

Warlords on the Prowl

By Morgan Hawke & Samantha Reynolds

Inspired by "Jane's Warlord" by Angela Knight

Chapter One - Babysitting Freika

"Freika. Where are you?" Samantha looked in the living room, no wolf. Now just where had he taken himself off to? "Worse thing you can do is give a wolf an attitude and a voice box. He better not be chasing the damn cat again. "Hey, I need your help here! And you promised!"

Samantha turned. Freika sat in the kitchen watching her with humor in his lupine eyes. "You looking for me?"

"Duh! yeah, I was looking for you, didn't you hear me?"

He cocked his head and licked his lips. "Yeah, but I was busy. Have you seen that German Shepherd bitch two streets over?" He nodded his head in a very human way. "I think she's got the hots for me."

"You think anything with four legs has got the hots for you."

"Can I help it if I'm irresistible? So what do you want now, Samantha."

"We've got to help Angela. She needs two warlords to go over to the list and take care of a couple of the girls. They've been very naughty."

He smiled, if you could call it a smile. How did he do that?

"So what's in it for me?"

"If you don't help me." Samantha said with her hands on her hips. "It'll be kibbles and bits while Angela is at Nationals next week. No steak, no hamburger, just dry as a bone dog food."

"You wouldn't dare."

"Oh, yes I would. You should be more respectful of your creator. She needs your help and your more concerned about that German Shepherd!"

"Hey, Shes in heat, what do you want from me?"

Samantha let out an exasperated sigh. "Do you want me to go get Morgan?"

"Morgan?" Freika licked his chops. "Yeah, go get Morgan. I like her, she talks to dead people!"

"Oh, I give up!"

"Don't get your panties in a wad Samantha...I'll see what I can do. Who are these girls anyway?"

"Pam and AJ, you know them. Oh and don't forget about Cathy. These girls are just salivating over Baran. You KNOW Jane would NOT like that."

"I see your point. Let me see what I can do."

****Chapter two -Morgan's scene...Negotiation

The small living room echoed with heavy thumps.

What now?Morgan turned around to face the front door and scowled.*Damn it I'm busy!*

"Morgan? Are you in there?" Samantha's muffled voice came clearly through the door. Morgan stared at the door.*Shit, it's Samantha! I better cover this up!* She grabbed the violet sheet from the couch and turned to toss it over the body hanging in the bondage frame taking up her entire living room. Snuffling sounds chuffed under the door. "She's in there all right, I can smell her..." Freika's voice was deep.

Samantha thumped louder. "Morgan open up! I need a favor!" Morgan grabbed for the black robe tossed over the computer chair and shoved her arms into the sleeves. "Gimme a sec to get dressed!" she shouted.

The thumping stopped. "Dressed?" Freika snorted. "I was going to tell you that I think she has company."

Morgan yanked the door open. "Hi Sam, what can I do you for?" She shook her head. "I mean do for you?"

Sam blinked then grinned at Morgan's get-up. "I like the thigh-high boots and the 'Queen of Bondage Darkness' robe, but really, you shouldn't have gone to all that trouble for me."

Morgan rolled her eyes. "I um..."

Freika shoved past Samantha's feet to prowl the tiny living room, his nails rattling on the hardwood floor. "Where's the cat?"

Morgan turned to the huge wolf and raised a sarcastic brow. "Chasing pussy again Freika?"

Freika turned and glowered. "I'm warning you, don't even go there. I can swallow you in one bite."

Morgan curled her red-painted lips. "I'd like to see you try." She turned back to Sam. "Let me guess, Angela's off at the nationals with Jane and Baran and you got to baby-sit?"

Freika turned sharply. "Baby-sit!"

Sam strode into the tiny apartment. "Yep, and the girls need some entertainment..." Her voice trailed off as her eyes were drawn to the bondage frame taking up nearly the entire living room. There seemed to be

a body hanging in it completely draped by the huge purple sheet that normally covered the couch. And it was wiggling.

“Morgan? I don’t mean to be nosy...” Sam tilted her head. Yes there was definitely somebody under that sheet. In fact there was an interesting tent in the lower center of the body. “On second thought, yes I do. What is that?”

Morgan bit her lip. “Um, something I borrowed from Angela. It’s one of her bondage specials.”

Sam raised a sarcastic brow. “Gee, I would have never figured that one out.” She flung out a hand. “What I meant was, who’s in it?” She grinned. “Anyone I know?”

Morgan coughed and her cheeks heated. “Um, sort of.” She twitched back the top of the purple sheet.

Vivid violet eyes blinked from under thick dark lashes and finely arched brows in a beautifully sculpted face. Sooty curls tumbled across his sweaty brow. He spotted Morgan and glared. The effect was completely ruined by the bright red ball gag stretching his lips wide. His arms were strapped wide as he hung suspended in the leather harness. His chest was broad and deep, with the slender build of a runner, or a professional dancer. He raised his chin at Morgan and gave the harness a violent shake, rattling the whole frame.

Sam’s eyes opened wide. “Morgan I have never, ever seen a man with eyes that purple before.” Morgan bit her lip. “That’s because our level of science is not up to designer genetic engineering.”

Sam swallowed. “What do you mean: our level of science...?” She sucked in a harsh breath. “Oh, no...no you didn’t?” She turned to Morgan and frowned. “I don’t see the tattoo, so this isn’t a warlord, not to mention that he’s a little small...”

The bound man shot a hot look at Sam and tried to say something past his gag.

Morgan shook her head. “No, he’s not a warlord...”

“Hey! Look what I found!” Freika trotted into the living room with the chest plate from an odd suit of compression armor. He dropped the piece at his feet with a clatter. “Morgan, what are you doing with pieces from a time-cop’s armor in your bedroom?”

Morgan made a cool study of the pointed toe on her thigh high boot. “Negotiating.”

Freika tilted his head. “Negotiating?”

Morgan pursed her lips. “I was um, surfing the ‘net and he was there so I asked him if he was in the mood for a little fun...”

Freika’s mouth opened wide in lupine laughter. “Oh, you are So gonna get it! Wait till I tell Baran!”

Sam choked then busted out laughing. “Were you skimming the time-net again with that demonic familiar that only looks like a computer?”

Morgan scowled. “Ferdinand is not demonic.”

Sam tapped her toe. “Nor is he a computer.” She waved at the struggling time-cop. “What are you

going to do when you set him loose? He's going to be pissed...never mind that he's already pissed! Morgan! You could get into all kinds of trouble for this!"

Morgan raised her brow. "Actually, he's pissed because we were interrupted."

Sam blinked. "Huh?"

Morgan gently turned Sam toward the door. "I have three warlords due to pop into your living room in about..." She looked over her shoulder at the clock. "...An hour. I'll see you there."

Sam stopped at the door. "Three? You got three of them?"

Morgan nodded. "That's all I could get on short notice." She grinned. "While I finish negotiating – you better find a car big enough to hold three warlords. Trey says they're all over seven feet tall. Oh, and they're fresh from the last engagement so they're really um...anxious for some company too!" She winked, and closed the door.

Sam blinked at the closed door. "Trey?"

The door opened suddenly and Freika scrambled out in a hurry. The door slammed closed behind him.

"Holy shit! That was not a housecat – that was a fucking mountain lion!"

Sam shook her head sadly. "I told you: Morgan is a witch. Her stuff only *looks* normal. It's not."

Freika shook his coat vigorously. "But she's so small."

"Trust me, it's a disguise." Sam headed down the hall. "Come on, I have to see if my husband will loan me the truck..."

"Can we get something to eat?" Freika's tongue lolled. "I'm hungry."

Sam patted his head. "We'll stop at McDonald's if you're good. I'll even let you hang your head out the window and drool."

Freika perked right up. "Really? Great!"

Chapter 3 Party On...

An enormous SUV rolled up to the bottom of the drive at Samantha's house. Music thundered from the vehicle's stereo thumping with hard rock rhythms.

Sam walked down the drive with her golden curls bouncing in a jaunty ponytail and her jaw set. Regardless of the fact that she was a somewhat petite female clad in only a robe over her bathing suit, she was determined to give the driver 'what-for' for parking in front of her nice quiet house, in her nice quiet neighborhood...

Damn it, she didn't have time for this; she had a hot-tub party at Pam's to get to! And where the hell was Morgan? She was playing with a Time Cop for god's sake – she should have been here by now!

The completely reflective window rolled down and Morgan poked her head out. Aggressive black

sunglasses covered her eyes and her long straight strawberry blonde mane was pulled back into a tight tail. "Sam!" Are you ready to go?"

Sam's mouth fell open. "Morgan? Where the hell did you get that SUV?"

Morgan shrugged. "The Saturn wasn't big enough to hold everybody, so I had it become an SUV."

Sam hurried to the truck's side. "Say what?"

Morgan looked over her sunglasses. "I had the Saturn become an SUV. There was no way I was gonna be able to transport me, Trey and five warlords in the car..."

Sam choked. "Five? When you called, you said you could only get three?"

Trey leaned over to peer past Morgan. "Hello Sam, two more wanted in. I hope your friends don't mind doubling up." He grinned and his brilliant violet eyes gleamed. "Because the boys don't."

Sam felt her cheeks heat furiously. The last time she saw Trey, he was strapped into an amazingly complicated bondage harness. "Uh, hi Trey. I guess we'll just have to see what the girls say..." She turned to Morgan. "What took you so damn long?"

Morgan sighed. "I had to stop by the ABC liquor store, then I had to set the boys up in a private suite at the Century Grand hotel..."

"Century Grand...the luxury hotel?" Sam shook her head. "How the hell are you paying for that?"

Trey waved a hand. "Don't worry, I have taken care of everything."

Morgan grinned. "Freika's at the hotel with the boys. Hop in and I'll take us to Pam's house. I'll pop everybody over to the hotel from there."

Sam grabbed the back door and yanked it open. "What? Are you going to cart everyone over there in this?" She landed on the smooth leather seats and pulled the door closed.

Morgan put the huge vehicle in gear. "No need to. Now that I have an end location, I can use a portal spell."

Sam leaned over the seat to look at Morgan. "A what?"

Morgan grinned. "You'll see."

"Oh..." She looked at Morgan's tight black jeans and her low-cut black t-shirt emblazoned with: "I did a bad, bad thing" in bold white letters. "Did you bring a bathing suit?"

Morgan grinned as she dodged around traffic. "I hot-tub in the nude."

Trey gave Morgan a hot stare. "As do I." He turned to look at Sam with appreciative warmth. "You could join us?"

Michelle swallowed. "We'll see..."

Sam led Morgan and Trey around to the back of Pam's house to the massive add-on that housed the huge hot tub. The music and laughter was loud enough to hear outside. She pushed open the screen door to find a collection of screaming laughing, women in the midst of a rousing water fight.

Sam counted...then counted again. Five, there were five of them...

Morgan shouted over the squirming flock. "Hey! I got a bunch of hard-bodied warlords looking for women, anybody interested in a fuck?"

All five women stopped in mid-shout.

"Oh, hi Sam, hi Morgan!" Pam grinned and jumped out of the tub. "Did you say fuck? We're slut-puppies, aren't we?" Her hair tumbled about her shoulders in waves of living flame. Her green-gold hazel eyes flashed with intelligence and fierce humor. The sharpness of her smile was spoiled by the sensual pouting fullness of her bottom lip. She was slender in build with hips that flared above a narrow waist and long graceful legs. Her skin was the color of rich cream with just a touch of gold.

AJ grabbed the side of the tub and hauled her impressive length out. "Damn straight we are, and damn proud of it too!" Her hair was a magnificent confection of blue-black waves. Her eyes were the dark gray of winter sea storms and sparkled with dangerous mirth. Her smile was broad and bright with blunt humor. She was strongly built with broad shoulders above a neat waist, magnificent hips and an ass that begged for worship.

Sam caught a glimpse of a tall exotic island girl. "Puawai! When did you get here?"

Puawai threw a long leg over the side of the tub as she clambered out. "Pam called and told me what you guys were up to, so I grabbed Sheryl and carted us over here." The rich mahogany mane that brushed her waist shimmered with hidden gold. Her high cheekbones and the slight exotic tilt of her eyes betrayed her island heritage. Her sultry dark chocolate gaze glimmered with sinful allure. She moved with a hip-rolling sway that led the eye from the pronounced curve of her hips straight to her generous butt.

Sheryl threw a slender leg over the side of the tub. "Do you really have warlords?" She dropped over the side. Tiny and elfin in size and build, only Morgan was shorter. Her rich black mane swept straight from her brow to fall past her shoulders in a silky midnight cloak. Her direct bittersweet chocolate gaze glimmered with tempting secrets. Her tiny waist accentuated the generous curves of bosom and bottom. Her skin was the color of rich cream and begged for kisses and love-bites.

Morgan grinned. "Oh yes, in fact there are five."

Pam gasped. "Five?"

Puawai rocked back on her heels. "You have five warlords? Oh my god..."

Cathy shoved her way out of the tub and grinned at Trey. "So who's the hottie?" Her hair was a wispy tumble of pale gold that caressed her brow in playful disarray. Her emerald gaze glimmered and sparked with impish intensity. The pink bow of her lips spread in an open and generous laugh. The muscular strength in her gently rounded form was blatantly apparent in her aggressive stride. Her silky skin was tanned to pale copper.

This is Trey.” Morgan nodded at the tall slender man with purple eyes. “He’s a Time-Cop.”

AJ howled with laughter. “A real time cop? You’re shitting me?”

Trey arched his brow. “No ma’am. I am indeed.” He glanced over the crowd of bathing suited and dripping women. “And all of you owe me for this favor.”

Morgan tilted her head at the cop and cleared her throat. “I distinctly remember paying for this already.”

Trey gave her a heated look and a sly smile. “Oh, really?”

“Morgan, I just don’t get it.” Pam tilted her head and frowned. “What do you need a closet for?”

Morgan pulled a piece of chalk from one of the leather wallets she had looped onto her hip-belt. “I’m using it for a portal, so we don’t have to drive all the way back and forth to the hotel.”

AJ peered over Pam’s shoulder. “A what?”

Sam shook her head. “It’s witchcraft.”

Morgan sketched out a chalk circle on the door then drew a complicated rune in the very center. She shoved the chalk back in her wallet then rapped her knuckled on the rune, three times. “Sugar, spice and everything nice,” she said clearly and grabbed the door handle. She turned to the ladies gathered around her, still clad in bathing suits. She grinned with feral glee. “Ladies, I hope you’re ready, because whether you’re ready or not, it’s party-time.” She pulled open the door.

A blast of bright light and music blazed from the open door.

Morgan waved her hand toward the open door. “Go on in. Adventure await!”

Chapter 4 The adventure begins...Hot to Trot...AJ and Her Man...

Morgan grinned with feral glee. “Ladies, I hope you’re ready, because whether you’re ready or not, it’s party-time.”

The five strapping hunks looked like the front end line of a professional football team, except for the stylized dragons gleaming on each of their faces.

Although no words were spoken, it was obvious that they were exchanging some kind of mental conversation. Dramatic eye rolls were accompanied by the occasional tint of pink that flashed across sculpted cheekbones. It was also obvious that they were more than pleased with the view. Deep groans of appreciation were shared along with grins and not so gentle pokes in the ribs as they scanned the gathered women.

Pam sucked in a sharp breath and nudged AJ. "Are you seein' what I'm seein'?"

AJ looked at Pam, her eyes wide. "I've just died and gone to testosterone heaven."

Cathy bit her lip. “Oh my god...” Her voice came out in a husky whisper. “I didn’t think they were this

big!”

Pam grinned and nodded. “I like ‘em big...”

Puawai snorted and set her fists on her hips. “They’re warlords. According to AK, they’re supposed to be bigger than human linebackers.”

“They certainly look that way.” Sheryl tilted her head to the side. “But are they kinky?”

Freika looked up at her. “You want me to ask?”

“Don’t you dare!” all five women chorused together and glared down at the wolf.

Freika scrambled back. “What? I’m only trying to help here!”

Hot to Trot - AJ’s Adventure

AJ’s gaze turned to the centermost figure in line. He wasn’t the tallest of the bunch, but he was broad and heavily muscled. Not to mention far taller than she. His skin was smooth, the color of dark honey with a perfectly shaped, smooth skull. His face was a study in masculine strength and over the top sex appeal. Skin-tight leather pants rode low on his lean hips displaying the sharp line of heavily defined muscle.

AJ licked her lips and feasted her eyes. “Ya got to love a beautiful bald man...” She grabbed Pam’s arm. “Look at the one in the middle! You could bounce a quarter off those abs, Pammie...but girl - look at those arms!”

Pam absently patted AJ’s hand. “I’m lookin’, I’m lookin’...” But her gaze had already strayed elsewhere.

The handsome brute turned at the sound of their voices. He focused on AJ and his brow quirked. Full, sensuous “bite me” lips that begged for a nibble, curled to become a smile of demonic delight displaying perfect straight white teeth. His eyes ignited with the rich gleam of feral gold. He folded his arms across his broad chest and casually leaned back on his heels, cocking his hip forward. Muscle rippled under the snug leather. Raising his brows in challenge, he dropped his chin, indicating that she should look down.

AJ’s gaze dropped and was irresistibly drawn to the long heavy line of an erection of impressive proportions filling the snug leather of his pants. She gulped. “Oh Dayum... I think my lungs just quit workin’.”

He rewarded her with a nod and a smile.

Freika came up to AJ and leaned hard on her leg.

AJ glanced down at him. "I brought your furry ass a t-bone, what more do you want?"

Freika looked up at her, the soft light of the implants around his throat glowed. "The man you are so blatantly ogling is Balthazar. I think he likes you."

"Good, 'cuz I think I like him too." She grinned at Balthazar and winked in outrageous invitation.

Balthazar grinned broadly in reply, a wicked light shining in his amber eyes. He nudged his way out of line accompanied by encouraging and completely incomprehensible comments from the other men. He strode forward with the confidence of a warrior, all rolling muscle and casual arrogance. A man who knew what he wanted - straight for AJ.

AJ's mouth fell open at the unmistakable look of intent on Balthazar's face. "Dammit, I knew I should'a gone to church last Sunday." AJ gasped. "I think I'm gonna get me an 'O' right here."

Freika looked from AJ to Balthazar. "Well, I can see we're not needed here." He pushed against Pam's legs.

Pam resisted and looked down at the wolf. "What?"

"Move your ass sweet-cakes, or you're gonna get run over by a semi human tank of a Warlord bent on conquest."

Pam's mouth dropped open. "Oh shit!" She skipped back with speed.

Balthazar closed on AJ in a sudden burst of inhuman speed. His broad hands closed on her upper arms and he grinned straight into her astonished eyes. He raised his brow in deliberate challenge and pulled, slamming her soft body into the wall of his chest.

Her mouth popped open in surprise.

His head darted down to take immediate and startling possession of her open mouth. His full lips moved with sensual devastation while his hungry tongue plundered with unashamed appetite.

AJ's gray eyes closed and she moaned in sensual overload and leaned into his kiss.

Balthazar groaned in encouragement and released her arms to slide his hands around the generous curve of her hips.

AJ grabbed onto his neck and pressed closer.

He shifted his angle and tugged at the waistband of her pants. He locked his arm tight around her while shoving his broad hand right down the front of her pants.

AJ's eyes went wide and she jolted in his grasp.

Balthazar's eyes opened wide and he stilled utterly, with his fingers burrowed between her thighs. He broke the kiss and his brow rose in inquiry. He glanced at Freika and asked a question.

Pam frowned. "AJ, are you okay?"

"Oh, hell yeah." AJ stared straight at Balthazar and grinned. "He found the jewellery."

Pam grinned. "That's right, you have a clit ring!"

Freika commented dryly to Balthazar in his own language.

Balthazar threw his head back and laughter boomed out. He abruptly leaned over and scooped AJ up, slinging her over his shoulder headed for one of the rooms down the hall.

AJ shouted at Freika. "What did you say fur-ball?"

"I told him that you said it was jewellery!" Freika called out from where he sat on his haunches. "Now he wants to see it."

AJ grinned as she was carried off. "Hot damn, I done went and got me a he-man all my own." A sharp slap on her ass made her eyes go wide. She waved at the other girls. "See ya!"

Freika shook his head, flapping his ears briefly. "Human mating rituals..." He looked around sharply. "Hey! When do I get my steak? Somebody better feed me..."

Balthazar passed through a doorway with AJ over his shoulder and kicked the door closed with his toe.

Perched atop his broad and solid shoulder, AJ looked around the room. A tiger stripe comforter was over the big bed. Mirrors were everywhere. On the walls, the ceiling... Her image reflected back at her a million times over. There were furs on the floor. And she found herself staring into the glass yellow eyes of a Lion acting as a rug complete with tail and claws. "I guess we in the jungle now."

Balthazar didn't speak. He just pinned her in place with his heated gaze.

AJ sucked in a deep breath. She could see his eyes getting a red glow deep down in them. She'd read about it, but she'd had no idea it was actually sexy...

He yanked off the sleeveless leather vest, dropping it the floor. Muscle rippled. Raw animal in motion...

Her brows shot up. Good God what a chest! This man was a dream, a fantasy that could walk and talk. "You ain't gonna disappear when I touch you are you?" Her voice came out in a husky whisper.

His hands fell to the waistband of his pants. He lowered the zipper, never taking his eyes from her face.

AJ's eyes went wide. This man didn't miss a damn beat. "Well, I guess we ain't goin to be talking now are we Tarzan?"

He hooked his thumbs on the inside of his pants at the hip and slowly lowered them revealing more rich caramel skin with every inch.

"Let me help you with that." AJ just couldn't take it anymore; she wanted to touch him. She stepped closer to him, striding with a roll of her hips, galvanized by the sheer force of his sexuality. She splayed

her fingers wide against the dark leather, scarlet nails glowing bright.

Balthazar stepped back with a grin that said: "look but don't touch". He was obviously in the mood to tease. He pulled the pants the rest of the way off and let them pool at his feet. He gave her a long languid, assessing look.

He was violently hard and big. And long.

AJ moaned out loud. "Now that is some man-meat..." Her gaze traveled over his superior example of naked man. She looked into his eyes and licked her luscious lips to show her appreciation for the view, letting her tongue slide over her pearly white teeth.

He stepped out of his leathers and said something in a language she didn't understand.

AJ shook her head and shrugged. "Sorry, Balthazar, I don't talk warlord." She grinned. "But thank you Lord for what I am about to receive, for I am truly grateful!"

Balthazar raised one eyebrow at her and licked his lips as if to say... 'Are you ready? Cause here it comes.' He lunged, moving so fast, he literally stole the breath from her body. He slipped one leg behind her calf, and kicked her off balance. He closed his arms about her, catching her and twisting in mid fall to drop with her onto the huge lion-skin rug. His hands caught them both from the hard impact. The muscles in his arms bulged. His hard, well-defined pecs crushed her voluptuous breasts.

"The floor?" AJ stared up from the fur and quirked one exquisitely arched brow at him. "Baby, all ya had to do was ask." He was so damned strong...she was so damned hot! Moisture seeped from between her thighs.

He put one finger over her lips. And shook his head no.

AJ nodded. The man wanted no talking? Okay, she could do that...

Balthazar lowered his head, his full lips slightly parted. He gazed deeply into her eyes and took a deep breath. He groaned in appreciation.

AJ bit her bottom lip to keep from laughing out loud.*He's smelling me!*

His long lean hands gripped the vee of her bathing suit top. He smiled and yanked. The sound of fabric being ripped reverberated in the room. The delicate material separated easily and his triumphant glare made her toes curl.

AJ squeaked in surprise, quivering in his strong arms.*Good God, he's strong!* She looked down to see her bare breasts and rock hard nipples standing at attention and let loose a growl from the back of her throat. AJ gave him her best "I'm going to fuck you blind" look.

Balthazar's gaze heated with intensity. His head dropped and his mouth clamped hard on a nipple. He sucked and flicked his tongue with sheer animal hunger.

She groaned in violent appreciation and writhed.

His hand slipped beneath her bottom and tugged the bottom of her bathing suit down.

AJ raised a hand to his cheek, and let her palm rest against the smooth skin of his angular jaw. God, he was just so beautiful...

He didn't give her time to absorb the look of surprised tenderness that came into his eyes before he grabbed her shoulder and rolled her over onto her stomach.

She yelped in surprise and propped up on her elbows.

He rolled between her legs to keep her parted for him. His hands grabbed her ass cheeks and squeezed. He groaned and parted the warm globes to run one finger from down the crease of her ass straight to her damp and hungry pussy. His fingers found the little gold ring that pierced her clit.

He tugged lightly.

AJ's body jerked at the pleasure pain. She groaned.

His fingers played with the ring then heading straight to the little swollen nub of her clit and flicked the tiny overexcited nub back and forth in determined sensual torment.

AJ fell off her elbows and gasped for air. She reached backward to touch him.

He eluded her hands with a soft chuckle, and then grabbed her hips, tugging her ass up off the floor. He closed a hand on her hip to keep her exactly where he wanted her.

AJ Moaned.

Balthazar laughed; a deep velvet sound that came from low in his throat.

Smack!

Her body jerked from the sting of his hand. Her eyes went wide in shock. *He's spanking me? Hot Damn!* She turned back to look at him and grinned. "Go for it baby!"

He laughed and delivered several rapid blows to her ass. Smack! Smack! Smack! He pinked her entire ass without mercy.

Her knees almost gave out on her before she gasped. "Baby, you keep that up and I'm gonna come like Niagara Falls."

He leaned over her scrumptious body.

She felt the hard thickness of his huge cock poised between her legs and moaned. "Oh, yeah baby, that's what I want.

He pressed tight against her back, holding her against the heat of his broad chest.

She felt his lips on the back of her neck, and then his teeth. Two nearly sharp stabs of pain made her flinch. He'd bitten her! Her head automatically fell forward giving him more access.

The pressure from his teeth increased.

Her body went passive under him. "Damn it all to hell, how'd you know to do that?" AJ panted out.

Balthazar moaned. He flexed his hips moving against her ass, but made not move to penetrate her.

"Damn it, quit playing around and stick that hard fat cock into my wet pussy. I'm dying over here."

He released the back of her neck and licked the bite mark with his tongue. Abruptly, he flipped her to her back.

AJ stared up at him. His amber colored eyes glowed with intense heat. Her ass tingled from the spanking. Hell, it wasn't no spanking...those damn things were THUNDERCLAPS...she'd have to sit very carefully for at least three days.

Balthazar gave her a look of sheer masculine pride and lowered his body down onto to hers. He slid down her length until his upper body lay between her thighs.

AJ's brows shot up. "You gonna eat my pussy?"

He gave her a feral grin and dropped his head.

"Hot damn..." AJ smacked her lips in anticipation and let her head fall back.

His lips and tongue found her, and proceeded to torture her.

She groaned and arched up.

His tongue flicked at the gold ring. One strong finger tested her wetness and then slipped inside of her, twisting and turning.

AJ's hips came up off the fur rugs. She writhed, couldn't remain still.

With his free hand Balthazar slapped her pussy lips.

"WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?" Her head came up from the floor, her eyes wide in shock... "Do that shit again!" she grinned. "I LIKE it."

He laughed and slapped her tender lips again while he slipped another finger into her slit.

AJ panted. "Oh, no. Don't you dare fuckin' stop licking me!" She pushed her hips up toward his delectable mouth.

He obligingly dropped his head, amusement lighting his eyes as he tongued her. His rhythm increased. Flicking, sucking, his fingers twisting inside of her...

Tremors racked her body. Her back arched up from the floor. Her legs quivered. Her toes curled. "FUCK ME" AJ screamed, and came.

AJ sighed as the tremors continued to wash over her. "I think I've just seen the eighth wonder of the fucking world." Her expression became dreamy with afterglow of her orgasm. "I don't think I can move now."

He withdrew from within her depths and moved back up her body. He stopped to lick a pebbled nipple.

AJ pulled him to her locking his chest to hers. Her nails dug into the skin of his back.

He gasped and threw his head back. A look of excruciating pleasure played upon his face.

AJ pulled her nails down the back of his torso leaving long red scrapes upon his skin.

He clenched his jaw and then lowered his head and took her mouth. It wasn't a simple kiss. He came, he saw, and he fucking conquered.

He flipped her onto her stomach again, and pulled her up onto her knees. He took the head of his cock and rubbed it against the slick folds of pussy. The movement jarred the clit ring.

Her pleasure crested to an almost painful plateau. AJ tried to move away from him. She was too sensitive, but God, it felt good...and exciting. She wanted nothing more than that fat cock rammed into her.

Thwack! His hand landed with a loud smack against her already tender ass telling her to stay still.

She whimpered very softly. It was impossible to hold still with him teasing her with the head of his cock. She pushed her full hips backward against him. "Fuck me you Bastard and fuck me now.

His moan vibrated along her spine, raising chill bumps on her skin. He braced himself and pushed into her tight cunt with the force of a jackhammer.

On her knees, AJ bucked against him. Her scream of pleasure tore through the air.

He thrust hard, fucking her in earnest. His strokes were deep and merciless. In, and in, and in, and in... His fingers dug into her hips as he guided their pace. His balls slapped against her clit-ring with ferocious delight.

AJ turned into a wild woman, a look of tortured pleasure plastered on her face. She dropped onto her elbows and sank her teeth into the fur rug as she took each hard thrust from that velvet mocha cock plunging inside her. Whip corded desire stung her body as he pounded into her. There was no world, no light, no darkness...only Balthazar.

Her orgasm began low and circled outward to encompass her entire body. Her breasts swelled and her sex tingled from the friction of his hot body against hers. She screamed. "Fuck. Fuck. Fuck! I'm coming! I'm coming! I'm coming!"

His pace increased, his hand came beneath her to roll one of her nipples between his thumb and forefinger.

The vicious wave of climax hit AJ so hard she felt her cream explode from within her. Her breath came in panting gasps and her body jerked and twitched as waves of orgasmic aftershocks continued to shimmer through her.

Balthazar leaned down and clamped those pretty white teeth into the other side of her neck. His thrust became wild as he slammed into her abused pussy... He roared as his own orgasm crashed into them both. His body trembled above hers as his cream pumped into her, never letting go of her neck. He

sucked hard.

It finally hit AJ that he was leaving his mark. She grinned. She'd have a souvenir!

Fit to be Tied

Chapter 5 - Puawai's adventure...

Puawai watched the tall sleek and gleeful AJ being carried off over the shoulder of the brawny warlord and chuckled. "I'll be gob smacked!" She nudged Sheryl with an elbow to the ribs. "Did you see her face?"

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“No?” Puawai tossed her head in frustration, her mahogany mane flying. “Oh come on, you beast!”

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Puawai moaned and felt his hands under her knees. Puawai moaned and felt his hands under her knees. She didn’t care what he did as long as she could feel his thick cock moving inside of her. She craved his fullness and rapid thrusts.

He lifted her with ease from the floor.

She gasped into his mouth. God, he was strong!

Refusing to release her lips, Feral encouraged Puawai to lock her ankles around his waist.

Puawai was all too happy to oblige. Hot damn, she was going to get fucked! She still hadn’t seen his goods, but she could damn well feel the hot length of his cock pressing against her wet and hungry pussy. He felt big, in fact, he felt huge. And solid... She moaned into his mouth. *Oh yeah baby, bring it on!*

Feral’s broad hands cupped her hips and the plump head of his cock pressed against the damp folds at the entrance of her body.

Puawai jerked her mouth away from his and looked. “Holy shit!” He was friggin huge and sharply curved.

Feral frowned in concentration and grunted. He thrust. The purple head disappeared into her body, followed by half his length.

Puawai threw her head back and moaned. God he was stretching her! It felt good...it felt better than good! She squeezed her thighs to get more of him into her.

Feral spat out a harsh expletive and thrust again, burying himself to the balls.

“Oh fuck!” Puawai bucked in his arms and twisted. “You huge son of a fucking bitch!” She tightened her thighs to feel him pulsing within her. “Hot damn that feels good!”

Feral groaned, pulled back and thrust with ferocious power. Then thrust again... He proceeded to hammer the hell out of her with fierce determination.

Puawai groaned and gasped in delicious agony. His thrusts slammed into her wet heat striking something deliciously sweet and brutally exciting deep in her core, again, and again, and again with merciless precision.

Climax built with frightening power. Waves of violent pleasure surged higher and higher... Puawai gasped and whimpered. If this kept up she was going to explode by spontaneous combustion!

Feral lifted one hand and licked his index finger. With a nasty little grin, he slid his hand under her and worked his finger into her ass.

Puawai yelped in surprise. "Oh no, you just didn't!"

His grin broadened and he wiggled his finger.

Puawai's climax exploded in a firestorm of horrific intensity. She shrieked.

Feral grinned and caught her hips in both hands. His brows dipped in concentration and he slammed into her with punishing speed. Suddenly he threw his head back, his black mane flying, and shouted. Abruptly he caught her around the shoulders and pulled her up tight against him. His mouth dropped onto her shoulder and his teeth sank into her skin in a love-bite.

Puawai groaned as she felt his cock throb within her body. Impulsively she opened her mouth on his shoulder and bit him right back. *So there*, she thought with satisfaction. *I'm wearing your mark, but you're wearing mine!*

Fit to be Tied...

- Puawai's Adventure

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Puawai moaned and felt his hands under her knees. Puawai moaned and felt his hands under her knees. She didn't care what he did as long as she could feel his thick cock moving inside of her. She craved his fullness and rapid thrusts.

He lifted her with ease from the floor.

She gasped into his mouth. God, he was strong!

Refusing to release her lips, Feral encouraged Puawai to lock her ankles around his waist.

Puawai was all too happy to oblige. Hot damn, she was going to get fucked! She still hadn't seen his goods, but she could damn well feel the hot length of his cock pressing against her wet and hungry pussy. He felt big, in fact, he felt huge. And solid... She moaned into his mouth. *Oh yeah baby, bring it on!*

Feral's broad hands cupped her hips and the plump head of his cock pressed against the damp folds at the entrance of her body.

Puawai jerked her mouth away from his and looked. "Holy shit!" He was friggin huge and sharply curved.

Feral frowned in concentration and grunted. He thrust. The purple head disappeared into her body, followed by half his length.

Puawai threw her head back and moaned. God he was stretching her! It felt good...it felt better than good! She squeezed her thighs to get more of him into her.

Feral spat out a harsh expletive and thrust again, burying himself to the balls.

"Oh fuck!" Puawai bucked in his arms and twisted. "You huge son of a fucking bitch!" She tightened her thighs to feel him pulsing within her. "Hot damn that feels good!"

Feral groaned, pulled back and thrust with ferocious power. Then thrust again... He proceeded to hammer the hell out of her with fierce determination.

Puawai groaned and gasped in delicious agony. His thrusts slammed into her wet heat striking something deliciously sweet and brutally exciting deep in her core, again, and again, and again with merciless precision.

Climax built with frightening power. Waves of violent pleasure surged higher and higher... Puawai gasped and whimpered. If this kept up she was going to explode by spontaneous combustion!

Feral lifted one hand and licked his index finger. With a nasty little grin, he slid his hand under her and worked his finger into her ass.

Puawai yelped in surprise. "Oh no, you just didn't!"

His grin broadened and he wiggled his finger.

Puawai's climax exploded in a firestorm of horrific intensity. She shrieked.

Feral grinned and caught her hips in both hands. His brows dipped in concentration and he slammed into her with punishing speed. Suddenly he threw his head back, his black mane flying, and shouted. Abruptly he caught her around the shoulders and pulled her up tight against him. His mouth dropped onto her shoulder and his teeth sank into her skin in a love-bite.

Puawai groaned as she felt his cock throb within her body. Impulsively she opened her mouth on his shoulder and bit him right back. *So there*, she thought with satisfaction. *I'm wearing your mark, but you're wearing mine!*

Warlords on the Prowl!

- Chapter Six

Fever Struck!

Pam's Adventure

(Happy Birthday Pam!)

The late afternoon sun poured through the glass doors into the main room of the hotel suite bathing the carpet in rich gold.

Morgan looked over at Sam. "I think we did a pretty good job getting this little party together."

Sam grinned and handed Morgan a Margarita. "The ladies seem to be as happy as the warlords..."

"Who did a pretty good job?" Trey stretched out on the couch and set a booted heel on the coffee table close to the margarita pitcher. He raised his dark brows above cool violet eyes.

Morgan rolled her eyes.

Sam snorted softly. "You were included in that 'we' Trey." She nodded at his nearly empty glass. "Would you like another Margarita?"

Trey's gaze wandered over to the three women in their skimpy bathing suits watching the warlords with undisguised hunger. "What I would like is a piece of that little blonde."

Morgan turned to look. "Cathy?" She tilted her head. "Hmm... She's pretty adventurous." She turned back to look at Sam. "What do you think?"

Sam nibbled on her bottom lip. "She might just go for it. She already mentioned that she thought Trey was cute."

"Excellent." Trey nodded. "Dago and I have shared before."

Morgan frowned. "How can you be sure Dago will go for Cathy?"

Trey grinned. "Trust me."

Morgan leaned close to Sam. "Use extreme caution when he says that," she whispered very softly.

Sam's brows shot up. "But, you slept with him!"

Morgan snorted. "How do you think I found out? While we're on the subject, never play bottom to his top, he's really twisted."

"Dangerous?"

"No, but he loves to scare the hell out of you and he's creative about it."

Sam snorted. "Sounds like your kind'a guy."

"I don't play as deep a game as he does." Morgan bit her lip. "Basically, I got the jump on him and caught his attention so he let me play top, but it's not his preferred style."

Sam shook her head. "So what are you trying to say?"

Morgan tilted her head toward Trey. "This whole party could be some sort of elaborate set-up."

"Huh?" Sam set her glass down.

Morgan turned her back on the time-cop and whispered softly in Sam's ear. "Freika told me that he never plays bottom unless he plans to play top, and he's been known to 'borrow' the occasional female for a week or two."

Sam's eyes widened. "Are we in danger?"

"No, he's not that way and neither are the warlords." Morgan took a deep breath. "But we'll need to do a head-count to make damn sure we have everybody when we go."

Sam narrowed her eyes. "I'll have Freika keep a tight eye on Cathy."

Morgan bit her lip. "Actually, I'm more worried about you."

Sam's mouth fell open. "Me?" She looked past Morgan's shoulder to find Trey's violet gaze focused on her. *Oh...*

The three simply gorgeous Warlords laughed as their compatriots strode off with women tossed over their shoulders

Pam watched Puawai carried off with undisguised envy. "Lucky dog..." Something bumped into the back of her legs. She looked down to see Freika sitting at her heels.

"Did you bring me a t-bone too?" His ears were up with eagerness showing an amused lupine smile with far too many teeth.

Pam nodded firmly. "Of course. Go tell Sam or Morgan to go get it out of the cooler for you."

"If I can find them..." Freika leapt to his feet and loped away.

Pam shook her head. *Typical male, always thinking of his stomach...* Her gaze automatically drifted over to the men. She jolted with shock. She was being stared at. She slowly turned to face them and found that she had the undivided attention of a sleek older warlord. *Well, damn... Are you looking at me Mr. Tall-Lean-and-Built-to-Please?*

Deep whisky-colored eyes burned as he focused on Pam's face.

Caught, Pam found that she couldn't look away from his mesmerizing gaze and though her heart was going to pound out of her chest. *He was* staring at her, and holy shit, he was a blindingly handsome hunk of man! His mature and confident chiseled features were a carpenter's dream, all angles and hard planes. Thick dark blond hair streaked with white at the temples fell in waves to just past his broad shoulders. His sleeveless leather vest showed off an impressive chest. He was strongly built but not overly buff. More like a martial artist as opposed to a wrestler or a weightlifter. His tight black leather pants and looked painted on his muscular thighs. She wanted nothing more than to run her tongue all over that sleek delicious body, and count every muscle with her teeth.

He raised an inquiring brow and his lips lifted in a smile full of predatory mischief.

An answering smile, just as predatory as his with a dash of deviousness tossed in, lifted the corner of Pam's mouth. *I'm ready, willing and able for anything you care to serve*, she thought firmly as she gazed at him.

Cathy nudged Pam. When that didn't work she waved a hand in front of her face. "Earth to Pammie, come in Pammie."

Pam didn't move her gaze and whispered harshly. "Leave me alone, I'm about to catch me some beefcake!"

"Huh?" Cathy turned to see whom Pam had made eye contact with. "Oh..." She snorted. "Well, shit. She's a goner. Once Pam gets her eye on a man, there's no getting her mind out of his boxer shorts."

Freika turned to look. The jewels in his neck fur flashed. "Uh oh... She's got Rhike's attention."

Pam heard that. "His name is Rhike? Hot damn, what a sexy name..." She strode off with a distinct sway to her hips.

Cathy looked down at the wolf. "What do you mean: uh oh? Is he that bad?"

Freika flicked his ear toward her. "He's not dangerous per se, not with women. But he is, well, a little creative." He looked up at Cathy. "Think she can handle it?"

"Who? Pam?" Cathy grinned. "I think you should be more concerned about Rhike than Pam. Pam's been known to eat men alive."

Freika got up off his haunches. "Then he should be about the right speed for her. In the mean time, I think you should feed me."

Cathy rolled her eyes. "Haven't you had enough steak already?"

Freika managed to look scandalized. "I'm a wolf, I'm designed to eat a whole deer! You think a few small steaks are going to fill me up?"

Cathy looked around. "Where are Morgan and Sam?"

Freika shook his head. "No where near the cooler where my steak is."

Cathy angled her head. "Oh I see them, they're by the table with all the booze and the cute time-cop. It looks like Sam is making Margaritas..."

Freika rolled his eyes. "Who cares? The steaks are *this* way!"

Pam hadn't taken more than four steps before Rhike strode out met her. She grinned. Damn, she liked an eager man.

Rhike's rolling stride was long and confident. In half a moment he towered over her with a lazy smile.

From only inches away Pam suddenly realized just how big he was. The top of her head barely reached his heart. Her body tightened ferociously and suddenly she couldn't catch her breath.

Rhike tilted his head and raised his brow in a challenging manner. His smile curled sharply up on one side, as though to say: are you really sure you want this?

Pam licked her lips and clenched her hands to keep from grabbing him. She nodded slowly. "Show me what you got, hot-stuff."

Rhike laughed and called out to the men behind him.

They answered with groans and chuckles.

"Freika!" Pam called out. "What did he say?"

In one swift move Rhike abruptly bent, catching Pam under her knees and lifting her right off her feet.

"Hey now!" Startled, Pam threw her arms around his neck then grinned. "You sure do know how to sweep a girl off her feet, now don't you darling?"

Freika came trotting over. "Rhike said that he hoped you were a wild woman, because it's been a while and he's built up an appetite."

Pam whooped. "Hot damn! He better have an appetite or I'll just eat him up!"

Rhike started walking off with Pam cradled in his arms.

Sheryl squealed in the background. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do!"

Pam cast a casual glance over her shoulder and waved. "You can bet your sweet ass I'm going to do that and a bunch more. Let's just hope he can take it!"

Cathy looked over at Freika. "I told you, they're perfect for each other."

Freika tilted his head at the departing couple. "I certainly hope so..."

Rhike carried Pam into a room decorated with elegance and old world charm. Wood paneling and bookcases covered the walls. The bed was a massive four-poster covered in a wine elder-down with huge pillows. A large hunter green leather armchair sat in front of a marble fireplace with a gas-fire burning merrily around ceramic logs. A small writing desk sat away from the wall near the leather chair.

Pam looked around with interest. "Well this is nice..."

Rhike kicked the door closed with a resounding slam.

Pam jumped and turned to look at Rhike. "If that was supposed to scare me, you're gonna have to do better than that!" She grinned. A striking man like this didn't stand a chance with her. He was putty in her hands, and she couldn't wait to get her hands on all that tan hard skin. He even smelled good enough to

eat: leather and male.

Rhike stopped by the green leather armchair and dropped her legs. Held tight against his hard-muscled body, he let her slide slowly to stand on the carpet. He bent to capture her lips. His tongue surged into her mouth to taste her. His hands dove into the fire of her red waves, clutching fistfuls of her curls as he sucked at her tongue and nipped at her lips.

Pam moaned as his tongue and teeth created sinful havoc. This was no angel! Only a devil had a mouth this hot! Her nipple tingled and tightened. Not to be outdone, she grabbed for his silky mane and attacked his mouth just as eagerly. She could feel the ridge of a long firm erection against her bare belly, just above her French-cut bikini bottoms. With deliberate invitation she rubbed her belly against that interesting and warm shape hidden behind the leather.

Rhike pulled from her mouth with a deep rolling laugh.

Pam grinned, but she was not about to let him go. She grabbed his leather vest and started looking for how to get it off of him.

Rhike caught her wrists in his broad palms. Smiling, he slowly shook his head.

“Oh come on!” Pam tugged at her wrists and pouted up at him. “I want skin!” She leaned forward, tongue extended, aiming for his chest

Rhike chuckled and extended his arms to keep her out of range.

“Hey, no fair!” Pam twisted her wrists, but he had too firm a grip on her. She sighed and stopped tugging. Lifting her chin, she tilted her head and raised a questioning brow. “So now what?”

Rhike gave her a half-lidded sensual smile then focused his sleepy gaze on her breasts. His smile took on a decidedly sinister cast and gently pushed her back.

Pam found herself walking backwards. She frowned at the handsome warlord in puzzlement. *Okay, so what is this guy up to now? He liked kissing, but he won't let me get under his clothes...* The small of her back came in contact with cool smooth edge of the desk. “Huh?”

He released her wrists and shifted abruptly, his arms closing around her waist. Before she knew what he intended, he lifted her onto the desk.

Pam grinned. “Gonna do me on the desk?”

Rhike grinned and reached behind him. Grinning, he pulled out two long slender blades. They twirled in his palms.

Pam’s eyes narrowed with heat. “Um...what cha got there hon?” A tremor of excitement traveled through her blood stream. “Knife play huh?” A smile curled her lip.

His mouth took hers again, biting and nipping. Gently he leaned into her pressing her back.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and moaned. God, he tasted so damned good. Her back made contact with the desk, but it was so narrow that her butt was right on the edge.

From the corner of her eye she saw his hands move with blinding speed. Both knives thunked as they sunk deep into the far edges of desktop.

She blinked. "Huh?"

Rhike reached behind his neck and took hold of one of her wrists and fastened something that looked like a slender metal band around it. In a sudden move, he stretched her arm out and wrapped the band around a knife-hilt.

"Bondage?" Pam grinned. "Oh, hell yeah!" She eagerly stretched her free arm out to the other knife hilt. "Let's play!"

Rhike laughed as he bound her other wrist.

"Oh, you think it's funny?" Her eyes narrowed and she licked her lips. "I got news for you, babe, I can take anything you care to dish out!" She tugged on her bindings and discovered that he had left just enough play to allow her to rise up on her elbows, but no more.

Rhike dropped a quick kiss on her lips then stepped back. He pulled yet a long wicked blade from God knew where and showed her the glittering edge.

"Ooo, scary." Pam lifted her chin and smiled, determined to be fearless.

Rhike licked his lips and stalked toward her. He set the flat of the blade on her shoulder and caught her gaze. With the tiniest flick of his wrist, he sliced through the neck string of her bikini. The top fell, bound only at her waist.

Pam swallowed, but kept her smile.

Rhike's gaze heated and his smile broadened. The blade slid down over her bared breast to settle in the valley. His gaze dropped.

Pam followed his gaze down and barely saw the blade move. Her bathing suit top dropped to the floor.

The flat of the blade trailed downward.

Pam had to work to keep her breathing even as he caressed her stomach, then her hip with the glittering steel. Her core gave a sudden wet clench. His scare tactics were turning her on something fierce. The string to her bikini bottoms parted. She looked up.

His eyes burned her with his gaze. His hand reached out and grasped the fabric. He gave a determined yank, tearing the fabric free.

Pam sucked in an involuntary breath.

Rhike dove for her and his lips took her tight nipple in their tight and merciless grasp. His tongue lashed the taut peak as he suckled.

Pam moaned long and hard, shuddering under him.

His hand cupped her mound and his fingers explored her wet flesh.

Pam's head fell back and spread her thighs as she moaned in bliss.

He took her invitation, spearing her with a long finger. His thumb brushed her clit, back and forth.

Pam jerked under the erotic torment of his fingers and mouth. Pleasure boiled up from nowhere. Her breath caught. *Holy shit I'm gonna cum!*

He pressed her clit and bit down on her nipple.

Climax crested in a sudden and violent storm. She wailed and bucked as she came.

Rhike pulled away. He licked her cream from his palm and chuckled.

Pam sucked for air and trembled. "Proud of yourself are you?" She shot him a tight smile. "We'll I'm not done yet!"

Rhike's muscles rippled and contracted as he slowly removed his vest. His chest was incredibly broad and lightly furred with a dark line of that arrowed downward in a yummy-trail that disappeared into his waistband. His masculine nipples were hard little nubs.

"Oh yeah, now we're getting somewhere!" Pam jerked at her bindings. "Take it off baby!"

A red flame burned bright behind those whisky eyes. He unbuckled his wide leather belt and it slipped through the belt-loops with a soft insinuating hiss. He draped the belt over the desk directly in her line of vision.

Pam noted the strategically placed belt, but she was far more interested in the sculpted muscle he had bared to her hungry gaze.

The zipper came down, revealing that the dark line of masculine fur dove straight down to her prize. He grabbed his waistband and peeled out of his leathers.

And, what a prize it was. The strong column of his cock jutted out thick and upwardly curved, the engorged head was a deep rich purple.

Pam's mouth fell open. "Good God, you're huge." She let her tongue run over her dry lips as her core clenched in moist greed. Oh, she wanted that! She wanted to let her tongue circle over the swollen head of his cock. She desperately wanted to taste that pearly bead of cream at the very tip... She thought she would die from the torment. Her pussy so wet she could feel the moisture trickling down her thighs, and her clit was throbbing, but she couldn't do a damn thing to relieve her own itch. Her hands were tied. She lifted her knees and squeezed her thighs but all that did was make the ache more unbearable.

He held that massive cock in one hand stroking the length, and smiled.

"Gim'me!" Pam demanded.

Rhike shook his head no.

Pam tugged at the bands that held her pinned to the desktop. This was so not fair. Not fair at all. A full pout formed on her luscious lips. "Tease!"

Rhike abruptly turned and headed for the bed. Before Pam could think to protest he was on his way back with a tasseled tube-bolster from the bed. He strode around behind the desk.

Pam was forced to tilt her head back to see him. "What the hell are you up to now?"

Rhike set the bolster behind her and tugged her elbow, encouraging her to lie down on the desk.

Pam complied and found her head over the desk's edge with the bolster under her neck. Better yet, all she had to do was to lower her head just a smidge and his dick would be at mouth level. "Oh hell yeah, baby. Bring it on." She opened her mouth.

He brought the smooth head of his cock to her lips.

Her tongue darted out to taste the broad head. He tasted of salt and rich musk. Pam groaned as she savored him.

His hands closed on her breasts and squeezed.

She moaned as fire raced from her nipples straight to her throbbing core, and sucked strongly on his cock.

Rhike gasped softly, then pulled his cock away and grinned. He tugged on her nipples while keeping his cock out of range.

She writhed under his tormenting fingers and stuck her tongue out, reaching for him.

He brought his cock closer, but only close enough for her tongue to barely brush him, then pulled out of reach again.

This went on for several minutes until Pam was prepared to scream in frustration. "Quit teasing and give it to me, damn you!"

Rhike brought the sweet length close again and thrust forward, deep into her mouth.

Pam opened her mouth to suck him in. Her tongue circled the swollen head and began to take him deeper...and deeper. She swallowed and took him to the balls.

His eyes opened wide and he groaned with a smile of pure pleasure.

Pam nearly grinned. *Surprise stud! Bet you didn't know I was good at deep throat?*

Rhike let his head fall back. His eyes closed, and his mouth set in a firm line of pleasure as her mouth worked over him. His hips bucked and his fingers rolled her nipples as he fucked her mouth.

Pam watched his powerful thighs flex and the rhythmic swing of his plump balls. She desperately wanted to cup them in her hands and really drive him wild, but her hands were pinned to the desk. He had to be getting close; she could taste his musk on her tongue.

Suddenly he pulled from her mouth.

Pam whimpered. "Damn it, Rhike, let a girl have some fun!"

He gave her a wicked grin and stepped away.

Pam groaned. "What now?"

Rhike returned with yet another bolster.

She raised a brow. "Another pillow?"

He came to her side and released her wrists.

Pam sucked on her bottom lip. "Don't tell me you're done already?" She felt his hands on her hips.

He suddenly shoved her over with the new bolster under her belly. Her hips came over the edge with her feet braced on the carpet.

"What the...?" She came up on her elbows in surprise only to feel him catch hold of her wrist. She looked over as he refastened it to the dagger hilt. "Oh, so we're not done yet?"

He fastened the other wrist then stepped behind her.

Pam pulled on her wrists. With her feet on the floor there was a hell of a lot less play. She was stretched nearly to her limits.

His hands closed on her ass-cheeks. With one foot he separated her legs and stepped between them.

Pam's head came up and she looked over her shoulder.

Rhike licked his lips as he rubbed her ass, squeezing the firm round cheeks. His hands went low and moved up the inside of her thighs until they stopped at her already dripping pussy.

Pam groaned and writhed under his talented hands. Her body was one big pot of boiling lust. She couldn't keep still. "Baby, I don't know what you got up your sleeve, but you're driving me nuts here."

He leaned over and picked up the belt.

Pam eyed the belt in his hands and the demonic grin on his face. "And just what do you think you're going to do with that?" She pulled hard on the restraints. The bindings didn't give. She was stuck. "Ah, Shit. Why do I have a feeling that I'm about to get into serious trouble here with you?"

He moved behind her. She heard the whistle of leather then the sharp slap as it struck skin. Not her skin, but his. He had slapped his own palm.

She flinched anyway. *Damn, what have I gotten myself into?*

Two big hands came to rest on her ass then began to massage and rub, digging his fingers into her firm cheeks.

She moaned. Maybe it wasn't what she thought it was? Maybe he was just using another scare-tactic designed to get her raging hot? She writhed under his palms. If it was, it was working...

He pulled his hands away.

Her head jerked up. *Uh oh...* She heard a whistle and the slap of leather on flesh, then felt the burning line on her butt cheek. She sucked in a startled breath and arched up, more in surprise than any real pain.

Rhike groaned and swept a finger down the line of fire he'd created.

Pam hissed under his finger. "First he hits me, then he has to touch the mark." She trembled. "Great, I had to pick the sadist!"

There was another whistle followed by a sharp slap. Heat sizzled across her other butt-cheek. Pam hissed and twisted. "Shit!"

The belt whistled and slapped again, landing two strikes on each butt-cheek with unbelievable speed.

Pam yelped and twisted under the strikes, while her core pulsed with vicious and demanding hunger.

His hands close on her hot cheeks, squeezing and rubbing both welts. Rhike made a deep growling sound of animal pleasure.

The burn receded to become a different kind of heat altogether. She moaned. "Okay, so he's a sadist and my body is a pain slut." She shivered hard. "Now how the hell did he figure that one out when/ didn't even know?" Something wet and deliciously exciting slid across her burning butt. She arched and choked. "Oh shit! What the hell is that?" In surprise, she looked over her shoulder.

Rhike grinned as he swept his tongue across her ass. His mouth traced every line of where the belt had met her skin, swirling and nipping as he went.

"Damn that feels good!" Pam eagerly pressed back against his mouth. Torture, it was scrumptious decadent torture of the worse kind. "I hope you put that tongue to work where I really need it!"

He chuckled as his fingers explored the wet folds of her pussy then slid forward to find her clit. He flicked and played with the swollen numb.

She gasped. Lightning bolts of ferocious pleasure made her jerk and twitch under his dancing fingers. Excitement coiled and tightened. Two fingers slipped into her, twisting, plunging and stretching her. Her hips rolled and she pushed back onto his hand. A long finger stroked a sweet spot deep inside. White-hot streaks of pleasure radiated through out her body. She moaned, the sound coming from deep within her. The muscles of her stomach quivered. She was about to cum on his hand...

He must have felt the internal tremor because he pulled his fingers from her core.

Pam moaned in desperation. "Oh come on!"

Rhike positioned himself behind her and rubbed the head of his wide cock along her slit.

"God yes! Gimme that!" Pam groaned and pushed back as far as her bound wrists would allow.

Rhike nudged the head of his cock into her moist heat, stretching her flesh as he worked his way in.

Pam twisted and panted under him. He was big, damn big.

He stopped halfway in and his hands came around to cup her full breasts. He flicked and tweaked her nipples.

Pam screamed with both pleasure and frustration. "Damn you! Get in here and fuck me!"

Rhike laughed, and slammed all the way in, hard.

Pam gasped then moaned under his solid weight. She felt so full, he felt so hard... She shifted her hips to feel the full length and breadth of him lodged tight in her body. God in Heaven he filled her to capacity.

Rhike moaned then pulled back and slammed back in.

Pam rocked back to meet him.

He groaned and chuckled. His hands closed tight on her hips to hold her still, and he proceeded to piston into her with determination.

Pam moaned and struggled to meet his thrusts, but his hands on her hips and her bound wrists held her still for his taking.

Rhike's breathing deepened and his pace increased, plunging in deep. Again...and again...and again...

Pam felt the spasms begin low in her belly. They spread outward as a wave of intense pleasure built with such murderous strength she wasn't sure she would survive it. She whimpered. "Oh shit, I'm gonna cum!"

Rhike slipped a hand under her and pressed a finger against her clit.

Pam's breath stopped in her throat and her body went rigid. Climax blazed up her spine and exploded through her in a wildfire of delight that tore a scream from her lips.

She slumped across the desk, gasping for breath.

Rhike slammed deep into her, gasped then shouted something in a foreign tongue. He pulled back to slam in again and groaned. His cock pulsed in her cunt as he pumped her full.

Pam felt his heavy weight on her back and hot breath against her ear as her brain cleared of the red lust that had possessed her. She moaned in satisfaction. "What a wild ride..."

Rhike moved her the thick mass of her hair away from the smooth column of her neck and kissed her cheek. In a matter of seconds had her wrists free. He scooped her up off the desk and into his arms.

Pam looped her arms around his neck and grinned up at him, simply glowing with satisfaction. "Now that was a good time!"

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Warlords on the Prowl

**By Morgan Hawke & Samantha Reynolds**