



Her quest for freedom plunges her into dangerous waters...of desire.

A Wasteland Story

Bryn is a “Rose”, but her life is no garden. A stolen child, prostitution is the only life she’s ever known—except on the nights she sneaks out in stolen men’s clothing to explore the city. A tiny taste of freedom that makes her long for a life outside sexual servitude, at the mercy of any man who can pay.

Xander remembers no other home except his pirate ship, smuggling weapons or anything else for a fee. He’s been happy with his life and his lover, Hawke...until he rescues who he thinks is a young man from robbers.

Figuring she can blend in with the crew, Bryn jumps at the chance to escape the Brothel. Then she discovers Xander and Hawke have a taste for pretty boys—and that she has a taste for them. In their arms, she embraces their incredible gift: control of her own sexuality.

Though women are considered bad luck at sea, Xander isn’t of a mind to give her up. Yet the time is drawing near when the ship must return to Wasteland to resupply. And what awaits them there is a danger that could tear them apart.

Warning: Contains hot pirates, bad boys, pretty boys, lots of three-way pirate sex, a woman spanking a pirate with a rare-wood paddle, a glass dildo used on a pirate—have we mentioned the pirates?

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The Whore

Lilli Feisty

Dedication

For Briana Silverheart

Prologue

In 2012, the world came to a grinding halt as radiation hit from a massive solar storm. Crops died, animals perished, cities fell and humans became little more than beasts themselves. Under the threat of starvation, civility was reduced to mere memory. Only the strongest men survived, and physically weaker women and children wasted to nothingness.

More than a century later, humanity struggles in the desert Wasteland. The solar radiation rendered most women infertile, and the population dwindles more with each year that passes. Scattered up and down coasts, isolated cities eke out an existence from fishing, foraging and hunting for what little game is left. Outside the city walls, men face the threat of pirates and raiders.

Few women remain, divided into four classes—Whores, Breeders, Priestesses and Wanderers. They are as reviled as they are worshipped, a commodity any man must pay to touch. To touch a Whore, a man must sacrifice his riches. To touch a Breeder, a man must sacrifice his freedom. To touch a Priestess, a man must be chosen by the gods. And to touch a Wanderer may end up costing him his life.

There is only one rule in the Wastland—survive.

Chapter One

Aside from the worry of conceiving a child, Bryn considered sucking cock the worst part of her role as a prostitute. Leaning against the rails of the carved-earth tower above the brothel, she took a deep drag from the cinnamon-clove arre'te she held between her thumb and forefinger. By some twist of luck, she'd discovered she possessed an allergy to cinnamon when a trader had brought her chamber mate, Ayla, a tin of treats five years previously. At first Bryn had panicked when her mouth had gone numb after sucking the spicy delicacy, but Bryn wasn't the type of woman who panicked for long. She'd quickly realized a numb mouth made sucking a Jahns willy a lot less foul.

Another deep drag. The arre'te burned dangerously close to her fingertips, and a spark flew into the night air, disappearing into the sounds of a city bustling beneath her. As she watched the glow vanish, she felt an envy for that ember. Her heart lurched with a pain of longing as she listened to the noise reverberating against the exterior of the hills around her. Mostly she heard the clatter of men—fishermen announcing what they'd caught that day, traders hawking cigarettes and fresh water. All free men, roaming the dirty streets on their way to their next destination.

Men. Because they had a cock, they were free.

Bryn hated cocks as much as she wished to own one.

"Bryn. Your Jahn is preparing for you. He should be ringing the bell shortly."

Her stomach lurched as she listened to the servant's voice. "I'll be inside momentarily," she called over her shoulder. She'd already been prepared for the evening. Three servants had shaved her skin. One had cleaned her legs, one her underarms and one servant had gently run the edge of a deadly sharp knife over every crevice of her sex, leaving her pussy as smooth as silk. Another servant had massaged her body in agave milk, and her skin was as soft and pale as the plant's liquid.

Her arre'te was dark, dead. She flicked it into the night and watched it fall into the crowd. And there was a crowd. Tonight the city was bustling. The storm that had recently passed had left people relieved, and an air of excitement seemed to permeate the air. Storms were rare and fierce, and each time a tempest passed, the denizens of the sea came ashore. The fish were plenty, the air was clear and the men were horny. For that last part, if it happened to be a female a man wanted, there was only one place within a hundred miles to find such a commodity.

And, being such a commodity herself, Bryn was standing on the balcony of said establishment. The Dusty Rose. She rolled her eyes. It was a stupid name. After all, no living being had actually seen anything

other than the desert rose, a mutation of the plant that survived. Now, they only saw illustrations that had been protected by the underground Librarians. Illustrations dated hundreds of years ago were the closest thing any being on the planet had come to seeing an actual rose. A sealed parchment with a photo of a rose hung in the entry of the brothel, given to the house by the High Priestess. The plant had been entirely destroyed during The Burning Time. So Bryn thought the name was hokey, some kind of cheesy suggestion of what was located inside the thick walls. Petal Pussies, Leaves of Flesh, Flowers for Hire—if they were going to pick a hokey name, any of those would be better and more accurate titles of what resided in the Dusty Rose.

She touched her right ear, where a red rose was tattooed on her lobe. Her fellow prostitutes were each marked similarly. A small symbol, but it said so much. The mark claimed her. Owned her. Kept her in her place. She was a Rose. A pretty word for whore. And that place was a fortress, an environment protected as tightly as any temple. A brothel.

Located in the center of Kroy Wren, the Dusty Rose was carved into the rocky walls of earth, the thick soil etched by the knives of highly skilled artisans. The balcony on which she stood was several hundred feet above ground and ornately chiseled with designs ordered by the High Priestesses. She shuddered at the memory. When the brothel had grown to the point where they required more room, the Roses had been the ones who'd traded for the artisans' services. Excited by the availability of sex each evening, the women had been kept busy. Bryn had taken so many cocks into her mouth during that six-month period, she'd thought her jaw would break.

The bell rang, a tinkling sound of burnt glass pebbles, summoning her. The elegant noise belied the sourness churning in her stomach.

With a deep breath, she tightened the scarves strategically wrapped around her body. Soft black fabric tied in a sash around her hips, and another piece of fabric draped across her breasts and tied over one shoulder. Men liked to see female skin, but they also loved the anticipation of finding out what was beneath the flimsy articles of clothing.

Like any prostitute, she was held in high regard. As she entered her chamber, crossed the room and stepped into the hallway, she reminded herself that despite her duty, she was in a caste higher than any man. She placed her hand on the doorknob and inhaled. Beyond, her Jahn waited. She lifted her chin and prepared to look down upon whomever waited inside.

She opened the door.

His chest was covered in a thick mat of dark hair, and large glass ear bobbles were affixed to his earlobes. Of course he'd leave those on. They were a sign of wealth and stature. He was probably an affluent trader. Now he reclined on the bed, a light sheet covering his sex. His erection was visible beneath the linen. Despite his freshly washed hair and body, there was an air of something dirty about him. Something in his eyes, the way he looked at her. Bryn's sex clenched unpleasantly but she panted on what

she knew was the perfect smile. Coy yet knowing. Innocent yet sexy. Ingenuous yet wanting. *Fake fake fake*. But it worked.

The man placed his hand on the sheet and grinned at her. He whipped the sheet off his body, exposing his cock. It wasn't very big, and the tip was already glistening.

This shouldn't take long.

"Evenin', Rose. I have a present for you," he said.

She dipped her head and looked up through her lashes. *Your cock. Goody. Just what I've always wanted*. Ignoring the nausea churning deep in her belly, she stepped inside. "Oh, sir. How I do like gifts. And yours is just what I was hoping for this fine evening."

Licking her numbed lips, she closed the door behind her.

Captain Xander yanked at the hemp ropes binding his wrists behind his back. Fucking Viven's minions had tied them well. There was no way he was squirming his hands free. He looked up through a lock of brown hair that had fallen perfectly into his face to poke him in the eye. Puffing a burst of air out of his lungs, he attempted to blow the hair away. He succeeded. And then it fell back into place, more annoying then before.

But his unruly hair was really the least of his problems. The moment he'd stepped onto land he'd been abducted by his Payer's bodyguards. Now he stood in the fuckwad's office, and Viven looked none to happy to see him.

The tall, bald man leaned across his oversized marble desk, steepling his hands beneath his chin. He wore round dark goggles that hid what were rumored to be hollow eye sockets. He said, "Captain. You again fail me."

Xander took a deep breath and glanced to the huge guards flanking him. He had to keep his cool. He didn't have a choice. He faced Viven. "With all due respect, sir, I believe we were very close to finding what you desire this time out. But there was a storm, and we were forced ashore for supplies and to repair the boat."

Viven flicked a finger and a guard promptly shot a huge fist into Xander's gut. He doubled over as pain lurched through him, making his mouth water as a wave of nausea washed through his body. Still bent, he looked up through his hair. "Sir, I truly think we are on the verge of discovering what you seek. Just one more venture—uh."

Another punch assaulted his abdomen. One more hit like that and the remains of Xander's salt-cod breakfast would be spewed over Viven's expensive exotic rug.

Viven glanced to the small bowl of burning sage on his desk. "I am a forgiving man. I am a patient man. I paid you to do a job, and you have failed. Twice." He waved his hand at a guard, and Xander was thrust forward until he was bent over Viven's desk. Then there was a yank as his wrists were untied. The

next thing he knew, Xander's hands were pushed flat on the marble surface, held firmly by Viven's minions. Xander struggled, but they easily overpowered him. And even if he could manage to free himself, the oafs had already disarmed him of the knives he kept strapped to his thighs at all times.

Hadn't you meant to brush up on your hand-to-hand fighting skills? He grunted. His knives were his weapon of choice. Fists were so...messy.

But, as Viven picked up a lighting stick, Xander had a feeling things were about to get a lot messier.

Fuck.

Every muscle in Xander's body tensed. "Sir, I assure you I'll attain what you desire. I just need a bit more time."

Viven placed the end of the burning stick into the glowing sage. "More time. We all need more time, don't we?" When the tip of the stick was burning with a small orange flame, he looked up. "I will give you more time."

"Great. Now I'll just be on my way—"

Xander tried to stand, but the guards tightened their grip, totally immobilizing him. "Not yet." Viven held the burning stick so it hovered just above Xander's right hand. "I want more."

"I understand."

"No. I don't think you do." Viven stabbed the fiery tip into Xander's skin. He screamed. The burn pierced his hand, pain shooting out of each nerve and up his arm. He sucked in a breath as the stick's ember died, buried in a small hole in his skin.

Finally, panting, he regained his breath. His mouth still watered, and he experienced a nearly overwhelming urge to spit into Viven's face.

You've just been beaten in the gut, and had a burning stick put out in your hand. You're restrained, and you have no weapons. Spitting in your Payer's face probably isn't a good idea at this juncture.

Viven lifted the smoking stick out of his skin. "The way I see it, you owe me, Captain."

"Fine," he bit out. "What do you want?"

"What I originally hired you to acquire." His pointy tongue darted out, and he licked his lips. "And more."

Xander stared into the black glasses perched on the Payer's face. "What more?"

"Your ship."

"No fucking way."

His outburst was rewarded with a kick to the back of his knee. His leg jerked forward, banging his kneecap on the marble of the front of the desk. Shit. Just because he was a pirate did not mean he wanted a metal leg. Still, he said, "With all due respect, sir, I can't give up my boat."

Viven leaned back in his chair and nibbled on the clean edge of the burning stick. "You misunderstand me, Captain. It's not just your ship I'm going to own. It's your ship, your crew and you. The

way I see it, you owe me. Big time. And seeing as you can't possibly repay me, I'll take my payment how I see fit. And how I see fit is to own you—and what's yours."

"I hate it when you do this."

Brynn looked up from the men's shirt she was currently buttoning. "I know you do, Ayla. But I'm nearly out of arre'tes, and with the docks as busy as they are tonight, I need to seize the moment."

It wasn't a lie. Bryn's tin of the cinnamon mixture she used for rolling blunts was running low. That and she needed to obtain the rare sea sponge she used for contraception. Contraception wasn't allowed. Babies were immediately taken to the High Priestess and sent on a path chosen by a goddess. Bryn refused to produce another being who held no control over her destiny.

However, those were not the only reasons she was wearing men's trousers and affixing a large jewel to her ear, covering the rose tattoo. Her Jahn had given it to her as a gratuity, and she fully planned on using it tonight.

Restlessness seemed to be crawling over her skin. Listening to the hustle of the city caused her very insides to swirl with a need to leave the confines of the brothel. She got like this sometimes. Sometimes the desire to be free was so intense she thought her chest might simply explode.

Tonight was one of those nights.

"It's dangerous." Legs crossed, Ayla sat on her bed. Like Bryn's, it was high off the ground and adorned with luxurious and rare silken bedcoverings. Now Ayla leaned against a crimson pillow and began braiding her thick, bright red hair. "Think about what could happen if anyone discovered you're a woman wandering the streets alone."

"It hasn't happened thus far. And it's even less likely now that I've cut my hair."

It was true. One day Bryn had taken a large pair of shears and hacked off the long mahogany locks into choppy, uneven cuts. She wasn't sure why. She'd been staring into the mirror and had experienced the strong and sudden urge to free herself from the weight of femininity. So, she had done so. Then she'd taken a horsehair brush, dipped it in henna dye and brushed the color over the top layer of her hair. The result was jagged, sharp edges of hair with random, mahogany streaks. It wasn't much, but the result had given her a sense of control over something, even if it was something as simple as her hair.

The Madam had been none too pleased. After all, Roses were meant to possess the very essence of womanhood and femininity. With her short haircut and slight frame, the Madam said Bryn looked like a teenage boy.

Aw, but they swiftly discovered there was a market for such a thing. Soon Bryn had Jahns going as far as to request she wear men's clothing before she came to them, which came in quite handy. Now Bryn possessed several items in her wardrobe that she used during her ventures into the city.

She faced her friend. "Please don't worry, Ayla. I promise I'll be fine."

Ayla's brow was creased. "Can't you send a servant to the docks?"

Bryn sat on a stool and started lacing up her boots. "You know I'd never ask that of a servant. It's too dangerous."

"You do hear yourself, right? Too dangerous for a servant but not for *you*?"

"Do you think I'll be abducted by pirates?"

Ayla scowled. "You know that's not funny. My brother is a perfect example. He became a pirate, and now I never see him."

"That's because we can't see anyone. We're stuck behind these brothel walls." Bryn tied off the boot and started on the other one. Each second that ticked by the urge to flee grew, causing her heart to beat with anxiety. She *needed* to go. "I've done this a million times. Don't worry so." She stood, crossed the room and gave her Sister a kiss on the forehead.

Ayla took her hand and placed a soft kiss on the back of her wrist, followed by a gentle lick from her warm tongue. As usual, Bryn's sex swelled. She closed her eyes as Ayla moved Bryn's hand to cup her breast. Bryn could feel Ayla's hard nipple through the soft fabric of her sleeping gown, and she took the beaded flesh in her fingers.

Ayla sighed. "Please. Stay."

For a moment she considered it. Ayla knew Bryn's body, knew her desires, more so than the other Roses. So many men... The only way Bryn enjoyed sex was to lay with her fellow prostitutes.

Sex was a job, a requirement. She didn't enjoy being forced to have sex with anyone who could afford it, but it hadn't ruined her own sexual appetite. Bryn refused to let her destiny ruin her body's desires.

Right now she desired Ayla. As her chamber-mate continued to rub her nipple with her fingers, Bryn's pussy dampened, started to throb.

Leaning down, she placed a soft kiss on Ayla's lips. "I'll be back," she whispered. "I promise."

Ayla leaned back onto the bed and lifted the fabric of her sleeping dress, pulling it to her waist. She opened her legs to reveal her smooth, glistening pussy. Reaching down, she dipped her index finger into the pink folds. "I'll be waiting."

It was difficult to pull herself away, but she did. Had to. Sex wasn't exactly difficult to come by—she lived in a brothel. Sex would be there when she returned. The desire to escape the walls of her fortress had been escalating with each passing second, leaving her with little choice but to fulfill that particular desire. Her escapes were the only thing that kept her from going mad.

She used the tunnels to reach the surface. Behind the walls of the brothel was a labyrinth of small passages. Hollow, narrow corridors that led to hundreds of exits. It was time for the servants' evening meal, so Bryn expected barely any encounters as she made her way to the street.

Still, her heart raced. Although she tried to appear calm around Ayla, Bryn was well aware of how dangerous her actions were. If the Madam caught her sneaking outside the walls, she would be punished.

Of course, a Rose couldn't have any visible marks of punishment. However, they had other methods. There were rooms located underground where Roses were punished for misdeeds. Like the sensory deprivation room. A woman was stripped nude, her wrists and ankles bound, and she was locked in a room of total darkness for forty-eight hours. All a person could hear in that room was the sound of her own breathing. Each time Bryn had seen a girl come out of such a punishment she'd had such an expression of insanity on her face—it made Bryn's blood run cold to think of it.

The punishment for leaving the brothel walls would be much worse than two days in the deprivation chamber. A year of penalty. Naked and chained. Spread-eagle on a table in the entry of the brothel. Each day, from sunrise to sunset. The small amount of freedom she knew would be taken away from her. She'd be nothing more than a receptacle. Anyone could touch her. Any servant could climb onto the table, kneel between her legs and fuck her. A group of men could surround her, stroke their cocks and shoot their come on to her naked flesh, where it would stay until she was released at night. Once the word spread that a Rose had fallen, there would be a line of men waiting their turn for a free fuck. She would have men sticking their cocks in her mouth and pussy and ass all day long—often simultaneously. No man would be turned away.

They said it was to ensure a Rose understood the dangers of being a woman alone in the Wasteland. Bryn thought it was a cruel joke. There was nothing in the barren lands that could be worse than what she found each day inside her prison walls.

Chapter Two

So, yeah. She had a lot to lose. Yet, here she was. Peeking through a tunnel door, her hands shook as she watched a group of men walking down the hallway in her direction, their voices and the sounds of their boot steps echoing through the corridor. When they had passed she quietly emerged, staying close enough so she seemed to be a part of their group as they strolled past the guards and into the street.

No one gave them a second look. It truly amazed her how much freedom a cock gave a person.

Dodging through the crowd, she went for a few blocks before dipping into an alley. She leaned her back against the side of a building. Her heart raced, beating so hard in her chest she could nearly feel it hammering against her breastbone. Taking deep breaths, she counted to twenty, then thirty. But she had to go up to fifty before her pulse began to slow. And then, her body lost some of its anxiety.

The energy of the city started to bleed into her, making her feel as if she'd taken a drag of a hemp arre'te. Tension drained from her body. The traders, the fishermen, the citizens—all exuded an unforeseen force that seeped into her, thrilling her. Freedom. For a few hours she had what they did. And it was exhilarating.

Pushing herself off the wall, she meandered toward the docks. She took her time. She paused to peruse a tray of sea stones a man had strapped to his chest. In awe, she watched a man wearing what could only be a coat made of leather, and straddling something even more rare—a horse—ride down the street. This was only the second time she'd seen such a creature in person, and the beautiful animal was so rare and expensive, four armed guards surrounded the rider and beast.

If she were free, maybe she could have worked hard enough to obtain something as magnificent as a horse.

If she were free.

You are, if only for a few hours.

With a sigh, she continued on her way. Closer to the water, the air became heavy and damp. Salty. She sucked in a deep breath and closed her eyes. Oh, how she longed to ride the sea. The sea was endless. No roads, no houses carved into the earth. She imagined herself on a boat, drifting day to day. Coming ashore only when a piece of land looked attractive.

A young man stopped directly in front of her. Two other boys flanked him. They looked dirty and poor and desperate. The hairs on the back of her neck prickled.

The one in the middle had shiny, sandy hair and a mean glint in his eye. He pointed to the jewel screwed to her earlobe. "Nice earbob."

A shiver of fear trickled up her spine, and she put her head down to step around them. But they intercepted her, moving to stand directly in her path.

"Where you off to in such a hurry?"

She met his gaze. One thing she'd learned was to show no fear. "To the docks. Now let me pass."

But his stare had gone once again to her ear, and she mentally kicked herself for being stupid. She should have worn a scarf, as she normally did. She reached inside her blazer to palm the dagger strapped to her side. She didn't think she could take the three of them. However, winning a fight wasn't her biggest concern. Any scene-making altercation, on the other hand, could be a problem. A big problem.

She fisted the knife's handle. "I don't want any trouble."

The sandy-haired boy reached out once again. "Then just give us your jewel, and you won't have any."

Fuck. She'd happily hand it over, but then her tattoo would be exposed. Again, she cursed her stupidity. Now, she had no choice but to fight. She drew the dagger out of her jacket and tried to look confident. "Fine. Don't say I didn't warn you."

The boys came at her, surrounding her. Her eyes darted between the three figures as she took a fighting stance. She'd watched the Sun Guards exercise, and had practiced their defenses. But that had been alone. Pretend. This was real.

She would lose.

Naked, chained to a table, a living fuck-toy.

No. You can not lose.

Backing up, she tried to lure them into an alley. The last thing she needed was to draw an audience. With her free hand, she beckoned them to her.

The leader came first. He swung a fist toward her head, but Bryn jerked backward, causing him to miss. She seized the opportunity. Gripping her knife, she stabbed him in the shoulder. He howled.

"Shut up," she hissed.

Then the two others came at her. Fuck, she couldn't take all three.

But she could try.

They swarmed. She backed up. One of the boys pulled his arm back and was about to swing at her. She thought she could duck again—

He was on the ground. She barely knew what happened. It couldn't have been more than five seconds before she realized her attackers were the ones under siege. Two men were making quick work of the boys. Breathing heavily, she watched as a man with white-blond hair in a long braid down his back punched the sandy-haired man in the jaw. Three punches and the boy was on the ground, unconscious.

The blond man appeared utterly unfazed as he quickly drew up a leg and spun around to plant the bottom of his leather boot in the second boy's chest. Apparently the boy had gotten back to his feet. That ended quickly as the boy flew backward, landing with a thud on the other side of the alley.

Her gaze landed on the blond man's companion. Tall and lean, he had brown hair and a handsome face. Like the blond man, he wore a brown tunic, tan breeches and leather boots. Each man had telltale shells woven into their hair. Pirates.

Pirates. They embodied everything she craved. Freedom. The sea. Power.

The brown-haired man held two daggers. Casually spinning the knives in his hands, he smiled at the third boy, who now had his back to the wall. Still focused on the boy, the man jerked a nod at Bryn. "You giving this chap a hard time?"

The fucker's eyes were wide, scared. "No—I just wanted his—"

Bryn barely saw the knife fly out of the man's hand. She heard a whiz, and then the dagger was stuck in the side of the building, barely an inch from the boy's head.

His voice was high and full of fright. "Please...I didn't mean any harm."

"Get the fuck out of here."

The boy who'd wanted her jewel needed no further invitation. Seizing the moment, he fled, his footsteps falling hard and fast as he exited the alley.

Then, silence. The other two boys were unconscious lumps on the ground, leaving Bryn alone in the alley. With the two men. Facing them, she clutched her dagger to her chest. However, these were men—these were pirates. Fighters. She knew she wouldn't have a chance.

"Don't worry, boy," the blond man said. "We won't hurt you." In the dim light, she could see his wide blue eyes and thick black lashes. His face looked as chiseled as the exterior of the brothel walls, and a jolt of awareness shot through her.

Shaking it away, she looked to his friend. That was a mistake. A second jolt of awareness struck her, this time like lightning. In the moonlight, his shaggy brown hair flashed with sun-kissed tones. He possessed a tall, sturdy build and had an easy manner about him. But based on the way he'd overtaken the men who'd attacked her, she had a feeling his demeanor was deceiving.

He plucked the knife out of the side of the alley wall. "Fucking punks. I suppose they wanted your earbob."

Her fist clenched around the hilt of her knife. Eventually, she nodded.

"No worries, chap," the blond man said. His gaze raked over her and even though it was dark, she saw a glimmer in his eyes. "We won't hurt you."

She believed him. For some reason she believed him. But what did they want?

"Be safe," the brown-haired man said. Then, with one last glance he draped his arm over the shoulders of his companion, and they walked away.

Clutching her knife, she stared after them. If Bryn knew about one thing, it was sex. And, as she watched how they interacted—their constant physical contact, the way the blond man brushed a lock of hair out of his friend's face—she was quite certain they were more than friends. They were lovers.

That hot awareness from earlier? Yeah, it had just landed in her gut. Of course, all men lay together. She'd never been picked to participate in a ménage. However, on several occasions Bryn had spied on Roses who had participated in such scenarios. She'd found the scenes shockingly erotic, and had gone as far as to spy through a balcony window while she touched herself.

A hot flush crept up her neck at the memory. It was the one thing she'd actually wanted to do with a man. It was the one thing she'd seen men do that aroused her. She'd seen a Rose sandwiched between two men, both her holes filled at once. There'd been a tenderness in that encounter Bryn had never experienced. The ménages were always talked about with reverence, as the most desirable Jahns. They treated a Rose with respect and always gave her pleasure.

Watching the men kiss had been the most exciting thing. She wasn't sure why. Especially when they kissed each other while fucking the Rose...

It was a fantasy she'd held close to her heart, one she often played out in her mind while she touched herself...

The pirates were nearly out of her vision before she took off. She scrambled through the fishermen and traders, making her way across the dirty, twisting street until she was a few steps behind the pirates. Until she could overhear their words.

The blond man had long legs and an elegant gait. He said, "Half the crew has disappeared, Captain."

The man next to him—the Captain—was his opposite. His gait was more of a swagger. From behind, he seemed even taller than she'd originally thought. Her gaze roamed over his brown trousers, which hugged what even someone as jaded as Bryn would have to admit was a fabulous ass. Worn, knee-high boots hit the ground with sturdy steps.

She stepped up her own speed, listening to their conversation. She wasn't sure what drew her to them, but she was free, for the moment. So she didn't deny herself. And she wanted to know why half their crew had disappeared.

Curiosity killed the cat.

Good thing she wasn't a cat.

The skinny man said, "Word reached the ship about the Payer, and five crew members were gone within the span of fifteen minutes."

"Fucking traitors."

"Mainly the new boys we picked up in G'huana. Probably would have jumped the second we reached Kroy Wren anyway."

The Captain ran his hand over his brown hair, which resulted in a bunch of chunks sticking up chaotically. “True. Still, I want to get the hell out of here tonight. Crew or no crew.”

They dodged a group of traders carrying coils of hemp rope. “It’s most likely going to be a skeleton crew, sir. Of course, we still have our core group. And a few citizens have inquired about passage.”

“I suppose the deck swab is gone.”

“Unfortunately, yes.”

The Captain shook his head. “Damn. I hate a dirty ship.”

“I’m aware of that, Captain.”

“Fucker.”

“I can clean.”

As the men stopped and turned to face her, Bryn slapped a hand over her mouth. What the hell had she just said? Not only was the idea of working on a ship insane, but she’d never held a broom.

The Captain nailed her with his gaze, and her heart stopped. Brown eyes. Direct and intense and sparkling with intelligence.

She took a step back. “Or not...”

The skinny man gave her a slow once-over. Normally, such an obvious assessment would have disgusted her, but, oddly, it didn’t. As his gaze roamed her body, a shiver of something went through her. Something she couldn’t quite identify. Unfamiliar, but not unwelcome.

Strange, that.

“You looking for a job?” the thin man said.

She nodded her head. “Yes.”

Their expressions were amused. The Captain stepped forward, and her heart skipped as he dipped his head to look her in the eye.

What were these men doing to her? Had she actually inhaled something intoxicating and was now suffering a contact high? That one trader’s incense had smelled a bit funny...

The Captain put a hand on his hip. She noticed that hand was marked. A burn mark. And it appeared fresh.

Okaaay. That didn’t look too good.

He said, “Yes or no, boy? We don’t have all night.”

Her hands clenched at her sides as her palms went damp. Her pulse hammered and her head spun. Was this really happening? Were they offering her a chance for escape?

She’d never cleaned a floor in her life.

She was posing as a man.

The ship was probably full of nefarious characters and big danger.

No one was more surprised than she was to hear herself say, “Yes. I am in need of a job, and I can clean. If you think you can take me on. On the ship, I mean.”

The Captain’s all-assessing gaze was much quicker than his friend’s but it sent a shiver up her spine. He gave her a quirked grin. “Oh, I think I can take you, boy. Now let’s go.”

What the hell was she doing?

As she walked up the pier and the gangplank to the ship, the men flanked her. Her blood rushed with nerves as doubt threatened to overwhelm her. Was she really doing this? Was she really going to just walk away from her life and pose as a man on a pirate ship?

She was. But there was something she needed to do before they set sail.

Set sail.

Never, not in a million years, did Bryn consider ever saying those words.

Her stomach lurched as they stepped aboard. Despite her nerves, a flash of excitement shot through her. She was, for the first time in her twenty-five years of life, standing on the water. The air seemed to leave salt on her skin, and she licked her lips. She glanced to the men beside her, and a shiver of responsiveness heightened her already-edgy nerves. She had spent much time with men, but it was never her choice. To be doing so now seemed odd...and oddly exciting. Something about the Captain and his friend was different than anyone she’d known thus far. She felt strangely safe with them, and she was well aware that fear should force her to run back home.

Except she’d never considered the Rose home. It had been a prison, a place where she was forced to spread her legs and open her mouth and service men. It wasn’t a choice. Now, she was making a choice. It could very well turn out to be the most disastrous choice of her life, but at least she was able to make it for herself. For once.

“Captain—”

The words were spoken by a man with a voice so deep it sounded like thunder. He was taller than any man Bryn had ever seen. His hair was as ebony as his skin, and hung from his head in long, knotted ropes. He must have had five pounds of shells woven into the strands.

She felt the Captain tense beside her. “I know about the crew. But we need to get the fuck out of here. Now. And I already found one replacement.” He gripped her arm and shoved her forward. “This is—what’s your name, boy?”

“Bryn—Brian.”

The thin man narrowed his gaze at her. “Bryn—Brian?” he asked.

“My friends call me Brian.” She hoped that sounded believable. She really hadn’t planned this whole pose-like-a-boy-and-sneak-away-on-a-pirate-ship idea, so if she was going to pull it off she was going to have to be able to think on her feet. “You can call me Brian. Too.”

The Captain said, “*Bryn—Brian’s* our new swab hand. I’m Captain Xander.” He pointed to the man who’d been walking with them. “This is Hawke, my first mate.” He pulled her deeper into the ship. “That man you just met is our purser, Adiv. You’ll meet the rest of the crew later.” He slanted her a grin. “Let’s go have a drink to celebrate. And Bryn?”

“Yes?” she squeaked.

“Welcome to our ship. The Sugar Skull.”

Chapter Three

They walked deeper into the ship. Bryn tried to school her expression, despite the fact that she was in total awe of being on a ship for the first time. It was much...shabbier than she'd imagined. It seemed like every inch of the boat was made of something recovered from the piles of scrap just outside the city. But she supposed, based on her sheltered existence, it wasn't surprising that the rest of society didn't live in the elegant environment she was used to.

She wondered if she'd miss it.

But the thought immediately reminded her of what she needed to do before it was too late. They pushed through a door to what appeared to be the Captain's chamber. A large bed hung from four lines of hemp rope that had been secured to the ceiling. The interior walls were made of various scraps of metal that had been pieced together and affixed to the surface. Captain Xander walked to a corner and lifted a bottle from a table. When he glanced up at her, through a lock of brown hair, something inside her chest did a little skip.

What was that about?

"You drinkin'?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. A bit too enthusiastically, perhaps, because he quirked a brow and grinned.

And that grin did that funny thing to her heart again.

What was wrong with her?

He poured the drink into a second mug, and a third. Then he carried the mugs over and handed one to her and one to Hawke. "Fuck," he said, lifting his glass.

Bryn took a small sip and tried not to spit it out. The stuff burned her mouth, and when she swallowed it trailed down her throat and pooled like a hot coal in her belly. "What is this?"

Xander drained his cup. "C'uerveh. It's made from leaves of cactus. Every time we have a job down south we pick up some bottles. Good, no?"

It wasn't exactly the desert berry wine she was used to, but she nodded anyway. "Captain Xander, I was wondering if I could ask a favor of you."

Turning, he headed back to the table of bottles and refilled his cup. "What's that?"

"Can I send a message to my...family? Let them know where I am?" She needed to let Ayla know she was okay.

“Well, it looks like we’re stuck here for the night. Feel free to run home and talk to them. Just be back before dawn. This ship’s launching at sunrise—and I don’t care how many of Viven’s guards we have to kill to get out of here.”

Bryn stepped forward. She couldn’t go to the brothel—it would be much too risky. But how would she get a message to Ayla? She couldn’t simply disappear. Her Sister would worry her poor head off. But she had no idea how to get a message to her friend. Roses were not trained in the art of reading or writing. Whatever she sent to Ayla had to be enigmatic, yet obvious enough for Ayla to figure out Bryn was safe.

Xander fell into a chair unlike anything she’d ever seen before. It was ornately carved out of rare wood, with a tall back that seemed to be the image of...

“You like that?” Hawke went to stand beside Xander, and placed a hand on the man’s shoulder.

“Um...” She did. The wood had been sculpted into the erotic image of several men in sexual positions. They had large erections, and limbs, mouths and cocks were arranged in what could only be described as an orgy.

Bryn had seen orgies. Often, Jahns wanted two, three or even four girls at a time. Bryn didn’t mind those Jahns. It meant she got to spend her time enjoying the bodies of her Sisters instead of being used as a man’s sole purpose of pleasure. And a cock could really only fit into one mouth at a time, so it also resulted in allowing Bryn to share that particular task she hated so.

But again with the men together. Why did she respond so strongly to the thought? Being with a woman was a special event for a man. If women were able to live freely, perhaps things would have been different. But because women were protected and had no control over their own destinies, they had become nothing more than an article of trade.

Never had Bryn chosen to lay with a man. They’d always chosen her.

Now...it was different. The way Hawke was massaging Xander’s shoulder, the erotic image behind them, the way they were both looking at her...

Holy Priestess.

Hawke touched Xander—running his hand lightly over his shoulder, across his back, and her heart started to pound. He palmed the back of Xander’s head and she sucked in a breath as Hawke fisted a handful of Xander’s hair.

They watched her. Were they testing her? Xander leaned back in his chair, his knees falling open to reveal an erection that strained against his trousers. Bryn’s gaze landed there, and she felt her own sex responding.

Why? She’d seen hundreds of hard cocks. And she’d rarely—if ever—been sexually aroused by the sight of one. So now why was lust pooling between her legs? Why were her nipples tingling? Why did she feel a hot flush creeping up her neck?

Hawke reached around Xander and began unbuttoning his shirt. As his long fingers made quick work of the clothing, Xander's gaze locked on to hers. They weren't even touching, and yet she felt connected somehow, as if his own arousal was seeping into her body just through his stare.

Her own gaze finally dropped as Hawke pulled off Xander's shirt, revealing a chest so smooth and lean Bryn licked her lips. She wanted to lick Xander's nipples. She wanted to feel his skin, taste his skin. She wanted to...

The Captain dropped his top to the ground. "Are you a virgin, young Brian?"

"W-what?" she sputtered. She was a prostitute, hardly a virgin. "Why would you ask that?"

Xander leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees. "You seem young, but not that young."

Not that young? She sucked in a breath and was about to retort but caught herself. A man looking for work on a ship wouldn't argue about such a thing. So she relaxed her stance. *You should do something manly...* Should she grab her crotch?

Maybe not. "My family has such genes. I am tw-eighteen years, Captain."

"Tweighteen?"

"Eighteen. Sorry. I overcame a speech impediment when I was a young, er, younger g-boy." She bit her tongue. She really needed to shut her mouth.

Xander cocked a brow. She shifted in her chair. Would he really believe she was seven years younger than her actual age?

Silence stretched before he finally said, "It's just that you appear a bit...naïve. Something about you gives the impression of inexperience."

"You think I'm an inexperienced virgin?" she said and then slapped a hand over her mouth. But the idea was so ridiculous... She straightened her back. "I am not a virgin, sir. I have lain with men." She knew it would be unusual for a lowly deck hand to be able to afford the services of a woman, so it would be likely Brian had been with men.

Well, at least that part wasn't a lie.

And wasn't that an understatement? Most likely she had seen and tasted more cock than all of the members of this ship. Combined. A hundred times over.

She wouldn't mention that last part.

Xander's gaze was still nailed on her. "We just wanted to make sure because this crew tends to be very active. Sexually. I'd hate to make you uncomfortable. You'd be surprised how many men start complaining after a while."

Her stomach dropped. "Does that mean... Do you mean sexual relations are a requirement to be onboard?" As it was, she wasn't sure how she was going to get by as a man, but if sex was a requirement she knew she was going to be doomed from the start. She could bind her breasts and pretend she was twenty, but a vagina was a bit tricky to disguise as a penis.

Hawke crossed his arms over his chest and grinned wickedly. “Not a requirement. But it’s a lot more fun than just swabbing decks, right?”

“Um. I suppose.”

“Suppose what? Are you saying you don’t like sex, young Brian?” He shook his head. “Because I have to say, I just don’t understand such a thing.” He placed a hand on Xander’s shoulder and gave it a squeeze.

“We just wanted to make sure you understand this ship tends to be a bit...rowdier than other boats. We sail. We search. We get paid. And we fuck.”

Her mouth opened but nothing came out. His words shocked her...and aroused her.

They were watching her, obviously waiting for a response. Finally, she said, “Um. Okay. Can I watch?”

Xander barked a laugh and glanced at Hawke. “You can watch all you want, right, H?”

“But of course.” His blue eyes darkened. “Watching is always encouraged on this ship.”

“Damn straight,” Xander said. “In fact, you can start now. We’ll give you a little peek of what to expect.”

“That’s right. I’m his boy. His servant. Right, Captain?” But despite his elegant demeanor, there was something about Hawke that could only be described as male. His jaw was firm and strong, body lean yet solid-looking. He reminded her of the warrior servants, trained in the Far East to be fighters known to kill with nothing more than their bare hands. Talkative Jahns had spoken of them, and something told her Hawke would triumph in battle with such a manner.

So it was bizarre—and bizarrely erotic—to observe.

Xander reached up to bring Hawke’s mouth to his. Bryn could barely breathe as she watched the men kiss, their tongues dipping inside each other’s mouths, their lips pressing together. The sight was shocking, exhilarating. Bryn unclenched hands that had been fisted at her side.

Hawke finally released Xander from his grip and looked toward Bryn. “You don’t have to do anything, Bryn. Participation is entirely up to you.”

She swallowed. “Okay.” Everything was surreal, it seemed as if she’d stepped into another world. She supposed in a sense she had. She was out of the brothel, on a ship, apparently about to witness two men copulating. Something she’d only glimpsed through distorted glass.

On shaky legs she went to a chair and fell into it. “I want to watch.” The words came from a dry mouth, and her heart was racing. Normally, she was the one who was watched. She was the one people paid for. Now, a powerful rush surged through her at the thought of being in a position of observer.

And it was incredibly hot.

“As you wish, Brian.” Why did Xander’s eyes sparkle when he said her name? Like he knew.

Impossible. He would have turned her in if that was the case. Instead they were giving her total freedom. Their boat, their journey. And now, sex.

And she didn't have to do anything but watch. If she wanted to. The thought made her head spin.

Hawke knelt between the Captain's legs. Xander touched the blond man's head lightly as he removed Xander's boots and placed them on the floor. Then Hawke untied his trousers and pulled them down his legs.

From across the room, Xander's eyes fixed on hers. She knew the look of desire, certainly. So why did the way his brown gaze bore into hers—dark, dilated and wanting—go straight through her. Her pulse beat like a drum in her ear, and her pussy throbbed.

She sat there. Watching. Free to watch. The combination of freedom and arousal exhilarated her, and her chest seemed to swell from the power of it.

Hawke took Xander's cock in his hand. The head of his cock was shiny, dripping with a sheen of his own arousal. Bryn licked her lips. She'd tasted plenty of come, but she'd never wanted to before.

Not like now. She watched Hawke's tongue dart out to lick the head of Xander's penis, her gaze fixated on the way he licked around the tip. Bryn was jealous. She wanted to taste Xander's skin. And then something else, a vision came to her, and she had to squeeze her legs together as the longing became so intense it nearly overwhelmed her.

What would Hawke's mouth feel like on her own sex? She wanted to know.

But that would never happen. Because she was pretending to be a boy. Right?

She'd enjoyed sex, but had only experienced pleasure with women. She'd thought about this, wanted it. But before, the only way she imagined it would happen to her was if she was being purchased. Never of her own free will.

She could walk away any time. But she didn't.

Instead, she watched Xander. Saw the way his hands tightly clenched the arms of the chair as Hawke took his cock deep into his mouth. Her entire body thrummed with desire and lust. Her pussy dripped with arousal. She couldn't take her eyes off the scene before her. She watched the back of Hawke's head move up and down, up and down, striking a rhythm as he sucked Xander, strong, deep. To her surprised, Bryn found herself experience a twinge of envy.

Envy at sucking cock? What was wrong with her?

It was the novelty. It was the site of two men doing what she'd only seen women do to men. It was more. The passion, the emotion between the two men was palpable and as Xander threw his head back, his eyes half-lidded and still watching Bryn, she had to shift in her chair as the longing between her legs intensified, making her thighs shake.

Power. She'd never seen anything so powerful as what she was witnessing. She'd never known there could be power in sex, but here it was. Right before her eyes.

And her body responded with such force it made her feel as if she were floating.

Xander cried out. She watched every muscle in his torso clench, and his hips thrust forward. Impressed, she watched as Hawke took him so deep Xander's entire cock nearly disappeared in the blond man's mouth. Xander released the arms of the chair and buried his hands in Hawke's hair, holding him still as he pumped what Bryn knew to be his essence into the other man's mouth, his throat.

Finally they stilled, and Xander's breathing began to slow. Eventually he released Hawke's head, and the man stood. They looked at her.

Her own breathing hadn't slowed one bit. In fact she was practically panting, needing a release of her own. She didn't know what she was doing, but she knew she had to do something. Without thought, she started pushing herself out of the chair.

Xander shook his head. "Stay."

His command was sharp, and left no room for argument. She was so out of her head, she doubted she could argue anyway. "If you like to watch. You can watch. 'Cause we're not done yet."

Oh God. She wanted to run. She wanted to touch herself. She couldn't do any of those things. She couldn't even think.

Hawke picked up two pieces of rope and approached her. "Don't worry, pet. You can watch all you want. We like it."

"Wait—"

But it was too late. Before she even knew what he was doing, he was tying one of her wrists to the arm of the chair.

"No—" Panic coursed through her. They were going to restrain her? Why?

Hawke pushed away a lock of hair and placed a gentle kiss on her forehead. It calmed her in a way only Ayla had been able to do. Strange, now that she thought about it, there was something about Hawke that reminded her of Ayla. He had a similar serenity about him. Something about him made her feel at ease.

He's tying me to a chair. No choice anymore. Instinctively, she began to struggle.

He put a hand on her shoulder, and she stopped. Looking up into his blue eyes, she was again reminded of Ayla. Hawke's eyes were almost identical to her chamber-mate's, the blue unique and bright. And caring.

She wasn't sure why, but his touch soothed her. He kissed her again, this time on the mouth. She could taste Xander on his tongue, and her eyes drifted shut as she sank into the chair. Thoughts drained as he continued to lick her lips, taste her tongue. She felt this kiss everywhere—her breasts, her belly, her pussy. The only one who'd ever kissed her like that before had been Ayla. And, like when Ayla kissed her, she melted.

He released her. Slightly stunned, she opened her eyes. Hawke's eyes twinkled as he gave her one last look—was that triumph she saw there?—and crossed the room, toward the bed. As he walked, he started

removing articles of clothing. He untied the string at the neck of his tunic and pulled it over his head. A new wave of awareness washed over her as Xander's movement caught her eye. He was naked and he was...magnificent.

They both were. And she wanted them. Wanted this.

Whatever *this* was.

Chapter Four

How strange. As a Rose, she'd been forced to endure men touching her, more men than she could begin to count. She'd had to pretend every second, had to pretend as if she enjoyed taking a man in her mouth. As if she enjoyed spreading her legs to allow a stranger to kneel between her thighs and fuck her. Now, watching Xander stroke Hawke's smooth back, his fingers lingering on the thin man's hips, she felt privileged. She was tied, but the restraint only fueled the lust raging through her. Her pussy throbbed, wet and pulsing between her legs.

Something in the dynamics of the men had shifted. Before, when Hawke had been sucking Xander's cock, there had been tenderness between them. Now Xander yanked off Hawke's trousers, threw them aside and placed a wide palm between the man's elegant shoulder blades and none too gently shoved him facedown on the bed. As if earlier had only been a tease for what was to come.

Bryn's gaze roamed the two men's naked bodies, landing on Hawke's ass. Exposed. He was so exposed...as Bryn herself had been so many times. But unlike so many of her experiences, he was making the choice to be fucked.

Xander moved his hands down Hawke's back, keeping him flat on the bed. Next to the bed on a table was a jar of oil, and Xander dipped his fingers into the liquid. She hitched a breath as she watched him rub the oil in his hands, then he reached around Hawke to grab his very rigid cock. Hawke threw his head back, his mouth open. Xander took Hawke's penis and began to stroke, up and down, and she could see his grip was firm and steady. Xander's dick was hard and long as he pumped away at Hawke, pressing his own body against the blond man's back.

Hawke fisted the bedcovering. "Yes, Xander...fuck."

"What do you want, Hawke?"

"You know what I want."

Bryn's breath hitched. Their language filled her head, and she ached to touch herself. Her arms jerked against the restraints.

Xander took Hawke's long hair in his hand and pulled sharply. Startled at the violent act, Bryn stilled. But Hawke only groaned louder and pushed his ass against the Captain's erection.

Xander jerked his hair once more. "Tell me what you want, man."

Fascinated, Bryn watched as Xander picked up a wooden paddle. It looked ancient and used and the Captain raised it as if... No... Was he really going to use it?

“Stop!” She couldn’t stand to watch Xander hurt Hawke.

But when Hawke looked over his shoulder, he was smiling, and his blue eyes were dark and glossy. She knew that look. Desire.

Facing her, Xander held the paddle in one hand and stroked it lightly with his other. “We found this on an island in the Southern Coast. However, this isn’t exactly the time for a geography lesson.” This time when he stroked Hawke’s back, she could see his touch was gentle. What was going on here? “Just watch, Brian. We brought you here for a reason. To see if you really wanted to be a part of this crew.”

She bit her lip. How could she just watch someone being beaten? But Hawke didn’t seem to mind. In fact, the look on his face was nothing short of joyful.

“Trust us,” the Captain said, as if it was an order.

After a second, she nodded. Despite her hesitation, her body hummed with lust and—gods help her—she wanted to watch. She *wanted* to see what would happen. She’d thought she’d experienced all there was to experience in the realms of sex. But she’d never seen anything like this.

So she watched.

Xander placed one hand on the back of Hawke’s neck. Then he raised the paddle and brought it down on the fleshy part of Hawke’s ass. Bryn gasped as the smack resonated through the room.

“You didn’t tell me what you wanted, H,” Xander said.

“Hit me.”

“What?”

“Hit me again. *Please*.” Hawke’s voice was dry and scratchy, but there was no denying the fact that he meant it. He wanted this.

Xander raised the paddle again. He struck Hawke once more, in the same place. He continued the paddling, and each time the piece of wood landed on flesh, Hawke’s body did something fascinating. Instead of tensing, he seemed to become more relaxed. His upper body went limp, sinking into the mattress. His cries became softer, more erotic, and the sound of the paddle hitting his skin became louder, more intense.

It was as if they’d forgotten she was there. Xander seemed as taken away as Hawke was. It was the two of them, as if only they existed. The connection between them seemed to grow, and the muscles of Xander’s upper body flexed and moved as he continued the motion of paddling his friend. She could nearly feel it, feel the control exchanging between them. Feel the union. Feel the power Xander held over his subject.

Bryn had never seen or experienced anything like it.

Before her eyes, Hawke’s skin was turning rosy, his ass glowing from the onslaught. She wondered how he could stand it, why he wasn’t screaming from the pain. Even his hands, which had been clenching

the bedcoverings only moments before, were now relaxed, spread softly on the material. She could see his eyes were closed, and his facial expression was soft.

Eventually Xander slowed, easing the blows, lighter and lighter until he ultimately ceased altogether. She heard Xander's heavy breathing as he stroked Hawke's back. What struck her was how compassionately he touched the other man. The contrast between the beating and the gentle way he stroked Hawke touched something inside Bryn, something that made her heart swell with an emotion she couldn't quite name.

Longing? Perhaps. But longing for what?

When Xander turned to her, she knew what she wanted. Power radiated off him, a power she'd never known. His eyes shone, his breathing was deep and steady. He stood straight and confident. He looked ready to take on the world. And win.

She wanted to know that, wanted to experience what it was like to be in charge. In control. Powerful.

It must have shown in her eyes. Xander shook his head. "Not yet, Brian. You're not ready yet. However..."

"What?" she asked, and her voice was high and breathy.

Still naked, he approached her. She couldn't help it. Her gaze roamed over his sleek, smooth skin. When he had been dominating Hawke, he'd exuded power and control.

Her heart pounded with the need to experience such power. She raised her eyes and bit her lip, silently pleading.

He untied her, and she could smell his spicy scent. "Come with me." He took her hand, and led her across the room to place her directly behind Hawke.

Xander palmed the rosy stain of flesh on Hawke's ass. "Do you want to get fucked, H?"

"Please," Hawke said. His tone was soft. Faraway. Wanting. "Yes."

Xander picked up a phallic-shaped item from a nearby table. Of course, Bryn knew what it was—a device used for fucking. She'd seen them before. Some Jahns liked to use them on the girls. But was Xander really going to use it on Hawke?

He handed it to her. "Your turn."

The glass piece was heavy in her palm. This had never occurred to her—doing to a man what had always been done to her, to the other girls. But the idea rushed through her, nearly making her tremble with the idea. Power. She held it in her hand.

Xander picked up the jar and poured some oil around Hawke's ass. He dripped a generous amount near Hawke's anus, and Bryn's sex pounded as she watched him use his fingers to ready Hawke for what was about to happen.

What Bryn was about to do.

Xander put down the bottle and with his clean hand he took her palm and placed it on his crotch. She could feel the solid strength of his erection. She clenched her hand around him, and when he gasped, her own sex responded. Two cocks. A fake one in her hand, a real one in the other. She fisted both, loving the control as it rushed through her. She'd always known having a dick equaled power, and she was right. Two men, and she knew she could use both of them. And it would be her choice. A choice she was going to take.

Turning, she gazed at the beautiful man before her. Hawke, with the white-blond hair. First he'd helped save her from her worst nightmare, now he was giving himself to her to use. Her heart swelled with tenderness. Everything that had happened so far this night had been about her. Her safety, her pleasure. Her control.

Xander removed her hand from his crotch, and her fingers trembled as she ran her fingers over Hawke's smooth skin. She leaned down and placed a soft kiss on the redeemed flesh where he'd taken his beating. She felt his sigh. Then she took the glass piece, slid it over his slick skin and touched the edge to the rim of his anus. She steadied her trembling hands. Holding her breath, she slowly pushed the smooth glass into him. He gasped, a sound of pleasure. And the glass slid deeper.

She exhaled. This was how it felt. This was how it felt to be in charge, to fuck someone. She pulled the glass out and pushed in again. He cried out, and his pleasure fed her. Everything inside of her buzzed with desire. Power, control, dominance, lust—it all came together in a heady wave that made her feel as if she were high.

As she continued to drive the piece into Hawke's ass, he squirmed beneath her. Each time she entered him he cried out, louder and louder. She knew those noises, had become an expert in reading them. He was close, very close...

She felt a warm presence behind her. Xander. The heat from his naked body sank into her as he leaned against her body. She buried the glass piece deep into Hawke's ass and stilled. He moved back, using his own rhythm to fuck the phallic item planted deep inside of him. It was too much. Her pussy was so wet, dripping, and pounding. She couldn't think, she could barely breathe.

When Xander pressed his erection against her ass and reached around to palm her chest, she froze. He cupped her breast... He'd know.

Oh God...

"Ssssh," he whispered in her ear. "You have nothing to worry about."

Fear landed like a sinking ship in her stomach. "No—I can't—"

"I said sssh." He then squeezed her breasts and ran his thumbs over the stiff peaks of her nipples. "It's okay, love. You're safe with us."

From the very beginning, she'd felt this. Safe. Why? What about these men made her feel safe? Pirates didn't exactly have a reputation for their humanity.

She felt the heat of Xander's breath on her neck, and a sharp nip to her earlobe. She bit her lip as the moist air sank into her, making her toes curl. Hawke moved his ass slightly, edging himself away from the glass, and then back down on it. She still held the piece in her hand.

Bryn melted. Xander's naked body behind her, Hawke's very pleasure at the mercy of her own hand. It was too much.

Xander began to undress her. She lifted her arms and allowed him to remove her tunic. She removed the cloth binding her breasts. Xander's eyes were dark with desire as she removed the rest of her clothing. Then she was naked. Totally exposed.

She raised her chin, straightened her back. She's spent so many hours naked, an object for men. But with these two pirates gazing over every curve of her body, she felt appreciated. Valued. Respected..

The glass piece still in her hand, she leaned over Hawke's back, supporting herself on one arm. His warm skin under her as she fucked him nearly sent her over the edge, but oh God...

He glanced over his shoulder and his irises were dark, a deep indigo that reflected his arousal. "It's okay, sweetheart. You're safe here.

Xander pressed himself against her back. "We have you, honey." Hot male skin covered her everywhere. She was burning. Slowly. Exquisitely.

She never knew it could be like this.

Xander stepped between her legs, spreading her. Preparing her. Her pussy ached with want. She wanted him to fill her so much it hurt. His fingers were strong and sure as they opened her wet pussy, and she gasped.

"Yes..." she said, her voice hoarse. "Captain, please..."

"Xander. Say, 'please, Xander'."

"Xander. *Please.*"

He slid his cock into her damp folds, teasing her, knowing she wanted him inside of her, but using his erection to turn her on that much more. Her hips moved back, encouraging him to give her what she wanted. She wanted him.

"Fuck me, Xander. Fuck me while I fuck Hawke."

"Is that what you want, Bryn? To fuck a man while I ravish you?"

"Yes." And the fact that he'd called her by her female name barely made it into her foggy brain. Because, at that moment, there was nothing else. Nothing mattered but desire. Fucking and being fucked by these two men. Two men who knew what she was. Two men, who, for some unknown reason, she trusted.

With a steady hand he guided himself into her. Filled her. The cry that escaped her lips was unlike anything she'd ever heard out of her mouth. With a firm grip he fisted her short hair and pulled her upright. "I'm going to fuck you, Bryn. And you're going to fuck Hawke."

“Yes,” she managed. The word was slow and heavy. Sensation overwhelmed her as she focused on her hand, fucking Hawke. His cries began to mingle with her own as Xander pulled back and thrust into her. He reached around once more to cup her breasts, taking her nipples between his fingertips and pinching. It stung. It stung so much it landed right between her legs in electrifying pleasure.

“Don’t stop, Bryn. You just keep fucking him, or I won’t keep fucking you.”

She realized, in her ecstasy, her hand had stilled, the glass piece buried deep inside Hawke’s ass.

“Okay,” she whispered. Because she couldn’t think. She could only obey.

Mimicking Xander’s movements behind her, she pulled out the piece of glass each time Xander retreated. And when he thrust, so did she. Hawke bucked against the bed. She threw her head back against Xander’s chest. His hands held her steady as he continued to bead her nipples. She felt the sweat of his torso, sleek against the skin of her back.

Skin hitting skin, groans of erotic pleasure, the scent of arousal...they filled the room. There was no world beyond the ship, no brothel, no hiding. She couldn’t keep her gaze off Hawke’s ass and how it was *her* fucking him. It was like having a cock, and as Xander continued to fuck her from behind, she felt her climax building. Legs trembling, belly quivering, nipples throbbing.

“Come on, baby,” Xander whispered in her ear. “Come for us. Come for us right now.”

“Fuck!” She screamed the word as the climax ripped through her, ripping her apart. She couldn’t move. She surely would have fallen if Xander hadn’t been holding her steady, if his solid weight hadn’t been like a wall behind her.

Hawke thrust himself deep onto the glass piece, and she heard him groan as if it were being ripped from his mouth. She knew he was coming. Coming because she’d fucked him. Even in her hazed state of mind, the thought affected her. And as she felt Xander plunge one final time inside her, his hands squeezing her breasts as he pulsed his hot jets of come into her, another climax ruptured through her.

Time? The very idea of time passing was like an illusion. Everything seemed surreal, and her head was swimming. Was she actually conscious as Xander withdrew himself from her body? As he took her hand and released Hawke? Was she dreaming as Xander placed her naked body on the bed? She was on her side, with Hawke embracing her from behind, and the back of Xander’s body pressed firmly against hers. So content. She thought she’d never felt so content in her life. And protected. Safe.

As if reading her thoughts, she felt Hawke’s soft voice as he spoke against her ear. “Yes, sweet. You’re safe.”

She sighed. But as her eyes drifted shut she remembered Ayla, and how worried her friend would be. “My friend... I need to get her a message before we set sail.”

“Sweetheart,” Hawke said, and despite the short time she’d known him she knew he was grinning. “It’s too late. We set sail about an hour ago.”

Chapter Five

Leaning against the hull of the ship, Xander took a drag from his hemp arre'te and wondered where the fuck they were going.

The ship rolled on the gentle waters. The sky was its usual orangey hue, and he couldn't smell a storm coming. That was good. But they were on the run, and as such had to be careful where they landed. So, as usual, he was headed north, to the Lost Sea. It was rumored there were islands there in which native plants and animals had survived the Burning Time. And that's what Viven had sent him to find. Xander hadn't. But he had no plans on ceasing his search.

Their small crew was busy. Adiv was checking the supplies, and the rest of the men had their hands full since they'd taken on extra duties. At some point they'd have to go back to the ruins for more supplies, but Xander was in no hurry to do so. Instead, he continued to sail, his crew working as hard as ever to keep them going.

They'd been at sea five days. On the run from Viven, and with a refugee on the ship. A woman, a prostitute. How did he get himself into these messes?

But the girl, Bryn, didn't feel like a mess. She felt right. Her presence on the ship made everything lighter, better. After only five days, he couldn't imagine not having her onboard. Of course, the crew had been let on to the fact that Brian was actually a woman. The "crew" consisted of himself, Hawke and Adiv and a few deckhands who had remained. Adiv could be trusted. As his purser, he'd proven himself as honorable. He'd been in charge of the ship's supplies and trade for over five years.

Still, harboring a prostitute was a capital offense, and if they were caught by the Priestesses, the punishment would be a lot worse than a stab in the hand with a burning stick.

They wouldn't get caught.

He drew his gaze away from the endless turquoise sea. Hawke and Bryn lay side by side on the deck, laughing. She ran a finger down his arm, and he smiled at her. They seemed content.

The time spent in the sun had brought out the red in her hair, and her skin was turning a tawny shade of gold. She looked healthy and happy.

Watching them touched something in Xander. He'd made his own family at sea, and, deep inside, he realized he'd just added to his clan. It surprised him. He and Hawke had shared women and men previously. It was uncommon to meet a woman, but they'd sailed to places where women were free, carefully protected on secret islands. He'd been searching for the lost island so long, his travels had given

him unique experiences. He'd never been jealous when Hawke had lain with another person. In fact, Xander enjoyed watching his lover's interactions because those encounters were fleeting, and no threat to their bond. What was strange...it seemed normal and natural. Xander enjoyed watching their pleasure in each other. The situation seemed complete, and anything but fleeting.

Which meant they were under his protection, and Xander would do anything to protect what was his. Even if it meant risking his life which was a real possibility if they were caught.

I own you. And everything that's yours.

After one last deep drag from the arrat'e, he flicked it into a barrel. Fuck. Now they were on the run from that fuckwad, and if he caught up with them, Xander didn't even want to think about the repercussion of having Viven discover Bryn.

"Captain. Look west."

Xander followed Adiv's gaze westward. He was staring at the sky.

In all the years they'd been sailing, Xander had seen every environmental phenomenon. The Roar, when particles from the sun swirled in a brilliant light toward earth, was the most common. They'd seen every color imaginable, and Xander often followed The Roar when it was blue, believing that would lead him to the northern edges of the earth.

But he'd never seen this.

In the distance were puffs in the sky that looked like storm clouds, but this was different. These were white, pure. Bryn joined him, as did Hawke.

"What is it?" Hawke asked, placing his hand on Xander's shoulder.

"I don't know." He walked to the main mast and twisted the lever, pointing the hull of the ship toward the fluffy white mass in the sky. "But we're going to find out."

The closer they got to the white clouds, the more Bryn could feel a shift. In everything. The air became less salty, cleaner. The sky gradated from its orange hue to something almost...blue. Xander, Hawke, Bryn and Adiv stood at the hull, mesmerized. She could feel the energy radiating off Xander's body—he was wound up like a coil.

And then...

"Holy fucking shit." He ran a hand through his hair.

She saw it too. Green. So much green all she could do was stare at the image before them. But it wasn't an image, or a mirage. It was real. And it rose out of the sea in lush abundance. Bryn put her hand over her mouth. "What is it?"

Hawke's hands were fisted on the edge of the hull. "We've found it. We've fucking found it."

Adiv barked a laugh. "Or did it find us?"

Turning away, Xander glanced over his shoulder. "Doesn't matter. Prepare for docking."

A month had passed since their arrival on the shore. During their time on the island the men had taught her how to swim in the gentle waves of the ocean. She'd learned how to carve a fish for dinner with nothing but a sharpened shell. She'd spent hours just staring at the lush plants that grew here. She'd stood under drops of warm, warm rain. Rain that came every evening and passed, leaving no havoc in its wake.

Bryn never wanted to leave. She had no clue how she'd gotten this lucky. It was barely imaginable that only a few weeks ago she'd been a captive in a brothel. That was the only life she'd known, and despite her fantasies of escape and freedom, never in a million years did she think that would actually happen. Her only concern was Ayla, and how worried she must be. That thought continued to nag at her, but she had no idea how to fix it.

And she was so wrapped up in the pleasure of it all... Now, as she lay on a hemp blanket in the sand, with Hawke's face buried between her legs and Xander's cock shoved deep in her throat, she moaned with total pleasure. She had everything she wanted, right here. Freedom. Power. Control.

And Hawke and Xander. How had she lived without them? They treated her like a princess. And she'd been exploring her sexuality in ways she'd never thought possible. Now, her eyes watered from Xander's cock as he shoved it deep in her throat. She bucked against Hawke's face. Looking up, she saw Xander's eyes were dark with desire as he withdrew and rubbed his cock around her mouth, her lips, her face. "Yes..." she said. "Please." She loved this. Loved feeling his erection on her face.

Because she loved him. She loved both of them.

"Someone fuck me," she said. "I want you both to fuck me." Her sex hurt from want. She needed to be filled. Filled with these two men.

"Fucking beautiful." Adiv was on his knees next to them, his brown skin even more tan since they'd been docked on the shore of this uninhabited paradise. Clothing was an unnecessary item, and they'd all reverted to spending most of their time in the nude. He never participated in their threesomes, but he would often watch, all the while stroking his long ebony cock. The other crew members were exploring the lush vegetation of the island, but the four of them remained on the sand, because it was simply too hard not to touch these men. And Adiv? He loved to watch, and Xander had once said he had no problem accommodating his trusted purser's voyeuristic tendencies.

Bryn's skin had also darkened under the effects of the sun. The sun. How different it was here. It shone brilliantly, brightly. Clearly. Unlike home, the air was pure and the sun's rays were like a warm blanket on her skin. She smiled. The Madam would be shocked if she saw the tanned hue of Bryn's skin.

The rush of freedom still affected her as it had that first night she'd held the phallic piece of glass in her hand. It was exhilarating, and made her heart pound. She looked up at Xander. "Get on your back so I can fuck you."

He grinned. "If you insist."

“I do. And I want Hawke from behind.”

“Whatever you want, sweetheart.”

She glanced at Adiv, who was pumping his cock in long, slow strokes. His gaze on her sent a jolt of arousal straight to her sex. She loved to be watched. If she could, she'd let the whole world see her having sex because she wanted to. Because she chose to. Because she had that power.

With her palm on Xander's chest, she pushed him backward. Then she climbed on top of him, and lowered her mouth to his. When he went to kiss her, she jerked away, smiling. Teasing. But then she touched her lips to his as she, finally, sank her wet pussy onto his erection, sliding up and down, using his cock to pleasure herself.

“Mmm, Xander. You're so hard. So hot.”

“I do what I can.”

She glanced over her shoulder, to where Hawke was kneeling, stroking his cock. The tip was just inches from her ass. “Fuck me,” she said.

“All you had to do was ask.”

She turned back to Xander,. Using the strength of her thighs, she rose up and plunged back down. He filled her. “Uhhh,” she cried. Her legs began to tremble as she rode him. Then she felt Hawke's erection behind her, rubbing around her damp sex. She knew she was wet. They always made her wet...

He used that liquid to coat his dick. Then she felt him pushing at her other hole. She was tight and he was big, but somehow the sensation was lovely, and as he pushed in deeper her entire body froze as the bliss of having both men overwhelmed her.

“That's it, baby,” Xander said. “Fuck us.”

She managed to open her eyes. “No. You fuck me.”

And they did. They moved in rhythm, plunging in, out. Every nerve in her body felt them. Pure desire that electrified her fingertips and made her toes curl. She braced herself on top of Xander, letting them fuck her. She felt Hawk's hair on her back, felt Xander's slick skin on her breasts. “Yes...”

And she knew Adiv was watching. Watching her be utterly filled by these two men. It fueled her, and she could feel her orgasm building deep inside of her. In her core.

“Oh God! Yes. Fuck, yes. Don't you fucking stop. Either of you, don't you fucking stop.”

“No one's stopping, sweetheart. We got you,” Xander said. He gripped her shoulders. Hawke held her hips. They pounded into her.

The climax shattered her, the intensity of it throwing her into utter bliss. She couldn't think, only feel. And several moments passed before the wonderful fog in her brain began to clear.

She felt Xander and Hawke ram into her and still. Then the sensation of both men filling her with their hot seed.

She collapsed on top of Xander, and felt Hawke's weight on top of her. A sigh of contentment escaped her mouth. She could stay like this forever.

Time passed. She wasn't sure how long they lay like that. Eventually, gently, Hawke removed himself from her. He then picked her up and carried her toward the sea. Xander followed.

They walked into the smooth, warm water. When the water reached his shoulders, Hawke released her, holding his hands under her back as the gentle waves lapped at her skin. They kissed her breasts, her neck, her wet stomach. The sun she had come to love so much caressed her with its rays. Unlike the hellish heat in the Wasteland, here soft clouds meandered through the sky and diffused the rays.

She never wanted to go back to Kroy Wren. Ever.

"We must return," Xander said.

Her eyes popped open. "W-what?"

Hawke nodded. "He's right. We're running low on supplies. We need to restock."

"But we have everything we need here," Bryn said, swimming away. "Fresh water, plenty of fish and vegetation to eat. Why do we need to return?"

Xander shook his head. "Trust me, I wish we didn't. But this place... We don't know the storm patterns. We don't know if there are seasons, if it will be cold. We need to be prepared, and I don't know if we are."

"I'm sure we are." Bryn waved to the shore, where a large tree was dotted with small orange globes. Fruit. There were many such trees, each one producing a different type of food. Things she'd never tasted before. "What else could we possibly need?"

Xander dove into the water and reemerged a few feet away. He tossed his wet hair away from his eyes. "That's the problem. I don't know."

"But..."

She could see the concern in his eyes when he spoke. "Trust me, going back to the ruins for supplies is the last thing I want to do. However, I'm still the Captain of this crew, and I need to make sure my people are taken care of."

"But we are."

"We don't know that," Hawke said. "This place...it seems like paradise, but the fact is, we don't know. We don't know anything. We've discovered something so unique, so rare...how do we know what the seasons will hold?"

The fear of the Burning Time was implanted deep inside anyone that was left on the planet. Bryn did know, deep down, that preparation was the key to survival.

"And there's something else."

Bryn turned to see Adiv had swum out to join them. “Who’s to say no one else will discover this place? What if we are attacked? We don’t have an infinite amount of weapons.” He smirked. “In fact, we barely have any. If we do decide to stay here, we need to be ready. For anything.”

Silence stretched between them. Finally Bryn nodded, knowing they were right. The only way to ensure they could stay here was to do as the men said. To be ready for everything and anything.

“When do we leave?” she asked.

Xander glanced back to the expanse of sea. “The sooner the better. Who’s to say when and if the weather will change? If we can sail back to the ruins, restock and be back on the ship before anyone knows we’re there, we could be back here within a fortnight.”

She tensed. Because by now she knew Xander, knew what he was thinking. “When do we set sail?”

She wasn’t at all surprised when he said, “Now.”

Chapter Six

For the millionth time, Xander wondered if he was doing the right thing.

Leaning against the ship railing, he drank in the salty sea air as he smoked the last of his hemp arre'te.

Was he making the right decision? The severity of it was tearing him apart. He couldn't live forever on an island without being properly prepared. That would be irresponsible, and at the end of the day, it was Captain Xander that was responsible for his crew.

His family.

And yet his decision was bringing all of them right back to the eye of danger. And Bryn had the most to lose. If she were detected...

A rush of anger coursed through him. He stroked the handle of the dagger strapped to his right hip. He would not let anything happen to what was his. And this was all his—the ship, the people on it. He'd just keep sailing. They would never be found.

"Sighting, Captain."

Xander went to the huge metal telescope Adiv was peering through and pushed the man out of the way. Xander had been praying they'd make it as far as the outer city waters without coming into contact with another ship. Of course, luck never seemed to be on his side.

Peering through the tiny glass hole, his entire body clenched. "God dammit." A huge ship was a dot in the distance, but he could tell it was about to become a lot bigger. The bow was pointed right for them.

Hawke was already at his side. "Can you see their angle?"

"Schooner. Headed this way." Xander stomped across the deck and hoisted himself onto the main topmast. He climbed to the top and extracted a small scope from his tunic pocket. It was a powerful little piece. He'd given a trader named Ezra a gallon of fuel for the little invention. Perched on the peak of the topmast, Xander squinted through it to get a better look at the schooner. His blood ran cold.

"God fucking dammit!" He scrambled down the pole, jumping the last six feet to land with a thud on the main deck. "It looks like Viven's ship."

Hawk ran a hand over his head. "How?"

"No idea." Xander went to a trunk and began extracting weapons. He threw a hand-canon at Adiv, who caught it adeptly.

Adiv began loading the gun. "Did you get a count?"

“No,” Xander said, heading toward the larger cannon. It was ancient—they’d found it within the ruins of an island in the N’eanarret Sea. It had only been fired once, and that was after a bottle of C’uerveh and the target had been a sharp island of volcanic rock.

“What’s going on?” Bryn approached him, her big green eyes full of concern.

As he gazed at her, something inside Xander swelled. It was that protection thing. Annoying, but he couldn’t help it. And with Viven’s ship cruising straight for them, there was a distinct possibility of them finding her.

What they would do with her if they discovered who—and what—she was made everything inside him ice cold.

He nodded toward the hatch. “I want you down in the hull.”

“You want me to hide?”

He wanted her nowhere near this ship, but that wasn’t exactly an option. “Yes. I want you hidden. Go.”

Crossing her arms over her chest, she said, “No. No way.”

Xander grabbed both her shoulders. “This isn’t up for debate. Go. *Now*.”

She shook her head. “I can fight.”

“Yeah. We saw that when we found you in an alley.”

“That was different.”

“You’re damn right that was different, Bryn. They were three punks in an alley. We’re about to be attacked by a schooner full of wild pissed-off pirates. Do you have any idea what would happen if they discovered who you are?” Just the thought hurt.

She lifted her stubborn little chin. “I’m not hiding down there. What if something goes wrong?”

He turned away and stalked toward the cabin. “Oh, you can count on that, sweetheart. Something always goes wrong.”

Bryn watched Xander walk away. How could he just expect her to do nothing if they were being attacked? She couldn’t, and he couldn’t make her. Did he really think it would be possible for her to hide like a coward when the people she’d come to love were being assaulted?

Inconceivable.

“Look, Captain. They’re sending out a tender.”

Bryn peered out at the water. Indeed, a small structure with a sail was heading their way. It consisted of two long metal pieces connected via three posts spaced throughout the center. She could see a figure steering the sails, and another figure, which was huddled in a corner.

“What do they want?” Bryn asked.

Xander and Hawke flanked her. “I don’t know.” Xander’s hand was on the hilt of one of his daggers.

Adiv pointed the hand-cannon toward the small boat. "Holy shit."

"What?" Bryn had already figured out that Adiv's eyesight was more acute than any predator. "What do you see?"

"I would bet my life they have a woman on that boat." He glanced to Hawke. "A woman who looks incredibly like your sister."

"What?" Hawke reached into Xander's pocket and pulled out the eyeglass he always kept near his heart. Hawke peered through the glass and she saw every muscle in his body go tight. "Fuck, fuck, fuck."

"Why would they have your sister?" Bryn asked.

Xander pulled a dagger from his pocket. "Revenge." She'd never heard his voice so dark. He took a deep breath and put a hand on Hawke's back. "Is she...alive?"

"I think so...she's upright. I believe she's gagged."

Silently, they watched as the tender sailed closer to the ship. It stopped about twenty yards away.

Bryn gasped. "Oh my God." She glanced at Hawke. "You're Ayla's pirate brother?"

He turned to Bryn. "How did you know that?"

"She was my chamber-mate. At the brothel." Her heart pounded in her throat. They had Ayla? And she was Hawke's sister?

Hawke continued to stare at his captive sister. "The High Priestess assigned Ayla to the brothel. I was taken by traders until I met Xander. I never lost track of her though. The Wasteland is dangerous. I knew she was safe inside the fortress of a brothel."

Bryn ignored Hawke's pleasant view of life as a Rose. Instead she moved on to realize why she'd immediately felt comfortable around him. His manners were familiar, his touch comforting. It all made sense.

And now they had Ayla. Imprisoned. Bryn's entire body pounded with anger. She was going to kill someone.

A fat man with a scarf tied around his head climbed to the front of the tender. Gripping the mast, he stood and faced them. "Captain Xander. You thought you would simply sail away without paying your debt?"

Xander clenched his jaw. "What do you want, Kaz?"

"Viven owns you, Captain. And owns what's yours." He nodded toward Ayla, who was bound and gagged at the back of the tender. "This girl belongs to us. And guess what? We don't want her. Women on a ship are nothing but bad luck and a hazard. We just thought we'd bring her out to show you ingrates a lesson."

It was then Bryn noticed there was a rope attached to Ayla's neck. Kaz jerked at the rope, yanking Ayla to her feet. Bryn saw her face was bruised. White-hot anger shot through Bryn like an earthquake.

Kaz gave Ayla another yank. “Viven just thought you might need a reminder of what happens when you attempt to disobey.” He pulled on the rope, and Ayla stumbled forward. “We’re going to dispose of this girl. Because he owns her, just as he owns you. And yours.” He snarled. “Although it was fun for a while. Nice, sweet pussy. A shame I’m going to throw her overboard. But I’m sure her brother will find some satisfaction in watching her drown.”

Hawke placed his hands on the hull, and Bryn knew he was about to haul himself overboard. But Xander stopped him.

Still holding Hawke back, Xander yelled, “You wouldn’t dispose of such a commodity, Kaz. What do you really want?”

“You think I wouldn’t?”

Ayla’s eyes were wide, and she looked scared as Kaz pushed her toward the edge of the boat. “Oh, I think I would. After all, nothing else seems to get through your thick skull, Captain. Viven is quite certain you need to be taught a lesson. And put in your place.” He spat into the sea. “Plus, a woman on a ship is bad luck. Isn’t that so, Captain Xander?”

Xander yelled, “Come on, Kaz. You know damn well you can be bought off. What do you want?”

Kaz put a finger to his temple, as if considering his options. “What could you possibly have to offer me?”

“Fuck,” Xander said under his breath. And then, louder. “Fuck.”

“Tell you what,” Kaz yelled. “I’ll give you a few minutes to think about it. And then I throw the girl overboard.”

“You do it,” Hawke said, “and you’ll be dead in minutes.”

Kaz glanced back to the ship he’d sailed from. It was twice as large as The Sugar Skull and Bryn could see a full crew of men onboard. “And if you try anything, my crew will attack and you’ll all be killed. So, yeah. You go and think about how to get out of this. I’ll just be waiting right here with this sweet little Rose.” He gave Ayla a lecherous glance and licked his lips. “I can find ways to amuse myself.”

Bryn’s entire body shook in violent tremors. She couldn’t allow him to hurt Ayla. She *wouldn’t* allow it.

She gently touched Xander’s shoulder. Looking up, she said, “Do you think we’ll have a battle?”

She watched his jaw clench. “Definitely. We have nothing to offer. We have no other choice but to fight.” He took her arms in his hands with a firm grip. “Bryn. Please. I beg you. Wait in the hold.”

She looked deep into his eyes and bit her lip. He wanted to keep her safe, and it was killing him. She saw it in the hard expression on his face.

Finally, she nodded. “Okay. But I don’t like it.”

He gave her a chaste kiss on the forehead. “Thank you, Bryn.” Then he softly shoved her toward the hold. The crew became busy, preparing for battle.

She climbed down toward the hull, but made her way to the Captain's quarters. Once inside, she unlaced her boots and shrugged off her trousers. She then went to the collection of razor-sharp shells they'd collected on the island. They'd used them for de-boning fish. Bryn smirked. Yeah, something was about to get de-boned in about ten minutes.

Even Xander and Hawke, no matter how well they'd treated her, still thought because she was a woman, she was helpless. Powerless. A liability.

But some twisted fuck had kidnapped Ayla. Bryn *did* have power, and she was about to use it.

Daily swimming lessons on the island meant Bryn was proficient in the current of the water. While the men were still preparing for what may lay ahead, she dove silently into the sea. She kept her head low as she made her way to the tender holding Ayla. Her legs kicked steadily through the water, and it took only moments before she was sneaking up on the boat.

Bryn dipped beneath the surface and emerged between the tracks. Kaz was sitting on the opposite end of the boat, smoking an arre'te that was so foul she could smell it over the scent of the sea. His eyes bugged out when his gaze discovered Bryn treading water between the metal decks of the boat.

She put her finger to her lips. "Sssh. Wouldn't want the boys to know I'm here."

Using her arms, she lifted herself up a bit. Knowing exactly how the white tunic clung to her naked skin, she watched Kaz's gaze rake over her wet body. She looked up through her lashes, giving him that look she'd perfected so well during her years as a whore.

"You stupid girl. Who are you and what do you want?" he said.

"I came to make a trade. Myself for her."

Ayla's eyes were big. The gag kept her from speaking. Good.

She lifted herself onto the boat, using her arms and legs to support her on either side of the decks. Legs and arms spread, she continued to stare at him. The tunic wetly hugged her thighs, giving him a peek of skin. But just a peek.

"Me for her. Take me."

"Why don't I take both of you?" Kaz spat. "In fact, I will. Before I kill you."

"You don't want both of us. I'll be all you need."

Kaz heaved himself to his feet and flicked the remainder of his arre'te into the sea. "Shut up. I'll fuck you while your friend watches. And then I'll shove you both overboard, and make your friends on The Sugar Skull watch."

Bryn's stomach turned as a drop of saliva dribbled from the side of his mouth. He came at her. Jerking her out of the water, he threw her to the floor of the boat.

"Please," Bryn said. "I just want you to release my friend. Take me instead."

“Fucking worthless whores, the both of you.” He yanked her legs apart. “Stupid too. But who needs a brain in a whore? I just want your cunt.”

“But you’ll release my friend?” she asked, searching his eyes. Pleading.

He knelt between her thighs. “Fuck no.” He laughed, and she felt his spit hit her face. She flinched. “I’m not releasing anyone. I’m going to see if your worthless Captain has anything of value. If so, I’ll take it. Either way, my ship is still gonna blow apart The Sugar Skull and take the remains back to Viven. If there are any remains, that is.”

“But...” Bryn said, squirming under his obtrusive belly. “Just take me and leave all the others alone.”

The smack across her face had her seeing stars. Collecting herself, she tried to focus on him. “I’m begging you...” she said, her voice shaky.

“Not yet, bitch. But you will be.” He went to move her tunic up her thighs.

“Please...” Bryn begged. “Just let Ayla and my friends go. Take me.”

“Yeah. Right. That’s gonna happen. Now shut the fuck up. You Roses talk too much. That’s why I shoved a rag in your friend’s mouth.”

She felt his erection pushing against her. It all came back in a rush. The powerlessness, the vulnerability. The helplessness. It swarmed over her, entered every muscle of her body. Her heart pounded in her throat.

With his big chunk of a hand, he squeezed her breast until she wanted to cry from the pain.

“Take it, you brainless slut.”

“Please...no...” She shook her head from side to side. “Please...”

But his eyes were wide, crazy.

Good.

She slammed her legs together. He screamed. Jerking between her legs, he tried to get away. But the sharp shells she’d strapped to her thighs were buried deep in the sides of his legs. She felt his blood pouring out of his flesh, sticky on her skin.

He struggled. But the harder he fought, the deeper the shells cut into him. Looking straight in his face, she clamped tighter. “If you think I’m letting that fucking cock anywhere near me or my friend you’re the only stupid cunt I can see on this piece-of-shit boat.”

His eyes were dark as he stared down at her. Reaching down, he tried to open her legs in an attempt for release.

But the month of hiking and swimming in paradise had made her strong. And he was a fat, drooling slob. Also, he was probably in massive amounts of bloody pain. The battle only fueled her strength with a river of adrenaline. It seemed she was using no effort at all.

She moved her legs like scissors, using her thighs to slice his skin. More blood spilled—she was getting covered from it.

He screamed again. "Fucking whore!"

Reaching into the back of her tunic, she withdrew the dagger strapped to her back. Looking up, she smiled. "Not anymore."

She then plunged the dagger straight into his heart. Blood gushed from the wound. Grimacing, she turned away. "Gross."

He spasmed, and she watched as the man died. A big bloody mess, his eyes finally went dark, and he collapsed on top of her.

"Ew." She shoved him off. Then she climbed over to Ayla and released her gag. "Are you okay?"

"Bryn?" Ayla shook her head. "I've been so worried... What are you doing here?"

"I'll explain later." She cut the rope off of Ayla's neck. "Let's get back to the ship." She yanked her friend to her feet.

"Bryn. You know I can't swim." Ayla shook her head. "And neither could you."

"I've learned a lot since you last saw me, Sister." She took Ayla's hands in hers. "It's okay. Trust me."

"Do I have a choice?"

Bryn grinned. "No. You don't."

They turned to the water. With a last glance at each other, they grabbed hands and jumped into the sea.

"What the fuck?"

Xander and Hawke rushed toward them. Hawke went straight to his sister and wrapped her in a fierce hug.

Xander, on the other hand, did not look happy. He grabbed Bryn's shoulders, stepped back and raked her over in one all-assessing swoop of his gaze. The sea had washed away all the blood from her body, but her tunic was still stained.

"Holy fuck. Are you okay?"

She nodded. "Yes. I'm fine."

"What did you do?" He gave her a shake. "*What did you do?*"

Releasing herself from Xander's grip, she unstrapped the shells from her legs. "I saved Ayla."

"By yourself?" Xander said incredulously.

She threw a belt of shells to the floor. "Um. Yeah?"

He just stared at her. She wondered if he might kill her.

But he yanked her into his arms and buried his nose in her hair. "You...*fuck*, Bryn."

She hugged him back. The adrenaline that had been coursing through her was ebbing, and she felt her body begin to shake. He held her tight.

Still clutching Ayla, Hawke turned to Bryn. “If you didn’t just save my sister...I’d throttle you.”

Bryn managed a smile. “But I did. So you can’t.”

“I’m impressed.”

The words had come from Adiv, and they turned to look at him. He was gazing at Bryn with an expression of admiration. “I can’t believe you had the balls.”

She couldn’t help but smile back at the big man. “Yeah. Well, turns out...you don’t need a cock to be a fucking man.”

Epilogue

Lounging on the deck, Bryn glanced at Ayla. They were wearing scarves around their hips and breasts. Hawke refused to let his sister run around the ship naked, so both women had been obliging enough to cover up their female parts.

Bryn took Ayla's hand. "He's looking at you again."

She saw the flush creep up Ayla's pale neck. "You think?"

Glancing at Adiv, who was checking stock in the infirmary trunk, Bryn grinned. "Um, yeah. I do."

"He is kind of..."

"Hot?"

Ayla's cheeks turned red. How strange to see a former prostitute blush. She turned toward Bryn and bit her lip. "He is, isn't he?"

"He's a voyeur, but something tells me he wants to be a bit more participatory when it comes to you."

Ayla looked to Adiv, who quickly whipped his gaze off the gorgeous redhead. He went back to sorting hand-cannons.

"Yeah," Bryn said. "He is so into you."

Xander walked over to the women. "It's bad luck to have women on a pirate ship."

Hawke came over and took his place next to the Captain. Their shadows cast out the orangey light of the sun. Bryn couldn't wait to get back to the clear sky of their haven.

"Bad luck to have women on a ship, you say?" Bryn said.

"Yeah." Hawke took a seat on a nearby stool. "But you rescued Ayla, killed the captain of Viven's ship. I'm beginning to wonder if that little idiom is true."

Bryn gave him a nonchalant look. "Don't forget. I bought off the rest of Viven's crew with my jeweled earbob."

"Right," Hawke said. "Can't forget that."

Bryn tilted her head and grinned. "So. You still think women on a ship are bad luck?"

Taking her hand in his, Xander squatted next to her. "I suppose we can make an exception." He kissed the back of her hand. "In fact, I can't imagine being on this ship without you. Or your new partner-in-crime."

Hawke looked at Bryn, and his eyes were dark and serious. "Bryn." He nodded toward her. "You have my ever-long devotion."

“That’s not necessary. I was just saving my friend.”

“And I am indebted.”

Bryn lifted herself onto her elbows. “Is that so?”

He nodded. “Indeed.”

“Then get us back to the ruins, get our supplies and get us the fuck back to paradise.”

Xander squeezed Bryn’s hand. “That’s affirmative, woman. And after we leave the ruins, it’s nothing but us, the open seas and...”

“What?” Bryn asked, searching his eyes.

“When we reach land, you girls are going to have to remain on the ship. It’s too dangerous for you to be wandering around the ruins.”

She touched Xander’s arm. “What about Viven? He’ll still be looking for you. He’ll be more angry with you than ever because of what happened at sea. Will you—*we*—ever be free from his wrath?”

Xander’s eyes went cold. She felt the muscles of his arm clench beneath her touch. He said, “Don’t worry about Viven.”

Hawke was staring at Ayla. “We’re going to pay that man a visit. And he won’t be bothering us again. We have things to protect now.”

A chill raced up Bryn’s back. She was afraid for the men’s safety, but she could see the determination in their eyes. She knew if she was going to choose this life there would be risks, and scary moments. But Xander and Hawke weren’t stupid. If they had a plan to take care of Viven, she would just have to trust them.

If she were to choose this life, she was going to have to trust them.

She did.

Xander took her hand, reassuring her with gentle strokes from the pad of his thumb. “We’ll return from the ruins. Safe and sound. And Viven won’t be bothering us again.” His eyes darkened, and he held her gaze. “And then you know what awaits us?”

“Freedom. There can’t be just one island... I believe there’s an entire new world to be discovered. One with no rules, no castes, no trading yourself for a life of servitude.”

Bryn’s heart swelled. She knew what he meant. During the weeks they’d been sailing since the incident with Kaz, Xander had made it glaringly obvious the only man who was ever going to touch her again, other than himself, was Hawke. Thanks to these men, she’d never see the walls of a brothel again.

Bryn was fine with that.

Settling back onto the hemp blanket, she closed her eyes and felt. Felt the sea, felt the waves beneath the ship. Felt freedom. She smiled. “Let’s do it,” she said. “Let’s just sail. The world is more than we ever imagined, and I want to discover everything that’s out there.” She squeezed Xander’s hand. “With you.”

“You got it, baby. After we get re-stocked at the ruins, we’ll find our oasis.”

Eyes still closed, Bryn grinned. “Oh. I think we already have.”

About the Author

Lillian Feisty expected to write typical boy-meets-girl tales. But so often the characters wanted to be tied up by each other. Lilli had to oblige. Her love of writing spicy romance evolved, and the next thing she knew, she was published. Her first erotic novella was released in March 2007, and she's been consistently pursuing her passion ever since.

Lilli was born in the San Francisco Bay Area. She spent the majority of her twenties working just enough to pay for extended trips to Europe. Some of her fascinating employment titles included makeup artist, secretary and perpetual student. She owned an art gallery for several years, holds a degree in Creative Arts and was just a thesis short of her MA when she decided to drop out of school to write romance.

For more fascinating Feisty information go to www.lillianfeisty.com.

Look for these titles by Lilli Feisty

Now Available:

Sting of Desire

Love comes at the turn of a card...or the crack of a whip.

Sting of Desire

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Sandine would love to walk out of her ex-boyfriend's life forever. Except the sadistic bastard stole the ancient tarot cards her late mother gave her, knowing she'll do anything to get them back. Including endure his abuse on the stage of his sex club.

For the crime of trying to get her prized cards back, she's steeling herself for the public beating of her life. Knowing that no matter how much she screams, no one will come to her aid.

Harry Marshall should be immune to undercover work at sex clubs by now. From the moment he spots Sandine chained at the mercy of the suspected drug dealer he's after, his gut tells him something isn't right. He can't believe he'd risk blowing his cover by stepping in, much less his body's erotic reaction to inflicting pain on her luscious body.

Question is, how deeply involved is she in her ex's drug dealing—if at all? If she'd stay out of his way long enough to find out, he wouldn't have to put his own mission in danger to keep protecting her from her ex...and herself.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Sting of Desire:

Harry gunned his Harley up an almost vertical street. As he crested the top of F'illmont Street, the San Francisco skyline appeared, its multicolored lights reminding him of the Christmas trees his mother used to decorate many years ago. But even happy childhood memories couldn't knock the thoughts of Sandine out of his head. If anything, the contrast only succeeded in furthering the self-disgust that had settled in the pit of his belly, a feeling that had been fermenting ever since the adrenaline rush of being with Sandine had dissipated.

He eased up on the throttle slightly to rumble through a stop sign at the bottom of the hill. Why had she trusted him? Her trust—that was what had put him over the edge, that was what had gone straight to his heart, his head. The smoky look in her eyes, the moan on her lips, the tremble in her legs. All of it killed him.

She'd submitted to him completely.

He hit the throttle, his black coat flying behind him in flapping waves. It didn't take a fucking shrink to figure out he was attempting to outrun his feelings.

His Harley wasn't that fast.

She had wanted him to do it. He knew that, just as he knew he liked his steaks rare and his showers hot. She wanted him to master her, and he had liked doing it too. A lot. But the guilt had sucked the lingering pleasure from him like a leech would fresh blood.

Nothing made sense.

Before he had started this case a file had been dropped on his desk. Sex Clubs for Dummies, he'd called it. But he'd read it—he always studied a case voraciously before he went in. He liked to be prepared, with weapons and knowledge. And so he had gone in armed with more than a whip, some guns and a few knives. He'd gone in with information.

Over the past three weeks he'd seen others engage in similar acts, and sometimes he'd felt a slight stirring of sexual excitement, but for the most part he'd been able to keep those feelings in check and stay focused. He'd been in control.

But nothing had prepared him for the overwhelming adrenaline rush of whipping Sandine. Which begged the question he'd been asking himself for an hour. Was it her or the act itself that had affected him with such intensity?

Or was it the combination?

Either way, what it came down to was he had beaten a woman and derived pleasure from doing so.

Inflicting pain—the act went against the very foundation of his ethical beliefs. Morals that had been drilled into his head ever since he could remember. His father had been a doctor, donating his time and services all over the world. The man had been a champion for those less fortunate than he. He'd been a spokesperson for peace. A hero.

Harry wasn't a hero, not by any stretch of the imagination, but he was a cop—a good cop—and shouldn't that mean something? What it *should* mean is that he didn't get off on that sort of thing. His father would roll over in his grave at the thought.

Yet, the feeling that had come over him while he did it—while he'd *whipped* Sandine—a sense of calm mixed with elation, was odd and thrilling and hit him like a drug. It was similar to the way his body reacted just before a freefall jump.

So, now you aren't satisfied with extreme sports, you need extreme sex too?

He gunned his bike up another hill, feeling like he was about to drive straight into the sky. All he could think about was holding her, making sure she was okay. Some primal, protective instinct beat in his chest, unlike anything he'd felt before.

He didn't understand it, any of it. Sure, he had done his research and knew the basic psychology of why Le Cheval held allure for so many people. But he had thought himself above all that. In fact, that was why the chief had picked him for this job. Unlike half the force, Harry's preferred flavor was vanilla.

Wasn't it?

Sandine eased into the claw-foot bathtub, closing her eyes as the water enveloped her tight limbs into its warmth. Taking a few deep breaths, she attempted to center herself. Something had happened tonight, a part of her mind had unlocked, and she needed to know what had triggered it.

All she saw was Harry, circling her, cracking that whip with a mastery that had melted her. And that was what he had done tonight—mastered her. Dominated her. Opened her up and let her go.

He amazed her. Her mind floated from how he'd played her earlier. Adrenaline thrummed lightly through her body.

And yet she had no idea who he was, this man who had saved her from Cain's anger.

Rubbing the scrapes around her wrists, she wondered how she could have been so stupid. A fucking Tarot reader, trained in divination from birth—how could she have acted so impulsively, with no pause to listen to her own intuition? What would have happened if Harry hadn't been there to intervene?

She sighed as the warm water lapped at the trace of a line where his whip had struck her outer thigh. The reddened skin would be fine by tomorrow, but she wanted the proof to remain. Wanted to see his mark on her skin.

It had been hours since she'd seen him and still her body tingled from the caress of Harry's lips on her skin, the feel of his large, warm fingers sliding into her body, the sting of his whip across her ass. Lightly touching her lip, she recalled the way his tongue had caressed the inside of her mouth. So natural, that kiss.

She had been *so close* to coming—simply thinking of the pleasure he had given her put her on the edge of an orgasm.

Again.

She closed her eyes, imagined him kissing her now, recalled his taste of whiskey. Whiskey and smoke.

She lightly pinched a sore nipple. Like a familiar lover, Harry had loosened the nipple clamps *exactly enough* to give her sharp pleasure. She raised her legs, rested her calves on the edge of the cold ceramic tub. She touched her ribs and moved lower, could feel the leather of his whip wrapping around her waist. The crack of the whip seemed to echo in her ear.

The water lapped at her skin as she submerged her hand to trace her shaved S, where she lingered for a moment before touching herself between her legs. Even in water her pussy felt wet and slick on her hand, and as she caressed her sex she pretended it was Harry's hand teasing her. His hands were lovely—long and confident, like the rest of him.

The look in his eyes as he had circled her, snapping his whip on the ground, reminded her of the lion trainer who had traveled in the *cirque* with her family. Like Harry, the trainer had been tall and lean, and even as a girl she had been fascinated with the graceful way the man had wielded his tool, the way he could coax a roaring beast into submission with a few controlled flicks of his wrist.

She slid her fingers to her clit, rubbed that throbbing point until she gasped, watched her toes go stiff. Her pulse began to race as she recalled the bound woman in the chair, the way her face had contorted in pleasure as the kneeling man licked her very center. Le Cheval had been throbbing with energy tonight, and

Sandine had soaked it in like a plant does water. Her veins still hummed from the palpable excitement, feeding a long-forgotten part of her soul.

Ironically, despite her public display earlier, here she was alone, masturbating. But even this felt different, more exciting. She thought of Harry as she rubbed her clit and pinched her nipple, trying to find the exact pressure he had applied earlier. She couldn't get it right, damn it. God, if only he were here to do it again...

She remembered how she had wanted him to fuck her, how she had begged him for it.

Moaning, she slid her hand deeper into the folds of her sex, palming herself as he had done. It wasn't exactly right—her hand felt small in comparison—but at least it provided some degree of gratification. When she pushed two fingers into her body, working them in and out, she gasped in pleasure.

She wanted it all. She wanted Harry to fuck her, lick her, whip her—pain and pleasure—

She wanted *him*.

She climaxed, her body shuddering before each muscle froze, her legs spread wide and slung over the edge of the tub, his name on her lips. And as her heartbeat slowed and her eyes drifted open he was there, leaning against the sink. Watching her.

He gave her that crooked grin. "You called?"

A Muse Me

© 2006 S. L. Carpenter

He lost his inspiration but found his muse in the Caribbean...in the arms of a woman.

It's a slow death for a writer when the only key getting used on his keyboard is "Delete". His writer's block is firmly in place like a wall. All there is to do is bang his head against it.

What to do? A change of scenery might help—say a week in the tropics. If nothing else, it will warm his idle fingers and ease his worried mind. A getaway for the mind and soul.

Reservations made, Eugene flies to Aruba in search of answers to his problems. What he finds is more than a couple of fruit drinks with umbrellas in them. On the white sandy beaches, wrapped in almost nothing but a tan is someone who sparks his imagination and ignites his creative flow. He finds his Muse!

Enjoy the following excerpt for A Muse Me:

He tugged the bathroom door open and went in. The slight tremble of turbulence made him stumble a bit as he flipped the occupied lock. He jerked upright, startled by his reflection in the flickering light.

Eugene felt a sense of pride knowing his words had actually affected this woman, especially after her comments from earlier. Standing above the toilet, he held his hand against the wall to maintain balance and used the other hand to hold something else. Trying to pee with a boner is tough. You either pee on the wall or hold onto something sturdy and let it rip. He decided to think of different things to calm his manly appendage down. He let his mind wander and closed his eyes.

He thought of Niagara Falls, a running water faucet, and a beer tap pouring a pitcher. For a moment he thought that urine and beer on tap looked a lot alike. Then he felt the flow release and sighed heavily. Anybody who had fought against a boner and an overactive bladder would sympathize with Eugene's peril.

He washed his hands, showing proper cleanliness technique, and looked at himself in the mirror. What a stud. His hair dark was combed perfectly. With a grin, he recited his favorite line from a debonair man who women adored. "Bond...James Bond." A tapping on the door made him quicken the drying of his hands.

Opening the small door, he saw her standing in front of him. She didn't say anything but her breathing was quick and shallow. Her eyes looked into Eugene's and the intensity of her inner fire scorched his passionate soul. His boner returned quickly, feeling the sexual fever from her simple stare.

The woman forced her way into the tiny bathroom. Her eyes talked for her. She wanted Eugene.

Their mouths met in a dance of tongues and saliva. She was hot and her hands groped at Eugene's body, tugging and squeezing.

Eugene grabbed her shoulders, pushing her against the small sink. The thin fabric of her blouse couldn't conceal the hardened tips of her nipples poking out, begging to be suckled. With animalistic urgency he tore her blouse open, revealing the silken lace of her black bra.

Eugene dove forward, licking her nipple through the fabric and causing her to groan. His other hand reached between her legs, seeking her heated heart. She widened her legs, causing her skirt to rise and Eugene found his treasure. As he slid his hand along her inner thigh he could feel the heat and touched the wetness of her flesh. She wore no underwear, which Eugene appreciated, and his fingers began to toy with the opening of her slippery cunt.

This woman was aroused to the point of explosion and Eugene wanted to feel her convulse around his cock as they feverishly fucked. The Mile High Club needed a new member and he wanted to be the one to join.

Her moaning made Eugene even hotter and hornier. The pressure of his cock pushing against his pants was becoming painful. He was aroused and his blood heated to a boil of desire with lustful anticipation for this beautiful creature. They had cable television channels for this kind of encounter, things like this weren't reality. Things like this didn't happen to him. This was the kind of kinky, erotic fantasy usually only found in books, especially his books.

The woman pulled at Eugene's neck, digging her red fingernails into his skin. Obviously, she wanted more. As their mouths came closer together, his finger slid within the velvety wetness of her tight pussy. While they kissed, he let his finger swirl in her juices. Her pussy tightened and loosened as his finger delved deeper and moved in a circular motion, widening her inner walls.

She was an inferno of desire and threw her head back. With Eugene's fingers rubbing her engorged clit, her moans signaled she was close to climaxing. She brushed her fingers along the beads of perspiration across the front of her neck and began to suck on her fingertips, moaning with pleasure.

She unleashed her inner slut, grabbing Eugene's shirt and yanking him forward. She kissed him lustfully again then pushed him back. He slammed against the door with a loud thud. Her eyes burned with desire as she tugged at his pants, seeing the bulge swelling inside. Her passion rose to an unquenchable thirst for sex.

She finally unfastened his belt and lowered the zipper. Her jaw dropped as she saw his cock for the first time as it stuck out, pointing like a sword. A small dribble of drool trickled from the corner of her lips as she knelt down before him. Her lips were red and moist. His cock began to throb in anticipation as she hovered above it, teasing the head with her tongue.

She looked up at Eugene, longingly and panting with desire and finally spoke.

"Peanuts?"

Eugene replied. "Peanuts? What the fuck are you talking about? Those are my balls, not peanuts."

"Would you like some peanuts?"

Something magic this way comes...

Wicked Sexy

© 2010 R.G. Alexander

Wicked ³, Book 1

Callie has always known the Abbotts were different. Witches, though they call themselves “Magians”. They are her second family. Harrison Abbott has been her best friend since they were children. Tucker Abbott, her life-long crush. And their brother, Tyghe? A magical pain in her backside.

When the Abbotts need her human perspective to solve a mystery, she doesn’t hesitate. Especially since it means getting everything she ever wanted. A chance to be one of them, to have magic, even if it’s only temporary.

Someone is attacking young women at Triune, a ritual that helps Magians find their perfect threesome—the match that will complete their magic and their hearts. Callie expected to be dazzled by her first glimpse into the Magian world, but the bone-melting desire between her and the Abbott brothers isn’t part of the plan.

Nor is the decades-old secret that makes her the target of a killer...

Enjoy the following excerpt for Wicked Sexy:

Tucker lifted her chin, turning her face up to his. He looked lighter than she’d seen him in a long time. Younger. “Tyghe told me about the energy you were giving off at the salon. I saw for myself what one of us can do to you.” His jaw tightened, almost imperceptibly, but Callie saw it. “We are compatible, Callie. There is no doubt in my mind. Now as beautiful as that dress is, I think its time to take it off.”

Tyghe surprised them both by ducking his knees and lifting Callie over his shoulder, carrying her, she soon realized, to the wall with the handcuffs. “Oh, hell.”

He spanked her bottom playfully. “Don’t play coy with us, wicked girl. It wouldn’t be in here if you weren’t at least curious. And I can’t tell you how happy that makes me.” He set her down, lifting her hand to place a kiss inside her palm, his tongue tracing her life line. Callie shivered, and he smiled, slipping one faux-fur lined cuff around her wrist. “In the spirit of honesty, you should know this is not the first time Tucker and I have shared a woman.”

Tucker swore and Callie flinched, but Tyghe wouldn’t release her free hand, methodically closing the cuff with a loud click. “In fact,” he continued, grunting when he adjusted the chains to raise her arms above her head, avoiding her knee. “For a year or two there, we developed quite the reputation. I’d ‘Tyghe her up’, and he’d ‘Tucker her out’. Remember that, Tuck?”

Callie glared at him, but it was herself she was angry with. Tied up, the two men staring intently at her, undressing her, she was still aroused. Tyghe unhooked the now flame red dress from behind her neck, letting it drop to the floor, leaving her exposed in nothing but her underwear and heels. She loved the fire that lit in their stormy eyes. She had no shame. They'd done this with other women, and she didn't care. At least, not enough to ask them to stop.

That didn't mean she couldn't torture them the same way they were torturing her. "Thanks for the history lesson." She jerked her arms, jangling the chains. "This isn't my first rodeo either."

Tyghe's smile was tight. "Why do I get the feeling you aren't talking about what we did the other night? You mean your old boyfriend. How could we forget good old Mitchell? The rebel without applause."

"There was nothing wrong with Mitchell." He just wasn't Tucker...or Tyghe.

"There was nothing right about him, either." Tucker grumbled under his breath, surprising her. The few times he'd come out with Harrison when Callie was with Mitchell, he'd always been polite.

"He's the reason Tucker went a little wild for a while. Mitchell was the first guy you seemed serious about, the first one who hung around long enough to meet all of us. I think Tucker fucked his way through half the single females in Boston before he came up for air."

"Tyghe, you're a bastard." Tucker was unbuttoning his black shirt, his gaze snared by Callie's hardening nipples.

"Yeah, I'm the bastard. I just didn't want her hero worship to blind her to the fact that I'm not the only sinner in this room."

Callie started, her gaze colliding with the vulnerability in Tyghe's grey eyes. They'd been more intimate in the last few days than she'd ever allowed herself to be with another. Made love in positions and places that made her blush to think about. But they'd never spoken of her reaction to Tucker's touch. Never spoken of Tyghe's insecurities. Callie had believed he'd gotten over his concerns. Until now. Now she could see that he was still worried, even after all they'd done, that he'd be pushed aside for his older brother. As much as she wanted Tucker to touch her, as much as the revelation that he'd been jealous of her last relationship thrilled her, she couldn't let Tyghe think she didn't want him just as much.

She smiled at him, a little mischievously. "So, what do you do with a woman once you tie her up?"



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