

“His Saxon Slave”
By Danielle Fonda



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Chapter One

“**You** will kneel before your master,” Goth growled as he shoved the Saxon girl to her knees.

Bonar looked down upon the wench. She was young, not yet nineteen summers, he would guess. She was youthful and fully ripe at her bosom, belly, and hips. A wealth of yellow hair adorned her, falling to her slender waist. Yet, he could not truly see her face for she gazed downward and her hair covered most of her features. Still, he could tell her features were fine boned, and the roundness of her bosom drew his eye again. The brown shift she wore, spoke of modesty, yet not outright poverty. He wondered instantly, if she be a virgin. He had not taken any slaves as his own, in this campaign to break the Saxon stronghold of Garth, preferring to give the bounty to his men.

Still, this one perplexed him, even as she angered and intrigued him. This one would be a pleasure to conquer into submission, he thought as he looked askance of Goth. “Is she the one that led the Welshmen to safety on the cliffs?”

“Aye,” Goth answered curtly. “She deserves the lash! Those Welshmen killed ten of our men, if not eleven, before they escaped with this ones help.”

“Nay!” Bonar expelled sharply. “She will not be marred that way, unless it is by my hand for her disobedience.”

Goth appeared surprised, and it was an unlikely occurrence upon his grisly face. “Then you *will* keep her, my lord?”

“Yea,” Bonar responded. “I will bridle her as my slave. The looks of her alone will be worth much in the future.” Bonar looked to the east from the hill they stood upon, before he turned his gaze back to Goth. “Take her to my tent now and bind her against escape. We have yet to break through the Saxon’s wall this night. I would have done with this place and be onto the next.”

Kiana saw the Norman lord’s hide boots stalk away as the barrel-shaped brute named Goth hauled her to her feet. She had been too frightened to lift her head to view the Norman lord’s features, but her impression was that he was a large man. All of the Normans loomed largely, and if this Norman lord appeared at all as Goth’s gnarled face,

she was sure to vomit if he laid his hands on her. Yet touch her he would, of that she could not be mistaken. The fear of it made her sickly as Goth pulled her roughly into a tent.

“Were it left to me, I would beat you!” Goth boomed as he shoved her away from him and Kiana stumbled, landing on her knees yet again. “Now strip bare, slave,” he vented harshly.

Kiana caught her cry of denial in her throat as she heard the sound of Goth’s sword being lifted from its scabbard. *Would he ravish her?* Terror was tight in her belly as her hands shook reaching for the bottom hem of her shift. She dared not to glance upward at the menacing Goth as her trembling hands pulled the shift over her head. She had given all of her under clothing as bandages and she had nothing left on underneath. As soon as its cloth left her fingertips, she shielded one hand between her thighs and her other arm across her breasts. In this moment she was thankful for her waist length hair.

“That will do you no good,” Goth’s rough voice told her. “For tie you I will, with your arms behind your back, and I surely hope that they pain you. Now lie down on your stomach!”

Kiana could bear it no longer as she cried out her fear and denial. Goth must have expected this, for he was upon her in a trice. He grabbed her wrists harshly and forced her onto her belly with his brute strength. The air was knocked from her lungs, and she lay grasping as he tied her wrists and ankles, even taking her sandals from her feet.

“Now see if you can escape,” he muttered.

“I beg you do not ravish me!” Kiana cried desperately.

The angry growl that came from Goth made Kiana flinch as he pulled her onto her back, while he knelt beside her. “*What?*” he blurted, looking down at her. “I have daughters as old as you,” he hissed, rising lugubriously to his feet. Then he bent and plucked up a large fur from the pallet beside them. “I leave you to the younger and better man!” he spat, dropping the fur over her nakedness as he turned to leave. “You just dwell on that damsel, as you lay naked and tied, waiting for your lord. *And*, I hope that it pains you I do,” he continued to mutter as he left the tent.

It was then, Kiana cried out her fear in choked sobs that continued into helpless weeping. She was a slave now and the imprisonment of it was agony, upon her cringing soul.

†

It was in the blackest of night when the Norman lord came into his tent, and Kiana had such terror inside of her that she never closed her eyes once in all the long waiting. The Norman carried a torch with him and Kiana forced herself to gaze upon him. What she saw made her suck

in a tight fearful breath. He was so huge. He was armored yes, but still brawny with strength nonetheless.

His shoulders were weighty, and his thighs thickly laid. He was taller than other man she had seen, with his wild mane of black hair. It was wavy thick hair and it laid in a blackened tangle down his back. But it was his face that arrested her the most. This was no fair skinned Saxon man, but a rough-skinned, masculine warrior. The word warrior breathed in every harsh angle of his strong features from the dark shadow on his jaw, of a beard not scraped in days, to his blunt, slightly crooked nose. His eyes were shards of brilliant light blue gazing down at her as she shivered in unconscious rebellion upon what they were asking, before she turned her gaze hastily away.

She should never have looked upon him so boldly. He would misconstrue her look for an invitation that she would never give him. Even as this thought entered her mind, she was flinging out her denial. “Nay!” she cried.

Yet, he was already upon her, down on his knees beside her, tugging the fur away from her nude body underneath. “You will *not* deny me, Saxon slave,” he growled, as his fist tangled into the hair at the back of her head.

Then he pulled the long tresses, forcing her neck to arch backward, bowing her naked body toward him. She was supine beneath him and completely powerless “Do I have the *need* to take a lash to you?” he asked coarsely, shifting his intense gaze over the nakedness of her pitching breasts, down over her belly, to then halt on the exposed blonde mound between her thighs. His gaze remained focused there, on her defenselessly bared sex, as he shook her head using the hair he held, and he hissed, “Answer me!”

Coward, Kiana judged with agony, she was naught but a weakling coward, even as she cried out in terror and confusion. “*Yes*, beat me, for I will never willingly be your slave.”

“You would *never* hold against the pain. Your mere fragileness will defeat you,” he muttered angrily, still holding her body arched to his rabid gaze. “*Yet* . . . if you insist to test me, I have no choice, but to prove it to you.”

Kiana would have sobbed out her surrender, but her voice was too tight with fear as the Norman lord hauled her up onto her knees before him. He towed on her hair again, forcing her head backward, with his gaze fiercely laid, as he watched while she frantically twisted her wrists against the bonds holding her prisoner. Her chest pitched fitfully, jostling the firm hills of her breasts as though leaping them to attention, while frightened puffs of breath escaped her throat.

“You are so frightened now, pagan Saxon, that you pule near to fainting,” the dark lord muttered as his free hand rose upward.

Kiana quelled at its threatening and widespread mass looming toward her. Then the sweeping grasp of his powerful fingers clasped over

the column of her throat, forcing a whimper from her lips. Kiana thought surely he would choke her unto death, but his wide hand, while rough-skinned with callouses was gentle in its touch. He held her there, so vulnerable, so frightened, while the edges of his fingertips stroked her exposed throat. His thumb circled the hollow above her collarbone, while he caught and held her gaze with eyes so vivid, she felt as if they spoke secrets to her. Secrets of her fate and the surety that she was now his and nothing of this earth would change the power with which he would hold her enslaved to him.

“Yea, pagan, . . . but say to me, you are my slave, and will obey me, and I will not take you from my tent to lash your fair and naked body for all my men to see,” he claimed quietly, as he ran his fingers downward between her heaving breasts. Kiana shuddered, but this time with more than fear inspiring it. “You would never last, pagan nymph, and I would despise to mar your milky buttock’s so.”

Would that she could speak, Kiana thought in agony, but her throat was as tight and trembling as her body. She could do naught, but look up at her dark master, helplessly.

Suddenly there came shouts outside the tent, with the nearest voice yelling, “Milord, they have broken through the wall!”

The dark Norman lord glared toward the tent opening, yet no one appeared as he raised his voice loudly, “Yea, I will be there at once!”

When he tuned his gaze back to her, Kiana saw triumph lighting his startling blue eyes, and whence he spoke, his voice was a deep tenor. “You have been rescued, pagan, for the moment. Yet—while I leave you for this time, think upon my command. You will never have the hope of defying my determination for any length of time.”

His knuckles, hot and weighty on her flesh, strayed between her breasts, then shifted lower to graze hotly over her belly. Then downward still they moved as she quaked at their arrival to brushed over the tuft of hair between her thighs. She flinched away from his touch with a frightened pant, yet he released her saying, “Lay down again, pagan slave, and I will cover you.”

It was so awkward, but she wanted nothing as much as that mere fur to cover her nakedness. So she managed, and he remained true to his word, placing the fur over her before he stood.

“I would care for nothing better, than to fuck you the first time, in the lord’s chamber of Garth,” he stated arrogantly, before he turned and left the tent.

Chapter Two

The stronghold of Garth fell that night as the dark Norman lord, who was her now master, had predicted. Kiana learned his name was Lord Bonar De Skye, known as Black Boar to his men. She thought the naming apt, for when he returned to the tent in triumphant, he was wild and savage in appearance. Sweat and other mens blood spotted and tangled the knotted mass of his long raven-black hair, while his eyes blazed with a brilliant blue fever in them.

When his blazon gaze swooped down on her, Kiana cowered beneath the fur wishing desperately that she was able to flee, while she struggled vainly against the ropes binding her ankles and wrists behind her. She watched with horror-filled trepidation as the dark lord began to undress.

He would rape her now with the fever of victory pumping hotly through his veins. She had seen this before, when death was cheated and the battle was won. Berserkers, her people called men so crazed. Still, in her consuming fear and anxiousness she sought to try.

“I am but a maid!” she wailed.

The dark lord merely sneered with a forceful lift of his firm lips and a flash of clean white teeth. Kiana watched helplessly as he pulled his bloody tunic up over his head and she saw his naked chest for the first time. He was so large, so deeply muscled, with thick black hair covering his chest from shoulder to shoulder, and then more from his neck to his rigid belly above his braes. It was wholly uncommon for her to see so much hair over bronzed, thickly muscled flesh.

She gasped at his power and his raw maleness as her body shook nakedly beneath the fur covering. He shoved his braes down swiftly, tugging off his hide boots, and her gaze became instantly riveted to the ruddy coarse appendage between his sinewy thighs. *A male cock*. So bold and engorged it was. It curved rigidly, thrusting outward above his pendulously heavy male sacs.

“Nay!” she wailed, even as he stalked toward her, with his male cock poised at her stoutly, like an angry villain. Then he was beside her, dropping to his knees as he tore the fur away from her nakedness. “Nay!”

she shrilled again, trying to jerk backward away from him. Yet, with her wrists tied behind her and her ankles lashed together there was no place for her to flee.

"You will *not* deny me, *slave*," he growled hotly, grasping the rope between her ankles with his extensive hand, and then he lifted with the strength of his muscled arm. The motion pitched her onto her back, with the dark lord lifting her legs and forcing her to bend at the waist, leaving her legs to form an L shape.

"*Mercy*," she panted uselessly, while she twisted and tried to thrash her bare legs to freedom. *Hopeless*. It was hopeless, as the dark lord's upper arm muscle bulged tightly with the strength he used to pull her to him, until her naked buttocks butted against the tops of his knees. Her toes were under his chin, with her ankles on his collar bone, while her heels clipped the thick black hair over his right breast muscle.

Still, he lifted her ankles upward past his shadowy jaw, his arrogant nose, and then he pushed his head between her lower calves, until she hung around his neck like a hapless pagan charm. Her cries were choked as she thrashed her nude buttocks against his upper thighs. Yet then suddenly . . . horribly, she felt his male cock slide between the lips of her exposed sex. She stilled instantly at the foreignness of this newest assault, and it was then she sensed his male sacs lying deeply in the separated crease of her behind.

She shot a frenzied look at his crazed eyes and she saw her fate sealed in his red-rimmed eyelids, with his blue irises sparking fire. Her breasts jiggled erratically with her labored breathing, bringing the devil lords gaze down to them. His hands stretched forward quickly to seize each of her breasts into the grip of his roughly calloused hands. She whimpered against the onslaught, bucking vainly against him. The abrasion and heat of his hands filled her, as he squeezed the swelling mounds of her breasts between his demanding fingers.

She cried out in denial, yet this was not the worst of it, for she felt the blunt head of his male cock sliding through the wet lips of her sex. She panted as she was consumed with the heat and strength of him everywhere her body struggled against his unyielding body. She had never felt the sensations that were rushing through her before.

However then, the dark lord rasped her nipples, plucking the tips roughly with his fingers and a moan rushed from her throat against her will. The cleft of her buttocks wormed around his heavy male sacs, but the fight had changed somehow as an alien wetness surged in her sex smearing the shaft of the dark lords' male cock. A cock that he used to thrust through the widely parted lips of her sex. Back again, then through again, with his weighty male sacs caressing her rear entrance on each return stroke. "*Oh hh*," she puled senselessly above the dark lords heavy rasping breath.

Bonar thrust the shank of his cock through the cleft of his beautiful slaves dripping wet cunt. *So hot*. So wet and tender. The wetness fed him,

dripping over his shaft, clinging to the head of his hotly aroused cock. He thrust. *Withdrew*. Thrust again as his beautiful slave moaned and rode the staff of his cock, like a humping bitch in heat. He told himself that he did not care that she was engaged now. That she rode him heatedly, not fighting him any longer.

Save, it was a lie, because the wetness she exuded quickened him deeply. He had never felt the like of it before. *And the scent*. The scent of her dripping sex mingled with his sweat and steamed into his nostrils like a heady vapor. It excited him. It drove him as much as her handsome, shapely feminine body. The feel of her was exquisite in his hands. Her breast's were balls of firm flesh, her ribs fragile, and her waist smoothly indented. Her thigh's were satin and her buttocks round circles of creamy flesh.

He rocked on his calves and thrust his cock between her cunt lips again . . . then again. He looked down to see the head of his prick engorged and red with arousal, sliding through her wet blonde curls that tried vainly to cling to the fat head. The rage was upon him with victory and lust pumping hotly in his blood. He was the conqueror. *The lord*. The master . . . and he wanted to fuck a woman, hard and fast. *Deep*. He wanted this woman that he played with so carnally. She was beautiful. *So shapely*. Her face was exquisitely wrought. Her long hair was like golden fire, and he owned her in a way that men rarely took women. She was *his* slave.

He rumbled deep in his throat, grasping the top of her thighs, levering his hips backward, angling the bloated and dripping head of his cock lower, searching by feel for the virgin entrance he sought. He envisioned the tightness of this virgin haven as his raging lust drove him on. *He had always craved a virgin* . . . wanted to fuck one, and feel how tight they must be. The knobbed head of his cock fitted to the entrance. Heat firing heat. Wetness mixing together. Trembling female flesh that would be forced to yield. His gaze lifted to his beautiful slave girl and he saw the terror in her dark blue irises. His chest heaved and the air came so sharply to his lungs that it hurt. *He would rape her*, he thought, trying to goad himself, looking at her delicate and emotionally ravaged face.

"Hellfire," he swore savagely, dropping forward to brace himself on his hands over her, and pushing the tops of her kneecaps to the taunt tips of her raspberry colored nipples. She grunted a stifled scream with the loss of air in her belly. *But not*, because he had fucked her. Raped her virginity. Nay, fool that he was, his cock now lay on her scrunched belly with his hairy balls covering her wet cunt.

Bonar cricked his neck to the side, gritting his teeth as he shoved his raging lust back to more normal bounds. *Barely*. He gazed down at his slave with her pouted lips and frightened blue eyes. "You will *not* deny me," he commanded hoarsely.

“Nay,” she puffed with the backs of her thighs and buttocks quivering wildly against his chest and belly. Her blue eyes skittered fearfully over his face.

“It is well that you agree, slave,” he asserted, still goading himself into thrusting into her virginity. He would take it, there was no denying that, yet her feminine delicacy so frightened of him, caused him hesitation. He had never fucked a woman that he found so beautiful as he found this woman. It caused him unusual feelings. He wanted to rape her—he wanted to fuck her beauty hard, but at the same moment, he wanted to touch her and hold her close.

He could well see that her wrists tied behind her back pained her in this position and he did not like that look upon her lovely face either. He grunted in disgust with himself as he pushed his big body to a kneeling position over her again. The motion dragged her bound ankles upward by the rope slung over the back of his neck. The view was more lustful than any he had ever engaged upon. Her pink cunt so inviting beneath the strut of his aroused cock poised above it. His hands ended up on her rounded hips with his fingers spread out over the pliable mounds of her buttocks. The feel of her was carnal. She was firm, yet made of supple warm flesh for him to shape in his large hands.

“You will call me master,” he muttered, letting the power of those words and certainties wash over him, before he blurted, “Say it!”

“Master!” she cried out, arching her buttocks upward at the groping of his hands on her creamy flesh. He could fit her tightly rounded ass into the palms of his hands. Her breasts thrust upward beneath his gaze as her blue-black irises gazed at him anxiously over the taut buds of her reddened nipples. She was helpless beneath him, completely within his power as he kneaded her ass, making her buttocks squirm in his wide palms.

“Have you ever taken a man’s cock into your mouth, wench?” he demanded.

Yea but, his lovely slave’s anxious gasp answered his question, before she stuttered. “N-Nay, master.”

“You will worship mine,” he stated boldly. “Now look at it!” he demanded sharply, groping her quaking buttocks deeper. Her trembling gaze hastened downward to his massive cock, and then with arrogance, he twitched the beast beneath her horrified gaze. It was at that moment he decided that this beautiful wench would one day look upon him with appeal. She *would* worship his thrusting cock with kisses and sighs.

Chapter Three

Kiana peeked fearfully at the dark Norman who held her naked flanks in his wide calloused hands. She should be impaled unmercifully upon the weapon of his male cock by now. The one he bade her to worship. Yet, the Lord Bonar had withdrawn, and instead he only stroked her buttocks filling her with confusion. His deeply felt gaze was solely for her exposed sex, which began to beat warmly in the separated lips. The lips grew evermore flushed and seemed to fill, while puffing outward as more wetness dribbled from deep inside her.

“Hellfire,” Lord Bonar hissed above her as she groaned in shame and denial, not knowing what was happening to her. Then Lord Bonar’s blunt finger was there, dipping into the wetness that dribbled between her buttock cheeks. She yelped and writhed her buttocks upward and away from his touch. Yet, he did not chastise her for her struggling, he merely brought the finger to his mouth and sucked it inside slowly. *He was tasting it.* Tasting her wetness in his finger.

“Let me go! Please!” Kiana begged.

“*Never,*” he growled harshly. “Now you will watch my cock, slave, and learn how I expect you to worship it with your mouth.”

“I cannot!” Kiana bawled, turning her face away.

“*You will,*” Lord Bonar declared fiercely.

Smack!

“*Ow!*” Kiana shrieked, shocked at the stinging slap that burned across the width of her bare buttocks. He had spanked her! Lord Bonar had— !

Smack! Smack!

“*Oww! Ow!*” she cried out, unable to hold back the sound as she wrestled her legs against Lord Bonar’s chest trying to evade punishment from his broad hand. But he held her useless efforts at bay with a strong arm wrapped over her thighs, which he used to twist her legs and turn her buttocks to the side. The shift in position exposed the two bare and

squirming moons of her buttocks more fully to the swinging slap of his palm.

Smack! Smack! Smack!

“Owww,” Kiana cried as tears burned hotly beneath her clenched eyelids.

“Yield!” Lord Bonar hissed.

Smack!

“Ow! Please!” Kiana begged with a wail.

Smack! Smack! Smack! “Yield!” Lord Bonar demanded harshly.

“Yes,” she sobbed. “I yield to you, master! I yield!”

“Now open your eyes and *watch* me, wench!” Lord Bonar ordered.

Kiana forced her eyes open through her burning tears and Lord Bonar released her twisted body to relax against him. Then he spawned a provoked growling sound deep in his throat, and she hastily looked down at his male cock, which he now gripped in his hand.

Bonar held his fierce gaze for his beautiful slave, yet he was grinning on the inside. He had barely swatted the wenches ass and she had surrendered. She was too delicate and lovely to mar with harsher beatings or using a lash, but now he had a way to punish her when the need arose. He was well satisfied with his new slave as he guided the head of his cock to her wet cunt, feeling the steady throb of arousal in the base, which he gripped tightly.

With his passion deep and driving, he smeared his cockhead with the incredible juices from her cunt and she whimpered in denial, so he vigorously did it again. She kept her gaze on his prick as he had ordered, but he noticed that each time he pushed his cockhead through the lips of her creamy pink cunt, her eyes turned unfocused and she whimpered. It was a transfixing occurrence that kept him at it, then suddenly her pale white thighs peeled open wider and her hips raised as she moaned. *Hellfire*, she was beautiful.

He remembered then a whore that he had swived once. For two days straight, he had kept at her one winter, while he was snowed in, at a remote keep in the north. He had even talked to the slut and she had talked back to him, telling him how she could feel intense pleasure if she rubbed her cunt enough. Climax, she had called it and he had not paid much attention at the time. He had just turned her onto her belly and fucked her some more.

Then there was Goth talking about his wife one night when they had gotten drunk after a campaign. Goth had been melancholy, missing his wife, and he had drunkenly mourned the loss of tasting her cunt. He told great tales of using his fingers and mouth on his wife’s cunt, until she screamed and shuddered beneath him. Goth had called that climax also.

Ahh, Bonar thought beneath the sharp edge of his arousal, he was not one for paying much attention to the wench’s he swived. An hour or so of good fucking and he was gone. Normally he squeezed their tit’s a bit and he never kissed them. But now with his beautiful slave’s reactions

drawing his full attention the more he played the bulbous head of his prick into the swelling lips of her cunt, he found the power of her reaction was enthralling, because he knew it was unwilling on her part. Never would his comely slave have writhed against his cock, freely lifting her cunt to him in a begging lustful way. The sight and feeling of it was towering and he finally took the root of his prick fully into his hand to stroke. Nonetheless, he kept his cockhead prodding deeply her split cunt with each vigorous stroke of his hand, while her dark blue eyes joined his in watching every move.

The intimacy they shared together was riveting. He pumped his cock evermore lustily, while his voluptuous slave moaned uncontrollably, riding the head of his prick deeply with the heat of her sopping cunt. Her cheeks turned rosy and her mouth opened as if pleading to be filled, while her breasts bounced firmly, until she was gasping. The sounds she made enthralled him as his own aroused sounds intertwined with her moaning. The blue of her eyes darkened to the depths of a stormy sea as his chest heaved and his belly drew inward.

Bonar pushed his hand faster, and his blonde Saxon slave screamed with the sound of female pleasure. That sound and the visible ripples he saw shuddering through her lovely body, pushed him over the edge as he strained his sinewy hips inward. Then, his seed ejaculated, landing on her trembling dusky pink cunt. The belly-groan that erupted from him was uncontrolled at the sight and the intense feelings of his pleasure. This was a new height of ecstasy. He pumped his cock again groaning, and with each renewed stroke, he smeared his seed into his slave's ripely throbbing cunt, until the pleasure finally ebbed after many long moments.

His breathing was strained with sweat dripping down his hairy chest and wetting his slave's thighs, as he looked down on her pretty flushed face. Her eyes were still skewered to his now diminishing prick, but her irises were sated in a dusky blue coloring.

He reached to his left, drawing his knife from his belt tossed there. His comely slave's breath caught as she tried to keep her gaze downward, yet could not manage it. Her blue eyes widened as he brought the knife forward, yet of course he lifted it to the rope at her ankle and cut it. Her legs trembled as they landed freely on his sweaty chest. Then they slid down over his arms and hands, over his upper thighs, to the outside of his knees. She was splayed before her master with her cunt gaped open and soused with his seed. His chest heaved. "Roll over so I may cut your bindings," he ordered.

His Saxon did this gladly, wishing to cover her cunt from his gaze, he was sure, but giving him the ripe view of her female buttocks instead. A lustful ass of plump creamy white flesh. He ignored it . . . mostly and cut the bindings on her wrists. She lay still on her side, waiting his next command. The feel of that obedience and his command over it, lifted his chest perversely as he bent to crouched over her and whisper in her

delicate cup-shaped ear. “Go to bed, wench. In the morning, I enter Garth as lord and master.”

She peeked up at him, her long lashes sinfully fanned around her upper eyelids as he pushed away from her, rising to his full height. Her gaze turned as she judged the distance to the bed of furs in the corner, and he turned his back to her, seeking wine, confident of his command. After three chalices of wine, when his blood had cooled sufficiently from its battle lust, he came to his bed.

Lifting the furs, he lay down underneath on his side, reaching a muscled arm outward to grab his Saxon thrall by her slender waist. He tugged, pulling her nude buttocks against his limp cock and her spine against his chest. One of his large hands lighted over one of her bare breast, girdling the soft fullness, while the other settled on her thigh.

His slave did not appreciate the proximity at all. That is why he did it. He had never laid with a wench in sleep before. But, he would do so with this one. She was his slave and she would lay in his bed beside him, unless he kicked her out on the ground to stay. Moreover, she would not have the chance to escape him this way as he was certain she longed to do.

Yet hours later, Bonar woke with lust, dreamy and full, upon him. Not quite a surprise for what he held so closely and soft in his arms. His cock readily agreed with a rigid and harmonizing throb as the head pushed stoutly upward toward his belly. Slumberously with his appetite drowsy, yet still full of needy purpose, he found his hand enfolded around his thick turgid cock, as he was want to do. Stroking slowly. Pumping dreamily with just the edge of raw lust hovering. From the broad shank, so thick that it stretched his fingers, to the cockhead and the swelling ridge beneath. Firm gripping strokes. Growing ever tighter. Then he dreamed of a better place. A place he could feel that was sultry and beckoning. He woke with a little more purpose, with a drive to be sated.

The struggle was unavailing. He was too strong compared to softness. His arms too heavy with muscle, his thighs too powerful with sinew. Feminine limbs and buttocks yielded to his carnal midnight craving. And he slipped his cock, so long and engorged, between thighs made of warm satin.

Then, just between these thighs alone he thrust. Lifting one leg over a struggling hip, to clamp the cocoon tighter and rasp inner thighs hot over the thrusting of his cock.

***Ahhhh.** He pushed harder, swinging his hips, plunging in between the grip of inner thighs.*

*Heaven. Tight. **Hot.** Gripping. Dragging his cock.*

*Faster. **Ahhhh.** Faster.*

*He pulled squirming hips to him. Pushed them way. Back again. **Faster.***

*The softly muffled flapping of flesh slapping flesh. **Faster.***

Lunging now. Clamping down tightly on the top thigh to close the inner thighs densely.

*Groaning. **Straining**. Blood filling his cock.*

Pleasure burning from the balls. Up the shaft.

Oh God!

*His seed squirting. **Hot**. Strong. Making him shake.*

Then he closed his eyes and his breathing deepened slowly as he sighed and imprisoned softness against him tightly again.

Chapter Four

AS the conqueror, and he must admit an arrogant one, Bonar wanted to enter the fallen stronghold of Garth pompously. All of his riches were taken out and displayed. Heavy gold bands for his wrists and upper arms. Silver beads braided in long strands of his black hair. Rich furs over the back of his warhorse and a long fur-lined mantle over his broad shoulders. There were twenty flag standards of black, golds, and reds. His army marched in a file, showing their power, their weapons, and their fearsome Norman warhorses.

Bonar looked behind him as he sat atop his slowly moving warhorse to the truest prize of them all. It was his Saxon slave, with her wrists tied together by a rope-lead that he carried in his hand. She was led by the rope, walking behind his warhorse, shown as his conquered slave. He had dressed her in naught but a gauzy-white underdress, so that her feminine beauty was displayed as a coveted prize to have captured. God would strike him sinful, because the gauze shift was so sheer. It clung to the chubby mounds of her breasts, allowing the shadowy circlets of her nipples to clearly show through. The peaks of her nipples were twin protuberances jutting against the gauze. Her hips were fulsome and round, and they were forced to swing more fully with her walk, because of the rope leading her.

His impish prick answered to the lustful sight of her freely bobbing breasts and her honey-spun hair dancing around her saucy wench's ass. The slope neckline of the airy gown she wore slipped heedlessly down her milky white shoulders and not a man in his legion could keep his gaze from the provoking sight.

A sneer lifted a corner of Bonar's straightly chiseled lips, while his arrogance fed on the envy. He was the lord and master. It was befitting that his men should envy him and it was just that he had picked the surest prize. A fortnight of swiving and he would naught tire of his golden pagan with her lips, pouted and full, looking as if kissed with the color of rosebuds. He watched her gaze skitter to his gaze beneath the curve of her long curling eyelashes. The blue of her eyes was like the richest velvet, startling against the delicate blush staining her cheekbones. That blush was evidence of her striking exposer . . . of her near nudity. It

chagrined her and it humbled her, only as it raised his prick to new heights to be the master of such delicacy.

“Standard high!”

Bonar cricked his neck looking back at his bearer, awaiting the further announcement of who could be arriving upon their flank. A cuckold whoever it was—brave enough to tempt his ire this way. “Marque Sinnot!”

The liege-heir. “Bullocks!” Bonar erupted viciously with his dark eyes lifting to glare at the sight that should not be within his gaze this swiftly.

Onward came the sight of the Marque Sinnot, who was the son of Bonar’s liege lord. He was mounted aboard a lily white stallion with stark white fetlocks. Sinnot’s surcoat of ruby rust billowed outward with the highly trained prance of his stallion. The liege-heir was not armored. Bonar knew the noblesse Sinnot would not come within a large stepping of a bronzed breastplate of war. The heir, Sinnot was a maggot. A bane in Bonar’s side, with his ringlets of brown hair and much too handsome smirk. Lord Sinnot was a jealous and conniving man. Spoiled by his placing in life and unworthy of the merest amount of honor from Bonar. And yet—the vainglorious man was above him in placing by the slightest of degrees.

Bonar liked to envision that thought, even though it was casting the stone too long. Nay, the maggot was above him, as long as the Black Boar carried his father’s banners to war. And much to his disgust, he did carry them. Not disgust for his liege the Duke Sinnot, but it was egregious that this put his authority beneath the worthless son.

Yet, the greater loathsome tragedy was that he had not been warned in time of Sinnot’s arrival, to ward off Sinnot’s gaze from beauty. Men would be whipped for this failing in announcement, Bonar thought savagely as he watched Sinnot’s lusty-eyed, coxswain gaze, settle unerringly on his honey-haired Saxon slave.

She, who was displayed so voluptuously for a ram like Sinnot’s lecherous oggling. So voluminously and slavishly. What man could deny the power of master over such a lovesome treat of ripeness? The urge to grasp his slave up and away from Sinnot was a powerful one. So stunningly powerful, it nearly unmanned him for stern seconds of time. How could *this* come to pass, he wondered with a new found rage? Slaves were only forced whore’s, and whore’s were only forced slaves. All of them to be shared willingly . . . nay, carelessly. Yet, he realized, in a moment that bared his teeth fiercely, that he detested the thought of this vehemently.

“Lord *Boar*, a fine victory we have given my father!” Sinnot hailed arrogantly as his white stallion pranced in place not five stalking lengths from where Bonar sat his warhorse. The maggot easily provoked him with his sniveling comments, such as calling him “Lord Boar.”

“And the *truer* prizes to fill our coffers and warm our cocks!” Sinnot shouted for the ears of the liegemen surrounding them, though Sinnot’s avid gaze was solely for the Saxon wench.

Bonar sneered as his men chortled their approval of Sinnot’s pompous claim. Sinnot would not lift a sword in defense of his shriveled prick. Yet, he was always quick to claim the glory and the rights of the conqueror. This time would be not different, Bonar judged quickly as his hand tightened to a white knuckled fist on the tether holding his slave, captive to him.

“Come now, Black Boar!” Sinnot exclaimed haughtily, as he pranced his stallion closer yet to his trembling slave wench. “I will divide the spoils of our victory and hold a great banquet in honor of your name!”

“*Damnation,*” Bonar swore savagely beneath his heated breath. Sinnot had claimed the victory spoils, *and* he had claimed *all* of them as was his self-imposed right.

Kiana stumbled backward, tugging on the bindings holding her wrists imprisoned as the fearsome chest of the white stallion drove near to her. The smell of hot horse flesh overpowered her, as her heartbeat fluttered. Would the lord trample her, she wondered fearfully, while her panicked gaze lifted upward as no slave should do? The lord was haughty and richly clothed, and she saw as she tugged uselessly against bindings that would not yield, that the overbearing noble was bending downward from atop his blazing white stallion. This brought a whimper to her lips as his boldly invasive arm circled her back and she felt the lifting of his strength hauling her powerless body upward.

Bonar watched in rigid and furious silence as Sinnot rudely snatched the treasured Saxon wench upward to land belly down across his lap, while Sinnot’s stallion pranced with agitated high steps at the antics. The liegemen surrounding them cheered their approval at this sight of conquering and possession.

Bonar seethed with impotence. This was a rare and seldom felt occurrence in his life that raised the strength of his right arm to a rock of mounded muscle. This was because of the intense effort he used not to draw his sword and take back his possession. *Yea*, but he was a lord, the master of many, and the tried leader to thousands more, and it was not by mere happenstance. He was this and more, because he was not brash, yet outwardly thinking. He fought every war with a singular intensity and he knew well the art of yielding, until a greater moment arrived. Because in the end, he always achieved his victory.

Still—the scheming and the patience it involved, had never gutted him this savagely with the need for instant and unthinking reprisal. Perhaps, it was his wench’s helpless whimpering gasps, when he should be the only one to make her tremble in fear. Or mayhap, it was the lewd hand groping over her squirming and barely clad buttocks. A hand, he thought ferociously, that should be no one but his, as he vividly remembered his slaves splayed pussy, pink and wet beneath him.

“Goth!” Bonar shouted, with a sound like the sharp cracking of leather snapping on a stallion’s flanks, as he threw the rope-lead holding his slave at Sinnot. It was not an easy toss, but more like a striking motion that the untrained maggot missed! Yet, Bonar paid Sinnot’s return glare of fury little heed. His mind was already moving to conclusions of victory, either by force or by cunning. He preferred cunning. To this end he turned to Goth as Sinnot pranced his stallion through the open gates of Garth. Sinnot was arrogantly taking the victory as the first to enter the stronghold, while Bonar ignored Sinnot’s travesty and turned back to the west with Goth by his side.

“A pompous maggot, is he ever!” Goth stated, with his voice growled in a rasped tenor of irritation and rancor. Bonar well knew that Goth suffered fools with a strong fist and little patience. They were both warriors and better yet, friends of respect earned through tried and true survival on numerous battlefields.

Bonar merely grunted, least he bellow his seething outrage along with Goth. This usurping had happened many times before and he had eaten it generously enough. This time, however, the rancid gristle of it would not leave his belly. *By Christ’s very blood*, he wanted the woman and in Christ’s name he would have her!

“What is the Saxon wench’s name?” Bonar asked Goth, without glancing at the burly warrior, but keeping his dark-eyed gaze on the caravan of his legion passing slowly by.

Goth spit with the wind, watching the white sputum sail a goodly long distance, before he grudgingly answered, “Kiana.” He rubbed his big fist over his jaw and then added with a tinge of respect in his ruff voice, “She be the bow maker.”

Bonar caught the surprised jerk of his head and managed an immobile expression, when he repeated Goth’s statement as if it were fact. “Bow maker,” he said flatly.

“Aye,” Goth grunted. “A prized one with the arrows, I’m told.”

Bonar ignored any expression’s of interest he had in that, but he felt the singe of his blood heighten with evermore intrigue, for the honey-haired pagan that had caught his eye.

“And the Lady Margot?” Bonar asked evenly. “How far is she on the tail of our legion?”

Goth chuckled outright with a quirk of his lips and a glimpse of his uneven teeth. “I knew you better,” he admitted roguishly. “That you would *not* allow any man to take what was yours. The lady is half a day behind us, Lord Bonar.”

Bonar shifted atop of his warhorse with the flexing of his powerful thighs bringing forth a creak from the well-tooled hide of his saddle. “Then bring Lord Sinnot’s lady wife forward with all hast, Goth. We would not want the “maggot” to be without its food at the banquet this evening.”

Goth laughed outright at this, before he gave a bearer the order, then he turned back to Bonar. “The maggot will be surprised, when his cloying wife appears to interrupt his stolen pleasure,” he stated firmly with a grin of satisfaction spreading across his face.

“Yea,” Bonar agreed with a quietness the belayed his truer nature.

Chapter Five

Kiana cringed at the crude hand groping lecherously over her vainly struggling buttocks, while the air sharply left her lungs with each striding advance of the stallion beneath her belly. There was no purchase with her wrists tied and her now bared legs dangling haplessly. The immodest shift she wore was not sturdy enough to survive the position in which she lay supplicated, and it stretched, pulling the loose collar down over her arms, until her breasts nearly sprang free.

Would that she could whimper or struggle in denial, but the stallions jolting steps stole the air of her resistance. It left her with only tears of humiliation stinging her eyes as revulsion churned frantically in her stomach. The desire to run, to hide, or to even fly away were it only possible filled her unspoken gasps, as Lord Sinnot's hand slid over the curves of her buttocks, groping the cheeks willfully and prodding blunt fingers into the defenseless and unwilling crease. His other hand lewdly groped one breast, pulling the bouncing melon free to fondle coarsely in his large grip.

Kiana tried to struggle away from the two fronts of lecherous attack, but Lord Sinnot pinched the tip of her nipple cruelly making her cry out in pain. Then the unyielding stiffness of his palm smacked her buttocks harshly, enlisting a helpless yelp from her throat.

"Be still, whore!" Sinnot snapped. "Or I will ply the lash onto your ass," he finished sharply, moving his fingers to free her other breast, which he pinched and touched liberally.

Then, finally, blessedly the stallion stopped its jolting motion. Twas then, between one brief second and the next, Kiana found herself shoved roughly by Sinnot's hand, to land in a heap at the white stallions hooves. The air left her lungs again upon impact with the coarsely trodden earth. She sprawled, heaving and bare breasted, with her long hair spilled wildly over her face and shoulders.

"Timon!" Lord Sinnot's voice barked harshly above her. "Take this slave and prepare her for my judgment on bestowing the spoils."

Kiana awkwardly grasped at the collar of her shift, trying to cover her exposed nudity, yet only managing her cherry-stained nipples. Then, soft hands with long tapered fingers were urging her upward in a helping

manner. She was disoriented and shaking, yet she glimpsed a tall thin man attached to the hands as she haphazardly clutched the collar of her shift partially over the white mounds of her breasts.

“Come, slave, I be Timon,” a melodious voice sounded above her. “We are urged to do our lords bidding.”

The way following Timon’s long-legged gait was filled with Norman soldiers of all sizes, breaths, and heights. They were robust, loud, coarse, and smelly. They reeked of sweat, long dried blood, and musky unwashed flesh. Every one of them was pumped rancorous with the arrogance of the conqueror and the victory. The way through their midst was cloying, while rough hands came from every direction of Kiana’s passage to grope her cringing body without restraint. Her buttocks were pinched and slapped to her involuntary yelps. Her hair was tousled and pulled, while more large hands tried, and then for brief moments succeeded to fondle her sex through her thin shift. It was a gauntlet of perversion that left her lowly and in truth a slave without hope not to submit.

Kiana’s keeper of the moment and her guide, Timon, reached a stone stairway and the ascent raised her from the mobbed orgy of grasping male hands. Yet, she was still shuddering as many called rabid remarks to her sex and slavish position. Words that stung her ears as their crass hands had invaded her body. “Bitch in heat on her knees!” “Cock in her mouth” and “Fuck her up the ass!”

Confusion and near understanding of the phrases meanings, curled terror in Kiana’s belly. So strong was her fear, that for maddening moments she envisioned the Lord Bonar as her savior. What before she had thought abhorrent, beneath the forced yolk of slavery, she now looked upon differently. She gasped involuntarily when the clear thought of falling to Lord Bonar’s feet and begging to be his slave flashed through her mind as a desire. How lowly had she fallen into enslavement that she would wish to choose her own master? So subservient that she would not hesitate to beg him and willingly give her body to him for his protection.

In her cringing and chaotic mind Lord Bonar became her desired salvation as she woefully accepted that she had not the strength, nor the power to change her circumstance. Would that she were a man of brawn and muscle with frank unyielding determination. Yet, these skills were not in her softness. Always before she had lived by her own hands to work, and her own will to survive. She had done so by her fathers side after her mothers death and then nearly alone after her fathers passing. But for one blind and cherished old man beside her as a friend, she had fended on her own and accomplished the feat to satisfaction.

“Kiana!”

Kiana looked up over the stone railing into the vast hall below as her ascending footsteps faltered to a stop. *Riven!* Her gaze went nearly unwillingly, to searched the crowded hall below and then she saw him

gazing up at her. A tall blonde, Welsh bowman of middle years who was slumping in the drudgery of chains. Chains that were choking his neck, wrists, and ankles. *But, how?* She had saved them all and taken them to safety, she thought. Even as she lowered her gaze, blushing heatedly with shame, while trying to clutch her breasts from view.

Riven was the only man that had ever turned her gaze slightly to the fancy of wishful romance. Yet, she barely knew him, having met and been in his company only a handful of times. But, each time, she had been more certain that he looked upon her with the same interest she held to him. Yet now, to have him see her so openly exposed, so scarcely dressed— .

“Kiana! *Arghh!*”

Riven’s sharply voiced exclamations of pain, drew Kiana’s lowered gaze skittering to him, only to see him felled upon the stone floor, by the blow from a club. The club was wielded by a stout and greasy-haired Norman, who appeared to be the guard of a handful of Saxon prisoners.

Kiana could not stop the anguished cry that tore from her throat as she forsook her modesty by grasping the railing and leaning perilously forward. It was as though she wished to leap from the balustrade as her gaze searched frantically for any movement from Riven’s felled shape. Then, just at the last seconds, when tears welled strongly beneath her eyelashes, she saw a slow faltering movement in Riven’s shoulders. Yet at that same moment, a tenor commanding shout came on the last vestige of her shrill cry.

“Timon, *see to your charge! Now!*”

The booming authoritative voice, even from so far away, startled Kiana as though it sounded next to her. Its barked sound jerked her gaze away from Riven to its source, showing sweltering light blue eyes stinging with dynamic force. So cutting was Lord Bonar’s gaze that it made her flinch as though she had been accused of a crime. She felt every inch of her near nudity as he glared up at her with his gaze possessively roaming over her, while an arrogant and thoroughly male smirk, touched his handsome lips. He was wild, untamed, and completely male within his own power. His striking sky-blue gaze spoke to her of dark desires and ownership.

He had not forsaken her, Kiana realized in a breathless instant. He still claimed her as his own and his piercing gaze spoke to her of that claiming. His face drawn and chiseled was immobile, yet his eyes told her that he alone was the master of her fate. She nearly swooned beneath their powerful omen. Then he looked higher behind her and she realized he was ordering her to go about her charged duties. Kiana felt Timon’s hand on her arm a moment later as she swayed, but managed to stay upright. Then with fresh knowledge that just Lord Bonar’s gaze alone could command her, she turned to follow Timon and beneath her certain ownership, she never remembered Riven’s fate, until long after she was out of his sight.

Chapter Six

“Aye, she be beautiful. I give you that,” Goth grumbled, as he stood beside Bonar. “Foolish though. Completely witless,” he stated. Then he sighed, “Yet, I suppose tis why God made us stronger to protect them.”

With this said Goth spat into the rushes and reached a beefy hand forward to grab a tankard of ale from a passing Saxon servant. The pewter tankard was lifted and the contents drained within seconds as Bonar shifted his broad shoulders easing the drawn tension there. What Goth said was true, his honey-spun nymph had nearly cast her fates into chains and the dungeons with her unthinking display. At the first sound of her cry of anguish, it had been like a blunt blade shoved deep into his bowels, his mind leaped so quickly and unexpectedly. He was a savage man, bold and wild on the battlefield, yet never quick to let events control him.

It was as though the wench had a piece of him and Goth was right that piece was strangely and fiercely protective unto anything that would harm her, beside himself. And harm her, he surely intended. Visions of her virginity provoked him and the fact that his cock would be the first to breach her took on new covetous meaning. It lent a new vestige to the meaning of master—and master he would be, to her body, soul, and desire. Nothing he had conquered thus far would compare.

He understood the proportion of it was ungainly in his mind. To want something so boldly, so thoroughly, he now understood, tended to rock a man on his moorings. By its very nature it made him vulnerable, he conceded, tightening his fist with the realization. Yea, but the worth of it was equal to that encumbrance.

“Come sit with me,” Bonar bade Goth abruptly. His desires had taken on a strange new direction. A course he barely understood, yet could not deny. And he wondered with a curious detachment for the disparaging thought, whether Sinnot’s obvious lust for the Saxon wench spurred it on.

Bonar chose a side chamber. It looked to be a vestibule for a scribe and he deemed it would serve his purposes well. For once in his life, he was not thinking too closely on what he was about to attempt. The chamber was small, yet held two benches and a well-polished table piled high with an assortment of parchment papers, quills, and ink jars. As was his nature, he had not the patience for such, and without a thought otherwise, he callously swept the tabletop clean with one pass of his arm. Then he straddled a bench to sit. The sound of parchment flying and ink jars clattering to the floor ended quickly, leaving only the sound of Goth's voice ordering wine and bread.

The newly conquered Saxon villeins out did themselves in treating one of the new lords lavishly, by bringing gilded chalices and copper plates. They added to Goth's request by bringing fresh goat cheese and berry jams along with a crisply sweet autumn wine. Goth snatched an apple as did he. Fresh fruit was a rarity of their battlefield fare and both men brought forth their carving daggers to enjoy the treat. Thus it was Bonar sat forward, balancing his elbows on the table as he slowly peeled a ruby red apple with his dagger.

"Tell me, Goth, of women," Bonar invited, seemingly innocent of such a wealthy question.

Goth immediately raised a shaggy eyebrow the color of hoarfrost at him, and Bonar stifled the beginnings of a rare smile. The elder warrior knew him to well.

"In battle you would drive to the point, my lord," Goth grumbled.

Bonar smirked at Goth's chiding. He was the only man that could do so and live to do it again. "Then the art of the *cunt*, ye surly old goat. Tell me of that," Bonar muttered, flipping a long curling piece of apple peel over his shoulder. The sweetness of the apples scent reached his nostrils, making him inhale deeper, as saliva leached instantly in his mouth. But, he ignored the desire to taste a bite now and continued to peel the apple slowly.

Bonar heard Goth's egregious grunt and he saw Goth's apple carving come to a halt. The older man was pondering hard his retort. "And which art do you refer to, my lord. The art of fucking it prettily or making it weep with pleasure?" Goth asked with one side of his mouth quirked upward as though he had a pious seed stuck in his teeth.

At the ripened thought of a maiden's weeping arousal, Bonar's prick amorously stirred with heated remembrance, of the memories, of abundant tears of desire dripping over his cock. The well spring of his Saxon slaves reaction had marked him for life he feared. It was a drizzling brand that fired his blood and rekindled his lust beyond normal bounds. He sighed, the sound ineffable. Then, nearly savagely he tore the last bit of apple peel from his succulent treat. "I want the bloody nectarous maiden bewailing me—and, I *will* it," he muttered flagrantly, and then he noted sourly, his outburst was to Goth's immense amusement. To be so afflicted and to have it known was an ego snatching reality, he realized.

Yet Goth, with a smirk and a vagrant's belching sound appeared to concur, before he offered generously, "Aye, my Joselle does the same bloody thing to my poor weary arse." He paused, tilting his head in thoughtfully recline. "Ah, but she has a way of invigorating this old bull to new lustful adventures." The old warrior winked then and Bonar felt that much better for his own plight that was shared in comradeship with another toppled fool.

"So, Goth, share your venturesome secrets of the pink and pearly cunny." Bonar grinned then, for the camaraderie and the conspiratorial alliance of fellow victims. *Aye, they would win the amorous battle!*

"Well now," Goth said, lowering his voice to a conspirator's low-pitched whisper as he leaned forward on his forearms. "What you have to conquer, I liken it to the dewy rose budded mouth of a maiden, whilst she holds a honey-drizzled berry on her pretty pink tongue. That sugar berry is your prize. But, first you must kiss the lips, until they pout and flush open for you."

"As a kiss then?" Bonar asked.

"Aye, they are lips just the same, only make this the slowest kiss you could imagine. My Joselle has told me more than once that her passion lives within the fancy of her mind."

Bonar arched a black eyebrow at this incredible offering. "Her mind?" he muttered, trying with great difficulty to imagine if his did also.

"Aye," Goth nodded sagely. "Each licking of those tender lips builds up their fancy. That is why lingering through doing it is so important. And in truth, why would it be a problem to dawdle in such a heavenly place. But the lasses, they think of every touch and every word, and they feel it deep inside."

Bonar looked intensely at the white meat of his apple before taking a bite. The tart sweetness burst into his mouth, with a texture that was crisp and chunky. But, it was the taste filling his mouth that fueled his own newfound fancy. The fancy of Goth's words and the visioning of his mouth laid upon such sweetness. He wondered that he had never conceived the desire to do it before. It appeared to his mind, to be a enthralling thing to do.

"This brings them pleasure then?" Bonar ventured, at a loss as what to say.

"Aye," Goth nodded. "Tis just the beginning though." Then Goth leaned forward further, his voice dropping lower. "They have a delicate, yet bold berry there. It swells and rises to your tongue as though pleading for more licks. This is the key, lad. The place you want to suckle and stroke with your tongue, ever faster as your hand would do with your own sturdy pud."

Bonar barely heard Goth's slip, calling him lad. It had happened a few times in their long relationship and Bonar remembered each time fairly. To say that he was awestruck, would be mild. He felt as though his throat was so tight, he could barely speak as he pushed forth his words.

“Is it buried deep? Toward the bottom or top?”

“Top, my lord. You’ll never miss it,” Goth assured him. “Her moans will tell you if you are doing it right. They’ll come ever faster and faster. Then, as you flick the berry quicker with your tongue . . . or you could use your finger. Fingers works well to.” Goth winked. “Then take two of your fingers and thrust them inside your weeping lasses cunny. You stroke over the bottom roundness of the berry just as your cock would do.” Goth nodded. “Likened it to fucking them deeply with your fingers.” Then he paused. “Now here is the crossroads, when you decide to take them to ecstasy with your mouth and fingers or rise up and do it with your cock. My thinking is, they can have another one quick enough and the sound is so pretty, it is worth hearing first without the pounding of your own cock in your ears.”

Goth shrugged now and sat back, popping a wedge of the apple into his mouth and he looked entirely too innocent for his grisly appearance and the wealth of knowledge he had just imparted.

“Climax,” Bonar whispered, raising his gaze to Goth.

“Aye, climax, my lord,” Goth agreed with a knowing smirk and a twinkle in his light gray eyes.

Chapter Seven

Kiana followed Timon with Lord Bonar's gaze searing her mind. She felt the talons of being a chattel clasp around her, pricking and keen, drawing her ever closer. Her mind was yet befuddled, lacking in common reason. Her thoughts were eagerly, and yes, cowardly hiding from the reality. So it seemed to her that she walked in a cloud. A puffy verity that sheltered her from the actuality of her given plight.

She did not kick and scream in defiance, yet melted with a drifting quality. Her mind retreated in safe keeping, and with its withdrawal, her senses hearkened outward. But, if she could not think, she could feel, smell, taste, and see. See the chamber that Timon drew her to. See the other slave women, and see what she would be displayed as.

She knew none of the other slave women. Surely they were enslaved long before the falling of Garth into Norman hands. The dozen or so in the chamber were of all shapes and races and paid her little heed. Only attending to her when Timon instructed them to do so.

Yet, what her senses became most attuned to was the man among them. Timon with his long tapered fingers and quiet commands. Commands that sounded like melody, yet no one seemed likely to disobey.

"I will take your shift and you will bathe and wash your hair to cleanliness," Timon intoned.

And you will watch me bathe, Kiana thought, thinking to sing along with his melody. They all would see, each of the slaves if they chose—and Timon. The chamber was larger and the tub was but a small wooden offering set before the fire. There were no screen's in the room. Her mind did not balk . . . yet her skin shivered, knowing it should be embarrassed over such exposure.

Were she not numb in thought, she would have considered that she had never been nude in another's company before her dark Norman lord last evening. But, those effects were beyond her. She could only feel the goose bumps racing across her flesh and the taste of the reluctance on her tongue as she lifted the shift from her body with her head lowered.

Kiana could see her pale belly quivering and her nipples rucked taunt and pointy in the color of red raspberries. The feeling of nakedness was spreading most heavily between her thighs, so unused to the rush of cold air, was this apex. Instinctively, her hands clutched her mound and sex below with reaction.

“Lower your hands and never do such as that again, slave!” Timon intoned with a sharper command.

Kiana’s fingers curled inward, with the nails biting her palms as she jerkily pushed her hands to her sides. The cloud stayed fast around her, yet she could sense the presence of mortification in shivery breaths. It was an other worldly feeling as though she looked down upon it.

“*Quickly* now,” Timon chided.

Kiana flinched, clasping the bareness of her belly unable to move, unable to—.

“Get out!”

Lord Bonar’s shouted order snapped sharply through a numbing cloud of Kiana’s making. The sudden sound of his tenor voice so jolted her, Kiana cried out and the without even thinking, she tried to flee. Yet, there was no place for her to go and she only found the wall to press her nakedness against. Too uselessly to try to hide her face against its cold stone surface.

“I will summon you and these will adorn her.”

Kiana heard Lord Bonar’s gruff commands to Timon. Then she sensed Timon leaving the room. Nonetheless, it was the sound and tone of her masters voice that shook through her stupor sending shivers up her spine and making her bare buttocks quiver. Her palms pressed hard onto the rough stone, pricking her tender flesh as she heard the sound of Lord Bonar moving toward her.

Would that she could turn to face him and offer up her obedience. Find any charm within herself to hold him to her as her master above any others. The thought of being left to numerous male hands, if she did not captivate Lord Bonar, should have enlivened her determination, yet the surety only made her whimper with small catching sounds of near panic.

Tw’as then, she knew he was behind her. So close the heat of his presence swamped over her from the top of her head to the back of her bare heels. Incredibly, when she would expect to grow evermore frantic, instead, the warmth of him washed her with trickling waves of refuge. A sanctuary so needed within her trembling heart that with only, elemental and unreasoned thinking, she turned toward it. The small cry that escaped her throat, spoke clearly of her desperation and relief at finding safety.

“*Saxon*,” Bonar expelled in his surprise at finding his lovely slave clasped tightly within his embrace. A warm embrace that he was not denying by any rights, yet which surprised him nonetheless. So there he stood, fiercely holding his naked desire against him, while his mind conflicted upon which emotion to indulge. The very conflict disallowing him to realize how much tender emotion he revealed with his actions.

But, truthfully none of his first emotions emerged victorious, for the feel of his woman, completely naked, soft, and trembling against his tall frame embodied him.

The willingness of the action strove deep into his chest and he was surprised yet again at his reaction, which encompassed longing and needs. That the feeling of Kiana coming to him without force, should override her turgid nipples and full breasts plying his chest was amazing. Yea, it should be worrisome to him at least. Still, all he could feel was deep-seated belonging. Then as she snuggled closer to him seeking more comfort within his arms, and he abruptly knew it for what it was. Love! *Balls!* My god, twas the fledgling wing's of love.

"Hellfire, damnation, and bullocks!" Bonar swore close to a shout as he pushed his Saxon slave away in utter shock. Truthfully, he had not intended to be so rough with her as she landed with her backward motion, halted rudely against the stone. The force of it jerked her lovely pale breasts, like two firmly juggled balls, and he sorely did not need the added incentive of seeing the full view of her naked glory.

Bonar growled lowly in irritation, lust, and denial. Still, his gaze would not leave the fleshy expression of his slaves creamy-pink cunt lips. *Hellfire*, why did Saxons have such pale, tender, and winsome cunt lips as these. The blonde thatch of hair on top did nothing to hide the view of his slaves delicate cunny crease that wickedly begged for his cock-head. A pagan witch she was, he decided unreasonably. That he could be so enticed even in his ire.

"Kneel!" he commanded sharply, pointing to the stone floor before his feet. He needed—*nay* he demanded, something to break this spell.

"Y-Yes, master," she intoned with a wavering voice.

Bonar watched with glaring eyes, Kiana's decent into naked supplication before him. Yea, she was not a proper slavish offering with her stormy, beautiful blue eyes gazing up at him with entreaty. Her love-some, dewy lips trembled and her hands foolishly covered her nips and breasts that should never be covered from his viewing. She was unaccomplished to be his sexual chattel, completely without talent, yet her virgin hole called to him relentlessly.

His cock was big and boisterous within his braes. It was stiff as a ramming club, and throbbed heavily to the pounding in his breast and temple. It would not be renounced, yet he was not so much the love-besotted fool to take the heralded prize. He could lose his head for such effrontery, were he to skewer Kiana's virginity at this point in the upheaval of her ownership. Still, he would be appeased, he thought with a bloodlust rising deep in his bone marrow, likened to a thousand berserk warriors shouting their battle cries.

"You *will* worship my cock," he hissed outrageously. "It will be your master!" he vowed.

He tossed his mantle aside, leaving his chest bare, bronzed, and tightly glistening with the perspiration of his lust. Now she chose to look downward, he noted with irritation.

“Look at my cock!” he ordered sharply again and at the same moment he tugged his braes downward as though angry with the garment. His prick fell free, thick and red, between his hairy thighs and he could see the evidence that he had already felt, dripping wetly from the slit. The heaviness of his cock landed stout and straightly perched from his body. The swollen and seed-smeared head pointed directly at his chary slaves lavish and rosy-red lips.

“*Worship* it, pagan,” he bade with near savage intent, as he saw his slave’s tempest blue eyes rise beneath the drooling head of his cock. He grasped two fists full of silken blonde hair, thrusting his hips forward, pointing his cock like a javelin shot, straight for the ripe center of a juicy apple.

Certainly he expected naivety. Certainly he expected to lance virginity. Yea, what he did not expect was the perfectly tender and romantic kiss of gossamer lips plied to the slit. His belly tightened into a rocky mass as he gazed down at this wonderment. He’d had a few whores gobbling his cock with scraping teeth, yet he’d never had any woman kiss the head of his cock as a lover would place kisses upon his lips.

Yet, his pagan slave did not stop at just this one precious kiss. Nay, she continued onto kissing the entire large head, getting sticky white seed glossed on her lips, while he locked his knees to keep from buckling. He could not say what it did to his mind to see his seed juices smeared over her glowing reddened lips. Yet, it was the delicate little tickle, of the very tip of her tongue in the slit, that drove an involuntary groan from his belly.

She was a sorceress. A true pagan vixen as she kissed his cock from the cockhead to his balls, causing his thighs to spread like a maiden’s splaying her cunt. Her gossamer lips and her hot saliva on his hairy balls caused him to nearly tremble. *Hellfire*, he did not even care that she had not taken the damn thing into her sweet mouth. It nearly felt as though he could live on this alone.

Kiana knelt at Lord Bonar’s feet, kissing the thickly heavy pole of his manhood, worshiping it as best she may. What should have been a humbling experience was not. The scent of him was hot male musk filling her nostrils. That a man would let a woman touch his genitals this way was captivating, and his wide male cock was likened onto a powerful weapon beneath her lips. An expanding bold lance that fascinated her as did his weighty male sacks of hanging flesh. But, when she burrowed her head between her master’s thigh to worship these, they filled tighter drawing up the flagging skin. Twas heady and arousing somehow, to have his thick hairy thighs pressing around the sides of her face as she knelt completely nude before him.

Her loins seeped as she felt his seed on her lips and touched the unyielding shaft of his cock with her tongue. His hands which were fisted

in her hair grew evermore forceful, guiding her head and lips where he wished them to go. Arousal, that was sweet and hot, filled her unknowingly, along with the feelings of triumph that she could please him. She needed to please him, yet she also craved to please him. His power attracted her, just as the position of his minion filled her with a newfound and strangely powerful desire.

Perhaps, it was her situation. Perhaps, it was the horror she felt at being the possible forced sexual slave to many. Yet, this seemed more than that—. This submissive position. It felt desirous somehow, and innately safe, yet exciting. To be commanded into pleasure by a healthy strong male and to have no choice but to become a purely sexual creature, appeared vividly tempting. Only in her hidden dreams at night, could she have played out such heady lusts. Darkly wicked cravings that thrashed her bed sheets at night. Thoughts of lusts, half formed in her mind, that she would deny even to herself, that she desired.

Chapter Eight

“That is not readily fair, now is it, Boar?”

Bonar sucked in a tight breath at the unexpected sound of Sinnot’s voice behind him, just as one of his balls popped out of Kiana’s mouth with her accompanying gasp. That Sinnot could arrive within a dagger thrust of him unknown, was infuriating.

“*And*, I am given to hear that she is virgin meat,” Sinnot applied with a peaked tone.

The bastard was forth rightly insinuating that he was stealing the prize, Bonar thought angrily. Angry enough, with hot lust flowing through his veins to turn and fell the noble maggot. There were few men standing that could live and call his honor into question and it galled him that in truth Sinnot, by his placing alone, could have him beheaded for the effrontery. If it had happened. If he had taken Kiana’s virginity, when it was Sinnot who had so clearly claimed the right to bestow the plunder of Garth . . . and Kiana was just that . . . plunder.

She was frankly, beautifully tempting, and lustful plunder that hovered at his feet with her head bowed as she tried to cover her naked tits and then cunt with her hands. All he could think, was that *he* wanted to cover Kiana’s nudity from Sinnot’s lustful gaze. The muscles in his chest tightened with an outward flex of hardened sinew, in the effort not to do so and show his vulnerability.

“*Virgin still*,” Bonar hissed, not turning around, not pulling up his braes, not moving. “Do *you* question my honor?” he finished on a low utterance, filled with combative meaning.

“*Nay*,” Sinnot answered quickly—to quickly, and he showed his fear.

A showing of fear that filled Bonar’s chest with justice. At least the dandy heir had the sense to fear him, he thought, as he said, “I brought her adornments and she pleaded that I be her master.” Bonar bent to tow up his braes, beneath the sound of Kiana’s swift intake of breath at this lie.

“She does not have this choice!” Sinnot snapped, behind him.

“Yea, and I explained this, yet she begged so prettily to suck my cock and prove her worth,” Bonar expounded as he turned with his hands

on his hips to glare at Sinnot. “*And* what man would deny such an offering?” he asked with heavy demand in his voice to know.

Sinnot looked waspish with his too pretty face and his fashioned curls. He was a peacock trying to be a lusty man and failing, Bonar thought, but he also did not like the calculating look in Sinnot’s eyes at the moment.

“Why then, let her beg *my* cock too, for I have the truest dominion!” Sinnot declared

Kiana gasped her denial, and Bonar could have shaken her, for her foolish reaction. Because of it, he was forced to grasp her hair, least she senselessly think of running, which he could see she was about to do.

“Does the whore *deny* me?” Sinnot demanded sharply.

“*Nay*,” Bonar snapped, but his gaze was forced to Kiana’s tempestuous blue eyes, begging his gaze frantically, as he firmly held her by the hair at the back of her head. She had absolutely no craftiness in her to cover her thoughts at this critical moment. “*Do* you deny him?” Bonar asked sharply, shaking her head, even as he regretted the need to do it, and while he prayed that she would answer rightly through her fear. He was not certain that he could bare to see her marked by the whip.

“*I-I*,” Kiana gasped, with her eyes showing wildness in the turbulent dark blue depths.

“I am your master, Saxon bitch!” Sinnot snapped, forestalling Kiana’s answer as he stepped forward, tugging down his braes enough to free his long thin cock.

Bonar could read the cry of “no” that was forming on Kiana’s lips. He had no choice, and he jerked her hair sharply, making her yelp in pain instead. He had lifted her nearly off her knees as her hands which let her breasts bounce free, clutched at the hand which he used to so painfully hold her hair by the roots.

He could not let this happen. He could *never* let another man touch her, he thought savagely as he glared down at her voluptuous nakedness, arched helplessly to his gaze. Yet, what could he do? The moment was now! Denial and rancor, bittering and nasty, burned his throat. Never before would it have mattered with a slave—yet, with *this* one! His brawn hardened, pulling muscle with his anxiety. She was so beautiful, so defenseless. Yet, *he* wanted her powerless to none but himself.

“*Come* along on your knees and *beg* me, bitch,” Sinnot ordered with the hoarseness of lust tinging his voice.

Kiana’s eyes were frenzied with fear and dread. “*Please*,” she whispered frantically and that one word burned Bonar’s soul into shreds.

“*I-I!*” Bonar bit out, nearly choking on the further words he intended to say. “*Want her*,” he hissed. “And it is a boon that I *well* deserve,” he finished as though spitting out something fowl tasting from his mouth. At the same moment he let go of Kiana, pushing her away with the motion as though she disgusted him. She landed in a heap, bowed over

her knees, with her face pressed to the floor and her buttery gold hair fanned out around her, as he turned to Sinnot.

Bonar knew that Sinnot would not deny his fathers commander, not over a mere slave. Yet, it antagonized him, he who was a noble in his own right, to have to ask, and it further weakened his position. Sinnot sneered at him, with his cock thin and turgidly hanging from his braes. He would use this somehow against his fathers favorite, above his own son. It was inscribed all over Sinnot's sallow face. The scheming had already begun. The fool was so transparent he did not think to hide his triumph. Bonar rolled his broad muscular shoulders, trying to relieve the tension. He would deal with Sinnot's sniveling schemes when they arose.

Sinnot did nothing then, but nod his head in an attempt to appear the regal despot granting his minion a suffering boon—and then he stuffed his cock back into his braes.

Yet, just before he left, he ordered, "I still demand the bitch-slave at the feast with the rest of the spoils to be presented properly!"

Bonar emitted an angry rumbling growl. What needs had he for this perfidy and lust? He was a man of action, not of social intrigue. If he wanted that, he could be sitting in the French court practically on Louie's knee. Nay, he chose battle—or it chose him. To live or to die, these things he could understand and he enjoyed the simplicity of it.

A man's lust was too closely equal with his battle lust. There were times when both were nearly impossible to contain, yet a man must employ his willpower to do just that. However, he had failed today and it left a bitter taste in his mouth. The taste of dried lust, gone sour because of the tomfoolery over a mere captive slave. Oh yes . . . Sinnot could use this. The Black Boar brought to his knees over a Saxon chattel.

Bonar did not turn then and he did not look down, he simply grabbed his mantel and began to stride from the room as he uttered, "*Prepare yourself for your master as is just, pagan!*"

A sob, aching and full upon its release, escaped Kiana's lips as she stayed bowed over, kneeling on the cold stone flagging. She had nearly taken another man's cock to her lips. A loathsome and dreadful man that she did not even wish to be close to her. The thoughts of it—the thoughts of having his bitter tasting cock in her throat gagged her, and bile rose hot and sickening in her throat against her sobs.

The differences and the disparity did not avoid her. The fact that she could willingly choose Lord Bonar and offer herself up to him as opposed to her abhorrence of Lord Sinnot did not escape her. Its presence only raised her desires more firmly to be within Lord Bonar's power. The man who had saved her at the last moment with such rare offerings for a noble. He had rescued her surely from an abhorrent event and he had not done so without cost to himself. He had weakened his position by the mere asking for her ownership. Yet, for her, he had wound her more tightly within his dominance. A place she should fight not to be, but had not the strength or desire now to do so.

How easy it was to become a man's slave, to become his possession and soul keeping. How luring was the surrender to his strength and power, and how wicked was the submission that shivered in her belly, when he threw caution aside to rescue her? To keep her unto him as his own. What things might she be tempted to do within such trust?

"It has been brought to my attention that you need better instruction."

Kiana started to rise at the sound of Timon's voice. She had not heard him approach.

"Stay, slave! That is proper position for one such as you!"

Timon's before melodious voice was striking with tenor tones that crawled up Kiana's spine. She caught her weeping into herself and stayed bowed as commanded, feeling every inch the naked slave in this position before him. His words about instruction shivered anxiously in her chest. What could he mean? Her dread was rising.

"When your betters give you instruction, you are *never* to hesitate, or you will feel the whip. It is just that you feel it *now*, to break in your flesh against the want to never feel it again!"

Whip? Kiana shuddered as her breath caught hard in her throat.

"Lift your head now, enough to see this whip and fear it, then raise your buttocks to me on your knees to receive it. Do it *now*!"

Kiana jerked her head looking up at the dreaded weapon, and she could barely contain her alarmed gasp at what she saw. It was a stock whip that men used to move livestock or teams of horses. The black evil looking whip was at least five feet long, starting broadly at the handle and lessening in width down to its thin tip. This whip could snap in the air with a recoiling quality. She had heard the snap many times before and her entire body shuddered in dread. She was barely able to halt herself from pleading not to be whipped, to beg an entreaty for mercy that would fall on deaf ears. The order came from Lord Sinnot and she knew he would not be denied. She had to endure this somehow. Somehow she had to not cry out Bonar's name. She *could not*, because Sinnot would be told of it.

She quaked with the effort not to plead Bonar's name, while humiliation rolled through her belly as she bent over naked and shameful on her hands and knees before Timon. Then, with reluctance crawling inside her, she lower her shoulders and lifted her nude buttocks upward as though she were an animal, while her entire body flushed beneath the lowly degradation.

"Lower your head to the floor more!" Timon's ordered.

Kiana whimpered her reluctance in barely perceptible sounds, as suffering embarrassment quaked over her flanks and she lower her head to the floor, keeping her bare buttocks raised to Timon's in supplication. The feeling across her bottom and thighs made her flesh tremble and cringe. "Ten across your buttocks . . . not to bleed . . . but to mark!"

Thwack!

Kiana yelped as a line of pain seared across her wincing buttocks, before she could think.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

Her cries tore from her throat unwillingly as did her knees crawling forward with her effort to escape the relentless stripes of fire lashing over her shuddering bare buttocks. Yet, Timon was too quick and there was nowhere for her to go . . . she was completely exposed. He left his ten marks cruelly as she sobbed at his feet. Then . . . after . . . he bade her to stay humbled in that position for over an hour with her buttocks raised and nakedly exposed to the chamber, while her bottom cheeks burned from the whipping, and the other slaves went about their duties peeking at her.

If she'd, had any hope in her breast of winning courage over her enslavement . . . it died in those long abasing moments, seeping out slowly with her tears.

Chapter Nine

The Saxon hall in the center of the stronghold had been put into service to raise a banquet for the Norman conquerors. The towns people and those of the surrounding areas were pressed into serving their new Norman lords.

The hall was too smokey, Bonar thought in irritation. These Saxons had not the industry to make a proper hall, with the right hole on top to draw the smoke properly. The boarded tables were too low and he immensely disliked having to lay about in front of them to eat a proper meal. It was like eating in a tent on the battlefield. At least the food was plausible and filled his belly, yet the company was worse.

Sinnot played the liege with toasts and boisterous boasting, making Bonar yearn to puke as his men ate and drank, enjoying the spoils of a siege well fought. Forthright raping was discouraged beneath his mien, yet Sinnot had no such insights. The mood Sinnot set, leached throughout the hall and his men knew it. His men were as youngsters, greedily snatching the treats, that were before prohibited. Still, they accorded him, their commander, enough courtesy not to outright rape the wenches upon the feeding tables. Nonetheless, there were enough squeals and tears among the unwilling Saxon women, along with the overly loud musicians, to make the entire event pound in his head.

It was not that he felt true compassion against raping, at least none that he would admit to. Nay, it was simply an idiot that did not realize, if you raped, pillaged, and downtrodden all you had gained, in the end you would have nothing for it. Yea, he was not above taking a few comely slaves into keeping for the men. Industrious wenches such as these normally presented themselves, and were wiser and willing to do these services. They could live much better and could even pocket extra coins in such employ. Yet, when you took a man's wife or untried daughter and then expected that man to cook for you or plow your fields . . . you were nothing less than a fool.

Yet truly, it was not his issue. He would be gone from here and onto the next campaign sooner than he intended with Sinnot's presence urging

him gone. Tonight, Sinnot would declare a lord of the keep. A man to control the stronghold for the duke, and his men looked eagerly to this as it was a quick rising in rank, if one could fetch it.

Bonar glanced at Cosine, he was one of his five underling commanders and the man that he would have chosen for the honor. They both knew it . . . and yet, they both knew that Cosine would not be chosen now by Sinnot because of that very fact. Aye, well, the better for Cosine, Bonar thought with the way the liege-heir was outright goading humiliation upon the conquered Saxons. Something would have to be done about the Marque Sinnot and as much as he valued the duke's authority in carving out this ripe land, he understood his limits, and Sinnot was becoming insufferable.

Nothing like becoming the minion to a maggoty fool, Bonar thought rancorously as he shifted from leaning on his side, in tense boredom, to grasping a chalice of wine. He awaited for only one purpose this eve and all else was nought against it. His entire tall frame was attuned to the purpose and his circumspect thoughts were merely idle efforts beneath the portent of it.

"Bring them forth! Bear them forth!"

Bonar's ears perked at Sinnot's loudly exclaimed order. The moment had arrived. Goth belched loudly beside him with a wicked grin as he continued to eat a greasy leg of fowl. But, Bonar ignored the elder rascal's noxious tokens of comradeship as he glared at the entrance to the hall. He was of half a mind to renounce his comely pagan for a return to sanity. A wise man would. A wise man would not let a blonde nymph such as Kiana . . .

"*Glory* be," Goth suddenly grunted beside him.

In reaction, Bonar was certain to what his very own eyes were capturing, and then even he scarcely managed to keep the appreciative vows from escaping his own throat. *Hellfire*, she was a vision, he thought beneath his tight control as his fingers curled into a fist on top of the low table. First the bearers came with the coffers of trinkets spilling over in gold, silver, and copper. Then the jeweled offerings, from arks filled with polished gems, to others stuffed gluttonously with treasures ranging from gem encrusted chalices to piously gilded crosses. But behind these—

Behind the trunks of glory was the most momentous grandeur. The delectable specter that caused Goth's exclamation. *Kiana*. Her name in Bonar's mind vied with pagan sorceresses as he glared at her trembling golden beauty. And as much as the male animal in him admired Kiana's voluptuous near nudity displayed so ripely for his gaze, a new foreign beast rose in his breast. A possessive covetous beast that suddenly and quite viciously, did not want another male to gaze upon what was his and so tempting.

She wore nothing but a shameless, yet delectable thong in the color of scarlet. It was dipped low on the slight roundedness of her tender belly,

while its scanty cloth barely covered the fertile presence of her sex, and the strip behind covered not all the rounded globes of her pale buttocks. Her breasts were bared for all to see, light glowing mounds with nipples like darkly reddened cherry blossoms, wound tightly in the budding. Her hair, like honey-spun butter, feathered to the small of her back as her delicate face stayed lowered with her bowed head.

As she drew closer, Bonar could see her faltering steps with Timon behind her pressing her forward into the chamber of male eyes searching her nudity. The paltry chalice he was holding abruptly bent at an angle, suddenly yielding beneath the unconscious pressure of his hand. His brawn expanded tightly and his firm lips flattened into a lean sneer. Any thought he had of declining Kiana's female riches fled like the rush of a stormy northern gale. *Yea*, he felt more akin to challenging every man beneath the eaves, to prove he was the better male to own her lush feminine charms.

But at that moment, as she drew closer on her small bare feet, he found his gaze better able to see the trembling rise and fall of her naked breasts, so full and round in softly glowing femininity. His gaze narrowed, nearly unwillingly, for the thick rise in his braes it caused, on nipple tips aroused and lanced outward. He knew that his Saxon nymph would be duly embarrassed at this jutting display of her body's emotions, as the sight only served to heighten his unruly lust. Then his eyes lowered evermore, seeking to fill his lustful gaze upon her paganly plump female buttocks. Yet, what his gaze found unexpectedly, was the sight of reddened welts striped across her lush feminine ass.

The sound then, which rolled from deep within his belly, was the sound of a beast provoked, and were it not for Goth's strong arms suddenly planted across his shoulders, he would have risen unthinkingly to challenge the marks on his woman. Yet, barely in time, he managed to allow Goth to hold his brawn back from that spectacle and the unwhiseness of the notion.

Chapter Ten

Kiana beheld Sinnot smirking from his lofty martinet chair as she was forced down onto her knees upon the rushes before him, and it felt as if she were supplicated in naked slavery to every Norman warrior in the hall. She knelt as Timon had demanded she kneel, bowed over her knees with her arms stretched straight over her head and her buttocks wholly naked and vulnerable in a groveling position.

At least she could hide her face, in this defenseless and humbling pose. That her breasts and loins were shielded downward offered her the tiniest grain of comfort, for brief moments. The walk to this debasing position had been an eternity of wincing and heated embarrassment. The scanty loin cloth she wore was immoral and shaming, but that was the purpose, she was the slave of men now. Men with carnal insights and lusty demanding cocks that ruled them. The fact that she could feel it in the very air, the gluttonous lust of so many men's thoughts, brought keen terror to her small frame.

The walk through the hall to arrive naked and on her knees was still vivid, and visions of men mobbing her defenseless nakedness filled her mind. It was impossible to ignore with every male eye in the hall gazing upon her. Yet, the thing that brought dread-filled tears to her eyes and embarrassment shivering with shame through her body, was the sight of Riven watching.

He was chained along the wall with other Saxon prisoners. It was a display of arrogance from the Norman conquerors, and she had, while filled with her own demeaning position, seen others from the town that she knew chained there also. Yet, it was Riven that caused her the most distress. She felt the embarrassment crawling over her flesh, for him to see her kneeling in such naked and groveling supplication. It wrung dry sobs from her throat that she could not hold back, as she subjected herself like a lowly animal on the ground at Lord Sinnot's feet.

"One gem and ten coins for *every* man in the hall, given for his good service!" Lord Sinnot shouted.

Kiana flinched at the booming of Lord Sinnot's voice above her, followed by the ear-aching roar of approval that the Norman warriors gave in response. If she could only cover her ears, she thought, while one single tear dropped to the rushes beneath her.

“For the leadership of Knights! *Twenty* coins, and for our stalwart captains *fifty* coins apiece!”

Kiana cringed at the shouted outcry of so many men hailing their good fortune, and she knew that her turn to once again be the piercing and naked center of attention was coming swiftly.

“And!” Lord Sinnot exclaimed. “For the wisdom of Duke Sinnot’s high commander in this victory, I bestow upon you, the Black Boar, a full ark of treasures for your goodly services!”

Kiana gasped at the uproar of hoarse, high, shrill, and deep male voices cheering Lord Bonar. The very rushes beneath her shook in their rebounding approval. A sudden and wholly unexpected moment of pride pierced her heart, and for a fragile moment, she forgot to be afraid or shamed. That she would be Lord Bonar’s chattel constricted her chest with unexpected and hesitant loftiness, and for trembling moments it felt honorable.

“The land is *ours*, Normans!” Lord Sinnot shouted. “The stronghold is *held* in our grasp and the women will bear our Norman babes!”

Kiana could hear the squeals of dismay from the Saxon women being groped and fondled against their willingness at Lord Sinnot’s last claim. The fear of rape, and the surety of it, drove terror deeply quaking into her belly. The fact that she was defenseless, naked, and groveling before them did not help her cause.

“*Yea*, but bastard’s aplenty, does *not* grow you a birthplace *and* a home of honor!” It was Lord Bonar’s voice ringing out, sharp and clear, through the din, and just the sound of his deep voice soothed Kiana’s anguished mind.

“*I* for one-!” Lord Bonar continued. “Will be kneeling in holy mass, as any good knights victory demands!”

Kiana held her breath as Lord Bonar’s men cheered his good sense. Then she heard Lord Sinnot’s hated voice.

“You *pray* Boar! While I fuck!” Lord Sinnot shouted above the roar. The warriors cheered this comedy, and then Lord Sinnot’s voice rang out again. “And since you will be so busy praying, Lord Boar, I will take the slave-whore kneeling before us and teach her the way of our Norman gods, by the end of my cock!”

“*Nay*,” Kiana cried, unable to halt her outcry, nor the involuntary rising of her upper body in alarm. Her palms clasped her nipples from view as her gaze wildly sought out Lord Bonar’s gaze. He looked as if he were made of stone statuary, with his head tilted back and his bronze chest bare beneath the opened edges of his mantle made of the darkest blue coloring she had ever seen. It was a sleeveless robe and wide bands of gold circled the highly piled hams of his upper arm muscles as his rich black hair turned in thick waves down his back. There was a hand clamped over his shoulder, belonging to his man, Goth. And it appeared that was Goth cautioning him in some manner as she looked pleadingly to Bonar, while he glowered at Lord Sinnot.

“*Take* this slave to my chamber, Timon, to there await my pleasure!”

Bonar heard the slick echo of Sinnot’s authority, slithering through his mind, as he clenched his jaw against any comment. The impotency, swiftly gnarled in his belly and his broad chest heaved several times with it. He was unused to *not* attaining what he desired, either by his position, use of physical force, or by cunning. He remained standing as if etched in muscular granite, watching Kiana being pulled from the hall beneath the guise of Lord Sinnot’s command. A bitter taste fouled his mouth, and the willpower he used not to fling himself into action and take back what was his, wetted his armpits with musky smelling sweat.

This moment heralded in his mind like none other before it. He could feel the certain and debilitating surging of powerless subjugation, just as a slave must endure, he realized. Yet abruptly, and with more goodly sense, he shoved the distasteful and vulnerable feelings aside. He may be held impotent by the rights of ascendancy, but he had not lost, nor had he enlisted his cunning yet. And if all else failed, he would simply take back that which was his by force. Still, it was better to attempt cunning first.

“If you must harness *ten* more stallions to the cart, I want Lady Margot here before the ending of the next course of food!” Bonar commanded, turning to Goth.

“Aye, I knew you had the good sense, my lord. It will be done,” Goth hailed with a wink, before he turned to leave.

Yea, Bonar thought, crossing his arms over his chest as he glared at Sinnot. If the man’s lady wife appeared, then Sinnot would be unable to visit and befoul his new Saxon slave this evening. “And *that* is all that I need-,” Bonar hissed beneath his breath as his fingers crunched into fists at his side. “-*Time* to divert Sinnot and take back what is mine!”

His plan was blatant and arrogant, but might deflect the necessity of killing the liege heir. A death that the duke, his father, would not be able to ignore. *Nay*, Bonar thought, he would simply steal Kiana from here and let Sinnot try to challenge him to gain her back. It would be a matter of honor then. And would Sinnot readily have him punished, if he were already ensconced in the next campaign, at the new siege of Worcest, a stronghold twice the size of Garth and more strategically important to his father the duke?

Nay, Sinnot was a fool, but surely not that crazed.

Chapter Eleven

The great oak-laid door shut with a finality that took Kiana to her knees with a dry sob of fear and unbelief. The terror and revulsion of her plight rolled over her slender shoulders in waves, then twisted like a dagger in her belly.

“Nay,” she whimpered. “Nay, it is not true!”

How could she be Lord Sinnot’s and not Lord Bonar’s? How could this have come to pass, her anguished mind asked ceaselessly? She could still see the bright blue fever of challenge in Bonar’s eyes. He had lusted to deny Lord Sinnot, and she had seen it etched there in his gaze upon her. Yet, he had not!

Her whimpers turned into gasping moans as she clutched her belly tightly in agony. *Soon!* Soon, Lord Sinnot would come for her and-and-!

Stomp stomp stomp.

Footfalls! Kiana scrambled to stand, gazing frantically about the room for any method of escape. *Sinnot* Oh gods *no*, her mind clamored. She would *plunge* a dagger into her breast, before she would lay in slavery upon Lord Sinnot’s bedding.

“Bonar!” she cried as she fled to the furthest stretch of the chamber, to press her back against the stone with no place else go. Her eyes clenched in horror at the heavy sound of footfalls reaching the outside of the door. She tried to catch her breath and she tried to catch hold of her wild fears. But, it was all happening too quickly and her mind bade her only, to pray frantically and swiftly.

Bang. The door was thrown open, she could hear it! The eminent presence of Lord Sinnot to defile her in sexual slavery was too wieldy. The power of it terrorized her mind, just as the sound of his footfalls, which were rapidly approaching her, drove her to the brink. Her cry of denial was shrill as she turned toward the portal opening to the right of her along the wall. She would jump! She would fly away. She would-!

“Nay! *Kiana!*”

Bonar’s voice resounded through her ribs, just as he clasped her roughly from behind. She was confused and terror stricken and could not readily understand his presence. *Was it him?* Was this really Bonar,

pulling her down from the edge and holding her within a breath-snatching embrace against his solid chest?

“*Would you end your life?*” Bonar growled into her ear, making her cry out at the loudness, along with the anguish and anger she heard combined in his tone.

“*I-I,*” she choked, through the iron band of his forearm clamped over her slender rib cage, as the back of her head fell, then caught against the side of his neck, while her buttocks cleaved over the turgid impression of his cock, throbbing like the thick pounding of blood in his veins. “*Yes,*” she whimpered in squeaking trembles of breaths.

“*Nay,*” Bonar charged, shaking her smaller body against his taller muscular frame as her feet dangled above his feet. His arm that did not hold her aloft like a draping garment over his chest, lifted upward, bringing forth his wide and powerfully shaped hand. Then, the warmth and command of his hand with his long fingers catching hold, was clasped over her breast, lifting the fleshy weight deep within his palm.

“*Bonar,*” she whimpered beneath the force of sexual arousal that poured through her body so quickly. So quickly, she forgot to submit the name of master to him. All she could feel was the unyielding sinew of his body behind her and the length of his rigid cock prickling her, while his hand was drawing and closing in grasps over the bareness of her breast. Helpless moans of desperation and desire cascaded from her throat, as her small fingers clutched his forearm and her lips turned to the bristling sternness of his jaw. The softness of her lips brushed the whisker-roughened flesh, and before she realized it, his head turned and his mouth hovered with hot breaths over hers.

“*You are mine,*” he claimed, in a tenor command that mixed with her escaping moan of utter acceptance. Then, his hot tongue was deeply sheltered in the recesses of her yielding mouth as he used the barest amount of his amazing strength, to turned her in his arms. He held her now draped with her bare breasts flattened to the heated buttress of his well-defined chest. Arousal swift and furious bubbled inside her like a boiling caldron of oil. She had no hope to contain it or control it with Bonar’s tongue so deeply tempting the intimacy of her mouth. She could think of naught, but its wide masculine presence, so boldly thorough within her daintiness. The weight of it filled her mouth with long sloping strokes, taking her tongue a willing prisoner. The questing tip was everywhere from sliding down the center of her tongue like hot silk, to stroking beneath, to then lapping the delicate roof. Their tongues licked against each others, tip to tip, dabbing then twirling. Then, Lord Bonar’s tongue curled around hers and suckled deeply, until she whimpered in eager passion. Her body melted against his and her arms circled his strong shoulders. The heat of his tongue-kiss, sent passion ripe and tangy to her nipples, to then pool wetly in her loins.

Her body moved against his with the rhythm of his tongue sucking over her tongue. Slow sensuous movements of her breasts, belly, and

thighs, skimmed along the hot and unyielding muscular textures of his flesh. Her nipples were pointed like miniature arrowheads and prickling beneath the sensation of silken male body hair rasping over them. Yet, it was her mound where all the sensations came shouting alive. She rolled her loins over the wide base of his cock, and she felt the soft head, which had popped free from the waistband of his braes, smearing wetness on her belly.

That a man could kiss her this way and raise such feeling inside her, left her weak and trembling with desire. She craved this man that she wished to be her master, more than her imagination had allowed. It was hot and consuming, like the deep red embers of a fire. The moans that sprang from her throat were hungry and drawn-out sounds of craving.

Abruptly, Lord Bonar released the deep milking of her tongue to hover with his lips slick and barely clinging to hers. “*Call* me master,” he bade with a roughly tinged voice.

“Master,” she puffed hoarsely . . . yet, gladly and eagerly with her eyes opening and barely focused, to gaze into the burning desire of his light blue irises.

His wide hands clasped and squeezed her bare buttocks with ownership, intimately snaring her deeper into his fold. “We are leaving,” he stated firmly.

Kiana’s eyes widened with his meaning even through the feverish quickening of her desires. Old ways appeared swiftly, and hard to break or contain, as she blurted, “I will be flogged or-or beheaded! He claimed me!”

Bonar’s handsome warrior face seethed before her vision, as a harsh guttural laugh escaped his throat. “You would die but a moment ago, and the choice is not yours to make, pagan!” Suddenly, the wide restrictive mass of his body shifted and his heavy thick muscles tensed as his hands slid to circle her bare waist. “I can see that it will ever be for me to teach you obedience, my nimble slave.”

Then, with this said and a sinister flash of his white teeth, he lifted her suddenly upward, causing her surprised gasp. Her belly fell over his shoulder as his broad hand smacked sharply over her naked buttocks, making her yelp with the sudden sting. “Now quiet your tongue to my command or I will give you more than this simple swat, maiden!”

Chapter Twelve

Bonar gritted his teeth beneath an imminent and untimely chuckle. Now was not the time to feel so enlivened, yet with his saucy-assed slave captured so satisfyingly to his will, and the taste of her still lingering in his mouth, it was difficult to avoid. Yet, he set about his intended task of stealing her away with a warrior's proud vigor, while he enjoyed the feeling of his lovesome slave's wriggling and plumply laid buttocks beneath his hand. She whimpered at his hands cupping and kneading motions with small involuntary moans, whilst she bounced vigorously over his shoulder with the motion of his strong purposeful gait.

Sweet ass. He could not ignore the satin-fleshed globes, which were shaped like two halves of a honey-dipped pear, as he made his way out the rear entrance of the hall. He was pleased that he encountered no one he would have to deal with, except a few wide-eyed Saxon servants. None of which would think to dare mention his passing, and soon he had his wiggling lush spoils out the back entrance and onward toward where his warhorse awaited with Goth.

Here it was trickier with more men milling about, and while his commanding and noble position guffawed at the need to hide from anyone, his skilled warrior's side enjoyed the challenge. "Hush now, pagan, or you will be within Sinnot's grasp again shortly," he murmured.

Kiana stilled instantly, plushly laden over his shoulder, and he knew a moment of satisfaction and rare devilment, as he lightly stroked the crease of her ass, along the side of the snuggled thong strip. Her muted and moaning sigh attested to her feelings of this lover's touch, and although he stayed attuned to his stealth, he allowed himself the arousing pleasure of farrowing a bit deeper. He lightly traced the damp impression of her cunt lips through the scanty cloth of her thong. The wetness awed him anew as Kiana moaned sweetly, while her thighs undulated restlessly around the thickness of his wide hand.

Bonar was attuned with keen skill on two fronts at once, and he stopped his stride to halt in the shadows and let two Norman guards pass. But, his breath sucked soundlessly inward at the same moment, when his finger feathered over satin curls of pubic hair escaping the edges of the scant thong. The springy hot curls were sticky with Kiana's own arousal

and the feeling and knowledge of that throbbed an answer deep in the shank of his cock. *Yea*, she was fertile. She was a luscious and beckoning prize, and her feminine contours of slickly pouted cunt lips with a tightly framed virgin hole, pulled at his masculinity strenuously.

It was a deep calling of mating that was primitive and heavy in his cock. Fucking was the only calling that would suffice. To spread wide and ram deeply as the master, feeling the power of a man fucking his woman hard, and without mercy to either of them. The aching pent up air left his lungs in a biting rush that was louder than prudent as the blood in his veins pounded fiercely. He needed control, yet the very act of seizing his Saxon slave from another man spurred him profoundly, in an ardent manner. Then, coupled with the decadent feel of her so ripely forced beneath his power, served to test his willpower.

Yet, he managed to fight the rousing beast within him into a semblance of submission, with his grit and the billowing tightening of his brawny muscle. Then, action became his caution, for within the action of his movements, his mind turned reluctantly away from the temptation and back to winning his determination.

As Bonar moved forward from the shadows quickly, Kiana clutched the back of his mantle, yet she lay over the sinewy width of his shoulder as laxly as she could. Truly, her thoughts were not of escaping the rape into enslavement by Lord Sinnot, or fear of being caught in this daring escapade. Nay, her mind lay in the feel of bold fingers caressing intimate liberties upon her naive sex, which was so defenseless, yet yielding—and in fearless truth, titillated. Where her mind might hide from the truth, her loins had no such timidity and flamed with brazen attraction of the naked petting.

The aching sheath within her seemed to fill around the surfaces of its seeping tunnel. The rounded contours were expanding with an acute yearning, so deep and strongly perverse, her thighs quivered with the need to spread wide and offer up the needy aching tunnel. Images that were scattered, yet sharp, attacked her thoughts.

Yearnings hot with desires bold . . . cautions surrendering . . . Bonar's naked cock, bold and dripping with power . . . The yielding of her soft thighs, sighing open in pleasure . . . Her breasts naked and heaving upward with nipples taut and shamelessly jutting to be plucked . . . Warm juices flowing on her inner thighs . . . Bonar's hands strong and wide shaping yards of her undulating eager flesh . . . His cock like an arrow driving deep and strong . . . The desire of her sheath impaled upon a shaft that yielded nothing.

“Hail, Lord Bonar.”

Kiana gasped, 'twas the man Goth's voice, jerking her from her mind's hedonistic pictures. Yet, the effect drooled wantonly, down over the lips and into the crevice of her sex, as though the presence of warm oils had been poured there.

“Yea,” Bonar’s voice acknowledged in a hushed tone, and then his muscular frame shifted beneath the draping of Kiana’s body. She felt the sense of raising upward and the ground grew farther away beneath her gaze. She realized that by his strength alone, Bonar had taken them both astride his warhorse. The power of his body that he wielded, with her thrown over his shoulder to do so, awed her.

Then his large demanding hands were on her bare hips pulling her downward as her hands clutched for an anchor to catch hold of. She found stout shoulders to grip as her thighs separated over lean hips and her naked breasts rolled over the hot skin of Bonar’s bare chest. She ended in a position as though she were clutched tightly in a lover’s embrace as she faced Bonar, whilst the both sat astride his warhorse. Bonar was astride the stallion, and she was astride Bonar. It was wholly the wrong position she faced, to properly ride as the companion atop a stallion.

Yet, Bonar clamped her tightly to his chest with his forearm pressed across her lower spine, then he drew his mantle completely over her head. It was a secret cavern of hot male flesh that filled her nostrils with the scents of smokey-flavored musk.

“We ride!” Bonar rumbled, sending the vibrations deep into Kiana’s ear where it pressed to the muscular slab of his left breast. Her hands found balance, yet more titillation, clasping over the broadly shifting sinew of Bonar’s back, as she scooted her arms beneath his arms and around his torso. But her thoughts were centered lower, to the hardened ridge of Bonar’s groin that the crease of her sex rode strikingly, with brisk up and down strokes, during each gallop of the warhorse reaching its powerful stride. The feeling was intensive and she found herself coveting it greedily and wanting more.

Bonar’s arm moved and his hand clamped to the high hills of her upper buttocks, then he pulled, grinding her sex tightly against the motion. She gasped at the sharply rapid spikes of pleasure, lurching evermore wildly in her sex. *He knew!* Bonar knew about the pangs of pleasure that the rigidity of his cock caused thrusting heavily through lips of her sex. The cloth of her thong chafed her inner sex with more stings of pleasure, as the gushing liquid of her stimulated arousal wadded the material, and in turn caused a heated abrasion against the cloth of Bonar’s tightly stretch braes. More visions of heated couplings race through her thoughts again as the spokes of her charged nipples scoured over Bonar’s chest. She whimpered senselessly with entreaty and longing beneath the tensions of pleasure swelling through her body, as her mouth with a willfulness that was all its own, pressed damp impressions on Bonar’s sinewy breast.

“Hellfire!” Bonar cursed stoutly with the vibrations murmuring on Kiana’s lips, as her loins wetted more, driving passion that was hot and explosive to her core. “Ride *ahead*, Goth. I will meet you at the planned camp,” Bonar commanded.

Chapter Thirteen

Oblivious to her surroundings, Kiana wrestled upward along Bonar's chest, kissing fire on heated flesh, wiggling her sex more boldly over the ridge of his cock. She licked his collarbone, nibbled his throat, then his jaw, and then turned to kissing anywhere she could reach his baking flesh. At the same moment, she rode her sex over his cock along with each of the stallion's galloping strides. She rode it hard, she straddled it tightly, and she humped it eagerly.

Then, suddenly the horse reared to a stop and she could do nothing but whimper with need as she slid down Bonar's torso, feeling the throbbing of her arousal beating like a drum in the engorged lips of her sex. Nay, it was deeper inside her aching recesses, and the suffering was deep inside her sheath.

"*Please,*" she begged without shame or pride, and suddenly the mantle covering her was pulled aside and the cold night air rushed like a slap over her hot ardent skin.

"You will *beg* me, Saxon," Bonar vowed with his hands tangling in her hair as he tugged her head backward, bowing her neck. Then, his lips touched and sucked tightly with near biting pleasure on the column of her throat. She moaned, scraping her finger deeply into his chest. He tugged her hair again firmly, arching her spine, dragging her head farther back. His lips kissed her flesh down to the deep V of her breasts, and there he nipped her flesh. Then, he soothed it with his tongue, following the curve of her breast, until he nibbled on the tip of her nipple.

"*Bonar,*" she cried at the pangs of rapture stinging the jutting bud of her nipple.

"*Master,*" Bonar charged gruffly as he shook her lightly, yet at the same moment he laved tingles from his tongue over the bite of his nipping teeth.

"*Master,*" she surrendered easily, beneath his power.

The stallion shifted restlessly, and its motion beneath her undulated her body, humping the split lips of her sex over the solid shaft of Bonar's cock, while his lips pursed over her nipple and he sucked the tip. She could do naught but whimper mindlessly she was so enthralled. It felt like

the very sun were burning and throbbing in her aching woman's hole as more stars burst beneath her shuttered eyelids.

Then, with the force of Bonar using her hair akin to reins, pressured her spine downward over the neck of the stallion. Her knee's rose with the instinctive need for balance, clamping onto the sides of Bona's torso underneath his armpits. She could feel the stallions wispy mane along her spine as the animal stomped restlessly, bouncing her breasts and undulating her hips.

"Now you are *mine*," Bonar's lips rumbled hotly against her belly. "And you will worship me."

"Yes," Kiana gasped eagerly.

"*Look* at me then, nymph. I would see the cunt of your submission as it drips your willingness to serve me."

Kiana vamped breaths at Bonar's command as she opened her eyes and gazed into the brilliant light blue force of his irises. His right-hand released her hair and lowered with his fingers spreading widely over her throat. His fingers tightened, collaring her throat as the fierceness of his features drew taut along the squarely angled planes of his face. She had never experienced a man gazing upon her this way and she whimpered beneath the possessive erotic power of it, even as his hand shifted lower. Then with fingers splayed, Bonar stroked through the hills of her breasts down over her rib cage and belly to the top of her thong.

His fingers curled under the waistband as the lightness of his irises flared brighter. Then suddenly he pulled, but it was a striking motion, renting her thong from her hips with a dark masculine sneer on his lips. She cried out at the suddenness and the stallion reared his head, bouncing her body along its neck. Her fingers snatched for a grip and found only Bonar's forearm, at the same moment his heavy palm pressed over her mound and the quivering lips beneath.

"*Master*," she sobbed dryly, within the well of her emotions.

Bonar was touching the place of her feverish need and her legs fell away from his sides, opening her cunt to him. Yet, they dangled in the air with no support as her fingernails dug into his forearm, groping for balance.

Bonar chuckled then, darkly exotic with deep bass tones, as his eyes nearly twinkled with some type of lusty deviltry. "Eagerness pleases me," he said.

Her cheeks flamed hotly and she knew that if she were not reclined over the neck of a horse before her warrior master, she would have been tempted to turn aside in embarrassment. Her toes pointed, trying to retain her balance, and she wished for the bravery to once again clamp her legs about Bonar's torso.

"You look as a proper offering should," he said with an arrogant twist of his lips.

Kiana's anger fired, so closely attuned with her blazing desire. "You are cruel, lord," she charged heedlessly. Then instantly she yelped an

invigorated pleasure sound, because he squeezed her cunt as though kneading bread dough with deep finger manipulations.

“Do *you* think to censor me, nymph?” he asked with a sinuous tenor to his voice as his lips curled in handsome splendor. Then, suddenly his thumb stroked through her bubbling cunt from the bottom to the top.

“*Oh hh,*” she moaned, nearly shrilly, unable to stop its presence, while her legs which were hanging with bent knees splayed in the air, shuddered wildly, curling even her small toes.

“Hold there, Kiana,” Bonar charged briskly, as he clamped a hand onto her bare waist, to keep her from falling. Then, he hooked one forearm under her right knee allowing her some relief and balance.

His gaze turned downward, straight to the wide split of her cunt lips, and his lips smoothed outward, in a heady masculine arch. “I would always see you this way,” he uttered glancing up at her, then down again. “Woman, you gush fuck juices more than any bitch in heat.”

Kiana cried out at the crude deviltry. But, more in essence for hearing her true name from his lip’s moments ago and then, for having his dark words inspire lust inside her despite her better efforts. Yet, the squeal that erupted next from her lips was from nothing else, but the stiff finger Bonar suddenly thrust inside her. She could feel its presence on her virgin walls as they quelled wildly around its thickness.

“*Still,*” Bonar charged. “I would feel my pet. You are, my pet, here for my pleasure, yea?”

Kiana mewled, with her feelings unbridled at the sensations shocking her so intimately, in a sound never caused from her throat before. “Yes . . . *oh hh!*”

Bonar’s finger charged inside her, stroking again, and her tunnel quivered and clamped willfully around its surface. The beauty of the feeling, the welcoming abrasion, the stuffing and stroking of her needy hole, sent Kiana’s mind curling into new planes that were filled with only blissful sensation. Moans twisted and sharpened from her throat as Bonar explored and stroked her swollen and clenching sheath, and she lived for each deep thrust along her shuddering inner walls.

“Ah . . . *pet,*” Bonar rasped, as he seemed to concentrate solely on the two fingers he had now pumping inside her, stretching the eager entrance with crowding pressure.

“Now, for the sugar berry,” he muttered below the roaring of hot blood, pounding in her ears.

Yet, then he halted the inner thrusting of his fingers, stopping with his fingertips just tickling the entrance. Her moans came acutely and swiftly calling out to him, begging him for more as her breasts heaved and her voice choked in aroused pleading. “*Please,* more, master . . . more!”

Bonar lifted his gaze with his broad chest, rising and falling heavily, and with a sheen of sweat painting the bronzed muscular contours. His eyelashes were long, dark, and heavy over his eyelids as his gaze pierced

her with smoldering desire. “Open your cunt lips to me, pet. Use your fingers and spread them wide. I would see all that is mine.”

Kiana cried out softly, in a shuddering gasp of lust, as Bonar’s devil words wound around her mind and she reached downward without thought or cause, but only with the eager need to touch her cunty lips and pull them open. The life of her desire gushed heavily from her depths as she shuddered, aching and desirous, before Bonar. Never in her most impetuous dreams could she conceive of the willingness she eagerly gave to his strength and masculinity.

“Aye, you are *mine*, Kiana, and I would take your seeping pink cunt into my mouth to eat.”

Kiana flinched as though an unseen force had undulated her naked body, as her mind quivered with the meaning and lust of Bonar’s erotic words. She could do naught but mewl deep in her throat, as she gaped her cunt lips open before her master . . . her lover . . . her own.

Chapter Fourteen

Bonar's cock bucked in his braes like a wily lusting stag as he played seducer and carnal inebriant with his pagan thrall. The beauty, temptation, and hot-blooded allure of Kiana racked his senses. And the slower building of her arousal that he employed, to the trifle with her minds desire, was invigorating his own lust to untold heights. *Hellfire*, he had never experienced the like of it before. It dribbled hot seed in slippery offerings from the slit of his cock. It pounded like the deep base sound of a hundred war drums in the solid root of his groin, and it clenched his belly in a yearning so deep, he ached with it.

The need to draw out, became his fresh craving. It would be his war cry. This, and the desire of having a woman as slave beneath his possession. *This* woman, this beauty's submission. This pagan nymph's feminine surrender to *him*. The relish of it, filled his broad chest tightly. To command a woman to desirous sexual action, was the deepest lure of his masculinity. By the power of his right arm, would *never* release it. "Can you feel it, pet? Can you feel the throbbing in your wet cunt?"

"*Yes*," Kiana mewled. The sound so throaty, so deep, and so exciting, it slammed Bonar's chest like a mallet. His thighs tightened with an unexpected tremor and his warhorse mistook it for a command to prance forward.

"*Hold*," he called sharply to his stallion as his hand clamped tightly to Kiana's tender waist, while her shapely right leg swung over his forearm. The feel of her reclined and opened before him in this position, twisted his desire ever higher. The sight of her body undulating over the back of his stallion with the animals powerful movements took his breath away.

Kiana yelped softly at the stallions movements, but looked to him for comfort. It was trust, the likes of which he had never felt before, and it appeared that his ego rose to the occasion with an arrogant smile. He rarely smiled in his life, yet now it seemed he could not hold back the rakish curling at each new pleasure he experienced.

So it was with a roguish spread of his lips, he scooted his thighs to the very haunches of his stallion, thus allowing him the room to bend forward. The position placed his mouth dead center to a cunny that was plush, ripe, and more pretty pink than he had ever seen. The intended juicy meal of it, caused him to slowly lick his lips. *Yea*, he would lap up every bit of the gushing arousal his woman leaked. It would be his sustenance. He would smear his face in it and worship it silently for it showed Kiana's desire for him and he wanted it on his tongue with a lewd passion.

Kiana clutched Bonar's head, with no place else to grasp, sprawled over the stallion and stretched widely in carnal offering to him. Her mind was too senselessly aroused to understand his intentions as her fingers tunneled through his heavy locks and she felt the long ends tickling her inner thighs. The feeling of his hair stroking the tender flesh there was heady and wondrous as she clutched his head for balance.

"*Oh hh!*" she cried suddenly in surprise and wildly burgeoning titillation. *Bonar had licked her sex.* He had lapped his tongue right over the inner most lips and— . "*Oh hh,*" she cried gripping Bonar's head like a vise as her inner thighs shuddered against any will she had to stop them. In all her virgin innocence she had never conceived . . . "*Oh hh. Oo,*" she wailed

Bonar buried his tongue in Kiana's honey puss like a man starved of his next meal. Musk, hot and sweet, filled his nostrils. Creamy cunt juices stained his tongue, tasting like a succulent lightly favored red wine. Fragile and plumply tender flesh clung to his tongue and heated the surface. *Sweet, oh so sweet.*

His tongue grazed tufts of gossamer flesh and with each lingering tongue lick, cunt lips fat and searing with aroused blood, grasped at the wide edges of his tongue. He was a foolish man he knew now, for never entertaining this before as he greedily licked cunny that was, hot and luscious. As predicted, the moans that twirled from his lovers lips increased with each tonguing. Yet, when his tongue lashed wetly and aggressively over a hood of flesh concealing a taut berry beneath, the hood unfolded like that of a dewy upper lip parting and a bold sugar berry jutted upward against the skimming surface of his zealous tongue.

It was then, Kiana squealed passionately and Bonar knew his mark with surety. So wild did she become that he had to hold her to his cause with his large hands wide and gripping the bottom of her shuddering thighs near her buttocks. He kept the pressure there to hold her open widely to him as her small dainty feet came to rest on the back of his sinewy shoulders.

His warhorse shifted, rolling Kiana's hips and lifting her cunt evermore deliciously to his mouth as he tongued the sugar berry faster to her cants and humming moans of abandonment. It was as if each octave of passion, pressed him for more intent action, until he was flicking the

berry with swiftly rapid motions of his tongue, to Kiana's encouraging lover's cries.

Bonar could feel it then. He could feel the closeness of Kiana's summit as her entire body reached and strained to surmount it. Her small hands fairly tore at his hair, but the pain was washed away in passion. Her dainty heels dug into his shoulder blades as she ground her cunt against his face, and he would have laughed out loud for the joy of it, was he not so singularly laboring. Kiana's creamy soft thighs quaked against his ears and her cunny began to fold outward, with a shuddering that vibrated along his tongue and quivered in the heated recesses of his mouth.

Victory was near and he dutifully, yet barely remembered his instructions as he brought two fingers forward eagerly. Searching by feel alone for the inspiring and now gaping hole of tender and begging femininity. His fingers slipped along pools of fertile fuck juices as he drove his fingers home with a solid unyielding thrust.

"Oo oo oo!" Kiana quelled bucking upward and seating his fingers so firmly into her tightly clenching sheath that his fingertips met the surety of her maidenhead.

Yet it was then suddenly, that a thumping sound reached Bonar's ears, in the lovers twilight that bathed them. A sound that he had unconsciously claimed in his mind must be the beating of his and Kiana's passionate blood combined. Only, the sound suddenly pierced his instincts as off key. The word danger past through the rage of his passion and he realized immediately that the staccato pounding was the nearing gallop of horses.

The moment was wrought with action, because Kiana had reached the brink of her climax and was cascading over the edge. Loudly! With no other course of action available, until the danger could be verified or discarded, Bonar clamped his palm over Kiana's gasping mouth. It was awkward in the position he was in, yet he managed to knee his stallion forward into the concealment of the shadowing trees at the side of the trail.

The grit of his features was fierce at the moment, because Kiana was biting the edges of his palm to the point of drawing blood. He understood that she had no inkling of what she did. It was her passionate release that washed over her with such wild abandonment. He pulled himself upright into the proper seating of his warhorse, and then her with him, with his hand still bitten between her teeth. The sounds that murmured from his throat were a lover's hushes of closeness and comfort as his gaze turned to watch the road intently. He drew his quivering Kiana into his lap at a sideways angle as though he were to carry her in his arms, with her long hair falling over his shoulder.

"It will be well," Bonar soothed tenderly, kissing Kiana's flushed temple, and it was then he realized that her softly curving body had gone lax. She had swooned and her bite no longer tore at his hand as he lifted his palm free and brought it to his mouth to suck at his own blood.

The group of riders was nearly upon them by the sound and Bonar recovered his mantle, steeling it over Kiana's limp form against his chest as he turned his gaze again to the road. There was enough twilight to see . . . to judge, as he held his stallion calm, while he took several deep breaths trying to will his hot-blooded cock into submission. Then he saw them rounding the bend in the trail.

It was the heir Sinnot's guard! Eight of them to be sure and he would not have believed their presence here, had he not seen their yellow gryphon crests with his own eyes. He was frankly astounded, for it seemed there could be no other reason for their pursuit in this direction, but for the fact that they chased him. *Hellfire*, he had not thought Sinnot had the balls, nor could he envision how Sinnot had come so quickly to find Kiana gone. It appeared his own scheme of ensconcing Sinnot's wife Margot upon the noblesse's lap had gone asunder somehow.

Bonar watched with less curiosity as the eight guards passed his position as his mind churned with reason, causes, and possible actions. Yet, he did not know enough to predict these new turnings of events in such an unlikely manner, but he felt the immediate and urgent need to reach Goth's side. So, he turned his warhorse to the task as he held on tightly to Kiana.

He was not a man to allow the purchase of foreboding in his life, yet then again, he had never held anything as precious to him as he did now.

Chapter Fifteen

Kiana woke to firelight striking brilliance across her closed eyelids and the slowing gallop of a horse jostling her body. Her lips murmured against heated flesh and she knew immediately that she was being held in Bonar's arms. The sure knowledge of that caused her first rise of curious panic to subside as quickly as it winced through her. Instead, she relaxed in gliding comfort against him, wondering how she came to find herself so. She realized quickly that she must have fainted. Then, the knowledge of the reason for it, blushed her cheeks hotly, even as she murmured in pleasure of the remembrance.

"Awake, pet?" Bonar murmured into her thoughts. "We are at the place of our night resting."

Curious, Kiana peeked from the mantle around her as the stallion came to rest in a fire lit encampment. There was but one tent raised in an encampment with a large fire burning brightly in the center of the circular clearing. Several men, not more than six or seven, moved about the encampment. It appeared they were set about or had just finished eating. Aye, she saw Goth, the seventh man as he stood and turned to face their arrival.

Then, she was being lifted by Bonar and she fiercely clutched the mantle around her nudity beneath. But, it appeared Bonar was not going to coerce her into any slavish displays at the moment. He allowed her the mantle as he lifted her down to settle her bare feet on the ground with the dark-blue fur-lined mantle billowing in pools of cloth about her feet. Kiana immediately made the attempt to lift the hem by scrunching wads of the excess material in her hands as she bent over to the task. Achieving the task, she moved to straighten her spine with her gaze sweeping upward, and it was then that she saw the cage cart. More correctly she saw, vivid silvery-gray eyes looking at her sharply.

Riven. She could not help the sound of distress and reluctant discovery as she looked at the iron bars of the large cage cart just at the edge of the clearing. It looked as though there were four or more Saxon men held in the cart, although Riven was the only man standing on the straw that was strewn upon the floor of the cart.

“When they show good obedience, they will be unchained and share fair service among us,” Bonar said, near the top of her head with his breath lifting wisps in her hair.

“T-They won’t be-?” Kiana faltered, tilting her gaze upward to Bonar’s piercing light blue irises. “-Be hung?” she managed to expel.

The corners of Bonar’s exotically turned down eyes crinkled in consideration, as though he studied her upturned face for clues of her nature. “Nay,” he said with a tone as though he would say more, and then his gaze upon her turned evermore intimately. Finally, he said, “I witnessed the Welshmen has a meaning to you.”

Kiana’s eyes widened at the implication of this as her lips parted softly. “He is a bowman. I—.” Then, she faltered

“I have been told of your bow making skills,” Bonar admitted as his wide hand lifted and he brushed her cheek warmly with the back of his knuckles, enlisting a near unconscious nuzzling of her own cheek back against his knuckles. “I would hear of it from you, sometime at our leisure.”

“Lord Bonar, is all well?” Goth asked. He was still a distance from them, but effectively changing the moment of closeness between them. Yet, Bonar’s thumb stretched out and rubbed her bottom lip, to her sighing, before he turned to Goth.

“Yea, Goth,” Bonar responded.

Kiana silently chided her wobbling knees, to support her. Bonar’s physical presence and attention was overwhelming and engaging, making her nearly lightheaded with a fluttering heartbeat. Then the sound of Bonar and Goth’s voices came back to her.

“Yea, she will go to the tent and we will speak. Have someone bring her food,” Bonar said. Then, Kiana felt Bonar’s hand as it touched her elbow, and he said, “Go now, pet, and await me.”

Kiana’s cheeks stained hotly at Bonar’s intimate reference to her possession, spoke aloud for Goth’s hearing. Flustered, she turned to her duty, willing herself not to stumble as she made her way to the tent, along with the lasting imprint of Bonar patting her bottom to send her off.

Bonar watched Kiana struggling with his mantle and the tangle it could make around her small bare feet as she made her way to the tent. Seeing his mantle shrouding her, with her long blonde hair glowing like gold in the firelight, lifted his chest with satisfaction. It was an unexpected emotion to attack him at just the simple sight, but seemed the way of it for him now.

“We have pursuit, trying to find our flank,” Bonar said turning back to Goth. “Join me, while I eat and we see what wisdom we can find.”

“Aye, my lord,” Goth nodded.

Not too long after, with a wooden bowl of rabbit stew, and a piece of flat bread in his hand, Bonar sat in front of the fire with Goth.

“The heir Sinnot’s guard,” Goth whistled as he hunched over, with his elbows on his knees. “I did not think the little prick had it in him,”

Goth finished as he tossed a twig into the fire, watching its slim end catch in a small burst of flame.

Bonar glanced sideways at Goth. "Then you agree with what he has sent them for?"

"Well-," Goth drawled expansively. "We could fool ourselves that it is but a mere message." Then he guffawed. "With eight guards. Bullocks!"

"Yea, I agree," Bonar said, then he exclaimed harshly, "The bloody prick!"

"Aye well, that be well known to us," Goth stated. "I suppose you're not going to give her up without a fight though?" he asked, then he said, "Surely the maggots not got the balls enough to try and challenge punishment upon you."

"He has the right, however farfetched!" Bonar snapped angrily. Then, his voice calmed a bit as he said, "Nay, I'll not willingly give her up, but Lord Sinnot's guards are too far to the east of us still."

"If the siege at Worcest were in progress, then would Sinnot dare, Lord Bonar?" Goth asked

"My thoughts clearly, Goth," Bonar responded. Now he just had to hope that Sinnot's guards would not find him before day break, because it would be foolish, with a company this size to travel at night. Yet, he was not overly concerned. He had picked a little used direction to approach Worcest and he was certain Sinnot's guards would not find him, until it was too late and he had already begun the siege at the Saxon stronghold.

His prick certainly agreed with him, for it ached with uncommon prejudice. The prejudice to get his arse to his tent and thrust inside wetness. *Finally*. "Dawn-," Bonar said, setting his half-eaten bowl of food aside as he stood. "We leave," he finished.

"Aye," Goth acknowledged, with a knowing smirk as he watched him stalk to his tent. "And sugar berries for the dawn meal," Goth cackled after him . . . baiting him. Baiting him so much so that Bonar felt the top of his ears growing hot in near embarrassment, just before he vigorously thrust the tent flap aside to enter.

Chapter Sixteen

Kiana knelt to one side of the tent near the bedding furs and Bonar could readily see the empty bowl of food set aside from where she had eaten. He also saw that she still wore his mantle as he approached her and she kept her small head bowed. He had already made a grave decision, before lifting the flap of the tent. In truth, it had been made when he had first seen the gryphon mark with tender cunt juices still smearing his lips.

He would not take Kiana's virginity. His reasons for this were deep and barely fathomable to even himself, this quickly from knowing her. But, he did know she was the most vulnerable in this contest of will between two men. He also knew that he would not make her more so, even as much as it frustrated him, because he desired it so thoroughly. Yet, he had now become, without cause, her protector. He had tasted her surrender to his demand and he would honor it by the might of his right arm.

The fact that she knelt for him only emboldened his cause. He stopped beside her and lifted a buttery-colored lock of her silken hair in his fist. The tress against his bronzed callous hand was softness covering strength. "Alone, pet, I prefer you bare," he murmured.

"Yes, my master," Kiana whispered, accompanied with the soft rustling of his mantle as she opened it and let it fall in a pool around her.

Bonar smiled at her added endearment using "my." She was precious this one. "Is there not a proper way, for a man's slave woman to kneel before him in offering?"

"I-I do not know it. I—," Kiana dared her gaze up to him, then seemed to realize this might not be proper and she quickly looked down again.

"It is all right, pet. You may look at me now when you wish," Bonar said. "And the position is with your knees spread widely."

Bonar watched the tip of Kiana's tongue peek past her lips to glide slowly over the heart-shaped reddened surface, leaving a damp gleam. He knew at the moment he could gaze upon her simplest of actions and

be enthralled for a lifetime. Then, her knees shifted and he watched the creaminess of her thighs slide apart, then stall.

“Wider, pet,” he murmured. “I would see your pink cunt, split to my gaze.”

His chest lifted strongly with his words as he watched Kiana’s flesh shiver with little bumps rising her nipples to ruck tightly with the tips poking forward like little raspberry-colored lances. Then, her knees spread wider, stretching the inner tendons of her thighs and her cunt split, dusky pink and drenched. *Yea*, his mind applauded. This was the way to have a woman kneel before your cock. And his randy cock, rigidly agreed.

“Pretty cunt,” Bonar murmured lowly as he watched Kiana’s tender cunny welling further with glistening wetness. *At just his words*. The fountain of her arousal was wondrous. “What would you do, pet? For your lord and master,” he asked kicking off his hide boots as he spoke.

Kiana’s blue eyes gazed up at him, looking like the dark shadows of dusk. “Worship your cock,” she whispered.

Bonar smiled at her and Kiana’s eyelashes fanned higher as her eyes widened. “Yea, just as I worshiped you, lovesome pet,” he said.

She smiled then, her heart-shaped lips full and pretty as her eyes seemed to dawn on a new understanding that had eluded her before. He nearly chuckled. She had been uncertain just *how* to worship a man’s cock, but now, she had a vision from him lapping her honeyed puss.

“I would have you worship, mine,” he told her as he tugged down his braes and his cock sprang free, rigidly burdened with heavy arousal. So engorged it curved upward in salute, between his powerful and hairy thighs.

Kiana licked her lips slowly as her belly trembled and her nipples ached so fiercely, they felt like they might pop. But, it was lower in the sheath of her sex, that it throbbed with the most desire as her gaze lingered over Bonar’s ruddy cock. She could see the veins bulging along the shaft as though they might burst and it looked twice as big as she had ever seen it. The head was nearly a light purple color and white seed oozed from the slit, dripping through the notched ridge underneath. But—as heroically sized as it was, her mouth yearned for it with a craving to be filled and stroked. She knew not where the passion came from for this need. She only knew her mouth watered hotly for it, just as her cunt dripped slowly.

Then, Bonar’s hand was on the root of it, circling around the bruised red-colored width. He seemed to push the whole stiff cock downward against its will to unbend and Kiana felt his hand on her hair as he used the tress to compel her upright on her knees before him. Her gaze settled right above the oozing slit of his cock.

“Put it in your mouth, pet. Close your red lips around it and suck.”

Kiana quivered as her hands reached outward for balance, finding the thick muscle of Bonar’s thighs. She could feel his body hair rasping

her tender palms as his male musk rose hotly into her nostrils. The musk so much stronger and more potent near to his humid groin.

Bonar's words and her mouth's cravings told her the way of it. Freedom seemed to quiver over her breath when she remembered Bonar's searing mouth tasting her loins so thoroughly. Could she give him the same bliss that he had given her? It seemed so. It must be so. That tantalized her desires to new pinnacles to be able to please him so thoroughly. Emboldened, curious, and excited, she parted her lips with her gaze lifting to Bonar's gaze looking down on her as she leaned forward with her mouth open and willing.

Bonar's buttocks tensed as his shoulders sharpened and his breathing raised. And, just because Kiana looked upward to him as her mouth hovered closer to the creaming head of his prick. *Hellfire*, he had never had a woman gaze at him with the intention of swallowing his thick prick, into her hot mouth.

"Ah, *pet!*" he groaned, expelling the sound without control as he stiffened his knees with monumental effort.

Oh, it was hot, Kiana thought and the flesh soft like her own. Then, she felt the throbbing on her tongue and a moan hummed deep in her throat. *He tasted of power*.

"Ah!" Bonar groaned above her as she watched his cheekbones tighten and his eyelids narrow over his strikingly fierce sky-blue eyes. "Yes," he hissed.

Bonar's male cock pushed inside Kiana's mouth stretching the recesses as she felt the head slide along her tongue and the wide shaft stretched her lips. Her fingers dug into Bonar's thighs as she used her tongue to explore the bottom of the shaft. Bonar groaned harshly and then his hand which was fisting the base began to pump, just to her mouth, halfway down the shaft and back. The motion thrust the head against the back of her tongue and she moaned at the extraordinary and exciting feeling. Then, she felt his hot seed dribbling there, and she hummed hard at the arousing knowledge.

"*Christ, lovesome pet,*" Bonar expelled as his hand gripped a fist full of Kiana's hair and his gaze never left her with the knowledge of his cock buried in her mouth. He squeezed the shank of his prick faster, moving the head into the molten wetness of Kiana's mouth. "*Suck,*" he prayed with his belly muscles rippling.

Kiana heard the command over the vibrations in her ears as she moaned over Bonar's cock moving faster, in and out of her mouth. Then, she suckled as he compelled, clamping her tongue to the underside and drawing as fast as his hand moved on the root.

"*Ah hh!*"

Bonar's groans of pleasure thrilled her as she excitedly sucked his cock faster with his own hand fisting the base and knocking her lips repeatedly. Then a wondrous thing happened, as the big head, in her small mouth, seemed to expand even larger.

“*Ah hh hh!*” Bonar groaned, then he hissed sharply, “I would eat your *cunt* now!” Before, Kiana knew what was happening, Bonar’s cock popped out of her sucking mouth and he was dropping to the fur bedding beside her. “*Sit on my face,*” he said incredibly, with his eye blazing like a thousand fires.

Yet, before Kiana could think or even wipe the saliva dribbled on her chin, Bonar had his large hands circled around her waist completely and he was lifting her by the strength in his arms alone. But, he did not lift her to face him, he lifted her to face away from him with her buttocks toward his face. She had no choice, but to brace her hands on his taunt belly, crunching the springy black hair there with her palms. Then, when he had her sex over his face, he pushed her inner thighs with his forearms dragging her knees outward, splitting them wide—.

“*Oh h hh!*” She squealed as his mouth reached upward and latched over her cunt, while the tip of her nose bounced off the head of his cock. She stared cross-eyed and senseless at the one-eyed snake stoutly presenting itself once again to her watering mouth.

Bonar wrapped his arms around the outside of Kiana’s thighs and he used his forearms across the back of her thighs to press her lower body downward and to press her cunt into his waiting mouth. Then, his fingers grasp the swollen ripe lips of her cunt and he peeled them open baring Kiana’s inner puss to his gaze and tongue. The cream from her virgin hole dribbled down as his tongue burrowed for her sugar berry. “*Ah h hh h hh!*” He groaned suddenly and outrageously against Kiana’s hot sopping pussy.

Kiana sucked Bonar’s cock into her mouth as deeply as she could as her hips willfully ground her cunt over his face. “*Oh hh h hh h!*” She moaned around his cock stuffing her mouth.

Bonar withdrew his three fingers from Kiana’s hot hole, then he thrust them deeply inside again. Each time she moaned heartily over his cock with the head vibrating against the vocal cords in her throat as she rolled her cunt eagerly over his mouth and his rapidly flicking tongue. “*Ah hh h hh h hh!*” Bonar expelled sharply into Kiana’s ardent pussy.

Kiana milked Bonar’s cock tightly with a hard and fast sucking motion as her fingers groped the taut fullness of his male sacs. She learned with desire, tightly inbred in her passion, to raise and lower her head swiftly as she sucked. “*Mm—moh,*” she moaned tartly over Bonar’s cock as her head bounced and her hair flew.

Bonar withdrew his stiffened tongue from Kiana’s virgin hole and he then thrust it inside again, while his fingertips twisted her sugar berry tightly. Her sheath clamped over his tongue and deep inside he felt hot rippling. “*Mm ah hh h hh!*” he groaned harshly.

Kiana pumped her hand around the root of Bonar’s cock rapidly. Her hand could not fit completely around the thick base which was slippery and slick with her saliva and his seed.

“Oh hh h hh o!” Kiana cried shrilly with a spasm, as her climax rushed through her and Bonar’s cock spurted hot seed into her eagerly sucking mouth.

“Argh h hh ah!” Bonar bellowed with a convulsion, as his cock exploded and his seed gushed from the slit, while Kiana’s cunt contracted in his mouth with her quaking climax washing over his lips and chin.

Chapter Seventeen

With the breeding of a warrior inside him, Bonar came awake grasping Kiana in his arms as he rolled her over his body to shield her behind him. It was an inbred action to protect, even as he was rising to discover what had alarmed him in his sleep.

“Stay there,” he said to Kiana’s questioning murmurs as he tugged his braes on hastily and stomped his feet into his hide boots. He could see by the darkness that it was not yet dawn, as his fingers curled over the handle of his long sword and he strode to the tent opening. His keen ears picked it up then, the low rumbling that his sleeping mind had tuned to.

“Lord Bonar!” he heard Goth shouting, just as his hand pushed aside the flap on the tent. He knew then that his prick had overridden his good reasoning, just as he stalked from the tent. He saw the gryphon marks blazing in the firelight as Lord Sinnot’s guards rode into his encampment and he mentally kicked himself then ten times a fool for being so arrogant . . . for not being away . . . for not thinking of hiding Kiana in his misplaced hauteur.

“We come by Lord Sinnot’s command for the Saxon slave woman, Kiana of Garth!” the leader of the guard shouted.

Kiana’s feminine gasp behind Bonar came just as he was opening his mouth to deny her existence. “Damnation!” he bellowed furiously as he turned with the shout to see Kiana standing beneath the open flap of the tent. *The little fool!* His naive and lovesome treat. Bonar turned back to the guard with his bare chest heaving.

“*And if we were we to find her here, as we have-!*” the leader exclaimed. “We are commanded to take Lord DeSkye into our custody, for stealing her against the liege heir’s rights!”

“Nay!” Kiana cried behind him.

“Damnation, woman, be silent!” Bonar shouted as he turned to see her skitter from the tent with his mantle a shroud of green cloth around her.

“I escaped! *And*, Lord Bonar captured me again!” Kiana wailed, tripping over the hem of the mantle and falling to her knees. Yet, what most arrested Bonar was the fact that he could see that her slender wrists

were tied together as she lifted them aloft as though praying. His gaping mouth completely lost his words for moments and—. “Lord Bonar hunted me down, for Lord Sinnot, and he tied me against escaping again!” Kiana exclaimed.

Just as Bonar found his voice to protest this, he felt Goth’s stout hand gripping his shoulder suddenly and painfully. “*Let her yield, lad—for now,*” Goth uttered urgently. “Your freedom is better needed than hers at the moment!”

Of course it was, Bonar thought savagely. *Bullocks*, he was acting like a heroic love-soddened prick and now when he most needed his wits about him. The leader of Sinnot’s guards looked uncertain and grimaced as though he were about a loathsome task. Bonar did not envy him, he knew it took great strength of character for him to come against the Black Boar this way. The commander Boar, who was a leader of thousands, and a nobleman in his own right.

“Then we shall *take* the slave and ask that Lord Bonar accompany us!” he finally declared.

As much as Bonar loathed doing it, he knew Goth was right. If he killed Sinnot’s guards now, it would certainly start a war. However, this time not against the heir, but the duke himself. “*Yea,*” he finally spat out, then he flourished his sword with a small bow and a lethal sneer. “We will return to Garth!”

Kiana peered up at Bonar as he approached her. Goth had sent a man quickly into the tent from behind to tie her wrists and tell her what she must say. She had truly believed the command had come from Bonar. Yet, now as he approached her, bare-chested, with a sword tightly held in his fist, the look upon his grim face looked none too pleased at all. He looked fiercely male and powerful and he looked as though he would take a lash to her bare bottom at any moment. It dawned on her quickly that she had been mistaken and Goth had acted on his own. Not that she disagreed with Goth’s action. To her it seemed much wiser not to have both, *she*, and Bonar returning to Garth in chains.

She watched in trepidation as Bonar stopped before her and his wide hand swept forward to grasp her chin. She yelped a little bit at the pressure, yet it truly did not hurt her, but merely startled her. Then, with his fingers alone, Bonar coerced her to her feet before him. Behind Bonar, Kiana could see Lord Sinnot’s guards dismounting.

“You will tell *no* one, even upon the threat of your death, that you are still a virgin!” Bonar hissed with his light blue eyes sparking intensely and boring into her. “*Do you understand me?*”

Kiana did not, but—. “Yes!” she exclaimed.

Sinnot’s guards approached from behind Bonar’s back with the crunch of their footfalls heavy in the trampled grasses of the clearing. Bonar released her chin and turned toward them, but he hissed out a last command to her that she understood as little as the first. “Stay close to your Welsh man, *if you can.*”

Moments later Kiana understood better as the leader of Sinnot's guard took her tied wrists none too gently and propelled her toward the cage cart. Once they arrived at the iron-barred door in the back, he stopped her tripping motion to follow him, with a jerking of her wrists. She glanced to where Bonar still stood in front of the tent with his blue eyes blazing and his muscular body tensed as though he were ready to leap into action at any provocation.

Kiana lifted her chin and squared her shoulders. She would not give him cause, but then the guard suddenly snatched Bonar's mantle away from her body, making her gasp. Her complete nudity burned her cheeks to scarlet as she tried to tug her wrists away from the guard's grasp with the wild need to cover her sex from view. Kiana heard Bonar's incensed growl of displeasure even from where she stood and she remembered her intention and stilled her struggling. She glanced at Bonar and saw Goth beside him with his hand on Bonar's shoulder, staying him.

Then the guard undid the chain to the cage door and before Kiana could think, he had his hands on her bare waist, lifting her upward through the opening. She nearly fell, but a staying hand was there to steady her arm and a hushed voice that she knew said, "Kiana."

It was Riven, but in acute embarrassment, her gaze was solely for the lewd and forward gazes of the four other Saxon prisoners. All of them were men and none of them she knew, but they looked at her nude body without hesitation as though she were a whore for the offering.

"We are all chained. *Stay* close to me. They cannot reach you," Riven said with his warm breath in her ear, making her raise her gaze to him, even though she was so ashamed to be nude before him.

Riven's silvery-gray eyes showed his concern and nothing else. No embarrassment, or censor, or disgust and she gripped his forearm, seeing the short chain from his wrist attached to the side of the cage. The men at the back of the cage shuffled in the straw with one raising to his feet. Kiana instantly scooted to Riven's side, on the other side from the men, then she yelped, jumping forward, away from a crude hand pinching her naked buttock.

"*Plumb,*" the man sneered, leering up at her as a dry sob escaped her throat and then Riven grasped her to his chest, holding her there. It was one of Sinnot's guards and he stayed beside the cart taunting her with low crude remarks as she shook in Riven's embrace, burying her face into his shoulder.

Then, the sound of horses hooves striking the ground came sharply with Bonar's voice booming near them. "*Move* the cart," he ordered. "Now! We go to Garth!"

The man from Sinnot's guard was forced to move away and Kiana looked over Riven's shoulder into Bonar's vivid gaze. He nodded his head grimly, just as the cart shuddered and began to roll forward. Riven braced his back on the side of the cart as he held her tightly from falling, beneath the sharp jostling.

Kiana watched Bonar prance his stallion close to the side of the cart. Then, he thrust his hand forward toward her. “*Take this.*” Kiana slipped her hand through the widely spaced iron bars and grabbed what was in Bonar’s hand. Then, Bonar kicked the side of his stallion and moved away as the cart continued to lumber forward.

When she looked, Kiana saw that Bonar had given her a filled water skin and some red cloth that she realized was a small top and a loincloth. Tears burned beneath her eyelids as she forced them back and she quickly set about covering some of her nakedness. The cloth wound a single time around her back and over her breasts, but it was enough, she thought gratefully as she slipped the loin cloth over her hips. The loin cloth consisted of a short flap in front and in back with scant ties on the side that left the sides of her hips bare.

“Come sit,” Riven offered as he slid his back down the side bars and offered up his hand to help her sit beside him. Once settled, Kiana could barely look at Riven and she kept her head lowered.

“Do you think less of me, lass?” Riven asked, in a husky murmur.

Startled, Kiana’s gaze skittered to his, “Nay I—,” she faltered.

“I believe nonetheless of you, Kiana,” he said as he looked at her calmly.

Kiana noticed then that his fully arched lips were chapped harshly as though he had been without water for a lengthy time.

“Water,” she said hastily, reaching for the water skin.

“Aye,” Riven said with relief sounding in his lilting voice. “But, I cannot reach my mouth I think with my wrists chained so.”

“Let me do it,” Kiana offered quickly as she rose to her knees before him and tilted the nozzle on the water pouch to his mouth.

Riven’s normal sunny blond hair was dusty and streaked with dark edges. Commonly, he wore his shoulder length hair tied back, but now it hung in waves about his lean, hawkish face. His brown tunic was tattered with one sleeve gone and his braes had a wide hole in one knee. Now that she looked closer, Kiana also saw that his left eye was blackened and with several days old bruises.

“I better not drink too much now or it will sicken me, lass,” he said.

Kiana nodded and turned to sit beside him again and her gaze fell on the four other Saxon men, two of which were glaring at her. “What of them. The water,” she started to say.

“You’ll *not* go near them,” Riven said sharply.

Kiana looked at him and nodded. She was relieved, she had not wanted to and she was glad for Riven’s opinion not to do it.

“He lashes you the *bastard!*” Riven suddenly spat with his gaze turned to her hips.

“Nay!” Kiana exclaimed with her hand brushing one of the welts.

“He treats you harshly?” Riven asked her intently.

“Nay,” she responded quickly, shaking her head. “He has never harmed me, except for a small spanking.” Kiana paused. “Riven—he

even commands that I say, I am *not* a virgin still” “Oh!” Kiana lifted her hand abruptly over her mouth, realizing she should not have said that.

Riven’s laughter barked once, then he seemed to quell the sudden outburst. “Faith lass, he is protecting you,” Riven said.

“He is?” Kiana asked with her eye widening.

“Cleverly too. I will give him credit,” Riven said. “Perhaps I won’t kill him as I thought to do.”

“You mustn’t!” Kiana admonished quickly, and Riven winked at her with a knowing smile, and she said, “Oh, I think you are the clever one, you are testing how I feel. *And*, you are a Welsh rogue, I say,” she finished.

“Ah,” Riven sighed, tilting his head back against one of the iron bars behind him. “I am Welsh slave, now, lass.”

Chapter Eighteen

Bonar considered the events transpiring from every angle, before he entered the hall at Garth to face the heir Sinnot. That the maggot had the power to behead him was ludicrous. He would accept it from his father, the duke, but not from the sniveling son. Rights of ascendancy, be damned. A man by his own right, must prove himself worthy.

“Ask the captain and the knight’s commanders, who they will stand by,” Bonar ordered Goth tersely. Yet, his gaze was solely for Kiana being taken into the hall, by two of Sinnot’s guards.

“You know the answer,” Goth expelled.

“Yea, but then they will know the question might come to judgement and they will be prepared for it,” Bonar explained with certainty.

“My lord, let the *Saxon*—,” Goth began, unusually hesitating on his words, before he blurted, “*Let Kiana take the guilt, a small lashing and—.*”

“Nay!” Bonar exclaimed harshly. “I know what you did, sending a man to tie her, having him tell her to say what she did. I will not criticize your counsel in that. You did me a good turn against my hot head. But, I’ll not have her lashed. *Damnation*, I could not stand by and see such a thing.”

“*Think*, my lord,” Goth said urgently. “You are a *knight*, firstly.” But, before Goth could further his words, the shout came for Bonar to enter the hall. Yet, Bonar did hear, as he was forced to turn away from Goth, Goth saying, “Lord Sinnot *is* a knight.”

But, that was all he managed to catch of Goth’s words. Still, Goth’s words bade him to think in a new direction. The direction of the wiser and not the hot-blooded. But, Bonar’s thoughts were interrupted most stunningly at the sound of Sinnot’s voice carrying across the hall.

“Be you a virgin, yet or *not*?” Sinnot asked with a furious shout. “It can be tested!” Lord Sinnot snapped, with his voice implying punishment.

Kiana grimaced as she knelt before Lord Sinnot in the great central hall of Garth. Every Norman warrior and Saxon chattel was in attendance it seemed. Her heartbeat fluttered, yet not from fear, but indecision. She wanted with all her heart to go *against* Bonar’s command to her and Riven’s counsel. It would mean the lash for her, yet she had gotten Riven

to admit that Lord Sinnot had the power to imprison Bonar or worse, even to behead him for the perceived crimes of stealing her away from his rightful claim.

Nay! She could not let that happen. She did not care what Bonar had commanded her to do. With the choices of a whip for her, or a life for him, there was no comparison. Decided beyond doubt, Kiana dared to lift her head and speak out her words loudly for all to hear. She would claim her virginity and she had the proof! She opened her mouth to speak the words but then, Bonar's voice sounded to her left with sureness, strength, and command.

"*Would* you take the word of a slave over a peer?" Bonar asked, with arrogant assurance.

Bonar watched with a sneer as Lord Sinnot fidgeted over this accusation, whilst he glared down on him.

"What have you to say?" Lord Sinnot finally asked peevishly.

"That she be as *virginal* as the Sainted Mary." Bonar announced, hearing Kiana's gasp as she looked to him and he turned one corner of his mouth upward to her with half a devilish smile.

"Coward!" Sinnot spat.

Bonar turned his head with one raised eyebrow to this disparaging utterance. Really, he thought to himself, this was working out quite well. Yet, before he could volley his comment, Lord Sinnot shouted, pointing a shaking finger at Kiana.

"Forty lashes on bare flesh, for the slave!"

Forty, Kiana thought as her heart lumped into her throat. She could live through twenty perhaps, but forty would surely kill her life. Tears burned in the corners of her eyes as she prayed she would live, because then she suddenly envisioned driving a knife straight through Bonar's cowardly and treacherous heart. *How* could he do this to her, take this cowardly way out? It had been the just and reasonable thing to do, when she had thought to do it, but to have Bonar just blurt it out to save himself *so*-.

"I *stand* as protector to Kiana of Garth!" Bonar's voice rang out suddenly, interrupting Kiana's thoughts. "And *as* this woman's protector, I will take her punishment upon myself!"

The breath left Kiana's lungs as she looked up to Bonar incredulously, but then Lord Sinnot exclaimed, "You cannot!"

"You would *deny* a chivalrous knight his rights?" Bonar demanded harshly.

The shifting of weapons from more than four hundred warriors in the hall could be heard clearly as those weapons were brought halfway out of their sheaths. Lord Sinnot's gaze widened as it darted around the room. The message was clear, good knights would stand by their swords, behind the creed.

"Very well!" Sinnot spat. "We will witness forty lashes on her protector!"

Bonar noticed Sinnot returned to looking smug again, because he thought he would lash the Boar, then snatch Kiana rightfully from him. Bonar smiled and looked down on Kiana who carried her heart in her deep blue eyes as she looked up at him. Yea, he would *have* his kisses and sighs from his fair Saxon maiden—even though at the moment she looked quite unnerved by his smile. Smiles which, he decided were not all that bad in a man’s life, and also definitely unseated Sinnot’s pompous ass a bit by its presence as he looked back to Sinnot’s wary sneer.

Bonar gave his sword and sheath to Goth, then pulled his tunic off and passed that along also. Arrogantly he flexed the brawn across his shoulders, in his arms, and across his chest a bit, with a smirk. Then, he moved to the nearest wall, and he had to admit with a swagger, as the crowd parted and made way for his journey. He had to pass Kiana, and he could hear her whispered plea. Just his name, spoken softly.

Any lashing was unpleasant and forty would be severe, but Bonar wished he could take a moment to comfort her, to tell her that his tough hide and his will could endure it much more than hers could. *Yea*. But, she certainly knew that, he thought as he reached the stone and mortared wall, where he raised his hands above his head to brace himself solidly as he bowed his head.

Kiana was allowed to stand with the rest as she watched Bonar with something akin to a mortal wound in her breast. Time seemed to pass exceedingly slowly as if she were caught in a nightmare dream, while she watched Bonar stand to the wall and brace his hands over his head.

The bronzed sculptured muscles of his back moved to the stretching motion, displaying the power of his body. Still it was flesh, she thought, trembling flesh that appeared hard as rock, but *would* yield. Bonar held his body erect and his gaze forward. How long could it last, she wondered? How long would he hold true and straight before the pain bent him?

Then, she saw the whip that one of Lord Sinnot’s guards held as he moved up behind Bonar. The whip was an evil looking black fan of strips made of tough hides. Instead of one long twisted braid, it held dozens of flayed, flat strands. Would all dozen or more of those flat leather pieces give the sting of one braid, thereby increasing the agony tenfold?

Kiana felt faint and reached outward unknowingly, to find her hand filled with warmth. It was Goth. “He *will* hold,” Goth muttered to her, in what she took to be reassurance from him.

Then Lord Sinnot raised his hand, and the gesture was the order to begin. Kiana could only see Bonar’s profile, which was set without emotion in stony silence, until the slap of the whip struck his bare back and not even his indomitable strength could hold back the flinch. Goth grasped her waist for which she was grateful, else she would have sunk to her knees. Kiana prayed, biting the inside of her mouth, until it bled, to keep from crying out as she watched Bonar flogged.

Bonar did not bend, he did not cry out, but his handsome features drew downward, etched in pain and the will not to falter. There was no blood across his broad back, but angry red welts crossed the muscular flesh more and more with each snap of the whip laid across the wide, flinching expanse. It was the most horrible event that Kiana had yet witnessed in her young life and that Bonar took the whipping for her brought tears to her eyes. What manner of man would do such a thing for a slave he owned? What noble would ever protect a Saxon chattel this way . . . and yet he had . . . feelings for her?

Then it was over and Bonar still stood, though his chest heaved deeply and his head was bowed.

“Forty,” the guard pronounced at the finish.

“Aye, punishment is met,” Lord Sinnot decreed, then he announced, “And the woman Kiana of Garth will be returned to my possession as a slave forthwith!”

Chapter Nineteen

Kiana cringed at Lord Sinnot's decree. She had expected it, yet to hear the words cause her too faltered backward. Goth's hand on her arm firmed its hold to steady her, but not before she stumbled against a burly Norman standing behind her. She stifled a small cry of pain as her back was stung by the prick of an arrow notched in a bow the burly Norman carried in his hand. She had no time to ponder his reasons for a notched arrow, for all else was forgotten as she heard Bonar shout.

"I challenge your right to her, Sinnot!"

"My right!" Sinnot demanded, angrily. "My rights as your better!" Sinnot spat back at Bonar, with his face turning red with anger.

Kiana could barely believe or understand her hearing. Bonar challenged for her? Then, Goth squeezed her arm and muttered, "Stand tall," before he moved forward, to go to Bonar carrying Bonar's sword.

"Yield or fight, Sinnot! You have *been* challenged!" Bonar barked sharply.

"This is ridiculous!" Sinnot attempted as he shifted near to squirming in his throne like chair, set up purposely for its king likened appearance. "I am the heir!" he announced as though that were a pronouncement for the deity.

"And a *maggot* in my bowels that I will no longer tolerate!" Bonar said with disgust as he spat on the rushes before him, furthering the insult, before he reached to take his sheathed sword in his right hand. *Yea*, it would take a lot to get the pompous noble off his arse to fight, Bonar thought, ignoring the pain slicing across his back. "And a *coward*!" Bonar added with a combative shout.

Sinnot appeared to yelp at this as his gaze darted about the room and Bonar knew Sinnot saw only Norman warriors waiting for the fight to begin. A challenge had been issued! Knight to knight. There was no other course open to Sinnot—but one!

"Then as is my *noble* right!" Sinnot spat, "I choose a knight to stand for me!"

Damnation, Bonar though savagely. He knew this was the chance he took, and bargained would not happen, yet he had thought by calling Sinnot a coward, it would force Sinnot to fight the battle himself.

The growling of dissatisfaction and muttering of disgust throughout the room of Norman warriors was a low rumble. An honorable knight did not allow the curse of coward to pass impersonally—that Sinnot used his rank was distasteful.

“And I choose *Goth* of Verilese to fight for me!” Sinnot yelled over the increasing rumble.

“Nay!” Bonar hissed as though he had been rammed in the gut by a solid fist. He was stunned at Sinnot’s perfidy.

At that moment through the sound of the warriors stirring restlessly in the hall Bonar heard and felt the silent whisper of an arrow passing close to his ear and he immediately sensed the direction and then when his eyes found it, Bonar saw that Kiana and Goth were struggling with a burly warrior that he recognized as one of Sinnot’s henchmen.

Bonar strode toward them demanding, “*What* is this, Goth?”

Goth had overcome the man and Kiana now held a bow.

“He was trying to kill you,” Kiana managed to whisper

“Kill me! By whose orders?” Bonar asked, although he well knew.

Goth shook the man saying, “Tell him you sniveling coward!”

“Lord Sinnot!” the man sputtered, and then Bonar saw the knife Goth held to the man’s back

“You can thank your Saxon slave, my lord,” Goth began

“Kiana?”

“Aye, she stopped him,” Goth answered simply, and then the room fell silent in an instant and all eyes turned toward a new booming shout.

“*And you call yourself my son!*” the Duke Sinnot’s voice rang out from the entrance into the hall.

Bonar turned to verify this incredible arrival, but not before he glimpsed Goth’s roguish self-serving grin. *The old goat*, Bonar thought in amazement, because he knew then that Goth must have sent for the duke without his council!

“That you would *pit*, my two highest commanders to death!” His grace, Duke Sinnot bellowed, as he strode forward. “Over a *Saxon slave* and because you will not stand to fight the curse of a coward!” The duke’s normally ruddy features were livid red in anger, as he yelled. “I ought to let the Boar kill you!” The duke’s forward march stopping in front of his son. “*Get down* from there, you sniveling buffoon!” Duke Sinnot snapped.

The liege heir Sinnot seemed to remember himself and he jumped out of the chair to stand beside it. Then, the duke seemed to take his time settling into the chair and reining in his anger, until he looked upon Bonar and sighed heavily. “I cannot let you kill him,” the duke said, sounding for all the worlds as if this aggrieved him immensely. “You know that,” he finished flatly.

Bonar nodded, going down on one knee before the duke. "I will resign then, my liege—," Bonar began to say.

"Nay!" The duke exclaimed in exasperation, waving his hand. "Get up—get up, Lord DeSkye. I will not have a peer kneeling to me!"

"As you wish," Bonar said rising.

The duke looked at him thoughtfully and Bonar knew he was weighing this public display. It was not wise to have such negotiations between nobles so public. Yet, the choice of privacy was lost.

"I understand, Lord DeSkye, that even I do not have the right over quelling your honorable challenge to my son. However, if I give you my vow that I will banish him back to Normandy, would you consider withdrawing?"

"Yea, my lord," Bonar said instantly as he bent at the waist for a short bow. "I withdraw my challenge!"

"Excellent!" the duke exclaimed, clapping his hands together in satisfaction. "And, for your generosity, a boon, Lord DeSkye," he said, spreading his hands as if encompassing everything.

Bonar never shifted his gaze from Duke Sinnot as he said firmly and loudly, "I would have Kiana of Garth as mine!"

"The Saxon woman, there?" Duke Sinnot asked, looking to Kiana.

"Aye," Bonar affirmed.

The duke smiled. "I have gotten off easily, I think, Lord DeSkye," he said pausing. "Of course Black Boar, the woman is yours!"

Bonar bowed shortly once more. "Then, I would ask your leave to attend to some unfinished business . . . until we might meet again this evening and discuss the siege of Worcest."

"Unfinished?" the duke muttered, tilting his head to one side, drawing out the moment. "Of course, Lord DeSkye, until this evening and good fortune!"

Chapter Twenty

Bonar turned toward Kiana with a quick stride and before she could fathom what he was about he hauled her over his shoulder, and beneath her startled squeal, he began to stride from the hall. He was going to find the Lord of Garth's chamber and keep a vow long overdue!

Bonar kicked open the door to the lord's chamber with his boot and strode to the wide feather ticked bed, tossing Kiana down on her back in its center. He expected a squeal or yelp of consternation and was surprised to hear light and charming feminine laughter as he put a knee to the edge of the bed and looked down upon her. She had landed with her arms flung above her head and with her shining daffodil colored hair fanned outward around her, likened to an angelic halo. The center of the ticking sunk inward with her bantam weight and lush curves as her eyes sparkled like drops of a midnight blue sea. She was his and his chest fill with the promise of it.

"You would laugh at your lord and master?" he asked auspiciously.

"Yes," she giggled, dampening her red blushed lips to a high gloss with the tip of her delicate tongue. Then, she added with a lilting murmur, "With him." Then yet again, her finely arched brows frowned and she appeared to recall dire occurrences. "He could have killed you!" she exclaimed in distress. "Oh, *and* your back!" she cried as she began to rise.

"*Nay*, lay still, nymph," he said quickly. "I would have you thus with your arms above your head again. We can speak of things later."

Kiana was so beautiful and Bonar watched her delicate cheeks turn pink as she slowly lifted her arms above her head again, as he had charged. "As for my back, sweet Kiana, it is well enough for my intentions." With that said, he kicked off his hide boots and tugged down his braes and stood boldly in front of her letting her view the full weight of his arousal for her.

Desire flared out of Kiana's eyes and on her sensitive features as she gazed at his audaciously thrusting cock. *Aye*, sighs and kisses, Bonar thought in satisfaction as he climbed onto the bed, straddling Kiana's upper thighs, while he knelt over her.

"You are mine," he stated strongly. "And I will have your wet virgin's hole covering my cock, now!" Bonar paused. "And thereafter, *always*," he finished on a low murmur.

"My master," Kiana whispered with hope, and aye, the look of love softening her features.

"Nay, nymph, . . . Bonar . . . always Bonar hereafter," he said reaching downward, to begin pulling the loin cloth from her rounded hips.

"Bonar," she responded on a humming moan of pleasure as she lifted her shapely hips to his cause.

Bonar tossed aside the loin cloth and reached to unravel and open her top, baring her breasts to his gaze. The lift of her pale full-bodied breasts was rich with her arms raised over her head. "Close your eyes," he murmured. "Show me your splendor, lovesome treat."

Kiana held her breath with her eyes closed, feeling Bonar's words fill her. To lay beneath him and to know his gaze viewed all of her nudity intimately filled her with sensual heat. Then, to raise her arms in supplication above her head, thus thrusting her nipple points upward, while her spine arched was a heady aphrodisiac. She was surprised to find it was wholly arousing and nearly as lustful as his tongue kisses had been.

Bonar was not sure where his mind lay in this moment, nor what his intentions may be. Each movement and each action was purely impulse in his mind, carried through to his hands, fingers, and other senses. He was a man deep within the craving for his woman and naught else really mattered to him. Except for one small spark of a thought that spurred him onto what he was discovering were the deeper and more lasting pleasures of the flesh.

A woman's desire lives in her mind. A wicked smile tugged his straight lips. He was an artful man in many common pursuits and some not so common. *Why not this also?* It seemed he was properly motivated as he gazed down on his Saxon nymph. Such a siren's voluptuous body with flesh golden-hued and smooth by the firelight. She stretched out for him, like the sultry pagan treat she was, offering herself to her master. Aye, he would be the master, yet perhaps a giving tender one for the return.

"What will you give me, nymph? What ripe splendors?" Bonar asked as he lightly traced his fingertips over the creamy satin flesh of Kiana gently rounded belly.

She gasped softly with the subtle muscles beneath tensing lightly as her quivering inner thighs yielded open just slightly. "I have nothing to give but myself, Bonar," she whispered on a catch of her breath.

"Will you give me your mouth?" Bonar asked in a low tenor.

"Aye," she breathed softly, wetting those luscious lips of hers with the tip of her tongue.

Bonar lifted his hand and brought a finger to Kiana's lips, touching the gossamer flesh, before pressing the bluntness of his finger over her lips and then into her mouth, seeking her tongue now deeper inside.

Kiana felt the ache in her loins draw sharply as Bonar's finger traced her tongue and she felt the need to suckle around its width. The action was so carnal it made her hips undulate with sultry rhythms of longing. Then, Bonar lifted his finger from her mouth and he traced her lips from corner to corner, leaving wetness and warmth sliding across her bottom lip, touching every texture and leaving his imprint. A small moan of pleasure escaped her heated lips, then she heard his voice rumble huskily.

"And your breasts, Kiana, will you give them up unto your master?"

Oh, she wanted to open her eyes so much, but then she did not want to, wrapped as she was in the gentle weaving of Bonar's words. Her body shivered with desire, seeping powerfully, as she whispered, "Yes, Bonar."

Kiana heard Bonar's deep catch of breath and she realized he was affected also, beyond simple ruling lust. This enlivened her, making her feel ever freer beneath his power. Bravely, she lifted her breasts higher as though offering him their swaying bounty.

"Lovesome," he murmured hoarsely, then his hands were cupping her breasts, searing her skin and making her moan breathlessly. A sparking of pleasure so intense flashed beneath her closed eyes as the ache in her loins expanded and she could feel wetness seep between her thighs.

The musk of Kiana's arousal filled Bonar's nostrils as the elongated tips of her nipples drew his tongue. The feel of her firm, yet pillowed breasts, beneath his kneading fingers was exquisite. They were so full and ample, yet so supple, with the weight filling his fingers and his palms. But, the cherry tips seemed to plead with him the most, and when he grazed his tongue over the very tip of one, Kiana gasped a moan that drove straight to his cock, which bucked against its own weight. He had heard grunts and heavy panting before in the throes of fucking, yet never this low breathless careening of passion. He could follow her lovers sound to each new summit.

"Your cunt." Bonar licked Kiana's nipple tip once. "Your buttocks." He licked it again, and she gasped. "Your virginity." His tongue darted out a third time, grazing the very tip.

"*Oh!*" Kiana gasped, "*Yes,*" she expelled through a gasping moan of pleasure.

Bonar eyed the tender spear wet with his saliva, then purposely drew his mouth down over it for a drawing suck, as his hand spread widely over Kiana's warm trembling belly.

"*Bonar,*" Kiana whimpered with sharp catches.

Bonar let the taut spike pop out of his mouth as he uttered, "Tell me."

"I am yours!" Kiana cried softly, undulating her body restlessly beneath his flared out fingers.

"*Aye . . . forever.*" Bonar rose up again, molding his hands over Kiana's hips and down to the back of her thighs. He stretched his fingers

under the firm flesh of each thigh and he pulled them apart. "Wider," he murmured, and he let go of her stretched thighs and brought his hands forward tucking them under each of Kiana's knees. He could see her breasts swaying upward and her head tossing as he lifted the back of her knees and forced her legs wide.

Her eyes came open then, beyond her force to contain them closed, while he looked at her split and gaping cunt with the lips around her entrance flayed open. Fuck juices dripped from the bottom and what he could see of the inner recesses looked darkly needy. He could see the round walls ripple with small movements.

He had intended to wait. To bring Kiana to a climax and then break through her virginal protection with one forceful plunge. *Yet . . .* he had waited too long already. He shook his long hair, sticking over his shoulders with sweat, and he tried to back up a little, but his gaze would not leave Kiana's fertile hole, open and calling to him relentlessly.

"I *cannot* wait," he uttered, drawing her virgin haven toward his waiting cockhead by tugging her body with his forearms under her knees.

"Do *not* wait," Kiana gasped and Bonar's gaze lifted to hers just as his cockhead pushed against her hotly swollen hole. Her gaze was as desirous and aroused as his was. Her breathing as breathless and as labored.

"Touch your cunt, lovesome," he rasped. "*Rub* the berry."

"Yes, Bonar," she whimpered, squirming her body with long needy undulations that rubbed his cockhead over the circled entrance of her feminine hole.

"*Ah hh*," Kiana puled, and then her fingers touched the berry that Bonar could see thrusting upward. "*Oh hh*," she moaned rubbing it, as liquid gushed out of her and over the slit of his prick like hot mead being poured.

Bonar groaned deeply. His hips swayed forward and he pushed.

"Bonar-Bonar!" Kiana cried. "*Oh hh—more!*"

Then the head of Bonar's prick slipped inward as the outer lips of Kiana's hole closed tightly around it. "*Ah hh!*" he groaned.

"More—more!" Kiana squealed as Bonar saw the reddened shaft beneath the head of his cock being swallowed by Kiana's now rosy swollen cunt.

"Hellfire!" he rasped hoarsely at the carnal sight and Kiana's fingers rubbing passionately over her sugar berry as her hips rolled and her belly rippled.

"So hard!" Kiana gasped. "Push it in more, Bonar, please!"

"Yes," Bonar hissed, thrusting his hips forward more, feeling Kiana's feminine tunnel like a tight grip around his shaft. Then, the head of his cock pushed against Kiana's maidenhead.

"*Oo*," Kiana squealed and Bonar could feel the whole inside of her cunt convulsing in tiny shudders over his cock. A shock of pleasure from

where his cockhead pushed against her maidenhead, lanced through the slit in the head of his cock, down the shaft, and into his balls.

“*Ah hh hh, god, Kiana,*” he belly-groaned, and then he thrust, as Kiana climaxed over the length of his cock imbedded to the hilt inside her virgin haven.

“*Bonar,*” she puled passionately.

No pain seemed to mar Kiana’s passion-filled features, only pleasure flashed across her lovely face, as he looked down on her, and he began to thrust heavily into her. The way was so tightly held, it was a push to gain each renewed entrance, yet Kiana’s innate wetness glazed the way.

“*Yes, Bonar!*” she cried, grasping his forearms for leverage to pull her ass toward him with each of his increasing thrusts and thereby fucking him as well as he fucked her. Her eyes were wide on his with each pumping and driving thrust he took, until the tendons in his neck stretched and he bellowed, flinging his hips ever faster.

“*Kiana,*” he groaned harshly, as his seed ejaculated and he drove deeply into her, feeling the pleasure rip through him in sweat tingling throbs, that pulsed like drum beats in his cock. “*Lovesome,*” he gasped, falling forward over Kiana, yet bracing on his elbows, while his cock continued to pulsate repeatedly inside the tight virgin fist clamped around it. “*Ah, Hellfire,*” he finally uttered, when he was able to catch a harsh breath.

It was then, when his mind returned from the heavens, that Bonar realized that Kiana was kissing him with soft sighs of lovesome pleasure. She kissed his chest, his throat, his chin, and she sighed, over and over, embracing him tightly.

Bonar turned his face to the side, unable to fight the huge grin that broke across his mouth. *Kisses and sighs!* By the might of his right arm, he had lovesome kisses and sighs from *his* woman.

The End.

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