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Life is either a daring adventure or nothing at all. ~ Helen Keller ~

Carnal Cravings

By

Keta Diablo

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“What did I tell you?” Anthony said with a jab to Craven’s ribs. “They’re too large to be women, unless they hail from the Amazon.”

Craven snickered. “Your assertion proves nothing. They could be members of a secret society, an espionage league or an occult.”

Lying on their bellies on a small knoll, and some distance from Beresford Hall, the young men watched the black-lacquered coaches and elegant landaus arrive on the wide circular driveway.

With a low voice, Anthony turned to him. “Oh, they belong to an occult all right, but not of the supernatural type. I have it on the best authority they are libertines one and all who limit their sexual lasciviousness to men.”

“Martin Hubbard is hardly authoritative.” Aware of the sudden ache in his loins, Craven shifted, narrowed his eyes, and watched yet another transport halt near the front door. It wasn’t the first time they’d engaged in this espionage, and with any luck, wouldn’t be the last. Craven couldn’t seem to stop spying on the ostentatious Beresford

Hall, particularly after Anthony described the blue-eyed demigod who owned the great manor.

Anthony plucked a blade of grass from the ground and stuck it between his teeth. "I saw Dominic Beresford last year when the University re-opened."

"Indeed? Paint me a picture. "

"Mesmerizing, stunning," Anthony said reverently. "A large fellow, every muscle finely-honed with long hair, blacker than midnight." A lengthy pause ensued while they watched a trio of men exit their coach and walk up the steps of the manor. Then he resumed. "His eyes are unforgettable, bluer than the depths of the ocean."

"From where did Dominic Beresford obtain such wealth?"

The old wheezers of Chapel Hill say his great-grandfather sailed the seas under the Crossbones and Skull. It's reported his cellar houses over a thousand casks of Spanish Bullion, booty his predecessor pilfered along the Carolina coast."

"Do you think it true?"

If he looks anything like his ancestor, I do."

"Meaning?"

"The man is dark, mysteriously dangerous appearing-- reminded me of a Cooper's hawk on the prowl for his evening meal." Anthony laughed. "Even without the sword and eye-patch."

A shivering warmth flooded Craven. It was madness to court the licentious cravings his young body hungered for, insane to encourage such erotic thoughts. He could no longer remember when he first discovered a woman's touch failed to arouse him. His private thoughts ran along the line of a man's large, rough hands caressing his naked

flesh and a pulsating cock inside him. He suspected Anthony's tastes ran along the same lines, thus the reason they were lying on their stomachs spying on Beresford Hall.

Again.

Anthony's words broke his reverie. "Martin claims the depraved lot is given to whips, restraints and a rigorous initiation employing the use of martial discipline, including the Horse."

Dutifully attentive and thoroughly entranced, Craven asked, "Tell me true, has Martin been inside the hall?"

Eyes the color of dark chocolate met his. "If you ever tell him I said so, I'll swear an oath I didn't."

"Tell me, everything." He crossed his heart. "My oath I won't speak a word."

"Martin belongs to their society; a select group of men who love men, literally."

"Society?"

"Yes, I told you; they have rules, initiations."

"What's the name of the society?"

Anthony shrugged. "Curse God if I know. Martin calls it *Carnal Cravings*."

Craven looked at the darkening sky overhead. "What about you, do you desire to join them?"

Another shrug. "Why, do you?"

Before Craven had a chance to answer, a twig snapped behind them, and the click of a pistol being cocked resounded in the still air. "Well, well, what do we have here?"

Craven's heart thumped in his chest, and when he looked at Anthony, his friend's face had paled to a shade whiter than cow's milk. Together, they turned to the voice.

Dressed entirely in black, including the hood covering his features, the tall, powerfully built man stared them down. Despite the waning light, unmistakable azure blue eyes locked with Craven's.

The man fixed the pistol on Anthony and then aimed it at Craven. "On your feet. Let us see what Master Beresford has to say about two pubescent trespassers lurking about his property."

"We weren't aware we were-were trespassing, sir." Anthony stuttered. "We-we had no idea this hill was on Beresford Hall property."

"Everything you see for five miles in all directions belongs to Dominic Beresford, and that makes you intruders."

Like flickering candlelight, Craven's voice quavered. "We are hardly pubescent schoolboys, sir. We hail from good families, attend the University here, and meant no harm."

"Master Beresford does not take kindly to people spying on his private affairs. Now, on your feet; you can offer your miserable excuses to him."

Dusk had settled over the land by the time they reached the long cobblestone drive. Craven sent a silent prayer skyward the landaus and carriages had departed and all guests had already entered the hall. The hooded man led them to a side entrance on the right side of the manor, through a country kitchen, and up a long, winding stairwell. At the top of the landing, he ushered them down a wide corridor and stopped in front of a door at the end.

Taking a key from his pocket, the man unlocked the door and looked at Anthony. "You, in there. Find a chair and don't touch a thing. Someone will be in posthaste to speak with you."

Anthony turned to him with a dazed look. "I'll see you in short order, Craven. I'm confident Mr. Beresford will understand and release us."

Craven's stomach churned when the black-clad stranger issued a derisive snort. Strong fingers dug into his elbow. "Follow me." Moments later, the man unlocked another door and with his hand between Craven's shoulder blades, pushed him into the room. "Same instructions; don't touch anything or you'll face severe consequences. Master Beresford will arrive soon."

Shaken, Craven looked about the room . . . an opulently furnished bedchamber. The seductive scents of incense spiraled up his nose, myrrh, neroli and verbena. Lined with hand-painted French nudes, the walls complemented the Persian carpet at his feet. A tall chest of drawers stood against one wall, topped by a porcelain washbowl and pitcher. In the middle of the room, and centered on one wall, stood a massive four-poster bed. Craven swallowed hard. Above the imposing lover's lair, a crystal chandelier glimmered beneath a ceiling of gold-plated mirrors.

Childhood memories rushed back when he looked into a darkened corner of the room. He closed his eyes and prayed the object would disappear like morning fog when he opened them again. His heart fell to his feet. The Wooden Horse remained before him in all its depraved glory.

He'd grown accustomed to the soapsuds enemas he received from Nurse Evans—an implacable, tight-lipped woman in a stiffly-starched white blouse and matching linen cap—but he reviled the enemas themselves, a mixture of turpentine, ox bile and green soap mixed with two quarts of hot water. Nurse Evans took special delight in ordering him to lie upon the bed, face down with his legs spread wide, and a pillow under his hips for easy access. After dipping her index finger in warm beeswax, she pressed it against his anus and pushed it deep inside his rectum. Thinking now about her skillful probing

and manipulation sent a pleasant shudder through him. By the time Evans removed her finger, Craven's head spun and white lights danced behind his eyelids. He knew what came next—a long, eight inch nozzle inserted into his ass. He'd hold his breath and listen for the sound of the clamp being released.

No matter how hard he tried to relax, prayed it would be over soon, he would feel immediate, immense pressure. He would begin to groan and whimper, and wonder how in the world he'd manage the entire bag. With his eyes wide and a fine bead of sweat on his forehead, he'd stare at the egg-timer on the bureau and watch the sand sift slowly through it. On those occasions Nurse Evans felt particularly surly, she would turn the timer over a second before allowing him to empty his churning bowels in a nearby chamber pot.

Meted out by the same old crotchety witch in the nursery, punishment came swift and hard. A Horse of fine craftsmanship stood in the corner of the room, and Nurse Evans seemed justified and elated to use her personal collection of leather straps and quirts on her subjects. The first time she strapped him to the horse, terror surged up his throat, but as time passed, he became accustomed to the contraption. Ashamedly, he actually looked forward to riding the Horse naked as the day he entered the world. Not only did Nurse Evans and her brutal castigations sharpen his sense of helplessness, but they also heightened his erotic awareness.

Well-padded, with an elevated pubic pad and side-mounted stirrups, the Horse did not lack for comfort. By the time Nurse Evans finished tightening the leg, arm and body straps—rendering him immobile—Craven invariably had sprouted a full-blown erection.

The loyal nurse his parents had commissioned would step back, admire her creation and run a slow hand across his quivering buttocks, a signal his punishment would be administered promptly. He would draw a deep breath and brace himself for the

pain/pleasure about to befall him. Evans would slide the flat, thick strap through her fingers, double it, and with a sick smile on her haggard face, crack the whip as she pulled it tight. With her right hand, she brought the strap down on his behind, making sure the blow burned like a hornet's sting, but left no permanent marks on his young, tender flesh. After fifteen blows, and Craven's ass burning like the fires of Hades, Nurse Evans released him from the Horse, grabbed his hardened shaft and proceeded to milk him. "I'll rid you of that toxic venom yet," she'd say." He didn't know who enjoyed this segment of his pseudo-punishment more, him or Nurse Evans. His awareness of what was to come after she flayed his ass, made the pain well worth the finale.

Thinking about the weekly sessions now, his cock expanded. He walked toward the Horse in the corner, drawn to it by an unexplainable mingling of terror and thrills. He reached out, touched it, and shrunk back when a deep, somnolent voice drifted across the room.

"You were instructed not to touch anything in the room, were you not?"

Craven turned abruptly and looked into the ice-blue eyes of the most magnificent-looking man he'd ever seen. Long, black hair touched his shoulders, sleek and shiny; the waves accentuated his olive skin and finely-chiseled features.

"Yes, sir, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to."

"Didn't mean to, or couldn't help yourself?" The decadent creature advanced toward him.

Heat crept up Craven's neck. "I-I, it brought back memories, sir."

"Did it now?" the Greek God said.

Craven nodded and licked his dry lips.

"Perhaps you'd care to tell me your name and why you were snooping about my private property?"

“Craven Saunders, sir, and we weren’t snooping—”

“What do you call it, young man, agate-picking?” He shook his head, his voice stern. “I detest it when someone lies to me. At least if you are determined to spy on others, be man enough to admit it.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Yes, sir, what?”

Craven’s tone took on the innocent pleading of a child. “We were spying, Mr. Beresford, but I promise it won’t happen again.”

“Oh, I’ve no doubt about that, Mr. Saunders.” He arched his neck, the sleek, black hair gleaming beneath the soft candlelight in the room. “I must inform you that my valet, Higginbotham, claims you’ve been spying for weeks. Knowing Higginbotham is an honest man, I conducted an investigation myself last Friday eve.”

The man swiped a hand across his erotic mouth, the gesture turning Craven’s knees to marmalade and his already dry throat to an arid desert.

Craven hung his head. Damn, he could do nothing but confess. “Your man spoke the truth.”

When Craven garnered the courage to look at him again, the man gave a tiny shake of his head before speaking. “Craven . . . an odd name, is it not?”

“Yes, sir,” he interjected quickly. “It means—”

“I know what it means—weak, spineless, fearful.” The world tilted on its axis when the man advanced and raked him over with those deep, blue orbs. “Do the adjectives describe you, Saunders?”

“No, Mr. Beresford, sir, I don’t believe they do.”

He studied the man, captivated by smooth, silky cadence of his voice. If indeed Beresford stood before him, Anthony couldn’t have been more correct. Magnificently

stunning, he oozed primal male virility. The dim light of the bedchamber could not hide it. His mouth full, his nose straight, every feature of his face finely-chiseled face had to have been crafted by a skilled artisan . . . or a patient God. Craven couldn't drag his gaze away from the man's luminescent orbs. His stomach somersaulted and he longed to be touched by him, fucked senseless. Had he been out in the sun too long that day?

"Well, we shall see about that." The man's slow, languid once-over sent shivers down his spine.

Closing the distance between them, he took Craven's chin between his thumb and index finger, forcing him to look into those piercing eyes. "What makes you think my name is Beresford?"

"My friend, Anthony, told me Dominic Beresford's eyes were the color of ocean depths, sir, so I assumed—"

He snorted. "Anthony? The other sniveling brat who, at this moment, occupies my parlor?"

Craven nodded again and felt his knees go weak. Breathing hard, a manly scent, tinged with spice, spiraled up his nose. God, would that he could take back this day.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-one, sir."

"From where do you hail, and as soon as you answer that question, enlighten me on exactly why you made such a foolish decision to spy on me."

"I grew up in Charleston, Mr. Beresford, and I, we, made the foolish decision out of curiosity."

"What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care. William Shakespeare," he quipped. "Do you know what it means?"

He paced before him, the massive build distorting the light and other furnishings in the room. "Yes, sir, it means curiosity killed the cat."

The man dropped his chin, his hot gaze flickering over him. "So, my curious little kitten, let us see if you live up to your namesake." He narrowed his eyes, his voice firm. "Remove your clothing, everything, and mount that Horse."

"Oh, please, sir, you have my word." Craven wrung his hands. "I will never come within a rod of your property again."

He ran a bronze finger down his cheek and then his jaw twitched before he grabbed a shaft of his hair. "I'm not going to tell you again. Your punishment will double unless you take everything off and get up on that contraption this instant."

Craven searched his steely eyes and decided against arguing with him. Whatever the man had in store for him couldn't possibly be worse than what he had endured at the hands of Nurse Evans.

His heartbeat thrummed in his chest while removing his shirt, trousers, and finally his boots and socks. Standing before the man naked, a traitorous shiver coursed through him.

A smile curled the man's lips. He nodded toward the Horse, and Craven walked up to it and mounted, the familiarity of the position resurfacing like a red-hot tidal wave. Images of the nursery flooded his vision when the man secured the straps around his ankles, arms and waist. Like the Horse at home, this one came equipped with pubic pad and stirrups, placing his backside in a most vulnerable position. With trepidation, Craven watched his host walk to the armoire and remove several items, including a riding crop and a flat-handled paddle.

For the first time since the man entered the room, Craven noticed his impeccable attire. An ebony coat topped his deep red waistcoat. The linen shirt, whiter than snow,

matched the bow-tied cravat around his neck. A diamond and ruby pin secured the latter.

Moonlight fell through the window and illuminated the bedchamber in silver light. Coming to stand beside him, Beresford ran his hand over his naked ass and whispered, “Now, you will tell me everything I wish to know, and willingly.”

Craven drew a deep breath and stared at the flickering flames of the hearth instead of his handsome interrogator.

“Tell me about the childhood memories you spoke of.”

“The Horse, sir; we had one at home.”

“Your parents are of English descent?”

Christ, did the man want his christening date? “My father is English, my mother Scotch.”

“Ah, yes,” the man said pensively. “Mine, too.” Changing the subject, he asked, “From whom did you inherit the wheat-colored hair and hazel eyes?”

“My mother, sir.”

“You were about to tell me of your childhood. Your parents employed a nurse?”

Craven nodded, and immediately Beresford brought the paddle down hard, eliciting a yelp from him. “Do not nod or shake your head again. Answer audibly.”

“Yes, sir; Nurse Evans remained in my father’s employ for fifteen years.”

“Tell me about Mistress Evans. Did she take particular delight in misusing your virginal body?”

Every muscle in his body taut, his mind wandered back to the vivid images of Nurse Evans pumping his weeping cock. Craven nodded again. Mercilessly, the paddle made contact with his buttocks, not once but thrice. “Ouch! Yes, sir, she incorporated enemas into my weekly routine and doled out punishment when I misbehaved.”

Again Craven felt the soft whisper of the man's hand against his ass. "How many strikes did she deliver while you were trussed up like a goose on the Horse?"

Filled with nervous apprehension, butterflies took flight in his gut. "Generally fifteen with a leather belt; more if the offense was particularly grievous."

"Do you consider spying on one's private affairs *grievous*?"

Craven knew if he answered yes, he would receive fifteen whacks with the paddle, but if he answered no, perhaps he would receive double. "Yes, sir, a most heinous offense."

"I agree," he said solemnly. "And you may call me Mr. Beresford if you like. I don't have to tell you what is about to transpire, do I?"

"I'm ready, Mr. Beresford; please deliver my punishment."

"Good boy," he said. "I like it when my subjects ask me to perform my duties, and make no mistake, you will not only ask, but beg me for more by the time I'm finished with you."

His intestines launched into a spasm. Never in his life had Craven been spanked with a paddle, much less by a man. Within the breath of a heartbeat, Beresford began and counted off the strokes out loud. By the time he reached ten, Craven's breaths came hard through his nose *and* his mouth. By fifteen, he whimpered like a wounded animal.

Beresford ran his hand across his flaming buttocks, kneading and caressing until a moan escaped Craven's lips. "Such a beautiful ass." When the man slipped his hand between the Horse and his pelvis clasp his hard erection, Craven writhed against the restraints.

His voice rumbled low, an indication Beresford seemed to enjoy this cat and mouse game. "Ah, pain and pleasure all rolled into one, isn't that right?"

Craven held his tongue and concentrated on his breathing.

“I asked you a question and I don’t fancy waiting for answers.”

From behind him, he heard Beresford open the night table drawer. “What are you about, sir?”

“I’ll ask the questions here, but if you must know, punishing you for not answering my question.” His voice soft, he asked, “Have you ever been fucked by a riding crop?”

“Oh, God, please don’t Ouch!” He screamed when the paddle met his sensitive flesh again—three consecutive slaps that elicited an agonizing wail from his lips. “No, no, sir, I haven’t.”

“Think on the bright side. Soon you will be able to answer yes to that question.”

His butt cheeks clenched and every muscle in his thighs grew rigid while bracing for the intrusion. “Oh, oh, God,” he panted as Beresford pushed the crop against his hole and inserted it an inch.

“Open up, loosen for me; relax that little sphincter.”

Craven closed his eyes and concentrated. Within seconds, the crop slipped in several more inches and he moaned like a sick calf.

“Hmm, three more inches, handsome boy. Take a deep breath and hold still.”

“Oh, God,” he said between raspy breaths.

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” Beresford manipulated the quirt, moving it in and out slowly while twisting and scraping it along the walls of his insides.

Craven felt his cock leak and he tried desperately to dispel the building orgasm. A cascade of lights spiraled behind his eyelids and cries fell from his lips. “Please, please.”

Beresford worked the stick hard, pushing it in and pulling out, increasing his tempo with every thrust. Craven’s release came so sudden and hard, he expelled a long gasp followed by a blissful scream. Comets exploded and shot through the sky. Moments later, weak and out of breath, he collapsed against the Horse.

Beresford's footsteps drew his gaze as the man crossed the room. He opened the second dresser drawer and pulled out a variety of objects—a triangle-shaped iron bar with a chain at the top, four cuffs, two small, two slightly larger, and a bottle of amber liquid that resembled oil. Next, he pulled out another iron bar with hooks that apparently attached to the cuffs. Beresford grabbed a small chair, walked to the center of the room and climbed atop it. Moments later, with the chain secured to a hook in the ceiling, Beresford jumped from the chair with the loose-limbed agility of a jungle cat. Craven didn't have to wonder what he was about. The thought the objects were all meant for him sent shivers of dread and excitement coursing through him.

While loosening his cravat and removing his shirt, Beresford walked toward him. "Have you been restrained before?"

"No, sir."

"I didn't think so. I won't harm you. If at any time you want me to stop, you have only to say so."

"Yes, sir."

"Does the thought of being bound excite you, Craven? Answer truthfully. I'll know if you lie."

"Somewhat, yes, sir, but"

"I know, you're frightened too. Remember what I said; tell me to stop and I shall."

Craven nodded and Beresford removed the restraints on the Horse. Good God, the man smelled delectable, a mixture of sandalwood, musk and pure male. When his cock jumped again, he couldn't hold back his look of surprise. How could he possibly be ready so soon? And what did Beresford plan to do with him once he restrained him?

"All right, we're set. Walk to the bar and take firm hold of it."

On shaky legs Craven walked toward the shiny object and grabbed hold. The sting in his butt cheeks reminded him more of the same or equally decadent would be delivered promptly. Beresford took his wrist, slipped the cuff on and secured it to one end of the bar, repeating the same with the next.

“Spread your legs,” he said, and placed the cuffs around his ankles. Cool and reassuring eyes met his as Beresford hooked the cuffs into the ends of a second metal bar at his feet. “Now we shall see whether or not you live up to your name.”

Chapter Two

The door creaked open and Anthony nearly jumped from his skin. He rose from the wingback near the hearth and faced the intruders. Masked they were, like the man who delivered him to this room, so he couldn't see their features.

"I don't need to inform you you're in a passel of trouble." The speaker's rich, sonorous voice drifted across the room. "Mister Beresford asked us to entertain you until he can deal with the trespass of his property."

Anthony felt his forehead break out in a fine bead of sweat. Dreadfully menacing in their stature and stance, he wanted to bolt, but they stood in front of the door like eagles watching over their nest. "We weren't really trespassing, that is, we had no idea the knoll rested on Beresford Hall property."

"Well, now you know," said the second man, and something in his inflection rang familiar.

The men exchanged glances. "What do you suggest we do with him to while away the time, Ryder?"

"Appease his curiosity, of course." The first man walked toward him with the one called Ryder chasing at the heels of his high-top boots. "You may call me Devon, and you already know his name." He rocked his head back with a quick jerk. "Ryder."

"Yes, sir, I mean, sirs."

“That’s a good boy. As long as you listen carefully and follow instructions, I think we shall get along famously. Now,” Devon said, his caramel eyes glistening eerily through the slits of the black hood, “remove your clothing . . . all of it.”

“What? You can’t be serious. I didn’t come here—”

Devon’s hand came out and connected smartly with his cheek. “Lesson number one. Unless you want us to force you, painfully, I might add, you will obey on first command. Do you understand?”

Anthony placed a hand to his burning cheek. “This is all a mistake; I demand to speak with Dominic Beresford right—”

Another flat-palmed slap sent Anthony’s head reeling. Ryder stood abreast of Devon, his piercing green eyes raking him over head to toe. “I’d do what he says or it’s going to be a long night.”

Again the familiar voice. And something about the forest-green eyes nudged his benumbed brain. No, it couldn’t be Martin, and yet, he’d seen that look in his friend’s eyes before. A lust-filled, exhilarating gaze that caused his skin to prickle. Could it be?

When Devon took another step forward, Anthony moved faster than he ever thought possible. His fingers shook as he unbuttoned his cambric shirt, and his hands shook worse when he shrugged it from his shoulders and allowed it to fall to the floor. He fumbled with the buttons on his trousers, shoved them down his hips, and did his best to cover his flaccid cock with one hand.

“The stockings and boots,” Devon said.

Ryder walked across the room, retrieved a slat-backed chair and set it in the middle of the parlor, between two wingbacks and a tapestry sofa. Anthony heard a series of creaks and groans as Ryder settled into the chair. He waited, every muscle in his body drawn into a tangled mass of knots.

"I believe Ryder is waiting," Devon said, his eyes sparking behind the hood.

"Waiting?"

"Oh, come now, you aren't as naïve as you would lead us to believe. There is a penance for trespassing on private property. Furthermore, Mr. Beresford can not take the chance you might spill your guts over what you saw."

"I didn't see anything, sir. I swear."

"Enough! I told you Ryder awaits your service. Must I force you?"

With head bowed, Anthony crossed the short distance and stood before Ryder.

From behind, Devon's breath whispered over the nape of his neck. Anthony felt pressure on his shoulders as the man urged him to his knees.

After unbuttoning his trousers, Ryder pulled his engorged member out and stroked it. "Suck, it boy."

Anthony swallowed and stared at the purple cock with the wide, mushroom-shaped head. He'd never seen anything so beautiful. Of its own volition, his own cock expanded and jerked to life. Good God, how had he gotten himself into such a situation? Why had he allowed Craven to talk him into spying on Beresford Hall every Friday night for a month? If he refused to comply with their demands Oh, God, he didn't want to think what the powerfully-built men would do to him. His neck constricted with the hard swallow. He looked again at the man's swollen cock, mesmerized by the languid strokes of his hands and the glistening liquid droplets oozing from it.

His hand came out and took hold of Ryder's quivering shaft. He expected to encounter a rough, almost coarse texture, but it felt soft as milkweed floss. He had the sudden urge to lap up the pearly drops and nip the thick, bulbous head.

Drawn to it like a hapless fly on the periphery of a spider web, he licked his lips and ran his tongue along one side, and next the other. Tiny beads of pre-cum leaked from

the tip, drawing him by scent, pulling at him, until he wrapped his lips around the throbbing member and sucked.

The man tasted of salt and musk. Ryder emitted a low-browed grunt and rocked his hips into Anthony's mouth. "Swallow it, all of it; take it deep in your throat. Ah, yes, that's it, all of it."

So focused on the task before him, Anthony was jolted when Ryder wrapped his arms around his shoulders and held him firm. Chains clanked against metal near his feet, but held in that immobile position, he couldn't see the commotion behind him. A binding of some sort circled his ankles; leather, he thought. Moments later, his knees were pushed apart and he heard metal scrape against the floorboards. Devon fastened the knee cuffs to the sturdy bar, rendering him virtually paralytic.

His heart hammered in his chest, and although frightened, he'd never felt such a rush of exhilaration. He'd fantasized a thousand times about being used by a man, but never did he think it would happen with two, much less without having to seek it out. Tremors wracked his body and the anticipation of what came next seemed almost painful.

Against his mouth, Ryder's cock throbbed and pulsated. An innate sense told him the man struggled to hold his orgasm in check. A groan left Anthony's lips when Devon slid a finger inside his rectum and probed deeply.

He tried to lift his head, but Ryder held him firmly in place. "Just relax, my little spy. Concentrate on my cock and Devon will bring you more pleasure than you ever imagined."

Anthony cried out from the mind-numbing sensations. Devon removed his finger and pushed two up his ass, eliciting a noise from him that sounded like a mouse squealing. While pummeling him with his skilled digits, Devon reached for his sacs with

his other hand and caressed them. Shame and exquisite pleasure surged through him. An orgasm crested and jolts of bliss tore through him.

On the brink of an endless chasm, Devon removed his fingers and placed his hard cock at the entrance of his hole, grabbing him firmly by the hips. A series of cries left his throat when Devon buried himself several inches into his ass.

With his mouth still wrapped around Ryder's cock, he moaned, the pleasure/pain intense and mingling until he couldn't distinguish one from the other. Anthony's body spasmed as Devon began a tortuous assault, plunging and retreating in measured strokes. The pain that had erupted from somewhere deep inside slowly ebbed, replaced by a mind-befuddling ecstasy that left him dazed. Sweat streamed from his forehead and the muscles in his legs and arms screamed out in protest. Wantonly, he bore down on Ryder's cock while pushing backwards to meet Devon's hard thrusts, taking him in to the hilt.

A soul-tearing orgasm exploded in Anthony, simultaneous to the load Ryder shot into his mouth. No longer capable of holding back, he came fierce and intense and in perfect time to Devon's climax that emptied his seed into his ass.

Weak, his breaths coming in hard, short bursts, Anthony collapsed against Ryder and tried to still his thundering heart. Devon pulled his cock from his sore hole and walked to a nearby bureau to retrieve a white towel. He returned, gently spread his victim's buttocks and wiped him clean before unfastening the leather cuffs from the metal bar.

Ryder stroked the hair at the side of his head. "You did good, boy, real good. I'm going to remember that for as long as I live."

"Yes," Devon said, his voice low. "I pray you'll come back and spy on Beresford Hall again."

Anthony rose on wobbly legs, stumbled toward the tapestry sofa in the room, and collapsed onto it with a protracted sigh. He closed his eyes, concentrated on his breathing, and wondered if his heart would ever resume its normal pace.

When next he opened his eyes, the room stood empty. Lying on the arm of the sofa, only the black hoods remained. He reached out and touched them, had to, to confirm it hadn't been a dream, a figment of his depraved, perverted mind. Long minutes later, he rose from the sofa, walked to his trousers and shirt and plucked them from the floor. His fundament hurt and his internal muscles screamed out in protest. Shivers claimed him. Every caress, every glorious second had been real.

The memory of Ryder's dark green eyes behind the hood loomed. Martin Hubbard, he was certain of it now. Oh, God, what would happen the next time he and Craven came face-to-face with the man at the university? He couldn't avoid the man, not when he shared two classes with him.

Craven! Christ, in his delirium, he'd forgotten about his best friend.

Chapter Three

Craven's flesh prickled when Beresford ran his hands over his ass. "You really are quite the beautiful boy. Perfectly-shaped and begging for my attention, isn't that right?"

He stifled the urge to tell him to stop. Isn't this what he'd wanted for a long time, hungered for? He would never have this chance again with a man who looked like Adonis and had the physique of a Roman gladiator. Even as his heart pounded he wanted Beresford to take him, wholly, completely. Damnation, had Beresford asked a question?

"Yes, sir," he whispered and hoped he'd given the right answer.

Craven heard the rustle of clothing and imagined Beresford removing his trousers. Moments later, his suspicions were confirmed. The lord of the manor stood before him in all his glorious nudity, bottle of oil in hand. He removed the stopper, poured a liberal amount of the substance in his hands, and stroked his own cock. Mesmerized by the scene, Craven's throat grew dry. Beresford's shaft expanded to full length in seconds, and what a sight it was. Like every other part of his body, his cock was sleek and large, the mushroom-shaped head and bulging veins sending tremors of longing through Craven's rushing blood.

Beresford returned to his spot behind him, parted his cheeks and massaged his hole. Craven's body lurched with anticipation and he prayed the man wouldn't make him beg. He would, of course, but hoped it wouldn't become necessary.

A grunt came from Craven's throat when Dominic slipped two oily fingers into his entrance. Pain and pleasure shot through his body as the man drove his fingers in and out methodically and stretched him. Beresford placed a hand on Craven's hip and held him immobile while he worked his magic, bringing him to a frenzied peak. He ground his ass against those imperious fingers in an attempt to drive them in further.

Briefly, he thought about Anthony in the other room and smiled through the delirious sensations. Whatever had happened to his friend, it couldn't begin to match this exquisite torture.

"Tell me what you want, Saunders."

"You, sir, oh, please," he said, his hips undulating beneath the pleasurable torment.

"You've been such a good subject; you shall have your wish."

Craven sucked in a deep breath when Beresford removed his fingers and pushed his engorged cock against his entrance.

"Take another deep breath, and try to relax. Remember, I won't hurt you."

Pre-cum leaked from Craven's cock and drizzled down the extended length. His ballocks tightened and through a haze of lust, he felt Beresford push forward and enter him. On the brink of orgasm, stretched tighter than a drum, he drew a series of long breaths, followed by a staccato string of groans. He didn't want it to be over so quickly. Beresford filled him completely, embarked on a rhythm of precision-like thrusts, and pounded into him. Craven reached heights he never dreamed possible. He rocked backward and ground his ass against the warm, hard shaft. He wanted more, needed more, and in that instant, knew he'd never be the same again. He'd crossed the threshold, found what he'd been searching for, craving.

"Beg, tell me how much you want this."

"Oh, God, yes, sir, I want more; harder, please, faster."

Dominic pounded into him and Craven's orgasm arrived in an enormous onslaught of cascading lights. He screamed his pleasure, his raw voice echoing in the still room. Beresford's pace picked up a frenetic tempo, and then warm seed filled his rectum. Craven's breaths came in harsh bursts. He sagged against the chains and languished in the final throes of orgasm. Never had he felt so incredibly fulfilled.

Long moments later, Dominic stood in front of him and removed the cuffs from the iron bars. Deliriously weak, Craven slumped onto his sweat-soaked chest. Beresford picked him up, carried him to the bed, and laid him down gently.

A warm body snuggled into his back, but his eyes grew heavy and his body ached in places he hadn't known existed. Stunned by his response to Beresford's brutal taking of him, he shrunk into the mattress, confused, yet undeniably aroused again. What would he say, how would he explain to Beresford his abandoned reaction to what he did to his body, to him? Even now, he hungered for the man's touch again, wanted to feel his cock deep inside him. Craven closed his eyes and allowed the world of forgetfulness to claim him.

* * *

Dominic awoke in the middle of the night to the sensation of a warm body beside him. He rubbed his eyes and cleared his befuddled brain, remembering the titillating images of Craven Saunders strapped to the Horse. God, he'd never seen such a magnificent body. Handsome didn't begin to describe the boy—beauty personified did.

He'd meant to teach him a lesson and release him, but the situation got out of hand. *His* body had responded in spades to the perfect features, the green eyes with the minute brown flecks, the straight, aristocratic nose and generous mouth. The flaxen

hair, long and silky, matched so perfectly the arched brows and neatly-trimmed mustache. The boy's expression of intelligence and courage did not suit the name his addle-pated parents gave him at birth. They should have named him Dionysus.

He should not have questioned the intruder at length, should have doled out his punishment and freed him immediately. Although he suspected his upbringing had been similar to his, he didn't want to know at the time, didn't want the burden that came with involvement, intimacy. Better to slake his lust with strangers, people who mattered little to him, like he always had. "Too late for that," he said under his breath.

He looked over at the pesky malingerer in his bed. His cock ached and the blood rushed through his veins. Craven would disappear soon and Dominic would never see him again, never revel in the exquisite joining of their bodies. He'd never found such pleasure with another man, and the list loomed longer than his grandfather's arm.

Of late, he'd thought much about his promiscuous peccadilloes and meaningless life. Oh, he knew he'd never have children, and that he accepted. Would he never find that special mate, a lifelong companion to spend the end of his days with? The men had come and gone from his life—his choosing—but he hungered for something more substantial with every passing day. A committed, monogamous agreement is what he longed for. He had the wherewithal to provide an elegant life for himself and a person of his choosing. Until Craven stumbled into his world, he didn't think it possible he'd find one. He couldn't let it happen. He *had* to see the blasted little infiltrator again. But how?

Dominic slipped from bed, walked to the bureau and poured himself a brandy. Craven's clothing caught his eye, and not far away lay his own discarded attire. Inspiration struck. He plucked his cravat from the floor, removed the ruby pin and slipped it into the pocket of Craven's trousers. A little slight of hand, trickery even, but one way or another, he had to see him again.

Dominic climbed beneath the coverlet, and as if his thoughts could summon him, the boy stirred and reached for him. Surely Craven was in the midst of a dream when he found his hard shaft and stroked it. Dominic shivered and found himself unbearably titillated by the boy's languid ministrations. He closed his eyes, savoring the sensations, his pulse escalating to a wild rhythm.

The breath caught in Dominic's throat when Craven slid down his body and took the tip of his cock in his mouth. He nipped and nibbled, licked and sucked until Dominic rose off the bed and clutched the sheets in his hand. "Christ, I must have died and gone to heaven."

Craven released his shaft and flicked his tongue over the head, only to take it into his mouth again and swallow it until the tip nudged the back of his throat. Dominic writhed, bucked beneath him, and wondered if he'd stumbled into the midst of blissful dream. The sensations indescribable, every inch of his skin burned, and the blood rushing through his veins thrummed in triple beat.

On the brink of orgasm, he pulled Craven up to his mouth and kissed him deeply, almost brutally. "You don't know what you've started," he whispered against his lips.

"Yes, I do," Craven said, his voice bold. "You said I would beg before you were finished with me. Do you want me to beg now?"

Dominic did not answer him, but rather flipped him onto his stomach and straddled him from behind, pushing his engorged cock into Craven's ass. "Christ, you're so hot, so tight."

A gasp of white-hot shock escaped Craven's lips when Dominic entered him, swift and deep. He paced his breathing and reveled in the feel of the tight depths contracting around his cock. With a savage rhythm he took him, the intense pressure around his sex shooting through him like fire-licked flames. He reached for Craven's hard shaft and

stroked it in perfect sync with his thrusts. Craven cried out and undulated beneath him, driving him into frenzied urgency. Jolts of unbidden pleasure surged through Dominic, but he reined in his raging desire. He didn't want it to end so soon.

They rode the crest of orgasmic ecstasy together and climaxed simultaneously. Dominic shot his seed deep into Craven's insides while Craven emptied his load into Dominic's hand. Their sweat-soaked bodies collapsed onto the mattress, their chests heaving with labored breaths.

Long moments later, Craven turned to him and said, "My God, I had no idea it would be like that."

"I'm glad it pleased you," Dominic said sincerely.

"Pleased me? Christ, the word indescribable can't do it justice."

Dominic came up on an elbow and looked down at him. "You are free to go if you like. I apologize if I hurt you earlier, and again now."

"You didn't hurt me. Scared more than anything else, yet I figured whatever you were about to do, I deserved it."

"Why were you spying on Beresford Hall?"

"Anthony . . . oh, God, Anthony! Is he all right?"

"Fine. He's been entertained in the parlor while you've been in my bedchamber. Something tells me Anthony put you up to this."

Craven shrugged. "I suppose it was his idea initially, but I encouraged him to continue."

"You were honest with me when you said you were curious?"

He nodded.

"You heard rumors?"

"Yes, Anthony knows about the society . . . and Martin."

“Society?” A chuckle spewed from Dominic’s lips. ‘What’s the name of my society?’

“Carnal Cravings,” he said.

A full-blown laugh erupted from Dominic. “Oh, that is good, Carnal Cravings. Well, I’m sorry to disappoint you, Craven; there is no *society* and no such name.”

“But why are all the other men here then?”

“Similar likes and tastes, but we’ve never taken the time to put a name to our depravities. We meet at Beresford Hall twice a month and whatever happens, happens.”

A sick knot formed in Craven’s gut. He didn’t want to imagine Dominic fucking someone else. Christ, how had it come to this so readily?

“I best leave. I imagine Anthony believes I’ve met my worst fate.”

“Oh, something tells me Anthony is just fine. I sent two of my closest friends into the room to entertain him,” Dominic said, as Craven climbed from bed and grabbed his clothing from the floor.

Craven dressed quickly and turned to him before exiting the room. The awkward flush on his young face was priceless. Dominic knew he’d awakened feelings in Craven the boy had wondered about for years, and he also knew Craven had awakened sensations that had long lain dormant in him. He’d certainly had his share of sexual liaisons, but none compared to what he’d just shared with this stranger who suddenly appeared in his life.

“Thank you sounds a little crass but, thank you,” Craven said. “You needn’t worry about me spying again. I’ve learned my lesson.”

“See that you don’t.” Dominic watched Craven slip from the room and shut the door behind him.

He pulled the covers up to his chin and smiled. What events would unfold when Craven found the ruby brooch in his trousers?

Chapter Four

Craven's face still burned with the aftermath of lust when he met up with Anthony in the darkened corridor of Beresford Hall. Dismissing thoughts of Dominic's strong hands on his naked flesh and how the man's ebony hair glistened beneath the pale moonlight, he exchanged glances with his friend. Anthony appeared dazed, and his clothing clung haphazardly on his tall, lean body. Craven didn't need to ask what happened in that room he just left.

"We best make haste before we're waylaid again," Anthony whispered. "Do you know the way out of this monstrous abode?"

Craven shoved his crumpled shirt into the waistband of his trousers, aware of the fine beads of perspiration still clinging to his flushed skin. "Down the stairs and across the main foyer to the front entry."

"Do you think this will be the end of it? I mean, Beresford won't bring trespassing charges against us, will he?"

"Doubtful," Craven said, recalling the man's warm breath against his skin and the vulnerability in his soft-spoken words. "He got what he wanted, and it's not likely we will see or hear from him again."

"If I didn't know better, I'd say you sound regretful."

Pangs of shame and emptiness mingled to wrench his heart. "You couldn't be further from the truth," he lied. "But Beresford is not as evil as he appears."

Moments later, the massive doors groaned when Craven yanked on the brass handles and opened them. Quietly, they slipped out into a yard canvassed in silver moonbeams, and stumbled toward the dimly-lit knoll where they'd met the Lord of the Manor several hours ago. Beyond their pseudo-sanctuary, they crossed an empty wheat field, and at the far end of the field, clambered over a whitewashed three-rail fence. From there, the darkened outline of the University rose before them.

Here they would part, Anthony heading north to his quarters, Craven southeast to his. "Listen," Anthony said, his voice hoarse. "I think it best we forget about our misadventure, not discuss it again."

"Yes," Craven replied. "You'll not get an argument from me in that regard. I'd just as soon pretend it never happened."

Beneath the strands of moonlight, Craven saw his friend shudder. "If the chancellor were to find out, we'd face expulsion."

"He's not going to find out, I tell you. We'll not hear from Beresford again."

"I pray you're right." Anthony clapped him lightly on the shoulder and opened the outside door of his building. Craven waited until he disappeared and then headed for the entrance to his own quarters.

Something had changed in him, something deep and irreversible. He shucked his clothing, tossed it onto a nearby chair and climbed beneath the bedcovers. Lying in his familiar bed, his blood sang with recurring exotic remembrances. Already he craved the hard thrusts of Dominic's body, and his hot hands skimming over his quivering flesh.

Christ, how would he ever erase the lust-crazed memories from his brain?

* * *

At dawn, with sandpaper eyes and rumbling stomach, Craven tossed the covers aside and rose from bed. Classroom studies began at eight, and would last all day—Geology and Mineralogy, Letters and the English Language, Ancient and Modern Day Languages—a heavy curriculum that inhibited any social life on Craven's part. It was just as well, he thought, retrieving his trousers and shirt from the nearby chair, especially after last night.

He flexed the muscles of his shoulders and arms and felt the lingering stiffness. Tendrils of pain slithered up his legs and butt cheeks, yet he would endure it all thrice over for another night with Dominic Beresford. With a sigh, he stepped into the trousers and tossed the shirt over his torso, shoving his arms into the long sleeves. His books sat on the bureau near the bed and beside them the ink quill he needed. He walked toward it, picked up the books and stuffed the quill case into the pocket of his trousers.

His fingers met a hard, metallic object. As he pulled it out, his eyes widened and his jaw dropped. A ruby brooch, and not just any brooch, but the one fastened to Dominic Beresford's cravat last night. How in the hell did it get into the pocket of his trousers? His stomach churned and not from hunger. He shook his head and prayed it was all a mistake, especially after promising Beresford he would keep his nose clean. How would he explain this seeming thievery to a man who reduced him to marmalade with one look from those blue mosaic orbs?

Sick to his stomach, he headed for the mess hall looking for Anthony, although he doubted he'd be able to eat a bite now. He found his friend perched on a bench at the

long trestle table, shoving eggs and ham into his mouth like a starved coonhound after a fox chase.

“Good, God, man, you look utterly pallid, whiter than goose down,” Anthony said between bites.

Craven pulled the ruby pin from his pocket and held it out before him.

“Where did you find that, you lucky bastard?”

Craven shook his head. “In my trousers.” He ran his hands through the hair at his forehead. “It belongs to Dominic Beresford.”

Anthony choked on a mouthful of eggs. “What! How in hell did you end up with it?”

“I have no idea, I swear, but he’ll never believe me. He’ll think I stole it from him.” Craven paced a small area in front of the table. “We must return and I’ll tell him it appeared in my trousers this morning, tell him—”

“What’s this *we* presumption? I’m not returning to that den of iniquity under any circumstances, particularly if I have to face Lord Beresford. No, thank you very much. I value my body parts, however useless they may seem to him.”

Craven’s voice took on the innocent pleading of a child. “A fine chap you are. I’m not asking you to speak with him, only accompany me.”

“No. Absolutely, categorically, no, and that’s final.”

“What in the world has come over you, Anthony?”

“Martin Hubbard, that’s what’s come over me.”

“What are you babbling about now?”

“Don’t attempt to tell me you don’t know what happened to me in that room; the same thing that happened to you in Beresford’s bedchamber. Two men worked me over thoroughly and one was Martin, I’m certain of it, and I’ve no desire to run into him again.” Anthony shuddered. “Jesu! the embarrassment of it all.”

“Christ, what am I going to do?”

“Return it to him; tell him what you told me. You said yourself he isn’t the ogre everyone makes him out to be.”

“I don’t recall saying that exactly.”

“Well, maybe not in those words, but I saw how you looked when you exited his room and it didn’t resemble fear or loathing.”

He tucked the pin back into his pocket and shuddered. “Tonight I’ll return to Beresford Hall and ask to speak with him.”

“Then what?” Anthony asked, resuming his attack on his plate.

“I don’t know. I’ll think of something. Convince him I didn’t steal it.” A long, exasperated sigh left his lips. “Lord, help me.”

Classes dragged on at a snail’s pace for the remainder of the day. Craven couldn’t concentrate on the lectures, and once or twice the professors had called on him for an answer and he looked the oaf for not knowing the question. He fidgeted, he squirmed and he sweated.

To deny the existence of the brooch in his possession would be his undoing. Beresford was too smart to not notice its disappearance or the coincidence of when it disappeared. There was no help for it. He would have to return it to the man as quickly as possible and plead ignorance about how it ended up in his trousers.

The thought of seeing Dominic again sent the blood pedaling through his veins. When he saw him face-to-face, how would he deny his wild attraction for the man, pretend he didn’t want to see him again? He had to get his emotions under control before he called on Beresford Hall.

In the meantime, he’d pray Beresford would believe him about the brooch.

* * *

For a split second, Craven wanted to bolt as he raised his hand to the knocker. The manor seemed more imposing than before if that was possible. Feeling waves of apprehension wash over him, and slightly dizzy, he heard footsteps approach from the other side of the door. Moments later, it opened and a man dressed in an ornate waistcoat trimmed in gold braid, short knee britches, and white gloves with matching stockings stood before him.

“Good evening, sir. How may I help you?”

Craven chewed on his lower lip to keep it from trembling. “I need to see Mr. Beresford, please.”

“Indeed, and whom may I say is calling?”

“Craven . . . Craven Saunders, sir.”

“May I ask what you require of him?”

“No, that is, I need to see him, speak to him personally.”

Dove gray eyes narrowed before he extended his arm with a flourish and directed him toward a bench in the foyer. “Wait here and I shall see if he’s accessible.”

Interminably long moments passed while Craven waited, and curse the devil, the only thing he could think about while he waited was Dominic buried deep inside him. What if he’d forgotten all about him; thought it nothing but a licentious night of carnal lust that faded like the morning fog? He toyed with the ruby pin in his pocket and remembered his reason for being there. Squelching a hysterical laugh and fighting the bile rising in his throat, he rose and paced the entry. Footfalls came toward him again and the same footman appeared.

“Master Beresford awaits you in his library,” he said with another wave of his arm toward a long corridor. “Follow me.”

Knees knocking, he followed the man until they came to a trio of doors, two on the right, and one on the left, the room Dominic apparently occupied. The footman rapped lightly on the door, pushed it open and closed it behind him the moment Craven stepped into the room.

Heart thumping against his chest, Craven forced his gaze to linger on Dominic’s face. Sitting behind the mahogany desk with his feet atop of it, he looked exceedingly virile. His memory had been lax; the man was more beautiful than he had remembered. Pulled back, his dark, sleek hair had been tied at the nape of his neck with a leather thong. Eyes the color of a mountain stream pierced through the distance between them, and the perfection of his mouth, his achingly erotic mouth, nearly brought him to his knees.

“Well,” he said, the deep timbre of his voice acting like a balm to his misery. “I imagine you’ve come to return the brooch.”

Craven retrieved it from his trousers and held it before him. “I didn’t steal it. I’m at a loss to explain its presence, but I swear, I didn’t—”

“Did you tend to your studies today?”

Knocked off his game, Craven faltered. “Yes, sir, I mean in a fashion.”

“Explain yourself.”

“I found it difficult to concentrate. This thing that happened between us, I-I couldn’t stop thinking about it.” Heat rose up his neck and flooded his face and his voice became a whisper. “If you want the truth of it.”

Dominic rose from the chair and walked toward him. The elegant hand barely grazed his as he reached for the ruby pin, but it was enough to send a ripple of longing rushing through him. “I didn’t steal it,” he reiterated in quiet desperation.

“I know,” said Beresford, capturing his eyes.

“You . . . you know?”

He nodded.

“How, how did it end up in my—”

“I placed it there.”

The blood pounded through his ears in wild abandon. The proximity of him, his manly scent fogged Craven’s thinking and rendered him mute.

“Strangely, I had the same problem today. I found it difficult to stay on task.”

“You did?”

Another nod, and then his hand came out to yank Craven toward him, closing the last foot separating their bodies. Craven kissed him with a passion that shocked them both. Clasping his broad shoulders, he pressed his body into Dominic’s and groaned into his mouth.

Then the world melted away as Dominic deftly turned him and backed him toward the desk, their tongues parrying, and their kisses desperate. Dominic broke from the kiss and with one clean sweep of his arm cleared the desk of papers and pushed Craven face down onto it. The ache inside Craven deepened, spread until he was mindless with need and only vaguely aware of the clothing leaving his body.

A groan tore from Craven’s throat when Dominic reached around from behind and found a nipple, twisting and kneading it until he grew mindless with lust. His warm lips nibbled at the tender flesh of his neck as Dominic kicked his feet out and spread his legs. Yes, yes, soon he would have the man inside him again. Not soon enough.

An animal-like sound escaped from deep inside his throat as Dominic probed his opening from behind. Unable to control his need, Craven pushed back and impaled himself on the throbbing cock. A strong arm encircled his waist just before Dominic buried himself into the tight heat of his insides. He held him firm, moving methodically, plunging in and out of him.

“Faster, harder,” Craven heard his own hoarse voice rasp.

His flesh burned with desire. Waves of scorching heat tore through him. Beyond pain or pleasure now, he whimpered like a school boy and exulted in the delirious sensations.

He wanted it harder, fiercer. He ground his ass against the intruder, seeking the relief that seemed out of reach. Cascading lights flickered and burned and so did his body, demanding more. He strained, gyrated and undulated beneath the wicked onslaught.

“Oh, God, I’m going to come,” he wheezed. Never had he felt anything so mind-numbingly blissful.

“Come for me, handsome boy,” Dominic whispered in his ear, moments before he exploded.

Every muscle in his body clenched and his release manifested into an endless stream of hot liquid. Dominic circled his waist tighter and thrust again and again, finally pouring his hot seed into him. Craven felt a crushing weight and again the warm breath against his neck.

“Fucking marvelous,” Dominic whispered.

Collapsing onto the desk with his hands spread out, Craven closed his eyes and savored the dazed aftermath of fulfillment. Long moments later, Dominic pulled his cock out and helped Craven to a nearby chair, then settled in beside him in another.

With his heart beating erratically, he looked into Dominic's eyes. "What now?"

A smile curled the corners of his lips. "What do you wish would happen now?"

"Do I have a choice?"

"I wouldn't have asked if you didn't. What do *you* want, not anyone else, what do you want?"

"To be with you, that's what I want."

"You must remain in school; I insist you finish your studies."

"I will, I promise. If I know there's a chance for us to continue, I promise."

"And you shall leave that ramshackle room they call a dormitory and move in with me."

"In an instant."

"What will your parents say about that?"

"Their major concern is that I complete my education. They have other sons to fret and stew over."

Dominic looked at him and cocked his head. "I haven't even asked you about your family, siblings, and so on. Quite rude of me," he said with a shake of his head.

Momentarily unable to utter a word, Craven stared at him. If he continued down that road, he'd soon be lost in the fathomless depths of those blue eyes and begging for him to take him again. After a lengthy time had passed, he said, "Trust me, my parents will approve as long as I remain in school. I am not from an influential family, and they struggle to assist me financially with my education."

"No longer," Dominic said as if it were a forgone conclusion.

Craven studied the man's unearthly beauty for a moment. Curious why Dominic had bothered to check up on him, he asked, "How do you know my room is ramshackle?"

‘While you were at studies today, I convinced the steward to allow me to enter. I told him I was there to drop off coin for you.’

“You did? But why?”

“I had to know under what conditions you were living, and my suspicions were right. Now, what about it, will you live here with me at Beresford Hall?”

“What about the semi-monthly gatherings? I don’t think I could stand it if you were to still crave—”

“Those days are long forgotten. There will be no further need for my depraved associates to continue their forays into such dissolute undertakings at Beresford Hall.”

“You would give all that up?”

“With pleasure,” Dominic said, holding his gaze. “What say you?”

“Yes,” Craven replied. “Absolutely, unconditionally yes.”

“It’s settled then.” He rose and brushed his thumb across Craven’s cheek. “I have a confession to make.”

Holding his breath, Craven blinked. “All right, what is it?”

“I lied to you about the society.”

“You did?”

Dominic nodded. “I’m afraid your friend was correct. The society meets here twice monthly and is dubbed *Carnal Cravings*.” He grabbed Craven’s hand and placed it over his heart. “But I swear to you, it will be disbanded and I shall never look at another man again.”

“What if you tire of me?”

Their eyes locked. “I’ve waited a long time for you. It’s not going to happen, I promise.”

Craven felt the soft cadence of his heartbeat beneath his palm and knew Dominic spoke the truth.

THE END