



THE
DISFAVOUR

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D. J. MANLY

In this latest instalment of Fantasium by D.J Manly...

Myles was destined to be king, but his idiot twin is on the throne in his place because Myles slept with a commoner. Myles doesn't want to be at his brother's beck and call anymore and is desperate to get away. When the kingdom has a beef with the neighbours, they hire a mercenary, Dia Depalmer, to kick their butts.

When Myles sees the gorgeous commander, he begs him to take him away from the castle. Depalmer agrees, but there is a price. Myles has no idea how high that price is until he finds himself strapped naked to an armoured vehicle in broad daylight!

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Fantassium: The Disfavoured
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Fantassium: The Disfavoured

By

D.J. Manly

Dedication

As always, to my readers.

Chapter One

I was hoping for better news.
“What would I do without you, Myles?” My younger brother stood in front of a full-length mirror and examined the diamonds in the handmade coat the tailor had just made for him. “How does it look?”

“Fine, fine,” I lied, not bothering to tell him that the sequined coat made him look like an effete snob, which was exactly what he was.

“They shine rose,” he exclaimed as he squinted in the mirror. “Those diamonds are shining rose. I told that idiot turquoise.”

I sighed and moved closer. “It’s the light, Hollis. That’s all.”

“It’s not the damn light,” he snapped. “It’s that fucking tailor you brought here. I knew I shouldn’t have trusted you with that. He’s useless.” He tore off the jacket and threw it on the floor. “Now what am I going to wear to the fundraiser?”

One of the servants ran over and scooped the

coat up off the floor before Hollis tread on it. "Come," he snapped at both the servant and me.

The servant prepared to scurry after him, coat in hand.

When I didn't move, Hollis froze and looked at me. "I didn't dismiss you yet."

The servant gave me a sympathetic look which I didn't dare acknowledge for his sake. If my brother thought for one moment that a servant had the audacity to express a reaction to anything he did, he'd have his head.

We were headed for the tailor's shop in the west wing of the castle. I had to pick up speed to keep up with Hollis. He was on the rampage.

Hollis pointed to the servant who jumped out in front of him to fling open the door to the tailor's workshop. "Prince Hollis of the Kingdom of Luzlandia!" he announced.

My brother pushed him aside and entered.

The tailor and his two assistants lowered their heads and waited.

"Rose! The God damn shiny things are rose, not turquoise. I can't possibly meet Daio Depalmer tonight wearing..." He snatched the jacket from the servant's hand and thrust it into Peiron's hand, "This!"

Pieron ran a hand through his thin, grey hair. "I don't understand, your highness, how this could be. I'll get to work right away. It will be back to

you within the hour." He glanced at his young assistant. "Modify the design in the system and set the machine on rapid make, extreme quality."

"Sir," he said and bobbed his head.

As the harried young assistant ran to do Pieron's bidding, Hollis sighed deeply and folded his arms across his chest. "You people know what a trying time this is. We are on the brink of war. Can I not rely on anyone anymore to serve their prince? If my father got wind of this, he would be most dismayed."

"I beg your forgiveness, Highness," Pieron began to grovel. "It was an oversight and..."

"You are not forgiven. It is another strike against you. The next time you make an error, you will face the consequences. Come on, Myles," he clipped. "I need your help. You," he looked at the servant, "go and do something useful instead of standing around like an idiot."

The servant disappeared and I found myself walking down the massive corridor where the photographs of our foremothers and forefathers had been hung.

I placed my hand on my brother's arm to slow his pace. "Hollis," I said. "Listen to me."

He turned to look at me, a rare occurrence. "I said no."

"But I'm wasted here."

"I need you."

"To do what...compliment you on your new jacket? I want to join the military."

"If you get yourself killed, Mother will blame me. You've always been her favourite."

"I'll take it to Father."

"Father," he scoffed. "He's in exile. Useless. You know that. He'll go along with what I say. He's lost his mind." Hollis was on the move again. "Now, hurry up and get going. The man who will lead Luzlandia to victory against those unscrupulous Claynites will arrive soon. We must be prepared to meet him. His presence here tonight is crucial if we are to raise the much needed support of the elites. Now, no more talk of leaving me now. Off you go, and change into something suitable for the soiree."

He left me there in the middle of the corridor, cursing him under his breath. It seems that I had made one mistake, and that mistake had turned my entire life upside down and made me my younger brother's lackey.

I escaped into my private quarters, two rooms, which were only one notch above that of a servant's in terms of luxury, and lay on my bed.

I wasn't through yet with my attempt to talk my brother into letting me join the army. I planned to use the occasion of Depalmer's arrival to push the issue. Thinking that once Depalmer was aware that I wanted to do my part and given

my special training as part of the royal family, he could embarrass my brother into it. It was worth a try.

It wasn't that the thought of fighting and dying excited me that much. It was the prospect of getting out of here, out from underneath my brother's foot.

Hollis and I were twins, although not identical. I was taller and more muscular, my hair lighter blond than his. While his eyes were blue, mine were green, and he had a far more delicate appearance than I. I was the older by a few minutes, and given the differences in our heights and body builds, that was evident. And it was I who was supposed to be prince regent.

My father had become king quite by accident, due to the sudden death of his older sister, who'd only reigned six months before succumbing to a strange fever, which now had an effective vaccine. She'd died childless.

My father, although I'd never say this aloud, is an incompetent clod, who'd been coddled by his mother and hated political life. The people despised him, due to his spinelessness and lack of charisma. He eventually went insane and had to be locked away.

However, the public loved my mother and her two sons. We were like movie stars growing up, photographed everywhere. Thanks to our mother,

we'd been blessed by good looks and boisterous personalities. My mother did her best not to spoil us and to give us as normal a life as was possible. Until my father had left Hollis to rule, Hollis had actually been a pretty decent guy. He was generous and respectful, and actually fun to have as a brother.

But, as they say, power corrupts, and absolute power...well...that corrupts absolutely. My brother was the poster child for that proverb.

I was the one to take my fathers' place, a prospect I hoped I wouldn't have to deal with for another fifty or so years. As it turned out, I wouldn't have to deal with it at all.

Like I underestimated how much the public really hated my father, I also underestimated how bitterly that same public could turn on you when you broke a sacred rule. I broke one such rule. I was caught in bed with a commoner, whom I might add, was one hell of a great fuck. However, I wasn't sure that he was good enough to lose my heritage over.

Never the less, the incident had been an embarrassment to the family. At the same time, my unstable father had been advised to leave his throne to his son, in order to squash a growing rebellion. Since I was in disfavour, Hollis was elected to take Father's place.

The council wasn't crazy about having Hollis

on the throne. It was said that perhaps his position in the birth canal had deprived him of oxygen to the brain. It was true that sometimes he could say or do something really stupid. I sometimes wondered if maybe he had inherited my father's insanity.

With my brother on the throne, I was, like everyone else, his servant. Hollis insisted I stay around as his adviser, which suited the council who were terrified he'd fuck up everything.

It was often I who made the decisions that he couldn't make. And he always looked good. But after three years of that, I'd had enough. Especially since in those three years, my brother had gone from a fairly decent human person to some sort of a fashion obsessed, egotistical tyrant.

Our neighbors' threat to claim one of our major waterways as their own without paying the necessary tariff had now prompted the council of Luzlandia to push for war. I had advised my brother to enter into more talks with our neighbor, but Hollis seemed dazzled by the prospect of war.

I checked the clock on the wall now and decided to get out of bed, take a bath and change my clothes. I was as anxious to meet Commander Diao Depalmer as Hollis was although my reasons were far more devious than his.

We'd heard much of the infamous commander of course, and not all of it was what one could call

honourable.

Depalmer was more pirate than officer, basically a mercenary for hire, and heralded to be the best military strategist anywhere. His only loyalty was to the almighty dollar, and he didn't come cheap.

In fact, up until two weeks ago, the Claynites had been attempting to outbid them for the commander's services. It had become common knowledge that whoever had Depalmer, had already won the war.

Hollis hadn't stopped bragging about acquiring Depalmer since the decision was finalized. That acquisition had made Hollis a hero to his public.

As I joined my brother on the balcony where he stood overlooking the gardens, Hollis expressed his satisfaction with the new jacket he wore. Frankly, I couldn't detect any difference between this one and the one he'd had on before, but I was relieved he thought so.

"See the turquoise," he insisted, holding out his arm.

I glanced at it. "Yes, I see it," I lied. "How is the set up in the ballroom?"

He brushed something imaginary off his white linen pants. "Is that what you're wearing?"

I had chosen to dress in a black suit with a white ruffled shirt. "What's wrong with it?"

"You look like an undertaker."

"Thanks, Hollis."

He liked his joke. He laughed.

"Have the VIP's arrived yet?"

"I hear Depalmer arrives when he damn well pleases. I hope he makes the dinner. Keenan was in. He can be really annoying when he wants to be."

Keenan was the head of the advisory council, a really bright man, but not exactly Mr. Tactful. He had a way of rubbing Hollis the wrong way, and if it wasn't for the fact that Hollis needed him, he'd have found a way to replace him a long time ago. "He really thinks that just because he negotiated successfully for Depalmer that I should lean down and kiss his feet."

"He is in part responsible for the support of the people," I said quietly. "They love you now. I'm sure the elites will be willing to dig a little deeper into their pockets tonight."

"Um, we'll see. I took a phone call from Father earlier."

I sat down at the small table in front of the window. "And?"

Hollis shrugged. "You know Father. He congratulated me on winning Depalmer and basically wished me good luck. I think he referred to the Claynites, as *those damn buggers*. He seemed relatively coherent for a change. He must be

taking his meds."

I laughed out loud.

Hollis shot me a dirty look. "How did that man ever run a country?"

I shrugged. I wondered the same thing about him, but I'd never say it of course.

Suddenly a servant appeared. "Your Majesty, the Commander is here with one of his officers. They have been shown to the guest quarters as you'd requested."

"Splendid," Hollis said. "Make sure they have everything they need."

The servant bobbed his head and trotted off.

"Guess he'll be making the dinner after all," I said.

"Good. Go on now, Myles," Hollis waved his hand at me, "I don't trust the servants. Make sure Depalmer wants for nothing."

"Right away," I jumped up from my seat.

My brother gave me a suspicious look.

It was one order that I was eager to obey. It would give me just the opportunity I needed to speak to Depalmer privately, and talk him into convincing my brother that the military couldn't do without my skills. Suddenly, I could taste the freedom of being out from under my brother's foot.

I headed toward the guest quarters, aware of the scurry of activity as I approached. "Where is

our guest?" I asked a young woman named Celia.

She pointed to the door on the left. Two other women hovered in the corridor, their gazes settled on the same door. It seemed Depalmer's reputation had preceded him. They all looked kind of dazzled.

"Go back to work," I told them and walked to the door. I knocked, hoping that he wouldn't resent the intrusion. I know he'd come from far and maybe he'd decided on a nap. I'd heard he had quite a temper, and the last thing I wanted to do was piss him off.

The door opened. A young man stood there, dressed in a beige military uniform. His hair was a frost of gold, his eyes brown. "May I help you?"

"Mr. Depalmer," I held out my hand. "We need to talk."

He seemed embarrassed. "I'm flattered, but I'm not Mr. Depalmer. And it's actually, Commander Depalmer. He's in the shower. I am his first lieutenant. May I be of some service?"

"I'm the brother of the prince and I—"

"So, brother of the prince, what is you want with me?" a gruff voice demanded.

My eyes widened as a man walked out of the bathroom, and when I say a man, I mean...*a man*. One that was practically naked actually. The only thing covering him was a very short, white towel which he'd hitched around his narrow waist.

"I'm a...sorry to..." No. I wasn't sorry at all. In fact, I hadn't seen a man that looked that good in a very, very long time. He was six something...feet tall, a hunk of honey coloured, muscular flesh, with a face that might have made the angels weep. Thick, shoulder length dark brown hair and eyes that were way too beautiful to belong to such a masculine figure. *Blue...no...silver...no...*

He stood right in front of me now. *Pale lilac blue. His eyes were...*

I realized suddenly he was waiting for me to say something. "Pleased to meet you," I said abruptly, sticking out my hand.

"Pleased to meet you." He didn't take my hand. He merely inclined his head. "Does the brother of the prince have a name, or are you not allowed?"

I took that like a slap in the face.

His companion laughed a little.

"Of course I'm allowed to have a name," I snapped. "Myles. My name is Myles." I told myself to calm down, swallow the slur. I needed his help if I was going to get away from Hollis. "I would like to speak to you privately."

"About?" Those pale blue lilac eyes were distracting, not to mention that his naked limbs made me feel kind of weak in the knees.

"Maybe we can be alone?"

Depalmer glanced at his companion. "Leave us."

The man nodded and quickly left the room.

"Close the door," he said, "I'd like to get dressed without an audience."

"I can...come...ah..."

He unhitched the towel and I sucked in some air. I tried to look anywhere but at his gorgeous, round ass. Apparently, the Commander was not modest. I bit my bottom lip so hard I drew blood.

Depalmer reached for his pants and I turned to the wall, pretending to trace something on it with my finger.

"It's okay, Mary Jane," he said. "You can look now, unless there's something particularly fascinating about that crack in the royal wall."

I turned around. He was doing up a pair of dark pants, very casual, nothing you'd wear to a ball. He was still shirtless. He had great biceps, perfect pectorals, flat wavy abdominals and a significant bulge between his legs which suddenly captured all of my attention. You would have thought I was the idiot brother rather than Hollis.

Depalmer slowly wiped some water off his chest with the little white towel. He regarded me silently, waiting again. He wasn't going to make this easy.

"I..." I met his gaze uneasily.

"Yes?" He raised an eyebrow. "You...you...what?"

He was mocking me. "Ah...um...I want to join

the army," I declared.

He started to laugh.

My eyes widened. "You're laughing at me?"

"That's what you wanted to talk to me about? If you want to join the army, go ahead. I'm not in charge of recruiting. I'm not even technically in the army."

"It's not that simple."

"It is actually."

"Not where I'm concerned, it isn't. Hollis doesn't want to let me go. I need your help."

"You're twins, right?"

"It's not that. I...he wants to keep me here, but I want to get away. He won't permit me to join up, not unless you talk him into it."

Depalmer folded his arms across his massive chest. He seemed to be assessing me. "Why would he listen to me? I'm simply a soldier for hire."

"You are far more than that."

"Is this because you were a bad boy a few years back?" He smirked.

I flushed. "It has nothing to do with that...I mean, how do you...know about that anyway?"

"I read the papers." He grinned. "Anyone with any common sense knows that you're the one who is supposed to be on the throne. That's why he can't let you go. He'd be lost without you. Your brother is a buffoon, and from what I hear, the nut doesn't fall far from the tree."

"I resent that."

"Why? I wasn't talking about you. Anyway, you know it to be true."

"Hollis would accuse you of treason if he heard you say that." I pointed at him.

"Ooh," he joked, exaggerating a look of fear. "Will he have my head then? I think not. He needs me right now."

"Will you help me to get away? With all the training I've had, I could be a great asset to you in this conflict."

"It's not a conflict," he walked over to the bed and picked up a royal blue shirt. "It's a war. There will be a lot of blood, a lot of death. And in the end, it still won't be completely settled. You need to learn to share the passage with your neighbours. It is necessary to the survival of both peoples. Luzlandia would be better served if you remained at your brother's side and advised him to this effect instead of running off to fight for a cause that carries no honour."

"I'll pay you," I offered anxiously.

He put on the shirt. The muscles under his skin moved in fluid perfection. He shook his dark head. "Your treasury has met my price already."

"I'm simply asking that you suggest to my brother that you need me."

He slowly buttoned his shirt as he approached me. "And what shall I say I need you for exactly?"

Those eyes looked down into mine.

I felt a little flustered. His expression was positively lecherous as he looked at me. The heat crept up my face and his close scrutiny made my cock ache.

"I...can...well, I have been well trained...with a sword. My father insisted that we had the best training and...I can wield it quite well."

"Can you best me with the sword?"

I knew there were none better in the country than him. There was no point in lying. "No," I replied. "But I'm sure I could take out a few enemies on the battlefield."

"Well then," he dismissed that with a wave of his hand, "that's not a good reason for requiring your services. Many of my men can kill a few peasants." He paused, then came close to me again. "Are you good in bed?"

"What?" I sputtered.

He grinned. "Oh, Myles, don't try to look all scandalized. I'm not an idiot. You've been staring at the bulge in my pants for the last five minutes. Don't be a child."

"I am not being a child. I don't like you," I said between clenched teeth.

"You don't like me?" He laughed. "I can live with that. Many people don't like me for one reason or another." He shrugged. "But disliking me has nothing to do with wanting me to fuck

you."

I shook my head. "Obviously people don't like you because you're arrogant, not to mention crude. If you are looking for a reason, could that be it?"

"Probably," he agreed, "but then, so are you arrogant, coming to my room to try. Imagine that, the prince's brother coming to my room to try to talk me into manipulating the king. Grow some balls and stand up to him."

"I told you, it doesn't work like that. You don't understand."

"Your father is the king. Appeal to him."

"I've fallen into disfavour, remember?"

"You fucked a commoner a long time ago. I'm sure he's forgotten about it."

"Don't count on it."

"He seems to have forgotten a lot of things lately. Anyway, it didn't make much sense to take you off the throne for that, especially since you were replaced by an idiot!"

"I'm supposed to stick to my own."

"Everyone is a commoner. Who are you supposed to fuck, your own brother? Who do you fuck now anyway?" he paused and looked at me, actually waiting for an answer.

I felt the anger rise. "I don't think that's any of your business who I fuck," I snapped.

He laughed. "Don't get all in a titter. I'm just

curious, that's all. Are you allowed to fuck the servants, or do they qualify as commoners as well? Don't you see them as less than human?"

I glared at him. "No, we don't see them as less than human. I mean...we could fuck the servants, but..." I shook my head. "Why am I talking to you about this? I don't want to have this discussion with you. And I don't see the servants that way."

"I don't really care."

I paused, took a breath. I had to try again. "Fine. Please." I sighed. "What is it you want? I'm asking such a simple thing and..." I threw up my hands in despair.

He suddenly reached out and ran his knuckles over my cheek. "Be nice to me," he said in a silky voice "and maybe...just maybe I'll help you get what you want."

I gasped. "If by being nice to you," I slapped his hand away, "you mean, provide some sort of...of...sexual service, forget it."

He laughed. "Just remember, brother of the prince, I'm here for three days before I head off to the barracks to get the army together. Tick, tick, tick."

"You're disgusting," I muttered.

"Thank you. It's your choice."

"You have a lot of influence. You could insist, and my brother would allow it. It takes nothing away from you to let me come with you."

"No, but I won't gain anything from it either, will I?"

"I said I'd pay you."

"And I told you, I don't need money. However," he paused again, "I'll tell you what I do need."

I stiffened. "Go ahead."

"What I do need is a warm body in the middle of a cold night to serve whatever sexual need I have. War is hell, one must find a little piece of paradise every once in awhile to make it tolerable."

"I'm sure you have no trouble finding volunteers to...to...provide whatever you need in that department," I sputtered. "What would you want me for?"

He shrugged. "Because you're so resistant, and you'd consider it an indignity to your royal hide. It will be much more of a conquest for me than those who fall at my feet. I'm rather tired with those sorts."

"So, that's what matters to you, conquest?"

"Of course, I'm a soldier. I enjoy the conquest out of bed, why not in it as well? I'm a man who is easily bored. You intrigue me. You're attractive and you don't like me. Therefore I'd love to make you submit to me...I'd enjoy fucking you."

I swallowed. "You're serious."

"Deadly." His gaze glinted at me.

"You want a sex slave?"

"More or less. Think about it. If you agree to what I ask of you, I guarantee you'll leave here with me when I go. If you refuse, well..." he shrugged broad shoulders, "you'll just have to stay in your little hell hole and deal with your overbearing brat of a brother until you die, or he does."

I set my jaw.

"It's only sex, after all, and it's not like you're a virgin."

This man had the knack of making me feel as if he'd stripped me naked and was examining and commenting on every freckle. "For how long? How many times are we talking?"

"Times? Oh we couldn't deduce it to that. Basically whenever I want...depending."

"Depending on what?"

"Well, depending on how much I enjoy it."

I knew my face was flushed. I tried not to show my embarrassment. "If you don't enjoy it, it will be a onetime thing?"

"Definitely."

"I want some sort of guarantee that I'm not just exchanging one form of bondage for another. I'm not going to leave my brother's service just to become a slave to you. And if you don't like it, you won't send me back."

"Very astute of you, Myles," the commander

said, not without a hint of condescension. "But if you do agree to my terms, I would like to have a sample before I agree."

"Sample?"

"Um. We'll talk about that another time. Let me say this," he met my gaze. "It will take no more than three months to quash the skirmish on the border and drive your enemies into submission, at least temporarily until they regroup and attack again. After those three months are over, if for some reason I'm still visiting your bed, which I sincerely doubt, I will release you from our bargain."

I clenched my teeth. "You're not endearing yourself to me, Commander, at all."

"I am sorry to hear that."

"I glean no sincerity from your apology."

He flashed me a smile. "I merely wanted to see if you consider my proposition fair?"

"I haven't agreed yet," I muttered.

"No," he smiled broadly, "you haven't had time to weigh your decision yet. Your agreement to my proposition will depend entirely on how badly you want to escape your brother's control, and if I am satisfied with the initial performance. If the urge for freedom is stronger than your aversion to submitting to me sexually, you will accept. However, if the thought of bedding me is so abhorrent to you that you would prefer to

remain your brother's servant, you will refuse." He shrugged. "Even a child can understand that."

"You bring it all down to a simple equation."

"I'm a strategist, Myles. I calculate the odds, and choose the path which will lead to victory while minimizing the damages. Everyone does that, but not everyone does it well."

A shiver ran up my spine.

"Think about this carefully before you decide."

"You're despicable," I told him as I headed for the door. "A decent man would do this without asking for payment."

"Ah, but no one ever accused me of being a decent man, my friend, but I am a shrewd one."

I didn't look back at him. I just left the room and slammed the door behind me.

Chapter Two

As it turned out, Diao Depalmer looked extremely elegant as he walked into the grand ballroom a few hours after our exchange in his room. He'd dressed up his black pants and royal blue shirt with a matching black jacket, a tailored fit and elegant gold buttons. He left his shoulder length hair loose and still looked like he needed a shave. But it suited him. He was a rogue and he seemed to enjoy playing the part.

My brother fawned over him and people moved aside as my brother led him around the room, introducing him to the cream of Ludzandian society.

I followed them around and quietly observed Diao Depalmer as he made polite conversation and kissed the hands of gushing middle-aged women.

I knew he wasn't as impressed by them as my brother wanted him to be, but he tried not to show it.

Finally, we all sat down at the table of honor.

My brother at the head, me at the left, and Diao Depalmer across from me on my brother's right. Several members of the council completed the table seating.

Depalmer did a good job of ignoring me for the remainder of the meal. He devoted his attention to my brother and Keenan, who was sitting beside me.

Hollis suddenly decided that I was being too quiet, so during the dessert course, he glanced at me and asked, "What is your commentary on all this?"

To tell the truth at one time, I'd basically stopped listening to the drone of conversation, which had been monopolized by my brother for the first time, peppered with a few short responses from Depalmer and a long speech by Keenan who spoke in detail about one of Depalmer's latest 'jobs.'

"Forgive me, your majesty," Depalmer interjected, wiping his mouth on a napkin, "but I believe that your brother isn't interested by such matters."

I glared at him. This kind of comment of course did not bode well for me wanting to join the military. "Of course I'm interested," I snapped. "What would make you say such a thing?"

He shrugged, sat back in his seat. "Your lack of participation in the conversation, I suppose. It

would be just a presumption on my part. If I'm in error, please feel free to disagree."

"Oh don't encourage him," Hollis laughed and brazenly placed a hand on Depalmer's forearm.

Depalmer's gaze focused on Hollis's hand until he removed it.

I had the pleasure of seeing my brother look somewhat uncomfortable as he placed his hands in his lap. "I mean," he cleared his throat, "my brother has many opinions, none of them are very utilitarian I'm afraid."

I clenched my fists under the table.

Depalmer's gaze met mine. I almost detected some sympathy in his eyes, but then again, I was probably imagining it. I doubted that Depalmer knew the meaning of that word. "Now, you see why I don't speak often," I quipped.

"There, there," my brother clicked his tongue, "I meant nothing by it. We all can't be thinkers."

Depalmer's head went down.

I knew he wanted to laugh. I wanted to throw something at him. "If you'll excuse me a moment," I bowed my head to my brother and scraped back the chair. I headed to the bathroom. At least there I could be alone and scream, or something. Or so I thought.

As I stared at my reflection in the mirror, reminding myself not to lose it, the door opened. I lifted my head and saw Depalmer in the reflection.

I groaned.

"That doesn't sound good," he went over to use the urinal. "Better have a doctor look at that."

"You're not helping me here. Why did you have to make that comment about me not be interested in the military?"

He calmly did up his pants and turned to face me. "Most soldiers are not intellectuals."

I watched as he washed his hands and wiped them on a towel. "Has anyone ever tried to assassinate you?"

"Why? Are you thinking of trying?" He flashed me one of those smiles.

"It's tempting."

He laughed. "I don't recommend it." He sobered and then turned to look at me. "Myles, if you want me to convince your brother that you're needed in the military, it's not a bad idea for him to believe that your intellect is not an asset to him. He knows you are more astute than he is in matters of politics and that's why he goes out of his way to demean you. You, on the other hand, play right into his hands."

He was right. And of course that didn't please me. I didn't appreciate him psychoanalyzing me.

"All that is left to do is for you to tell me if you want this, or not."

I turned back to the mirror, busied myself with playing with my hair.

I felt him move up against me, his groin smashed against my ass. I sucked in some breath as he lowered his lips to my ear, those beautifully intense eyes studying our reflection. His lips touched my ear as he spoke. His words were barely above a whisper, but it was if he'd shouted them.

"I would like to try you tonight before we reach any agreement. You know where my room is." He backed away. The door opened and closed behind him, and I was alone. I finally let out some air.

It took me awhile to compose myself, and when I made my way back to the table, Depalmer was waltzing with one of the principle benefactors, Mrs. Perkins.

"Where in the devil were you?" my brother demanded, leaning across the table. The look on his face and his laden breath told me he was half past to being intoxicated and quarter to absolutely smashed.

"In the bathroom. I wasn't feeling well."

Hollis shrugged. His gaze focused on Depalmer as he led Mrs. Perkins across the floor in a waltz. "He's something, isn't he?"

"He's all right," I muttered.

"I hope you're being nice to him," Hollis gave me a sharp glance as he swilled down more wine.

"How nice would you like me to be?" I sneered. "And maybe you should slow down on that," I

added before he could comment.

"Don't tell me what to do."

I shrugged. "Make a fool out of yourself if you want. Just remember everyone who counts is here."

Hollis ignored that. "Can you imagine being him," he looked over at Depalmer, "so bold, master of his own fate, not caring what others think?"

"I prefer not to dwell on it. He's an arrogant asshole."

"Never mind that. I wouldn't think twice about bedding him," my brother met my gaze. "I'm sure he's good at it."

I glanced at him. It was another genetic trait we had in common. Our passions ran fierce and only a man could satisfy them. "Don't look at me. I have no idea, and don't want to know."

"You're a liar. If I invited him to my bed, do you think he'd be bold enough to say no?"

I looked over as Depalmer escorted Mrs. Perkins back to her seat at the other end of the table, giving her a little bow. She was flushed like a schoolgirl.

"I think that man would be bold enough to do just about anything," I muttered. But suddenly the thought of him rejecting my brother's offer to bed pleased me. I smiled. "You can try."

"Yes, but what if I make him angry?"

"It's a risk."

"He could decide not to take up our cause if I insult him. Then again, I could command him to satisfy me, couldn't I?"

"I wouldn't do that if I were you."

"But I'm his sovereign. And you're not me."

"I don't think he's big on that sort of thing, being commanded and stuff."

"Then help me," he muttered impatiently. "Arrange it."

My jaw fell, my eyes bulged. *Arrange it? Arrange for Depalmer to spend the night in my brother's bed! Right. I was going to do that!*

Diao came back to the table and took his seat.

"That was very nice of you to dance with Mrs. Perkins," Hollis leaned toward him. "She is very precious to our cause. Loaded."

"Um. It was my pleasure."

"Tell me more about what you find pleasurable, Commander?" Hollis murmured, his voice silky smooth.

I looked down at my lap. Not one of my brother's best lines.

"Many things," he replied politely, without falling into the trap. "Fine wine, good food, a victory on the battlefield."

"And when the battles are over?" Hollis persisted.

I glanced up now, interested in his reaction.

Diao Depalmer was, as he always seemed to be, perfectly calm and collected. His expression remained unaltered.

He took his time, settled back in his chair, smiled faintly at my brother and replied, "I usually find what I need when I need it."

"Oh, a man like you, I'm sure you do, and I'm sure you take what you need when you need it as well. What variety of needs do you have, Commander?" Hollis's hand went back to Depalmer's forearm.

Hollis was now officially making a fool of himself, common practice when he was drunk. This time however, I was not going to rescue him.

Keenan was hissing in my ear suddenly. "For God's sake, Myles, Hollis is making an idiot out of himself again. He could fuck up everything. Aren't you going to do something about it?"

"Nope," I replied. I sat back, my arms crossed, watching the scene in front of me. I had no idea what my brother was saying as he whispered and giggled into Depalmer's jacket, but I was sure it wasn't fit for mixed company.

Depalmer steadied Hollis with his hands now, and righted him back into his seat. "I think you've had a bit too much, Your Highness," he announced, his voice betraying his annoyance.

"Take me to bed then," he invited and flopped back in his chair, opening his arms.

"For Christ's sakes," Keenan muttered.

I laughed out loud and looked at Depalmer. There was a challenge in my voice. "My brother would like you to join him in his bed chambers. Are you in agreement, Commander?"

Diao Depalmer glanced at the drunken figure of my brother who was practically slipping out of his chair.

One of the servants came forward and pulled him upright.

"I'm afraid I prefer my bed partner to be conscious," he replied. His teeth glinted at me from behind a forced smile. I had made him angry with my question. And he wasn't attempting to hide his anger either. "Now, if you'll excuse me," he stood and made a polite bow to those around the table, "I'm going to call it a night."

I watched him as he strode through the ballroom. Many people did. He knew how to make an exit.

Keenan distracted me suddenly as he flew to my brother's side. He looked at me. "Go! Go and offer Depalmer anything he wants. We can't afford to lose him due to your brother's stupidity."

I didn't move.

He barked at me. "Go! If you care anything for your country and your people, find the commander and beg him not to leave."

Everyone was looking curiously. I sighed. I doubted that Depalmer was that angry, but Keenan wouldn't be denied. I left the ballroom and scouted around for Depalmer.

He wasn't hard to find. He stood in the corridor outside the door of his room, talking with that young lieutenant that I'd met earlier. He looked up when I approached.

"I want to apologize for my brother," I said. "I have been authorized to do whatever I have to, in order to make sure that you don't leave."

He lifted an eyebrow and looked at the other man. "Goodnight, Lieutenant. We'll speak tomorrow."

The young man nodded, but didn't look happy. He gave me a dirty look before walking into the next room and slammed the door.

"Romantic complications?" I mocked.

He didn't grace my slur with a response. Instead, he opened the door to his room and said, "Come in."

"Can't you tell me what you want to talk about out here?" I hesitated at the threshold of his door.

"No," he said. "Come in and close the door."

I did as he asked. I remained a few feet away from the door, waited.

Depalmer walked to the bed and took off his jacket. He threw it onto the chair and began to undo his shirt.

"What...what are you doing?"

"You said you were authorized to give me whatever I wanted." He glanced over at me. "Did I misinterpret you?"

"No," I shook my head, "but that doesn't mean..." I trailed off. "That doesn't mean me!"

The shirt came off now. He stood there looking at me. "If you want my help, I want a sample. Stop playing hard to get."

"I am not playing hard to get."

"You are supposed to please me, make up for your brother's insult."

"We...don't have to do this now. They mean money, gold, property, not me."

"You said *anything*. And do you want me to speak to your brother or not?"

"Okay," I snapped. "Stop playing games with me, Depalmer. I've just about had it with you."

"Oh really, is that so?" He laughed. "I think you're the one playing games, Prince." Suddenly he was standing right in front of me. "What are you going to do about it, beautiful?"

Beautiful? He thought I was beautiful. "Don't...ah...sweet talk me." I was already flustered, my heart hammering in my chest.

"But you like it." He reached out and pushed back some of my fair hair. "Tell me I'm that repulsive to you and that you don't want me...and our arrangement will be forgotten. I won't ask you

again.”

My mouth was dry.

“So, am I repulsive to you, Myles?”

No. I couldn’t say that. There was nothing repulsive about him, except maybe his personality. I allowed my gaze to move down his chest and settle on the obvious bulge between his legs. It wasn’t his cantankerous personality that was capturing my attention at the moment.

“Do you want me?” he asked again.

I met his gaze. *Yes*. I didn’t have to say it aloud. He knew.

“Show me how much you want me.”

I reached out and clutched him between the legs, squeezed his hardness. He didn’t expect that. He grunted when I squeezed rather brutally, but the grunt was accompanied by one of those dazzling smiles of his.

My other hand was suddenly on his chest. I fingered one of his nipples and he lowered his head and stole a heated kiss from my mouth.

That was it. His mouth on mine ignited a fire in my belly that wouldn’t be denied. I knew as he pulled off my shirt that this wasn’t going to be just any ordinary sex. I was against the wall and he was tonguing my nipples. I clutched him between the thighs again and he brushed away my hand so that he could undo his pants.

When his pants hit the floor, my eyes widened.

His cock was absolutely mind blowing... beautiful, big and thick, the perfect fucking tool.

He laughed a little at my expression as one hand cupped my chin and my head hit the wall. He ravished my mouth while stripping me of my clothes with his other hand.

When I was completely naked, he explored my cock and balls while continuing to taste my mouth with a sensuous heat that made my cock leak.

I bucked my hips against his hand as he played with my cock quite callously and lowered his head to suckle my nipples. When his hand slipped up underneath me and two fingers entered my anus, I let out a cry.

Depalmer slid down on his haunches and began to lick my cock, his fingers slowly moving in and out of my ass. I gasped, grabbed some of his hair between my fingers and pulled.

If it hurt, he didn't protest. His mouth and tongue were too busy pleasuring my cock which was seriously on the edge of spilling into his beautiful mouth.

Suddenly he came off my cock. I let my head go back against the wall, a deep moan shuddering through me. "God, don't stop," I pleaded.

"I have no intention of stopping," he grunted and I felt myself swing around toward the wall.

Suddenly his fingers were replaced by his tongue. I tightened my fists into balls and beat the

wall as he slowly stroked my aching cock and played his tongue in my ass. "Ooooooh, God, Christ...." I grunted, my hips fucking the wall.

As his tongue slowly retreated, he stood, yanked my hips forward as one of his legs pushed mine further apart. His mouth sucked the flesh of my neck while the head of his slick, cock moved teasingly over the opening of my stimulated anus. "Fuck yeah," I grunted.

"Ask me to fuck you," he pressed the head of his cock into the opening of my ass. "Ask me to spread your ass open and fuck you hard."

"Um, yeah, do it, spread me and fuck me." I laid my forehead on the cool wallboard.

"Say my name. Say, fuck me, Daio. I'm your slut."

"Fuck me, oh yeah...yeah...." I breathed as the head of his penis delved deeper inside me. Gone were the days of the rubber sheaf. A vaccine given at birth now countered all possibly sexually transmitted diseases. All I felt was his naked cock inside my nerve-lined tunnel, gradually pushing up inside of me, spreading me unbelievably wide. "I'm your slut," I grunted without being prompted because at the moment, it sure felt as if I was, and I had absolutely no objection to that.

He pressed further, knowing just how much to go in, before pausing to drive me insane. His hard, naked body was a muscular delight and even

though I wasn't touching him, I could feel every inch of him as he pressed against me, delving deeper than I would have believed any cock could go.

Then he drove it home and I grunted from the effort, my head spinning. When he began to move, he hit every pleasure zone inside of me. I beat the wall again and he began to move inside of me in a fluid in and out motion that was absolute heaven. This man could fuck!

"You like that?" he murmured and reached around to squeeze my nipples and fondle my aching cock which was oozing come into his hand.

All I could do was moan my pleasure into the wall. It had been so long since I'd had sex, and I'd never had sex like this.

As he stroked me to orgasm, my chest heaved. I cried out something as my entire body filled with blessed release.

I felt him come inside me, his orgasm quieter than mine as his hair moved against my cheek.

"Myles," he whispered.

Spontaneously, I turned and grabbed his face, kissing him hotly, manoeuvring him to the bed. I propelled him down on his back and began to explore his body with my fingers and my tongue. "You're beautiful," I told him. How could I not? He truly was. Muscles taut and firm, nipples, cock and testicles perfectly shaped. He tasted like

heaven. And for those moments in that bed, he was heaven.

After some encouragement on my part, he was hard again. I straddled his hips with my thighs and looked down into those eyes.

He moved his hands up over my flanks, gripped my hips. "Ride my cock," he urged.

I smiled at him. "You read my mind."

He winked at me.

I guided his cock inside of me and then let go, my hands moving over his chest as I guided his hard flesh in and out of me.

His hand fondled my cock as I continued my ride. I was gone. I was in another world. And when I came, I fell forward onto his broad chest and scraped it with my nails.

He wrapped his arms around me and pumped his own cream up into my ass. He held me for the longest time after we'd come. We didn't talk. The only noise came from the loud beating of our hearts.

"So," he finally said, releasing me.

I rolled over onto my back beside him.

"What are my orders?"

There was a slight smile on his face when I looked at him. "Meaning?"

"Are you coming with me, or not?"

"I thought I just did."

"Very funny. You know what I mean."

"Do you want me to come with you?" I held my breath.

He lifted an eyebrow.

"You're back to being a bastard again, aren't you, and so soon?" I sneered.

"I don't understand."

"What do you mean, you don't understand? We just made love and you —"

"We did not just make love. We fucked. And you gave me a proposition. I made you a counter offer. You've just had a taste. And so have I. I can live with this. Do you want me to take you away from your brother, or not?"

"You can live with it?"

"Get over yourself, Myles. This is an arrangement, nothing more, a mutually convenient one. You get what you want, and I don't have to bother to go looking for what I want on a long, cold night. Is that clear?"

That pissed me off and I knew it shouldn't. He was a calculating prick, but I needed to be the same if I was going to get the hell away from Hollis.

I got out of bed and found my clothes. Finally I said, "I understand. And you're right. It makes sense." I held out my hand to him. "I'm in."

I tried not to look at him as he reached out to take my hand and shook it. He was a sight, lying there naked on that bed, too sexy for words. My

gaze moved over his nakedness despite myself. I swallowed.

"Why are you leaving?" he asked me softly as he lifted his half-aroused sex in his hand. "You can stay if you want. I'm hard again."

I stifled a groan as his cock stiffened. I licked my lips. Oh yeah, he was hard and ready.

"Come on, Myles," he coaxed with a seductive smile. "I want to fuck you again."

I dragged off my clothes for the second time and stood at the side of the bed. I trailed my hand over his erection, then crawled onto the bed and lowered my head to it. I kissed it, licked the length of it and then straddled him again. If I had been angry at him, I forgot why.

He smiled. "Oh no, not this time," he growled. He sprang up and got behind me. His hand grasped my hair and pulled me back against his chest. His hands roamed freely over my chest and my cock. He fucked me like that, plunging his cock deep into my opening, this time him riding me like a cowboy would a bull. He made me feel like a whore, and I was loving every minute of it.

He fucked me on my knees, then on all fours, then with my face pressed flat against the mattress with my ass in the air. He fucked me long, hard and so deep. It was heaven.

When I came, I felt the earth shake. I felt used and violated and completely fulfilled. My skin

was slick with sweat, and I was covered in his come and my own. I watched him lay back on the bed, sweat running down his chest and I felt as if I was completely ruled by instinct. He brought out the animal in me, a small price to pay to be free of my brother.

Chapter Three

I ended up in my own quarters by the time the sun broke through the dawn. It was obvious that the commander liked to sleep alone. Before I left, I again reaffirmed my commitment to our agreement.

He didn't say much of anything. He just nodded which told me it would be done.

I had a late breakfast on the terrace. All the time, Keenan nagged me about my brother and interrogated me about Daio.

"He will fulfill his commitment," I said.

"What did he ask?"

"Nothing," I lied.

"Then he wasn't insulted?"

"No." I continued eating silently.

"He and his lieutenant, Lieutenant Jazz, took breakfast in their room," Keenan commented, munching some toast. "Obviously, that young man does more than just provide battle statistics for him."

I stiffened. *What did it matter if he did?*

"You need to be more active where your brother is concerned. He can be quite stupid. If not for you..." He trailed off as Hollis appeared, bleary eyed, practically dragging his feet.

"Who can be quite stupid?" Hollis demanded.

"The former gardener," I supplied. "He used to plant the wrong flowers."

He yawned and shouted for coffee. "I don't remember. I don't care. Where's our distinguished guest?"

"He took breakfast in his room," Keenan informed him.

"With that slutty little blond lieutenant?" My brother demanded. "Jazz's anus must be so stretched out by now it would be like fucking a crater." He laughed at his joke.

Keenan and I just stared at him.

"There's a way to keep the muscle tight you know, certain exercises. I'm just saying, with a commander as hunky as that one, you'd want his cock in your ass ten times a day. Am I right?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," Keenan replied.

I said nothing but I did wonder about that Lieutenant. "What's his name anyway?"

"The slut?" Hollis looked at me.

"Your Majesty, I wouldn't get used to calling him that," Keenan tut tutted.

Hollis waved off his comment. "The slut is called Tommie, Tommie Jacks. Maybe he's got a

very experienced mouth."

A servant brought my brother coffee and toast. I took some fruit off the plate. I was anxious today, anxious to know when Depalmer was going to broach the subject of taking me with him, to Hollis.

A few minutes later, Depalmer joined us outside. He was freshly showered and dressed casually in white pants and a sleeveless navy blue t-shirt. He looked good enough to eat.

"Daio," Hollis announced, "how nice. Something to eat?"

"I've eaten already, thanks."

"Sit, have some coffee." Hollis motioned the servant who immediately brought hot coffee.

Depalmer took a seat across from me, nodding at Keenan. He was ignoring me again. It seemed to be a habit of his.

"I hope your breakfast was satisfying," Hollis said.

"Very." He smiled.

"I'm sure your little lieutenant is a great...ah comfort to you." Hollis smiled.

"He can be, yes."

I looked at my brother. He was treading the line.

"We were discussing anus stretching earlier," Hollis stuck some fruit in his mouth.

Keenan muttered under his breath.

I laughed out loud.

Depalmer lifted an eyebrow. "Unusual conversation at breakfast, isn't it?"

"On the contrary," Hollis replied. "We were wondering how tight your lieutenant still was."

There was absolute silence.

Keenan cleared his throat loudly and said. "It's a joke of course."

"No joke," my brother said. "It's a serious matter. I read an article on sluts the other day in a very notable journal, those who can't get enough of being fucked up the ass. They get extremely —"

I reached over and grabbed my brother's forearm tightly. "Change the subject." I met his gaze and held it.

Hollis laughed slightly and yanked his arm away. "My brother seems to think I'm out of line. My apologies if I've made you uncomfortable, Commander."

"No need," he said, drinking some coffee. "I was wondering if you were able to glean any pointers from the article, Your Majesty?"

My eyes widened. I couldn't believe he'd said that. My God, but he could pack a punch. My brother was furious, but of course, he covered it up.

"It was..." he hissed. "It really didn't apply to me."

"I see. Your Highness, I was wondering if we couldn't be alone for a little while this afternoon. I have a few matters I need to discuss with you."

"Of course." He smiled. "We'll have dinner alone in my bed chambers. Clothing optional."

Deplamer lowered his head and rose. "I'll be there," he said. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have matters to attend to."

"With your slut...I mean..." Hollis chuckled, "your fine lieutenant?"

"Yes," he flashed us all a smile.

When he was gone, I shook my head. "Why must you act like such an idiot?"

"I say what I mean. And tonight, I'll have what I want." He smiled, motioned to the servant. "I want the works today, massage, perfumed bath, manicure, pedicure and a haircut. Go, set it all up." He stood. "Now, if you'll excuse me, boys, time for my work out. You could stand to do a bit of exercise, Myles," he gave me a look. "You're getting love handles."

I'd had my exercise last night and all night long. I didn't tell him that. I just smiled. *And I was not getting love handles!*

"Are you planning on fucking him?" I asked.

The commander lifted an eyebrow. "Why, Myles, I never knew you were so possessive. If I had of, I might have reconsidered our little

arrangement."

"Don't be smug. It was just a question."

"A question out of line," he replied. "I fuck who I want when I want and I don't ask permission." He grinned. "Except from the one I'm fucking, that is."

"Very funny. Unlike most people, I am unimpressed by your macho bravado."

"Is that so?" He suddenly reached out, grabbed me around the waist and nuzzled me on the neck. "You didn't seem unimpressed last night."

I pushed him away, trying not to laugh, but his arms around me felt good, too good. "You have too much damn charm, the charm of an alligator."

He laughed at this and went back to looking over his charts and maps. "So if you're done teasing me, Myles, could you please let me do some work? Unless...you've come for a little afternoon delight. I'm always ah..." he looked down at his own groin, "up for that."

"Keep it in your pants. I came to warn you that Hollis expects more than your polite company tonight."

"I know that. I think the phrase...clothing is optional...might have tipped me off."

"So, how are you going to get out of it? He could have your head chopped off if he wanted."

"Which head?" he asked looking up.

"Get real."

"Believe me, which head he chops off is very important to me."

I rolled my eyes.

"Anyway, he won't do that. He needs me, remember?"

"Yes, okay but...don't you think you're leaving it a little late, asking for me to go with you?"

"No," he said, still studying the maps.

"Just no?"

"Just no."

"What if he refuses?"

Deplamer sighed heavily and glanced at me.
"Are you always like this?"

"No... but this is important. It's my life!"

Suddenly he walked over to where I stood. He placed both hands on my shoulders. "I know that. Now relax. I promise you that everything will work out. Okay?"

I nodded. "Okay."

"Now either fuck me or go away and let me do some work," he growled.

I left the room. I met Tommie Jacks, nicknamed Jazz, on the way down the hallway. He had a tray of hot coffee and some sandwiches. He nodded at me.

I nodded back.

I doubted he had any idea I would be leaving here with them day after tomorrow. And I had the impression Lieutenant Jacks was not going to be

thrilled about it.

That night, I paced my bedroom, eating only a bite or two of the sandwiches the servant brought. Deplamer was in my brothers bedchambers, and he'd been there now for over three hours.

I wondered if he'd asked him yet. I wondered how my brother reacted. I wondered what in hell they were doing in there together.

I came out into the hallway. My brother had posted two guards on the door, insisting that they were not to be disturbed under any circumstances. What in the world could they be talking about for so long?

When the door finally opened, I raced around the corner and waited.

Depalmer walked down the hallway by himself. When he rounded the corner, I fell into step beside him.

He glanced at me, but he didn't say anything.

"So, you're not bow legged. I assume he didn't fuck you."

He stopped. "Maybe I fucked him."

"No. My brother would never allow it."

"He's a bottom if I have ever seen one." He kept walking.

"You fucked the king?"

He chuckled softly. "I'll never tell. Now, what do you want, Myles?"

"Did you ask him?"

"No."

"No?"

"I didn't ask him. I told him. You'll be coming with me when I leave."

"Perfect," I clapped my hands.

"Don't get too excited." He smirked. "You may end up bowlegged before three months is up."

He left me standing in the hallway, with my mouth agape.

I was awoken by Keenan, soon after I went to be. He barged into my bedroom and ripped the curtains open. "Prince. They are leaving."

I rubbed my eyes and yawned. "Who are leaving?"

"Depalmer. He says there is no reason to remain here, that they should move out. He has assembled his men who will meet up with our army at sundown."

I muttered something under my breath and got out of bed. "What bloody time is it?" The sun wasn't yet up.

"A little after three."

"Three?" I bellowed, "As in three in the morning?"

"Yes, my Prince." He came and stood in front of me. "It's three in the morning. Depalmer is an early riser."

"He's a masochist. That..." I couldn't quite find the word for him. "He might have warned me he was leaving at this ungodly hour."

"Prince," Keenan looked closely at me, "please don't be long away. The entire kingdom will be in peril with your brother in charge. He will make stupid decisions and...it will be a disaster."

"You are here."

"He doesn't listen to me, my Prince."

"Well, you'll have to make him listen. Now, have the servants bring me my clothes."

When I was washed and dressed, I found myself standing in the big hall alone. "Where in the hell is he?"

One of the servants brought my cloak. "If you speak of Depalmer, my Lord, he left a half hour ago."

"He left? He left without me?"

"He said to follow the water way and link up with him and his lieutenant when you got around to it. His men went on ahead."

"Did he now?" I grabbed my cloak. How dare he treat me so callously! Is my vehicle ready?"

"The jeep? Yes, sir."

I walked out the front door, half-expecting that my brother would rouse himself to bid me farewell. I should have known better. He didn't bother.

It was cold. I climbed into my jeep. I peered

through the darkness and let the jeep run a minute. I blinked. I could have sworn I saw something moving in the bushes. It looked like a little man in a top hat. I shook my head and put the vehicle into drive. I drove at full speed around the river. I couldn't believe that bastard, the balls he had to just go off without me. It took almost two hours before I spotted the vehicle that Depalmer and Jazz had arrived at the palace with. It was an armoured truck that was totally equipped with bulletproof glass and even an under the hood canon.

The vehicle was parked beside the river.

I parked the jeep in behind and pulled it to a stop. As I got out, I realized how warm it was suddenly. The sunlight had pushed through the clouds. I threw off my cloak and walked to the river bank. I looked around at all the trees, remembering that little figure I saw lurking around the palace. Strange.

Depalmer and his lieutenant were in the water, their clothes discarded on a rock nearby.

Depalmer raised a hand. "Well, hello there, Prince. You found us, I see!"

"How dare you leave me behind," I snapped. "And what in hell are you doing in the river?"

"We're catching a little R and R before going into battle and I suggest you lose your haughty attitude, Prince, before I spank you."

I actually licked my lips at the thought. I'd always fantasized about being spanked. The mention of it stiffened my cock. "You are working for the Kingdom of Luzlandia," I shouted at him, knowing my words would have no effect on him.

"Yes, I know that, but we have an agreement. I got you away from Stupid, and you have to serve all my sexual needs, and I feel some of those needs calling to me as we speak."

"What?"

"You heard me. Get them off!" Diao Depalmer was waist deep in the river, the water shining off his chest like diamonds. He slicked his wet hair back and waited. "Take off your clothes, Myles. Now!"

"We're not...ah...alone." I looked at Jazz, who was also waist deep in the river, watching me.

"I know that, Myles, I'm not blind."

"You mean strip in front of both of you?"

"Yes, Mary Jane. Both of us. Any objections, Jazz?" He glanced at the officer.

"None what so ever," he growled. "Fuck no!"

"I didn't agree to this," I protested.

"You agreed to satisfy my sexual whims, so get your clothes off. And do it slowly. We want to watch."

"I'm going home. This is utterly ridiculous. Someone could see us."

"I don't care. And if you want to go back to the

palace, go ahead. But I warn you, Myles, you either obey right away when I ask you to do something, no matter what that is, or you go back to the palace and stay there. You choose."

I closed my eyes. What a prick! It wasn't that Jazz wasn't good looking. He was. It was just that Depalmer was treating me like a common whore. "I'm not a whore," I told him.

"But you are, Prince. You're a whore. You're my whore. Take your clothes off or go home."

I glared at him. "Fine," I grunted. "I hope you feel good about this." I pulled off my shirt and began to undo my pants.

"I feel fine, better all the time," he called out, laughing. "Slow down. Enjoy it."

Enjoy it? I was still muttering as I took off my boots and pulled my pants down and off. I looked around me to see if anyone was around and then pulled down the underwear, too. It wouldn't do for someone to see the prince standing naked in the great outdoors. What humiliation I thought as the goose bumps formed on my flesh.

"Now, turn around," Depalmer instructed.

I gritted my teeth and did as he asked. I felt like killing him.

"Oh yeah. You have a great ass. Doesn't he, Jazz?"

"Beautiful. What's it like to fuck?" Jazz asked.

My lips tightened.

"Very nice," Diao replied. "Tight and hot. Now, turn around again. Now, oh...Myles, I do say. Your cock is hard as rock."

"I'm...it's the cold doing that."

"But it's almost ninety degrees, lover," he replied. "Play with it. Play with your cock for us."

"What?"

"Play with it. You heard me. Slowly stroke it. I'm getting hard now."

"You want some help with that?" Jazz asked.

Depalmer came up out of the water, naked, wet and fully erect. My breath caught in my throat. I stifled a moan as Depalmer smiled. He was the sexiest man I'd ever seen. I stroked my cock slowly, tongue wetting my lips.

"Keep stroking," he whispered. He came closer, but he didn't touch me.

Jazz was right behind Diao. He, too, was erect, his torso muscled and tanned. He made a startling contrast to Depalmer, his skin fair, his chest sprinkled with gingery hair.

He, too, began to move around me like a tiger stalking his prey.

When Diao did touch me, he placed both hands on my chest, applying some friction to my nipples.

I moaned softly.

Diao smiled and Jazz reached out and slapped my cock hard. The sting sent the pleasure right to the end of my shaft.

"Um."

"Like that?" Diao breathed, then moved to the back of me and slapped my ass a few times.

I swallowed. The sensation of his hand on my bare ass was stimulating.

Jazz moved his hands up my arms and lifted them over my head. "Let's tie him to the vehicle?"

My eyes widened. "No, no," I began.

"Oh yeah," Jazz replied, grabbing my arm and pulling me up the riverbank to the road. "It's going to turn you on, big time, Prince."

"What are you doing?" I protested as I saw Depalmer approach with a rope in his hands. "First, a spanking I think for being so sassy."

I struggled as Diao pushed me over the hood and gave my backside a sound spanking with the flat of his hand. *Whack...whack...whack...*

My cock was so hard, I thought I was going to come right there.

"Look at that firm ass," Jazz said. "It moves so delightfully when it's slapped. Let me."

"Go ahead," Diao encouraged.

Another firm hand slapped one ass cheek, than another. I squirmed and moaned loudly.

"I'd love to fuck it now," Jazz said.

"Patience, not yet."

Diao grabbed me and swung me up into his arms suddenly, his muscles straining. He sat me on the hood like a God damned hood ornament.

My ass smarted a little, but it sent pleasure throughout my body.

"Hands and feet spread," he instructed.

Jazz crawled in behind the wheel and suddenly two posts rose up in the front, one on the left, one right."

Diao pulled me down and lifted one leg.

I glared at him. "You'll pay for this. If anyone sees..."

"No one is going to see." He grinned. "I've got a road block set up on both ends. It's just you, me and Jazz. Enjoy."

Diao attached one ankle high and then the other. My back was now flat on the hood, my legs spread, my balls, my cock, even my ass was totally open and accessible.

Jazz was busy securing my arms over my head and tying them to the antenna on the roof.

"Comfortable?" Diao stood back and smiled.

"Are you kidding!" I'd never felt so exposed in my life. This was not the agreement!"

"Yes, it was." Diao licked his lips. He reached out and stroked my erection as Jazz licked and bit at one of my nipples.

I began to squirm, coherent thought leaving me.

"You said you'd do anything I wanted sexually, and I want this. I want to see you exposed and naked and...horny as hell."

"I'm not..." I let my head go back as Diao

separated my ass cheeks and screwed his finger between them. He let it tease my anus.

Jazz was working on both nipples now, pulling and twisting them and Diao was screwing my ass with his finger, going deeper and finding that pleasure zone that he knew would make me scream with need.

I was panting as Diao played in my ass and Jazz moved downward and devoted his attention to my cock and my balls.

"I want to fuck him," Diao removed his finger and began to lick my anus.

I moaned like a wanton slut, and Diao jumped up on the hood of the vehicle and untied one of my legs. He lifted it over his shoulder and began to jab his cock into me, tiny little jabs that made me shudder and call out. "You want it deep?"

"Yes...God...fuck me."

He smiled down at me and pushed deep, tilting my leg to the side so he could go deeper.

The sun shone down on us and I didn't care if I was exposed in the broad daylight. The pleasure was too much.

Jazz stood on the sidelines masturbating and then abruptly crawled onto the hood beside my mouth. He grabbed my face and turned my head. "Suck it, whore," he demanded.

My tongue came out and tasted the come on the end on his prick. He lifted my head and pushed

his hard cock deep into my mouth.

"Plugged from both ends," Depalmer grunted, fucking my ass hard now.

The harder Diao fucked my ass, the deeper Jazz went into my throat with his cock.

My entire body was pumping, the orgasm rush gripping me and not letting go until I cried out in the open air, shooting realms of come.

Diao came inside me and jumped down off the hood.

Jazz withdrew his softening dick from my mouth and shook the excess over my face and my chest. He rubbed his come into my nipples causing me to moan.

"He has really orgasmic nipples," Jazz chuckled.

"Ever wore clamps?" Diao asked me.

"No." I was a little dazed.

"You have perfect nipples for those," he said. "I'll get some."

I lifted my head. "You going to untie me now?"

"Didn't you enjoy that?" Diao asked me.

"Yes. I...it was hot, but...I can't lie here all day."

"Not all day, but I think Jazz and I would like another go soon."

"Come on, Diao. What if someone sees me?"

"If someone sees you, they'll want to fuck that sweet ass of yours." He grinned.

"Is this just the first of your little...demands?"

He crossed his arms. "Actually, yes. I have some imagination."

I muttered under my breath. "I'd like to see you on the hood of this thing."

"Maybe you will." He grinned, laughing.

I lay there for another hour almost, every sound in the woods making me wonder if someone was coming.

Finally, Diao came over to the vehicle and smiled down at me. He played casually with my nipples, stroked my cock and rubbed my balls together in his hand.

I was in need again and he knew it. Suddenly he undid the ties and released me.

I was stiff, in more ways than one, and pissed off at him. *He gets me all hot and then lets me stay that way.* "Prick," I said.

He smiled at me. "You'll be ready when I want you, I guess."

"Do I have a choice?"

"No."

"Well, you needn't have bothered."

"Come on, you royal stuck up, let's eat."

Chapter Four

We moved on after we ate, and luckily, Depalmer didn't force me to ride on top of the armoured vehicle.

As we neared the front, it got serious, and we had to get our weapons ready. There were several skirmishes going on, but they were all over by dawn.

Diao's headquarters were nice, an old brown stone house in the woods, far enough from the fighting.

He and Jazz had their own rooms. I supposed the Lord and Master would summon the both of them had he the need.

They ate well, had a luxurious spa and bath and even a heated pool. It wasn't what I would have called *roughing it*.

Diao was a strategist, and he spent his time strategizing. He went in when there was trouble, or the enemy had somehow dug into the trenches. Other than that, he sat behind his desk and barked orders.

His command was impressive, his power intoxicating. I couldn't wait to see what his sexual imagination had in store for the next time.

He ignored me for three nights. In the day, he had me inspecting the troops, even replacing their supplies. I felt like a damn clerk.

At night, I slept alone and dreamed of his cock, which was too close for comfort.

On the forth night, when I was resigned to crawling into bed alone again, Diao caught my arm in the hallway and motioned to me with his finger.

"I've got something for you," he said.

I followed him like a man dying of thirst being led to water.

When I got to his room, he pushed me against the wall. Instead of kissing me, he lifted my arms and attached me to cuffs which swung over head.

I licked my lips as he walked around me. I was wearing nothing except briefs and I was already leaking come.

Diao stood back and took off his shirt, then stripped off his pants as well. He stood there naked and hard and I ached to touch him.

He smiled, too damn good looking for his own good, and flicked my cock through the material of my briefs with his finger. "You're leaking."

"I know," I whispered. "Do something," I pleaded.

"Oh, I will," he said softly.

He gave me a great view of his succulent ass as he turned and took out something from his bureau drawer. He held up two clamps with a long chain attached. "This end here is for your cock," he said. "The nipples are clamped tight with these."

My cock throbbed.

"I have something else for you, too." He smiled. "A plug to go in your ass. It's been oiled. It's big, very big and will stretch you wide. It even vibrates."

I swallowed. "Diao, please."

"Please what, baby?" He came close and licked one of my nipples, then he reached for it, rolling it between his fingers.

I groaned, my head went back. I bucked my hips.

"I could play with them for hours," he said, then licked one.

He reached for something on the table and put down the clamps. He squeezed oil on his fingers and then standing in front of me, slowly coated each nipple with oil.

I pushed my cock against his thigh and he licked my lips with his tongue.

Our tongues met sensuously and I was in heaven.

He continued to torment my oily tits, then pinching one again in his fingers, he met my eyes

and clamped it.

I winced, but damn it, I was his to do what he wanted to. "Do the other," I whispered.

He played with it a little, took it between his teeth, then leaned back, the oil on his lips. He pinched it again, twisted until I was panting and then clamped it.

The chain played down my chest and my belly, tickling my erection. He took my cock in his hands and stroked it gently.

"Diao," I grunted, swallowing. "I'm...ah...yes. Stroke it. Stroke it like that."

He chuckled and then wrapped the chain around the base of my cock and fastened it.

Each time my cock moved, my nipples pulled. I licked my lips from the sheer pleasure of it, the surrender and the sting.

He slapped my cock back and forth and I cried out. "Fuck me."

"Not just yet," he whispered. "Look at this, baby." He held up a huge, oiled phallus "For your ass, to grind deep in the crevice and reach your very soul."

Diao came around back. He moved the head back and forth in my crack, but didn't bury it. He reached around and played with the chain, cuffed my cock, played with my testicles. His lips moved over my throat and then just when I thought I couldn't take anymore, Diao turned on the

vibration and buried it deep inside of me.

I cried out loud, humping the air. The pleasure was intensely acute. My cock pumped as I came, screaming.

Diao came around front and grinned at me. "What a beauty you are. Tonight the men will enjoy you."

"The men?" I looked at him sharply. "What men?"

"I've decided to award five of my men tonight."

"You wouldn't do that," but the thought of it was turning me on again. My cock was stiffening.

"Yes, I would," he said with a smile. "And you're going to love it." He walked over to the bed, picked up a movie camera and began to film. At the same time, he stroked his own cock.

I was getting turned on again watching him. He was so beautiful. He stood and showed me the camera. There I was, looking like a real whore, all turned on.

"So," he said, putting down the camera and beginning to dress, "I'll show the boys at the front. They'll be all worked up before they get here."

"Are you going to take this thing out of my ass?"

He shook his head. "Just pray the battery dies."

He laughed on the way out, and I hung there in misery, the thought of being used by all those common men made my cock hard again.

The nipple clamps kept them stiff, the vibrating cock made me long for some real penetration. I wondered how long it would take for them to arrive.

I think I fell asleep there. When I opened my eyes, several men stood around me, drinks in hand.

One of them shouted, "Party time with the whore."

I felt like a whore, and I adored it. *Use me.*

One of them unhooked my hands. "I want to fuck that face." He put me on my knees. The vibrator was still singing away in my ass and someone grabbed it by the handle and began to fuck me good with it. I almost wept as he shoved it in and out.

My head was shoved back and a cock barreled into my throat from the back while my legs were pulled from under me and I was lifted off the ground. Legs out and spread, my cock was being unchained.

A mouth went between my thighs and suckled my balls. It felt weird being held up off the floor while my mouth was fucked and my ass, too.

The buzzing stopped and was pulled out. The man came in my mouth and I was carried out of the room and thrown face down on a table. Hands roamed my body, the clamps cut into my chest.

Someone began to rim me good as I was pulled to my knees.

The clamps came off one by one and a soft mouth sucked my sore nipples while my ass was being thoroughly explored.

"Whore," someone said. "Slut. Diao's slut."

"Are you my slut?" he asked softly.

I melted as I looked at him, staring into his beautiful eyes.

My hands were being lifted over my head by two men as a cock went up inside me. I cried out, looked into Diao's eyes. "I'm your slut. I love you." I sighed.

He smiled. "I love you," he said. "Fuck him good," he instructed. "Punish his cock and his nipples, give him what he craves. He's a whore. Use him like one."

"Yes, or yes...oh..." I was crying with joy.

"Sire?"

Someone was talking to me.

"Sire?"

I blinked, shook myself. I looked around. I was sitting on a throne in the palace. Keenan was standing in front of me. "Are you all right, Your Highness?"

I moaned inwardly. It had been so real. I licked my lips. "What is it, Keenan?"

"Your brother would like an audience."

"Send him in," I said, trying to find a comfortable way to sit. My cock was so hard.

"Myles," Hollis said, rushing into the room. He made a little bow.

"What is it? What's the great emergency?"

"The leader of the Claynites has received your correspondence. He wants a meeting."

"Then we shall have one." I stood up. "Maybe we can find a way to avoid a war. I'm going to bed now, brother. I have a headache."

Hollis bowed. "Can I be of some help?"

"No," I replied and headed to my chambers.

When I closed the door, I felt confused. Where had I been the last little while? Nothing made sense. A little while ago, I wasn't king, Hollis was, and I was a sex slave to the most beautiful man I'd ever seen. It must have been a dream.

I crawled into bed, utterly depressed. "I'm back again, the responsibility of a kingdom, always in charge, always making huge decisions. I don't want this. I want...Diao Depalmer to ravish me, make me completely his."

I stretched out of the bed and stripped off my clothes. I conjured up his image, so strong and handsome. He walked into my room. "Spread your legs, whore. I'm going to fuck you."

"Yes," I whispered, masturbating. "Oh yes. I'm your whore. Do it. Take me."

I woke up in the morning feeling tired and unsatisfied. My advisor came in and chose my clothes for me, anxious that I should have this meeting with the leader of our nearest neighbors.

I intended to avoid trouble. There was a way we could share the waterway without warfare, and if the leader was as bright as people said he was, I was sure it wouldn't be too difficult to reach some kind of an agreement with the man.

Two hours later, in my throne room, a servant came and announced that the leader of the Claynites had arrived and that his own personal valet would come to see me before the meeting.

I motioned to the servant to come closer, watching as he walked in my direction. He was barely eighteen and hung like a horse with the face of a cherub.

"Why would the valet want to see me?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Send him in then."

When the man entered, my eyes widened. He was very small, around four foot maybe and dressed colourfully. He wore a purple and orange suit with a big top hat. He looked more clown than valet. He bowed to me. "Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Tab."

"Hello, Tab," my eyes widened as he swept the floor with his top hat. He was quite the sight. I could have sworn that I'd seen him somewhere,

maybe in my dream.

"Did you enjoy it?" he asked suddenly.

"Did I enjoy what?" I leaned forward, thinking that this was perhaps a joke.

"Your fantasy."

I swallowed. "My fantasy?"

"Yes. Your fantasy..." He came closer, whispered, "It was sexual in nature. Of course, they usually are. Was it all you wished for?"

How do you know...about my..."

"Because," he beamed, "I gave it to you... at the request of the Claynite leader, of course. He owes me big time!"

"I don't understand. How would he know about my personal...and how can he give someone a fantasy?"

"He didn't give it to you, I gave it to you."

"Why would he...do that and how is it possible? This isn't real."

"It's complicated." He put up a hand. "He enjoyed it as well. And he hopes you did, too. It's his gift to you, a peace offering before the negotiations."

I was embarrassed. I could hardly believe it. This was all very confusing to me. "Is he...here now, the leader?"

"Yes he is."

"Did he choose the...the man who was Depalmer...did he choose him as my...fantasy

lover? Is he real?"

Tab smiled. "You'll see." He turned and scampered out of the room.

"This is most improper," I muttered .

"What is most improper, Your Highness?" a deep voice asked.

I waited as the figure came closer, his footsteps echoing on the marble floor. I gasped when I saw him. "It's you."

He bowed. "Good day, Your Highness, my name is Ronan Sable. I am the leader of the Claynites."

"You are not Ronan Sable. You are Diao Depalmer."

"A stage name." He smiled with a shrug.

"How did you do it, impose yourself on my fantasy?"

"I didn't do it really. Tab did. He's a magician of some sort."

"That little clown?"

"Yes, he does resemble a clown, doesn't he? I assure you he isn't a clown."

"But you're real."

"Yes." He smiled. "I'm real."

"Did you attach me to a..." I went crimson red, "to the hood of an armoured vehicle, while you and another man had your...way with me?"

He nodded. "Yes. I did actually, but it's what you wanted. I only gave in to your fantasies. You

have quite the imagination."

"So they weren't your fantasies?"

"They were very, very nice," he remarked. "I went along for the ride without hesitation. I was happy to please you. It was very sexy."

"Why did you do it, arrange this gift...to soften me up?"

"Frankly, yes."

"I think I resent that."

He bowed again, so good looking that it hurt. "I will do anything to make it up to you, Your Highness."

"Anything?" This got my interest.

He lifted his head. "Of course."

"You will spend the night in my chambers then."

"As you wish. And our negotiations?"

"Tomorrow. We'll talk tomorrow."

"Whatever you want, sire."

"Servant," I called out.

The young man came back.

"You will take this man to my chambers. You will wait for me there," I told the leader of the Claynites. "Naked," I added.

He bowed his head and followed the servant, who raised an eyebrow, but didn't comment.

I took a breath. How dare this man intrude on my private fantasies thinking it would make me easy to manipulate. I'd show him.

When my supper was brought, I took the plate and announced, "I'm going to my room. I don't want to be disturbed."

When I got to my room, the leader of the Claynites was sitting on the bed, naked as he was told. I brought my plate over to him. "Open your mouth."

He did and I fed him chicken by hand. He ate it, looking at me the entire time with smouldering dark eyes. His body was just as I'd remembered, hard, muscular with a big, thick cock.

"Lay back," I said and I placed the pieces of food on his nipples, his navel and around his groin. I proceeded to eat each piece, licking each area clean after I finished chewing and swallowing.

When I looked up at him, he was smiling at me. "I'm very cross at you," I told him.

"So I see." He was too damn good looking for his own good. "Punish me then, My King, or would you prefer that I punish you?"

I blushed. That was quite an invitation. "We have met before, haven't we...I don't mean the dream?"

"Yes or almost. We were both at a function for charity about six months ago."

I gasped. Yes. I had seen him. And I'd spent the entire night marvelling at how insanely beautiful he was. "Why didn't we speak?"

"I have no idea. You were tense and acting very royal. I couldn't get close to you."

"You wanted me?"

"Yes." His gaze burned into mine. "I wanted you quite desperately."

"Still do?"

"Oh yes," he hissed. "Why do you think I gave you that fantasy?"

"To let you use my waterway."

"Yes, that and to make you want me, too. And you do, don't you, want me?"

I smiled. I threw off my royal gown and straddled his hips. "Can't you tell? Ready me."

He flipped me back and went at me, rimming my ass with his tongue and then finally picking the lube up off my side table and lubing me deep and thoroughly.

I put my hands together over my head and he eyed me. I was ready to burst a gasket.

"Keep them there," he demanded. "As I remember you love nipple play and I plan to ravish those delectable nubs of yours...make them stiff and sensitive."

I was trying not to pant, but God I was turned on. "But I'm the king, I'm in charge."

"Not tonight you're not," he growled.

I smiled, my entire body shuddering as he twisted and suckled my nipples.

"I'm going to bind your cock and torment your

nipples until you scream for me to fuck you hard and long."

"Yes," I whispered. "Yes. I'm your whore, your slut."

"And the river way," he looked down into my eyes.

"We'll discuss it tomorrow, but I'm sure we'll come to some agreement that will be of benefit to both of us."

He licked and bit both my nipples again, cuffed my cock until it stood at attention and spread me wider than I thought was possible. As I lay on my back, he lifted my legs wide and high and fucked me, deep and hard. I tore at his hair as he pumped me for an incredible length of time. My cock bobbed between my legs and he cuffed it occasionally as he skewered my ass from side to side.

"Now, time for your punishment," he said.

I laughed. "I thought that was it."

"Oh no, I know how you want it, baby. You want it rough and hard. You want to be exposed and violated."

I moaned as he dragged me off the bed. Naked, he pulled me into the corridor, making sure my cock stayed at attention the whole way by grabbing and pulling on it.

Luckily no one saw us, but the thrill was there that someone would.

In front of my throne, he pushed me into the chair. "Legs spread on each side, open yourself, Your Majesty. And hands over your head."

God, I felt hot, exposed and very sexy. And the disrespect of it all, being fucked up the ass on my very throne.

He ran his hands all over me now, pinched both nipples and my slapped my cock again. I was his. On his knees in my chair, he held my shoulders in place and fucked me with his fingers, three at a time until I begged for his cock.

He bit my nipples and then turned me over my chair and spanked my ass gently, just the way I liked. "Your ass quivers so nicely, and is just the nicest pink. Spread wider and I'll slap your penis at the same time!"

I spread my legs to give him access.

He slapped my ass and then my cock, my balls and then grabbing my hair in his fist, he shoved his hard cock deep into my core. "Slut," he whispered, holding it there. "My submissive whore. Say it."

"I'm your whore," I grunted. "Punish me. Dominate me. I love you."

He pulled out of me and dragged me to my knees, then he fell there with me. He pinched and twisted my nipples again. I moaned. Then he captured my mouth. I ran my hands over his fine muscled body, stroked his hardness and knew

he'd fuck me again before the night was through.

I was excited and hard again. He pushed me onto my elbows. "Push your hips out, whore." He left me there, disappeared and I dared not move.

When he returned, he held a soft paddle. He struck me gently with it, my cock leaped with delight with each tap. My nipples also took a punishing, then he growled. "On all fours, bitch."

He spanked me for a long time and I got harder by the minute. "Servant," he called out.

"No," I protested with delight. "Not the servant."

"Shut up, slut," he said.

That good looking male servant entered.

"Plug his mouth with your cock," Ronan told him.

"Sire?" he looked alarmed.

I nodded. "Fuck my face deep."

The servant undid his pants and his cock sprang forward. It was really huge. What sublime humiliation. "Talk dirty to me," I urged.

The servant licked his lips. "Suck it, Sire. Suck my cock."

Ronan continued to paddle my ass and my cock while I sucked. I was panting, come leaking from my cock.

When fingers invaded me again, I came hard, and so did the servant boy.

"Want to fuck him?" Ronan offered my ass to

the servant. "He's yours. Fuck him with that giant cock."

The servant boy ran his hands over my ass and then invaded it. Ronan stood in front and fed me his cock as I grunted with strain. "He's so big."

"Feel that stretch," Ronan winked at me.

What bliss. I would have never imagined being taken like this in my own kingdom. I wept with joy as the servant ejaculated all over my ass.

I sucked Ronin's gorgeous cock and felt my ass pounded a second time by the servant as he pumped in and out savagely. He was at his sexual peak, and bragged that he *could go all night*.

I cried out as cream ran down my jaw and out of my ass.

Ronan handed the servant the paddle. "Spank him lightly. Turn on your back, slut," he commanded, "hands on your head."

I turned over, running my tongue around my mouth. I lifted my hips in invitation as the servant took the paddle.

"Easy and gentle," Ronan said. "That's how he likes it. Nice little taps on the nipples, scraping it across. Yes. Look how they grow into peaks. And if they don't, reach out and pinch them a little, then tap them again. And his cock. He's hard again. Tap under the shaft, then the tip...ooh yes, there...and his balls. Don't forget."

The servant was following every direction that

Ronan gave him. I was moaning and begging for more. "Please, oh yes, my nipples are singing. My cock. My cock is so hard."

Finally when I was on the verge of ejaculating again, Ronan took the paddle from the servant.

"Leave now."

The servant left us.

I was crying from the pleasure.

"Turn over," Ronan demanded.

I did as he asked.

"On all fours, ass up."

I crawled on my knees. "I'm going to come."

"You'll come when I say."

I whimpered.

He spanked me with his bare hand, then got down behind me and dug his fingers up inside my ass.

I cried out. "That feels so good."

His hand smacked my ass again, then finger fucked me roughly.

I let my head hang down. I went to touch my cock. He pulled my hand away. "Patience or I'll bind it."

"No, please." But I wanted it.

He flipped me over, got up and tore the cord off the velvet curtains behind my chair. "I warned you." One hand held me down and the other wrapped the cord around my penis.

I panted. "I'm so hard. Let me come."

"When I say." He pushed me back to my knees, turned me round and played in my ass again. My cock went wild.

His tongue was inside my ass, then his fingers, then his cock. He held my hips and pumped me good, squeezing my bound cock, then undoing it so that I could ejaculate. And I did, a huge, endless stream. I pounded the floor with the impact while he continued to pound into me.

Ronan collapsed on top of me. "I love you, Your Majesty." He rolled me over and kissed my mouth passionately.

"I love you. That was so good. Stay with me. Please. Punish me forever. Make me your permanent whore."

"My pleasure," he whispered. "And about that waterway we share."

"Shush," I grabbed his cock and gave it a quick cuff, "get hard for me, and we'll discuss that tomorrow."

* * * *

Across the street from the palace, Tab walked along the street. He tipped his top hat to two strangers who stared openly at him.

He could only imagine what was in store next. He knew that sometimes he brought together the most unlikely of combinations. But love is love, no

matter what form it takes.

Myles was a powerful man who fantasized about the bad boy who could take him on. Ronan was that man and he was in love, and when you're in love...well...you'll do anything for your lover. Ronan was Myles's servant.

As Tab continued on, he suddenly got the call. It was time, time to move on to the next one, and take them to Fantasium, where things were never really what they seemed to be.

About the Author

I write not only for my own pleasure, but for the pleasure of my readers. I can't remember a time in my life when I haven't written and told stories. When I'm not writing, I'm dreaming about writing, doing something wild and adventurous, or trying to make the world a better and more open-minded place to live in. I adore beautiful men, and I know I'm not alone in this! Eroticism between consenting adults, in all its many forms is the icing on the cake of life!