You would like this hard cock deep inside your *pussié*, my little mare?” he asked brashly, searing her with his crude and intoxicating words as he came down over her.

“Yes,” she mewled, low and eagerly as she clutched the bunched and mounded muscles of his shoulders with her fingernails. She tried to kiss him, but maddeningly he would not allow it. Instead he chuckled and ran the demanding head of his stiff organ through the split pillows of her sex. The friction was coarse and wet with his creamy seed and her arousal combined as he pulled backward and pushed through the clinging folds again. “Ah *hh*,” she moaned. Then he upbraided her roughly again, faster . . . then faster!

“Oh, Piers.” She squirmed beneath him trying to feel more of the sticky hot friction rubbing over her straining aroused bud.

“Now I *fuck* you, my little golden whore,” he panted above her flipping back his sweat-soaked black hair with a toss of his head.

“Oh mercy!” Sabra cried out incoherently as Piers drove his cock inside her with one hard thrust that pushed her up the mattress. Her legs thrashed helplessly over his sinewy tight buttocks before clamping over his sweaty muscled rump for purchase.

“Ah dieu! *Mon* petite, you are *so* tight,” Piers groaned as the sweat dripped off his back and he held himself unnaturally still inside the seething cavern of Sabra’s tight *pussié*. She was so small

and unused, and it was so rapturous around his swollen manhood that he could barely breathe. Yet his golden woman was having none of his unnaturally chivalrous gesture to allow her a moment to accept his size in her nearly virgin haven. *Non*, not his woman who clutched his straining buttocks and rocked her hips beneath him, loosening him to the tip of his cock, to then hump her body upward until he was embedded inside her to the hilt again!

“Dieu!” he groaned in ecstasy.

“Piers-Piers!” Sabra cried, riding him again hotly.

“*Ah*, petite,” he choked, feeling her inner muscles snatch violently at his throbbing cock. She was so passionate this woman of his! He had never experienced anything like this with another woman before. She was unique to him and he felt an overpowering and ferociously lustful notion to brand her forever as *his* possession!

He grasped the small of her back with both palms lifting her and then he moved his hands lower to stretch his fingers around her beautiful ass. He surged into her with a powerful stroke, lifting her up to him with his hands clamped to her buttocks.

“Oh hh!” she squealed.

“Ah!” he grunted.

“*Oh-Oh!*” she wailed breathlessly.

“*Ah. Ah. Ah-*,” he grunted with each increasing rapid stroke of his cock into Sabra’s clutching *pussié*. He pushed so hard that she bounced against the mattress with her small hands clenching the piling above her head. He lifted her calves over his shoulders and pressed forward, flinging the sweat from his brow with a flick of his head as he grasped Sabra’s large giggling breasts with both hands. The sound of his sweat slick thighs hitting Sabra’s buttocks sounded in his ears.

*Slap–Slap–Slap– SlapSlapSlapSlap!*

He swung his hips faster and Sabra answered with beautiful passionate sounds deep in her throat. She was arching toward him tossing her head wildly and bucking her hips in a rapid rhythm with him. He felt as if he were pounding . . . galloping on a fleet stallion and he wanted to go faster still. He was nearly lost in the blinding sensation as he pumped harder.

“*Oh God*, Piers!” Sabra wailed, losing her rhythm beneath him as she climaxed in great dragging rolls against his pumping cock. He felt her convulsions like liquid heat around him as he continued to thrust inside her, bouncing the mattress with banging sounds as he rode her rippling *pussié* even harder.

“*Ah, dieu . . . Dieu,*” he choked, shaking his head wildly as he rocked, pushing himself beyond his endurance of physical motion even as he ground his teeth and pumped harder.

“*Aaa. Aaa-*,” he hissed. “*Sucre dieu!*” he roared.

“*Piers!*” Sabra shrieked.

Piers felt Sabra climax again as he went rigid in pleasure. Squirting his seed, hot and deep inside Sabra with another guttural roar of exquisite rapture. Finally he came to rest and their sweat-soaked bodies heaved as one as he lowered himself to his elbows catching Sabra’s face between his hands and resting his temple against hers, trying to catch his breath.

“Ah, petite, you are so hot—so passionate for me,” he murmured through each hitch of his breath while his thumbs ran gentle circles at the sides of her face soothing her as it soothed him.

“Piers,” she whispered, catching her breath. Lightly she kissed his chin, then his cheek as her fingers cooled his sweaty flanks with gentle strokes. When he raised his head he was still limply embedded inside her with her legs still clamped over his hips and her calves hooked over the back of his thighs.

“You are afraid of the horses, Sabra?”

“Yes,” she whispered.

He stroked her tiny lover’s mole, then her cheeks. “You will tell me why.”

“My husband is a cruel man, Piers,” she replied with anguish in her soft voice as she turned her face to the side.

“Lord Kensington knows of this?” he asked.

“Yes,” she whispered fiercely turning her bruised green-eyed gaze back to him. “He was there when Robert—when Robert-.”

“When what, petite? What did Bascom do?”

“He drove his stallion at me!” she cried. “He locked me into the corral many times and drove his stallion with a vicious whip, until I fainted in fear and-and, then h-he-.” She twisted away from him, then turning onto her side to curl into a ball. “He *laughed*,” she hissed catching a hiccup in her breath. “Until I am so afraid of horses now that I—that I-.”

“Hush, hush now, petite,” Piers murmured catching Sabra back against his chest as he held her tightly from behind. He had not comprehended. He had not really wanted to, yet now he could see that Sabra’s life with Bascom was a living hell. It should have occurred to him sooner. It should have been plain to see!

## Chapter Eleven

“Juliette?” Pascal called.

She wasn’t here! The room was cold, and he had put wood in the grate just this morning which meant that she could have been gone a long time. He had told her not to leave Lady Sabra’s old solar for anything and he knew she would not willingly leave, disobeying his orders. He had been so certain that Lady Sabra’s old solar would be safe for her. No one used it anymore.

Pascal came barreling out of the solar and nearly fell over the young man with the bangles—he’d learned the man’s name was Eric. “Have you *seen* the maid Juliette?” he asked Eric sharply as he backed the smaller, thinner Eric up against the wall with his strides coming toward him.

“The little yellow-haired nymph?” Eric lisped, darting his gaze.

“You *know* which one she e’s!” Pascal exploded, grabbing Eric by his tunic collar.

Eric’s silver hoop and ball earrings jangled as he clutched Pascal’s wrists and simpered. “My lord, you are *so* strong. Do you wish to beat me?”

Pascal grimaced at the aroused glint in Eric’s eyes, and he hastily let go of him while Eric continued in his effeminate lisp. “I would please thee. Anything thee wished.” Eric suddenly went to his knees, tearing his tunic open.

*He had small breasts like the woman would have!* Pascal nearly gagged asking incredulously, “Are you the woman or the man?”

Eric reached for the bottom of his tunic with hasty fingers, as he exclaimed excitedly. “I have a *penis*, milord! And I would suckle thine joyously!”

Pascal did swallow hard then, and he would have turned away from the young man's lewd offer . . . except. Instead he flipped his knife out dropping into a swift crouch before Eric, slipping the blade neatly beneath Eric's exposed balls. "Where *e's* she?" he snarled.

"Lady Kensington!" Eric squawked. "She came to look through Lady Bascom's solar. I do not know why but when she left the yellow-haired nymph went with her."

"*Merde*," Pascal hissed, standing to return his knife to the sheath on his tunic belt as he turned.

"*She* went willingly," Eric simpered behind him.

Of course she did, Pascal thought, how could Juliette a mere servant deny Lady Kensington? Yet what could Lady Kensington want with Juliette? It could not be good, everything the Kensingtons did was tainted. It was not an easy thing for a mere squire to go against the lady-wife of a baron. Pascal worried over it as he made his way to Lady Kensington's chambers. If he wanted to get Juliette away from the lady, no matter what the circumstances he would have to lie!

He heard Juliette's muffled scream just before he reached the solid oak-paneled door to Lady Kensington's chambers. Then he did what no simple squire should do, he shoved open the door and burst into the chamber! He had to think quickly and he was so shocked at what he saw that it was not easy.

"Lord Black Hawk *commands* zee Lord Kensington to his side at once!" Pascal shouted looking at Lord Kensington, at the whip in his hand, at the welts on Juliette's naked buttocks. Juliette was stripped naked, gagged, and tied by her wrists to a stake in the wall. Lady Kensington was equally naked, standing closely beside Juliette. Pascal's stomach muscles clenched into a tight ball as he finished his hastily conjured speech in what he hoped was a harried and anxious voice.

"Lord Bascom has been sighted and my lord commands your counsel at once!"

How he would ever right this lie he could not fathom. Yet all that mattered to him was getting Juliette away from these twisted nobles! Not an easy task for a squire and a servant. Juliette looked so frightened, her blue eyes were black with fear as she tried to look over her shoulder at him.

"Excellent!" Lord Kensington exclaimed. "I told you, Marguerite, that our time would come again soon," Lord Kensington continued to say to his lady-wife as he dropped the twisted hide whip. "Our pleasures must wait until later, my dearest." Lord

Kensington turned to Pascal. “Perchance we can convince our young squire here to join us. I simply *drool* over his youthful muscles.”

Pascal fought his instinctive cringe as he forced a smile. “You would let me fuck your lady-wife and the maid?” he asked gamely.

“Of course, young stallion,” Lord Kensington cooed. “And me,” he continued huskily as he stepped closer. Then closer still. “Your cock will never feel anything as tight as my ass.”

Pascal’s smile strained and he fought his instinctive flinch as Lord Kensington reached forward and grabbed his crotch. Pascal forced himself not to cringe but to ask excitedly. “I may mount the blonde wench until you return?”

Then he willed his prick to grow hard in Lord Kensington’s hand. It was the only way to convince him, the only way to tip the scales. He was disgusted and nearly sick to his stomach, yet he forced himself to look at Juliette, and she was so beautiful with her curving buttocks and her small pink-tipped breasts. It was working, his prick stiffened and Lord Kensington fondled his prick through his hose with a lewd gaze as Pascal lowered his eyes and clenched his teeth.

“Come now, Percival,” Lady Kensington called. She had dressed quickly and now stood at the chamber’s door.

Lord Kensington appeared extremely reluctant to turn away, yet finally he did simper huskily, “Later.” Pascal’s cock was released and Lord Kensington went to his lady-wife saying, “We will find you both later.” Then they left the chamber together.

Pascal sprinted quickly to Juliette and cut the ropes binding her wrists. A second later he caught the small of her back pulling her to him. She fumbled with the gag, then clutched him tightly.

“She was touching me,” she gasped.

Pascal wished fervently that he could stay, yet he’d set in motion a tremendous lie and he had to get to Black Hawk quickly! “Return to Lady Sabra’s solar and bar the door, Juliette. I will be with you as quickly as I can.” Juliette appeared dazed, and he asked sharply. “Do you understand me, Juliette?”

“Yes,” she murmured and he had no more time to stay and make certain.

He realized a short time later that he should not have worried so. Gossip in a Keep of any size was fast and always misinformed. It appeared that Lord Kensington had gossiped his way into Lord Black Hawk’s presence so that when they met at the head table, neither of them realized that the sighting of Bascom had been presented as a lie. Everyone in the Keep was speaking about it

already. Now all they needed was a direction, Pascal thought as he whispered into a few select ears that he had heard Lord Bascom would be at the tourney in Lincolnshire on the morrow.

He did not feel too bad about deceiving Lord Black Hawk to save Juliette. For his lord it merely meant a wasted ride, yet for Juliette it would mean her tender feelings and dignity. Moreover, the nobles would have to leave this very eve if they wished to make this tourney on the morrow and that would mean they both would be safe from Lord and Lady Kensington seeking them out until they returned. Because as soon as they departed, he was taking Juliette to Lady Sabra and begging for her help!

Later, Pascal called his name after knocking on the plank door to Lady Sabra's old chambers. Within moments of pulling open the door, Juliette flung herself into his arms.

"Sir Pascal," she cried as he lifted her up off the stone floor with just his hold around her waist and then he turned to shut the door, setting the bolt firmly.

"They are leaving, Juliette, Lord and Lady Kensington with Lord Black Hawk. For several days."

"Then ye will not take me back to them? I will not have to go back?"

Pascal held the back of Juliette's head and the small of her spine with his forearm. "*Non*, little butterfly. Never! I will find a way. I only played the fool for them, you understand, yes?"

Juliette hiccuped in her frightened weeping and looked up at him with watery blue eyes. "I thought ye could be fooling them. But I was so afraid it was hard to think clearly at all."

"Ah sweet-sweet, little butterfly. I would always do my best not to hurt you." He kissed her red nose and then the side of her cheek.

"Oh, Sir Pascal." She hugged him tightly.

"Are you very hurt little one?" He cleared his throat uncomfortably. "Your, um—your bottom," he finished quickly.

She did not answer him but held him very tight with her face buried in his tunic beneath the crook of his neck. She was so small, so fragile and those bastards had beat her tender flesh with a whip. He knew he must see it and put salve on the welts or she would suffer more. There was no one else to do such a thing for her.

He nuzzled her soft fine hair with his face. "Come, Juliette, you must lay on the pallet for me so I can see to your sore bottom. I am certain Lady Sabra will have some salve here."

Juliette sniffled, yet released him to do as he asked while he went to find the salve. When he turned back to the pallet with the small jar of salve he'd found, he saw Juliette laying on her stomach



across the pallet with her shift pulled up to her waist. Her flanks were bare and pale with angry red welts across her gently sloped buttocks. Her stockings were gartered at the back hollows of her knees and her hands were clutched in the rough woolen cover she lay on.

“Sir Pascal, I beg ye to take my virginity! Now! Before, before someone else-,” she cried helplessly.

“Juliette,” he exclaimed hoarsely coming down next to her as she turned and lifted up to him with a cry,

“Please!” She clutched him awkwardly and he nearly toppled over trying to hold her. “Do ye not find me comely enough,” she whispered. “I’d do anything ye say!”

He decided instantly that his penis found her beauteous as it stood stiffly at attention in his hose. His hands found her shape lush and softer than anything he could imagine as he willfully stroked her hips. He could not seem to help himself as he learned the curve of her hips with his hands and petted down to her tender thighs. The white flesh of her thighs quivered beneath his fingertips as her legs fell open in offering to him.

*Mon dieu*, she had golden curls and a fragile pink crease! He groaned as she wiggled beneath him pulling her shift up over her head until she was wholly naked with her legs still spread open as he held onto her slender-curving hips

He was awed, definitely overwhelmed as she rubbed her palm over his penis through his hose. “*Juliette*,” he hissed.

“Please,” she begged him.

She was young—*too young* he tried to think, yet her hand rode up and down the length of his prick until he growled with pleasure and the release of his objections. He would be Juliette’s first. She would be his first.

Too quickly in his lust and the release of his hesitations he rolled Juliette beneath him. He grasped her wrists and pinned them above her head as he fumbled with his hose until his stiff penis was released. He was nearly pressing the creaming head inside of Juliette before he came back to his senses.

*Merde!* He was an emotionless prick! He had not even kissed her and he *would not* allow his prick domination! Catching hard-panted breaths, he looked down at his lovely Juliette. Her eyes were clenched and her face was pale. What she must think of him? He eased his hips back and went down on his elbows cradling his body over hers. He could still feel his penis, long and hard, sliding over the damp crease of her youthful pussy. Yet he held himself back

with determination from pushing forward, instead pecking kisses around the corners of Juliette's dainty mouth.

"You are so pretty, little butterfly. So soft and beautiful," he murmured and Juliette's cerulean blue eyes popped open as though she were bewildered at where she was—or what was happening. It was more as if what hadn't happen yet, he thought realizing then that she had been stealing herself for what she thought would be a brutal entry.

He leaned on one elbow and used his other hand to stroke her hair. Tunneling his fingers deeply down to her scalp and then drawing the full length through his fingers.

"Would you kiss me, little butterfly? Would you put your hands on my back and stroke me?" he asked in a murmur as he nuzzled her cheek.

"Sir Pascal, I-."

He covered her mouth slowly with his lips and she reached around kneading his buttocks making him groan in pleasure. She must have liked his derriere because she explored it very thoroughly with her hands. Until he was willfully flexing his buttock muscles beneath her fingertips while his tongue swirled around her tongue and she arched the tiny spokes of her nipples into his chest.

His tunic was in the way and he pulled back to tug it off, then pull her back into his arms with his hand across her bare bottom. When her breasts piled onto his chest again, skin on skin, he nearly trembled beneath the exquisite feeling. The pebbles of her nipples were hot and he leaned down, still holding her curving buttocks with his hand to lick one rosy-pink pebble with his tongue.

"*Pascal*," Juliette whimpered thrusting the pebble up to his tongue which he frisked again. "*Oh*." Again. "*Oho*." And again. "*Uoo* lord, lord!" Juliette mewled.

His little Juliette nearly crawled over him then, pushing him back as he licked both her nipples over and over until she had straddled her legs over his hips. He was half sitting as she rubbed the crease of her pussy over his penis and whimpered, "I ache, Pascal, I ache."

"Where, butterfly," he mumbled around one of her hot little nipples. This response seemed to be all the encouragement his petite Juliette needed, because he landed on his back as she grasped both his hands and pressed them between her thighs. She rode up above him with her hair feathering over his chest as he split the crease of her tender pussy and probed her wet entrance with his other fingers.

“Uoo—uuo, *Sir Pascal*,” she whimpered, mounting two of his fingers with her inner muscles clutching at the length thrust inside of her. She was so wet it drenched his fingers and he could feel the fragile barrier of her maidenhead with his fingertips. He pushed at the tissue stretching it as she rocked over him digging her fingers into his chest.

“Does it h-hurt, little butterfly?” he asked in a choked, hoarse voice. He thought he might rupture at any moment his penis was so hard and throbbing, and he gritted his teeth holding it back.

“*Uoo—noo*,” she panted squirming over his fingers. “It feels-it feels. Ooh—OOOh!”

Pascal swiftly pulled his fingers from Juliette’s convulsing little sheath and positioned the head of his penis at her shuddering entrance as her climax continued to rock her and he entered her with one powerful thrust. He came instantly with a belly-groan of pleasure as his seed spilled deep inside her.

He never had a moment more of thrusting like the stallion he came so quickly! And it was exquisite beyond belief to be sheathed inside Juliette’s clutching inner muscles as she collapsed over him with her body quivering and he put his arms around her.

“It did not even hurt,” she sighed in wonder, nuzzling his bare chest.

And Pascal grinned foolishly at this like the arrogant male he was now.

## Chapter Twelve

Piers did not return that day or the next and by the night of the second evening Sabra fell into fitful worried sleep. She had been certain that Piers would come this second night and she lay naked beneath the furs in anticipation. It seemed like hours that she woke every few moments believing that she heard some sound of his arrival until in the end she was numb to the shock when it came!

*“Did you fuck him, you faithless cunt!”*

Sabra screamed at Robert’s vicious voice in her ear and immediately tried to scramble away, yet she found herself pinned beneath her husband’s menacing weight.

“Answer me!” Robert yelled, followed by his palm slapping her cheek hard enough to bring tears to her eyes. *He was back! Oh my god he was back!* Sabra heard chains rattling above the hollow sound ringing in her ears from Robert’s vicious slap and she turned her face to the sound and saw Piers imprisoned in heavy chains at his neck, wrists, and ankles. He was fighting the chains and the men holding him like an animal gone wild, yet the only sounds from his gagged mouth were muffled grunts.

“Piers,” she whimpered in fear for him . . . fear for herself.

“I asked you if you fucked him!” Robert screamed. He was shaking her so hard it lifted her up off the straw mattress, then he tore the covers away and dragged her upright by her hair to push her down on her knees in front of Piers. She tried to cover her nakedness succeeding only in cupping her loins from view as she desperately looked up at Piers.

The answer Robert wanted, the one that seemed so important to him was one she could not believe mattered to him. And it must be obvious to him that she had for she was laying naked and waiting in Piers’ bed. When she looked at Piers’ eyes, they were black shards of granite and she saw that he was fiercely concerned for her.

"It is obvious that she *has* lover-mine," Lord Kensington's voice drawled from behind them.

"Shut up, Percival," Robert snarled as he yanked Sabra's hair harder making her yelp in pain. "I will hear it from her own lips and if she is *not* carrying the bastard's babe yet, I will *mm*—."

"Quiet, you fool!" Lord Kensington snipped, cutting Robert's words off. "You will give away the game," he finished with a prissy whine.

"You vowed that she would be mine *first*, darling," Lady Kensington's voice purred from behind them.

"Oh God," Sabra whimpered over the clump of fear in her throat. Were they *all* here in the chambers? What were they going to do to her? She could see nothing but Piers' legs from the way Robert held her hair.

"Never fear, lady-wife," Lord Kensington answered Lady Kensington. "You will receive your reward for that most inspired sleeping potion that you created."

*Sleeping potion*, Sabra wondered, shaking so badly that her teeth nearly chattered. She should try to do something—this *was* her husband, only-only, she knew him too well!

"You will answer me!" Robert shouted, pulling her to her feet roughly by her hair and one arm. Then he dragged her stumbling back to the bed where he shoved her face down over the edge of the mattress. She screamed helplessly as his hands grabbed her bare hips harshly. "I *know* how to get the slut to talk!" Robert continued to rage.

"No! No, Robert, I did not!" Sabra shrieked. She tried frantically to push her upper body up off the mattress but Robert easily knocked her flat again with his forearm. He yanked on her hair forcing her face to the side of the mattress where he hissed against her cheek.

"I no longer care at the moment, you *bitch*! You deserve this for making me a laughing stock. Whoring with my enemy!"

"*Nooo!*" Sabra screamed.

†

He had sodomize Sabra! Piers clenched his eyes—his fists, and his throat raggedly as he hung from chains embedded in the wall behind him. And he shook—*dieu*, he shook. He risked another tortured gaze at Sabra's limp body as she lay twisted on her side on the hard-packed dirt of the caged cell. She was still unconscious, a wisplike heap in a threadbare tunic with the slender column of her

fragile throat bared. He could see the tragic purpling. The bruising marks her husband and left on her pale translucent skin. *Dieu*, he never thought he could feel such rage as what he felt when he heard of his parents murder. Yet this eclipsed it. He understood that he had to—*had to* get control of himself. He had to think.

At least the bastards had placed Sabra in this barred stall with him. He was nearly certain no matter what torture they might use that they were not going to kill them for now because he was beginning to ferret out a deeper scheme being played at here. It had been that witch, Lady Kensington with her glib mouth that had first started to give him the clues.

“Imbecile—*imbecile*,” he growled. He had been so arrogant, so cocksure, and such an imbecile not to think that someone might drug their wine. Why had he not thought of this? He jerked the chains at his wrist violently. “*When* have these bastards *ever* dealt with honor?” he snarled.

Just look at what that whoreson Bascom had done at Peralise! All lies and subterfuge, and he should have known after Peralise not to expect an honorable fight! So he and all of his men had been drugged into unwitting unconsciousness when Lady Kensington insisted they stop for a midday repast on their journey to the fabled Lincolnshire tourney!

*Merde!* He did not know even now whether his men were dead or alive. *Pascal, Marseilles?* It would be just like these bastards to murder twoscore of unconscious defenseless men and the thought made his blood chill even more.

“Ah, oh hh.”

Piers turned his gaze to Sabra at the sharp sound of her waking whimper. “Sabra,” he whispered hoarsely.

“P-Piers,” she whispered, sounding fearful.

“*Oui*, little one, I am here,” he shoved out of his stricken throat.

“Oh my god,” she whispered sliding her head upon the ground in small motions until she looked at him with eyes the color of a smoky green forest. “Thee saw,” she finished helplessly.

Piers turned his gaze away, gritting his teeth with his eyes suspiciously burning. *Mon dieu*, he cared for her, he could not deny this. It had been that way since he’d first seen her yet he had been arrogantly denying it to himself the entire time since.

“I *will* kill him, Sabra!” he growled, snapping his head around toward her with a fierce glare. “I swear this to you, *amour*. On my life. I will do it for you!”

It was a bold precocious vow because he was chained like a wild beast and might never be allowed the chance again too-. *Non*, he

would not think this way. He understood what these bastards wanted and he would obtain a chance to escape. But *merde*, Sabra, what would their plans do to her? How could he tell her? How could he not?

“Oh, Piers!” Sabra cried, and then she was there embracing him but his chains were too closely bound to the wall for him to embrace her back.

“I wish I could hold you,” he uttered with a rare glimpse of his feelings instead of his more natural arrogance. “Kiss me, petite. Kiss me as I would kiss you.”

“Piers,” she whispered as she stroked his bare chest with one hand and cupped the hard line of his jaw with the other. “Are thee certain, I would understand if thee-.”

“Kiss me!” he commanded gruffly.

Sabra pressed her lips against his mouth uncertainly until he slanted his head and nipped at her bottom lip challenging her to give him her mouth. And when she did he ravished her mouth thoroughly leaving her no doubt as to how much he desired her. When he released her lips, she slid limply onto his chest with her arms still circling his neck. He could feel her heart beating fast against his chest and he thought of how fragile she was and what he must do to protect her.

Finally he started speaking quietly but firmly. “Petite *amour*, you must listen to me carefully. We may have but a little time before they return and I would warn you of what is to come.”

“To come, Piers?” Sabra asked pushing away from him to look up into his eyes. “Thee know what they would do?”

“*Oui*, petite. It is madness,” he paused. “Lady Kensington let this slip and I have *conclure* what these bastards plan to do. I wish-.” He swallowed hard. “I wish, petite, that there was some way to spare you this, yet we must think that they will keep us alive for as long as this takes . . . and each day that we have will give us a chance to escape.”

“W-What are they going to do?” Sabra asked him with her fists clenched on his chest and her green eyes sharp with new fears.

Piers swallowed hard again, there was no way to soften this blow. For him it would not be this terrible. An invasion yes, but one he would live with—yet for a woman? He could not imagine this. “They will force us to join,” he uttered through a hissed breath. “To join until you are *enceinte*, and then they will kill me.”

*Enceinte meant pregnant!* Sabra could only look at Piers in bewilderment. It made no sense. “Why would they?”

“I am related to the Queen of France. My lands, Peralise, are a rich prize,” Piers said with a very French shrug of his muscled shoulders.

“A rich prize even for a woman carrying thy-thy . . . bastar-.” She could not say it—she could not!

“*Oui* petite, even then because I have no heir now . . . especially then, and I have played this into their hands by showing you so brazenly as my woman. There will not be anyone that will not believe the babe is mine. Especially with your husband so, um-.”

“Perverted,” Sabra hissed, then clamped both hands over her mouth in a style of agony.

“You will be brave for me,” he commanded gruffly. “And we will escape this and I will take you far away from this evil to a safe place . . . Peralise.”

“Thee would?” she asked hesitantly, barely taking her hands from her mouth.

“I will, petite.”

“Thee will take me away,” she exclaimed in wonder and then she cried softly, “Oh, Piers, it is all I have ever wanted, to be away from this place. It is *so* terrible here.”

“We will go—you and I together,” he murmured into her hair when she embraced him again. “And when they join us together only you and I will exist for each other, yes.”

Sabra clutched his shoulders and whispered a wavering, “Yes.”



## Chapter Thirteen

Still it was much worse than he could have envisioned Piers thought raggedly. They had taken them both from the cell, bringing them to the lord's chamber where they forced him to be chained by his wrists to the bed. *Mon dieu*, they were going to watch—all of them! Lady Kensington was here, Bascom of course, and Lord Hammond. *Merde*, they were sick-sick people. They sat comfortably about the room drinking wine . . . laughing with a style of heightened sexual awareness that was sickening. *Ah his beautiful-beautiful Sabra*, he thought, for everyone to see her, to watch them. Yet if he did not do it . . . what then? *Non*, it was too horrible to contemplate.

*They were going to watch*, Sabra thought numbly. All of them! Lord Hammond was leering. Incredibly, Lady Kensington looked at her with a style of tender sympathy. However, she was not fooled anymore because Piers had told her he thought the lady coveted her as a man coveted his woman. Nay, she was no longer fooled by any innocence.

She watched four men chain Piers by his wrists to the bed. Her and Robert's bed. Robert sneered at her, then he looked suddenly worried at how long and lingering it took Lord Kensington to remove Piers' codpiece and small cloth. She could have smiled in gloating over Robert's pangs of jealousy only strangely she felt them also and was confused. They stripped her, Lady Kensington and Lord Hammond with lingering hands at her breasts and her hips. She did nothing but numbly stare at Piers. She knew there were tears in her eyes.

Lord Kensington reached for Piers' limp cock. "*If you touch me*, I will never give you an heir!" Piers shouted, raging violently against his chains and making Lord Kensington stumble backward. Piers finally settled with a heaving muscular chest. "*If you swear*

not to harm the babe or my woman after the babe is born, I will fuck her for you!" he sneered.

"*How* did he know?" Lord Kensington gasped. Yet his eyes looked glazed with passion as he gazed at the tall sinewy length of Piers stretched out nude upon the bed.

Suddenly Robert grabbed Sabra by the hair making her forget everything as he forced her to the foot of the bed. She did not bother trying to hide her nakedness from their eyes. She thought mayhap she was benumb, except her nipples were tight just looking at Piers. Then the shame washed through her easing the numbness aside insidiously, and she bowed her head taking Roberts hand tangled in her hair down with the motion.

"*Non, petite,*" Piers hissed lowly. "Come to me . . . only me."

Then Sabra remembered their vow . . . only them. It was only them in the room, it was only them making love. Yes, she could see only Piers if she tried. Robert released her hair and she climbed on the bed crawling between Piers' legs.

"You are so beautiful," Piers whispered for her ears only and she watched the proof as he grew hard for her. She crawled over his muscular thighs, over his hips . . . opening herself wider until-

"Only you . . . only me," Piers whispered intently.

She was wet for him as she dug her fingers into the sinewy muscle of his chest and lowered herself over his thick groin. She looked only at him—only him . . . only her.

But they all watched and made small lustful noises that her hearing could not quite shut out.

## Chapter Fourteen

“Kiss me, petite,” Piers whispered in the darkness. “Let me love you.”

“But we are chained,” Sabra answered, sounding listless and desolate.

“You are only chained by the one wrist, my little *amour*.” Piers paused, taking a deep breath. It came to him once again how much he cared for his golden woman. *He must!* “I need you,” he finished in a tight voice.

It was not the easiest thing to do, to admit this vulnerability. How much he needed to take the ugliness away for both of them. His vow to kill the Kensingtons and Bascom without remorse satisfied his rage for vengeance. Yet it did not take away his fear at what the ugliness pressed upon them would do to Sabra—and him. He must do something! He would fight for this. He would fight until his dying breath to save what he had found.

“Oh, Piers,” Sabra exclaimed on a sigh, sounding close to tears as her soft lips touched his cheek.

He licked her precious lovers mole and demanded, “More,” with an arrogant command in his voice. “You will let me lick my *sucré* bud and love you,” he commanded.

“But-but.” Sabra sounded as shy as she was even after all that had happened to them.

“Would you deny your lord, petite, . . . your man?” he asked arrogantly.

“Nay,” she cried in the darkness. “I would give thee all . . . do anything.”

“Then you will let me love you with my mouth in this darkness where they can take nothing away from us. Let me give you pleasure as you have given me. Make me a man again, petite. Make me your man.”

“If thee wills it, Piers,” she whispered.

Piers heard the rustle in the darkness of Sabra removing her gown, then he felt her soft nakedness brush against his side as they lay in the lord's chamber at Rothingham. Her tender lips tasted his throat leaving a warm dewy imprint, then her lips grazed his jaw which was rough with the shadow of his beard.

"Crawl up over me, petite, slowly," he ordered with a husky voice.

The darkness leant heightened feelings of sensuality, and he could not overpower it with his normal sexual energy because he was bound to the bed by his wrists. He felt Sabra's tentative moves in a slide of her creamy skin. Her warm inner thigh brushed across his rib cage and her breast nuzzled his cheek. The downy curls of her *pussie* caressed his midriff. Her movement pressing it deeper, leaving the kiss of her fragile slit on his chest. She was trembling and breathless in the darkness.

"Higher," he commanded gruffly, wanting to feel in charge yet knowing he was not.

"Piers," she whispered, crawling higher.

He could feel her knees anchoring on his tautly stretched biceps. He could smell the muskiness of his seed still lingering from where he spilled it deep inside her earlier. It made her completely his and he felt it. Now, he wanted to taste it.

"Ah, petite, I will make you squirm and cry for me," he murmured.

"Oh yes, Piers, only you," she whispered on a sigh.

Piers lifted his mouth to the twin supple mounds of Sabra's *pussie*, blowing hot air from deep inside his chest. "Ohh hh," she moaned throatily above him as she angled her pelvis more into his mouth's caress. Then he used his tongue to delve between the torrid lips of her sex making her gasp and roll her hips. He chuckled arrogantly as he lifted his head to push his mouth tighter around Sabra's heated sex . . . and then he sucked!

"Piers!" she squealed, digging her hands into his hair.

He sucked her harder in a rapid rhythm right over the thrusting bud of her desire while he flicked the tip of his tongue over its crest. Sabra rocked her hips above him with mating motions, gasping his name in sultry moans. He went faster. Then he changed the angle and licked his tongue over the entrance of her core before nipping her throbbing little bud back between his lips.

"Ah—*ahh*," she cried as her whole body strained and shook above him.

He stopped then, building her tension as he licked her slowly . . . every inch of her hot moist *pussie* that he could reach.

“More, Piers, more . . . *please*,” she begged him.

“Where,” he demanded, wanting to bind her to him more completely as he clenched and unclenched his fists chained above his head.

“My bud!” she cried, trying to wiggle closer to his steamy mouth. “Please my love, *pleasse!*”

*My love.* Piers spoke the word’s Sabra had uttered in his mind with a feeling so strong it shook him just as he suckled her bud back between his lips and he took her over the edge into a quaking climax.

Later Sabra lay curled around him naked and pliant. She was sated . . . He sighed, pleased. He felt better now somehow more in control. The bastards could not take this from them no matter what they did.

“You take away all the ugliness, Piers,” Sabra whispered. “You make me feel safe a-and cared for,” she finished in a hesitant whisper.

“We will not allow them to break us,” he murmured. “Let them watch us, what do we care. Perhaps we will teach them what love really is, hmm?”

“Love,” Sabra whispered.

“*Oui, petite, I do-. Shhh!*” he hissed suddenly because he could hear someone was entering the chamber and it was not an open display but a sneaking advance.

“My lord—*Noir Faucon*,” came a whispered hiss.

“Pascal,” Piers answered in surprise and a great amount of relief that the young man was still alive.

“It e’s I, my lord,” Pascal said sounding closer. “I waited until I was certain that all these noble pigs were sleeping.”

“But how is this possible?” Piers asked when he felt Pascal’s presence beside the bed where there was some fumbling going on.

“I did not drink the wine left for us here,” Pascal replied. “But when I saw our men passed out and Bascom coming through the open drawbridge at well midnight . . . I hid, my lord.”

Ah, Piers had wondered about the men he had left here at the Keep. He had wondered how they had been overtaken. “Who?” he questioned tightly.

“It was Eric with zee bangles, my lord,” Pascal answered with disgust. “He must have dosed our wine at the late meal but the Mademoiselle and I did not have any—she wanted goats milk and made me drink this also.”

Piers chuckled with an anxious release of tension thinking, *dieu*, if only Pascal could free them? A candle flared and Sabra was

already scrambling to cover her nakedness, not an easy feat because she was bound by one wrist and a length of chain to the bed.

Piers held Pascal's gaze away from the tousled and pink-cheeked Sabra as Pascal continued to say. "So I waited for them to retire this eve, then while the two lords were, um—engaged I stole these keys from Mademoiselles, husbands' clothes."

Pascal appeared slightly green and Piers could only imagine what engaged must mean which was further confirmed by Pascal's stricken whisper. "Bascom and Kensington had Eric with them in zee-zee-."

"It's enough," Piers muttered glancing at Sabra and stopping Pascal's horrified words. "I wish you did not have to view such, Pascal. But now we must be free, yes?"

"Oh *oui*, my lord," Pascal uttered, shaking off his disturbance to begin trying the iron keys.

"Pascal someone comes!" Juliette whispered urgently as she popped her head around the partially open door.

"Who is this?" Piers hissed.

"That is my woman, Juliette," Pascal muttered, turning his gaze to Juliette and saying, "Come in quickly and shut the door."

"Your woman," Piers grumbled, watching Pascal trying to work faster on the chains holding his wrists. At least his skinny squire, who was not so very skinny anymore had the grace to blush. But better than that was the manacle came free.

"*Bravo*," Piers expelled, "Now the other, Pascal, and have your woman fetch my sword quickly."

They could all hear the footsteps approaching. They might pass yet they might not! Piers shoved his freed hand outward and the maid Juliette lifted his heavy sword hilt first into his hand. He silenced them all with a gesture as they watched the door listening to the footsteps. Pascal worked on his other wrist as they waited and the footsteps paused.

"Hurry!" Piers hissed under his breath at Pascal. He would fight with one hand chained to the bed if he must yet it would severely limit what he could do. The door creaked! Whoever it was, was entering.

"Keep working on the lock," Piers commanded as he quickly leaned over and blew out the candle. The door swung open slowly, and only partially. Piers knew from their vantage point in the darkness they would be able to see better than the person entering.

*Chink! Chink!* The iron keys struggling with the lock on his manacle sounded loudly in the dead silence as Pascal fumbled in the dark.

“Is your beast awake, Lady Sabra?” murmured a woman’s voice. All of them could see the outline of a long tunic as the woman paused halfway through the doorway. “No matter, he’s chained,” the woman murmured, seemingly to herself as she continued into the room.

Many things occurred at once then as the manacle fell free of Piers other wrist. He commanded Pascal to work on Sabra’s manacle as he strode forward and kicked the door closed, grabbing the woman to keep her from screaming and sounding any alarm. It was Lady Kensington. The woman who had drugged the wine!

“Juliette, light the candle,” Piers ordered, trying to hold onto Lady Kensington as he pulled her to the bed. She was a strong woman! The candle flared and Sabra blinked at him with the color of her green eyes nearly black. He dropped his sword on the bed and grabbed a manacle, forcing Lady Kensington’s wrist into it. He clamped it shut as he turned his gaze to Juliette and ordered. “Find me something to gag her with.”

“I cannot find the key! I have tried all of them twice,” Pascal said anxiously.

Sabra made a frightened sound and tugged her wrist against the manacle. Piers snapped the second manacle shut around Lady Kensington’s wrist and reached over and grasped Sabra’s hand. “Do not, petite. I will get you free. Trust me.”

Sabra squeezed his hand as Juliette put the gag she’d made around Lady Kensington’s mouth, which freed his other hand. “Pascal,” Piers said looking over at him. “Make certain Lady Kensington cannot get free. Her wrists are smaller than mine. While I see to Lady Sabra.”

“*Oui*, my lord,” Pascal answered as they traded sides of the bed.

“Thee must leave without me!” Sabra exclaimed as Piers reached her and he pulled her partially into a one arm embrace while he studied the iron chain holding her to the bed frame.

“*Non*, Sabra, my sword will break it! Yet we must be prepared to leave quickly for it will make a loud noise and could be heard.” He turned to Pascal. “You will take Lady Sabra and your Juliette quickly out the postern gate. There will be a guard there, can you do this?”

“*Oui*, my lord,” Pascal answered confidently.

“And I must see if I can release my men,” Piers finished looking down at Sabra.

“Thee will be careful, my lord,” Sabra whispered.

“I will be with you before you realize, petite. Yet should anything happen to prevent this-,” He turned to Pascal. “Pascal now has my command to take you to Peralise with all haste and safety.”

“Nay, Piers!” Sabra exclaimed, grasping his waist.

“You will do as your lord commands you, Sabra,” Piers said sternly. “You would not deny my command would you?”

“Nay,” she puffed miserably.

“This is good,” he uttered fiercely and he lifted her chin to look into her eyes. “If we have a babe, you must keep him safe.”

“Yes, Piers. Yes!” she answered back just as fiercely.

Piers took a moment to discuss a meeting place outside the walls of the keep with Pascal and he gave the young man a few more explicit instructions on escaping England if it should become necessary without him. Then he had Sabra stretch the chain as tightly as she was able.

*Clang! Clang! Clang! — Snap!*

The chain broke and all four of them hurried from the room leaving Lady Kensington gagged and chained to the bed.



## Chapter Fifteen

*Six months later at Rosehill Abbey on Rothingham Keep's southern most border.*

Sabra never saw Piers again after they separated. Although, she had been told viciously by Robert numerous times that Piers was dead. Deep in her heart she knew that it could *not* be true. If only she, Pascal, and Juliette had not been caught in the woods by Robert, who was fleeing as well! As it was, she'd had to turn back to keep Pascal from being killed. When all she'd wanted to do was run. Run so far—and never stop!

Yet she and Juliette had some small comfort because together they had managed to free Pascal before Robert could kill him. The thought that Pascal had survived the arrow wounding his shoulder, and had then he escaped, was the one thing that she and Juliette had together that would comfort them. Juliette being so young, so optimistic, and it was such a haunting position was certain Pascal would live and go to Peralise to bring back help to rescue them.

Sabra was afraid to hope such a thing. The days themselves were so hard to endure. She carried Piers' child in her womb and she knew incertitude that the moment she delivered the babe they would take her precious child away from her. These thoughts alone terrified her.

"They are coming, my lady!" Juliette exclaimed fearfully, looking out the small window of their cold bare cell.

"Thee must go quickly then, Juliette. Hide behind the Rectory. They would not dare go there with the monks mass in procession," Sabra said quickly.

"Nay, my lady, I would not leave ye!" Juliette exclaimed dropping to her knees in front of where Sabra sat. "If he beats ye again, ye could lose the babe," Juliette finished clutching Sabra's hands.

Sabra looked down at Juliette's beautiful face. She would not allow the young maid to be raped again as had already happened!

“I will remind him of not harming the young heir to Peralise. And, Juliette, thee know thee could not stop him. Do this for me! Flee and hide for me—please!”

“Oh, my lady,” Juliette cried, pressing her face to the tops of Sabra’s hands. “Pascal will come! We must pray that he will.”

“Yes. Yes of course, Juliette. Pascal will come and we must be strong. But now thee must run quickly!”

Sabra sighed heavy sounds of relief when Juliette finally went to hide. She knew she did not have much control over her life once again. But for Juliette and for her babe she would guard them as ferociously as she was able.

Robert came and went much as he regularly did. This time however, he did not beat her as severely and she knew that she had the babe to thank for that. At least Robert had not attacked her sexually and for that she was grateful—for that she could endure. She still had her memories of love, and a passion so great no one could ever take them away from her.

She did wonder over and over what had happened that night. Was Piers still alive? She felt so certain that she would know it in her heart if he were no longer of this earth. Yet it seemed after these long months of waiting that surely he must have been desperately hurt!

Or the other thought that circled her mind was that he did not have a clue where to find her. If only she could conceive of some way to escape this place herself. Yet what could a lone pregnant woman do? She would try again to bribe one of the monks at the Abbey to take a letter for her to Peralise. It did not matter that Robert had discovered her last attempt—she would try again and again if she had too.

## Chapter Sixteen

“*Where is she?*” Piers bellowed in his rage and pain, toppling over the wooden table with a mighty crash and sending the flagon of wine to smash against the wall. He attacked the chairs next throwing them against the wall and then he upended the mattress and bedframe before he fell to his knees heaving. “*Where* has that bastard taken her?”

He was so very afraid that Sabra was dead! —And that was the reason he could not find her. Yet if he dared to go to Bascom openly the bastard might kill Sabra outright—and he could not take that chance. If only he had done things differently that night. But then he knew he could not have. He had, had to try and save his men. It was only by chance that Robert—while he was fleeing—had found Sabra and Pascal.

It still bothered him that Sabra had turned back when she could have fled. Yet Pascal said that he thought certainly Lady Sabra believed she was saving him. And later, although Pascal was not certain who slipped the knife into the loaf of bread he’d been tossed, he thought that Juliette and Lady Sabra must have done it.

Yet why did Sabra turn back? Pascal could have made it into the woods and disappeared. Was it just Sabra’s woman’s view of a helpless wounded man and she could not realize Pascal’s warriors skills? Or was it something else? These questions ate at him. They made him feel insane. They nagged him through each day and night. Could Sabra not be found because she did not want to be? Could she be apart of this? Could she have always been apart of this?

“No!” he thundered. No, it was his worry and concern making him crazy. Sabra was his! Only and always his. A rapid knock sounded on the door to his room at the inn and Piers wearily rose from the destruction around him to throw open the door to this unwanted intrusion.

“I have found them, my lord! I am certain of this,” Pascal exclaimed nearly shoving Piers back as he pushed into the room with his obvious excitement.

Piers tried to clear his wine-soaked mind, taking in the fact that Pascal looked as though he had ridden for days in a dust storm. What had he said? “*Do not* taunt me,” Piers hissed grabbing the young man roughly by his shoulders.

“*Non*, my lord,” Pascal exclaimed clasping Piers forearms to steady him. “I was able to follow Bascom this time. He e’s growing lax over these months, and he ceaselessly travels in the same direction. South to the Abbey there! This e’s where I watched him leave his guards when he departed.”

“Guards,” Piers muttered as Pascal balanced him at the same time reaching down to right a chair, which Piers flopped into unsteadily. He grunted at the hard impact of the chair hitting his tail bone and then he uttered, “Bascom would not go there for religious purposes.”

They had tried many times to follow Bascom when he left Rothingham. Bascom nearly always traveled to the south and the terrain there was too wide open for them to follow him without being seen. But now Pascal had managed it and Sabra could be there. He nearly felt it was so—with a hard tightening in his chest—that she was there.

“Bring me a cold bath now!” he commanded harshly. He must quickly clear his head from the wine that he had consumed.

“*Oui*, my lord,” Pascal exclaimed. “Right away!”

## Chapter Seventeen

Sabra tried to scream but the hand covering her mouth in the pitch blackness was relentless. It was hopeless even if she had managed to cry out against her murder none would hear the scream in this solitary cell of the Abbey. Instinctively she grasped her hands around the bulge of her womb. She whimpered fearful begging sounds feeling the crushing heat of a large shape bent over her small cot. *She would not let him kill her baby!*

She bit down hard on the hand holding back her screams as she brought her knee up sharply into the groin of her faceless murder! A grunt of pain erupted in the darkness as she tried to roll to the other side of the cot but a large hand tangled in her hair.

“Ow!” she cried in sudden pain and amazingly she was released. “*Ohmygod-ohmygod,*” she sobbed clasping both hands over her mouth as she groped along the wall in the darkness trying to find the entryway. Normally the heavy wooden door would be locked but it must be open now or how else could the man have found entrance. She could actually see a dim outline of his bent shape from the shadowy light of the high port window.

Sabra found the door and she jerked around to push on it expecting it to swing open with her frantic heave. But it did not budge! “*No-no,*” she whimpered, tugging on it frantically now as her wrists scraped the rough wood.

“*Agh-*,” Piers grunted, it was the only sound he seemed able to make as he fought the sharp pains in his groin. He staggered toward the winsome fall of blonde hair that he could make out by the door. *Merde*, Sabra would bring all the guards down on them! Then he heard the distant clomping of heavy feet and he knew his choices were gone. He had felt Sabra’s rounded belly when he’d reached over her to keep her from screaming with surprise in the darkness. He *could not* stay and fight in these close quarters with Sabra so vulnerable.

He managed enough strength after being kneed in the groin to sweep Sabra up into his arms as he staggered back to the portal as quickly as he could. Sabra beat his shoulders and screamed, yet he managed to lift her up to the high portal ledge, then he finally pushed a grunt of two words passed his constricted throat. “*Merde, woman!*”

“Piers!” Sabra squealed, sounding surprised and anguished at the same moment.

Perhaps she was not fighting him. Perhaps she was not trying to elude his rescue. He was too confused in the darkness and with their inability to speak. Hurriedly he climbed up onto the ledge next to Sabra. It was a three-league drop to the ground below but the rope he had used to gain Sabra’s cell was still tightly tied off. Before he could command her to take hold of him, Sabra flung her arms around his neck with a strangled cry just as a loud clanging sounded on the door and he grabbed the rope with both hands, shouting. “You must hold on to me, petite—tightly!”

The door crashed open and Sabra screamed as she clutched him and he pushed off the ledge dropping a full body’s length on the first downward slide. “Hold tight, Sabra,” he gushed on a loss of air through his exertion then a male voice bellowed from above them.

“The *bitch* is getting away! Sound the alarm!”

Piers kept going down with Sabra nearly strangling him she was so frightened. He could only hope that none of Robert’s knights were at the rear of the Abbey, yet reason spoke that they would still be toward the front. He prayed Pascal was able to get the little maid Juliette out of the Abbey now that Robert’s guards were alerted. Yet he did not stay to find out as soon as his feet touched the ground he swung Sabra up into his arms and sprinted to where he had left his men. He had not been able to bring any of his men into the Abbey for fear Sabra would be hurt but now that he had her.

“Marseilles!” he shouted. “Send the men into the Abbey quickly and make sure Pascal has gotten his Juliette out!”

†

“Nay, Sir Pascal!” Juliette cried. “I cannot go with ye!”

Pascal grabbed Juliette’s slender arms as she tried to flee from him. He had searched the entire Abbey for her and finally found her sleeping beneath a pew in the small church. She was crying now and nearly hysterical and he was very confused. He thought she would be happy to see him and have him rescue her.

“*Mon dieu*, Juliette,” he uttered trying to twist her around to face him.

“Ye know not what they’ve done to me!” she cried. Then she fell to her knees dragging him down with her. “Leave me I cannot face ye!”

*Oh dieu!* Pascal grabbed Juliette to him even though she fought him until he had her in his embrace. “I will never leave you, butterfly. Never!”

“I am shamed! Ye cannot touch me a-after-!”

“Hush-hush, little one. I can touch you, I *love* you!” Pascal exclaimed. “I love you *so* much.”

“Oh!” Juliette wailed sharply. It was a terrible anguished sound and she crumbled against him sobbing. He had no time to waste, he could not comfort her any longer. If she fought him, he would tie her up and drag her from here. But she merely clung to him weeping as he stood carrying her in his arms.

## Chapter Eighteen

How could she be afraid Sabra wondered, now that she knew Piers was alive? Yet she was. He was as if a stranger to her once he had set her into the cart and then they had traveled the night through. She had not truly seen him again in the darkness as she and Juliette sat huddled in the creaking cart that carried them. Oh she had heard his voice issuing commands in the darkness but he had not once stopped beside her or spoken a word to her directly. Then when they had reached the small port village on the coast both Pascal and Piers disappeared and it was Marseilles who showed them to a room in the small village inn. Marseilles told them to rest for they would be sailing for Peralise with the evening tides.

Both she and Juliette were grateful with relief to hear this, although Juliette was much subdued and weepy. While she was worried about the fact that Piers would not speak to her of his plans. Would he be coming with them or would he be staying to still seek his revenge on Robert? Why did he distance himself? She had a very uneasy feeling that something was terribly wrong.

Her feeling only worsened that evening when Marseilles escorted them to the ship. She expected to see Piers at any moment but when they reached the gangplank and still he had not appeared—she finally had to make her stand. If she truly was Piers' lady, it was embarrassing to have to ask—yet he had left her no choice.

"I refuse to go aboard this ship until I have spoken to Lord Black Hawk," she said quietly yet firmly as she stopped at the bottom of the gangplank.

"It e's by *Noir Falcon's* orders, Mademoiselles," Marseilles replied trying to take her elbow. Sabra neatly sidestepped him for being so cumbersome in her pregnancy and walked a short distance to a small bench where she sat gratefully. Her back was aching. "Then I will await him here to tell me so," she said quietly.



“And I will also wait for Sir Pascal,” Juliette said suddenly and then sat next to Sabra.

“You would defy your lord’s command?” Marseilles asked in irritation.

“I will if I must,” Sabra replied. “Yet I will not step one foot on that ship until I see him.”

Marseilles placed his hands on his hips in angry annoyance glaring down at her as if that alone would sway her. He grumbled about vexing English women and muttered about giving him a French girl anytime for they were much more reasonable. And finally he said, “If zee thinks, Mademoiselles, that I vill not bodily haul you up this plank to follow *mon* lord’s orders, you are mistaken!”

This did alarm Sabra yet she was resolved as she lifted her chin to him. “Where is he?” she demanded.

Suddenly there was a clamor sounding overhead and then a bellow. “Can *no one* control this woman of mine?”

At Piers’ shout Sabra looked upward in amazement and she saw him swing outward from the deck of the ship holding onto a long rope. Incredibly he slid down its length to land on his feet not far from her. “*Tell me-*,” Piers uttered fiercely. “Is it that you wish to stay here with *your* husband, Lady Bascom?”

Sabra felt as though she had been slapped as she came to her feet with a cry. “How could thee *not* speak to me? How could thee stay away from me so that I know not what is happening?”

“If you remember correctly, *vixen!*” he shouted. “You nearly took my balls the last time you knew I was near!”

“That was a mistake! I did not know that it was thee!” she cried, turning her bulk around to attempt a furious running waddle back down the dock away from him.

“You will halt!” he bellowed behind her. But Sabra kept at her waddling gait. “*You* are mine!” Piers roared. Sabra expected to be stopped by his use of physical force but curiously he merely ran in front of her and bellowed once again, “You will halt!”

She ignored him of course going around him and he did it once again. It was then she realized that he was afraid he might hurt her—and also because of that unsure how to stop her. *That meant he cared!* She stopped and looked up at him.

“Have you finally come to see reason, woman?” he asked in a harsh exasperated tone.

Sabra nodded her head taking in his carved features against the dusk. “Yes, my lord,” she answered.

“Well *dieu!* It is about time,” he expelled.

Sabra nearly smiled because he looked so comically relieved. They had problems she did not understand but he still cared for her and that meant they could work them out. "Thee will be going with us?" she asked.

"Of course," he muttered.

*Of course!* Sabra thought she might swoon with relief and Piers said it so grudgingly but she had not known what he was thinking to do! That nearly made her angry again yet she held it back. He was coming with them and that was all that mattered at the moment. The rest could wait.

If he lived to be a hundred, Piers thought he would never learn to understand petite English women! Alas though, she was not this petite anymore. She was now like the juicy caramel, rounded and sweet. Her bottom was fulsome and her breasts were heavy and he had a rabid desire to strip her naked and see all the changes. He could not stop imagining how large her breasts must be now or what the golden curls of her *pussière* would look like beneath her beautifully rounded belly. He was ultimately glad his codpiece was firmly in place as he followed her swishing bottom up the gangplank.

What power his petite golden woman had over him, he thought as he escorted her to her quarters and left her at the door without a word. He would not be happy until the ship was well out to sea and he was certain once again that he had his Sabra completely underneath his power.

Then he would see. He would see all that he desired—and stake his claim upon her so irrevocably that never again would there be any question in her mind, or his about whom she truly belonged too!

## Chapter Nineteen

That night Pascal found Juliette on deck behind the forecastle sitting on some sails, alone in the moonlight. He had not come to her earlier because he was afraid that she would not board the ship if she knew that he was here. Yet now that the ship was well out to sea he could not stay away from her any longer. He wanted to make love to her and take all her fears away. He wanted to marry her even though they were both so young. But instead he just sat down quietly beside her hooking his arms over his knees as he looked up at the moon.

“I am breeding, Sir Pascal,” Juliette whispered so softly that he barely caught it, yet he did hear her snuffle after.

It was not something that did not occur to him after he understood what had been done to her. “It could be mine,” he said looking down at her.

“Ye know it is not,” she murmured through her tears.

“*Dieu*, Juliette, I love you—and I would love our babe more,” he answered finally clasping her shoulders to pull her to his side.

“It was t-two of Kensington’s k-knights. I know not which one is the father,” she cried softly. “It was the two that caught us in the weaving s-shed.”

Pascal pulled Juliette against his chest and listened as she told him what had been done to her. He was angry and hurt and in such pain for her. But he loved her more and he knew that she needed to tell him. So he listened and held her until her crying ebbed and then he kissed her temple and cheeks holding her head so that she would look at him.

“We have loved each other, yes? With our bodies. We know how beautiful that e’s?” he asked kissing her lips softly. “We will know that again if you trust me, little butterfly.”

“Ye still want me?” she cried softly.

“Yes, yes! This e’s what I am trying to tell you, Juliette. I will always want you and take care of you and our babe!”

“Oh, Pascal,” she murmured, slipping down to lay her head on his chest as she hugged him. “I do want you too. I-I just do not know if I can-.”

“Hush, little butterfly,” he murmured. “We will take time, yes? We are young and I will remind you slowly how beautiful it e’s to make love to you.”

“Yes, Pascal,” she murmured on a sigh.

Pascal chuckled. “You finally call me just your Pascal. Not sir. This makes me very happy, Juliette.”

“You are silly,” Juliette murmured.

“Ah *non*, my little butterfly, I am not silly, but in love. Are you not?”

“Yes. Yes, Pascal, I am in love with ye,” she murmured.

“Then we will manage, Juliette. You and I will manage, my love,” he said, kissing the top of her head as they embraced and watched the moonlight over the ocean together.

## Chapter Twenty

Piers planned his entrance strategically. He had sent Sabra a bath and he waited drinking one glass of wine slowly before he went to her cabin. He did not knock but entered the room boldly as had always been his way. His strategy worked, he caught Sabra naked and standing beside the small wooden tub. She was dripping wet with only a small linen in her hand.

“Piers,” she gasped in surprise with her lovely green eyes widening.

She was truly beautiful, even heavy with his child. Some men might think him mad but he could tell that he would lust after her ripe and pregnant as much as he did before. He stalked around her boldly raking her with his gaze as she kept trying to turn with him. The small linen was only able to cover her breasts a bit and he had a good view of the rest of her.

“Will you deny your lord, Sabra, . . . would you deny him anything?”

“I do not know, my lord. What is it that he wishes?”

“*You*,” he uttered. Then without warning he moved in and swept Sabra up into his arms carrying her to the bunk. “I have you naked and helpless, my lady.”

“You do,” she squealed softly as he lay her down on the bunk and sat down beside her. He snatched her linen away and took her wrist above her head to hold them there. “Piers,” she panted fighting his hold, but only a little.

“I would look at you,” he said. “I would see what my babe does to your beautiful body.” He stroked her large belly with his free hand feeling the taut silken flesh. “He is big this babe of mine,” he murmured.

“I am uncommonly large, my lord. D-Do not embarrass me so,” she huffed moving her shapely legs restlessly as her green eyes pleaded with him and her cheeks turned pink.

“Now-,” Piers drawled slowly, “This is plump, my petite.” He lifted one of her breasts up into his hand watching the tip of her aroused pink nipple jutted outward at him. “Perhaps a little fat and plump, hmm.” His mouth descended.

“Piers!” Sabra squealed.

He quickly dropped the spoke of her nipple from between his teeth and looked up in surprise, finding her eyes were wide on him. “It-It-,” she sputtered.

He grinned. “Ah—is it a little sensitive, my petite?”

“Please let me go,” she puffed squirming her wrists against his hand.

He quickly grabbed the back of her bare thigh with his free hand holding her still. “I will *never* let you go, Sabra. You must understand this.”

Piers was wicked as always and so thoroughly masculine with his gold earring and his ebony mustache. He dominated her and made her feel helpless—keeping her naked—doing what he wanted with her. And she loved him so much! “I have no wish to be anywhere but *with* thee,” Sabra cried. “But I am so big and-and-!”

Suddenly her wrists were released and Piers took one of her hands and cupped it over his codpiece and rigid cock beneath. “Tell me I do not desire you with your big belly,” he uttered, rubbing her hand up and down over his hardness.

“Oh-oh, Piers,” she mewled feeling the steely thickness of him beneath her hand.

“And you, little Sabra, are mine,” he murmured. “Say it! Only me!”

“Only you, Piers,” she whispered.

“Now turn over, Sabra, onto your knees and grab the bunk post with your hands,” he commanded. Not waiting, he lifted her up turning her around to kneel facing the post. He was behind her instantly and she felt his big male organ pushing inside her as she bent over underneath the pressure while her hands clutched at the post. He filled her hard and fast with one vigorous thrust!

“Ooo, Piers!” she squealed.

He grunted and swung his hips back to penetrate her again harder. “A- A-,” she panted beneath the force.

“Say only me,” Piers growled as he grabbed her hips pulling her back to him and spreading her knees wider with a push of his knees between them. His next thrust pushed her into the post. “Say it!”

“A- .” He thrust. “Only y-you!” He thrust again. “A- *only youuu!*” He plunged into her harder, clamping his hands over the

tops of hers on the post to keep her upright as his thighs slapped into the back of hers. "Only you!" she squealed.

Sabra could feel Piers sweat dripping onto her back as he coupled her faster and faster making her pant and buck back and forth against him. It was wildness. It was base—as though they were animals fornicating—or a man claiming his woman for all time!

"Say it again!" Piers groaned.

"A—A—A— *Only you!* " She cried.

"Oh *dieu! Sabra—Sabraaa!*"

When Piers had taken her again the same way from behind. Hard and fast. Making her screaming that she was only his, he finally let her crumple to the bunk beneath him. He rolled onto his back flinging sweat from his dark black hair as he pulled her bottom against his hip by holding his forearm beneath her breasts. His breathing was heavy and labored as she lay beside him shivering and unrequited. She thought perhaps he would not want her at all—being so big with a child, she'd been afraid he would not desire her any longer.

"I leave you shivering for my mouth, little Sabra," he murmured.

Sabra quivered beneath his arm. He turned on his side and leaned over her. His eyes so brown they were black. "Yes, Piers."

"Only me, say it."

"Only you, Piers," she whispered.

"We will marry one day," he muttered.

Sabra gasped, wholly taken by surprise.

"But until this time you are mine. Only mine . . . always."

"Yes! Yes, I—I love thee, Piers."

"Sabra," he exclaimed tightly, dragging her upward into and awkward embrace. "I was so worried perhaps that you somehow did not wish to be with me. After I took you as my whore so badly in front of everyone. I thought—Oh, *mon dieu*, I don't know what I thought, *petite amour*."

"It is all right, Piers, I understand," she murmured.

"You do?" he asked with surprised.

"I also worried that thee might not want me anymore. B-But then thee came with us to Peralise. I knew thee would not leave revenge so easily."

"*Only* for you, Sabra," he answered fiercely.

"And your baby," she whispered.

"And our son, I think," he stated firmly.

She smiled. "You are so sure, my lord?"

“Or perhaps a little girl like you,” he admitted, nuzzling her cheek. “But we will wait and see, I think someday this Bascom will fall on his own and all we will have to do is wait.”

“Yes-yes I think that is the way it will be for us,” she murmured, tugging his hand up to boldly suckle on his first finger with a heated question in her eyes.

“Mmm,” he chuckled. “I can see my lady is making her point. It is not good for a man to leave his woman wanting is it, my *sucre* bud?”

She licked his finger from the base to the tip. “Nay, my love,” she murmured with a seductive smile.

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