

Evernight Publishing



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The Not So Secret Baby



Evernight Publishing

www.evernightpublishing.com

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ISBN: 978-1-926950-48-8

Cover Artist: Jinger Heaston

Editor: Kimberly Bowman

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THE NOT SO SECRET BABY

Amarinda Jones

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Chapter One

“I’m pregnant.” Those were the last words Izzy Mack ever expected to say. She turned to her friend and waited for the response.

“Holy fucking hell!” Cilla Brown’s eyes were opened wide in astonishment.

Yeah, that about summed up Izzy’s own reaction when she first read the home pregnancy test. It was only when her doctor confirmed it that she had been lost for words. Izzy pushed the shoulder length brown hair from her neck. It was hot and sticky in Cairns. Long hair and humidity didn’t mix in the tropics.

“I just don’t understand how it happened.”

Cilla raised her brows. “Well, it takes a man and a woman who are horny and—”

“I mean I’m on the pill. He used a condom.” Unexpected pregnancies happened on soap operas and in terrible millionaire-Arab-sheik-seduces-the-wholesome-virgin-nurse romance books.

“Nothing is foolproof, Iz. Condoms tear and the pill isn’t always magical in its ability to stop the body doing what it’s programmed to do.”

“I know but...”

“Yeah, you never think it will happen to you.”

But it did. Izzy, at thirty-two years of age, was preggers, up the duff, and had the proverbial bun in the oven. She thought back to the man and the moment. That was easy to do. There had been no other lovers in her life since that night five weeks ago. In fact, none for months before that. Izzy had gone cold turkey on men. While she enjoyed sex, she wanted more. And then Izzy met him.

“He said he was a prince.”

“They all do, honey, when they want sex,” quipped Cilla.

“Yeah, I know but still there was something—”

“Princely about him? Did he have a black credit card?”

“Huh?” Izzy wondered what tangent Cilla was taking.

Her friend waved her hands in the air. “Oh you know. When Prince Fredrick of Denmark met Aussie girl Mary Donaldson he pulled out a black credit card and everyone knew he was a prince.”

“That wasn’t what he pulled out that caught my attention.”

Izzy’s mind went back to that night five weeks ago. She had just finished work at the restaurant where she waitressed when she ran into—literally—a tall, blond man as she dashed out to catch a taxi. Izzy had grabbed hold of him for support as her weak ankle buckled under her and she started to fall. Strong arms had wrapped around her waist to steady her.

Five weeks ago

“Hello.”

The strong Irish lilt made her catch her breath and look up at the man who held her.

“Um...” Her eyes roamed over the chiseled features. He wasn’t classically handsome. His jaw line was too strong, his nose crooked as if broken one too many time, and the scar that ran from his nose to his right upper lip made him look dangerous yet sexy. This was a man who had lived life. “I, er...” Normally Izzy was confident and articulate. Normally she wouldn’t have lifted her arms so her hands could rest on his shoulders while her fingers moved to touch the softly tangled blond hair that was caught up in a leather cord. But this wasn’t a normal moment or man.

“Are you okay?” He looked at her in amusement.

“Oh yeah.” Izzy hadn’t been held against a strong, male body in months. Her fingers threaded through the ends of his hair.

“You like?”

“It’s sexy.” Izzy liked men. She liked sex. She wasn’t going to pretend otherwise. There was nothing better than a male body stretched out over hers as his dick surged up inside her.

“Wanna feel it brush against your skin as I take you from behind?”

If any other man had said that, she would have considered it a sleazy pick up line, but the soft Irish lilt made her shiver at the sexiness of his tone. "If I said yes, would you think me a slut?"

"I would only think myself very lucky."

There were so many reasons not to say yes. He was a stranger. She was tired. From her experience, one-night stands never ended well. Izzy looked into his dark brown eyes and was caught and held. It was a moment every woman recognized as being something she couldn't walk away from. Yes, it was about heat and lust, but there was something else there. Something about the Irishman called to her. "Yes."

"Yes, what?" His voice was husky and low.

"Take me from behind." Izzy wanted to feel the heat of the blond stranger surging up inside her.

His hand curled around her. "My name is Sinyn."

"Take me, Sinyn."

Izzy shrieked as he removed his dick from her cunt and pushed the wet, bulbous tip into her anus. She gripped the hotel sheet beneath her and arched her back to give him access. If anyone heard her cries, she cared little. This was all about giving in to need and letting go.

"Sweetheart?" He leaned over and whispered in her ear. "Tell me if it hurts."

His warm breath on her neck and his hair brushing her skin made her shiver. It competed with the harder sensation of throbbing, stiff cock taking over her body. Izzy already felt like her body had been split in two from the hard, possessive ramming of his dick deep within her cunt. She ached with the feeling. Izzy had come so many times she had lost count. Never had that happened before. This man was well aware of how to please a woman. Izzy knew after being with Sinyn she would remember him every time she sat down. *And I want that memory.*

"More."

Sinyn chuckled. "Yes, ma'am."

Izzy moaned as the length of his shaft pushed inside her. "Oh, Sinyn."

"I love the way you say my name, sweetheart." His fingers moved around to her clit and started rubbing the hard pink nub.

Some men knew how to fuck with purpose. Sinyn was one of them. He took and he gave. Each thrust shook her body, and her clit was on fire from his fingers. She bucked against his hand wanting more. He seemed to understand that and began ramming harder into her ass. His fingers moved faster. Izzy closed her eyes and allowed him to do whatever he wanted.

"I want to come," he murmured against her shoulder as he kissed and licked her skin.

"So come." They had used condoms. She felt safe and protected within his embrace.

"On you, sweetheart."

The request was so raw and primal that Izzy was speechless. She had never allowed a man to come on her. She'd wanted to but no man ever had. She longed to taste cum on her lips. "I want to taste you." It was only fair. He had licked and sucked her clit driving her mad.

Sinyn halted mid thrust. "Are you sure?"

"Yes."

As his dick slid from her ass she felt pain yet also a strange emptiness. She watched as he ripped the condom off. It landed near the small wastepaper bin with the others. Five in all. A record for Izzy. But then this man had a stamina others didn't.

"Sweetheart?"

Izzy pushed him back on the bed so he lay flat. She got to her knees and fisted his dick. It was beautiful. Long, straight, and delightfully pink. She had always been fascinated by the tip of a dick. It was soft and smooth and the perfect treat for a woman. Izzy leaned in and licked it.

Sinyn groaned. "It won't take much to make me come."

"That's a shame. I wanted to play some." She sucked the head inside and tongued it slowly. Her eyes went to his. The sheer pleasure Izzy saw made her wrap her hand around the top of the shaft. She moved her hand in time with her mouth, sucking the dick head inside then slowly releasing it from between her lips each time as if reluctant to let go.

"Bloody hell." Sinyn sat and pushed her from him. "I used to think I had control, but with you? I have none." He got to his feet and stood on the bed, his hand around his dick.

Still on her knees, Izzy leaned in and licked his dick in long, teasing stokes as he pumped the shaft. That he would come soon excited her. She wanted to taste the first spurt of cum on her lips and feel it as it ran down her neck and breasts. It was a dirty fantasy she had wanted to enjoy for a long time. "Come on me."

"Oh, sweetheart," Sinyn groaned as he did.

The first taste of cum was bitter yet musky. She licked her lips as she savored it. The milky fluid dripped down her chin and onto her breasts. Izzy ran her fingers through it massaging it into her skin.

"You're beautiful," he murmured as he dropped down beside her, spent and hot. Sinyn's mouth met hers and he kissed her with slow, lingering deliberateness as his hands roamed her sticky flesh.

Izzy licked the scar at the top of his lips. "How did that happen?"

"A fight with my cousin. I ended up being pushed out of a tree house and I landed on rocky ground."

"It's as sexy."

Sinyn smiled. "Really?" He rolled on top of her. "You're sexy."

"Who are you?" This was no normal tourist who visited the tropics. This man had an indefinable quality about him.

"Would you believe me if I said I'm the prince of a small island country to the southwest of Ireland?"

She looked at the lovely man beside her. Was he a prince? Maybe. The thing was, it didn't matter to her. She had enjoyed Sinyn. "Tell me about this island." She listened as he told about Inis Daire, pronounced Inis Derry.

"Inis means island and Daire means an oak grove. My homeland is renowned for our oak furniture. I came to Cairns because I was told to come. The local seer. She decreed I would find my future here."

Interesting. "And have you?"

"Maybe," Sinyn murmured against her lips.

The present

Izzy shook herself. She had been overcome by the memory of the man and the moment. "Who knew I would be left with a

souvenir?" That she was pregnant was undisputable. That she was going to have the baby, a no-brainer. But the man? *Hmm...*

She picked her purse and thumbed through the section where she kept business cards, measurements for things she had no idea what there were for anymore, and a blister pack strip of aspirins. "He gave me this before he left." She pulled out the plain, simple, white card with his name on it.

Cilla took it. "Sinyn Donnelly. Was he very sinful?"

Oh yeah. Izzy's face got hot just thinking about what the man could do. "Sinyn's an Irish name." She thought back to his words from that night. "It means strong."

"Are you going to call and tell him about the baby?"

"I don't know." Izzy had mixed feelings. Part of her acknowledged she was perfectly capable of bringing a child up on her own. She didn't need a man and especially not one who would feel he 'had to'. The other side was she had grown up without a father. It had been a strange, lonely existence depending solely on a drug dependant junkie mother who couldn't look after herself, let alone a child. She always wanted to know who her father was. Izzy had dreamed on cold, hungry nights when her mother had been too out of it to form sentences let alone walk that her father would ride in on a white horse and save her. But dreams never came true and Izzy had learned fast to look after herself and depend on no one.

"I don't want him feeling like he has to do anything."

Cilla snorted. "He already has."

"I mean financially."

"Oh please! Not the Mack pride again." Cilla shook her head.

"Are you going to have it?"

The 'it' in question was very much a reality, and Izzy would have been a liar to say she hadn't contemplated an abortion. She was pro choice and believed a woman had a right to do whatever she chose to with her own body.

"Yeah."

"Wow. Gutsy move. Are you going to ring Prince Sinyn?"

Izzy tapped the white card against her chin. "When I've worked out what to say to him.

Chapter Two

“Hello, my name is Izzy Mack. I live in Cairns, Australia. You probably don’t remember me.”

Sinyn smiled. Visions of a gloriously buxom and generous body, a beautiful smile with lips that teased and sucked at his dick until he came drifted into his mind. Some women were unforgettable. The memory of soft, panting laughter as he plunged deep and hard inside her, wishing never to leave the warm, inviting embrace of her body, came back to him.

“Oh I remember.” Sinyn had been reliving that night in Australia for weeks now. He had passed through Cairns after attending trade meetings on behalf of his principality Inis Daire in Sydney. Old Katie, the local seer, had decreed him go to the tropical city. It hadn’t been on his agenda, but the seer had been insistent. And few on Inis Daire went against her when it came to her sight or predictions for the future. And it had been the best night of his life. While Sinyn had given Izzy his business card on the hope she might call him one day, he never dreamed the Australian woman would do so.

“Oh, well, er, that’s good.” Izzy hesitated before speaking.

“Where are you, sweetheart?”

“In Cairns.”

Sinyn felt a wild surge of disappointment. “So, Izzy, how have you been?”

“The thing is—um...”

“Yes?” Sinyn smiled at her hesitation. His curiosity was peaked.

“Look I don’t want anything from you—”

“But you’re ringing me for a reason.” There was a sudden silence on the line. “Are you there, Izzy?”

“I’m pregnant.”

The rushed-out words hit him like a sledgehammer. It was Donnelly history repeating. *Pregnant. My baby. Future. I must see Izzy again.*

“I’m not after money. I just thought you should know and well, stuff.”

The confusion in her voice was sweet and told him what he wanted to know. This was just as big a shock to her as it was to him.

Over the past three hundred years, it wasn't the slightest bit unusual for the Donnelly men to have many, legitimate and illegitimate. They loved women. They made no secret of it. They usually married the ones they got pregnant. "What's your address?"

"Why?"

That she sounded suspicious indicated to Sinyn that she meant what she said. Izzy wasn't looking for money from him. "I need to organize transport for you to Inis Daire."

"Why?"

"We need to talk about our baby further." He smiled. Our baby. It had a good, strong sound to it.

"We can do that over the phone. Besides, there's really nothing to talk about."

"Woman, you're carrying my child." Sinyn didn't doubt that for a second. Old Katie, the ancient Seer of Inis Daire, had once told him a woman from across the sea would change his life. "We need to talk."

"I don't want anything from you. I just felt you needed to know."

"Well I want something from you, Izzy."

"What?"

Sinyn needed to see and touch this woman once more. "Come to Inis Daire."

"That's not necessary. I know what I'm going to do about the baby."

His mouth tightened into a hard line. "Are you going to have an abortion?" Sinyn believed that women had the rights over their body and the use of it. But his child not living? It wasn't an option he would contemplate.

"No, but—"

He breathed out a relieved sigh. "No buts, Izzy Mack. Come to Inis Daire. We need to talk."

Chapter Three

Inis Daire airport was a thin landing strip that made Izzy nervous when she first looked down and saw it. When she climbed into the small, well-appointed airplane at Shannon airport bearing the crest of Inis Daire on the outside, Izzy again wondered what she was doing thousands of miles from home. It was cold and wet and winter clothes were not something she wore much back in Cairns. When the plane made a perfect touchdown, she pulled herself mentally together, brushed her hair, and applied lipstick ready for her reunion with Sinyn. But he wasn't there. The rush of disappointment made her wonder. It wasn't like they were going to do anything but discuss the logistics of bringing up a baby.

"It's Magistrate's day," informed the driver, who introduced himself as Seamus, took her bag, and led her to the sleek, black Jaguar. "The prince sits and listens to crimes and complaints every Wednesday." He settled her inside the car. "We do things a little differently on Inis Daire." Seamus climbed in beside her. "We have done so for four hundred years since our ancestors crowned the first Donnelly prince and broke away from the troubles in Ireland when they declared they would follow neither side but live in peace on their own island. We have our own laws and ways of dealing with people. We answer to no one but the Donnelly Princes."

Izzy was intrigued. She had never heard of Inis Daire before Sinyn crossed her path. The only principality she had heard of was Monaco. "So your ancestors quit the mainland and came here?" What would this island have been like back then?

"They were hard years, miss. Many died. Those who survived were strong and resilient and refused to give in. The prince's kin kept the people alive on sheer guts and determination."

It was a world so unlike her own. This was no tropical haven of beaches and heat. This was a place of thin, twisting roads, lush green fields, and people who waved at you without knowing who you were. The houses were predominately stone. Presumably hewn out from the grey, rocky mountains that ringed the island.

"What are those trees over there?" They were like nothing she had seen in Cairns. They stood full, proud, and majestic.

"They're oak trees."

Izzy remembered Sinyn telling her what Inis Daire meant.
“It’s just beautiful.”

“You have the glow about you.” He smiled at her.

“Er—”

“Oh, don’t be shy. We know all about the baby. There are no secrets on Inis Daire.”

“Huh?” Sinyn told them?

“Old Katie foretold the next Donnelly bride would come across the sea with a babe inside.” Seamus winked at her. “Besides, that’s why the Donnelly men get married.”

“By knocking up women?” *Marry? Me? I don’t think so.*

“Aye, they like women.”

“Yeah but it’s not a reason to marry. And who’s Old Katie?” She sounded like the interfering sort.

“She knows everything and is never wrong.”

Great. An old duck who was the local witch.

Seamus smiled at Izzy. “The Donnelly’s have been happy and productive doing it the same way for three hundred years. Nothing changes much here.”

* * * *

Izzy’s breath caught when she saw Sinyn. He was waiting in the driveway as they pulled up from the twenty minute drive. As he walked towards her, tall and proud with his long blonde hair tied at his nape, she thought he did indeed look like the lord of the manor.

And what a manor—or maybe castle? The home was enormous. Huge pieces of grey rock interlocked to create a solid fortress which looked like it had weathered many a fierce storm. There had to be at least twenty, maybe thirty, rooms. “Imagine cleaning that,” she murmured to herself.

Sinyn opened the car door and held out his hand. “Hello, sweetheart.”

On hearing the beautiful Irish lilt of Sinyn’s voice, her knees shook and she staggered towards him. When he caught her up in his arms and held her close, Izzy thought back again to the tropical night when she first met him. She looked up into his eyes. The gentle warmth made her blink. “I—er, I’m just tired. It was a long trip?”
Lordy, you’re beautiful.

“You’re home now.”

Okay. I have to set him straight on what I want and believe. Izzy had no plans to be seduced by the charm of the man and his home. "I'm here for a reason. I plan to go back home to Australia. This is *not* my home, Sinyn." Though standing as she was in his arms made her feel safer than she had in years.

"It will be." Sinyn picked her up in his arms and carried her toward the house.

That was unexpected. She slapped at his chest. "Put me down."

"I don't want to," Sinyn's reply was simple.

It was only when she heard the applause did she realize twenty or so people were scattered around them, all smiling as they watched. As Sinyn carried her over the threshold, everyone clapped again.

"You're going to give yourself a hernia." Izzy was no featherweight. Injuring a prince that everyone appeared to love indicated she wouldn't be loved much for it. But Sinyn ignored Izzy's protests and carried her up the staircase and down a hall until he stopped for a moment and kicked open the door of a bedroom that appeared to be every imaginable shade of blue. Once inside he placed her feet on the thickly woven carpet and started to strip her clothes off. "Hang on! We're supposed to be talking."

Sinyn chuckled, stopping momentarily to shut the door. "I was going to have a sedate chat with you downstairs over tea but the urge to see you naked overwhelmed me." His hands went back to her blouse and made short work of her buttons. "Besides, you're a woman, you can multi-task."

"Sinyn!" Izzy slapped at his hands but it did no good. He clearly had practice stripping women. He was fast and efficient. She was naked before she had time to think.

He placed his hand on her bare belly. "Ours."

The look in his possessive eyes made her shiver. *Oh boy, I'm in trouble here.* Izzy tried to back away from him. Naked she was vulnerable to his touch and her own crazy hormones. "Look, prince, while I'm pleased you want to acknowledge the baby—" She jumped when his hand slid down to her pussy. "Don't do that." Izzy was surprised at how breathless her words sounded.

"Why? Because you like it yet you want to deny yourself pleasure 'cause you think we should be sensible and discuss the baby?" Sinyn stepped back from her. "Aye, we'll discuss the baby."

He started stripping off his own clothes. "But first I have this overwhelming need to be inside you once more." He threw his shirt to the floor.

"I—er, it was a long flight and um—" Izzy faltered as his trousers fell to his ankles and his dick stood firm and hard. She gulped. *Oh, I remember you.* "People will wonder what we're doing."

"Let 'em." He came to stand before her. "Besides they all know about the baby."

"Word gets 'round. Besides, they expect it of a Donnelly man." Sinyn stepped in so his body touched hers. "Hello, sweetheart."

Hot cock pushed against her stomach. She loved the feel of it touching her skin. Her gaze lifted to his. "I can't think when you're naked." Izzy had planned to be calm, rational, and practical on her reunion with him. She stepped backwards, her legs hitting the bed. "Sinyn—"

"Shush, sweetheart." He pushed her back onto the bed, his body covering hers.

When his mouth descended on her nipple, Izzy laced her fingers through his hair and cried out at the sucking sensation. "Sinyn—"

"Fuck first, talk later." He parted her legs and entered her cunt without further ado.

The first thrust shook Izzy to the core. She had been expecting it, but not. She had been wet since she saw him, yet never did Izzy imagine they would be naked so fast let alone ever be with him again.

"Oh Sinyn—" There was no point fighting it. Rationality had flown out the door the minute she met him in Cairns. Good girls did not fuck strangers. Good girls did not get pregnant on one-night stands.

Her hips lifted to accommodate the length of him as he pushed further inside. The fierce pressure and heat overwhelmed her. Izzy wrapped her arms and legs around his body and gave into the heat of the man.

"That's it, sweetheart. Give in to what you feel." Sinyn's mouth met hers and they kissed with a hungry passion.

Chapter Four

“So,” Sinyn began as lifted his mouth from her clit, his face wet with her juices, and looked at Izzy. She was breathless and flushed from coming over and over. Her thighs were sticky with his cum and her skin red from his mouth and teeth. Maybe it was boasting to say he was good at sex. *But I am*. Sinyn knew what women liked and he made very sure any lover he took enjoyed as much pleasure as possible.

Sinyn covered her body with his and rolled them onto their sides. He didn’t need the longevity of a long acquaintanceship to know this was the woman for him. Sexually? They were explosive together. The baby? A bonus. The rest? It would come. Would the people of Inis Daire think him mad for rushing in? No, those on the island followed the beliefs of their ancestors who first settled there. Life was about taking chances and following gut instinct. He smiled down at Izzy’s pink face and kiss-swollen lips. *She is beautiful. She is mine*. It would be fun to find out more about his bride-to-be. Old Katie was right. His future had been in Cairns.

“I’m thinking we marry next week.” He reached out and traced one fingertip around her nipple.

Izzy jerked upright. “Marry? Next week? Are you out of your mind?”

“No.” Sinyn had never felt so confident in his words.

“Marriage is a serious commitment.” She pushed his hand away and sat up, leaning against the bed head.

“I know.” He was thirty-eight years old. He could have married many times over, but no woman until Izzy had appealed to him.

“Do you marry everyone you knock up?”

Sinyn sat up beside Izzy and took her hand. “There is a legend on Inis Daire when it comes to the Donnelly men. The woman we marry is the one that carries our child.”

Izzy raised her eyebrows at this. “Well that’s kinda inconvenient if you knock up several women.”

“I never have. I’ve been waiting for you. I was told as a lad that the woman I would take as a wife would come from across the sea.” He leaned over and tweaked her nose. “And here you are.”

“Considering you live on a small island, it’s not a great a stretch of the imagination that you would marry someone out of town.” The whole marriage thing had Izzy freaked out. Yes, the sex was amazing, but marriage based on having sex twice didn’t indicate happily ever after to her.

“Old Katie is never wrong.”

“Who is this Old Katie chick?” *And why the hell is she making pronouncements that concern me?*

Sinyn laughed. “She’s an ancient Inis Daire seer who predicts the future,” Sinyn explained. “I’d like you to meet her on your travels around the island.”

That suggested a longevity Izzy hadn’t considered. She had thought this would be a chat about upbringing, schools, and access rights. “I’m not staying that long.” She started to get up. She needed to shower. Her thighs were sticky with the semen that seeped down from her cunt. *And I need some clothes on. So does he.* Naked was good but also bad. Looking at his lean, muscular body was making her think all sorts of things she shouldn’t. While she wanted to blame it on the raging change in her hormones, at heart Izzy knew it was all about lust.

Sinyn stopped any movement by placing one long leg over her thighs. “Yes you are.”

“You can’t keep me here.”

“Ah, a challenge.” He caught her into his arms and held close.

Being held close by Sinyn was something Izzy knew she could get very used to. And that’s why she fought against it. She wasn’t there for a relationship. *I’m here for...hmmm...what the hell am I here for? Surely I could have done this all via email?*

“Let me go.” She slapped at his arm.

“Why?”

“I’m confused.”

“Why, sweetheart?” Sinyn turned her in his arms so she faced the head board.

“What are you doing?” Suddenly she was on her knees with Sinyn close at her back, dick prodding her ass as he nudged her legs apart with his knee. Izzy turned her head to look at him.

“I remembered how much you liked my hair on your skin as I took your from behind.” He pulled the leather thong from his hair.

Izzy gulped. “So you’re doing me a favor?”

Sinyn smiled. "Oh yeah." He slid one hand between her ass cheeks and fisted his dick with the other. "I want your stay in my home to be full and exciting."

Izzy grabbed the wood of the headboard as once more his dick slid inside her cunt. She shoved her ass back in acceptance. There was no point saying she didn't want this way. It would be a lie.

"We will need to talk."

The bed head banged into the wall as Sinyn banged into her. It was no gentle fuck. It was meant to shake Izzy up and question what she wanted and needed.

"Agreed."

The wood smashed into the wall several more times.

His body slammed into hers over and over. It was hard and exciting and certainly 'full' as he wanted it to be.

She looked at the chipped paint on the wall as the wood struck it time and time again. "That's going to leave a mark."

"Oh, I'm marking you mine for life, sweetheart." Sinyn's mouth descended on her neck and bit her skin gently in a sucking love bite.

Izzy placed one hand on her clit and rubbed. There was no point fighting this. She wanted to come. Later, when they weren't naked, she'd be rational. "Faster."

"I thought you wanted to talk?"

"I want to feel you shooting up inside me." There was something so primal about a man letting go inside a woman.

Sinyn groaned. "Aye, that'll happen. Brace yourself, sweetheart." Sinyn ramped up the pace of his thrusts. The sound of wood continuously hitting the wall would leave few illusions for anyone passing by.

As he jerked and came inside her, Izzy stiffened as her own orgasm hit. She yelled loud and long and pushed back against Sinyn.

"That'll make 'em jealous," mused Sinyn.

Chapter Five

The knowing looks as they came back downstairs made Izzy blush and feel awkward. “Why are they all looking so happy?” She asked sotto voiced as people she had never seen before, who were possible the household staff, smiled at her.

“I told you. They all know about the baby and that we will marry.”

Izzy stiffened. “You told *everyone*?” It was his home and right to do so, but she had hoped to keep it quiet until they had worked out what they needed to.

“No. Old Katie predicted it. When it comes to babies on Inis Daire there are no secrets.” Sinyn chuckled at her look of bewilderment. “You can fight it all you like but what is meant to be will be.”

Old Doris Day philosophy didn’t appeal to Izzy. “I will be going home to Australia.”

“Of course you can visit. I love Cairns.”

Izzy stopped in her tracks and poked a finger into Sinyn’s chest. “Of course I can visit? You’re not a feudal war lord whose word is to be obeyed by one and all, and I’m no one’s possession.”

Sinyn caught her hand in his. “Sexually I have you. We both feel the power we have over each other when it comes to that. As for your heart? I will have that in time.”

Izzy pulled her hand away. Sinyn was the most gorgeous man she had ever seen and touched, but this was all too much for her. “This is madness. I came to tell you about the baby to do the right thing and make plans. I didn’t want my child growing up without a father like I did.”

Sinyn’s eyes softened on her. “Poor little Izzy. I will take care of you and provide all the love you have missed.”

“Love?” *Where the hell am I? It’s like I’ve entered another dimension.* She wasn’t against falling in love, but in her mind, Izzy knew it didn’t happen that fast. “We had a one-night stand.”

“It was excellent. I often thought about it after I left Cairns. Memories of you made my dick hard for weeks.”

Izzy opened and closed her mouth several times as she thought about what to say. Visions of Sinyn’s hard dick and what she could do

with it swamped her mind. “Um, well, yeah but the thing is it’s not a basis for a marriage.”

“On Inis Daire it is.”

“What about the baby?”

Sinyn’s hand went to her stomach. “I’m thrilled.”

“You’re very odd.” Sinyn barely knew her and yet he was planning their life together.

“He smiled. “You’ll get used to us. Now, come and meet the staff and the family.”

* * * *

Anthony Donnelly shook the woman’s hand and smiled even though inside he wanted to strangle her, then his cousin. “Pleased to meet you. We never thought Sinyn would marry.” He had been counting on it. That Sinyn at thirty-eight had finally found a wife was irritating. Anthony hoped Sinyn would just screw around as he was accustomed to and not find a wife. And a baby? Anthony knew then he had no hope of inheriting Inis Daire. It always went to the eldest Donnelly son. That was Sinyn. They were the last two Donnelly’s standing. Both their parents had long since died. It was a boating accident on the lake that had taken them from Inis Daire. After that it was only the two men who were left. Neither liked the other yet they were tied by blood.

It was Inis Daire law that if a Donnelly son reached the age of forty-five without an heir then it went to the next in line, which was Anthony. His wife Sharon had not yet produced a child. She hated kids. She had married Anthony for his money. He knew that and it was irrelevant to him. She was a body to impregnate and he made every attempt to get a child in her he could. When they married she was supposed to have been pregnant even though Old Katie declared it impossible. He soon found out the seer was right. He looked over the Australian woman. She wasn’t to his taste with her buxom body and average looks. *But, she is a threat and I need her gone.*

The look in Sinyn’s cousin’s eyes made Izzy step back. He was not greeting her. He was assessing her in the way a predator looks at his victim. She took another step back and ran into the solid warmth of Sinyn. The strong, male hand that curled around her waist made her feel safe.

Everyone else had been nice. The household staff had been friendly and eager to please her. The home inside was as large and imposing as outside. It was furnished in elegant, no doubt expensive, furnishing that appeared to be of great age and value.

"It must be a nightmare to clean," Izzy murmured, thinking of her small two bedroom apartment in Cairns.

"They love the house and they love you," Sinyn replied as he caught her hand in his.

"They don't know me."

"They know I'm happy, and that's all they need to know."

They did the rounds of the manor and finished at the stables. "Horses huh?" Izzy hadn't been a horse loving teenage girl. They had always struck her as uncomfortable to ride and she couldn't imagine any pleasure a horse got with someone perched on top of them.

"Scared of them?"

"No, I prefer cars." They could be controlled. Horses had minds of their own.

"On Inis Daire—"

"Yes, yes, I'm sure even the leprechauns ride horses." When Sinyn laughed at her words, Izzy smiled. It was a great sound. "Your cousin—"

"Hates me."

"Yep, I got that, and I reckon I'm not going to be a favorite either."

"Let's forget about Anthony and come meet my best friend."

A tall, dark-haired man appeared from inside the stable. "I thought I heard voices."

Wow, they make the men real fine on Inis Daire. Though this man wasn't as hot as Sinyn, he was certainly a man Izzy would look more than twice at and wonder about.

"Connor, meet my bride-to-be."

"I've been looking forward to meeting you, Izzy."

She could feel his eyes all over her. Once more she stepped back but for a different reason. There was a sexual tension in the room that crackled.

Sinyn chuckled. "Connor and I like to share women."

Yes? No, really? Wow. What the hell do I say? I'm having enough trouble with one man. "I don't share." Izzy wasn't morally

opposed to ménages. It was more like she had never had the opportunity to.

“Never wanted to?” Sinyn asked.

“Ah no, never thought about it.” How did that work? What went where? And then another thought hit her. Sinyn’s bisexual. That was not what she expected. Izzy was all for people loving who and how they wanted to, but it didn’t appeal to her.

“So how do you know you won’t share if you’ve never tried?” Connor asked.

“I – er...” *Crap, I don’t know.* Just looking at him made her want to try.

Sinyn smiled at her confusion. “Plenty of time to think about it.”

Connor nodded. “I’m not going anywhere, and it would be an honor.”

Whoa! Izzy managed to mumble something that sounded like thanks and headed off with Sinyn.

“I’m neither gay nor bisexual, Izzy.”

“Not for one second did I think you were.” Okay, she had. But he didn’t need to know that. “So, you like to buddy fuck?”

Sinyn nodded. “It’s enjoyable to see a woman doubly pleased. If you want the opportunity to try it, then just ask. While you are my woman, I’ll do whatever I can to make you happy.”

My woman. Walking into Inis Daire was like walking into a different world. “How would you feel about it, you know, hypothetically speaking if I did want to do it?”

“Are you interested?”

“Hypothetically, just curious.”

“I would be fine with it,” Sinyn answered.

“Huh...” Izzy wasn’t sure what to say so she changed the subject. “How come no one calls you Prince Sinyn?”

“It’s just a title.”

“But you told me who you were when we first met.”

Sinyn winked at her. “I wanted to impress and then undress you.”

“I’m an Aussie. Titles don’t do it for us.” In a culture where Jack was not only as good as his master but usually better, pretension just annoyed Australians.

“So why did you have sex with me?”

“I hadn’t planned to.” She had been horny and he had been gorgeous and there and world’s and bodies collided.

“Fate intervened.” Sinyn wrapped an arm around her shoulders and pulled her close to him. “Come let me show you a field of wildflowers.”

Chapter Six

"I swear you're oversexed." She was naked and astride Sinyn, his hard dick ensconced within her. They were in the promised field of wildflowers, Sinyn flat on his back with her on top of him. It had all started quite innocently. She had stumbled on a rock and Sinyn had caught her just as she fell. It had seemed natural to kiss him. But kissing led to clothes being removed, and it wasn't until her mouth was on his dick, sucking hard, that Izzy began to wonder about her feelings. She had always enjoyed sex. She rarely ever had sex with the same man more than twice. Yet here she was in a foreign country jumping the bones of a prince. "Bizarro world."

"What is?" Sinyn's hands cupped her ass.

"You. Me. Sex."

"Why?"

"Well, we barely know each other, yet here I am sitting on your cock contemplating our child and the future."

"I see nothing wrong with that." Sinyn pulled her down against him and rolled them so she was underneath.

She didn't fight it when he pulled out from inside her and lifted her legs up against her breasts. Izzy wanted him inside her any way she could. There was no point pretending otherwise.

"It all just happened so fast." She moaned as once more he pushed inside her body, filling her up with his heat.

"It's meant to be."

"That seems to be the logic of Inis Daire."

Sinyn stopped mid-thrust. "Is it so bad?"

"No."

"What are you scared of?"

Falling in love with you. "Nothing." Love wasn't something she wanted to discuss. It was too soon and it complicated much. "Are you going to fuck me or talk?"

Sinyn slapped her thigh. "Finally the woman understands me."

Anthony and Sharon Donnelly watched on as Sinyn rammed in and out of the woman in the field of flowers.

"She has a fat ass," she murmured in distaste.

Anthony looked at the ass in question, his dick jerking up at the thought of filling it. He cleared his throat. "We have to get rid of her."

"I know a woman who deals with poisons that kill and are undetectable."

"Not kill her." Anthony looked at his wife and once more wondered about the way her mind worked. There were many times he wondered if he hadn't been drunk whether he would have married her. "We need to get her to have a miscarriage. It has to look like an accident." Would Sinyn be so keen to marry the Australian then?

"I can do that."

"Then you need to get pregnant."

Sharon arched a well plucked eyebrow at him. "Old Katie said I never would be."

Anthony snorted in derision. "Old Katie believes the wee people visit her." His eyes went back once more to his cousin on the woman. Sinyn was always the lucky one.

* * * *

"You are in danger, Isadora," pronounced Katie O'Toole.

Neither danger nor her full name was what Izzy expected to hear when she sat down beside the woman known as Old Katie. That she was old was undoubted. Her face was a mass of wrinkles and her hands were claw-like. Based on her skin, she could have been anywhere between eighty to one hundred and ten. But her eyes? Ageless, deep blue and sparkling with knowledge.

Izzy felt Sinyn's hand close firmly around her as if to protect her. Izzy glanced at him. The concern she saw in his eyes made her jump. No one had cared for her in the longest time. That this man did after such a short time surprised her. *As for your heart? I will have that in time.*

"What kind of danger, Katie?" Sinyn's attention focused on the older woman.

"Your kin and his barren wife," Katie declared, her gaze never wavering from Izzy. "He knows he will never inherit Inis Daire. That Isadora is with child has made his anger worse."

To Izzy, it was like walking into a living soap opera. "Please call me Izzy." She had never liked the name Isadora. She suspected

her mother had been indulging in illegal substances when she came up with it.

“Isadora, your child will rise to grow into a good, strong man who will carry on the good his father has already done.”

“A son?” Until this moment, other than acknowledging the medical fact she was pregnant, the realities hadn’t really hit home. *How strange it is that I’m in a foreign country, with a real life prince, sitting in a quaint stone cottage discussing a future I could never have envisaged three months ago.*

Sinyn smiled. “Katie knows everything.”

Whereas I have no idea what I know or think or am going to do. Sex with Sinyn? Fantastic. Could I build a life from lust and need? That is the question. Izzy knew she wasn’t the type of woman who would latch on to a man for convenience sake. “The thing is, Katie, I’m not staying. I have a life back in Australia.” *But then, how can I go and not see Sinyn again? Am I being led by my heart or my libido?*

Katie shook her head. “No you don’t. You have a job you hate, more bills than money, and a life that is not living. Isadora, you are just existing.”

That was her life in a nutshell. Izzy looked at Sinyn. “You had me investigated?”

“No need,” Sinyn responded. “I have Katie. She’s better than the CIA, Interpol, and the MI5.”

“Anthony seeks to hurt Isadora.”

“I will kill him before that happens.” Sinyn’s voice was cold, hard, and factual.

Izzy shivered at the tone. *What the hell have I walked in to? Whatever it is, I appear to have been destined to be here.* She surprised herself by squeezing Sinyn’s hand. She had never relied on anyone before. It was unnerving but nice.

“Aye, you will shed blood, prince, but you will not kill,” Katie told him.

Guilt rushed at Izzy. “This is why I should go home. I’m a disruption you don’t need to your home and family.”

Old Katie reached over and took her other hand. “My child, we need you more than you can imagine. You and your babe will bring a happiness into Prince Sinyn’s life he has never known.”

Izzy looked at Sinyn. “You’re not happy?” She had been so caught up in her own feelings Izzy hadn’t stopped long enough to consider his.

“I’m fine, Izzy.”

“The prince lies. He is lonely and needs you, Isadora.”

“Damn seer,” Sinyn muttered in amused resignation.

Old Katie chuckled.

It hadn’t occurred to Izzy Sinyn could be lonely or that someone could need her. No one ever had before. That complicated things. She had strong feelings for him. But what Katie was indicating was love and a lifelong commitment. *This is all happening too fast.*

“Love is not dependent on time. And yes, Isadora, you are the love of his life. You just need to believe in yourself and the fact you can love and be loved. This has nothing to do with sex.” Katie shifted in her chair. “Life happens as it’s supposed to. You cannot hold it back.”

“What more on Anthony?” Sinyn asked.

“He is weak. It is his harlot that will try to injure Isadora.”

Chapter Seven

Sinyn pushed open the door and gazed upon the naked woman in the bath. Her eyes were closed and her hair caught up in a knot on top of her head. His gaze followed a couple of stray tendrils down to where they lay on her wet glistening breasts. Sinyn licked his lips remembering how sweet it was to suck her nipples and hear Izzy moan and clutch at his head. He smiled as he watched her twirl one foot in the air, soapy bubbles sliding down her skin. His dick jerked with need. It wasn't just that Izzy was naked. Sinyn knew it was more than that. It was about everything the woman had brought in his life. Yes, the baby was a wonderful surprise, but the fact that this was a woman he could love and cherish was even more important than sex. Sinyn chuckled at the thought. Once upon a time bedding every available woman had been his passion.

"I'm trying to have a bath here, prince." Izzy didn't even turn her head to look at him.

That amused him more. This wasn't a woman who was impressed by titles or outward grand appearances. Sinyn had heard that Australians rarely were and that they believed themselves the equal and sometimes the better of many. On Inis Daire, while many had evolved past bowing to any member of the Donnelly clan, there were still a few who enjoyed the idea of monarchy.

"I know." Sinyn shut the door behind him and pulled his shirt up over his head. He wanted to spend as much time as possible with Izzy. While he didn't love her, he knew he could quite easily fall in love with her. He had never said that of any other woman he had bedded. Sinyn moved to stand before her, his hands pulling at the snap of his trousers.

"This bath is not big enough for both of us." She swallowed hard when his pants hit the floor.

Aye, the lady wants me. The idea that he wasn't alone in what he felt made Sinyn's heart pound with excitement. "Yes it is, Isadora. Scoot forward." The look she gave him was one mixed with lust and indecision. Sinyn waited for Izzy to make up her mind. When she slid forward in the tub, he smiled and stepped in behind her, water splashing over the rim of the bathtub as he sat down.

Sinyn reached forward and pulled Izzy back against him. When her soft, wet skin met his, he sighed with contentment. She felt

so good. So right. He had the same feeling the first time he met her. While the baby was a gift, in his heart Sinyn knew this woman was what he needed in his life.

“You’re beautiful.” When Izzy relaxed against him, he was pleased. Sinyn wanted her to always feel safe around him.

She snorted with laughter. “And you’re horny. I can feel your little friend trying to get my attention.”

Oh yeah, I want into that luscious body. “Little?”

“Men and the size of their dicks.”

Sinyn’s hands cupped her breasts. He felt the shiver of her need reverberate against his body. “You seem to like mine, Isadora.”

“I admit, I do. And don’t call me Isadora.”

“Why not?” He circled his fingers around her nipples.

“It’s a name I’ve hated since I was a kid.”

There was something about the tone in her voice that worried Sinyn. He knew her body and was learning her mind, but her past? What had that been like?

“What sort of a kid were you?”

Izzy didn’t want to talk about her lonely childhood with her substance abuse mother, the lack of money, or the needs she had as a child that were never fulfilled. That was the past and Izzy was a great believer in moving on and learning from bad experiences. They didn’t define a person’s future. Only an individual could do that.

Izzy did know that her child would never be hungry or lonely or go without. She decided to turn the table on him. Old Katie’s words about him being lonely still stuck in her mind.

“Are you lonely, Sinyn?”

“Right now I feel anything but. I am completely at home with you.”

At home with you. It had a nice ring to it. “Old Katie said you were lonely. Why is that? You have so many friends and people who adore you.” Her hands lifted up to hold his hands to her breasts. She wanted him to touch and taste. Izzy could have blamed the wild surge of hormones, but it was more than that. Some lovers had the power to make you feel so totally one with them.

“I need more.”

“What?” Didn’t princes have everything?

“You.”

Her heart skipped a beat. It was what she wanted to her. But also what Izzy feared hearing. *What if I let him down?* She had never been close to anyone on a non-sexual level. “What if I’m not enough?”

“It sounds like you’re going to stay.”

Izzy sighed. “I’m confused. I barely know you other than having a one-night stand with you.”

“We’ve had a lot of sex since then, sweetheart. I think we know more about each other that you want to admit.”

Izzy shook her head. “I have no idea what I know or feel.”

“But you like me?”

The subtle tone of need in his voice made her like him even more. Few men, in her experience, showed deep emotion. “Yes.”

“A lot?”

She smiled. “Yes.”

“Liking is more important than love.”

Izzy agreed with that. It was the day in day out of life that had to be weathered together. That could only be done by kindred souls. “Do you like me?”

“I’m fast falling in love with you.”

Izzy jerked up straight in his arms. Water splashed over the sides of the tub as she turned to face him. She had so many feelings bubbling up inside her. She wasn’t sure what to call them. The strength of them was too powerful to dismiss as just plain lust.

“Really? How can you? You know nothing of me.”

Sinyn cupped her ass and pulled her onto his lap. “I know what I see. I’ve watched you talk to the people you’ve met. You look and listen to them as if they matter. I love your smile and the sound of your laughter. It warms my heart. And your body? I have a million lustful thoughts for it. I want to be on and in you and yet just to have your skin rest against mine is a gift that has become precious to me. That you have come into my life as Old Katie predicated has made me happy.”

Were predictions fairy floss for the hopeful of heart or did they come true? “But what if—”

“There are no ‘what if’s’, Izzy.” Sinyn ran a finger along her bottom lip. “Please take a chance on me, on us, Izzy. There’s something powerful and good between us.”

Sinyn was right. She wasn't ready to walk away just yet. Sexually, Sinyn owned her. Mentally, she wanted to know more about the father of her child. Izzy reached down into the water and wrapped her hand around his dick.

"I think you like my dick."

Izzy lifted herself up and inserted the hard flesh inside her. "I may not ride horses but I do enjoy riding you, prince." It wasn't a fuck destined to produce an orgasm. It was more about the need to feel close to Sinyn. As he filled her once more she wrapped her arms around his shoulders and kissed him.

"You're beautiful." She pulled his hair from the tie that held it.

"Stay with me."

"Yes."

Once more, their lips met. There was no more need for words or movement. This was just about the moment and the connection and being at peace with the only person who understood you.

Chapter Eight

Izzy hit the ground hard near the stable. “What the fuck!” Her voice came out in a breathless rush. A hard male body lay over hers, pinning her to the spongy grass.

Connor lay on top of Izzy, shielding her body with his own. “Stay still.”

That wasn’t hard to do. Muscular ridges and planes held her in place. “Was that a gun shot?” At first she told herself it was just a car backfiring, but when Connor launched himself at her to protect her, she knew he wasn’t jumping her bones in lust.

“Yes.”

His hot breath against her ear made her shiver. Sudden thoughts of him and Sinyn sharing a woman made her shiver. What would two men fucking her feel like? That Sinyn condoned it made it even more illicit and exciting.

“You’re safe with me, Izzy.”

Probably better he thinks I’m scared and not turned on. “Er, yeah, thanks for coming to my rescue, Connor.” Focus on the threat of danger and not wondering if he was indeed ‘happy to see her’. Dicks had a way of making their presence felt regardless of timing. *Focus, woman, you already have one dick in your life. Though two every now and then would be fun.* “Someone was shooting at me?”

“Aye, Anthony and his bitch of a wife.”

Only the Irish could make ‘bitch’ sound romantic. “You saw them?” Izzy had been oblivious to all. She had gone for a walk after her bathtub interlude with Sinyn. He had planned to go with her, but Inis Daire duty called him elsewhere. And that was okay. Izzy wanted more of a chance to walk around and see what Inis Daire had to offer. Though possible death wasn’t something she expected.

Connor lifted up from her. “No, but Katie has told everyone to watch them as she knows they will try to do you harm.”

Izzy shivered and thought of her baby. This was no longer just about her. She was carrying her son and the future of Inis Daire. *Talk about complicated one-night stands.*

Sinyn ran to them. He picked her up in his arms and held her tight. “I was crossing the field to come to you and I heard the shots. Are you alright?”

The fierce concern in his eyes made her feel all girly. “You can put me down.” He held her in his arms like he never wanted to let her go. At that moment Izzy acknowledged what she had been fighting. Love. It was hard to be rational when you were falling in love.

Sinyn placed her feet on the ground but kept a firm hold on her. “It had to be Anthony.” His eyes were locked on Connor. “He could never shoot for shit.”

That he couldn’t was great for her, but what if he’d hit someone else? “I’m putting people in danger staying her, Sinyn.”

“No you’re not.” He walked her into the stables. Connor followed. “Sit down.” He gently urged her to a large mound of hay.

“We need to check who saw what,” Connor told Sinyn. “Someone would have seen something.”

The hay felt soft and smelled sweet beneath her ass. She relaxed back into it. Izzy felt the two men looking at her. “What?”

Sinyn smiled. “You look so lovely.”

Connor nodded. “Aye.”

Two horny men stood before her, obvious bulges in their pants. It was crazy to think, just after being shot at, that her mind could turn so swiftly to sex. With two men. Was it a natural reaction to want to live life after a near miss? *Or am I just horny as hell?* There was also the attraction of being with two men who sought nothing more than to please her sexually. What would that feel like?

Izzy looked at Sinyn, her feelings were complicated. She loved him, needed him, and yet she was uncertain were she stood in his life. Would he be wanting her without the baby? She would have been lying if she said that hadn’t crossed her mind. Then there was the fact that Sinyn saw her enjoying another man as no big deal. He encouraged her to do it if she wanted to. *Would I be so accommodating if situations were reversed?* Izzy doubted she would be generous enough to allow another woman to look sideways at her man.

Izzy sighed. *This is all so complicated.* Love. Commitment. New beginnings. Lust. Sex. *Where do I start? Where does it end? Do I want it to end?*

Sinyn dropped down beside her. “I have no objections if you want to enjoy Connor as well as myself.” He took her hand. “Sex is a gift and it can be shared without it creating problems.”

Connor nodded. "You are Sinyn's woman. I would never stand in the way of that. But I would like to give you pleasure."

"Er—" While she had been indulging in sex since she was sixteen, two men at once was a new venture for her.

"Think of Connor as a giant sex toy to be used for your own entertainment." Sinyn started pulling at her clothes.

Sex toy? I could do that. It wasn't about being unfaithful then. "Um, what about the person who tried to kill me?" They all seemed to have forgotten about that in this mad moment of lust.

"Anthony has a small dick," Connor told her as he started to strip. "He'd be no fun at all for you."

"I don't mean that. I mean—" And then she forgot what she was going to say when she saw the size of Connor's dick. It was slightly smaller than Sinyn's but much thicker. *Ooh. Sex toy indeed.* Izzy looked at Sinyn. "How do we do this?"

Sinyn pulled the last of her clothes off. "Don't think or worry. Just let us pleasure you. Nothing more."

The idea of being full of dick made her tremble. She looked at Connor. "You need a condom." Only Sinyn would be allowed to come in or on her. Yes, it was only one moralistic concession but it was an important one to Izzy.

Sinyn took her hand and led her to the fresh, soft hay in one of the stalls and pushed her down onto her back.

The hay was scratchy against her skin but not unpleasant. "What if someone walks in and sees us?"

Sinyn followed her down into the hay. "It will make it all the more illicit and exciting." He parted her legs and crawled in between.

"But you're the prince." She watched as he dropped down to her pussy. That he was going to eat her made her hot all over.

He looked up at her. "I'm a man first. Your man." Sinyn buried his face between her legs and sucked on her clit.

Izzy shrieked. It would have been impossible not to. She grabbed at handfuls of hay as he licked and sucked her flesh.

"Move over, man." Connor dropped down beside her. His hands went to her breasts. "These are stunning. I want to fuck them."

Only once had a man done that before. It had made her feel hot and dirty to be used like that. She reached for his condom-covered cock. "So do it." She was so wet with need that anything these men

wanted to do she was ready for. Izzy stroked Sinyn's hair. "I need to be filled by you, prince."

Sinyn's eyes met hers. "Up on your knees then, sweetheart."

Izzy did as she was bid. She wanted to feel the heat of the two men against her body. She wanted dicks on her flesh and buried inside. She understood what Sinyn meant by this being purely for pleasure. It was fun and games with no harm, no foul. The intensity of emotion and need she had with Sinyn once the bedroom door was closed was completely different from this. Izzy spread her knees and stuck her backside out at Sinyn.

He moved in behind her, his dick jumping in excitement against her ass. When Sinyn shoved his shaft up hard inside her cunt, she sighed. His hands wrapped around her waist and held her close against him as he began thrusting within her. Izzy then looked at Connor. She put hands on either side of her breasts and squeezed them together. "You want these?"

"Yes, my lady." He walked over and stood before her. Connor took one breast in each hand and squeezed. Izzy grabbed at his dick. The urge to suck it took hold of her. She had always enjoyed sucking dick. It drove a man wild. Izzy dropped her hands to the hay, in a totally submissive pose between the men, and sucked the rubber covered tip inside.

Izzy could see by the look in his eyes it was the last thing Connor expected. He groaned as she began to suck.

Izzy sighed against the dick in her mouth as she felt Sinyn's fingers touched her clit. He knew only too well how to pleasure her, and he always thought about her needs as he was seeing to his own. Izzy pushed down against his fingers, needing all the pressure she could get against the sensitive nub.

Connor stroked her hair as she sucked. Saliva dripped down from her mouth as she laved the turgid flesh. She wanted to feel the thrust and jerk in between her lips as he came. While she would taste no one but Sinyn's cum, she needed to know this man had come because of her. Izzy ground her groin down against Sinyn's fingers. Her own orgasm was so close. She wanted them all to come together.

"Sweetheart, I'm not going to be able to hold on much longer."

Izzy let the dick pop from her mouth. “Then fuck me harder and come.” She looked up at Connor. She could see he was ready to blow so she sucked his shaft in once more between her lips.

If anyone heard the loud cries of passion from the stable, no one would ever say. Anything a Donnelly prince did on Inis Daire was never questioned.

* * * *

Anthony stomped back to his house, the rifle by his side. He had never been an accurate shot. In some ways he was glad. While he wanted the Australian woman off Inis Daire, he didn’t want her death on his hands. He had been egged on by taunts from his wife to do it. How she thought he would ever get away with it had been the crux of his argument. But her berating and ugly swipes at his masculinity had made him leave the house rifle in hand to at least try and scare Sinyn’s woman off Inis Daire.

“You missed, didn’t you?”

He looked at his wife. “Yes.”

Sharon sneered at him. “You’re useless. You’ll never get Inis Daire being a coward.”

Anthony clutched the rifle in his hands, wishing he had reloaded. His life with Sharon had never been pleasant. He had married her based purely on her appearance and her ability in bed. Anthony knew she had married him expecting great wealth and position. Neither had given a thought to love.

“Bitch.”

“Asshole.”

“You get rid of her then.” His wife had an evil streak of rat cunning he lacked.

“Poison,” she murmured. “It always works.”

The way she said it sent a chill down Anthony’s bones. *Always works?* “Whatever it takes to ruin his life and give me Inis Daire.” He was tired of playing second fiddle to his cousin.

Chapter Nine

Izzy gasped as Old Katie charged into the room and knocked the glass of juice out of her hand. It wasn't so much what she did it but more the speed of her response. For an old woman she could move fast.

Izzy looked down at the juice that splattered her jean. "Why?" She had been sitting at a table in the kitchen of Sinyn's house watching him make lunch. Sinyn didn't believe in servants. Neither did Izzy. It had been fun watching him cook. Some men were naturals. Sinyn wasn't. He was eager, but not destined to be a great chef of the world.

"Katie?" Sinyn's eyes were locked on the old woman.

"Poison. It was designed to make you miscarry."

Izzy stood up in shock, the juice running down her legs and into the floor. "Are you kidding me?" The look in Sinyn's eyes told her this was no joke.

"Where's Anthony?" Sinyn's voice sounded like thunder.

Katie shook her head. "It was his harlot."

"He's just as responsible," he declared.

"Aye, that he is," agreed Katie.

Sinyn's hands were bunched into tight fists. "Where is he?"

"At home trying to look innocent."

Izzy was agog at what was happening. Gun shots. Poison. Predictions. *What the hell next?* "Sinyn?" For the first time in her life she had no idea what to do. To turn to Sinyn seemed natural.

He leaned in and kissed her. It was fierce and swift. "Stay here with Katie." Sinyn strode out of the kitchen swearing under his breath.

"Sinyn looks like he's going to kill Anthony." Izzy wasn't sure what the law of the land was on Inis Daire. Could a prince kill and it be considered righteous?

"Oh, he won't kill him."

"Are my thoughts so easy to read?" Izzy liked to think she had her moments on inscrutability. But with this woman? How did one hide from a seer?

"No, you hide much, Isadora. The one thing I know for sure is you love the prince and your thoughts are for him and the babe. As for

Anthony, they'll fight each other, but Anthony is destined to die another way."

Am I imagining it or did the room suddenly go cold at her words? "How?"

"As he's supposed to." Old Katie replied cryptically.

Whoa. This woman was like no other Izzy had met. "You are spooky."

Old Katie chuckled. "And you are exactly what the Prince of Inis Daire needs. Marry him, Isadora."

"He hasn't asked." This was odd, considering he had all but told her she was staying as it was fate. *Marriage? When did I start thinking about that?*

"Then ask him."

Izzy arched her brow. "To marry me?" *Do I want to marry?* Two weeks ago she would have said oh hell no. Marriage hadn't been a goal she sought. But now? With the baby and the man? *I don't bloody know.*

"Yes." Old Katie's voice was decisive.

"But what if he says no?" Staying on Inis Daire had been discussed, but Sinyn wanting to marry her? She didn't want a man who was forced due to circumstance.

"And what if he says yes, Isadora?"

"Will he?"

Old Katie shrugged. "I cannot say."

Yeah right. "But you can see into the future."

"Aye."

"So tell me." Izzy needed to know which way to turn. *Stay? Go? Invest in a bulletproof vest?*

Old Katie smiled and walked away.

* * * *

When Sharon Donnelly walked into the kitchen ten minutes later, Izzy took a couple of paces back and rested her hand near the knife block. "You've got some balls to show up here." That or she was crazy as a loon and didn't care about the consequences of her actions. Izzy hadn't given any thought to what wealth the Sinyn or Inis Daire had. She came because of him and their child. Izzy could just as happily leave without knowing those details. She did suspect that there had to be significant power if this woman was so keen to

get rid of her and a child who would inherit over any possible child she might have with the second in line to the Donnelly throne.

Sharon smiled at Izzy. "I heard crazy Katie say I tried to kill you."

"Did you?" The other woman's smile didn't go to her eyes. They were hard and unflinching as they glared at Izzy. Everyone else was out hunting Anthony down. How had she slipped past them to get into the house?

"Why would I?" Sharon asked.

Izzy made herself stay calm. She had faced bullies down at school over her odd, patched clothes and the stigma of always being the new kid. Sharon was just a grown-up version. "I don't know. You tell me."

"You're not wanted here."

It was good they got to the point fast. Izzy hated pretense. "By you and your husband?"

"Yes, we had a good future to look forward to."

Ah, greed. "I have nothing to do with your future."

"Your bastard child does. That is, if he really is Sinyn's."

Izzy wasn't about to discuss or confirm her words. That the woman was here confronting her answered the question. She watched as Sharon moved towards her. Izzy had never physically attacked anyone in her life, but if Sharon even looked like she was going to harm her because of the baby, Izzy would yank a knife out of the block and fend her off.

"You'll never be happy here."

"Are you?" Izzy doubted it. Awaiting a monetary deathwatch had to be frustrating.

"Yes, because I belong here. You're a foreigner," Sharon pointed out.

"That's funny coming from a chick with a slummy Cockney accent. You're hardly a local, Sharon."

"Leave Inis Daire," Sharon snapped at Izzy.

"Or what?" Izzy's finger touched the hilt of one knife.

"Just leave before you find out."

Katie appeared as Sharon left. Neither of them spoke. They just glared at each other. "She's a hard woman, that one."

“You heard everything?” That surprised Izzy. Wasn’t Sharon the woman Old Katie declared had tried to poison her? The seer seemed to be taking it all quite casually.

“Aye.”

“Why didn’t you say something or come into the kitchen?”

Old Katie shrugged. “Because she wasn’t going to try and kill you just now.”

Now? That was comforting. Not. “Riiiiight...”

“Nor will she ever.”

“Good to know,” Izzy murmured, more confused than ever.

Old Katie came to stand before her, peering into her eyes.

“Despite your fear and confusion, you feel it don’t you, Isadora.”

“What?”

“That Sinyn and Inis Daire are your home.”

Izzy considered that for a moment. *If I left Sinyn and Inis Daire tomorrow, how would I feel? Could I go back to my old life? Do I want to?* She gazed into the knowing eyes of Old Katie. She knew the answer as well as Izzy did. Sinyn was her home. “But what about the people who want to kill me?” That made it a little less homey.

“Years from now when you’re surrounded by your children, none of this will matter,” Old Katie declared.

“Children?” One seemed like a big enough event.

“Aye, you and the prince have quite the sex life.”

Izzy blushed. “Katie, try to *see* less, will you?”

“I enjoyed the odd threesome in the past myself. And Connor? If I was ten years younger...”

“Way too much information, old woman.”

Chapter Ten

“Anthony denies all knowledge.”

Izzy looked up from the old, delicate book she was scanning. She would have read it but for the fact it was in Gaelic. That didn't dim her enjoyment. It was touching something so ancient that appealed to Izzy. “You have a nasty bruise on your cheek.” That Sinyn had gotten into a fight with his cousin didn't surprise her. She closed the book and stood up. “Does it hurt?”

“No.” Sinyn walked towards her. “Anthony broke two of his fingers. He always was a lousy boxer.” He took the book from her hands. “I don't like that Sharon came here. Are you okay?” Sinyn reached out his hand and cupped her face.

The look in his eyes held a level of caring and love Izzy had never experienced before “She didn't scare me.”

Sinyn nodded. “No, you're made of sterner stuff.” That's what he liked about Izzy. She could be sweet and vulnerable but also strong in her opinions and actions. He sat down beside her. “Come here.” He patted his lap. Sinyn wanted to feel her body against his. He found great comfort in her arms.

Izzy stood up and sat down on his lap facing him. “Are you trying to make me so dependent on sex I'll never leave?”

That had been his initial plan. Now Sinyn wanted more. He was looking at binding this woman to his side by good, old-fashioned love. “Did I indicate we were going to have sex?” *Aye, she was smart.* He knew he held her in sexual thrall as she did him. That moment with Connor? It was like using a sex toy to thrill her. In the end it would always be the two of them despite who may be invited around to play. He didn't need Old Katie to tell him that.

She placed her hand on his zipper. “No but you want it and I'm ready for you so...” Izzy unzipped his trousers and drew out his dick.

Sinyn growled as she ran her hand along the shaft in a gentle milking motion. He pulled at her skirt to gain access to her pussy. His hand touched the wet flesh between her legs and his dick jerked in excitement. That first thrust inside a warm, inviting vagina was always a thrill.

Izzy lifted up to accommodate him. The head of his dick was just pushing inside her when his bailiff Tom knocked at the door. She pushed down on him regardless.

Yes?" Sinyn yelled, none too please at the interruption. He wanted to fuck his women. Business could wait.

"Sorry to interrupt, but they've found Anthony's car in the lake."

Sinyn jerked up in surprise. He caught Izzy against him as she started to fall backwards. "Where is he?"

"Not sure but they think he may have drowned," Tom reported.

"Fuck!" Izzy was agog.

"Not this time, sweetheart, but hold that thought."

* * * *

"Anthony is gone," said Old Katie as he walked into her cottage.

Sinyn had left Izzy to talk with Connor and gone to see what the old seer knew. He had relied on Katie's knowledge since he was a boy. He'd never had cause to doubt it. Sinyn needed Izzy safe and close to him. She was more precious to him than anything Inis Daire could offer.

"Who did it?"

Sinyn didn't want to believe it was suicide. It was the first thought he had on hearing Anthony's car had gone into the lake. He didn't hate his cousin nor did he wish death upon him. Anthony had been weak and greedy. The complete opposite of Sinyn. Blood ties didn't always unite kin. After their respective parents died, it had been sad to think that grief and history hadn't brought them together. He thought of Izzy and his child. They were the family he craved.

"Sharon got rid of her husband in a fit of madness," Old Katie told him. "It was why she was never destined to have babies. There is too much madness in her blood. She poisoned Anthony because she despised his weakness and then pushed the car with her husband in it into the lake.

Sinyn wanted to say he was surprised and shocked, but knowing Sharon as he did, nothing surprised him. "I don't understand. If he's dead she gets nothing, so why do it?"

"The mad need little reason."

“Where is she?” Sinyn wanted Sharon locked up and away from Izzy.

“She will return but it won’t be what she hoped for.”

Sinyn had many more questions to ask, but he knew from past experience Old Katie only said what suited her. With his thoughts on the woman he loved, he went to find Izzy.

* * * *

Izzy was half asleep in his bed with the television on.

Sinyn smiled and walked over to turn it off.

She opened one eye and looked at him. “I was watching that.”

“The TV was watching you.” Sinyn went to the bed and sat down. “Why are you in my bed?”

Because it felt right and I wanted to be with you. That’s what Izzy wanted to say. She had been working herself up all day to say it, but admitting need wasn’t something she was used to do. “Your bed is bigger. Have you got a problem with sharing?”

“Nope, not at all.” Sinyn pulled one of his shoes off. “Anthony is dead.” He threw it across the room.

“Dead?” Izzy was agog. Typical man. A woman would have rushed in straight away and told everyone the news.

“Yes.” The other followed the same path.

Izzy watched as Sinyn pulled off his shirt. He seemed to be taking the news very calmly. She wondered what he was thinking. “How do you feel about it? Anthony was kin, after all.”

“He was a stranger to me.”

Yeah, that’s what happened in some families. Her own was no different. He mother had been so dependent on drugs that in the end Izzy doubted if she remembered she had a child. But that was the past. She’d moved on. The future and what Sinyn was feeling mattered to her now.

“I’m sorry. What can I do?”

“You being here with me is just what I need.”

He said the sweetest thing. Simple words like that made her feel like she made a difference to his life. “Sinyn...”

“Yes?” He unbuckled his trousers.

“If I stay...” She watched as he pushed the fabric down his muscular legs. *Oh yeah, I’m staying.*

“If?” He kicked the trousers free from his ankles and pulled back the bedding ready to climb in beside her.

Izzy smiled at the now naked man. *This is going to be my life. I like it. A lot.* “I’ll need to go back home to Australia several times a year. It’s hard to explain, but as at home as I am with you, I also know I need to visit Australia. It’s in my blood.”

Sinyn stood and looked at her. “You’re at home with me?”

“Yes.” Her gaze moved down his body to his jumping dick.

Yum.

“You love me?”

Her gaze went back to his. “I know it’s probably all too soon but being with you has made me realize that being without you would be much worse. So yeah, it appears I love you.” The smile he gave her made Izzy feel more alive than she had in years.

“My love, you can go any time you like, as long as you come back to me.”

“I promise.” She held out her hand to him. “Now, come to bed with me. I need someone to snuggle with, and you’re the best snuggler I know, prince.”

Sinyn laughed. “You’re sweet.” He watched as Izzy sat up and pulled the nightdress over her head. His gaze rested on her bare breasts. “And sexy.” He climbed onto the bed beside her.

She reached out and wrapped her hand around his penis. “May I please suck your dick, your highness?”

“And sinful.”

“All that and so much more, my prince.”

Chapter Eleven

Izzy wasn't supposed to leave the house alone. The threat of Sharon and what she might do still hung in the air. She was supposed to wait until Sinyn or Connor could be with her, but waiting was never one of Izzy's strong points. She needed to get out into the fresh air and go for a walk. Being cooped up in the house and waiting for someone to watch over her wasn't Izzy's style. Besides, a week had passed since Anthony's death. Neither his body had been found nor was there a trace of Sharon. Izzy suspected Sharon had a good sense of self preservation and had taken off to avoid the police.

Izzy smiled as the sun touched her face. It was different to the harsh UV of home. While she missed the deep blue of Australian skies, the simple beauty of Inis Daire appealed to her. She passed by locals who waved or chatted about the baby or Sinyn. It felt good to be alive. That was until she rounded a corner and ran smack bang into Sharon.

"Shit," Izzy swore and backed away several paces.

"Think I was gone, did you?" Sharon sneered.

"Well a smart person would have left after killing her husband." Izzy looked at the other woman. She was filthy and bedraggled. Izzy guessed she had been sleeping rough.

"Are you saying I'm not smart?"

Correct. "What do you want, Sharon?"

"I want money."

Of course you do. "I have none." As a guest of the prince, there seemed no need for it on Inis Daire.

"The prince does," Sharon pointed out.

"You think he'd pay you to get off the island?" Although he and Anthony had not got on together, Sinyn wanted justice to be done and Sharon charged for his murder.

Sharon looked pretty confident. "I think he'd pay me to leave you unhurt. I'm surprised you have no minders with you. Usually they're trailing along. Yes, I've been watching you all week just waiting to meet up with you for a little chat."

"Gee, not grieving over your husband's death?" Izzy's voice was full of sarcasm.

“He was weak. I was tired of dragging him along.” Sharon dismissed Anthony with a wave of her hand. “Now I want money—a lot, or you and that baby are in big trouble.

“Come to the house with me and we’ll ask Sinyn for some spare cash.”

Sharon snorted angrily. “You think I’m that stupid?”

“Yeah, the greedy are usually pretty dumb. You know, I may be preggers but I’m not taking any shit from you.”

“I could quite easily kill you for that.” Sharon made a move toward Izzy.

“It doesn’t look like you’ve eaten in a week. You look like a mess and you smell. The only threat you are to me is as a pollutant.”

“I’m going to enjoy killing you and your bastard child.”

“As I’m going to enjoy killing you, dear wife,” Anthony interjected appearing beside them.

“What the fuck?” This was the last thing Izzy expected. “You’re supposed to be dead.”

“Surprise,” he said, his eyes narrowed and locked on his wife.

Sharon backed away from him. “Anthony, I—er—”

“That’s right. I’m not dead, you bitch.” He rounded on her.

“That poison knocked me out and made me groggy but as soon as the car hit the water I woke up.”

“I can explain...” Sharon began.

“I doubt it.” Anthony punched his wife in the face. She hit the ground, smashing her head against a rock.

Up until that moment, Izzy had been paralyzed with surprise. “Bloody hell!” She looked down at Sharon. There was no movement from her. “I think you killed her.”

Anthony yelled down at the body on the ground. “See I *can* do something right.” He straightened up and turned to Izzy. “Now for you. I’m not going to kill you yet. You’re a bargaining chip. My cousin loves you. I’ve been watching you together. He’s besotted. Then there’s the kid. You’re too useful to kill yet.”

Talk about good news and bad news. There was a threat, but also the hope a miracle would happen and she could get free of Anthony.

“What do you plan to do?” Izzy was more worried about what he would do to an unsuspecting Sinyn than herself.

“There’s an old cave up in the mountains I used to visit as a boy. I’m going to stick you up there for a while and make my cousin crazy with worry trying to find you. He’ll think Sharon is to blame. Then, when he can’t take it anymore, I’ll drop by as a surprise for Sinyn and ask for so much ransom money it will bankrupt the island.”

“Don’t you care about the people? I thought it was your heritage.”

Anthony glared at Izzy. “Inis Daire never cared for me. It was always Sinyn they loved.” He grabbed her arm. “Now, come with me willingly or I’ll make you regret pushing me.”

* * * *

Izzy had once heard that St Patrick had driven all the snakes out of Ireland. “I just hope they didn’t set up home on Inis Daire,” she muttered to herself as she looked around the cave Anthony had dumped her in. She was tied to a large bolder and sitting on hard, damp ground. As caves went, it was what Izzy imagined. Dark, dank, and with strange noises she choose not to think about. She had been sitting there for what seemed like hours since Anthony left. Her ass ached and her wrists were bloody and sore from trying to free herself. She expected Sinyn would be frantic. Would Old Katie know where she was? Did her vision extend to seeing through rock? Izzy concentrated all her thoughts on Sinyn, willing him to come to her.

* * * *

“She’s in a cave,” Old Katie told Sinyn back at the house.

He paced madly, a million plans and worries running through his head. *I need to find Izzy.* Nothing else mattered. “There are hundreds of caves in those hills.” The ancient ones had first set up home in them when they left the mainland of Ireland. He knew the location of a lot of them but not all. “Are you sure it was Anthony? I thought you said he was dead.”

“I said he was gone.”

“Right.” That was the thing about Old Katie. She said what she saw. Sinyn had jumped to the conclusion about his cousin’s death.

“Isadora will be fine. She is tough and smart.”

Yes she is. It was the one thing he held on to. “It’s going to get cold soon.”

“She and the babe will survive, Prince.”

Sinyn believed that. Their beginning had been too serendipitous to end badly.

“Yes, they will as long as you do what I say.” Anthony walked into the room.

Sinyn looked at his cousin. He was a mess. Anthony was covered in bruises, cuts, and filth. “If you have hurt Izzy—”

“No, only Sharon. She’s dead. I expect you’ll find her body soon enough. As for your Australian slut? She’s fine and will remain that way as long as I get what I want.”

“Money.” There was no question in Sinyn’s mind what Anthony wanted. He was as easy to read as a cheap novel.

Anthony nodded. “That and you leave Inis Daire never to return.”

Old Katie shook her head. “That can never be.”

“Shut up, old woman.” Anthony raised his hand to her.

Sinyn smacked it away. “Hurt her and I’ll hurt you worse.”

“What’s it to be, cousin? Love or money?”

“There’s no question of what I plan to do.” Sinyn knew there was no point bargaining with a blackmailer. He launched himself at Anthony, tackling him in one move and slamming him onto the floor. From there they staggered to their feet and began punching each other. They fought fueled with years of pent-up anger and aggression. It was hard and bloody and only ended when Sinyn slammed his cousin back into the floor, twisted one arm behind him, and sat astride his back so he couldn’t move. It wasn’t a fair fight due to Anthony’s condition. But Sinyn didn’t care about fair. He wanted Izzy back.

“Where is she?”

Anthony laughed. “You’re not that smart, are you? I figured you’d work it out. You’re the one who’s supposed to be lord of the island and know it so well.”

“I repeat. Where is my woman?” Sinyn was ready to pummel him into a bloody pulp to get the information he needed.

“I need a signed bank transfer for all your money and a clear passage to Ireland and then I’ll tell you.”

“Fuck off,” Sinyn swore at him.

“You’ll never know then.”

Old Katie hobbled over to Sinyn as he stood up from his cousin. “Think, Prince. You are linked to Isadora. Picture her face and you will find her.”

Sinyn swore again. "I don't have the sight like you do. Why can't you see her?"

"I'm not the one who's supposed to save her. You are," Old Katie told Sinyn. "Be quiet. Think. Picture Isadora. She would only call out to you."

At this stage, Sinyn was ready to try anything. He closed his eyes and stood in the middle of the room and pictured the face of the woman he loved.

Anthony scrambled up and came up behind him to king-hit Sinyn. Old Katie kneecapped him with her cane. Anthony wailed in pain. "Never underestimate me, boy."

Sinyn zoned out of the chaos around him and concentrated on the only thing that mattered. Izzy.

* * * *

Izzy jerked upright. For a moment it had felt like Sinyn was touching her. She looked around the gloom of the cave. It was only her in the increasing dark and cold. She closed her eyes once more and kept her mind on Sinyn and willed him to follow the path they had taken to the cave. If fate had brought them together for a reason, then fate could find a way to reunite them.

* * * *

Sinyn's eyes snapped open in surprise. "I know where she is." Old Katie clapped her hand. "Don't look so surprised. All lovers can find their way back together if they work at it."

Sinyn looked at his cousin. "Izzy is in a northwest facing cave near the stone cross and the broken-down dray." He remembered going there as a child. Sinyn leaned down and looked at his wretch of a cousin. "Bastard." He punched him in the face one more time.

Chapter Twelve

“Well, you took your time,” Izzy murmured as Sinyn cut the rope from her wrists and hauled her up to her feet. She threw herself into his arms and held on to the solid, safe warmth of his body.

“Happy to see me?”

“I’m freezing, my ass hurts, and I really need to pee.” Her teeth were chattering as she spoke. “And I need body heat.” Izzy’s eyes met his and instantly she felt a burst of energy. “But yeah, you’re a beautiful sight, Prince.”

Sinyn kissed her softly. “Wanna leave?”

Izzy looked around her. “Hmmm...that would be a yes.”

He picked her up and carried her out.

* * * *

Izzy sat astride Sinyn, his dick buried deep inside her cunt and his hands around her hips. “Marry me.” The words came out naturally. It was what she wanted.

Sinyn arched a brow at her. “What?”

She slapped his chest teasingly. “You heard me.”

“I’m stunned.”

That wasn’t the reaction Izzy expected. “Why? You don’t wanna? Really?”

“I’m supposed to ask you. It’s what a man does.”

“Does it matter?” Surely this was about love and the future and not whose job it was to do what.

“Yes.”

Izzy shifted slightly, his dick pushed further inside. “Were you going to ask me?”

“Yes.”

“When?”

“When the time was right,” Sinyn responded, his hand sliding up her back and around to her breasts.

While it was hard to concentrate on words when actions at that moment were so much more fun, Izzy needed to know where she stood. She wanted this man. She had expected he wanted her back.

“Do you want to marry me?”

“Yes.”

“Well?” His vague answers were driving her mad. “Ask me.” Izzy started bouncing on top of him. Each jolt sent the thrill of hard dick pushing up and down inside her.

Sinyn pulled her body down to his and rolled her underneath him. “Izzy—”

“Yes, Sinyn I will marry you.”

He chuckled. “I haven’t asked yet.”

Old Katie had made this sound all so simple. “Just do it.”

“I thought we were doing *it*.”

She wrapped her legs around his waist. “Not sex.”

“You don’t like sex?” Sinyn pulled both her hands above her head and held them there.

“I love it with you.”

“Izzy, will you—”

A knock at the door stopped Sinyn.

“What?” Izzy yelled out in frustration.

Connor opened the door and looked in. “I just wanted to check everything was okay. He smiled at her. “It certainly looks okay.”

“No, actually it’s not. Sinyn won’t propose to me,” Izzy said to Connor.

“He’s clearly mad,” the other Inis Daire man declared.

“I’m glad you agree with me. Maybe I should marry you, Connor. You seem to know what you want.”

Connor grinned. “Well if the Prince isn’t man enough, I can do lots of manly things.”

Izzy smiled back at him. “I do recall your manly things.” He had a mighty fine, thick dick.

Sinyn bounced his body on hers. The whole mattress jumped. “Izzy.”

“Yes?”

“You will marry only me.” Sinyn let go of her hands and pulled out from her body. He climbed off the bed and dropped to his knees.”

Izzy’s heart was beating madly. It was all too rushed and soon and mad, but it was exactly what she wanted. *To hell with convention.* “Will I?”

“Yes. Isadora Mack, please do me the honor of marrying me.”

Oh yes. “Will you promise never to leave the bed again when I’m naked and horny?”

“Oh man,” Connor muttered. “I have to leave.”

“Come back later, Connor,” Izzy called. She looked at Sinyn who in turn smiled.

“Whatever my lady wants I shall indulge her in.”

Connor chuckled and closed the door.

Sinyn came back on the bed. “Anything you need or want to make you happy I will do.”

Izzy crawled into his arms and onto his lap. “I love you, Prince Sinyn.”

He held her close and kissed her. “Princess Izzy. It has a different ring to it.” Sinyn fisted his dick and eased the head back inside her. “I love you, Izzy.” He grabbed her hips and started to move her up and down. “Do you think our kid’s going to be as complicated as we are?”

“Undoubtedly.”

The End

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