



Slave To Pleasure

Eliza Gayle

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www.elizagayle.net

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Dedication

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Chapter One

Otherworld

“Get your sweet ass up on that platform, sugar and show ’em what you got.”

Nissa struggled against the ropes wrapped tightly around her wrists as the guard dragged her up the steps. Already a group of women lined up waiting; each one dressed in very little clothing. Not unlike herself. She didn’t need to look to be reminded all she wore was a thigh-length, sheer piece of cloth, fastened around her neck halter style, attached to a leash. The very leash the guard now used to force her onto the stage.

One look into the crowd of male and female fae turned her stomach into knots. The more she struggled

the louder they got with their cheers and dirty suggestions. Bile rose in her throat when the bearded man next to the stage offered to whip her into place. With her attention split, she missed the last step and tumbled, slamming her knees onto the wood. Her flesh tore and pain ripped through her body as her bound hands struggled to prevent her face from hitting the ground as well.

“Enough,” a loud voice growled as a man jumped onto the stage and pulled her to her feet. “There are better ways to make a slave obedient than brute force, asshole.”

Nissa gulped for breath in an attempt to calm her racing heart. She’d be in no shape for an escape at this rate. When the stranger’s hands steadied her in an upright position she dared to raise her face and see who had helped her. Would he be an ally?

Terror and something else she didn’t understand spiraled through her body at the hard look in the brown eyes watching her. Thick, unruly black hair surrounded his face and a day’s worth of growth covered his chin. Coupled with the dark skin and heat of his gaze, he seemed far more deadly than the man currently yanking her chain.

“I’m sorry, Roane, but this one is being

especially difficult and the auction is about to start.” Despite the guard’s words of determination to get her in line, he took a couple of steps back from the fae he’d called by name.

Roane. Roane. Why did that sound so familiar? Living in exile deep in the forest with her mother, she had developed a friendship with the dragon shifter, Kian, who brought them supplies each month. He always stayed for a day when he came and would train her on her fighting skills as well as regale her about the latest gossip in his village. That had to be where she’d heard the name, but the memory escaped her.

“Either get her in line without ruining the merchandise or let someone else do the job for you.” The rumble of his deep voice vibrated through her body, snapping her back to attention. When her nipples grew tight and hard under his continued perusal she glanced down, embarrassment heating her cheeks. Nissa watched his booted feet move away and allowed the guard to lead her in place. Clearly he would not be helping her.

Damn shame that going into heat betrayed her like this. It didn’t change anything, though. She would find her way free. For now she had to cooperate and bide her time until an opportunity to run presented

itself.

“All right. Let the auction begin,” a voice boomed from somewhere to her side and a flurry of cheers rose from the crowd. The first girl was led front and center and presented to the crowd, her makeshift dress ripped from her body. When the guards spread her wide for inspection by all, Nissa turned away. A fresh wave of nausea churned in her stomach.

The bidding began with men and women yelling out their offers. From gold and silver to rubies and emeralds, bargains were made and slaves carted off the stage one by one by their new owners to do Goddess knew what for these crazy fae.

A particularly bold slave marched to the front with no assistance and ripped off her own garment, encouraging the crowd to admire every inch of her as she bent over and spread her legs wide. The crowd went wild and once again Nissa turned away from the disgusting display. How could her mother or Kian not have warned her about these people? Why had they led her to believe she had a chance of becoming a hunter? Tears that Nissa would not let fall burned at the edges of her lids. Her back stiffened and she looked to the sky, seeking strength to get through this.

In too short a time all the women were bought

and paid for, leaving Nissa as the last remaining girl. To her shocked horror there were display stands staged throughout the crowd where most of the newly purchased slaves displayed their numerous talents—some being whipped and just as many being fucked. The others, well, she didn't even know how to explain what they were doing.

“We have something special at this month's auction, gentlemen and ladies. Next up for your enjoyment, a fiery redhead. A tasty morsel with human blood running through her veins who just happens to be the infamous half-breed princess called Nissa.”

Shocked heads turned her way and deafening shouts rose from the crowd, startling her. *What the hell?* Why would they have special interest in her? Princess? What a joke. More like outcast without an ounce of useful power.

While everyone else went insane at the announcement, the two men who remained still stood out like a beacon. The scary fae from before called Roane and his lighter-haired companion, who seemed only slightly less fierce than his partner, stared at her with matching hungry gazes. So distracted by their intensity, Nissa barely noticed she'd been led to the front until her makeshift dress was roughly ripped

away.

Immediately buyers shouted lewd comments and demanded a demonstration of her sexual skills. Her brain flooded with renewed fear as the crowd made detailed suggestions as to what they wanted to see.

“Gentlemen, settle down. I know you’re excited by our special treat today and I think you’re right. We should see what our little half-breed can do. Guard, put her on her knees and let’s see her suck some cock.”

Nissa tried to scream, to fight against the guard, but the gag she wore muffled the noise. A second person moved behind her to hold her in place.

“She might need a ring to cooperate. She hasn’t been tamed yet.”

Nissa renewed her struggles and flung her head backwards, her skull crashing into the guard’s face.

“Motherfucker!” His arms released her but the guard’s cry incited the crowd even further. She searched frantically for a way out, anything for her to fight with. She couldn’t go along with this. She’d rather die fighting.

“We’ll give you the Linford diamond for her.” The voice broke through the din and a collective gasp sounded. Nissa searched the crowd, but she already knew who had spoken.

“Excuse me, Roane. Did I hear you right?” the auctioneer questioned.

“Hand her over to us right now before anyone touches her and the diamond is yours.” The commanding tone of his voice sent chills skittering down her spine as the guards looked toward the auctioneer for direction.

Would this turn of events save her or condemn her? She couldn’t be sure. The silence all around became deafening as they waited for someone to say or do something.

“Sold to hunters Roane and Erik.” The horn blew to signal the end of the auction and the guards grasped her arms and jerked her to a standing position.

“I’d say you got off lucky by escaping my punishment for that little move of yours, but seeing who your new owners are is even better. Cold-hearted bastards, those two. Oh yeah, it won’t take you long to be wishing you were back here with me.”

Her memory clicked suddenly at the announcement of Roane and Erik as the winners and she remembered exactly why they sounded so familiar. Often when she’d blown off the dragon’s warnings as nothing more than child’s play, he’d told her about men like Roane and Erik. Ruthless and cruel, they were the

most feared hunters among the fae, and they'd just bought her as their sex slave.

Fuck.

Her new owners approached the platform and the guard handed over her leash to the man she assumed was Erik. His dusky blond hair curled around his face emphasizing the brilliant green eyes that surveyed her.

"I'd wish you good luck with this little hellion, but if any of the fae can tame her it'll be you two."

Both men ignored the guard. Erik wrapped his arms around her waist, hauling her against his body and down to the ground. If his striking good looks made her think he was the softer, kinder man, his hard muscled edges told otherwise.

Dominant strength oozed from them both.

Roane quickly untied her wrists and hands then tossed the rope away.

"Rule number one. No one binds or restrains you in any way other than one of us. Is that understood?"

The gruff tone of his question tumbled across her skin until she tingled in places that shouldn't be tingling. The lump in her throat only allowed her to nod.

"Allow it to happen and you'll be punished

almost as severely as the perpetrator.”

What the hell? How could he demand her to control what someone else did?

Before she had a chance to form a question, Erik tugged at her leash. “Let’s get you out of here before Roane starts a fight. You’ve caused quite a commotion today.”

“I’ve caused? That’s rich,” Nissa blurted.

A look passed between them before Erik shrugged. “I’ll give you a pass on that one but you might want to watch that smart mouth. I can come up with much better things for you to do with it than talk.”

She started to speak and quickly thought better of it when he glanced pointedly at the displays going on around them.

Erik and Roane led her from the square in silence while every man and woman leered at her as she passed.

“Aren’t you going to share with us what she can do?”

She cringed from the man with his hand buried in a naked slave’s pussy.

“Maybe next time,” Roane answered.

The crowd moaned and complained until she worried Roane and Erik might change their minds. With

the humiliation more than she could bear she escaped back to thoughts and plans to get free. Too bad the men in front of her were such a distraction. Kind of hard not to notice the tight asses encased in leather or the muscles that rippled underneath the smooth skin of their backs. She'd never touched the hard planes of a man, felt the connection between a man and a woman about to make love to each other.

Were they taking her somewhere to have sex with them? And why did that thought make her body tingle? She didn't want that...right?

The heat had changed her in these last few days, and her body betrayed her even now.

Remember who you are and what you are capable of. You are in control. Her mother's last words haunted her even now. Out of ideas and almost out of time, she grappled with this last option. So far she'd not been able to create the portal between worlds her mother seemed convinced she could. Time and again she'd used the exercises she'd been taught and her weak magic had barely managed a gust of wind.

Her magic had changed along with the heat. Still as unpredictable as ever but stronger surges fueled her attempts. Then there was the problem of Cirdan. Her cousin, whose very essence dripped in darkness,

had ripped her from the only home she'd known with the intent to sell her. If he had any inkling of the magic she possessed... A sharp shudder ripped through her shoulders at the image his cruelty presented. If her attempt to get away didn't succeed, she'd have to choose between the enemy she didn't know and the depraved foe she did, because they would both come for her.

Nissa's face smashed into the warm, smooth skin of Erik's back, because she'd been too lost in her thoughts to notice he'd stopped.

"Are you paying attention?" Irritation flashed across his face when he turned to look at her.

"Sorry."

"Have a seat here while we talk to our commander. I don't need you stumbling around anymore and getting hurt before we can get you home."

Grateful for the rest, Nissa slumped onto the wooden stool Erik had pointed out while he and Roane walked over to the group of soldiers thirty feet away.

Erik stopped and turned back. "Oh, and Nissa? Don't even think about running. Trust me when I say there's nowhere you can hide from us."

She dipped her head and leaned heavily against the stone wall behind her.

Wanna make a bet?

They had her trapped, but there was still one place to go where they couldn't follow. She glanced to the tree line and judged the distance. She'd probably make it in under thirty seconds. She wouldn't get far before they caught her, but she only needed a few minutes to give it one last try.

A check in the other direction showed Roane and Erik deep in conversation. If she was lucky, she might get twenty seconds on them before they noticed she'd run. She had to try. Magic stirred inside her and she frantically tried to hold it in. If they were paying attention, and she'd bet they were, they'd sense the magic and be on her before she could get her butt off the stool.

Her feet bounced as she contemplated her choices. Go for it and possibly leave here forever, or stay and take her chances with becoming a sex slave. Nissa focused on the group of men once more. Decision made, she dug in her heels and ran. Her bound hands slowed her speed, but she reached the edge of the forest before anyone noticed.

"Nissa!" Someone yelling her name was the last thing she heard before she disappeared into the trees.

Blood roared in her ears as the magic she'd

been suppressing uncoiled and broke free. With the loud noises behind her gaining ground, she'd never make it far enough to have even a minute to create a portal.

“She’s pulling magic. You’d better grab her quick!”

Nissa dove into the heavy brush several feet from the path, hoping beyond hope they would pass by her. Heavy footsteps pounded into the dirt as half a dozen men ran past her hiding spot without slowing down. On a heavy sigh she let out the breath she'd been holding and started the magical pattern her mother had taught her. Over and over she gathered and pulled and nothing happened. Tears threatened to fall and a cry of anguish tore from her throat. This had to work, damn it. She jerked hard on her power, ripping magic from every cell and fiber she found, desperate for something to happen.

She gasped and stumbled backward when the air around her shimmered and a pathway opened in front of her. Tears streamed down her cheeks at what she'd created. Her mother had been right. All she'd needed was to have a little faith in herself.

Her breath hitched. Her mother. She'd likely never see her again if she went through with taking the path to the other side. But if she stayed, she'd be

watched every minute by the ruthless hunters. Not to mention the problem of Cirdan, who would eventually find out about her magic and would do everything in his power to get his hands on her—torture being his favored choice for getting what he wanted.

Nissa's back stiffened and her resolve grew as she pushed herself from the ground and into the portal. Her mother would never forgive her if she didn't fight for her freedom no matter what.

She entered the forest on the other side where a soft rain pelted against her hair and skin, soaking her to the bone. She turned back and withdrew her power, watching everything she'd ever known close behind her.

She would not give in or be weak ever again.

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Roane stomped into the cabin behind Erik and slammed the door hard enough to shake the rafters. Frustration and anger rolled from him in waves. He didn't even attempt to hide it.

"Fuck, Roane. I get how you feel, but damn, don't take the house down because of it."

"What difference does it make? You can sleep outside," Roane argued.

"Just because I can doesn't mean I want to. I do

enjoy a little civilization now and then.” Erik placed his sword on the table and flopped across the leather sofa.

Roane paced back and forth, stumped but unwilling to give up. There had to be a way to get to the little minx. He tried not to think about the blood beating through his dick, driving him mad.

“Why don’t you sit down? You’re making me nervous.”

He whirled on Erik. “It’s been two goddamn weeks and we aren’t one step closer to getting to her. I’m running out of ideas.” His fist slammed down on the table, rattling the wood against the floor.

Erik sighed. “With the king turning down our request for a witch, we’re pretty much dead in the water. Besides you and I both know the sexual heat will eventually get to her, and you yourself said you wanted to wait for her to return on her own.”

“Well, I’m fucking tired of waiting.”

Erik propped his feet up and folded his arms behind his head. “What’s your real problem? Since when do you get your dick in a twist over some pussy?”

A rumble vibrated through Roane’s chest, coming out a near roar. Blood rushed to his head as rage heated him through. Two quick strides and he had jerked Erik from the couch and dumped him on the

floor. Fists clenching at his sides, he gulped in air and tried to steady his anger before he pounded his best friend bloody.

Erik barked out a laugh as he pushed to his hands and knees. “Now are you going to admit what’s really going on?”

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“I’m talking about Nissa and what she means to you.”

“I don’t even know her.”

“And it’s eating you alive. You want her like nothing before and it’s making you a little crazier every day.” Back on his feet, Erik moved to face him. “You’ve craved her since the first time we laid eyes on her. That day in the meadow we found the purest form of innocence wrapped in a fighter’s body and nothing has been the same since.”

Roane dropped onto the sofa and scrubbed his hands across his face. How had they gotten here? “I don’t understand it and I can’t control it.”

A hand rested on his shoulder. A touch that should have calmed him.

“You can’t control fate or magic, my friend.”

“We have to get to her—”

Soft knocks sounded against the door, causing

them both to jerk their heads in that direction.

“Are we expecting company?” Erik was already across the room with sword in hand.

“No.” Roane rushed out the back door to surprise the unwelcome guest from behind. Maybe he’d find the perfect outlet for his frustration. Rounding the corner of the cabin, he spied two women he didn’t recognize from this angle. “Who are you and what do you want?”

The two females jumped and turned to face him. The older woman clutched at her chest. His gaze locked on her. He studied the face and eyes and puzzled over why she looked so familiar.

“We’re here about Nissa.” The older woman spoke as she took a tentative step in his direction.

Erik walked through the door to join them. “What about her?”

“We can help you find her.”

“Why would you do that?” Erik asked.

Good question. Why would these strangers care about helping them? In fact, how’d they get here in the first place? No one, especially not a couple of women from the main village, knew their cabin’s location. Suspicion grew in Roane’s belly alongside a rage he’d barely contained in the presence of the king earlier that

day.

“I’m Nissa’s mother,” the older woman blurted.

Well, that explained why she looked familiar. Roane narrowed his eyes and raised his sword. “Then I know you’re not here to help us, and I’m in no mood to hear any more bullshit today. I suggest you take your companion and leave now before what little control I have left snaps and we all regret the outcome.”

“Are you not Roane, the great hunter who purchased my daughter at auction the day she disappeared?”

He ground his teeth together. Refusing to snap at them, he remained silent instead.

“And are you not the same hunter who petitioned the king for a witch to help you cross over to retrieve her?”

“You’re wasting my time. Leave.” Roane didn’t want to deal with this anymore and nodded to Erik to take care of them. He needed some time alone, and now seemed the perfect time to head to the lake.

When he turned to leave, a hand shot out and grabbed his arm. He jerked from her grasp and strode forward, anxious to get away.

“You don’t understand. I’ve brought you a witch.”

He froze, unsure he'd heard her correctly.

"That's right. I may not have the power to send you after her, but I do have the knowledge to find her and now I have a witch willing to lend her power."

"Why? When you could get killed for going against the king, why would you help us?" Erik questioned.

Roane turned back and looked at the witch with new eyes. She kept her face clear of emotion and hid herself well, but that day in the meadow...the dragon... "There's only one witch who would stick her pretty little neck out for a half-breed. Isn't that right?"

Nissa's mother sucked in a sharp breath. He shot her a tight look, daring her to speak. She wisely kept her mouth shut.

He moved closer to the pretty brunette who'd supposedly come to help. "So...the rumors are true then. You're the dragon's witch."

"This isn't about me. It's Nissa who doesn't know what she's gotten herself into. And for some reason *that* dragon thinks you can be trusted."

And she had a mouth on her as well. He eyed her carefully, searching for any sign of deceit. Unfortunately they didn't have time or the patience to wait.

“Do you want our help or not?” the witch questioned.

Erik stepped forward and took control. “Yes, we do.”

Chapter Two

Under the cloak of darkness, Nissa made her way across the deck of the cruise ship in the direction of the gallery. Her body vibrated with energy and adrenalin as she tuned in to all of the surrounding sounds. The dull roar of the ocean as the boat sliced through the water, the tinkling of music drifting from the ballroom in the distance, even a few hushed voices from people milling around on the opposite side of where she stood.

Nothing out of the ordinary for a luxury cruise except for the increased ache in her own body, a sure sign there were more than humans aboard. From the moment she'd stepped on board her heat had surged. Since her mother had neglected to teach her all she needed to know about her own sexuality she had no idea who or what she could be facing. Logically she hoped only fae, but Kian had taught her to be prepared for the unexpected. So she'd spent the day in her cabin strategizing.

She'd seen the online article about the Mogul Emerald touring on the adults-only cruise ship and couldn't believe her luck. The solution to her problem had fallen proverbially in her lap, which even to her seemed too good to be true.

The smart thing to do would be to leave as quickly as possible before she got caught, but the lure of two hundred and seventeen carats of pure healing energy was too great to deny. Her heat had become unbearable since she'd left home, and leading a normal life seemed out of the question. The emerald represented her best opportunity for a cure, something she wouldn't pass up despite the risks to her freedom.

Physically the fae closely resemble humans, so it didn't take long to get lost in the human world. But staying safe wasn't easy. She considered looking for her relatives since her father had been a human witch. Many years ago he'd accidentally opened the veil between worlds and called her mother, the love of his life, to his side. However, telling people of her whereabouts would only endanger them and she had no idea who she could trust. There were still a few witches in Otherworld who could open the veil and if Cirdan came through... So she'd changed her hiding place every few days, making it difficult for anyone to track her, but the need to fuck drove her crazy as much as it scared the shit out of her.

The first few days had not gone well. Despite everything her father had taught her about this realm before his death, she'd still come in half blind with

nowhere safe to go and no human money.

Dreams of two gorgeous fae tormented her sleep. Once she'd even come close to returning to them.

Roane and Erik.

In her condition there would've been nowhere in Otherworld to hide. In the end, coming here, despite the fear of the unknown, kept her safe. Although it wouldn't last if she didn't do something drastic. A seven-night cruise with the world's largest exotic gem collection on display sounded perfect for a fae witch itching to weave a healing spell.

Now she just needed to get her jewel and hope it would fix her heat because she couldn't go back.

Roane and Erik's attention may have sparked an unwelcome desire in her, but that didn't make up for the fact that they'd bought her to be a sex slave, something she couldn't stomach on a good day. The last of the nearby voices faded away, leaving only the din of the ocean and the humming of engines behind. She needed to stop worrying about the past and focus on the here and now. If there were fae here to trap her, and there most likely were, she'd deal with it when the time came.

Nissa slipped into the dark corridor ahead, keeping herself hidden in the shadows. The map she'd

studied for the last several weeks helped her now. After finding out the gallery was located midship, she knew she'd have some cover for her movements.

Magic would be so much easier for this job, but she didn't want to leave a trail. Until she had that gem in sight she'd have to do this the good old-fashioned human way. Maybe if her plan worked out she'd use this obsession with precious jewels as an opportunity for something more. A girl had to make a living somehow.

Fifty yards from the gallery door she heard a noise. A clicking sound. She froze, crouched low and tight to the ground, and peered around the corner blocking her view. A security guard stood in front of the entrance with some sort of electronic gadget in his hand. Damn.

From this position, she could lure him her way with a distraction and take him down but would lose precious time and might very well make enough noise to alert anyone close by. Not to mention the possibility of a silent alarm he could trip. She peered again at his tall, muscular frame and exhaled a frustrated breath. She'd have to go with her alternate route. She strained to see what he held, but from this distance she couldn't tell. She did however notice the way his pants stretched

tightly across his thick thighs, outlining the big bulge between his legs.

A different tactic altogether came to mind. Her own black bodysuit fit her like a glove and if she unbraided her long hair... No, the seduction route was too risky. The damn heat possessed her and she couldn't trust herself to keep her head if she had sexual contact with a man, even if he was human. Nissa backed away and headed for the stairs. Time for plan B.

Thirty seconds later she stopped in front of a door, pulled two pins from her hair and jabbed them into the lock, working them together until she heard the soft click of success. According to the ship plans this unmarked room would be directly above the gallery showroom. Her hand twisted the knob and she scooted into the empty space.

From here she had no choice but to use magic to get the emerald. It left her little time to calculate the exact position of the gem. Get in and get out.

Don't screw this up, Nissa.

Settling on her knees in the perfect spot, she focused inward to steady her nerves and began to gather the energy in her hands until a small vortex formed underneath them and the room below came into view.

Nissa sucked in a sharp breath. Instead of the

still gallery she'd expected, several people huddled around her gem and angry voices argued. She couldn't make out what they said over the roar and confusion in her own mind when her gaze locked onto Roane and Erik.

Time fell away. As she stared down at them, her body became hyper aware of everything about them. Smooth skin, bulging muscles, hair tied back with leather straps and full lips set in angry lines. Dear Goddess, she was screwed.

Need flashed through her, wild and hot, as her body tightened to the point of pain. Off balance and unable to bite back a whimper, the sound carried down into the gallery.

Roane was the first to notice her, the worried look on his face quickly changed and his eyes darkened and filled with an angry lust. Seconds or hours could have gone by, she had no idea, but when Erik and the third man turned their heads to her, she finally realized they had an even bigger problem.

Demon. He may have been able to fool others with his ability to glamour his appearance and hide the mouthful of dirty, jagged and lethally sharp teeth that gave her nightmares, but she had an uncanny ability to see beyond the magical mask to the black soul

underneath.

A sick, sinister laugh sounded, kicking up a wind that knocked her back from the hole she'd created. She scrambled to her feet to work the magic closed, but not fast enough. The demon came through and the opening closed behind him.

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“Well, fuck. That didn't go like it was supposed to.” Erik grabbed for his sword and charged through the wall they'd used to get into the gallery in the first place.

“Goddamn demons. Greedy bastards are harder to find among humans.” Roane charged from the room and ran for the stairs, taking three at a time. The door to the storeroom was open and hanging by its hinges and the room was, not surprisingly, empty.

“Now what?” Tension seethed from Erik's voice.

“They couldn't have gotten far.”

They ran through the corridors, headed for the outside deck. Good thing it was the middle of the night and there weren't many people around. A spectacle like this would get their asses reamed if word got out to their kind, and somehow it always did.

“There!” Erik yelled.

A petite black-booted foot stuck out from a

door, striking fear in Roane the likes of which he'd never felt before. For weeks he'd used up every ounce of patience he possessed waiting for her to return. Now on the verge of recapturing their little slave, she'd been snatched again. Not this time. Nothing would keep him from her now.

Erik knelt down to check on her still figure while Roane searched the perimeter for the seed demon.

"Is she all right?" By training, he should leave Erik behind and seek out the demon alone, but he couldn't bring himself to abandon her not knowing if she lived.

"She's alive but he's knocked her out cold."

"For that he deserves to die...slowly." Dark fury swept through him as he moved quicker than his size should allow.

"Rein it in, Roane. She's the priority now. We need to get her somewhere private to make sure she lives."

He had to go after the bastard. His honor demanded it, his anger insisted on it, but Erik was right. It would have to wait a little while.

"She's probably booked a cabin onboard. Search her pockets."

Roane stared at her as Erik rifled through her

clothes. A red streak marked her from cheek to eye where the magic had hit, but that did nothing to take away from her beauty. Even with her hair pulled back and her eyes hidden, her loveliness could not be denied.

“I’m going to tear that nasty fucker limb from limb.” He hated seeing her like this. Vulnerable and damaged. His own anger for her actions had been simmering just under the surface for far too long, but this was not what he wanted. If she’d followed the rules and obeyed them like she was supposed to this would not have happened.

“Got it.” Erik held up a room key. Roane grabbed it from him.

“Bring her.” He knew he sounded rough, but he didn’t care. If Erik thought he should behave differently, tough shit. That woman had him wound so tight his cock hammered in his pants just from the sight of her.

“Put me down.”

A fleeting moment of relief gave way to his darker side. Oh good, the little princess had woken up and sounded as put out as him.

“Hang on, sweetheart, we’re almost back to your room.”

Roane ground his teeth at the kid gloves Erik

used in handling her. A spoiled woman needed discipline, not coddling.

“What about the emerald? I have to have it.”

And focus. A silly gem should be the least of her worries right now.

“The emerald is gone.” At the cabin door Roane turned and looked at her only to get punched in the gut by the sight of sad blue eyes. Despite his intentions, the lost look on her face tore at his insides. He wanted to say something, anything, to wipe that look from her, but his anger had control and nothing good would come of it.

He shoved the card in the slot and flung the door open when the light turned green. It slammed against the wall as he moved into the surprisingly spacious cabin. She hadn’t skimmed on her travel.

Erik rushed in behind him and crossed to the bed, gently laying her out. When she attempted to sit up, his hands held her shoulders. “No, you are going to lie right here while I check you out.”

“I have to get the emerald. Please.”

“You wouldn’t want for anything if you’d stayed where you belonged.” Roane barked.

“I couldn’t be your slave!” Her shout reverberated around the room and Roane’s final shred

of control snapped.

“How the hell do you know what we wanted or how it would have been? You left before we even had a chance to discuss anything.” Hot angry flames licked at his skin as he looked at her lying on the bed with Erik holding her down. No woman had ever caused him to lose control, and now the pain in his gut ate at his very resistance. A more gorgeous creature had never existed. With every breath he struggled to take he wanted to be inside her, so deep his balls slapped against her ass. Maybe then, when he had her shattering underneath him, she would understand what her disappearance had done to them.

“Get her clothes off now.”

“What? No.” Erik jumped up blocking her from him. “No, Roane. You don’t want her like this. Not against her will.”

“How the hell do you know what I want?”

“I know you.” Erik pushed at him, moving him away from the girl. “You’re frustrated. I get it, but never have you wanted someone submissive to you against their will. Never.”

Roane shoved his hands in his hair. He wanted to agree with Erik, knew he should, but things had gone too far for too long. “She shouldn’t have run.”

“Agreed. But this isn’t you,” Erik reasoned.

Roane closed the distance between them with two easy strides. Erik’s body was immovable when Roane pushed against him, but the look in Erik’s cool green eyes gave him away. Yes, he intended to protect Nissa, but he also had the same desire to devour her that Roane did.

Roane captured Erik’s head between his hands, his mouth scant inches from his face. “Do you really think you could stop me?”

“I don’t have to. You’ll stop yourself.” Erik’s voice had lowered to a ragged whisper.

Roane grunted. He didn’t want to listen.

“Take me.” No sooner had Erik uttered the words and Roane moved. He kissed him, shoving his mouth open with his tongue, taking the sweet offering of submission that had been missing for quite some time and unleashing his own need into his sometimes-lover.

Chapter Three

Nissa sucked in a gasp of shocked surprise. She'd been coiled tight and ready to take on a fight with them if she had to when Roane had grabbed Erik and devoured his mouth. For an instant she'd thought Erik might resist and she'd be caught in the middle, but instead the man had moaned and pushed his pelvis forward. Even from her awkward view she could see both men were hard and equally excited.

She watched in utter fascination as weapons were torn from bodies and tossed aside. Roane ripped open Erik's shirt to reveal a tanned, well-defined chest with flat brown nipples surrounded by a sprinkling of light hair. The hunger on Roane's face mesmerized her, but when his head dipped to bite at Erik's taut nipple, her own heat burst into flames as she ached for her nipples to be in his mouth.

Oh Goddess, what was wrong with her? These men were the most feared in her world and they planned to use her up for their own pleasure. Her mother had told her of the nightmares slaves were often subjected to.

But this...this frenzied need between them set her body on fire. Wild desire coursed through her. Hands grabbed naked flesh, lips and teeth tasted and

teased, fast and rough. Nissa melted and moaned, moisture soaking her panties. She might be inexperienced but she wasn't naïve. She'd taken some time to learn, and when her womb ached and her clit throbbed, she wanted to come as badly as they did.

"Damn, Roane, you're going to make me come in my pants if you keep doing that."

"You better not." Roane didn't stop moving his mouth, though, as he continued to alternate between biting and licking at those gorgeous flat discs.

In the heat of the moment they seemed to have forgotten about her, which was just fine. She wanted to watch, to learn.

"Take off your pants."

Nissa's stomach lurched at the command given to Erik. She even held her breath as he undid the fastenings of his leather pants and revealed the first naked cock she had seen in person. Pictures and movies didn't count. It jutted out from his body, long and thick with veins running up the sides. Oh Goddess. What would it feel like in her hands? Or her mouth?

"You're sure about this?" Roane asked.

"Aren't I always?"

When Roane cupped Erik's balls and squeezed, he lifted up on his toes and grasped for a bicep to steady

himself. Her own body pulsed much like she imagined theirs did except she couldn't do anything about it. No matter what she did the heat never went away.

Nissa wrapped her arms around her waist and whimpered silently. She couldn't tear her eyes from the two men if she wanted to, nor did she want them to stop. In fact her desire to run had begun to fade. Heat exploded and her skin tingled. This ferocious response left her wanting more. Hell, did they even know she was a virgin? Would that make her more or less acceptable? Here in the human world, she'd learned virginity for someone her age was practically unheard of, and from what little she'd seen and heard from growing up in exile in the Otherworld, they had no use for virgins either.

In a flurry of motion, Roane released Erik's balls and flipped him around, bending him over the edge of the chair next to the bed and exposing the other man's bare ass to his full view. Her mouth dropped open at the implication of the move and she realized Roane intended to take him right here in front of her.

Good thing she was already sitting or she would have collapsed. Her legs and arms felt weak and her head spun out of control. Somewhere in the back of her mind a voice kept telling her to look away, to not watch

these two depraved men. Yet her womb clenched and tightened with each pulse of her clit, and she grew more and more excited from watching.

“What do you want?” Roane asked.

“You already know the answer.”

Roane dug his pelvis into Erik’s backside forcing him harder against the back of the chair. “Give me your pouch.”

Erik stretched his arm and grabbed the bag he’d flung on the table, handing it back to Roane. He plucked a small round vial from within and removed the top before he tipped it down to let oil drizzle between the cheeks of Erik’s ass. With one finger Roane swiped and swirled, spreading the liquid, pushing it into the tiny hole. Goosebumps prickled her skin at the sound of Erik’s appreciative moans as more pressure was applied.

The position in which Roane held Erik blocked a clear view for her, but when she heard the distinct clicks of a zipper going down she knew exactly what was happening. Her heart raced out of control when she caught a glimpse of a swollen and dark cock head peeking from Roane’s fist as he pressed it to Erik’s anus.

Fighting for breath, the throbbing in her pussy

was so intense she thought for sure they'd hear it as clearly as she felt it. Her pulse pounded. *Take him.* The urgent need for sex became too strong to deny as she pressed the heel of her hand against her clit in a lame attempt to staunch the onslaught of sensation.

Hips flexed forward and Erik released a sudden gasp of pure pleasure when Roane filled him, bending over to grab his hair. Oh shit. They were really fucking right in front of her. Powerful lust whipped through her as her hand roughly pushed her pants across her clit. More...fuck she wanted more. How could they have this effect on her? She barely knew them. She stroked harder, riding the tight line between pleasure and pain as her need for release became desperate and unattainable.

Nissa moaned in rhythm with Erik as Roane slammed into him with strong, deep thrusts. Fingers dug into hips as the tempo frenzied until Roane grunted when he came. Light and color exploded within Nissa as a scream slipped from her throat. She rocked forward and back as the convulsions ripped through her body. Tense pleasure shattered her like nothing she'd ever experienced before.

When the spasms in her womb finally subsided, she slumped against the mattress, weak and unable to

hold herself upright. This heat would be the death of her yet.

“Nissa, are you all right?” Roane’s harsh voice sounded concerned, but she couldn’t speak yet and didn’t want to answer any questions.

Strong arms lifted her and cradled her to a warm naked body. She snuggled closer. The sexual craving in her hadn’t subsided, but for once she was too exhausted to care. Never had masturbation been this exciting.

“Was that what I think it was?”

“You know it was.” Roane assured Erik.

Fingers threaded through her hair, unbinding it from its braid as they carried on a conversation around her.

“She’s so beautiful, I’m hard again.” Roane put his fingers on her neck and stroked her tenderly.

“You? I’m still a fucking rock.” A fact she couldn’t miss since Erik’s hips were pressed against her on the bed.

“I have to get that emerald,” she managed to whisper.

“Nissa, forget about the damn stone already. It’s gone and where you’re going you won’t need it.”

Her eyes flew open at his words and she

struggled to move away from the cradle of Erik's arms.

"That emerald was my best chance at a cure."

Her raised voice got stronger by the second.

"A cure for what?"

She wrinkled her forehead at the scowl on Roane's face.

"This." She waved her hand over her body. How could they not know what she was talking about? Did they not just witness her embarrass herself without even taking off her clothes?

The look on Roane's face softened and she could have sworn she saw the corners of his mouth tick up in a half smile before he got serious again. He really did need to lighten up.

Erik leaned forward and touched her shoulder, causing her to flinch. He removed his hand. "If by this you're referring to your heat, I'm afraid there's only one cure."

The way the sentence rolled from Erik's tongue created a shiver that shook her. Just talking to them seemed too much. Her body was so damn stubborn, throbbing and insisting at all the wrong times, begging her to do something.

Nissa scooted off the bed and turned to face them. Erik sat naked, his glorious body on full display

more than enough to make her mouth water. To complicate her reaction further, Roane stood next to her still fully clothed except that he hadn't bothered to refasten his pants. She caught a flash of warm brown skin and dark curls nestled against the edge of his leathers. Men like them should not look that good. There should be a law against it.

She grabbed her head, anything to distract her because it was impossible to think straight when her body screamed to kneel and lick them. "I need to get out of here."

"No." Both men commanded in unison, startling her.

"What is it going to take to get it through your thick skulls that I am not capable of being what you want?"

"How can you be so sure? Do you presume to know our minds?"

"I'm not a—a—"

"A slave?" Roane supplied the distasteful word with a cocky smile.

"Yes, damnit. I'm not a slave." She shouted the word back at them.

"Do you even know what a slave is? Or better yet what we require from a slave?"

Confusion bloomed as she considered Roane's questions. How much did she know about sexual slavery? Only what little her mother had told her and then the human version she'd researched on a computer. At a loss for words, her head spun out of control.

"Sit down." Roane pulled the chair to the center of the room and nodded to the seat with his head. She wasn't sure this was a very good, idea but what choice did she have? She couldn't outrun them on a ship or probably anywhere else for that matter.

"If you don't want to sit on your own I could always tie you." This time Roane did smile at her and it was her turn to frown. His arrogance was astounding.

Despite that, Nissa walked over and slumped into the seat while Erik got up and redressed. She would probably never be able to look at them together again without thinking about what had happened. The moans of pleasure that had slipped from Erik's throat, or the short jerky thrusts of Roane's hips as he'd fucked. Or the fact she'd never been more turned on in her life.

She squirmed as her sex started to tingle all over again. Damn heat. Something had to be done and soon.

"From the moment I saw you, I knew you were going to be trouble." Erik retook his seat as he talked.

She assumed Roane stood somewhere behind her. She couldn't see him but his presence was a strong force wrapped around her like invisible bonds. Nissa sensed his wariness about her as well, he was likely prepared for her to fight or run. She wouldn't catch them off guard again.

"Then let me go. I'm no trouble if I'm not around."

"That's where you're definitely wrong." Erik shook his head, irritation evident on his face. "As long as you were in the human realm we figured you'd be safe. You'd have the time to decide to return on your own. To realize where you belonged."

"I belonged with my mother." Already she could tell there would be no reasoning with them. Memories of her quiet home had a gush of emotion welling inside her. Nissa gritted her teeth. She swore she wouldn't cry.

"You're not a child anymore. Look at you. You're suffering and have been since the day you left us. We can help if you'll let us. We aren't your enemy." Eric leaned forward a fraction.

"No, just my owners. Because you paid a boon for me, you believe you can do whatever you want with me. That as your property I have no rights."

“You don’t.” The words boomed from behind her, angry and barely restrained. “You’ve been bought and paid for. Obviously no amount of time will get you to open your mind. It figures with that royal blood of yours you’d be the most stubborn of them all.”

Nissa jumped from her seat and whirled to face Roane. Enough was enough. “I was kidnapped and sold against my will. Just because you gave up some precious gem to get me doesn’t make you any more right than the person who forced me onto the auction block.”

The unyielding look across Roane’s face told her everything she needed to know. She launched herself against him, catching him unaware and slammed him into the wall. The crack of his head resounded throughout the room. Fueled by frustration, her fist connected with his mouth before arms wrapped around her waist and hauled her back.

“Damn, woman. What the hell is wrong with you?” Already recovered, Roane stalked to where Erik held her. “I knew I should have tied you down.”

She kicked her leg trying to lash out, but Erik twisted her away and pushed her belly down on the bed.

“You’re just teasing him now. He considers this kind of thing foreplay. If I didn’t know better I’d say

you were goading him, hoping he'd do the very thing you keep protesting. Is that what you want? For someone to take the choice away from you? Make things easier?"

"That's bullshit." She fought to drag in air to her burning lungs. That couldn't be true.

"I'd say the little fae doth protest too much. This isn't our first time around the block with a woman in heat you know. We know exactly what it does to you."

"Get off me."

"I think we could come to an agreement here." Erik's warm breath caressed the side of her face and tickled her ear.

"What kind of agreement?" Between the weight of his body and warm skin it was hard to concentrate.

"Something where all three of us get what we want." Erik stroked his tongue along the curve of her neck and the edge of her ear, which drove her anger to instant lust. Her body arched up, pressing her pelvis tighter against his.

"We don't have to bargain with her, Erik." Roane had moved to the head of the bed and threaded his fingers through her hair, tugging her head back to open her more for Erik.

“Come on, we don’t have to force her either. Neither of us really wants that. But a bargain...” Two sets of lips traveled across her skin now, driving her to madness. Goddess she would melt into the bed if they kept this up.

“She’s too stubborn...unwilling to bend,” Roane growled.

“And you’re the poster boy of patience?”

She gritted her teeth against the pleasure.

“We seem to have reached an impasse. So...here’s how I see it. You’ve been bought and paid for so, like it or not, you owe us. It would be within our rights to demand your cooperation by any means necessary.” Erik raised his hand to stop her when she started to object. “Against your will is not what we’re looking for.”

“What then?” She already knew the answer and the more they tormented her with their touch, the more inclined she was to give in to them.

“Your obedience...your willingness...and your pleasure.” Erik certainly had a way with words. He would be hard to resist.

“I want my freedom.” She forced the words from her mouth.

“One week.”

Her body stilled as she tried to comprehend.

“You give yourself to us completely and freely for one week. Your total submission. If at the end of the week you still want to walk away, then so be it.”

Erik’s thumb stroked around her breast and as the sensations heightened between her legs she considered what a week with them would do to her. From the first time they’d touched her to now, with both their hands and mouths exploring, she’d warred with cravings out of her control. What would it be like to give into that? To surrender her body to two men for a whole week?

“How can I be sure you’ll live up to your end of the bargain?” A finger brushed across a hard nipple sending pulses straight to her swollen clit. She couldn’t fight the heat much longer, the need would consume her.

“It’s a chance you’ll have to take. Besides, Erik stood for you before and it’s a pretty safe bet he’d do it again.”

Roane had a point. Surely, she could handle the two of them for one week. It wasn’t exactly the vacation she’d planned on, but freedom would be worth any price.

“Seven days and I’ll be free?”

“As long as you play by our rules, at the end of the week you can have your freedom if you want it.” Erik drove a hard bargain.

“Oh I’ll want it.” She didn’t miss the exchange between them or the arrogant satisfaction they conveyed.

“It’s a deal then?”

Her stomach flip-flopped. “Yes.”

“Perfect. Erik, take off her clothes.”

Chapter Four

Erik grinned down at her, his hand reaching for the zipper of her body suit. He studied her closely as his fingers tugged at the pull maddeningly slowly. The tick of each one of the teeth being loosened echoed in Nissa's head. Naked underneath the clothes, her nerves tingled in anticipation. The expression of pure lust and hunger on Erik's face made her crazy with need as Roane alternately massaged her neck and tugged at her hair. Should she tell them she'd never done this before? Did it matter?

"What's wrong, Nissa? You look worried. Do you think we'll hurt you?" Erik dipped his head and licked at the flesh between her breasts. She was unzipped to her belly button, but he'd yet to separate the fabric.

"No, it's not that." She sucked in a breath at the cool touch of his hand slipping underneath her suit where his finger flickered across a hard nipple. Automatically her back arched upward, pushing her breast against those strong fingers.

"Then what?" he murmured while peeling her outfit away and leaving her breasts bare to his gaze.

"I've...I've..." She couldn't bring herself to say. What difference did it make anyway? She'd made an

agreement and her body would burn until she didn't care what happened. No use stalling.

Roane's hand reached around her and plucked at the opposite nipple, giving her a small taste of pain, which did little to settle her down. No, every touch, every pinch increased the ache and only heightened her arousal.

Erik dipped his head and latched onto the berry red peak pointing up at him. His tongue swirled around the areola and lapped at every speck of flesh. Goddess, she tasted even better than she looked. Not only did she taste out of this world, her reaction to every touch was off the charts. He'd bet her pussy was soaked with her juices. He wasn't sure he could think straight like this. Damn woman would drive him crazy before all of this was settled, that's for sure.

"Finish getting her clothes off, Erik." Roane's harsh arousal-roughened voice broke through the fog in Erik's brain and he shifted to complete the task.

He moved slow, wanting to drag out the pleasure as long as possible. He eased her arms from the top and peeled the suit down to just below her waist. With the indentation of her softly rounded belly beckoning to him he stopped and dipped his tongue,

twirling it across her satiny skin until she whimpered and writhed. A satisfied smile crossed his face and he pushed on with the removal of what little barrier remained.

The swell of her hips was a sight to behold, especially the way her curves nipped in at the waist. As Erik tugged the last of the fabric from her hip, her curl-covered mound came in to view. He threw a quick glance at Roane, who watched them intently, his gaze focused on the same spot between her legs. Erik's dick jerked in his pants like the pulsing beat of his heart. The constant ache of need she created threatened his sanity as he tossed her clothes to the floor.

Feeling lightheaded, he grasped the tops of her thighs with his fingers to steady himself and kneaded the tense inner muscles of her legs.

"Spread for me, baby."

She quickly complied with his command and Erik got his first glimpse of the dewy pink flesh where he longed to be buried. Not yet though. First he would taste and tempt and tease until she screamed from his mouth on her cunt, and his tongue had lapped up every drop of her cream. His mouth watered at the thought.

Roane nodded his head and Erik sank to the floor on his knees putting her pussy right where he

wanted it. With two thick fingers he spread her outer lips, getting a more intimate view to inspect for wetness.

"She's fucking soaked."

"Of course she is. She wants this as much as we do. Dontcha, princess?"

Her eyes widened and she looked up at Roane with a mixture of fear and lust.

"Yes," she managed on a whisper as she clenched her eyes shut.

"Do you want me to lick you right here?" Erik's thumb stroked across her clit. Nissa's hips shot up from the bed like a firecracker and Roane had to push down on her shoulders to hold her still.

"I'll take that as a yes." He laughed and pressed forward, biting the inside of her thighs as well as giving her open-mouthed kisses. When her legs began to shake he figured he didn't have much time before she would orgasm even if he never touched her again. He brought his face to the apex of her legs, breathing in her scent and swiping his tongue along her outer lips. A keening cry sounded from her chest. Erik bit back the satisfied smile before licking her from anus to clit in one smooth move, lapping up the sweetest honey he'd ever sampled in his life. He settled in to give her the attention she

craved as Roane pinched and tormented both of her breasts.

His pants became too tight as his erection throbbed painfully, begging to be released. He tightened his hands on her skin to stop himself from releasing his dick and pounding into her. Roane wanted to direct this. Since Erik had the pleasure of his face buried between her legs, he was more than happy to give Roane what he needed.

Erik's tongue dove into her saturated flesh, hands holding onto her bucking hips, which pushed his face deeper still. He prodded her sheath just like he would with his dick if he were fucking her. In and out until her body tensed and shook uncontrollably.

"Easy, Nissa. Relax. Don't fight your own pleasure. That's what we're here for." Listening to Roane crooning in her ear in a soft but commanding tone sent a chill sweeping down his own spine. Where a short while ago Roane had been driven mad with fierce lust, now his control seemed to have returned and he worked to ease her transition.

"I—I can't—I—don't know how." Her jagged words slid from her mouth between pants and cries.

Roane captured her lips before she could protest again, devouring her to distraction. Erik grasped the

globes of her ass and curled her pelvis forward, opening her even further to his movements. Touching her, fucking inside her was everything he'd dreamed of, but he wanted more. He'd like to dive right in and reach for her soul. The place where he wrapped around her to never let go.

Her hips jerked faster to match his rhythm and he knew she was close. In a lightning fast move he covered the hard bud of her clit and pulled it between his lips. Nissa wrenched her mouth free from Roane and her screams of release filled the room as he alternately nibbled and sucked on her tender flesh until she cried for him to stop.

Erik released her and she fell back onto the bed, her head crashing into the pillow. He stood and tore at his leathers, yanking them down his hips and exposing his rock hard erection.

"I've got to fuck her." His hand wrapped around the base of his cock and stroked up and down a few times, letting the pre cum ooze from the plum shaped head. Her quaking sex waited a few inches away and his body vibrated with the need to take her. To surround himself with all her wet heat and silky soft skin. Goddess they had waited too long for this. He couldn't be sure he wouldn't lose control.

“Then do it,” Roane growled.

That’s all he needed to hear. Erik eased forward until the broad tip rested against the moist flesh of her pink pussy. His body shook with the desire to plunge into her, to slam deep until she took every inch of his shaft.

“Wait.” He froze at her frightened voice. Worried he’d hurried her somehow.

“What’s wrong princess?” Roane questioned.

“It’s—I’ve—This is my first time.” She finished on a rush with her head turned from their gazes.

Erik staggered back at the implications. How could this be? She’d been in heat for far too long to deny.

“That’s not possible.” His voice shook as he backed away from the bed.

Her head swung sharply to face them. “It most certainly is possible. I lived alone with my mother growing up and have been virtually in hiding since the change started.

Roane snorted. “It didn’t have to be that way. We would have cared for you, taken your pain away.”

Erik watched the two of them glare at each other knowing that if he didn’t act now they’d all end

up back at square one, fighting about what would have been or what could have been. Her legs still sat wide open, her dewy flesh beckoning to him. His dick jerked in his hand and he decided his next course of action.

Poised at her entrance once again, he pushed a couple of inches inside. On a shocked gasp Nissa turned to him. The lust burning in her eyes matched how he felt inside as he remained still, letting her body adjust to his size. Her silken channel tightened on him like a noose. Everything in him wanted to move again, to make her accommodate him.

The rise and fall of her chest moved frantically as she fought against the invasion. There was no way he would fit inside her, he was too big. Heat licked at her skin as Erik gazed down on her, his jaw clenching tightly shut.

“He’s trying to go slow, princess, but you need to relax. He’s not a saint and can’t hold back forever. Not with a hot and tight pussy clamping down on him.”

Erik murmured his agreement and Nissa focused on relaxing her body one section at a time. First her head and neck, then her feet and legs before finally allowing the tense muscles of her abs and pelvis to follow.

“That’s it, baby. Let me in.” He surged forward another few inches and instead of pain and fear, the hot bite of unbridled arousal speared through her. She moved her arms to wrap her fingers around Erik’s straining bicep and tilted her hips so he would settle in a fraction more, all in an effort to get him to move.

“Please—please I need more.” Barely had the words left her mouth when Erik groaned and rolled his hips forward burying the rest of his cock inside her. Shards of sensation splintered through her as her body gave way to his entry, taking her breath away.

“So damn tight. I can’t take much either.” Erik snarled above her.

“Move it then. Give her what she needs. Take what you need.”

Roane’s words barely registered in her sensation soaked brain. Only Erik’s movements dragging across tissue and nerve endings she never knew existed held her attention now as he pulled back out to just the tip. Before she could think of another thing to say he tunneled into her much quicker than before, followed by more smooth strokes in and out of her body.

No amount of research could have prepared her for this. These—these tingling vibrations that swept

through her from the top of her head to the bottom of her tippy toes. Roane nibbled and kissed at her ear, whispering words of encouragement on every stroke and withdraw.

A strong gathering of pressure built deep in her womb, a storm desperate to break loose and wreak havoc on every preconceived notion she'd formed.

"I can't last much longer." The tense lines of struggle were stamped across Erik's face.

Roane reached forward and grasped her nipples tight between his fingers. That sudden burst of pain blurred her vision and broke the storm free.

"Come for us, princess. I can see it on your beautiful face. Come for us now."

A fresh scream ripped from her throat as the room darkened and bright lights exploded, encompassing her. Her inner muscles clamped and quivered around Erik's cock as she dug her nails into his skin, drawing blood and thrashing her chest against the rough texture of Roane's hands.

With one last long stroke, Erik roared above her, pumping his release deep inside her until together, they collapsed against the bed. Her heart raced, pumping blood through her veins fast and furious, out of control. Warmth spread from her womb to her limbs

and up to her chest. Heat so fierce it took her breath away on a gasp of shock.

“It’s okay, princess. It’s normal. It will be gone in about thirty seconds.”

“What is it?” She arched into her pillow trying to focus on Roane talking instead of the heat clawing at her insides. Not quite pain she couldn’t handle, but uncomfortable nonetheless.

“A little gift from Erik. He is not only full Fae, but also carries a healing agent in his DNA meant to soothe your heat, lessen some of your discomfort. It’s a natural process amongst our kind. Your mother didn’t teach you this at the onset of the change?”

She shook her head and wondered what else her mother had forgotten to tell her about. The tightened nerves of her spine tingled as she noticed the heat begin to subside a fraction, hoping the worst of it would be over.

A finger swiped at the sweat soaked hair that had tumbled across her face.

“I’m sorry you had to suffer.” She turned to look at Erik who had uttered the words so quietly she’d barely heard them.

At a loss for what to say after such mind numbing pleasure, Nissa curled into Erik, letting the

warmth do its job. He mumbled something against her hair she didn't catch. A lump had formed in her throat and for the first time in longer than she could remember the constant ache in her womb had subsided. The bed behind her dipped and a second pair of arms wrapped around her waist. She sighed softly when Roane too pressed against her, leaving her sandwiched between two hard bodies and now very naked men.

Maybe this wasn't such a bad deal after all.

The thick, hard shaft nestled against her butt awakened her brain to the fact that Roane had received no pleasure from their joining. She waggled her ass against it and his hand tightened at her waist.

"Rest for now, princess. Your ache will only be soothed temporarily and you'll need again. Then it will be my turn and trust me, you need to rest."

She couldn't see his face, but with those words she could well imagine the standard look of arrogance stamped across his features. At this rate rest seemed unlikely with his hands roaming across her sensitized skin.

"I thought being together would get rid of that issue?" A faint warning bell sounded in her brain, something under normal circumstances she'd react to, but the rough tips of Roane's fingers continued their

travels over her body until she practically sizzled with desire.

“It will, but it takes some time.” He plucked at one of her puckered nipples and she froze at the spike of molten electricity that arced through her veins. “And of course lots and lots of treatment.”

Teeth nipped at her shoulder as she gave up the fight to concentrate. Now would not be the time for a rational discussion. She’d be lucky to remember anything other than the delicious way he made her feel with every jolt he created with his mouth and hands.

“I thought you wanted me to rest?”

“You keep talking, so obviously we haven’t sufficiently worn you out yet.”

A smile formed on her face that quickly gave way to a gasp when the thick fingers he’d had wrapped around her waist dove between her legs and into her wet sex. Goddess how could she have denied herself this pleasure all these weeks?

“Roane,” she moaned.

“Yes, princess?”

“Please don’t stop.”

“No worries there, little one. In fact, there’s a good chance you’ll pass out before I’m done with you.”

Somewhere in her brain she knew his wicked words

should frighten her, but they didn't. She not only wanted to find out what deep dark desire he needed sated, she couldn't wait.

Chapter Five

Goddess her skin felt like the finest spun silk beneath his touch. Roane had seen her flex her muscles a few times now, but here in bed with his rough hands roaming her body, she seemed slight and almost fragile. Lately the women he'd sought were trained for men with his tastes. They'd conform to any act demanded of them and while he could bring any woman to an orgasm it was their eyes that held the truth. Even in pleasure they looked bored or worse, deadened. So jaded, the meaning of their actions had gotten lost in their service.

Nissa on the other hand was an innocent. An untouched and unspoiled woman who didn't understand her heritage or the needs her body and mind clamored for right now. The ache that could be felt clean through to the soul, something he lived with more often than he wanted to admit.

There had been many moments over the years when he'd seemed sated, if only for a short time. Erik did his best to allow him to dominate when he needed to, but it wasn't quite the same as a person on their knees sucking his dick or bound to the wall taking a sound flogging because their need overpowered them as much as his did him.

Now with two of his fingers buried in Nissa's

heat and his teeth latched to her shoulder, he hoped beyond hope his instincts about her were right. From the moment he'd met her gaze something had sparked between them. Like meeting like.

"Please, Roane..." Her breathless pants rolled over his body like little caresses of pleasure. He wanted her desperate and panting for him all of the time. What would it take to make his princess his slave?

"I know. I know exactly what you need, but not yet. Not until I say so." Instead of the command he'd meant to issue, his words came out breathless and low. Damn woman had him thinking like a teenage fae with the urge for nothing more than to be buried inside her as far as he could get, her body squeezing around him. Fuck, she was a virgin. Erik had been her first, but she'd still be too tight for him. His dick was quite a bit thicker than Erik's.

Tonight he would go easy on her, at least by his standards. A grin twitched at the corner of his mouth until a long low moan sounded from Nissa when he pushed across the hard nub of her clit. The walls of her pussy clenched around his fingers making his cock swell and throb against her backside. His skin grew too tight as he fought for the necessary control he would need to go easy on her.

When her cries became urgent and her orgasm imminent he removed his thumb, depriving her of the release she ached for. Her fingers raked across Erik's chest as she arched her hips in an attempt for more friction, screaming out in frustration when neither man gave her what she wanted.

Roane's balls tightened, aching for his own release and creating a form of pain he welcomed with open arms. His body tingled and itched as some of his innate magic welled just underneath the surface of his skin, reaching out for the woman straining in his arms.

He rolled away from her. It wouldn't do to lose control this soon. "Lie her flat and spread her legs," he commanded.

Erik moved without hesitation, gingerly moving himself to rise over her. She wrinkled her forehead in confusion as Erik's beefy hands grabbed around her slim waist and pushed her back against the mattress.

"Don't look so worried," Erik teased. "Just go with it. I promise you'll be a very happy girl when all's said and done."

"But—"

Erik's finger touched her ruby lips, halting her words. He shook his head. The time for talking had passed.

Roane palmed his erection and stroked from base to tip, hoping to ease the ache she'd created with her lush body and feminine reactions to their every touch. His simmering control threatened to break free at any moment, which wouldn't be fair to her. The point wasn't to scare her but to instead slowly introduce her to the darker side of pleasure. To strip away her control one step at a time until she not only desired every touch they gave, but was begging for more than she ever thought possible. She had a lot to learn and he only had a week to show her.

Erik moved to the side before gripping her thighs and spreading them wide, giving Roane the unfettered view of her pretty pink pussy.

"She is so fucking wet I can see her glisten from here." Roane's cock pulsed in his hand as he spoke and more pre cum coated the tip. His mouth watered with the need to feast on her, to taste for himself how sweet and hot he knew she'd be. A rumble sounded inside his chest as he approached the foot of the bed.

Erik's head swiveled up and their gazes met. "She's still practically a virgin."

Bitter disappointment pushed down on him. "Do you seriously think I've forgotten? Do you not

know me better than that by now? Fuck, Erik, a submissive would be disciplined for such a slight.”

“I know you well enough to recognize that look in your eyes. You’re close to the edge.”

“I’m not a boy, so unless you need me to show you again, shut the hell up and hold her for me. Comfort her when she needs it.”

With that Roane released his cock and knelt down between her legs, stopping a few inches from her glistening folds. His nostrils flared as he inhaled her sweet scent, letting her arousal wrap around his senses. No need to rush. In fact, he wanted to prolong their first joining as long as possible.

His tongue traced the flesh along her inner thigh before pausing to get a good look at her juicy nether lips. Roane lightly scraped his teeth across the ultra sensitive skin at the top of her thigh with his hands holding her legs still as she squirmed underneath him. The creamy soft flesh against his mouth threatened to drive him wild the more he rubbed across it.

Every so often she would raise her head and glance down to watch what he was doing. The soft glaze of arousal he took in each time their gazes met tore at his resolve as he inched closer to the wet folds of her pussy. Stopping an inch away from the precious

flesh he blew a gentle breath of air across her heated skin. He watched her eyes slide shut and her head loll back against Erik's shoulder on a low soft moan.

Blood pounded through his erection until the swollen tip bounced against his abdomen when he shifted closer. Nissa's cries grew more urgent as she thrashed against their restraining hands and he longed to get her tied down properly. He should have brought some of his favorite supplies, but neither he nor Erik had anticipated their day would go quite like this.

For a brief second he curled his tongue through her wet slit, gathering her arousal for a quick taste. Pulling back he savored the sweet tang different from any woman he'd ever known. More magic buzzed through his head, pushing at him to take what he needed until he stumbled a few feet backwards, unsure of his ability to keep a clear head with her.

What the hell was going on? She should be begging for him and he should be taunting and teasing her to the brink over and over again, not thinking of guiding his cock to her hot entrance with little thought of anything other than taking...claiming.

Roane stood and looked down at Nissa's naked and writhing body, enjoying the view. The perfect skin, tits that molded perfectly in his hands, a smooth

abdomen defined with feminine ridges of muscles and the hottest little pussy covered by only a smattering of gold-red curls the same luxurious color as her hair.

“What’s wrong?” Even the husky tone of her voice sizzled across him. No way would he be letting her leave in a week. He’d never kept a woman against her will. There had been no reason to. They always came willingly and left reluctantly. Nissa would be different, but he could still use his considerable skills to bind her to him. She could not leave.

“Release her.” He was in control here, not her. Her pleasure belonged to him and Erik. “I want her on her hands and knees, head at the foot of the bed, you behind her.” He couldn’t fuck her just yet, not until he was certain he wouldn’t hurt her, but he damn sure wanted to feel those lush lips on his cock.

Erik released her shoulders and lifted her, moving her into position with ease. Muscles flexed and rippled across his arms, reminding Roane just how powerful his partner was. In battle they’d developed a trust and style of communication that went beyond words and had given them their fierce reputations. It had only been natural that the trust evolved beyond duty and into every facet of their lives.

Often times when the action or stress of their

duties left Roane burning with violent energy, Erik had been all too happy to engage him in rough bouts of fucking which often left them both bruised, battered and exhausted. They both had a taste for the wilder side of sex. It wasn't easy for them to get to know someone well enough to learn if they not only shared interests, but could actually physically handle them.

Then one afternoon in the forest far from the King's village they'd come across a much younger Nissa sparring with Kian, the prince's dragon shifter. Not only did she keep up with him, there were times when she bested him. It'd been the hottest damn thing he'd ever seen in his life.

She'd fought with short swords, a favorite of Erik's, and thanks to the suede shift she'd worn, with every lunge and forward attack they'd been blessed with a perfect view of lean legs that rippled with a warrior's muscles. A sight burned into Roane's memory forever and guaranteed to torment his sleep and sometimes even waking thoughts.

Now after all this time she was on the bed in front of him somewhat patiently waiting for his instructions. Roane roughly threaded his fingers through her red mane and tipped her head to face him. The dazed look in her eyes was pure arousal and need, her

heat taking over. His own body tightened and pulsed in response until he couldn't hold back another second.

He bent to those lush lips and crushed them with his own, a hard, bruising kiss, plunging into her mouth to plunder and take while his hands tightened on her hair. Unable to get enough of her he swallowed her whimpers and cries and tangled with her tongue.

He wanted her on her knees on the floor in front of him, but he remembered all too well the pain of an unfulfilled heat. It was his responsibility to ensure she was taken care of and that the only pain she experienced would be at his hand and designed specifically to enhance all of their pleasure. He released her mouth and locked onto her gaze.

“Get behind her, Erik.” As he spoke, he watched closely for her reactions.

His friend moved and he got a quick glimpse of wetness at the tip of Erik's dick as he eagerly complied.

“Don't fuck her yet. I want to hear our princess beg.” Her breath whooshed from her lungs at his words but her gaze never wavered, those gorgeous eyes pleading and challenging at the same time. “So use your fingers. Do what you do best and make her crazy, but if she comes before I say so you'll both be punished for it.”

Roane knew the instant her eyes widened and the breath caught in her throat, Erik's thick fingers had breached her sheath. Her eyes slid shut and he pulled tighter on her hair.

"Don't close your eyes, princess. Look at me the whole time. I want to see your pleasure." She pinched her eyes tight for a quick second before they fluttered open and once again he found himself captive in the lust shining there. "You're so beautiful and even more so with Erik touching you, making you writhe. I could watch you all day long."

He listened intently to her ragged breathing and thought she reminded him of the grace and beauty of a moonflower opening after being coaxed by a full moon. She hissed, a sharp sound, when Erik moved his position.

Roane lowered his mouth close to her ear. "Does it feel good, princess? Does it make you want to come?"

Her body shivered. "Yes."

"Yes, what?" He wasn't about to let her get away with such a simple statement. He wanted her to tell him everything.

"Yes, I want to come."

His cock jerked.

“I’m not convinced.” His lips quirked into a smile as he met Erik’s gaze. The hard slash of Erik’s mouth indicated he too wanted to come. “You may have been a virgin tonight, but you know a lot about sex don’t you, princess? You’re too smart to have stayed in the dark for all these weeks. So tell me. Don’t pretend you don’t know what I want.”

He nodded to Erik, who added another finger to her cunt and fucked her vigorously.

“This feels like torture. I don’t know how to control it.”

Roane stood back up and moved forward so his aching cock almost touched her lips. In fact when her pink tongue darted out to lick her lips, she missed touching him by a hair’s width.

“Concentrate on me and my voice. You can do this.” He released one hand from her hair and grasped his erection, guiding it against her lips. A soft cry fell from her mouth when she opened at the touch. She looked eager to taste him. Her heated breath flowed over him and his balls tightened, hunger coursing through his veins until he too spilled drops of pre cum she caught with her tongue.

The sight of her licking her lips and savoring his flavor drove him wild. “Open wide, princess.”

She stared back up to him and blinked as heat spread through his body like wildfire. Madness threatened his senses until he wanted to slam his cock into the moisture and warmth of her mouth while she took his entire length and sucked him dry. Roane's teeth ground together as he worked to keep himself still and let her set the pace temporarily. He wanted her to show him what she needed, what would make her feel good.

With his eyes closed tight he didn't see her move until the warm wetness of her tongue licked around the head of his cock, lingering on the more sensitive underside. His breath caught in his throat at the contact as he allowed her to stroke and lick at will.

When her teeth grazed the skin of his tip he froze, letting the shocks and shivers wash over him. Did she realize what that did to him? How it magnified his pleasure ten fold? He wanted to let her play, to enjoy pleasuring him, but damn she was going to kill him.

Then she took him in her mouth, not far, just enough for her to apply a sweet suction nearly stopping his heart. Her wicked little tongue didn't stop either, curling around the ridge of the bulbous tip. He watched her carefully, loving the desire written all over her face. She seemed lost in the moment as if truly enjoying everything she did to him. She didn't have the hard,

experienced look he'd grown used to from his many lovers.

She pulled her head back and off his dick before sliding forward again, this time taking even more inside her lush mouth. She moved with a slow caress designed to make a man crazy. Flames licked at his balls as his skin sizzled and grew impossibly tight as she kissed, touched and suckled him to madness.

What had happened to his resolve to bring her to her knees? To show her how good the pleasure would be when she gave up her control and placed her trust in he and Erik? Determined to maintain control, Roane wrapped his hands in her hair and tugged at the thick strands, startling her. He pushed more of his shaft deep inside her as her eyes grew wide in surprise.

Her mouth tightened around him, stopping the progress of his thrusting hips. "Relax princess. You can do this. Just relax and let me slide in. Your mouth is so hot and feels incredible squeezing my dick, but you have to take more because I know you can."

Nissa fought her rising panic as he stretched her mouth wide to accommodate his thickness. She'd lost count of how many fingers Erik pumped in and out of her as the sensations racked her body and Roane's need

melded with hers. An unexpected and overwhelming urge to do as he commanded, to please him, washed over her as she tamped down the ever-rising release threatening to overtake her.

While his size and forceful movements frightened her a little she also found them oddly exciting. So much so her nipples were tight and aching for his touch and her sex contracted furiously around Erik's fingers, spilling more of her liquid desire into his hand.

Roane's hands pulled her farther along his shaft until she couldn't breathe. He paused for a few seconds, forcing her to accommodate him before sliding out enough for her to take a few shallow breaths.

"Damn." His voice came out rough and hoarse giving Nissa the knowledge while even in control he too struggled with the pleasure of it all.

She flattened her tongue along the underside and stroked and swirled around as much of his length as she could. She liked the idea of giving him this much pleasure and wondered what it would be like if he came in her mouth. Goddess she wanted to experience so much.

"Now, Erik. Take her now." Roane pushed his cock into her with more force than she expected.

Something she'd done had broken his control. With barely a second for her to think, Erik stroked into her heated pussy already slick with desire. Filled by both men, her body shivered from head to toe. Her resulting moan vibrated in her throat, eliciting a growl from Roane.

He threw back his head and moved his hips, more of him inching down her throat as she tried to think about relaxing. But Erik had leaned forward and wrapped his arm around her waist so his hand could reach through her curls to the hard bud of her sex, the bundle of nerves that would bring about her explosion if he even touched her there.

She screamed when his fingertip glanced over it, gone as quickly as it had come. Instead his fingers swirled between her lips, teasing her every time he got close to her center. Ready to claim her release no matter the consequences, Nissa thrust her hips back and seated herself fully with Erik's shaft filling her completely. Not one to wait, she pulled back off and took Roane deeper into her mouth and repeated her movements over and over until she fucked them both in tandem and neither man moved to stop her.

With Roane thickening and Erik pulsing within her body she knew there were only seconds left before

she lost control. She glanced up to see Roane's eyes watching her, twin pools of dark lust and need that gave her the satisfaction of knowing he was not unaffected by their play.

"Dammit, Nissa," he whispered urgently. The first pulse of his release burst onto her tongue at the same time Erik's fingers dug into her hips on a loud, guttural groan. A soothing warmth filled her body as she swallowed down the salty essence of the mighty Roane.

Neither man slowed as they both pushed into her, one dizzying stroke after another until she thought she would splinter from the pleasure.

"Come on, princess, It's your turn. Come for us, baby." At Roane's words an earth shattering orgasm ripped through her body as every muscle contracted around them and her muffled screams turned into keening wails.

Erik stayed draped over her as they fought for breath while Roane slid from her mouth to give her ample air to recover. What the hell had just happened? She'd convulsed and screamed like a wild animal. Even now she could only grunt or whimper instead of form coherent words.

Erik nuzzled at her neck, raining kisses along

her shoulder until she shuddered from the sweet sensations. Her arms and legs ached in ways she'd never experienced before and a renewed sense of peace floated through her again. When she'd chosen to pass through the veil and leave Otherworld behind, she'd really underestimated the chemistry of their race and how much her body required a male fae. Maybe if she'd been able to stay with her mother she could have asked her questions and learned the extent of what would happen to her.

A sharp thought occurred to her then. Would this happen again? Would her body feel this heat, this pain of unfulfillment regularly? She had so many questions that needed answering but the cloak of fatigue held her tight in its grip, demanding she rest.

"Nissa." Erik brushed wild strands of hair from her eyes before he too moved from atop of her. He didn't release his fingers from where they were buried now in her tresses, but he did roll them to the bed so they could relax into the mattress. "Are you all right?"

She was more than all right. Her body was so loose and limber, not to mention exhausted, she thought she might like to sleep for a week. She burrowed against his chest.

"Mmm," she murmured. Erik smelled so

good...all man and sex, she didn't want to move. "I'm sleepy."

Erik laughed when she snuggled closer as the mattress dipped behind her. Roane settled against her back and wrapped his legs around hers. This kind of attention could spoil a girl and make her want to stay like this forever. Not Nissa. She knew all of this was temporary and in seven days they would part ways a little wiser if nothing else. This was just sex, meant only to ease her heat and gain her freedom. What would happen after was anyone's guess.

Chapter Six

A warm, soft body and the tantalizing aroma of fresh coffee awoke Erik the next morning. He stretched his arms overhead as a flood of memories from the previous night's activities filled his thoughts. He and Roane had finally found Nissa and convinced her to let them help her. Erik snorted. Yeah right. It was all about her and had nothing to do with their own selfish needs. The damn woman had gotten through their defenses in the blink of an eye and every moment since she'd run from them had been consumed with getting her back.

He looked down at the warm, sleeping woman in his arms and marveled at how well she'd fit with them. She might have agreed to a week because of her heat, but her reactions to everything they'd done had been about more than a medical condition. She'd taken to her submissive nature like a natural.

"About time you get your lazy ass out of bed."

Erik turned in the direction of the voice to see Roane relaxing in the corner chair with only a towel wrapped around his waist and his bare feet propped against the tiny table that dominated the middle of the room. With his dark hair wet and slicked back, even his stubbled jaw didn't draw away from his good looks or the mystical charisma he carried innately, the thing that

drew women and men to him despite his occasional mean streak and bad reputation. Right now his sarcasm meant nothing when Erik spied the amused glint in Roane's eye. He looked as thrilled as Erik felt.

"Why the hell would I be in a hurry to get out of bed? Have you already forgotten last night?"

Roane's eyes flickered with a flash of lust that jolted Erik's body to attention. Damn he needed to get himself under control. It wasn't like either of them to be ruled by their desires this much.

"Is that coffee I smell?" Erik perked up.

Roane grunted and picked up the stone mug in front of him, rubbing it in.

Erik reached for the slim arm around his waist and did his best to move without waking her. They'd used her pretty hard and she'd be much better off with more sleep because when she woke she'd likely need them again. In fact he estimated it could take most of the week to get her system back to normal, although her half human genes made it difficult for anyone to be sure. As soon as he'd extricated himself from the bed he missed her warmth, but the devious dark brew beckoned.

"So where is it?" He stood to his full height and stretched his stiffened limbs with no thought to hide his

nudity or his morning stiff dick. Although how he could be hard after the night they'd had was beyond him.

Roane nodded his head to the right and Erik moved across the room in only three short strides. The coffee pot stood on a small table next to the bathroom door, giving off the delicious aroma his mouth watered for. He quickly grabbed a mug and poured himself a steaming brew, taking large gulps of the hot liquid not even caring if it scalded him.

The heat coursed through his veins as he heaved a sigh in relief. Not paying attention to anything but the coffee in his hand, he started at the low rumble of laughter from around the corner.

"I can hear you all the way in here. Are you going to have an orgasm with that coffee?"

Erik smiled into his mug at the ribbing Roane always gave him over his need for morning caffeine. "I don't see you skipping your morning brew either, smart ass."

He walked in front of Roane and kicked out the second chair, settling down across from his friend. Although Roane wasn't just a friend. What they shared was far more complicated yet simple on many levels. Friends, partners, lovers and hunters. His thoughts strayed to the gorgeous woman asleep in the bed and his

cock tightened as more blood rushed to the region. The soft scent of her heat filled the room and his every sense until it almost drove him back to the bed.

“Things are only going to get worse you know.”

Erik reluctantly drew his gaze from the bed and faced Roane again. “Yeah, I know.”

“We need more privacy than this little ship. Especially with the recent visit from a seed demon.”

“Damn it, Roane. We should have known our trap might spring more than our flighty fae.”

“It was a chance we had to take. We both knew the risks of going after her as well as not. Her magic is a lure and the more she uses it the more likely she’ll draw attention. Human witch magic wrapped up in a hot little fae package is too impossible to resist.”

“Maybe the demon will let it go.” It was a long shot, but Erik thought it didn’t hurt to hope.

“Uh huh, and maybe you’re not sitting there with a dick hard enough to drive nails.” Roane glanced pointedly at Erik’s cock.

“Are you going to try and tell me her scent alone isn’t driving you up the wall? That you aren’t thinking about being balls deep in that juicy pussy of hers?”

“I didn’t say that. Hell I wouldn’t even bother

to deny it. But here on this ship she creates a danger to us all.”

“And how exactly is that?” Both men jerked at her voice. She’d sat up and pulled the sheet over her lush breasts even though her hair covered half of her nakedness. Everything about her screamed sex, from the dreamy look in her eyes to the flushed skin of her neck and face. Erik moved from the chair to go to her and Roane grabbed him by the arm to stop him.

“Not yet.” Roane turned to Nissa. “Your heat is projecting, as is the magic, and we’ve already attracted the attention of one demon. It’s only a matter of time before we have other unwelcome visitors all looking for a piece of the action.”

“You don’t have to be crude, Roane.”

“If she can’t take me telling her the truth flat out then she has no business here.”

“I can handle whatever needs to be said, so just get on with it.” She climbed out of bed and wrapped the sheet around her, tucking in the edges so it wouldn’t fall down before she too headed for the coffeemaker.

“We need more privacy, somewhere we aren’t likely to attract any attention from evil or troublemakers and where I can bend you over my knee whenever I want without some human looking at me like I’ve lost

my mind.”

Nissa stopped up short and whirled around, eyes blazing and heat creeping into her cheeks. “Bend me over your knee? As if,” she huffed.

Roane shifted, moving closer. “Have you already forgotten the terms of our agreement, princess?”

Erik watched her struggle with her composure by gripping the sheet in her fists so tight her knuckles turned white. The byplay between them fascinated him. Like mixing oil and water. Would there be any hope of bringing her around without breaking the spirit he liked so much?

“Why do you keep calling me princess? Do you not like me very much?”

“If I didn’t like you why would I be dying to fuck you?” Roane’s voice had lowered an octave or two, his arousal evident in more ways than one. “Besides, the name is meant as an endearment not an insult. I could have called you kitten or precious but the way you carry yourself and your spunk remind me of stories my mother told me as a child of a rather exuberant princess.”

His explanation calmed her as her shoulders lowered and her hands loosened at her side. This was all part of what Roane did. He’d push her every chance he

got until she was at the breaking point and from there he would blow her mind with pleasure like she never could've imagined. His former lovers didn't talk about him because he'd been cruel in the usual way, but instead because he'd given them something they'd never likely experience again. His ability to get inside the psyche of a submissive was uncanny and while he did his best to lead them to a positive space without him, he nonetheless left them.

Before meeting Roane, Erik had never considered himself with any submissive tendencies, but the power exuding from his friend was impossible to resist. He could spot even the most die-hard closeted sub.

Not that Nissa's submissive nature was far from the surface. In one night, he'd seen enough to know they were all headed down the right path and it was just a matter of time before even she came to realize it. They were in a race to convince her in seven short days to return with them to Otherworld and take her place with them where she now belonged.

"I would've never thought of myself as a princess." Her words came out so soft Erik barely heard them.

"How do you see yourself then?" Roane slid

inside her defenses with a seemingly innocent question.

“I’ve been training to be a warrior. A fighter not unlike the two of you.”

Erik glanced toward Roane, who raised his eyebrow in surprise. “Nissa, where did you get that idea from?”

She turned at his voice and looked at him curiously. “Try not to sound so shocked. I know that women in our world aren’t seen as warriors anymore but in the history of our people they were the leaders of the hunt groups.”

“But—”

“No, don’t tell me how impractical or unrealistic I am. I’ve heard it more times than you can count. While I may not have all the answers, what I do know is it only takes one person to take a stand and force a change. One man at a time if I have to.”

Erik shook his head. No way would a half human, half fey woman be able to compete in the hunter rituals. They sometimes fought to the death and women were revered far too much for that kind of thing.

Roane stepped toward them. “Erik, if anyone could have a prayer of implementing change, why not her? She is after all our princess. But...we are getting off track and away from the issues at hand.” Roane

turned and tugged at the sheet wrapped around Nissa making it fall to the ground in a puddle at her feet. She didn't hide or try to cover her nakedness, but instead stood tall and proud until Roane snagged her around the waist and pulled them both down onto the bed, her in his lap.

Nissa struggled against him, fighting to get up. "Hey, I wanted coffee."

"You can later. Right now you have more important things to do."

Instead of acquiescing to Roane's demand, Nissa pushed an elbow into his gut hard enough to knock the wind from him and loosen his hold on her waist. Erik started to intervene but the hard look from his friend kept him in place. He let this latest development unfold without his help.

She sprang from his lap and had almost cleared Roane's reach when his hand snaked out and grabbed her. He flung her to the bed and she landed with an oomph seconds before he landed on top of her, pinning her in place. Or so he thought.

A feminine growl sounded from Nissa, their only warning before she lifted and wrapped one of those long silken legs around Roane's neck. She rolled him to the side, forcing him against the headboard and

temporarily locking him into position.

Erik pushed at his pounding dick as he watched them spar, turned on beyond belief. What had started out as a harmless tussle was growing ever more aggressive and promised someone would end up bruised before it was all over.

With little real effort, Roane broke free and flipped her to her belly, once again landing on top of her and pinning her in place. “Did you really think you could best me that easily?”

His hand reached behind him and in between her legs to what Erik could scent would be a very wet and ready pussy. Nissa’s hard and heavy breathing escalated until Erik thought she’d given in to the need of her heat. Roane’s thick fingers probed the folds of her cunt until she squirmed and whimpered beneath him.

“Your heat makes you vulnerable, more susceptible to your surroundings and a danger to everyone on this ship.”

She instantly stilled and Erik sucked in a slow breath when he sensed the energy of the room changing. Roane had gone too far and Nissa began to pull on her magic. Before either of them could react her head slammed into Roane’s face and the distinct sound of

cartilage cracking filled the room, not to mention the scent and sight of blood spurting onto the bed sheets. He reared back giving Nissa the space to flip to her back and wedge her knee between them.

“No, don’t.” Erik rushed the bed planning to stop her before she went too far. Admittedly she was a tough woman and with proper training could likely do some serious damage, but pissing off Roane would not bode well for her.

One stride from the bed and Erik froze in place. Roane’s wings shimmered orange and gold across his skin as his own power reared up in response to hers.

“Enough, princess.” The calm tone of his voice should have chilled the room, but a battle of magic had begun. “I may not be able to open portals between worlds, but I’m not powerless when it comes to magic.”

In a move of lightening speed he’d grabbed her arms and raised them above her head, locking them in place with a slight movement of his hand.

Nissa fought against the invisible bonds to no avail. She would not be getting loose until Roane allowed it, of that Erik had no doubt. She kicked and bucked but Roane moved too quickly as he sprang from the bed, letting her flail her hips and legs as wildly as she dared.

“Whose got you now, princess?” Roane taunted her as Erik guessed what would be coming next. With a wave of both hands her legs were spread wide and locked into place in the same manner as her arms. “I think now is as good a time as any for your next lesson.”

“What might that be? Brute Force 101?” she seethed.

“Pain and pleasure and the fine line between the two.” That shut her up as her eyes opened wide and she considered her position. Roane turned to him. “You’re in charge of pleasure this time so make sure she feels good.”

Erik didn’t have to be told twice. He dropped to his knees and buried his face into the hottest pussy on this world or theirs.

Chapter Seven

Nissa held her breath when Erik stepped toward her. She hadn't given much thought to pain or how in the hell it correlated to pleasure when she'd agreed to a week with them. As Roane rummaged through his bag out of her sight, Erik traced his fingers between the swollen folds of her sex, circling her clit. Warmth infused her blood and coursed through her veins to the very spot he touched.

How the hell was she supposed to think straight in this position? Her eyes squeezed tight against the urge to buck her hips into his hand to seek more contact. Goddess her skin seemed too hot and too tight. She found her arms and legs straining against their restraints. This was something Kian had never trained her for...escaping from magic.

"Relax, Nissa. Stop fighting it. Trust me when I say Roane knows exactly what he's doing and when to stop. Plus you're going to need your strength."

"I—I" she stopped herself from crying out any further. She didn't want either of them to know just how frightened she truly was. *Think, Nissa, think. You are inexperienced, not naïve.*

"Don't worry so much, princess. Erik will take care of you."

Her body stiffened when a finger stroked up inside her, grazing against the soft, sensitive tissues to drive her wild as the heat of his mouth engulfed her clit.

A quiet cry escaped her lips as she raised her head to watch. Erik's golden waves brushed amongst and contrasted with her red curls creating a sensual picture she'd never forget. It was images like these she'd use to get through her days alone once their week together was up. Her stomach jerked at that thought, confusing her. Why did she keep having to remind herself this was just sex?

Roane walked back into her vision. His gaze roamed over her, dark and hungry, warming her. He loomed above her with big, broad shoulders taut with muscles and ridged abs that narrowed to...her eyes widened when she focused on the small whip in his hand. The brown leather tail looked to be about three feet long, but she couldn't be sure since Erik made it really difficult for her to concentrate. The man had a wicked way with his tongue as he curled and sucked in rhythm with the finger that moved in and out of her.

Her fingers fisted the sheet on the bed as sensations shot through her belly and hips. She wanted to say something to Roane, to tell him he couldn't touch her with that damn thing, but everything felt too good

and damn she wanted to see what they had in store for her, despite the fear crouching in the back of her mind.

“There’s a fine line between the pleasure that Erik gives you and the pain I have planned for you, princess. One thing I can tell you is the pain will heighten every sensation but you won’t believe until you feel it.”

She wanted to ask questions but knew she couldn’t. Trust. She kept reminding herself.

He walked around the bed, unfurling the small whip as she desperately reached for logical thought. “Don’t hurt yourself trying to concentrate. Just relax into your bonds and let yourself feel. We’ll take care of you. I promise.”

Her mind fought against his words but her body betrayed her with a flood of renewed desire and an aching need to learn what he wanted to teach her. She had given her word to follow their lead and by Goddess she wanted to. In fact everything about her demanded it.

“Is Erik making you feel good? Do you feel your release rising?”

She nodded unable to say a word.

“That’s it, little one. Go with it. The less you fight the more the pleasure will take over everything else.”

Nissa's hips shot from the bed when Erik added a second finger to the first and Roane dropped the loose tip of the whip against her bare nipple. He'd barely touched her and already she wanted to go off like a rocket. Trust. She'd never be able to embrace her sexuality if she didn't trust them with her pleasure and her safety, no matter where it led them.

The leather strap trailed down her stomach entwining with her and Erik's hair, giving her a shiver of sensual delight. Goddess she wanted to explode.

"Don't worry about permission right now, if you need to come then do it. Do not try to hold back, do you understand?" His rough command rushed across her nipples as the whip moved again, this time down her leg and foot.

"Yes," she breathed.

"This is one of my favorite toys because I can use it in a manner that barely kisses your skin when it hits." Roane raised the strip and brought the whip down across the soft skin of her belly in an almost sensual rub. He repeated the move several times adding a touch of force each time until she writhed for more. "Or when the time is right I can wield it in a way that'll send a jolt of pain, leaving you breathless."

At his words, Erik's mouth sucked her clit

between his teeth, drawing a ragged cry from her throat at the same time Roane pulled back his arm and lashed the leather fast and sharp against her hip. The instant the heated pain slashed across her skin, Erik's mouth threw her into a cataclysmic orgasm, hurtling her from the edge of the cliff she'd been teetering on as she waited for more.

Her cries turned to screams and her body vibrated from head to toe as she thrashed against the mattress.

"Damn, Roane. We're going to have to gag her before every human and not so human creature on this ship comes running."

"I doubt even a gag will hide her. Besides I want to hear every delicious sound she makes."

Nissa watched helplessly as Roane grabbed his shaft and stroked from base to tip, letting a bead of cum settle at the tip. Despite the release she'd just achieved, ferocious need gripped her, her muscles quivering with the desire to be filled by both men at the same time.

More, she needed more.

Erik had stopped sucking on her clit and instead lapped at the tender folds drenched in her release. More than one shiver snaked down her body as she tried to comprehend what had just happened.

“Surprised, aren’t you?” Roane had bent to whisper at her ear and his warm breath caressed her already overheated skin.

“I—”

“I understand completely. Lucky for you we aren’t done yet.” The smooth muscles of his arms and chest flexed and moved as he pushed away from her and nodded in Erik’s direction. Before she could think to ask what or why, Erik’s incredibly talented mouth had found it’s way back to her still quivering pussy.

Nissa fought to drag enough oxygen into her lungs as her heat rose like a flash fire threatening to engulf her. How could she need more? Her body and mind had exploded, yet with every flick and suckle she cried out for more.

“That’s it, princess. Tell him what you want. Don’t be afraid to ask even when bound to the bed.”

Her mind wandered as Roane spoke, unable to focus on the words. The leather tip of the whip had begun to strike at her skin with increasing force in nearly perfect rhythm with Erik’s lips. Over and over he worked her flesh until she lost track of the difference between the pleasure from Erik and the pain from Roane. Everything melded together as she writhed and whimpered on the bed, her mind floating somewhere in

the distance as she rode one sensation after another.

As a second orgasm peaked through her bundles of nerves, a third began to build and crest right behind it until she could no longer tell where one ended and another started.

“Please. Oh dear Goddess. Please.” She begged for more from them both and they eagerly complied. Nothing mattered anymore other than the reactions of her body and the two men touching her.

“Look at her soar.” Roane’s voice sounded so far away as she tried to understand what he meant.

“I can’t believe how quickly she succumbed to the pleasure. I thought it would take more to break through her resistance.” Roane leaned forward to stroke her sizzling skin.

“She’s been suffering needlessly for far too long.”

When she thought she’d figured out what they were up to and where they were going the bindings around her ankles released and her legs involuntarily jumped.

Tears burned behind her eyes over the fact they’d stopped when her body screamed for more. More of what she had no idea, other than fucking that is. She ached for them both to use her now for their pleasure as

well. Especially since they'd just given her more mind blowing bliss than she'd thought possible.

"Please don't stop." Her wrists released then and her arms sagged toward her side.

"No worries, princess. We are far from done with you, but getting you off this boat is paramount. Your magic is rippling too strong for either of us to contain so we have to get somewhere private pretty quickly."

"What about the island? Does that really exist?" Erik questioned. "I've heard rumors more than once of a remote and exclusive island hidden here that caters to the fae when they're able to cross the veil. A place where the only humans in residence are there to maintain and potentially entertain if their services are requested."

Nissa nodded. "I've heard rumors of it too. I've never actually tried to find it though, but I have a pretty good idea of where it should be."

On the Internet she'd found groups of people who for whatever reason seemed to know things about her kind. Her research had uncovered a brief discussion once about an island where dark desires were catered to and there were reports of visitors who seemed different. People like her she'd assumed. It had been called a

hedonist's dream and the details she'd read had given her the first real view of what she might have escaped from. Afterwards she'd had vivid dreams and unexplained cravings she'd blamed on her heat.

Roane and Erik exchanged a knowing look. The tables had turned and now they were going to have to trust her too.

"Do you think you can get us there, Nissa?" Erik lifted his brow.

"Yes." If it got them somewhere private where they could continue the pleasures they'd only started, she'd figure it out no matter what it took.

"Can you open a portal now or do you need some rest?"

"I need something all right and it's not rest." She poked at her memory and everything she remembered about the island, what it looked like, where it was supposed to be, how it supposedly worked. Pinpointing the location in respect to their current position, she called on her magic. Deep within her core she felt the stirrings tingle until her entire being vibrated with the powerful force. The air around them swirled and stormed until a vortex formed in the center of the room. From the corner of her eye she saw Erik grab some of their belongings, an unnecessary step since her

magic would grab everything associated with them in the vicinity.

Roane scooped her from the bed. “You are amazing, you know that?” His lips crushed against hers for a brief moment taking her breath away as he stepped into the aura of her power.

Darkness engulfed them when they entered the tunnel, blind to what lay ahead. They traveled for several minutes until bright sunshine appeared in front of them as well as a warm ocean breeze. A smile played across her face as she realized they were now on the island of deviant sex, the name she’d given it when she learned some of the details of what went on here.

White sand stretched endlessly in front of them until Roane turned away from the water and a bungalow came into view. “Is it occupied?”

“Nope. No one around here. I can sense at all.”

“Good.” He carried her inside where they ended up in a bedroom five times as big as her cabin onboard the ship with a bed the size of a small lake.

“You’ve even led us to the perfect spot, princess.”

“Perfect spot for what?” she asked innocently.

“Don’t be coy now.” Erik grabbed her from Roane and tossed her onto the bed where she laughed

and bounced on her knees. She wanted them to fuck her, to fill her with both their cocks until they too were lost in a release like they'd provided for her. It was only fair after all. But she'd recovered enough now to want to make them work for it. Her magic had infused her with more excess energy than she knew what to do with and it was times like these when she would spar with someone or go for a run.

"Feisty now I see." Erik moved around the bed after her and Nissa scooted to the other side out of his reach.

She kept her eyes focused on Erik, whose muscles had tensed. She knew any minute he would spring, but she couldn't be sure what Roane would do so she had to keep track of him from the corner of her eye.

"It's the buzz from her magic, I'd guess."

Nissa only smiled at Erik's comment. She didn't need to talk. She needed to fuck and she wanted them to take it, wrestle control from her.

"This one's on you, but hurry up because my dick hurts." Roane grinned at Erik before backing away from the bed.

Erik dove for her then, one leap and he was across the bed. Her laughter pealed through the room as

she barely managed to slip his grasp and run for the opposite corner. She circled around the head of the bed, noticing the hooks in the walls and the chains suspended from the ceiling. An image of herself chained and helpless flashed through her brain and Erik chose the moment to attack once again.

He grabbed at her arm, but she collected her wits enough to wiggle away out of his grasp at least until he put on a burst of speed and hooked his arms around her waist. The momentum of his movement spun Erik's back against the wall with him dragging her along for the ride.

Her lungs heaved for air as Erik secured his hold on her and sank his teeth into the soft spot between her shoulder and neck, rendering her immobile. She'd been good and caught. The remnants of her magic sizzled and burned through her system, driving her to grind her ass against the bulging cock pressing against her backside.

Goddess, he felt good. Maybe he would...

She locked gazes with Roane who stood only ten feet in front of her, heat firing in his eyes and a determined slash across his lips. The look stole her breath. A flood of desire pulsated to her pussy until it trickled at the tops of her thighs. Her gaze roamed from

his face to the hard planes of his chest and stomach and on down to the thick thatch of dark curls nestling his impressive erection now straining in her direction.

He took a few steps toward her and she noticed the vial in his hand. The same vial he'd used to lubricate Erik's ass when he'd fucked him the day before. As if knowing what she'd been thinking, Erik shifted enough so the tip of his cock prodded at her rear opening. Adrenalin and fear raced through her with the realization of what was about to happen.

"Stop it," Erik commanded at her ear. "Feel the power, let the instincts you unleashed remain free and submit to us. Don't stiffen up now."

Somehow Erik's voice soothed her frayed edges enough to release some of the fear, but did little for the unyielding need gripping her. He was right though. She owed it to them and to herself to trust her heart. They felt right.

Erik's hands slid up the smooth expanse of her stomach and rib cage to her breasts, which he squeezed and massaged before grasping at her tight nipples. He rolled them between his thumb and forefinger, alternately giving them a pinch and a tug until her mind screamed for satisfaction. His hands continued their pattern, alternating jolts of pain and caresses of

pleasure.

Lost in the sensations he created, her head lolled back against his shoulder while she struggled with heavy lids of desire to keep her eyes on Roane.

He poured liquid on his hands, which no longer frightened her. She wanted both men with such a fierce need it took all of her control not to cry out to them over and over again. Roane's gaze never faltered from her even when his lube slickened hands pushed past her slit to the tiny hole Erik's cock rested against, setting off a firestorm inside her.

When he spread the liquid across Erik's shaft his sharp intake of breath sounded in her ear and his muscles tensed around her. Even his fingers tightened on her nipples until she too cried out from the erotic pain. Her brain became so focused on her breasts she barely noticed Roane's finger breach her rear entrance as he worked his finger into the small space.

"Relax, Nissa. Don't tighten. That's what makes it hurt." She listened to his instructions and unclenched her muscles, allowing his finger to slide the rest of the way inside. A dark, wicked sensation shot through her as new nerve endings were awakened.

"That's right, princess. Enjoy the new sensation."

Goddess did she ever, so much so that she moved to seat him further. When had she become a slave to pleasure? To this mass of simpering need that never ended? And who the hell cared?

Just as the pressure in her rear began to rise and she wanted him to move quicker, he removed his finger and stepped back.

“Time to wrap your legs around my waist, princess.” Roane’s hands grasped her cheeks and pulled her up so she could comply. With her feet locked behind his back, she balanced between the two men. Caught off guard she gasped when Roane lowered her body to impale her pussy with one smooth, bold stroke. Blood rushed from her head and heat flared inside her, hot and fast.

“Fuck.” Her nails dug into the flesh of Roane’s arms as she grappled with her equilibrium while he stroked in and out of her pussy. Her nipples tingled from the attention Erik gave them, her back arching for more.

More, cant stop—have to have more.

Roane leaned forward and sucked her bottom lip into his mouth, his teeth nibbling at her flesh. She sighed. His skill for take-your-breath-away kisses had to be unrivaled. She shifted her hips at a different angle

allowing more of Roane to slip inside while unwittingly opening up her backside for Erik's crown to ease against her rear.

Her body froze and she held her breath, tension arcing through her body.

“No, princess. Loosen your muscles and relax into our arms and don't forget to push back, it'll make the first time much easier.”

Roane drove forward with a forceful thrust and Nissa pushed back automatically, impaling herself onto Erik. All three groaned in unison as they filled her, stretching her to accommodate them both.

“Oh Goddess that is good. So fucking good...” Erik's forehead fell forward to rest on her neck as his labored, breathing air across her skin, sending a quick chill down her spine. Her own pants sounded thunderous in her head as she struggled with a decision. Did she or didn't she want them to move?

A pulse of magic swirled around her, teasing her flesh with a ghost of a caress until she shuddered in their arms. The heated power brushed against her clit and her hips bucked in response. More groans from the men sounded as they began to move in unison, rubbing against every nerve ending she never knew she had. Her body would be sore after this and she didn't care. It'd

be well worth it.

Roane's head dipped forward and sucked her nipple between his teeth as Erik whispered into her ear. "You're going to come so hard for us, aren't you? Scream for it first though, let me feel it, baby."

Nissa gasped and bit her lower lip, the pulse of tension already unfurling inside her.

"Harder, please. Oh Goddess, please." The words slipped from her mouth before she could stop them. Her skin heated quickly in a rush of shame at her loss of control. How had she gone from virgin to this in less than twenty-four hours?

The in and out rhythm of both men picked up speed only buffered by the magic shared between them until the frenzied movements snapped her resistance, sending her careening to the edge.

"Oh Goddess yes—just like that. You're going to make me come." Her fingertips curled into Roane's muscles until she felt the flesh beneath give and the scent of blood fill the room. The pressure rose in a flash, coiling tight inside her.

"Come now then." Erik's voice was a quiet demand as his teeth scraped across her neck, sending a quiver shooting through her at the same time he thrust his hips, his cock rasping against those newly

discovered nerve endings. “Now.”

When Roane pushed into her as well, her brain shut down and the world spun away completely, something unlike anything before. Blood rushed from her head with a roar in her ears and she splintered into a million tiny pieces of ecstasy in their arms.

Two sets of hands dug into her flesh as the strokes in and out of her body continued one, two, three more times before both men jerked and groaned with their own heated releases.

Nissa tried to catch her breath but the magic buzzing around and through her made her heart pound faster as she lowered her head into Roane’s neck. They held her tight as she whimpered and shook through all the tiny after shocks from her orgasm. “I—uhh—”

“Shh.” Erik sought to quiet her as hands caressed her back and arms and even petted her hair. She imagined the riot of messy curls she would be faced with, but for now she couldn’t focus. Her limbs suddenly weighed more than they should and her lids drooped from an overwhelming fatigue. How could she have known both of them like this would make her crazy, desperate even? She wanted to think, figure out why the way they held her somewhat possessively gave her comfort and security. Something she’d been missing

in her life since her father's death.

"I need to understand..." Her voice sounded weak even to her own ears.

"There will be time later. Right now you need rest."

Bodies shifted but she barely registered the movement. Of course they were right. She needed to close her eyes for just a few minutes and languish in the extreme pleasure they'd given her. Then she could figure out what was going on. She vaguely sensed cool sheets and the scent of an ocean breeze when she sank onto the downy mattress. Legs and arms tangled together with hers as soft lips pressed across her shoulders and back. She sighed into it and let go of the desire to fight sleep.

"Maybe a little bit of sleep would be okay."

A low rumble of male laughter sounded vaguely near her along with the warmth of their embrace and a comforting scent wrapped around her like a blanket.

"Yes, princess, a little sleep."

Chapter Eight

Erik sat in the chair and watched Nissa sleep. Her red curls were tangled and draped across the pillow, her face slack in deep sleep. For the first time she appeared completely at peace. From the moment they'd met her until now she'd been tense or afraid, unsure of her place. He wondered if she even realized how well she had fallen into her role as submissive to them, meeting their demands one right after the other. But it wasn't just the submissive in her drawing them to her. She carried fierceness in her, a determination to be and do more than the average fae woman.

"She looks peaceful." Roane walked up to the foot of the bed and peered at her sleeping form as well. "For once not fighting her nature or us."

Erik nodded. How would she readjust when she woke up? Would she still fight them? His hand reached down and palmed his thickening cock. He hoped not. His fierce need for her had not subsided any and it would take more time to get his fill, if he ever did.

"We broke her heat." Erik stroked himself harder, knowing where Roane was going with this. "With her urgent need gone she may not be as willing to continue our agreement."

"She strikes me as a woman who keeps her

word.”

“I don’t doubt that, but I liked her in heat. She damn near strangled my dick more than once.” Roane’s lips curved.

“You are such an ass.” Erik shook his head and smiled. Not like he didn’t totally agree with him. The last couple of days had truly been the best sex of his life. She had that something special he’d never quite believed in...until now.

“Everything about her physiology seems different. Her magic is far stronger than most Fae and her cycles are shorter, hell I thought it would take at least a week to get her through the heat.”

“That kind of power won’t go unnoticed. Not even here in this world.”

Roane nodded, turning away from the bed. “She is special beyond her royal blood.”

“I still don’t understand why Cirdan had her sold. What was he afraid of?”

“Or what was he hiding?”

“What will we do if she decides to leave at the end of the week? I’m not sure I can let her go.”

Roane reached down and gently stroked her ankle and calf. “Maybe it’s for the best.”

“You aren’t serious?”

“She’s quickly becoming a weakness. Something someone could use against us. Leaving her here might be what’s best for us all.”

“That’s bullshit, Roane and you know it. Stop acting like a jerk and just admit the truth. You like her. More than like her, you’re getting attached.”

“Attachment is for besotted fools.”

“Then for once I am glad to be a fool.” Erik rose and strode from the room. He didn’t want to argue fruitlessly with the stubborn fae. He could deny all he wanted but his feelings were plain as day in the way he touched her. Watched her. Some day soon something would happen and for once he wouldn’t be able to get away from the truth. They were both falling in love.

*

Nissa pulled at the sheet on the bed until she had it wrapped snugly around her body. She’d awoken to a dark and empty room and a growling stomach that threatened to revolt if she didn’t put something in it.

First she’d have to retrieve her belongings, otherwise she’d be naked the rest of the week. Her skin tingled at the thought. Maybe that wasn’t a half bad idea. If she ran around naked all day and night maybe Erik and Roane would never stop making love to her.

Damn. When did it go from fucking to making

love? She'd need to nip her emotions in the bud, but first food. She must have slept all day, which meant she'd missed breakfast and lunch.

Nissa closed her eyes and concentrated on the warmth of her magic pumping through her blood. Where were the bags? She bit down on her lip and pushed everything outward until in her mind's eye she found them on the farthest point of the island. How the hell had that happened?

Her magic grabbed onto everything and all the other loose items as well. As her power receded she opened her eyes to their stuff at her feet while a smug smile tugged at her lips. Her abilities had really picked up in strength these last weeks and she'd had a lot of fun honing them.

She unzipped her bag and grabbed a pair of shorts and a tank top, but when she went to step into them she caught something shiny from the corner of her eye. Her hand reached for the gold chain that had spilled from Erik's jeans and pulled it out for a better look.

What the hell?

There were two loops one larger than the other and a delicate but sturdy chain connected all the pieces. The smaller loop was encrusted with several emeralds

set into the links all the way around. Each one had to be at least a carat or more. Oh how she loved emeralds.

“That’s quite a parlor trick.”

Nissa whirled around and shoved her hands behind her back. “What?” She licked her lips nervously.

“Using your magic to grab our stuff from wherever it was hiding. That’s some handy power to have. You’ll never worry about forgetting anything at home.” She observed Erik closely, trying to figure out if he was being sincere or sarcastic. If he’d seen what she had in her hands he hid it well.

“It’s not hard really. Just takes some concentration.”

“That’s because your powers are getting stronger, aren’t they?” Roane questioned from the doorway.

She debated how to answer, not sure how much information she should indulge. Ultimately she decided to just leave the question unanswered.

“It happens to all of the fae when they go through puberty. The sexual heat brings out bursts of uncontrollable magic, but once the heat is assuaged you can take the time to develop the increase in power.”

Goddess how she wished she had some pants or anything with a pocket she could shove these gems into.

Wrapped in nothing but a sheet left her nowhere to hide.
Dammit!

“This is all great information, but we skipped breakfast this morning and I’m hungrier than a one-eyed toad.”

Both Erik and Roane burst into laughter as she fidgeted nervously from one foot to the other hoping they would turn and lead her to the kitchen so she could dump this damn thing. What the hell were they laughing at?

“Princess, that was yesterday.”

“What?” She couldn’t have heard Roane right. No way she’d slept for two full days.

“That’s right. You’ve been asleep since yesterday morning when we broke your heat.”

“Broke my heat?” Her free hand came up and rubbed at her forehead, her pulse pounding in confusion.

“Maybe we should discuss this over some food, but first why don’t you give me the chain for safekeeping.” Erik held out his hand and drilled her with a stern and steady glare. He’d known all along what she’d been up to.

Nissa glanced to Roane who eyed her curiously as she slowly brought her arm in front of her, the pretty

chain dangling from her hand.

“What have we here?” Roane took a few quick strides and seized the jewelry from her. “Where did this come from? How did it get here?”

“I brought it. She found it in my pants pocket.” Erik spoke up while she fought the urge to hide behind him.

Roane glanced from her to Erik and back to her again. “So our princess is a curious little thing. What’s that old saying about curiosity killing something?”

“No harm, no foul. Let’s get something to eat and then we can all hash this out.” Erik grabbed her hand and led her into the spacious living area. Like the other room there wasn’t much furniture except for a couple of black leather couches that faced a big screen television on the wall. But like the bedroom, this room had a few extra accessories she was very interested in. Particularly the leather strap swing hanging in the far corner.

“Any idea how that gets used?” Warm air from Erik’s words floated over her and she shivered in response. Her nipples tightened under the sheet and her pussy moistened in anticipation. How could her heat be gone if she experienced this rush of need at the mere sight of a few leather straps and a whisper at her ear?

“Maybe.” She whispered. Her imagination could certainly picture a few things.

“Then perhaps after dinner we’ll have a demonstration.” More heat pumped through her blood as she imagined all the wicked possibilities these two could do to her in the contraption.

When she walked through the sliding glass doors she was struck with the fact it wasn’t as dark as she’d thought from inside the bungalow. The breathtaking view looked out over the vast ocean and the horizon beyond still showed a sliver of sunset in hues of dark purple, red and orange.

“Wow, this is gorgeous.” When she tore her eyes away from the sky she noticed a table set with platters of every fruit and cheese imaginable and an assortment of grilled chicken and vegetable kabobs. Her mouth watered instantly as she rushed to take a seat.

Roane poured white wine into her glass while Erik heaped food on her plate. “I hope you don’t mind we took the liberty of fixing something in case you woke up.”

“Mind? Are you kidding? I’m thrilled.” She plucked a grape from the center platter and popped it into her mouth. Luxuriating in the moist burst of flavor that exploded when she bit down. “Mmm.”

“I’ll say.” Roane watched her with something dark and needy shining from his eyes. Almost distracting her from the sumptuous feast. *Almost*.

“Where did you get all this food? Aren’t we kind of trespassing here?”

“Nah, Erik here took care of everything for us. He has a way with the human mind. So, we have the place for the rest of the week, fully stocked and all the food your little heart could desire.”

“Not exactly the vacation I had originally planned but I guess it will do.” She watched both their expressions turn grim before she burst out laughing. “Come on guys, lighten up. I’m on a private island in a private bungalow designed for all the wicked sex you could imagine, with two men dying to get in my pants. This is so not a hardship.”

They both visibly relaxed and served up food onto their own plates before settling down across from her.

“You do realize that mouth of yours is going to get you into some trouble this week, don’t you?” The seriousness in which Roane delivered his statement sent a chill sliding down her spine and a tingling through her breasts and pussy. Goddess she hoped so.

After a good long while of eating her fill and

listening to their explanation of her heat's disappearance, Nissa pushed back from the table and stood. "I'm going to burst if I eat another bite." She stretched her arms above her and she had to clutch at the sheet that loosened around her breasts. Getting dressed seemed like a good idea.

"You shouldn't even have a sheet on." Roane nodded at her makeshift clothing. "As our slave you should be naked at all times or adorned in only what we provide." He stood and moved in front of her and Erik walked behind her. His hands reached for the edge of the sheet and Erik whisked it away leaving her nude between them allowing both men to see every inch of her.

Heat flushed her skin as a blush crept up her neck and face. "How can you be shy now after everything we've done together?"

She shrugged her shoulders, willing herself to take a deep calming breath. It wasn't the nudity making her nervous or embarrassment, but her own need. If she'd simply gotten what her body required then why did she still feel this way? Why was her pussy so wet she was sure they would see the moisture soon if they didn't already.

Their friendly banter had faded to be replaced

with sexual desire threatening to take her breath away. In fact an image of her naked and spread out on the table before them sounded so appealing she was about to suggest it.

“This is what you should be wearing.” Roane held out the chain she’d come across earlier. “It’s a slave chain. Actually your slave chain that we had commissioned shortly after you disappeared. We wanted it to be ready and waiting for when you returned.”

A lump formed in her throat at the remembrance of all the time they’d wasted. If she’d had an ounce of smarts in her back then she would have stayed and let things play out. Her mother always reminded her that things happened the way they did for a reason.

“You were sure I’d come back?” She watched Roane take the clasps apart and hand a couple of the pieces over to Erik. What was left in his hand was the smaller loop encrusted with emeralds, the piece that had fascinated her back in the bedroom.

“While you’re not quite ready for the full slave chain, we want you to wear our collar for the rest of the week. It’s a beautiful reminder of who you belong to and what you have committed too.”

Nissa swallowed hard. Why did it suddenly feel like he was talking about more than just the week? That by accepting it, she accepted them. Wishful thinking maybe? They only had a few days left together, something she couldn't forget. She had a greater plan, something she'd focused on for many years now. She'd decided this would be her way back to the otherworld and it was important to keep her eye on the prize. For now she had a role to play and loving every minute of it only made it all the sweeter.

Nissa smiled nervously and bowed her head. "I would be happy to."

She had to look away for a second so they wouldn't see the sheen of tears welling up in her eyes. Roane kept a stoic face but the twinkle in his dark gaze revealed his pleasure at her acceptance but it was the wide grin spreading across Erik's face that jolted in her belly and chest.

Something about these two men got to her big time and seeing them pleased gave her an unexpected boost. Roane held up the chain. She grabbed at her curls and formed them into a ponytail, sweeping it to the side and out of the way.

"Erik and I designed this piece ourselves. We figured with your fair skin and red hair the gold chain

and emeralds would suit you quite well.” Warm hands brushed against her shoulders and back as he wrapped the collar around her neck and fastened it. Even that simple touch had the ability to drive her nuts as parts of her fluttered with nerves and arousal.

“Looks like we were right,” Erik mused.

Roane seemed reluctant when he moved away to stand and stare without speaking. He glanced down at her neck a few times but for the most part watched her eyes. The heat and knowledge she recognized there didn’t frighten her like she thought it would. Instead it warmed her, even comforted her.

“You are so beautiful.” He spoke as if awed. In fact, if she didn’t know better she’d think that he’d spoken with emotion, that somehow he cared more about her than just as his temporary sex slave. But this wasn’t her. Standing in front of them naked and unashamed of her body with an aching need to have them inside her was a role. A fun one at that, but still a role and it ended in a few days.

She wanted to be a warrior, to stand up for people who needed her help. It had been her goal for so long she knew there would be nothing else for her. Certainly not love with the two hunters who’d left a trail of broken hearts behind them all across the

Otherworld.

“Come to me, Nissa.” Roane’s quiet command surprised her. He normally spoke and demanded with such force. She scooted toward him until he held up his hand to stop her. “Kneel.”

She blinked, hesitating before she finally sank to the wooden deck beneath her feet. This put her at eye level with his crotch. It was impossible to miss the fact his cock was hard inside his pants, especially when it leapt under her tentative touch. She wanted to take him in her mouth and let his hardness fill her, to taste again his uniqueness.

His hand pushed hers away but not before they both grazed across his length eliciting a moan. “Please, Roane, let me make you feel good.”

“Soon, princess, soon. For now I want you there.” He turned and pointed to the small white hammock chair in the corner of the deck. She didn’t understand what he wanted her to do until she noticed the leather cuffs attached to the wooden beam holding the fabric of the chair into the seat.

Nissa tentatively crossed the deck, unsure about this. Already she wore a collar and now they were planning to tie her up outside to do Goddess knows what with her. And yet the unknown shivered like a

secret thrill through her, taking her by surprise and leaving her more receptive to their play than she imagined.

“Is there some kind of magic working on this collar?” She couldn’t stop herself from asking Roane. She had to know. Why else would she behave like this?

“No, there’s nothing magical about it at all. Other than the emeralds were chosen not only to complement your beauty but also to fortify your energy. And trust me you are going to need all the energy you can find.”

She choked on a laugh as she turned and took a seat in the chair. Each man grabbed a wrist and deftly attached the restraints to her, then checked they were secure with a couple of short, easy tugs.

“Feet, please.”

She eyed Erik warily. What did he plan to do with her feet? She didn’t have to wait long as he shackled one then the other to the footrests against the railings, spreading her wide and completely open. The warm ocean breeze chose that moment to kick up and the heated air blew across her exposed labia and drenched skin.

Her mouth opened on a gasp when her body jerked on the restraints. She had a feeling this was going

to be the sweetest torture she'd endured to date.

Roane and Erik removed their pants to reveal a striking pair of stiff cocks that made her mouth water. Memories of Roane taking Erik back on the ship flooded her mind and her nipples tingled in excitement. They stood side by side, two hunters wanting nothing more than to possess her, to enjoy their sex slave. When Erik's hand strayed over to cup Roane's balls in his tight grip she moaned long and low. Seeing the freedom of sexual expression between not only the three of them, but each other as well, caused her heart to swell and her body to burn.

Nissa loved the possibility they would love each other as much as they loved her.

“Are you two trying to kill me?”

“What?” They both turned their faux expressions of innocence her way. “You like Erik touching me?”

She pulled her lip in between her teeth and bit down. Hell yeah, she did. She nodded furiously.

“Why? What is it that intrigues you so much?”

She wanted to answer Roane but fear held her back. How much could she admit without changing their deal?

“I've never seen two men together. It's as

beautiful as a man and a woman.” She answered breathlessly as her heart pounded in her chest.

“Like this?” Erik grasped the base of Roane’s cock and stroked up to the tip and back down again. A look of pure rapture crossed both their faces.

“Yes.” She fought for breath as the ache in her cunt pulsed desperately. “I need to touch myself. I hurt.”

“I know you do, princess, but first Erik is going to show you more of what you seem to enjoy so much.” Roane nodded and Erik stepped forward and embraced him, rubbing their bare cocks back and forth together until she noticed drops of fluid at the slit of their crowns.

She moaned and thought she would come on the spot when Erik dropped to his knees and engulfed Roane’s erection in one swift move. A lump formed in her throat again as she fought for some sort of control, otherwise she’d be thrashing around the hammock begging for one or both of them to touch her.

Fuck it—she did want more. “Please, Roane, Erik.”

Her whimpers went unanswered as Erik swallowed against the shaft deep in his throat until Roane threw back his head and let out a low groan.

When Roane began to thrust his hips forward, Erik grabbed his thighs to keep his balance and take another few inches inside.

Nissa bucked her own hips in rhythm despite the limitations of her restraints. Roane looked ready to explode. He quickly withdrew from Erik's mouth.

"Enough, I think we've proven our point." Erik stood stunned and shaking while Roane wrapped him in his embrace. Nissa's limbs shook and her pussy flooded from intense arousal, breaking into a million pieces at the tenderness her men shared. A moment that proved beyond a shadow of doubt their capacity to love was beyond her expectations.

A strangled whimper caught their attention and they broke apart to move between her legs, each man taking the opportunity to tempt and tease her inner thighs until their fingers were scant inches from her pussy. One hand pushed a finger through her wetness and spread it around, lubricating the entire area before pushing inside. Another went straight for her clit, applying a steady rub against the sensitive bud.

A second and third finger were added to her opening until she felt stretched and full while the other gave no relief from the onslaught of pressure. Her whimpers and cries turned to all out slashing screams as

her body exploded, splintering into shards of pleasure. Fully involved in every ounce of bliss rushing through her, her head lolled back against the hammock. She thrashed her hips against their hands until she fractured again with a release that threatened her very sanity.

She rode their fingers hard and rough until the tremors and aftershocks faded and her head came down from the high. Panting breaths from all three of them echoed into the night air as she peeled her eyes open to both Roane and Erik staring at her with emotion she didn't know how to identify.

"You are an unbelievable woman. More responsive than we could have hoped for." Roane's fingers eased from her body and went to work releasing her limbs from the leather straps confining them. Erik rubbed at the red streaks marring the skin at her wrists and ankles until some of the aches began to dissipate.

All of her muscles were lax and loose as Roane scooped her into his arms. She wanted to say something meaningful but her brain couldn't focus let alone string together complex sentences. "Thank you."

She felt a rumble from the chest she laid against and imagined Roane amused by her lack of energy. He should laugh more often, it reminded people that inside his tough exterior he still had a heart.

On the bed she snuggled close to the two bodies and relaxed under their hands. They massaged her sore skin and petted her hair like a kitten, a tender move that charmed her.

She was in big trouble here.

Chapter Nine

Roane furrowed his brow as Nissa hopped around in the shallow water. Dear Goddess she was actually frolicking. He shook his head and turned to look down the opposite side of the beach to hide the smile playing at his lips. How her prancing around in the ocean like a child made him warm inside he'd never know. When he turned back he found Erik had claimed her mouth. Close together but in a loose kiss, their tongues tangled and smiles lit their faces.

Without a doubt he'd known finding her would change things but he hadn't quite expected this. Erik, his friend, his partner and even his sometimes lover now seemed different to him. With Nissa in the picture their bond had grown tighter, more emotional and if he looked hard enough at himself he had to admit he desired Erik as much as their princess. Although witch might be a better name for her because sometimes he felt like he'd been bespelled.

"Hey, you two. I thought we were coming out here to take a breather from that. Wasn't it you, princess, who said you needed a break after two days of non-stop fucking?"

They broke apart but neither of them even had the decency to look the least bit guilty. He couldn't

blame them though, there were only a couple of days left of their week and she hadn't yet given any indication she'd stay with them longer.

"Don't blame me. He's the one who won't keep his hands off of me." She laughed when she shoved against Erik's chest and moved away from him. "You know I'd never seen the ocean until I came here. The pictures definitely don't do it justice."

She kicked the water, sending a spray of sparkling liquid into the night sky. This island had proved to be the perfect backdrop for her nudity. Whether daytime or night her skin seemed to glow and sparkle.

"Do you miss home?"

She stopped and stared out to the horizon.

"Roane," Erik warned.

"What? I'm curious about how she feels. Is that so wrong?"

"No, it's not wrong," she said quietly. "Of course I miss home, especially my mother. And Kian."

"The dragon."

Nissa turned and smiled. "You know him?"

"We know of him. We've never actually met the Prince's pet dragon."

"We've been friends for years. In fact he's been

my only friend. After my father died we were banished and if not for Kian bringing us supplies every month I am not sure what we would've done."

Something in her voice set off Roane's protective instincts. "Why not come here?"

She shook her head. "My mother couldn't bear to." She cast her eyes down and kicked in the surf. "Have you ever believed in a love so powerful that to live without the other would be nearly impossible?" When neither man answered she continued. "My parents were like that and if not for me I believe she would've followed him to death shortly after he'd gone."

Roane placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder but didn't know what to say. A few months ago he might have hotly denied a connection like that could exist but everything was different now.

"That kind of love frightens me with its potential for cruelty. It's why I wanted to become a warrior instead. So I didn't risk myself like that...ever."

Roane snorted. "And you don't think a hunter risks their life every day?"

"I'd rather take that kind of risk." Her response had come fast and firm, taking him aback. The fiery light of passion in her eyes made him aware of what a

formidable opponent she'd be. He'd seen the same determination in many a warrior's eye. Seeing her like that made his dick hard.

She'd fit so easily into her role as a sex slave he'd almost forgotten what he and Erik had witnessed in the meadow that day as she sparred with the blue dragon. She'd been born with an innate ability to be two things...a slave...and a warrior...both at odds with the other.

"When I was taken and put up for auction I thought everything had changed and I'd never again have the chance to be a warrior for my people."

"In many ways everything has changed." She belonged to him now.

"True, but with our bargain and your promise of freedom, I see a second chance on my horizon."

More guilt tore through him along with a fresh wave of anger for a prince who needed his ass kicked within an inch of his life. Why the hell would Cirdan auction off his own cousin knowing what would likely happen to her?

"I think your dragon friend has filled your head with false hope. He may have wanted you to be able to defend yourself, but no way could he truly believe you had a chance in hell at hunter status."

An unfettered emotion flickered through Nissa's eyes before she schooled her features into a hardened mask. "Are you reneging on our deal?"

The frightened tone of her voice clawed at his gut. Despite his fierce need to protect her at all times, even he didn't want to crush her only dream. "I'm being honest."

"That's not much of an answer."

Roane knew how much this meant to her and the thought of ripping out her heart's desire wasn't something he relished. Not today, not tomorrow. Reaching out, he grazed her cheek with the back of his hand, reveling in the soft warmth of her skin and the wariness in her gaze. His heart literally ached with the knowledge that he wouldn't be letting her go...ever.

After a few tense moments, she curled her head into his hand and kissed his palm. The worry faded in her eyes and she offered a tentative smile. Somehow he and Erik would find a way to make things right for her.

He let the conversation drift away as Nissa went back to playing in the water. It wasn't his place to keep warning her how impossible her desired role would be to attain. Maybe her royal status would help her in the long run although it hadn't done much for her this far. He'd bet if the king were aware of how strong

her magic really was, Cirdan wouldn't have been allowed to sell her. Hard to tell, the royals did some damn strange things which usually had more to do with ego than logic. Goddess forbid he was still around when the king passed his throne to Cirdan. Circumstances were bound to get much worse.

"Roane, why are you brooding?" Erik stepped into his view, blocking him from Nissa.

"I'm hardly brooding. Just because a man needs to contemplate his situation doesn't mean anything's wrong."

"The scowl on your face seemed pretty scary to me and to Nissa."

Roane leaned to the side and observed her moving around in the water where she'd gone back to frolicking. "She doesn't look too worried."

Erik took a quick glance over his shoulder and started laughing again. "Yeah, I guess you're right. She sure makes it hard to concentrate looking like that."

Roane admired her tits bouncing up and down and the occasional glimpse of her luscious ass coming in and out of view. "We should be fucking." His damn dick was certainly hard enough.

"Let her play. She'll be more than happy to take us both again later. Even though her heat's passed she's

damned near insatiable.”

“A beautiful trait in a woman.”

“Roane, you’re as bad as she is. Always have been. Do I dare say you’ve finally met your match?”

“More like I finally have a matched set.”

Erik opened his mouth to say something when realization set in. His eyes darkened and his prick stiffened at the implication. More could have been said, but Roane wasn’t quite ready. Right now he needed to be touching them both...together.

Roane pulled Erik into his embrace, his fingers squeezing the man’s shoulders until Erik winced in pain. Roane took his mouth, pushing his tongue past soft lips and teeth until he devoured Erik where he stood. The cry of protest quickly turned to needy groans as Erik met his kiss with equal force.

Roane reveled in the differences between Erik and Nissa. Where she was soft, he was hard. Where she was compliant, he challenged. Blood rushed to his dick tenfold making him so fucking hard he couldn’t stand it.

His hands grabbed at the waistband of his own pants, tearing them open and releasing some of the pressure. He wanted to order one of them to suck him, but he couldn’t tear himself from Erik’s mouth. The need vibrating through them both threatened to bring

them to their knees at any moment.

Roane gasped when a soft, warm hand encircled his shaft and squeezed tight. The same gasp sounded from Erik and he knew that Nissa had latched onto them both and worked both their flesh with frenzied strokes.

Her fresh spring and ocean scent wrapped around him as the soft waves of her hair caught in the breeze and across his chest and stomach. Every muscle in his body tensed as she coaxed a release from them.

Erik came first in spurts, splashing onto Roane's belly with a low groan in his throat which he extended by sucking on Erik's tongue like he would his cock next time he had a chance. Nissa jerked her hand and pushed her thumb against the underside of Roane's tip as he gave into his own need and came with a loud grunt and repeated thrusts of his hips. Cum coated her fingers and lubricated the movements giving her more traction. She'd discovered his weakness for a rough and fast fuck even with a hand job, setting him off like a rocket at a celestial celebration. Damn woman.

Both men pulled from the kiss, resting their sweat-covered foreheads against each other and panting for air and a semblance of equilibrium.

"She's such a bad girl."

Roane barked a laugh at Erik's words. "That's an understatement." His chest heaved, the breath sawing in and out of his body. "But I have the perfect punishment in mind," he whispered.

"The flogger?"

"You've read my mind." He stepped back and pulled her off her knees by the shoulders until he spotted the smug, satisfied smile on her face. "Let's see if you're still smiling when we're done making that fine ass glow red, princess."

Her eyes widened and her smile faltered. Now it was his turn to smile smugly as he scooped her into his arms and headed for the bedroom.

This is going to be fun.

Chapter Ten

Nissa rolled over onto her back, her body moaning and groaning from the marathon session of sex and more sex they'd enjoyed tonight. Judging by the location of the moon in the night sky she'd guess they'd only been asleep for a couple of hours at best. She listened for a few minutes to the soft cadence of Erik and Roane sleeping on either side of her, hoping the rhythm would lull her back to sleep.

When that didn't work she crawled quietly from the bed and headed for the kitchen. Maybe after a small snack and some milk in her belly she'd be able to settle back down. Distracted by a larger glimpse of the night sky through the picture window across from the kitchen, she admired the deep as midnight hue and the sheer number of sparkling stars. Far more than the naked eye could count, they reminded her of home.

A pang of regret lodged in her chest as she thought of her mother. With her plans to eat something abandoned in a flash, Nissa headed outside and into the open air. She needed to stretch her legs, seek out the comfort of the outdoors and nature. She looked down both paths, one leading to the ocean and the other to a forest they'd yet to explore. With memories of home crowding her heart she chose the forest and headed into

the dense brush of dark night.

She'd take a short break for nature and then she'd head back home to Roane and Erik. Her feet stopped cold on the path. She'd called her place with them home. Why? Home was in the Otherworld with her mother. Soon they'd be reunited and she'd be on the road to getting her life back on track.

So why did her chest hurt so badly she nearly doubled over in pain? She'd grown too fond too quickly and now she didn't want to leave. No, no, no this wasn't supposed to happen. She would be a warrior.

Her fingers flew to her collar where she fondled the gems one at a time. They had given her a collar to signify her place and it was right where she wanted to be. She loved them. She sputtered on a cough and her hands gripped the chain around her neck so tight she began to lose feeling in her fingers.

She needed to get back and talk this out. If she couldn't bear to leave them, there had to be some sort of compromise they could all agree on. They were hunters for Goddess sake so why couldn't she be one too without having to leave them? The brief discussion they'd had on the beach didn't give her much hope, but she had faith. She straightened and stretched to the moon, seeking positive wisdom and a whole lot of luck

to get her through this. If they refused to negotiate and forced her to leave in two days... No. She had to grab the positive thread and hang on for dear life. She'd find a way to make them agree to take her on.

“Aren't you a pretty sight in the night, cousin?”

Nissa jerked at the cold mocking voice, knowing full well who stood behind her. The man who'd stolen her from the only home she'd ever known and thrown her to the wolves had returned.

Unsure what he planned she moved slowly as she turned so as not to trigger any violence in her direction. As the anger in her swelled so did the magic and it was broadcast to everyone in the clearing. She spied many men with weapons surrounding her whilst Cirdan stood wearing a cocky smile she longed to slap from him.

“What are you doing here?” She tried to keep the contempt from her voice, but her hatred made it impossible.

“Is that any way to welcome family? Didn't your mother teach you better manners than that?”

“Leave my mother out of this and tell me what you want. You've already sold me and as you can see I've been collared appropriately.” She stood tall stretching her neck and tilting so the gold sparkled in

the bright moonlight.

“And judging from the marks on your body you’ve either been a very bad girl or you’ve quickly grown to love pain.” He emphasized the word pain with a sensual magic undertone that whispered across her skin, sending a frightened shiver down her spine. Obviously pain turned him on, probably in a sick and twisted fashion, but either way she needed to avoid the topic with him.

“I wear the hunters’ collar as required by the Fae. What more do you want from me? Haven’t you done enough?” She really hoped she wouldn’t regret the question.

“Hardly. In fact I’ve been far too soft with you. And in return you broke the law when you ran away. It’s not just the hunters who’ve been looking for you.”

“I’ve already atoned for my grievances with my owners. It hardly seems your place to interfere at this point.” Cirdan’s eyes flashed hot and angry at her words. She should have watched what she said to him, but her hatred festered just below the surface and seeing him again did little to ease her.

“You really do seem to have an issue with authority, don’t you?” He stepped close enough to touch her, running a fingertip down the side of her face.

Revulsion settled into her stomach leaving her nauseous and anxious for an escape. She was so lost in her disgust she almost missed his attack.

His opposite hand flew up and arched toward her cheek, but the flicker of movement in the corner of her eye caught her attention. She grabbed his wrist, applied extreme pressure to its weak points and stopped the blow mere inches from her face.

She didn't doubt he was stronger than her, but she had him in a grip that weakened him and could put him on his knees if she wanted to. Dear Goddess did she want to, but his men moved forward with swords drawn to protect him.

"Don't you ever dare to touch me again unless you want to die. I have plenty of respect for those who deserve it." She spat in his face and at the same time released him. He stumbled back a step or two and his guards moved in, surrounding her. Some of them so close the tips of their swords nicked at the skin of her neck.

"Well, you're a lot stronger than I expected, I'll give you that. Too bad you don't have the smarts to go with it. Why is it the dumb ones end up with the strongest magic?"

Her head snapped up and she stared into the

mocking depths of his dark eyes.

“Yes, little Nissa. It’s your magic I’ve come for, nothing else. I could care less who fucks you or how hard. If someone were to whip you within an inch of your life I’d say you deserved it.”

“You’re such a bastard, Cirdan.”

“Yes I am.” He laughed. “A fact you should care to remember from now on.”

Her mind raced with the possibilities of what and how he could use her magic. There were witches known to drain it and spells could be woven to temporarily transfer it, but all of those methods required her presence and willingness. Something she wasn’t about to give.

“I’ll not go with you this time. You can be a coward and have your men kill me if you’d like, but then my magic will be gone. So you can forget it, whatever you have in mind. It will not happen.”

He waved his hands and his guards backed down, returning to the background. “You’re going to be so much fun to play with, cousin. That fiery spirit and tenacity suits my purposes very well, but you will be going. Make no mistake about that.”

Nissa opened her mouth to offer her opinion once again.

“Enough, my turn to talk. You’re wasting my time and I’d like to get back home before the sun rises.”

“Or before Roane and Erik wake up and come looking for me, right?”

“You, child, are so naïve. You may have some talent, but you aren’t yet mature enough to handle it. If your hunters awaken before you’ve left here with me then my men will kill them, simple as that.”

Mind numbing fear struck her heart at his words. He intended to not only make her leave, but kill them as well? No way. She’d heard the stories. Roane and Erik could handle the likes of a half dozen guards and one crazy-ass demented prince. Although his lineage certainly created a conflict for them all.

“Oh, I know what you’re thinking. It’s written all over your face. You’re calculating how easily the two best hunters and yourself could overcome our small group. He stepped back and spread his hands, motioning for them to step forward. But instead of the palace guards moving, a dozen new men came out of the forest surrounding her, and these were no ordinary guards. A gasp slipped from her lips. Every one of them was a dark faery, capable of torturous magic that when combined would easily defeat most armies. Their capacity to inflict pain was legendary amongst her

people. They were the stuff of childhood nightmares and seeing the dark as midnight skin and long black hair did little to alleviate her fears.

“What’s wrong, Nissa? Nothing sarcastic to say?”

How she wanted to rip the sadistic grin from his face. Her magic came alive of its own will, fighting her for freedom. She ground her teeth together as she tamped it back down, knowing she couldn’t leave Roane and Erik here unguarded. By bringing in the dark ones, Cirdan had out played them all. Dark magic was lethal and she possessed no weapon to fight it, not to mention they scared the shit out of her.

His thirst for power knew no bounds when he’d broken every law known to their kind. Even the royals were not permitted to mingle with the dark ones.

He left her no choice, she hung her head in a small bow to the prince. She would have to change tactics, buy some time to come up with another idea...for now.

“How may I serve you, Prince Cirdan?”

“Ahh, now that’s more like it. I know you’ve learned to be the good submissive. It just takes a little coercion.” He circled around her and for the first time in days she grew embarrassingly aware of her nudity. She

wasn't sure she could control herself if any of these men touched her sexually. She was slave to Roane and Erik and no other and she would die keeping that promise.

"Tell me what you want me to do." Provoking him at this point no longer seemed like a good idea. Not when it took but a breath of dark magic to end a life. Human or Fae.

"For starters you are going to return to Otherworld as my slave."

"But I—"

"One who doesn't argue with me," he interrupted.

She bit her lip and pulled it into her mouth, holding back her words.

"That's better. You will stay on my property in my servant's quarters with two witches. They will care for you."

And he would use her magic whenever he wanted.

"And Roane and Erik?" She held her breath.

"That depends entirely upon you. If you come with me right now, I'll allow them to live."

She nodded her head in assent. She wasn't convinced he would keep his word, but for now she saw

no other answer. Once back home, she'd have time to figure out a plan of escape and find a way back to her fae.

"Let's go then." She wanted to get them out of here as soon as possible. The first glow of sunrise peaked along the very edges of the horizon and it wouldn't be long before one of them woke up and found her missing.

"You have to open the portal."

Arrogant bastard didn't even have a plan for getting back with out her? His assurance in her compliance bristled against her skin, irritating her.

She closed her eyes and did as he told her to, pulling magic from her core allowing the veil between the two worlds to shrink at the edge of the forest.

"Slaves first."

Goddess she wanted to hurt him. Feel the crunch of his bone under the weight of her flesh. She'd have to temper her anger for now, but his time would definitely come. She hoped she was there to see it. She took a slow step toward the tree line and close to the dark fae. Their aura rippled near hers and an uncontrollable shiver worked up her spine.

"Wait!" Cirdan yelled.

Fear knotted in her belly at his sudden outburst

as she turned back to see what his problem was. A glance toward the ocean side of the island now revealed a sliver of light rising over the horizon, they were really running out of time.

“You have to remove the collar. We aren’t taking your trash back with us. Knowing those two as well as I do, it contains some sort of tracking spell.” Her hand flew to the chain around her neck and fondled the emeralds designed to restore her energy and maintain her health. A spell seemed unlikely since it would leave a magical trace she’d be able to detect. Worse than that she couldn’t bear to take it off, doing so would sever her ties with them forever. She’d made a vow to herself when she’d received it.

“Do you need me to remove it for you?” His words taunted her while her fingers shook at the clasp, fumbling to undo it. The chain slid from her neck. She stared at it resting in her hand. Somehow against all odds she’d fallen in love with two men and the role they needed from her. She doubted they’d ever forgive her but hopefully at some point in the future they’d look back on their time as good memories. Those same memories had to last her a lifetime.

Cirdan held out his hand for her collar, but instead she swung her arm high and threw it as hard as

she could in the direction of the bungalow. She couldn't watch Cirdan destroy it and leaving it here in the clearing would be too much of a clue to what happened. If they had an inkling she'd been taken they'd follow her and end up facing off with the dark fae.

Cirdan grabbed her arm and propelled her toward the path. "You will pay for that." Nissa didn't care. He could do whatever he wanted to her because she'd just flung her heart from the forest.

Chapter Eleven

Erik wandered through the eerily quiet rooms of the bungalow looking for either Nissa or Roane. The sun shone bright through the window, letting him know he'd slept until at least mid morning. The kitchen looked as stark as they'd left it the night before and surprisingly no coffee had even been brewed.

Warning bells went off in his head. Roane and Nissa were as addicted to their morning dose of caffeine as he was. They wouldn't have skipped it under normal conditions. What the hell was wrong?

Back in the bedroom he grabbed his leathers from the floor and hastily dressed, an anxious pit settling low in his stomach. Maybe they'd headed for the beach for an early swim or knowing Roane, sex more likely. The man had an insatiable appetite.

His feet hit the warm sand right off the deck as he rushed toward the shoreline, something compelling him to hurry. When he burst through the low bushes blocking his view of the entire ocean he stopped short at the sight.

Nothing. They weren't on the beach nor did he hear any noises from them in the distance, only the steady sound of the water rushing in and out at the change of the tide.

He wouldn't panic, he'd learned far too much control for that, but the feeling of dread ate at him nonetheless. Precious minutes ticked by as he jogged back to the house and rounded the rear leading into the forest. They hadn't even ventured out here yet because they'd been too busy fucking every second they could. It was a vacation of sorts after all, albeit an untraditional one.

As soon as he cleared the corner of the house he saw Roane coming out of the trees. Shirtless and bloody. What the fuck?

He sprinted to him. "What the hell happened? Are you all right?"

Scratches covered his chest and arms and even a few marred his face. Some were still bleeding. His body was covered in sweat, his hair plastered to the side of his skull instead of in the neat binding he normally kept it in.

"Where is Nissa? Tell me what happened? Did you get in a fight? Is there someone else here? Is she all right?"

Roane stopped in front of him, his hands clenched into tight fists at his side. "There is no one here." A dark anger vibrated in his words, something far blacker than Erik had seen before.

“Dammit, Roane. Tell me what is going on around here and where the hell is Nissa?” His worst nightmare was unfolding in front of him and the woman they loved was nowhere to be found. If anything had happened to her...

Roane raised his right arm and held out his fist to Erik. His fingers slowly relaxed and opened to reveal a gold chain encrusted with emeralds. Nissa’s collar.

Erik stumbled a step backwards. “Is she—is she?” He couldn’t bear to say the word.

“She’s gone. After tearing through the entire forest, I found this not far from a clearing in the middle of the forest that still shimmers with the remnants of a magical portal.”

“Are you saying—”

“Dammit, Erik. I’m saying she’s fucking gone. She took off her collar and left it for us to find. She’s returned to Otherworld without us, without this.” He held up the collar that his hand held so tight his knuckles turned white.

In the dark pit of Erik’s worst fears, a sick sense of betrayal burst free. “This is your fault. You had to push her on the hunter issue yesterday and instead of waiting for us to shackle her out of the deal, she ran.”

Rage and pain colored Roane’s face at the

accusation. “Fuck you. At least I wasn’t willing to lie to her to get her to stay.”

Fury rushed through his veins alongside the building sense of helplessness. They should have pushed the issue, tied her up even. Whatever it took to get her to understand how they felt.

“Did you see her before she left?”

“I haven’t seen or spoken to her since we got done fucking last night. How she managed to sneak out without waking either of us is beyond me.”

Erik cringed at the icy tone in Roane’s voice. “A sleep spell maybe?”

“Do you feel like you’ve been spelled? Cause while I feel like shit right about now I don’t sense any magic other than what’s back in that clearing.”

Erik shifted and sat heavily on an old tree stump, pain forming in his chest, pressing down on him. more weight than he could bear. “I wanted her to stay.”

Roane said nothing. He didn’t have to. The way his muscles bunched and tightened as he paced and fidgeted told the whole story. His agony over her betrayal was increasingly evident. His own demons clawed at his gut, leaving a trail of burning anger with no safe outlet.

“Right now what either of us wanted is of little

concern. She made a deal and then changed her mind and once again we're left sitting here wondering what the fuck happened. I'm sick of this shit."

Erik tuned out Roane as he got really ramped up. He couldn't keep listening to him rant about her until he managed to get his own emotions back under control. The white-hot rage boiling inside of him was unlike anything he'd ever experienced and it concerned the hell out of him.

"I need to get out of here." He brushed past Roane and took off at a dead run. Maybe some physical exertion would help expel the hatred he felt.

"What? Wait—" Erik ignored Roane calling after him. He'd have to find his own way to deal with his anger this time.

In short time his feet left the dirt for the white sandy beach and the cool water lapping at the sand. He could run along the shoreline for a while until he either felt better or decided to take drastic action.

Minutes later the sun began to disappear behind ominous clouds and a hard rain pelted his skin. Changing the weather was a good outlet for his magic at the moment and dark, stormy skies fit the bill perfectly. Everything about the island reminded him of a memory of Nissa and threatened the thin hold he had on his

temper. Everyone always considered Roane the harsher of the pair of hunters and underestimated what he was capable of. A myth he perpetuated with his easygoing attitude and ability to go with the flow and follow Roane's orders meticulously.

Erik ran faster, relishing the burn in his lungs as he fought harder and harder for enough oxygen to keep up his pace. If he kept this up until he became exhausted then he'd be able to find his normal calm and peace.

"Erik, what the hell are you doing? You're about to wash away the island with this storm."

He whirled at Roane, bringing his fists around fast for a striking blow, but Roane knew his moves well enough to defend himself and he blocked and deflected in the nick of time.

"I didn't come out here to fight you," Roane yelled into the wind.

"If you don't want to fight then get the hell away from me." His rage still burned bright and a fight sounded damn good right about now.

"I can't leave because you're going to tear the place down. So if a fight is what you need then let's do it." His challenge may have been directed at trying to get him to back off, but it had the opposite effect as he

dropped to an offensive position and launched himself at his friend. Hard bodies smacked together, chest-to-chest, bare skin to bare skin, sending them both flying through the air.

Erik landed on Roane and the air whooshed from their lungs as they wrestled for dominance over the other. His muscles burned and he fought for air, but finally he'd found the outlet he needed.

Their bodies flipped side-to-side, one trying to gain control of the other until Roane finally overtook him and pushed him into the sand with his knee pressed against his groin. In this position it was practically impossible to move unless Roane allowed him.

"You want to run around the island showing your ass to the world you go right ahead, but turn down the storm before you wipe away the whole place."

Erik stared at his friend, looking for refuge in the stormy eyes that glared back at him.

"Ahhhhhhhh," he bellowed. Roane was right and he needed to get his head on straight.

"I love her too." Roane's harsh whisper barely reached his ears, but his heart nearly stopped when it did. Had Roane just admitted to being in love? Did the underworld freeze over? He opened his mouth to say something and promptly shut it again, unsure of what he

should say at this point.

Roane dipped his head and captured his lips in a kiss so devastating he was taken aback. When his tongue pressed forward, Erik opened his mouth and kissed him back. What he'd thought would be a punishing kiss full of driving need turned tender as their tongues tangled together and the bitter emotion of despair pushed back at him.

His cock stirred to life and Roane's knee eased its pressure on his balls as their bodies writhed together, yearning for more. Somehow Nissa had come to mean as much to him as Roane and being without one of them would be unacceptable.

"She's us. The piece to the puzzle we didn't know was missing." Roane raised his torso a few inches and Erik dove for a flat brown nipple with his teeth. He bit tight until Roane moaned and pushed his hips down, thrusting their cocks together through their pants.

"Then let's go get her. She is ours after all."

"We offered her freedom."

"And she didn't live up to her end of the bargain. She had to stay for two more days. I call that a forfeit, leaving us as owners and her as slave until we decide to make another deal with her." Erik bucked against Roane, pushing him to the side so he could get

up. The rain had eased to a steady, soft fall, just enough to wash the sand from his hair and body. “Do you still have the second amulet the witch gave us?”

Roane nodded and hopped to his feet. “Of course I do, it was around my neck when we left the cruise ship.”

“Then let’s go get our slave and show her what happens to bad little girls who run away.”

Chapter Twelve

Cleaned up and dressed for home, Roane pulled out the amulet giving him the power to open the veil between this world and theirs. For the umpteenth time he wondered why Nissa's mother had helped he and Erik out with these. And the witch...she was part of a triad bond, which included the fallen prince and the dragon. She'd put herself at risk for no other reason than Kian had asked her to. The news of their union had swept the otherworld with nasty gossip. A full blood human witch was enough to make waves. Add a dragon to the mix and the fae masked their fear with hatred.

"Anytime now, Roane. I'm anxious to get home and start hunting."

"Save your energy for the other side, I have a feeling you're going to need it." Roane took a step forward and held the amulet in front of him, chanting the brief spell until the air shimmered and swirled, opening their pathway to home and Nissa.

"Ladies first." He indicated for Erik to go ahead of him.

"Fuck you. I'll show you who's a lady in this relationship if you want. Besides it's been a long time coming hasn't it?"

Roane stared at his friend and sometimes lover

with new eyes. Somehow Nissa leaving had uncovered a side of Erik that had lain dormant for a very long time and it made his prick stiffen. When the three of them got back together it would be interesting to see who came out on top.

Erik walked into the portal and Roane followed. Cold air shivered across his skin in the engulfing darkness for about ten paces until he stepped into their bedroom. *Their bedroom*. Why had it not dawned on him before or given him pause that they shared the same bed even when sex wasn't involved and what that meant?

"Where the hell have you two been and why haven't you answered my calls?" An angry female voice sounded from their living room as they both hurried to find out why Nissa's mother was here and pissed at them.

"What did we do? I think you should be directing some of your anger at your own kin." Roane wanted to keep his cool but a woman in hysterics wasn't helping much.

Her nostrils flared and she planted her hands on her hips. "You son of a bitch. I've been calling you for three days and you've refused to answer. For three days you've allowed a cold-hearted bastard to do who knows

what to my daughter. Do you care so little for her?"

"What?" they yelled in unison at her.

"Woman, are you mad? Nissa's been with us for the past five days and she left us only hours ago. Left us high and dry without living up to her end of a bargain I might add."

"Oh good Goddess, this is worse than I thought." She turned and paced, back and forth as they stood waiting for her to explain herself.

"Why don't you sit down and tell us what's happened to you." Erik motioned to a leather chair.

"Do not patronize me for even a second. Nothing has happened to me. It's Nissa who is being held prisoner."

Roane tried to make sense of her words, but how could Nissa have gotten herself into that much trouble in so short a time. "Did she come to see you today?"

"No! You aren't listening. Since the moment Cirdan brought her back from the other side she's been held prisoner with no contact as far as I can tell." Erik opened his mouth to speak and she shushed him. "Obviously the rumors of an alliance with the dark fae are true. Who else could weave a spell around you strong enough to alter time?"

Roane's blood ran cold. "Whoa. Wait a damn minute. Cirdan has forged an alliance with the dark fae?" This did not bode well.

"Yes, and it has to do with Nissa's magic. As in she has it and he wants it. Shortly after you left a seed demon returned, spreading rumors of the half-blood princess with amazing powers. I tried to stop the gossip but my spells aren't strong enough to ward against most demons so it didn't take Cirdan long to learn the truth. As soon as he went after her I tried contacting you and have been waiting and calling for three days."

"Where is she now?" Both he and Erik began picking out weapons and strapping them to their bodies. From short swords and knives to the full sized swords, they were ready for battle in a matter of minutes.

She grabbed at Roane's arm and forced his attention to her. "Do you have any idea what's involved in taking a female witch's magic?"

He shook his head and the heavy pit growing in his stomach told him he didn't want to know.

"Magical rape is a vicious and vile thing to do to a woman. Far more than anything you can imagine." She brushed tears from her cheeks, her face etched in grief. "Indescribable pain... She will wish she were dead and would be better off if it were so."

Roane needed to throw up. He should have known better. Trust goes both ways in a relationship and he'd failed to believe in her. Goddess help him, she was a fighter with innate loyalties that ran deep and he'd vowed to protect her. A surge of his own magic rose inside him until the wings on his back burned from the bloodlust overriding his fear.

"Where is she?" he asked again through clenched teeth.

"Best I've been able to figure out she's being held in a small dungeon in the basement of his private estate, far away from the castle. I don't even know if the king is aware of what is going on as he ignores my pleas on a regular basis."

"Your brother is a dick."

"That's putting it mildly. But I'm not sure I'm in any hurry for Cirdan to become king either."

"We're agreed there. The monarchy is in distinct trouble if someone doesn't put a leash on our fearless prince." Erik waited at the door ready to leave when Roane joined him.

"Go home and wait to hear from us. We'll contact you when it's done." Roane rushed outside and took flight behind Erik, fighting back the nausea and guilt consuming him. He'd believed Nissa had

abandoned them and their bargain.

“If any harm has come to her, the Otherworld will run red.” Erik spoke solemnly, his power vibrating dangerously.

Roane didn’t even have to know Nissa’s fate, he already smelled death in the air.

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Nissa pulled at the stiff metal ring around her neck. For days she’d been fighting against the power contained in the collar suppressing her magic and nothing had resulted from her efforts other than complete exhaustion. She’d sensed the dark ones nearby and suspected they guarded her while Cirdan perfected the ceremony to rape her of her power.

Fighting with magic was out of the question and now that she’d regained some of the strength she’d wasted she had to come up with a plan. The sparse room they had given her had no window or secondary exit for her to work with, only the heavy metal door locked from the outside. She doubted even outside magic could get to her through these walls. Probably the point.

She stood and stared at the door. If there was only one way out then she had but one option to use it. Desperate times called for desperate measures. She’d

tried everything else she thought of including every piece of stone holding up the four walls. Cirdan wasn't an idiot and he'd chosen her prison well. No magic, no light, no chance of escape.

Nissa yanked at the dress she'd been given and tore four long strips of fabric from it before shoving it under the bed. Hopefully he hadn't counted on how desperate she'd be or known how far she'd go to be free. Since the bed already faced the door she only had to finish setting the scene for the next asshole who came through the door.

First she used two of the fabric strips to tie her ankles to the end bedposts, spreading her legs wide and opening her sex to anyone who walked in. She tied them secure knowing they'd get checked and if her plan worked she'd be able to untie them anyway.

For a fleeting moment she wondered if she could stomach what would happen to her if she failed. No, she wouldn't fail, she couldn't. She laid flat out on her back and secured first her left wrist and then her right using a bowline knot Kian had shown her. Unbreakable to the lay person with a built in loop at the back of the knot that she'd use to release herself when the time came. Thank the Goddess for Kian and the hours he'd spent making her practice this knot until she

could tie it with one hand and get out of it under pressure. She'd hated him back then for the futile exercise, but if she played her cards right his tricks would be her saving grace this night.

To make this work she'd have to be convincing, not only vocally, but physically as well. She'd have to rely on memories of Erik and Roane to coerce her body into cooperating. Unfortunately, she'd end up in an almost heat-like state that would convince her captors and potentially leave her vulnerable. It was her last resort.

After what felt like hours of laying there remembering every touch and kiss from her men she no longer had to fake a damn thing. Her pussy had creamed continuously every time she conjured one of them fucking her. She'd found herself particularly responsive to the memory of watching Roane fuck Erik. Goddess, she'd been turned on then and even more so now.

She writhed and whimpered on the bed and even the noise of someone entering the room did little to distract her from the raging need. One of the prince's guards had entered with a tray of food.

"Please help me. Please..." she pleaded. "My heat. I can't control it. The pain..."

She saw the guard's eyes open wide and his nostrils flare when the scent of her feminine need hit his senses. All too eager to fuck, he rushed to set the tray on the floor and moved too close the door. Hope sprang inside her until a dark hand slapped against the door, stopping it from closing.

When one of the dark faeries she'd seen in the forest entered the room a shot of fear sang through her blood, but it was too late. She'd set the plan in motion and her body had responded to the stimuli she'd forced on it. No turning back.

A low growl emitted from the dark face, which sent the guard scurrying from the room, leaving her alone with the powerful faery. Her legs fought against the ties at her ankles as she tipped her hips in invitation. She'd gone too far to even consider stopping now. This was a one chance only scenario.

The door slammed shut, but didn't lock as he approached the bed. Powerful muscles covered his torso, warning her of the sheer strength he possessed. Dark, cold eyes stared down at her. If her heat had affected him, he knew how to hide it well. And just like she'd expected he pulled at every one of her ties to ensure she truly was tied down. Apparently satisfied that it wasn't a trick, he yanked off his black leathers

and stood straight and tall within her view.

His cock stood straight, jutting out from his hips and centered between powerful thighs the size of small tree trunks. A visual reminder of how dangerous her prey would be. The erection facing her was the same midnight black color as the rest of him and fucking huge. She couldn't help but wonder how it would fit in her mouth, let alone anywhere else.

His fingers dove for the lips of her pussy and when they found the liquid fire awaiting him, his eyes slid closed and a rumble sounded deep in his chest. The tip of one finger flicked at her aching clit, shooting pleasure into her nerves and eliciting a long cry from her own throat.

Her eyes squeezed shut as his fingers worked her sensitive bud, pushing her closer to the edge of an orgasm she shouldn't be having. She tried to focus on images of Roane and Eric, but the need she'd forced now clawed at her insides like a starving animal demanding to be fed.

"Please, please, please." She begged, unable to stop herself and way past the point of caring. How had this happened? Oh Goddess help her.

He moved in a blur and buried his head between her thighs before she even knew what

happened. The first touch of his hot tongue sent her careening into a release that exploded throughout her body, her arms and legs fighting for freedom as she convulsed over and over again.

Nissa's lungs burned as she sucked in breath after breath trying to slow her racing heart while he lapped up every drop of juice he could find even delving into her tight hole. How the hell did his tongue get so hot? Was it part of his magic? She tossed her head from side to side, burning alive. If he didn't stop soon she might pass out from the pleasure. In fact she was on the verge of turning into one massive orgasm after another.

When she thought she would explode from the heady sensations, his head lifted and his mouth tilted up in an arrogant knowing smile. Whatever her intentions, he'd pulled from her a devastating response.

He climbed up her body, his lips kissing their way up her belly to her breasts where he latched onto a nipple with his teeth and tugged to the point of pain, just like she liked it. Despite the raging need building in her again she had enough wits left to realize her moment of escape had arrived. It was now or never.

Her thumbs fed the loop into the knot and the fabric loosened enough for her to slide her hands free.

When his thick cock nudged at her pussy lips she moved quickly, wrapping one of the ties around his neck and pulling them as tight as she could with all her might.

Her captor fought at her hold for a brief second, flipping them sideways, but she'd been too quick and deadly, cutting off his air supply instantly and now collapsing his throat. His automatic response to claw at the fabric only made it easier for her to tighten it. The seconds passed in slow motion as his frantic movements dulled and eventually stopped as his heart quit beating and she literally choked the life out of him.

When his dead weight collapsed on her she pushed at him with her arms and torso until he'd moved enough to allow her to get to her right ankle, which she untied quickly and used to kick him further away.
Thank you, Kian.

Freed she ran for the door, stopping long enough to listen for movement outside. Hearing nothing she gulped in a deep breath and went for it, pulling the door open and peeking into the corridor. No guards were in sight but the dark faery had left his short swords in the hall. Her luck officially turned. She grabbed them and ran.

She cleared the exterior door, squinting against

the bright sunshine as she surveyed the area. Off in the distance she made out a large estate probably belonging to Cirdan. He'd hidden her away in the outlying servants quarters. From here there was nowhere to go but into the open. Some one hundred meters away stood the waiting forest and plenty of cover for hiding, but first she had to get there.

Seeing no one she ran in the direction of freedom. Her legs pumped and arms swung while her hands maintained a death grip on the swords. She wouldn't be taken again without a fight.

Halfway...almost there.

"Stop!" Before she could respond to the voice she was tackled from behind, the force propelling her forward and face first into the grass. She flipped a sword back, sinking into flesh and tucked her head to roll. Her assailant fell away and she landed hard on her shoulder before rolling to the side.

She scrambled to her feet and turned to face her attacker to find three men still in pursuit besides the one already on the ground from where she'd stabbed him. Swords arced toward her as she moved to defend herself, metal clashing on each thrust. Using every training move she'd learned she kicked, stabbed and even elbowed the men fighting her.

“Nissa!” She turned at Erik’s voice and a sharp sword sliced into her shoulder. Anger and pain fused her blood as she turned to the man who’d cut her in time to see a knife buried in his chest.

Two down, one to go. Roane and Erik are on their own.

In a burst of speed and flurry of motion she beat down the third fae in seconds until he lost his sword and she held one of hers against his throat.

She heard Roane and Erik running up behind her. They’d come to save her. A lump stuck in her throat and tears watered her eyes. Erik got to her first and plowed his fist into the guard’s face, leaving him to fall unconscious to the ground.

She faltered, weak from the collar and her escape and Roane scooped her into his arms. “Goddess, Nissa. Are you all right?”

“I will be.” She dropped the swords and curled into the comfort of Roane’s body, warmth and protection seeping into her.

“You’re bleeding.” Erik grabbed her arm and pressed his hand against the wound at her shoulder, slowing the flow of blood. “Where else are you hurt?”

“Erik, I’m fine. Tired is all. Can we get this thing off my neck?” He searched her body for other

trauma, stopping to rub the raw skin at her wrists and ankles.

“You’ve been tied up.” Rage seethed from Erik.
“I’m going to kill the bastard, I swear I am. What did he do to you?”

“Stop,” she pleaded. “It’s a long story and the bastard is already dead. I’m safe with you and Roane.” She buried her face into Roane’s chest and inhaled deeply, loving the scent of him and the memories it triggered.

Then she remembered what she’d done to get free. Betrayal... If only she’d waited another hour. Heartache twisted through her at the levels of her deceit. When the truth was revealed there would be no forgiveness.

“Please take me home.”

“Yes, princess.”

Chapter Thirteen

Two days had passed since they'd gotten Nissa back from Cirdan and she'd yet to open up about what happened. Her inability to let them in worried Roane. She'd spent most of the time either asleep or with her mother. Tension in the house continued to mount until he thought it would take a sword to get through it.

Erik's new found aggressiveness had escalated until he'd finally kicked him out of the house for a while, telling him to come back when he got his head on straight and himself under control. Guilt gnawed at him for that move considering what festered inside him wasn't much better than Erik's attitudes. The relationship for the three of them was at a crossroads and the need to claim and take could easily overpower them.

"You're giving off so much negative energy the house nearly vibrates with it. You're making her nervous." Roane glanced up to find Nissa's mother standing in the doorway of the kitchen. Like her daughter, her long, red hair hung loose and free, caressing perfect porcelain skin. Thanks to an extended life span she and Nissa appeared almost the same age. A beautiful faery like her should not be wasting away in the forest alone under some ridiculous banishment.

“Is she okay?”

“Physically she’s fine, but she wants to go home.”

“This is her home. She belongs with Erik and I. Besides, you heard what the king decreed. As long as she continues her service with us then no other faery has right to claim her, not even Cirdan. The minute she walks away all bets are off.”

A sadness passed over her features as she stepped closer.

“You don’t get it. It’s not technicalities she needs to hear from you.” She touched her fingertips to the side of his face. “Tell her how you feel, how you both feel. She’s guilt ridden and it’s tearing her up inside.”

The wisdom and intelligence in her eyes caught him by surprise. He’d already discovered she had the ability to read people but the innateness of her gift still startled him.

“What in hell does she have to be guilty of? Other than shutting us out, we’re in the dark.”

“There is nothing more I can do for her. She needs her men, even if she won’t admit it. Make her understand how you truly feel and all will come together.”

He hated when people talked to him in riddles. Life would be so much easier if people just said what needed to be said and the problem dealt with. How hard could that be?

She brushed past him and he turned in time to see her kiss Erik on the cheek. Roane hadn't heard him come in, but it was clear he'd overheard Nissa's mother. He watched Erik, saying nothing until the front door closed softly.

"Feeling better?"

"Not really, but I'll live." Erik shifted and leaned his shoulder against the doorframe.

"Her mother's a reader."

"Yeah, I know."

"I'm glad you're back. I didn't handle things well." And he didn't have a lot of experience in apologizing either.

Erik shrugged. "It was good to have the time to think."

"It's time to talk with Nissa. You ready for that?"

"Ready as I'll ever be." He pushed forward and Roane turned and followed to the bedroom.

They found her standing at the window staring out into the forest, sorrowful magic filling the room.

She'd quit trying to suppress her power and the constant presence offered him a comfort he didn't understand.

The purple dress she wore hugged her delicious curves to perfection and already he hummed with the need to touch her. To express how much she fulfilled him. Finding the right words was a different story altogether.

"Find something out there that catches your eye, princess?"

"Not really." She didn't turn to look at them, but her spine stiffened at their presence.

This was going to be harder than he thought.

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Nissa frantically wiped at the tears escaping down her cheeks. She couldn't let either one of them see her crying. They would never understand. Her system had been on overload for days now and her emotions were still off the charts. The escape plan had worked as she'd hoped and while she didn't regret what she'd done in order to get free, she hadn't banked on the guilt eating at her every time one of them looked at her. Her betrayal was beyond words.

She'd come to terms with her sexuality, the heat that controlled her. It went a long way in explaining why the women of their kind were generally submissive

to the men. There were times she wouldn't be able to make decisions for herself and her safety and well being depended on her alpha or in this case, alphas, being worthy of her trust.

But would they understand why she did what she did or would they look at her and treat her differently? Thanks to them she'd be safe. As long as she remained in their care, Cirdan couldn't touch her. Even he didn't go against his father's wishes. But would it be worth the price if they couldn't stomach her actions? If they turned away from her she wouldn't survive.

A hand touched her shoulder and turned her to face them. Erik and Roane, Goddess help her she loved them. Worry creased their faces and need filled their eyes, something she desperately wanted to take away from them. Whether in the clearing that day with Cirdan or in the events of the past few days, somewhere along the line she'd embraced her desire to be their slave.

"Why are you crying?" They grabbed her arms and led her to the bed, pushing her to sit. Both men towered over her...waiting. She honestly didn't know whether to laugh or cry. The hour-by-hour lows and highs drove her crazy. When had she turned into this?

"You have to talk to us. Whatever it is we can

get through it.” Roane whispered.

“I don’t even know where to start.”

“How about at the beginning.” Erik sat beside her, his hip brushing against her thigh. “We’re listening.”

To hell with it. She had to get it out before she went mad. She’d find a way to live with the fall out. “Being held captive drove me crazy. I mean, not literally crazy, but well—”

“We know what you mean. It’s meant to stress you, to push your limits so your captor can get what he wants from you. Whatever he did to you will eventually be paid for, in due time. I promise you.”

“No, you don’t understand. It’s not what he did, it’s what I did. What I’m capable of.” She tightened her hands into tiny balls in her lap.

“You escaped. That’s all that matters.” Erik touched her arm in reassurance.

“No, it’s not.” Goddess, weren’t they listening? They were being too soft, treating her like a child and she was sick of it.

“I killed a man.” She studied them carefully for reactions. “But first I seduced him to get free. I was prepared to do anything, even let him fuck me. So don’t baby me, I’m not innocent, but I did what I had to do.”

The gloves were off now if they wanted to say anything she was ready for it.

“Shame on you, princess.” Roane scolded. “Did you actually think we’d care about that? That somehow you using every tool available to get free would make a difference? Frankly, for someone who claims to want to be a hunter we’d have been shocked if you hadn’t tried.” His voice had risen to meet her anger and her body responded, heat racing to her pussy. “Or is it the fact you took pleasure from him first that has you worried?”

Nissa froze. What the—? “I thought you’d be angry. I let someone touch me, even bring me to orgasm. And I would do it again if I had to.”

Heat blazed in Roane’s eyes as Erik moved behind her. She sensed the hot tempers barely being restrained, the sexual need fighting for release. She’d completely misjudged their reaction.

“If that’s what it took to save yourself then so be it. Although it’s a damn good thing he’s already dead.” Roane’s nostrils flared as he caught her scent. “To think we wouldn’t understand is unacceptable. You’ll have to be punished for that.”

A rush of liquid flooded her silk panties. “I didn’t know what you’d say. I tried to control my

reactions, to not betray you...”

She watched the grim line of his lips ease as his eyes softened.

“A hunter does whatever it takes to stay alive. We’d never condemn you for that.”

“A hunter? What are you saying?” She’d already been claimed in the king’s court as a slave.

“We can’t do anything official yet, but Erik and I are more than qualified to complete your training. Since I have no intention of ever leaving you behind, you’re going to get plenty of on-the-job training as well. In fact, you’ll be expected to carry your weight as an apprentice and as our slave.” The corners of his mouth tipped up into a smile.

“You sure are greedy.” Thank Goddess.

“I can’t guarantee the court will even consider it. In fact I’m pretty sure they won’t, but to us you will be everything and more,” Roane offered, a strained smile on his face.

She believed him. How could she not? “I accept. After the last few days I’d already faced my fate. Being with you and Erik meant more to me.”

Roane shook his head. “I won’t let you give up on your dream. Erik and I are kind of fond of breaking the rules. You’ll see.”

She smiled, some of the weight she'd carried for days melting away. "We'll see about that." Their willingness to forsake part of a duty they held sacred gave her hope. Money and need may have brought them together but strength and love would bind them forever.

His bare chest heaved and she couldn't resist a quick glance to the bulge in his leathers.

"You know watching you fight, kicking ass, made me hard. I've been struggling for two days...giving you space."

Surprised, her mouth fell open.

"Did you honestly think we'd let you go so easily after the time we spent together?" Roane's hand reached into his pocket and withdrew a gold chain. Oh Goddess, her collar. They'd found it.

She held back a sob, but the unexpected tear slid down her face.

"I didn't want to leave either of you. I only wanted to protect you. When Cirdan forced me to remove it I wanted to die," she whispered.

He moved closer, stopping a few inches in front of her.

"Nobody is leaving anymore." He placed the chain at her neck and Erik fastened it underneath her hair. "We love you."

“Love you,” Erik whispered at her ear. “You belong to us. Nothing is taking you away...ever.”

Roane’s lips covered hers, his tongue pushing into her mouth with a force and need she couldn’t—wouldn’t—deny. She arched toward him as fingers at her back unzipped the dress and peeled it from her body. He broke the kiss long enough to strip his pants and for Erik to place pillows underneath her. From this angle he’d be able to watch whatever Roane did.

Her panties were ripped away and her legs spread wide, while more hands and fingers plucked at her taut nipples. Roane licked at the skin of her belly and trailed his way to her cunt, using his fingers to pull her lips apart.

“Mine.” He growled before diving in with hot and fast licks designed to drive her mad.

“Roane!”

Fire sizzled through her, erupting an inferno of heat in her belly and sex. Pleasure slammed into her, tight and aching. She couldn’t breath. Dear Goddess she wouldn’t survive.

Two fingers pushed roughly inside her wet pussy, stretching and rubbing against sensitive walls. Black spots hovered at the edge of her vision. Too much...too good.

“Mine too.” Erik pinched at her nipples with the same force Roane used to clamp down on her clit until screams tore from her throat. “How much can you take? Do you want more?”

“Yes.” Her head pressed into the mattress while she panted for breath. “Please more.”

Erik pushed his pants from his hips and sent them flying with one kick of his strong, muscular leg. Without releasing the tension on her nipples, his head lowered to capture her mouth. The simple pressure grew wild and aggressive, his tongue thrusting between her lips sent shivers shooting down her limbs. Erik ate at her mouth with the same fervor Roane ate at her pussy until her moans ran into each other one right after another.

Tension climbed and the pleasure spiked through her in a rush of sensations. Her hips bucked and chest heaved with no time to catch her breath as they worked her in a well-orchestrated tandem.

With no where else she’d rather be, she spiraled into the abyss of love and desire focused on her until she cried out over and over at the spasming ecstasy punching into her with every touch of a finger or tongue they stroked at her.

“Oh Roane, Erik, please more. Oh Goddess, I

can't stop." She needed them inside her, taking her...ached to fill the emptiness...

With one long, slow lick through the depths of her folds to the tight hole of her bottom, Roane drove her over the edge of madness. Tears ran down her cheeks as her body clenched and vibrated in delight as Roane quickly pulled her into his arms and turned her around. Erik had moved into place, shoving the pillows aside.

"I love you, princess and Erik loves you. This bond will be permanent."

Erik grabbed her waist and jerked her from Roane's grip, pulling her on top of him until the head of his cock nudged her wet folds and pushed through the tight muscles of her pussy, impaling her on his entire length.

"I love you both too," she cried. He eased her back up one agonizing inch at a time rubbing over every nerve ending, setting off a firestorm in her blood until she moaned helplessly.

A warm hand pressed down urging her forward. She gasped at the change in angle as Erik's cock moved across her clit, a torturous rub against the one spot guaranteed to do her in.

"Easy, Nissa."

She grit her teeth and willed the pressure back but when Roane's lubricated fingers found her backside she lost the fight. Two of them slid inside her, igniting new sensations until everything in her head exploded and the room turned brilliant white.

A vague sense of Roane and Erik moving floated somewhere in the back of her mind as she slowly regained full thought and control.

While perspiration tickled between her breasts, Roane nudged at her snug anus.

"Push out, princess. It's going to be tight." The strained tone of Roane's voice sent shivers tingling along her spine. He sounded like he had as much control as she did.

Nissa gasped at the initial burn when he made it past the tight ring of muscle holding him back. Roane forged on, filling her up as the familiar twinges of pleasure and pain combined to shoot chills across her heated flesh. Good Goddess she was full.

Suddenly she wanted to know what they felt, did their cocks rub together through the small barrier separating them? If only she had breath left to speak.

"Please tell me you're okay, princess." His tight, clipped tone relayed how close to the edge he sat.

She managed a nod before Erik nudged her

nipples again, her body jerking in reflex. More friction from that tiny move pushed them both farther inside her.

“Be still, Nissa. You need to adjust.”

“No, no, need to move,” she hoarsely whispered.

Roane pulled back and then forward on an urgent stroke. Nissa squealed and Erik laughed.

“Oh man, can you make her do that again?”

Together they started a slow rhythm, one moving in when the other moved out until the pressure built and stalled. *Harder*.

She wiggled her hips. “Harder, Roane, please, harder.”

His body stilled and his back stiffened. Those slow movements had been torturing her, but stopping was even worse. Seconds ticked as Roane covered her body with his, hands grabbing onto her shoulders for leverage.

“Have I told you lately how perfect you are?” He growled in her ear as he plunged deep and hard, setting a new pace Erik eagerly joined.

When Erik pulled out, Roane pushed deep until she gasped in pleasure.

“Yes, more like that. I want to hear you scream

for me, princess.”

Her whole body shook as she pulled from the energy of her magic to sustain them. The ache between her legs swelled until she couldn't breathe.

“Come, Nissa. Come now!” Roane roared on a final thrust Erik matched. Her body bucked and convulsed between them, her fingers scratching at Erik's shoulders as pleasure scorched her from head to toes.

A harsh cry tore from Erik's throat and the look of dark and deep satisfaction settled in his gaze as his cock swelled and shot, hot liquid, filling her as he continued his final thrusts.

Roane cried out behind her, his hands tightening on her arms, his hips jerking against her, as the force of his release cemented their bond. Three were one. Forever.

When they finally collapsed together, nobody wanted to move.

“We may kill each other at this pace.” Nissa laughed when she spoke.

“No, not dead, but do need a few minutes,” Erik gasped.

Nissa groaned.

“Nobody is ever leaving again, I'm making sure

of that.” Erik eased to one side of Nissa and he to the other.

“We love you too, Roane,” Erik whispered as they all snuggled together for sleep.

The End

Author Bio

Eliza Gayle lives a life full of sexy shapeshifters, blood boiling vamps and a dark desire for bondage...until she steps away from her computer and has to tend to her family.

She graduated Magna Cum Laude (which her husband translated into something very naughty) from Park University with a dual degree in Human Resource Management and Sociology. That education, a love of the metaphysical and a dirty mind comes in handy when she sits down to create new characters and worlds. The trick is getting her to sit still.

...Join her in her world. The door is always open and the next red-hot adventure is just a page away.

Also By Author:

Black Cougar Series

Lucas

Kane

Purgatory Series

Rope Dreams

Watch Me Hide

Touch Me, Tease Me, Whip Me

Fire & Desire

Pentacles of Magick Series

The Bonding

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