



SORCERER'S LOVER

by

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Sorcerer's Lover
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The Squire

Chapter 1

Warin of Lymouth watched the procession of horses passing on the road from his perch in the tree above. Crouched perilously on the thickest branch, he leaned forward, searching the riders for the one he sought.

No, not that one. Next...no.

There!

Warin stretched as far as he could, craning his neck, watching his prey. The man he sought, Benedict, was protected, surrounded by a small but well armed group. He didn't worry about that. Though the men protecting his prey were all seasoned warriors, hired by his intended victim's father to guard him on his journey, they would offer Warin no trouble.

He watched them passing his location, his gaze fixed on Benedict the entire time. A slight afternoon breeze moved Benedict's blond hair. The guards with him were dressed in mail, but Benedict himself hadn't bothered. No doubt he believed his warriors would prevent anything from happening.

For just the briefest moment, Warin stared at the man's broad muscled back, enjoying the ripple of the material as it strained when he moved. Warin's cock perked up. Not at all convenient. He needed to help his sister Eleanor, and allowing his physical attraction for Benedict to muddle his thoughts would be unwise.

Warin's boot slipped on the branch and he struggled to regain his footing. Unfortunately, he caught the attention of the warrior riding directly behind Benedict.

"Who is there?" the man called, reining his horse to a stop.

Warin lost his struggle to stay on the branch and plummeted to the ground. He landed with a painful thud and, for just a moment, lost his breath. Face down in the dirt, he heard shouts all around him. He was abruptly turned over.

The big oaf who'd spotted him grabbed his shoulders and shook. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"Unhand him, Samson." Benedict's blond head appeared in place of the oaf's.

He was ridiculously handsome. Truth be told, Warin had never admired blond men particularly. Most fair-haired men would be nearing baldness by maturity, but Benedict's honey blond hair was rich and full. An unruly lock spilled out to cover one of his sky blue eyes. Actually, he was very nearly pretty...no...beautiful. He had high cheekbones, a perfect aquiline nose and slightly darker lashes that swept over those extraordinary eyes.

Warin sighed.

Benedict frowned. "Are you injured?"

"My lord, please allow me to handle this," the oaf protested, trying to take Benedict away.

"Pray do not accost me so, Samson."

"You are under my protection, my lord. You must allow me to take care of this knave," Samson said grimly.

Benedict shook his head. "He is unarmed and fallen. He can hardly harm me."

Warin resisted the smile that pulled at his lips. So Benedict thought him no threat? He let out a low groan and touched his head.

Benedict tsked. "You are hurt. Samson, we must take this man with us and see to his injuries."

"Absolutely not. He fell from a tree, my lord Benedict. He was no doubt up to nefarious deeds. He is not some wounded bird to be mended."

Warin decided Samson was completely tedious.

Samson grabbed Benedict by the shoulders and moved him away. He leaned back over Warin and snarled, "Who are you and why are you watching us? Hmm?"

Very well, so they weren't going to take him with them and make it a bit easier on themselves. So be it. Good strong air once more filling his lungs, Warin struggled to sit up. He glanced around quickly, taking the positions of all his opponents.

He waved his hand at Samson, flinging him violently against the nearest tree.

"Samson," Benedict gasped. He turned his wide-eyed stare to Warin. He'd lost color. "How did--"

"No time to explain, your highness. You are coming with me." Warin rose fluidly from the ground, ready to deal with the rest of Benedict's guards. Besides Samson, he'd had four other armed men. He made short work of them, knocking the heads of two of them together, rendering them unconscious, and then sending the other two into nearby trees.

Benedict scrambled on the ground, backing away from Warin, and reached for the sword at his side.

"I cannot let you do that, your highness." Warin slipped his hand into a hidden pocket of his doublet and removed a small wooden container. "You won't be in here for long, and there are holes so you will be able to breathe."

"What?"

Warin shrugged and threw a dark green powder on Benedict. It didn't take long. The absolute shock on his prey's face when he started shrinking was worth all the trouble he'd had to go through to get up into the tree.

"You don't want to run, your highness. I am the only one who can bring you back to your normal size." He reached down and picked up the inches high prince. Opening the wooden box, he carefully placed the little man inside and closed the lid.

* * * *

Benedict woke with a strange lightheadedness. For a moment he didn't know where he was. Couldn't recall anything. He lay on a bed. When he tried to sit up, he realized his arms were restrained.

"You're awake."

Benedict tugged at the shackles locked to his wrists. It started to come back to him. Samson and the others were escorting him home and then...

"Fight all you want, you can't get out of those."

Lord, he was naked, too. Benedict stared at his bare flesh, lit by what seemed to be dozens of wall sconces. Yet where was the voice coming from?

"You might be a little dizzy still. It takes some adjustment to come back from that particular spell."

Benedict blinked, and his head hurt. Spell? Then he really had been shrunk? And his men... Had they been killed?

"I'm not going to hurt you, your highness."

That man. He'd fallen from the tree. A dark angel. But not an angel. Something far more sinister.

"I'm...I'm not a prince," Benedict whispered, finding his voice, seeming to speak to no one.

"You are the king's son."

"A bastard son only."

"Ah, but you are infinitely more than that to the king. You are well-favored."

Benedict shook his head. "Who are you? Why do you hide yourself and where are my men and my...clothes?"

For several moments, a low rumbling chuckle was his only answer.

There was movement by the door, but still Benedict could see no one there. "What trickery is this?"

"I know not the current whereabouts of your men. Or whether they live to tell of their failure to protect you. If they did survive, no doubt your father will see to their execution. They are no longer a concern to you, your highness. As for your clothes...you do not need them for what I have in mind. You are my prisoner and are mine to do with as I please."

Benedict's heartbeat raced. He swallowed the lump of fear forming in his throat.

"As for who I am, your highness? We met once, though I think you do not recall me. It was a year ago at your father's court."

Benedict tried to remember meeting the dark angel who'd fallen from the tree, then attacked them. He would have thought he would recollect a man that handsome. Before the attack, Benedict had been thrown by the masculine beauty of the man.

Though most of his life he'd resisted his attraction to men, Benedict hadn't been able to prevent his cock from growing half-hard just looking at the man. Dark curly hair, soulful dark eyes with impossibly long lashes, the man from the tree had instantly reminded him of a fallen angel. Only now, it was clear just how far the angel had fallen. The devil's apprentice, no doubt. Had he been able, Benedict would have crossed himself.

"Think, your highness. Think hard. You had much to drink that night and in a dark hidden corner you allowed..."

Benedict gasped. The memory came rushing back, flooding his already pained brain. He had been drinking heavily, and when he'd been approached by a hooded, faceless stranger, had not resisted.

The man had undone his braies, taken Benedict's cock and stroked him until he was so hard he could not stand it. Then the stranger knelt before him and took Benedict's erect length into his mouth.

"You!"

Moaning, Benedict closed his eyes against the memory. His skin flushed with his shame.

"Ah, you remember now, your highness. I remember, too. How wonderful you tasted. The way you released in my mouth. Your knees gave out and I had to hold you up against the wall."

Benedict clenched his eyelids shut, feeling the betrayal of his own cock as it lengthened and hardened. He was in hell and the voice was his tormentor.

"You are my plaything now, your highness. At least until your father pays the ransom I seek for your return."

"Where are you? Why can't I see you?" Benedict asked.

"I am here, beside you, my prince." The rich, deep voice came from directly next to him. Benedict jumped. A hand that could not be there--he did not see one--touched his thigh with a warm feather touch. His balls tightened.

Lips touched his, though he could see nothing. They pressed down, opening his mouth, a tongue engaging his.

Lord.

Against his will, Benedict's hips rose, straining for the invisible hand to touch him. The hand cupped his balls, squeezing.

Benedict gasped. The lips bruised his, the tongue tangling with his. The hand moved to his cock.

"Don't," he pleaded desperately.

The hand didn't listen and instead started stroking his erection. He heard himself whimper low in his throat.

The invisible lips moved to his throat, nipping at his pulse. He trembled all over. It wouldn't take long for him to climax. He tried to fight it. The man imprisoning him had

probably killed his guards. Would try to get a ransom out of his father. And yet...his body reacted. It was maddening.

Now there were two hands working his cock and balls, tugging, stroking. Benedict panted and lifted his ass.

"Yes," the deep voice murmured next to his ear.

He closed his eyes as his balls tightened, unable to stop the orgasm from coming. Stiffening, he came with a low moan.

Benedict felt the hands lifting his hips and rubbing up the semen that had spilled all over. He'd never been entered in the ass. Tensing, he shook his head rapidly.

"Please...no. Stop."

The air in the room stilled. For several heartbeats, Benedict could sense great sorrow and intense pain coming from the presence. Something...someone shifted on the bed.

Benedict's breath caught in his throat. Agony, raw and fierce shuddered through the room. His whole body shook.

The door of the room opened and closed and the wall sconces all extinguished at once.

The wrenching sorrow that had permeated the room only moments before vanished. He was alone and nude in the dark.

* * * *

Warin dropped to the floor outside the closed door, allowing his body to shimmer into view once more. Drenched with sweat, he leaned forward, resting his head against his knees.

Ever since his sister had been abducted, Warin had tried to find a way to rescue her. At first, he thought his sorcery would be no match for the knave who'd dared capture Eleanor. But the fortress where Eleanor was held proved to be more impenetrable than Warin imagined.

He had resorted to thievery, but that also proved too slow and unsuccessful. When it had occurred to Warin that he needed to ransom someone for the coins to save Eleanor, his mind had immediately thought of Benedict. Soon no other would do for his captive. Over several weeks, he had plotted the abduction of the young prince, and had finally succeeded.

Convinced he could make Benedict want him much as he had at court, Warin had set out to seduce the young prince. Yes, his highness had achieved release, but not willingly. He'd fought it. Fought Warin.

He could not--would not resort to force. No matter how much he wanted Benedict. His plea for Warin to stop had been like cold water dashed upon him.

"Sorcerer?"

Warin looked up at the old servant who stood at the end of the long hallway frowning in concern. "I am well, Jonas. I just need a moment. Bring food to my guest. No doubt he is hungry."

Chapter 2

Benedict was glad to be free of the shackles.

Earlier a servant--Jonas was his name--had unlocked his restraints and brought him food. A thick sort of porridge that tasted better than it looked. He'd also been given some mint leaves to chew to freshen his breath. Afterward, to Benedict's relief, Jonas had left without relocking the chains.

He searched the room for some weapon he might use on his captor or some means of escape. Being naked didn't help. He was loathe to attempt climbing down the wall from the window bare-assed. If he perchance fell in his escape, his broken nude body would be on display for all to see.

Peering out the window at the ground below, Benedict leaned out, assessing the situation. He doubted he could scale it anyway. He'd been good at climbing trees as a boy and he'd even climbed an occasional boulder, but it appeared his cell was quite far from the ground below.

Straightening from the window, he glanced around the rest of the room. Of course the fiend...the magician or alchemist or whatever he was...had taken his sword and dagger. And his men.

Hell. He was in quite the predicament. When his father had appeared anxious for his safety on his travels, Benedict had assured the king he had naught to fear. Though he would not reach twenty-one winters until December, Benedict was certain he could take care of himself. Had he not been trained by the finest knights? Among them the king's legitimate sons. His father had insisted on sending a small army of warriors on a journey Benedict typically would have taken by himself.

The result? The men sent were likely dead or would be as his captor hinted once their failure became known by his sire. And he...well he was being held prisoner naked by a man who could make himself invisible.

Benedict allowed himself a touch of arrogance in perhaps thinking he would have made less of a target alone. But what was done could not be undone.

The king, naturally, had enough coins to pay whatever ransom this man sought. If he were so inclined. Benedict was held in somewhat high favor, but his father had a volatile temper and could decide to let Benedict's captivity linger.

His traitorous cock rose at such an idea. In truth, he could not deny he was attracted to the knave. As soon as the man had fallen from the tree, Benedict merely looked at him and got hard. He had just the sort of dark, smoldering looks Benedict seemed destined to be attracted by.

Benedict let out a shaky breath, thinking about the things the magician did to his body. He wondered if perhaps the man had used some sort of spell to make him so hard. But no, Benedict could no longer deny he was attracted to men, though he had tried before. 'Twas not the usual way of things. Men swived with women. If his sire knew of his secret desires...

Benedict tried not to think on it. He did not act on those forbidden desires frequently, though. There was that time his captor mentioned at court. And a few times when he had experimented with touching another man's cock. He'd been ashamed after.

Hearing a noise at the door, like a key being inserted into the lock, Benedict's gaze searched for something with which he could hide his nakedness. There was no covering for the bed, only the cloth sheet tucked under the mattress.

The door creaked open and Benedict expected to see the servant. His heart hammered loudly and painfully in his chest when instead in the doorway stood his captor.

* * * *

"I see you are up, my prince." Warin glanced down at the prince's erection. His lips quirked. "In more ways than one."

Benedict blushed and put his hands in front of his cock. "I--"

Warin waved his hand dismissively. "No need to cover yourself on my account, your highness." He closed the door and locked it from the inside. He slipped the key into an inside pocket of his shirt.

"Where are my clothes?"

Warin smiled. "I burned them."

Benedict gasped.

"Or perhaps not. You may get them back at some point or then again...who knows."
Warin shrugged. "I know you do not need them here just now."

Benedict shifted slightly and then glared, his crystal blue eyes growing cold. "You have me at a decided disadvantage."

"That is the general idea. But do not fear, for what happens next we both will be naked."
Warin's own cock tightened against his braies. Damn, he wanted the prince. He would have him this time. He would seduce Benedict until the young prince begged to be taken.

"What do you mean?" Benedict backed up a step, but he was against a wall and could not move away any farther.

Warin crossed the room separating them, but left a small space between them. Still he reached out and touched Benedict's jaw.

"You do not need to fear me, your highness. My intent is not to harm you."

Benedict looked uncertain, though he did not try to push Warin's touch away. "You attacked my guards."

Warin nodded. "They were in the way of what I desired."

"What you desired?"

"Aye, you, Benedict. I have been plotting your abduction for some time. There are many of wealth around, so if it were only about the coins I would receive by way of ransom I would as soon abduct someone less renowned."

Not entirely true. Warin had always been one to stand on the edge of a cliff, leaning forward just far enough to shock and frighten those around him. Despite his words to Benedict he would never pick a simple captive, saving Eleanor notwithstanding.

Benedict frowned. "Then you are not after a ransom?"

Warin laughed. "Nay, I do want the coins. But abducting *you* has other benefits."

The prince blushed a dark red and glanced away. "How did you know?" he whispered.

Warin's hand clasped the back of Benedict's head, bringing them both within only inches of each other. "That you prefer the touch of other men?"

He nodded, meeting Warin's eyes with his own tortured gaze. For just a moment, Warin wished he could take the torment away from Benedict. *Foolish*. He did not usually allow tender emotions to rule him.

"I did not know exactly when first I saw you at your father's court," Warin admitted, gently massaging Benedict's neck muscles. "I could not keep my eyes off you. I watched you from afar for days, craving you."

Benedict trembled but said nothing.

"Because I watched you so closely," Warin continued, "I began to notice you admired not the graceful curves of the court's maidens, but the lord and knights on display. And so I came upon you in that dark corner."

"You are a bold one," Benedict said. "Why did you not make yourself known to me then instead of hiding beneath a hood?"

It was a good question and one Warin didn't have an easy answer for. Mostly he'd had no intention of renewing his acquaintance with Benedict at the time. He had been there to obtain coins, not become involved with someone unattainable like the prince. He shrugged. "We do not mix in the same circles. I was an uninvited guest and I was trying to remain inconspicuous." Warin sighed. "I had to be one step ahead of the palace guards who'd been alerted to my trespassing. I dared not linger in any one place for long and certainly could not make an introduction."

"Why were you there?" Benedict whispered, hesitantly moving closer to Warin, even as Warin slipped a hand down between their bodies. Just a little more distraction and he would have his prize.

"I went with another who brought me along for my skills in sorcery. Our plan was for me to cast spells upon the courtiers and then we would steal their treasures," Warin admitted. His lips were less than an inch from the prince's lips now, though he did not yet taste them.

"Did you?"

Warin traced the softness of Benedict's thigh, his fingers barely brushing the prince's hard shaft. His own cock pressed painfully against his braies.

"No. The other man had not the stomach for the plan after all and left me stranded there. I think he realized the guards watched us. After I touched you in that corner I made my way out of there also. I dared not linger, though I wished I could." Warin's fingers closed around the tip of Benedict's cock, one fingertip running along the slit. "I know that it is said all too often, your highness, but your beauty robs my breath from my lungs."

"I..." Benedict bit his bottom lip, moaned low in his throat.

"You are more beautiful than an angel."

Benedict shook his head. "You speak blasphemy."

Warin smiled, and darted his tongue out to touch the corner of Benedict's mouth. Below, his hand stroked up and down the length of the prince's cock. "Mayhap it is blasphemy, but there is truth in it nonetheless."

His tongue ran along the seam of Benedict's lips, urging him to part them. "I want to taste you, your highness."

Benedict opened his mouth, allowing Warin entrance. The inside of the prince's mouth was warm and Warin tasted mint.

The kiss continued for a few moments, during which Warin continued to stroke Benedict's shaft. Benedict allowed himself to be touched and kissed but remained passive.

Warin broke the kiss and released the prince's cock. He took several steps away and went to a side table and poured himself a goblet of mulled wine Jonas had brought in earlier. Out of the corner of his eye, he watched Benedict blinking rapidly, looking around the room uncertainly.

He poured a second goblet and held it toward the prince, but stayed where he was. He wanted Benedict to come to him.

Benedict glanced down at his erection, his face a distinct red, then back at Warin, but he did not move.

"I have already assured you I do not intend to harm you, your highness. I do not seek to poison you with wine." Warin offered the goblet again.

Benedict smiled a little and inclined his head. "I'm sure you will forgive me when I say that I doubt the word of a sorcerer who has already managed to cast spells upon me and abduct me."

Warin lifted the goblet meant for Benedict to his own lips and took a large swallow of the spiced drink.

Benedict exhaled long and low. After taking the few steps to reach Warin, he clasped the goblet around the stem and tried to pull it from Warin's grasp, but Warin held on to it.

When Benedict looked questioningly at him, Warin raised the goblet to Benedict's lips, both of their hands still holding it. Benedict took a sip of the offered wine.

"Do you know there are some who believe when two drink from that particular goblet they are bonded for all eternity?" Warin set it on the table. He linked his fingers with the prince's.

Benedict laughed nervously. "You are making that up."

Warin smiled and brought the other man's hand to his lips, placing a chaste kiss on his knuckles. "Mayhap. But you cannot be certain." He glanced at the bolted door. "Shall I leave or would you rather I stay?"

"I thought you intended to stay."

"I want to," Warin admitted. "I want to make love to you on that bed until my name is all you have the strength to say. Until you shudder and scream your release so many times you have failed to keep track. Until you beg me to cease and then beg me to begin again."

Benedict's sky blue eyes widened and darkened, his fair lashes descending to cover them for a heartbeat's time. When he looked at Warin again there was a new awareness and need in their depths.

He squeezed Warin's fingers. "I would like you to stay and show me what it is like to be with another man."

Chapter 3

Benedict could hardly believe those words had just come out of his own mouth. Worse, he meant them. He wanted to lie with this dark-haired devil. His gaze shot to the goblet, wondering if there was something in the spiced wine after all. His cock ached to be touched once more.

"I do not even know your name," he said, all the while watching as the other man sat upon the bed to remove his ankle boots.

"Warin."

"Warin," Benedict repeated, tasting the odd familiarity of it, the sense of rightness. His whole body shook with anticipation. This man had abducted him, demanded a ransom from his sire, and still he wanted him. He should be ashamed, but he wasn't. He ought to be afraid, but he wasn't. Not exactly. Not enough to prevent the desire, anyway.

He was still a little wary, though. Though he'd done a bit of touching and kissing with other men, he'd not had intercourse with one. For that he'd been with women only. And not very many of those either.

Besides, Warin, with his strange powerful magic, was a bit frightening. Benedict didn't know if Samson and the others had been killed and, in truth, he didn't know if he, himself, would survive.

Abductions for ransom were fairly common, Benedict realized that. Most nobles were considered wealthy and with large purses plum for the taking. Generally speaking, once the ransom coins had been provided, the victim was released unharmed. There were always exceptions, though. At least Benedict heard it was so.

Warin stood up, and as he reached for the hem of his shirt to pull off over his head, Benedict watched his every move. Warin's stomach rippled with muscles, and his chest and shoulders were broad.

Benedict bit his lip. "Are you a warrior?"

Warin glanced at him, his fingers pausing at his braies. "Why do you ask?"

"You have a warrior's body."

The other man nodded. "I have fought with swords and axes in the past. I've discovered magic to be more effective in dispatching enemies, however."

At the reminder of Warin's frightening abilities, Benedict moved away from the bed and picked up the goblet. He took a large, fortifying swallow.

When he turned back to face Warin, the man had finished removing his clothing and stood in full glorious nudity. Benedict could not help but stare. During the last few years of touching the cocks of a handful of men, he'd seen a few of them completely naked. None of them, however, compared to Warin.

One thing Benedict noted was that Warin's skin was olive-toned, certainly not the fair skin he, himself, had. Every part of Warin was masculine and powerful. Jutting out between Warin's muscular thighs was a large, thick and very erect cock.

Warin held out his hand. "Your highness?"

Benedict set the goblet on the table and took the two or three steps to where Warin stood next to the bed. He grasped the offered hand and Warin pulled him close.

Warin used his free hand to run his long fingers through Benedict's blond locks. He brought his lips close to Benedict's, but did not yet kiss him. "Are you certain this is what you want?"

"Yes, only..."

"Only?" Warin prodded, his breath touching Benedict's face. "You are worried I have placed some herb or root in the wine to entice you to my will?"

Benedict swallowed. "Yes, how did you know?"

Warin smiled. "You are easy to read, your highness. There was naught but simple spiced wine in the cup."

"But the cup..."

"I have told you of its history. What I told you about the bonding is true. Whether there is truth or myth to it, only you can decide." Warin pressed his mouth to Benedict's.

Benedict gave himself to the kiss, opening his lips and letting his tongue tangle with the other man's. It was heady and exciting to be kissing another man. *This* man. He moaned low and returned Warin's kiss with eagerness.

Warin lowered them to the bed without breaking the contact of their mouths. His hands moved up and down Benedict's arms, caressing, sending jolts of desire through Benedict.

Benedict's own hands began to roam around the sleek muscles of Warin's body. He was surprised to find the other man's heated skin both soft and firm at the same time. He cupped Warin's buttocks, loving the tight muscles there.

"Mmm," Warin said against his mouth. He rose up a little and gazed into Benedict's eyes. "That begs the question."

Benedict frowned. "What question?"

"Do you want me to fuck you or you to fuck me?" Warin's grin was wicked and sensual and went straight to Benedict's cock.

"I... I hadn't really thought about that," Benedict whispered, his body trembling with need. "Well, I have, but not my fucking you. Have you? I mean, could I?"

"Lord, you're adorable when you blush," Warin said, kissing his jaw. "Yes to everything. We can do what we want, Benedict. You just need to choose."

Benedict blinked. It was difficult to think clearly while Warin traced circles around his nipples.

"Mayhap it will be easier if I tell you it is not really a choice of which one we do, but rather a choice of which one we do first. We will do both."

Benedict's balls tightened at Warin's husky voice. "Then...I want you to enter me."

Warin's brown eyes darkened and he rubbed his erection against Benedict. "Excellent choice, your highness."

In truth, Benedict generally discouraged such a title as he was not a legitimate member of the royal family. But there was something about the way Warin said "your highness" he liked. A lot. Like an endearment.

He pulled Warin's head down to him so their lips met. Anticipation soared through him, heating his blood. While before when he was shackled and could not see Warin he'd been frightened, the fear was gone and replaced with a growing need for the intimacy of joining their bodies.

"Scoot up," Warin urged after they'd spent a few breathless moments kissing.

"What?"

"Scoot up on the bed." Warin gently pushed Benedict to show him what he meant.

Benedict headed for the top of the bed, all the while wondering what Warin had in mind. He didn't have to long to wait either, for Warin placed his hands on either side of Benedict's buttocks and tilted him up toward the other man's mouth.

Benedict tensed when Warin's tongue darted into his entrance. "Ahhh."

"Hush, relax. It's not going to hurt," Warin assured him. "You're going to like it."

The whispered words against his ass tickled and Benedict squirmed a little. Then all thoughts of tickling and getting away flew out of his head when Warin's tongue stabbed into him over and over, wetting his entrance thoroughly. The sensations tingled through his entire body and his ass pushed closer to Warin's mouth of its own free will.

"Oh, my God," he exclaimed.

Laughter rumbled from Warin's chest, but he continued licking and sucking Benedict's hole. He inched a hand up to clasp around Benedict's throbbing hard cock.

Benedict almost came then, wasn't sure how he managed to stop himself. Nothing he had done with the other men felt like this. He dug his fists into the bed, spreading his legs farther to give Warin deeper access.

Without removing his tongue from Benedict's ass, Warin inserted a finger. The finger probed and stretched the opening.

"More," Benedict gasped.

Another of Warin's fingers obliged, both slipping past the ring of muscle, pushing in freely.

Benedict shook, his balls tightening, an orgasm tingling up his spine. Fluid splashed his stomach.

Warin continued thrusting the two fingers and he moved up to lick the liquid from Benedict. His mouth closed over the head, drawing it in.

"Ahh," Benedict moaned. His cock was already half erect again.

Warin worked the shaft in deeper, sucking it down his throat. Benedict thought he would go mad with the sensations flowing through his body. The thrusting in his ass, the fucking of Warin's mouth. He was screaming and he knew it. Or his throat knew it, for it pained him, but he couldn't seem to keep from crying out.

It seemed as though hands were all over his body and mouths, too. Kissing, tasting, touching every part of him. It was not possible, was it? And yet, he could not deny that at the same time as Warin's mouth sucked on his cock, Benedict felt a tongue flicking at his

nipples, then a mouth at the pulse on his neck. Hands caressing his biceps, his jaw, his calves. Everywhere.

He trembled with every touch, every taste, close to releasing again.

"Warin," he screamed, his throat raw.

His tormentor released his throbbing shaft with a popping noise and then he hovered over Benedict, kissing and nipping his lips. Benedict kissed back, on fire, desperate for more.

He reached between them, seeking Warin's cock, wanting to feel the other man. His fingers closed around the thickness. His reward was a sharp intake of breath from Warin.

"Hmm, feel good?" Benedict asked, his tongue fencing with Warin's, his hand stroking along the length of the cock.

"Beyond good," Warin admitted. "But not as good as it's going to feel inside you."

"I want to suck you."

Warin smiled, his dark eyes shining bright. "In due time, my prince. The first time tonight will be in your ass."

Benedict shook.

"Does that shock you?"

"A little. But what shocks me more is how much I want that, too," Benedict whispered. "I don't even know you. I don't know anything about you at all. Not even your age."

"I'm twenty-six winters."

Benedict nodded. "The truth is, you scare me a little. A lot. And I shouldn't want you, but I do. It makes me wonder if you have cast some spell on me, and yet I can't seem to care if you have."

Warin didn't reply, but ran his finger across Benedict's jaw. Then he kissed him briefly before pulling back and making a face.

"What?"

"Ointment. We need ointment."

Benedict frowned. "For what?"

"Can you not think of why?" Warin grinned wickedly. "It will make my entering you smoother."

Benedict's face flamed. "Oh."

"I have some in the other room I bought from a wandering trader, but I am too lazy to fetch it." Warin grimaced. "I could call for Jonas."

Benedict's hand froze in the middle of stroking Warin's erection. He shook his head. "No. No, Warin."

Warin laughed. "Why not?"

"I do not want him to know what...why..."

Warin kissed him. "Very well." He reached behind his back and a moment later produced a small vial. "Here."

Benedict stared, swallowing the lump that formed in his throat. "How...how did you do that?"

"I cannot explain my abilities, Benedict."

"Have you always had them?"

"Yes."

"And your parents?"

Warin stiffened and looked away, and Benedict didn't think he would answer. "My mother was from Italy."

"That explains your coloring."

"Aye. I do not believe she had any abilities. She was very religious and I never talked with her or shared with her what I could do. She would have been frightened." Warin sighed. "Most people fear magic, your highness. They believe it comes from evil. It is the dark arts. Those that know what I can do believe I am a Satan worshiper."

Benedict met his gaze. "Are you?"

"No."

"And your father?"

He shrugged. "He died when I was young. I don't remember him. He was a warrior and died in a battle. Anyway, I have learned it is better to keep to myself because of it. I trust few...only Jonas and my sister."

Benedict's heart tightened in his chest. "I'm sorry. You must be very lonely."

"I don't want to talk anymore. I want to be inside you. I want to make you scream like before."

Benedict almost argued with him. He heard the loneliness in his voice, saw the hint of despair in his face. He wanted to reach out to Warin. If only he could know whether his feelings were genuine or something Warin had created with magic.

Warin dipped his fingers in the small vial and then handed the vial to Benedict. "Take some and rub it on my cock."

Benedict did what he was told with eagerness. He covered his fingers generously and then reached for Warin's shaft, rubbing the ointment all over the length, enjoying the velvety softness of the other man's shaft.

Warin groaned, pushing his erection against Benedict's stroking fingers. Abruptly he pulled away and re-inserted two fingers in Benedict's ass.

"Ahh." Benedict raised his hips, spreading open for Warin.

Warin pressed his erection at Benedict's entrance, searching the other man's gaze. "All right?"

"Yes, please."

Slowly, Warin entered him, taking his time, stopping at the ring of muscle. "Relax a little," he urged.

Benedict relaxed his muscles, feeling Warin's cock pushing past the obstacle. He exhaled, getting used to the feel of his ass being full.

"Warin," he moaned.

Warin thrust in all the way, balls deep. He looked down at Benedict, their gazes meeting. He smiled and began to move within.

Benedict clung to him, wrapping his legs around Warin's waist. The sensation he was being kissed and touched everywhere returned and he decided not to over think it. It was wonderful.

He reached for his own cock and stroked it as Warin pumped into him. Fluid had already appeared on his tip and he rubbed it in.

Warin thrust faster, tilting Benedict's ass until he hit a spot that made Benedict wild. He did it again and Benedict yelled. Semen splashed between them as his release rocked through him.

Warin linked their hands above Benedict's head, slamming into his lover's body again and again.

"Benedict," he cried, thrusting hard and quick, emptying into Benedict.

Benedict didn't mind when Warin collapsed on him, breathing heavily. He wrapped his arms around the sorcerer. His racing heart pounded his chest and he was too lethargic to move.

He stroked Warin's hair. It was amazingly soft and luxurious. This closeness, this intimacy had been more than he could have imagined, more than he could have wanted.

And when he could move...he wanted to do it again.

Chapter 4

"The view really is amazing," Benedict commented, leaning over the battlements the next afternoon.

Warin smiled, coming up behind him. "I told you."

He gazed out over the castle's grounds. The day had started out beautiful, but now the sky had clouded over. Warin suspected it would rain soon.

So far everything was going well. That morning when they'd awakened, Warin had entered the young prince again. He'd discovered Benedict was a very responsive lover. He could definitely get used to having the man in his bed.

Unfortunately, when Benedict's father paid the ransom Warin would have no choice but to release him. His heart unexpectedly ached over the thought.

Though it had been true he needed the ransom paid for Benedict to pay Eleanor's captor for her release, the moment he abducted the prince more than mere duty to his sister had been engaged. Actually since catching sight of Benedict at court his thoughts strayed more often than not to him.

Warin believed in fate. Someone with his abilities had to believe in some fanciful notions. Therefore, he believed it possible having to find a way to save Eleanor, seeing Benedict at court and learning his exact identity had all been part of a greater plan.

Even before drinking from the mythical goblet with Benedict, Warin felt a strange pull for his highness.

Mythical?

Warin now had his doubts about that. His feelings for Benedict grew with each passing minute. He did not want to have to turn Benedict over to his rescuers. Wanted to keep him with him. *Always*. He could not. He would have to do what was expected of him and release Benedict.

And then he would leave this place, this castle. It was not his anyway, but one Jonas had found for their purposes. Abandoned in a previous conflict, parts of the old castle crumbled around them. Only the section they occupied had been undamaged.

Warin suspected there might be a price upon his head when the ransom was paid. The king would not take the abduction of his son, illegitimate or not, lightly. He and Jonas would have to make their escape and quickly.

He did not know where he would go next, once Eleanor's rescue had been secured. Warin had no permanent home. He was never welcome anywhere for long.

Though he did not look forward to losing contact with Benedict, Warin could not see any way around that. If there had been any other reliable way to secure the coins needed to rescue his sister from her abductor, Warin would have found that way. Ransom seemed more honorable than thievery. And he'd tried being a thief and discovered the plain truth that he wasn't good at it. He did not wish to spend his remaining days locked in the Tower.

It had taken him but a moment to decide who he wanted to abduct. Only Benedict would do. The man he'd boldly brought to orgasm in the corner at the palace. A man who inspired such passion in Warin with mere excited gasps. Warin almost dismissed it as too risky given the close connection Benedict had to the king. But the more he turned the idea over and over in his head, the more he wanted Benedict as his captive.

"'Tis a shame this castle has been abandoned," Benedict commented. He turned to look at Warin. "What is its history?"

Warin shrugged. "I am not entirely certain. I believe it was destroyed in a siege many years ago. Jonas knows more."

Benedict folded his arms across his chest and bit his lip. "Is he...is Jonas your lover?"

"Jonas?" He laughed at that. "No, your highness. I have known him since I was a small child. He and my mother were lovers. He is a father figure to me."

Benedict blushed but looked pleased to hear the news. "I only wondered."

The rain Warin thought would begin arrived with a faint misting. He supposed the prince would rather go inside, but Warin wanted to stay on the battlements a while longer.

He stepped close to Benedict and leaned in to kiss him. Benedict returned his kiss, opening his mouth to allow Warin's tongue to slip in.

Warin wrapped his arms around the other man's waist and pulled him up against him, letting his hard cock rub against Benedict.

Benedict moaned, but then pushed a little at Warin's shoulders. He broke the kiss. "We should return to the bed."

"Nay. No one can see us here," Warin assured him. "There is no one to see actually."

Benedict glanced around. "Are you certain?"

"Do you see anyone?"

"No," Benedict whispered. His fair skin had turned a dark red, but Warin also saw the glint of excitement in his blue eyes. "The rain?"

Warin laughed. "Are you frightened of a little mist, your highness? We will heat each other out here and then we can go back inside and warm by the fire."

The prince did his lip biting again, but this time he did not protest further. He pushed Warin against the wall and knelt before him. "I will taste you this time."

He closed his eyes and let Benedict inch his braies and hose down his hips and to his knees. Cool misting air touched his cock.

It excited him to be intimate there where they could be seen if anyone had been around. Warin had a desire to be watched while swiving. He had not yet fulfilled that desire. Some day. But he found he wanted others to watch him with Benedict.

A futile wish, Warin thought, just as the young prince's mouth engulfed his shaft.

"Ah, God," he cried, his knees nearly buckling. He grabbed Benedict's head, urging him to take more of his throbbing cock. Warin was amazed when Benedict opened his throat muscles and took him all the way in. "Sweet mother."

Benedict continued his assault on Warin's cock while his hand crept around to Warin's buttocks. With no warning, Benedict shoved a finger all the way in Warin's ass.

"Ouch." He swatted Benedict's head and moved away from the probing finger.

Benedict released Warin's cock and grinned sheepishly. "Sorry. I meant to insert it slowly, but well..."

Warin grimaced at the burning sensation. "Next time moisten your finger a bit."

The other man nodded eagerly. Benedict turned Warin around to where his ass was directly in front of Benedict's face. Warin heard a sucking noise and then two fingers slowly entered his hole.

"Is that better?" Benedict asked, his voice anxious.

Warin moaned when Benedict touched that sweet spot. "Yes, better. Definitely better."

Benedict let out a shaky breath. "What we spoke of last night?"

"Hmm?" He pushed out his ass, seeking deeper penetration.

"I would like to try it the other way now," Benedict said, his voice whisper soft. He spoke so close to Warin, he felt Benedict's breath across his cheeks.

Potent lust speared through Warin. His balls tightened painfully. Not trusting himself to speak, he gave a simple nod.

The prince stood and Warin heard him push down his own braies and hose. Benedict's erection poked along the line separating Warin's cheeks. Warm, muscular arms wrapped around his chest, drawing his back against the other man. Benedict nuzzled the pulse at his throat.

"I don't have the ointment," Benedict murmured.

"Aye, you do. In the inside pocket of your shirt."

Benedict went rigid, but put his hand into the pocket and withdrew the vial. "Did...was this..."

His voice trailed off uncertainly, but Warin knew what he asked. Knew the meaning of the fearful question. He was used to doubts and horror at his powers, yet sometimes it still stung. He shook off the sorrow, not wanting to mar their time together.

"No. I slipped it in there this morning when I handed it to you to dress," Warin explained.

"Oh." And then Benedict laughed a little nervously. "I hope you have more ointment than this. We will need more."

Warin closed his eyes, trying not to let such words hurt. They were spoken in hope, that they would have much more time together, time to use many vials of such ointment. Only Warin knew it would not be so. The ransom would be paid and soon, he suspected. Their time was nearly done. His heart constricted. He had not meant to care so much.

And because he could not think of one casual or flippant thing to say in response, Warin didn't answer.

Benedict parted his cheeks and the fingers that had earlier probed him returned slicked with ointment. The ointment felt cold going in and together with the rain, which had begun to fall heavier, Warin shivered.

It had been a while since Warin had allowed someone to enter him. Several months at least, mayhap longer. It was an intimacy he rarely allowed. But with Benedict it was different. Everything was different.

He braced his arms on the stone wall and spread his legs to give Benedict better access.

The prince leaned close to his ear and whispered, "Ready?"

"Oh, definitely." Warin turned his head to glance at Benedict.

Benedict oiled up his erection and returned the vial of ointment to the inner pocket of his shirt, shoving it out of his way. He flashed a beautiful smile, a dimple appearing in the corner of his mouth.

"Do it," Warin urged.

The prince poised his cock at Warin's entrance. He moaned low in his throat as he pushed the tip in.

Warin felt him tremble. "All the way, your highness."

Benedict thrust past the ring of muscle and then in the rest of the way, to the balls. He pulled all the way out and pushed in again, hitting that spot.

"Oh, God," Warin groaned, clutching the wall.

Benedict slammed in and out, over and over, hitting the particular spot every time.

The rain poured down hard now, drenching them. Neither of them thought to protest. The prince grabbed Warin's hips, his fingers digging in, and his thrusts harder and faster.

Warin felt his balls tighten. An orgasm tickled his spine. He was going to release even without touching his own cock.

"Warin," Benedict whispered, leaning over to suck at the pulse of Warin's throat. He nipped and suckled, causing a sharp bit of pain. Warin knew he'd have a mark when next he checked his reflection in the looking glass.

Thick, white liquid splashed out of Warin's cock, splattering the wall. He screamed his release even as Benedict shouted his name, speeding up, emptying into Warin.

For a long time they stayed the way they were. Benedict still joined with Warin. Both of them panting, letting the rain wash over them. They were both loathe to lose the intimacy.

Benedict rested his face against Warin's back. His lashes fluttering on his bare skin.

A flash of lightning in the distance finally brought them out of their contentment. The prince withdrew and straightened. Warin sighed.

"I suppose it is time to go back inside," he said wistfully.

"Aye, the storm is worsening." Benedict's blond hair was plastered against his skull. His wet shirt clung to him. "I admit I am getting a little chilled. A little hungry, too."

Warin grabbed the back of his head and pulled him in for a deep kiss. "Then let us warm ourselves by the fire and break our fast."

They quickly adjusted their clothing, then he allowed Benedict to precede him down the winding stairwell just so he could watch the young prince's great ass.

Chapter 5

"Sorcerer, might I have a quick word?" Jonas waited for them at the bottom of the stairwell leading from the battlements.

Warin forced an easy smile. "Of course. Your highness, go back to the bedchamber. I'll be just a moment."

The old man spoke, "There's a nice fire going in there, your highness. And some fresh, dry clothing should you wish to change."

Benedict nodded. "Thank you."

Warin waited for Benedict to disappear around the corner before turning to Jonas. "Well?"

"A messenger has arrived," Jonas whispered. "Sent on ahead of the rest of the party. The ransom will be paid tomorrow."

For just a moment it felt as though he'd been speared through the stomach. Foolish. Warin knew the ransom would be paid. No one would let Benedict stay a captive for long.

Jonas watched him. "This is welcome news, is it not? For Eleanor's sake?"

The coins were needed. They had to have them. "Aye, of course."

"All will be well, Sorcerer. With the ransom for the prince we can at last rescue your sister."

Guilt washed over him. He was being selfish. Thinking only of himself and the loss of Benedict when his sister needed his help. This had been the plan all along.

"Warin..." Jonas hesitated, looking as though he wished to question him further. Jonas had not wanted him to resort to abducting someone of their own. They'd spoken at length about it. The trouble was, Jonas could think of no other solution. No doubt he wished to tell Warin once more of the mistake. He was too heartsick to hear it.

"Thank you, Jonas. That will be all for now."

* * * *

Benedict stared out at the rain-filled night from the window in the bedchamber. Warin had not yet returned. He'd already warmed himself by the fire and changed to the dry clothing Jonas had provided for him.

His mood had turned decidedly melancholy while waiting for Warin. He couldn't quite figure out the reason. Well, but he suspected it was because he knew the time here with Warin was surely at an end. Or nearly so. He should be jubilant.

Benedict shook his head. What was wrong with him? Where was the fear he'd felt when Warin first abducted him? Touched him while he was shackled? Benedict trembled, his cock hardening at the reminder. He should be repulsed, shouldn't he?"

The plain truth was, he wasn't repulsed and he wanted to spend many more days with Warin. He wasn't foolish enough to think it was love. Surely it was far too soon for such a tender emotion.

The door opened and Warin entered the room. Benedict's heart began to race.

"I see you have warmed yourself up nicely," Warin said softly, shutting and locking the door.

"Is all well?"

Warin walked to the side table where the spiced wine lay. He poured a generous amount in the bonding goblet. "The ransom for you is to be paid on the morrow. You will be free, your highness."

Benedict turned from the window and took the goblet from Warin's hands. "That's...wonderful news." He took a large swallow of the wine and then held it up to Warin's lips. "Drink with me?"

Warin's dark eyes glittered in the firelight. He took a sip of the wine. "Lay with me?"

Benedict smiled. "Aye."

They clasped hands and Warin pulled him close for a kiss. Somehow the kiss was different, more intense. Their tongues tangled, their teeth grazing.

Warin's hands went to Benedict's ass, kneading the cheeks, pressing his obvious erection against Benedict's.

He had a tremendous desire to have Warin swive him while standing. He wanted to ride Warin with his legs wrapped around the muscular man. Benedict pulled at Warin's still damp clothing, struggling to get the shirt off.

Warin broke the kiss with a husky laugh and pushed at Benedict. "I'll do it."

The other man pulled the tunic up, revealing his sculpted abdomen, and up over his head. Benedict stared transfixed at the smattering of dark curly hair all over Warin's chest. Then he watched as Warin inched down his braies and hose. The sorcerer's shaft stood out, proud and large and very hard.

Benedict licked his lips. "Now, I want it now," he pleaded.

Warin's eyebrows shot up. "Don't you think getting naked might be a good idea then?"

Benedict felt his face heat with his blush. He laughed and set about removing his own clothes quickly. He snatched up the vial of ointment he'd removed from his clothing earlier and tossed it at Warin.

The other man grinned. "You are rather anxious, aren't you?"

Why bother lying, Benedict thought. He nodded.

Warin's lust-filled gaze roamed up and down Benedict. "On the bed."

"Nay," Benedict said hurriedly. "Against the wall." He went to the wall and leaned against it.

Warin dipped his fingers into the ointment and smeared his hard cock. Stepping close to Benedict, he kissed him, then nipped his ear.

Benedict closed his eyes. "Lift me."

Warin obliged, linking his hands under Benedict's ass and lifting him. Benedict wrapped his legs around Warin's waist,

Warin's still slicked fingers slipped into Benedict's entrance, spreading the hole, preparing it.

"God," Benedict moaned. "Warin, please."

"Hmm? Something you want, your highness?"

"Yes, please, please," Benedict begged.

Warin growled low in his throat, and pushed his cock head into Benedict.

"More."

Warin pressed in farther, squeezing past the muscle.

"All the way, Warin, damn you," Benedict said.

The other man laughed, but obliged, thrusting in to the hilt. He didn't move though, just leaned in to plant an intense kiss on Benedict's lips.

Benedict returned the kiss, but couldn't wait for Warin to move. He moved his hips himself, trying to get Warin to thrust.

Without breaking the kiss, Warin started to move, pulling out and pushing in. The sensation was incredible. Benedict reached between their bodies and stroked his own cock. Pulling at his balls, which already tightened, tingling on the brink of release.

"Warin, Warin," Benedict groaned.

Warin slammed into him hard and fast. The sorcerer's balls slapped against him. He screamed Benedict's name and with one last thrust surged into him.

Then Warin pulled back just a little to watch Benedict stroke his cock furiously, fluid shooting from it on to Warin's stomach and chest.

They both stared at it for a few heartbeats, then Warin rubbed it in, seeming quite intimate to Benedict, and then leaned forward to once again kiss.

After a while, Warin carried Benedict over to the bed where they clung to each other and fell into an exhausted sleep.

* * * *

The riders who had arrived at the ruined castle had been instructed to not only leave the ransom, they had also been told to retrieve Benedict. He was to go with them and they would take him directly to be reunited with his father.

Jonas made them wait outside, though they had been rather insistent they take Benedict away immediately.

His heart heavier than it had been in a very long time, Warin stood just within the doors that led out to the riders. Benedict stood with him. The parting had come all too soon.

He should have waited to send the ransom request, but that wasn't fair to Benedict and sure as hell wasn't fair to Warin's sister, who yet waited to be rescued from her own captivity. Still he would give anything not to be saying goodbye to Benedict.

Well...not everything. He could not give up his sister's life...even for Benedict.

Benedict made no move to leave either. They'd both been standing there, somewhat at a loss what to do or say.

"I don't want to leave," Benedict finally whispered, his gaze on the floor. "I know I must, but I do not want to go. Not with them."

Warin closed his eyes, willing his heart not to be shredded too much. He exhaled painfully. "I know. It is as it must be."

He pulled Benedict against him, enclosing him in his embrace. Somehow abducting the prince had turned against him. While trying to raise the coins to help his sister, Benedict had become so very important. Was it the fault of the cup they shared? Was there some truth to the myth surrounding the goblet? Warin did not know. He only knew he hated this.

Benedict rested his head against Warin's shoulder. "You will leave this place now, won't you?"

"Yes. We must. There will no doubt be a price on our heads. Jonas and I are used to ever moving. It has been this way nearly all my life."

"I could come with you," Benedict suggested, his voice a bare whisper.

"I would like nothing better, your highness. To have you with me...I cannot say how much I would desire that." Warin swallowed the thick lump in his throat. "But I would not cause you further distress."

"But..."

Warin tightened his arms around Benedict. "Your father loves you and wishes to see you, my prince. I would not have you earn his disfavor for anything."

Benedict pulled back, his breath shuddering. His sky blue eyes were shiny with tears. "I know you speak the truth. And I know I should not feel this way. You were my captor and yet I want to stay with you."

Warin smiled and brushed at a tear that fell on Benedict's cheek. "This is not the end of us, Benedict. We will be together again."

"Do you think so?"

"Search your heart, Benedict."

Benedict was silent for a moment, merely staring into Warin's eyes. Then he nodded. "Yes, we will meet again." He bit his lip. "There is an inn in the northern village of Lowith. Do you know of it?"

"I know of the village, yes."

"In a fortnight, go to the inn. I will meet you there."

"Benedict, do you think that is wise?"

"Nay," he said with a wry smile. "But I wish it. Will you?"

Warin had a feeling he ought to say no. In all likelihood, they would watch Benedict for some time to come. It could only end up a trap, Warin felt certain.

"I will be there," Warin said, kissing him. "I will find you again, my prince. Never fear."

"Tell the innkeeper you seek Oswald."

"As you say," Warin agreed. He wanted to see Benedict again, but feared this would be the last time. There was no guarantee he would ever see the prince again even in that fortnight. It was a sobering thought and one that would cause them both pain if he admitted to it. If he could make Benedict feel better by the promise of it, then it could do no harm.

"You'd better go, your highness. Before they batter the door down."

Benedict blinked and wiped at his eyes, throwing his arms around Warin's neck and holding tight. "God speed wherever you go, Warin."

Warin felt the prick of tears in his own eyes, but pushed them brutally away. He would not give in. "Good journey to you, Benedict."

He gently disengaged Benedict's arms and turned him toward the doors.

Benedict hesitated but a moment, but did not protest further. He opened the doors and stepped through to the waiting riders.

Jonas came up then and closed the entrance. "We should get moving ourselves, Sorcerer."

"In a moment."

Warin moved to the window a few feet away that was hardly more than enough for an arrow to pass through, but by placing his eye directly on the opening he could see the riders.

A large muscular man, maybe a few years older than Benedict but unmistakably similar in looks had embraced Benedict. A brother, Warin guessed. Benedict smiled at the man and it was glorious.

A big black stallion was brought forth and Benedict mounted.

"Sorcerer?"

"One moment, Jonas."

Jonas shifted behind him. "It would not be wise to linger, Warin. I have our things packed and in the passageway. Even should they seek us out they will not find us. But we must go soon."

"I know, Jonas. All will be well." Warin watched as the riders urged their horses forward. He saw two riders dressed in heavy chain mail holding back. No doubt the ones chosen to dispatch Benedict's captors. The prince didn't seem to notice.

He continued to watch Benedict's departure until his broad back disappeared from view.

The doors of the castle began to open.

"Sorcerer! We must flee."

Warin turned from the opening and waved his hand at the door, flames licking up, surrounding it.

"Holy Hell," one of the knights yelled.

Warin followed after Jonas to the secret door to the side of the room. He opened the door with another wave of his hand, slipped through, then shut it and moved a table in front of it.

The time for mourning the loss of Benedict had passed. It was time to rescue his sister.

Chapter 6

A Fortnight Later

"Please rethink this," Eleanor begged Warin.

His sister had been saying much the same since Warin had paid her captor the ransom. They had been staying in a small abandoned cottage not far from the village of Lowith for the last few days. Warin had given instructions to Jonas to find some place in the area and as usual the man had not disappointed.

Warin grasped her hands. "'Twill be all right, I promise."

His sister, though they only shared the same mother, bore a striking resemblance to Warin. She had the same dark coloring.

"I do not wish to see you rescue me only to have yourself captured." Tears pricked her dark eyes. "Or worse."

"Naught will happen."

"Surely this...this Benedict is not worth all this."

Warin smiled. "He is. To me, he is."

"What if it is a trap? They might be waiting to seize you. This Benedict may not be your friend. "

"Do not distress so. Benedict will not betray me." Warin kissed her temple. "All will be well."

A tear trickled down her face. "No matter what I say you will still go to this man, won't you?" She sighed. "You are so very stubborn. And what if something does happen to you? What then?"

"Nothing will."

Her mouth thinned. "What if something does? Because you choose to ignore the possibility does not mean it is not so. What will Jonas and I do without you?"

Warin turned away from her and poured a cup of ale. He took a large swallow. "Nothing will happen," he said through clenched teeth.

The door of the cottage opened and Jonas entered.

"Perhaps you can talk this fool out of risking his life," Eleanor said softly. "I will be outside."

Warin waited for her to leave, then he offered Jonas a cup of ale. "Do not start."

Jonas waved away the cup. "Why would I? When you make up your mind it is impossible to talk you out of it. Thus why you abducted Benedict to begin with."

"Well...good then." Warin eyed him uncertainly. "Truly you will not try to talk me out of going to Lowith?"

Jonas pulled up a nearby bench. "I am certain you are aware of the risks."

Warin sat next to him. "I am no fool. Benedict's brother will send men to follow Benedict."

"Yet you go anyway."

Warin rubbed his chest where his heart beat. "I have to. I promised Benedict. And...I want to see him."

"You care for him?"

"Aye. More than I thought I could. Or wanted to."

"The two of you drank from the goblet, didn't you?"

Warin looked away. "You and that damn goblet. Yes."

"Should never have kept it. I warned you of the stories."

"I thought they were mere tales."

Jonas chuckled. "They were not."

Warin downed his ale and stood. "I know that now. I cannot turn away from Benedict. I don't want to."

"Then all I can say, is take care. If anything seems off, flee immediately."

"I will. And you. Take care of Eleanor if anything should befall me."

Jonas nodded and rose. "You know you do not have to ask." Jonas embraced him.

Warin hugged him back. "God willing we will meet up in York."

* * * *

Warin approached the balding middle-aged innkeeper behind the counter of the shadowed and dimly dark inn.

"Good Eve. I seek a man called Oswald." Warin glanced around. He saw no one inside the inn, but likewise he had seen no one outside. Still, he felt the presence of outsiders to the village.

"Master Dumfries, is it?"

"What? No, I..."

The innkeeper nodded and winked. "Oswald awaits you, Master Dumfries. This way."

Warin followed the innkeeper into even more shadowed darkness. He prayed he was not wrong about Benedict betraying him. He hoped the innkeeper did not lead him into a room where his executioner awaited.

The innkeeper tapped lightly on the door and then without waiting for a response, opened the door, stepping aside to let Warin pass by him.

Warin entered the room and the innkeeper quickly closed the door. The room was lit by only one single wall sconce and for a moment, Warin's eyes had a hard time adjusting.

"Benedict?" he called softly. His heart beat painfully in his chest.

"Here."

A shadowed figure came toward him, the closer he got the more Warin could see his features, the golden hair, the perfect face...Benedict.

"Warin," Benedict said, launching himself into Warin's arms. His arms closed around his lover, drawing him close. Benedict rested his head on Warin's shoulder. He sniffed Benedict's golden hair, inhaling the spicy masculine scent. He could also smell his lover's arousal and his cock hardened in response.

Benedict grabbed Warin's head in his hands and pressed his lips to his. The kiss was urgent, demanding. Their tongues tangled, dueled.

When they came up for air, Warin asked, "Is there a bed?"

Benedict nodded and tilted his head to the right. "Over there."

Warin's sight had adjusted enough in the room to see the small bed and also to note that they were the only two occupants. He grabbed Benedict's hand and led him over.

"I...I don't know if we have a lot of time," Benedict said. "I am fairly certain my brother had me followed."

"Then let's not waste it. Take off your clothes, your highness."

They each removed their own clothes, working quickly, watching each other as they stripped.

Warin's fingers closed around Benedict's erection. "I want you inside me again."

Benedict trembled. "Truly?"

"Yes."

Benedict pushed him onto the bed on his back, lifting his legs. He licked his lips. "First I want to...to taste you here." He dropped to his knees on the bed and inserted his tongue into Warin's hole.

"Oh, God," Warin moaned, lifting his hips, pushing his ass toward Benedict's probing tongue. His lover pushed deep, sending tingling sensations through his body, tightening his balls.

Benedict added two digits to his tongue, spreading Warin's entrance.

"Please, Benedict, put your cock in me," Warin gasped.

Benedict rose above him, his eyes glinting in the candlelight. He linked their hands and leaned forward to give Warin a deep kiss.

Then he poised the head of his cock at Warin's hole and pressed in, pushing past the tight muscle and easily sliding in all the way.

Warin sighed, contentment washing over him for the first time since they'd been parted a fortnight ago. He wanted to speak of more tender feelings, but feared it might be too soon for the young prince.

Benedict pumped into him, over and over, but with a sweet gentleness. Warin reached for his own cock and stroked it while his lover filled him. Looking into his Benedict's gaze, his release was close.

"Warin, Warin," Benedict whispered, his thrusts speeding up. "I...I...uhhhh."

Benedict tensed, clenching their entwined hands together, and poured into Warin's ass. Warin's own release quickly followed, fluid splattering his bare skin.

They lay together, embracing, kissing for long moments. Neither of them felt the need to speak.

Eventually reality set in and Warin untangled their bodies and sat up. "I must go. 'Tis likely even now your brother and his men await me outside the inn." Very likely. His magical senses screamed that danger lurked very near.

Benedict rose and quickly dressed. "I thought of that. I have spoken with the innkeeper. There is a secret door in this room that leads to an underground passage."

"Where does it lead?" Warin asked, pulling on his own clothing.

"To a cave that ends near the edge of the forest. There awaits a horse."

"You have been planning." Warin kissed him. "And the innkeeper? Do you trust him?"

"Aye, I have his loyalty." Benedict went to a wall and felt along it. He pressed something and the secret door appeared. "Quick. We must flee."

Warin froze. "We?"

"Yes, I am going with you."

"Benedict." Warin shook his head.

"I am going, Warin," Benedict insisted. "I have thought long about this, since we were parted. I do not want us to part again."

"Nor do I, but 'tis dangerous. I am wanted."

"I know. We will be careful." Benedict bent down and picked up several weapons he had placed behind a chair. A sword, a dagger, and an axe.

Warin raised an eyebrow. "You have come heavily armed."

"I will not be anyone's easy target again, Warin," Benedict said seriously. He held out his hand. "We travel quick and light. Where do we go?"

"York."

Benedict nodded. "Let's go. Together."

Warin took his hand and Benedict drew him through the secret door. He pressed something to make the door slide closed.

"Very well, my prince. Together."

Shawn Lane

Shawn Lane believes love and passion know no boundaries. Shawn writes both erotic love stories involving men in historical or contemporary settings and interracial romances between men and women. Shawn is always looking for new stories and new characters to create while holding down life in California.

* * * *

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