



LAURA TOLOMEI

THE FESTIVAL

VIRTUS SAGA BOOK 3

Prisoner of their whims, it was impossible to resist them further. With a shock of pleasure, she realized they were her masters—not just one, but both—to which she surrendered herself, body first, juggled upward and sideways, until she had no choice but to ride their tide, swept along with their passion, swelling uncontrollably as they drove her into bliss, her convulsions sucking them to the balls and squeezing them dry.

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The Festival
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The Festival
Virtus Book 3

By

Laura Tolomei

Chapter 1

“I told you she wasn’t feeling well, lover.” Christopher Templeton’s voice rang out in the empty dining room.

“Yes, but I didn’t think –”

“That it was this bad?”

Prince Duncan Caldwell merely nodded helplessly for her unexpected and fierce reaction, honestly thinking his decision would please her. Instead, Ylianor Meyer had thrown it all back at him—his generous offer to honor his father’s insane testament that would formally make her a member of the Caldwell family, not to mention give her a share of the inheritance, too. He turned to Chris, still in shock. “Have I...” He stopped to push back some stray strands of long hair from his face. “I mean, didn’t she want to be legally adopted? Is it my impression or didn’t she ask me if she could have the house?”

“She’s them, remember?” The stunningly handsome blond man shrugged indifferently as if he knew better than to expect anything else from a

woman. Then again, he had no need for them, never had until Duncan had decided to pull one into their relationship. With his looks—tall, elegant, graceful, lean body exuding sex from every pore, not to mention from the mischievous blue-gray eyes—Chris could have just about anybody he wanted. “And if you haven’t noticed, they’re unpredictable. Why do you think I keep my distance?”

“Not while you rode here from Blue Oasis.” Searching for the answer he sought on the beloved face, the prince moved closer. “Did something happen on the road?”

“If it did, I don’t know what since she kept silent most of the way.” He paused as if to collect his thoughts. “She wouldn’t even let me touch her. Not that I wanted to...”

The slight hesitation would have gone unnoticed had Duncan not caught a flash of regret crossing the blue-gray eyes. *Well, at least some things are changing for the better!*

“I mean, she wouldn’t even let me near her horse and going to bed, she’d keep distant until, in the middle of the night, I’d find her clinging and holding me tight, shaking like a leaf, frightened...no, make that terrified, like she was having a nightmare. A couple of times, she screamed, but when I woke her, she’d say it was just a bad dream.”

"Why do you think the pyramid has something to do with it, Angel?" The question was hardly an idle one given Chris's earlier comment, which seemed more pertinent now. The prince himself had asked Ylianor to look after Virtus, the dangerous enemy linked to the three-sided pyramid, which in spite of Chris's intervention, had killed their former head of the council, Arthur Fairchild, thereby making him, Duncan Caldwell, the new leader.

"One night, right after she screamed, I had the impression its light was on like it was controlling her somehow."

"But now she was wide awake." Duncan gave him a piercing look. "And the only times I've seen her so furious is when—"

"Oh, no, lover, no you don't!" Springing to his feet, Chris went forward. "This has nothing to do with me or the way I treat her, which hasn't changed since you left me at Blue Oasis." Moving closer, their faces almost touched. "No, I didn't care about her then and I certainly don't now! If it's anybody's fault, my guess is it's yours."

"What?" Confused, the prince took a step back.

"Yes, you're the one who's changed toward her and maybe it's time you start asking yourself why...if you want to keep her, of course."

"I didn't—"

"Yes, you did, lover. Closing the channel

between the two of you was a way of denying her, like telling her to stay out of your life.”

That each of them had a strong power, or Virt as the ancients called it, was something Prince Caldwell had learned only recently. *But why did mine have to begin and end with her, our silent communication the greatest joy and the darkest curse of my life? And why do I miss her so fucking much, like I'd lost a piece of myself? Since I hushed her whisper in my head, I've become the loneliest man on this world and I can't stand it one minute more!* Raising his head, he retraced his step, coming up against Chris again. “All right, maybe I tried to silence her voice.” His lips curved in a wry smile. “But since Arthur died, things have been happening so fast and the sheer weight of them...” His voice trailed off, unsure how to tell his angel about the strangeness of it all.

Somehow though, Chris needed no words to understand. With a comforting embrace, he swept Duncan in his arms and held him tight. “I know it's hard.” The hot breath whispered in the prince's ear. “Arthur used to tell me about the load, the blazing lights, the noise—”

“It's like when we were at the Nephis Valley, with the same bright flashes and the humming, only it never stops—not the lights, not the sound. And this damn shoulder, burning every time there's a new flicker or a higher tone.” He

shrugged. "I didn't think I could handle her, too, not with all this mess that's been running through my head."

"Because she's louder than all the other sounds combined?"

"Oh, Angel, you have no idea!" Pulling slightly away, Duncan gestured aimlessly in the air as if he wanted to draw a picture of what was tormenting him. "And it's not only her. Both of you are stronger than whatever else is going on in my head. If your fire is the brightest star of all, which alone can dim the thousand lights flashing day and night, she's the loudest sound that no amount of humming can ever silence."

"From what you're saying, she's just as important as I am."

Duncan looked straight in his eyes. "I didn't think so at first, not until I cut off the connection. I believed I'd feel better without having her inside me, only to discover I'm unbearably alone if she's not there. It's like with Virtus. You don't know where it ends and you begin."

"And it's not just your head that misses her." Chris clasped his cock. "Your body craves her, too, even if you work hard at denial." Another squeeze, then the intriguing blue-gray eyes fixed on him. "At least, unlike you, I've seen it coming from the start, dreading it actually until I had time to think it over." Taking a deep breath, he looked

as if he were about to seal his destiny forever. "It was hard enough to accept sleeping beauty in my life, not to mention in your bed, as a permanent fixture and I wished you had some other choice—the gods can testify to that. You, more than anyone else, know how much I love you and just being with you every day, every thirty-six-hours of it, is reason enough for me to live, even if I'm no nearer to understanding the magic you work on me than I was ten years ago. Yet somehow, you made her a part of it, too, and so damn well, I can't think of the two of us without her." Sighing, he held on to Duncan. "It's all so fucking confusing and maybe Virtus just adds its own load to bring more chaos to the world, but the one sure thing I know now is she's not necessarily a threat. I used to hate the way you cared for her, so I wished her gone a thousand times. But, after you left Blue Oasis, she's looked after me without being the obsessive presence I feared, rather someone available only if I needed her. Sometimes, I wouldn't see her for days on purpose to test her reactions and never once did she complain or make a scene because I neglected her." With a loving gesture, Chris brushed a loose strand of hair off Duncan's face. "And that's when I understood she won't change the way we feel about each other nor interfere with our time either. You can have both, if that's what you want,

and in a way, it's making you more complete, also when it comes to me." Standing so close they could have easily kissed, the angel grabbed his arms. "So I'll be damned before I allow you to throw away what you need most, besides me, of course." He grinned mischievously. "Now get your ass to her before she leaves or does something even more stupid."

Their lips met in a fierce kiss as their energy linked, the fiery blaze surrounded by the cooler one, until the prince let go and went out the door, followed by his angel's last words. "And be sure to tell her I want her to stay, too."

She could only be in the stables, her true home. And she was, even if the place was in darkness, standing next to Starlet, the mare he had given her as a gift for her hospitality the night they had met again. As usual, he could not get over how beautiful she looked, despite her thinness, or how much she resembled him in the general build—tall, slim, dark complexion, perfect oval face brightened by startling green eyes. Her long, dark hair, so very similar to his, hung in loose strands down below her shoulders, almost to her round, firm ass, swinging wildly to follow her nervous movements as she worked around the horse, body taut with twitching muscles, particularly the second she perceived he was there. And it only

made her look more desirable, if that was even possible.

Getting closer, he noticed the starlight, filtering from a solitary window, created the illusion she was wrapped in a black web, like a spider's with thin, practically invisible filaments twisting her into someone else's distorted reality. Shaking his head to clear it from the horrible vision, he focused again as she placed a knapsack on the horse's back. *Please, Princess, don't go.*

Without as so much acknowledging him, Ylianor put another bag on the mare.

I ordered you once before and –

Nothing has changed since then. I'm still an object, a worthless slave you use for your pleasure alone, ready to dump me as soon as you...or that despicable lover of yours don't need me anymore.

He advanced, opening his arms to embrace her. *You're wrong –*

Don't touch me. She stopped him coldly. *You think you can solve everything with sex, but I don't want to play your sick games anymore, especially now. You thought we could kiss and make up like nothing happened, but the truth is you don't want me. In frustration, she stomped her foot. You're afraid of me, of the closeness we share...or could share. If you weren't so obviously scared it deprived you of your precious freedom, you wouldn't keep shutting me out as if I could actually interfere.*

I don't –

Don't lie to one who reads your mind. I've seen and felt your fears since you discovered this curse. At first, I thought you just needed to get used to it, but now –

Her thought broke. "This is such a wonderful gift –"

If used correctly.

Are you implying I've misused it? Cold rage blazed in her green eyes.

Shaking his head, Duncan could not honestly say so.

It should make us feel close, safe and loved. What do you make me feel instead? A sneaky, prying bitch. I can't live like this. Her thought faltered again, the voice sounding on the verge of tears. "To know there's a wonderful person inside you, but never being able to reach him because he neither wants nor trusts me. And to know I could've had what I shared with your father, or something even better, only makes me feel worse."

She was right, of course, and on every count, too. And since he could not deny the plain facts, he did not stop the onslaught, however painful it felt.

Ylianor shook her head sadly, turning to embrace the mare. *But one thing I've learned is I can't force you to do what you'd rather not, so it's best if I leave, at least I'll be truly alone and stop deceiving myself about someone who'll never be there for me. Chris is more than enough to fill your life and he does it impressively well, without any help from anybody.*

Turning, she clutched Starlet's back. *Goodbye, Prince Caldwell. I wish I could say it has been a pleasure, but –*

No, Princess. I...oh fuck! Before she had the chance to get on the horse, he snatched her to plant a kiss so hard her lips swelled. I am sorry. His regret flooded her. I'm afraid of you, true, but the gods know, I cannot live without you, not anymore, not even now that I've become a leader and things only got more difficult. In a flash, he shared the lights and sounds that had tormented him. This is why I closed our connection, to protect what I thought was mine, though now I realize how foolish I've been because you're as much a part of me the blood that flows in me until there can be no me or you, only us. Sweeping her mouth, he battled against her tongue to conquer precious territory. That's why I want you in my life as my sister, my lover, my friend. He deepened the kiss, crumbling her resistance with one broad stroke. But I'd understand if you never wanted to see me again, so just say one word and I'll stop straight away. I promise.

Still kissing, he waited, but instead of an answer, she hurled an avalanche of sensations at him, which turned him on even more. *I want you. I tell myself I shouldn't humor your every whim, surrendering everything until you can only treat me like the slave I've become, but all I think about is making love to you...and Chris.*

He groaned inwardly. *I can't help it either. Her*

body trembled in anticipation and he knew that, like his angel, whatever hot sex she must have had during their time apart, it had not satisfied her craving for the intimate melt she could achieve apparently only with him. *I need to touch you.* Pushing her to the side, away from the horse, his hands traveled all over. *To be reassured you're real, not just a voice in my head. That's what scares me most, thinking you could be a faceless, empty ghost that scolds me because I'm bad.*

You're more than bad. You're evil.

After taking off the pants, he raised her, leaning her back against the wall, while she wrapped the long legs around his waist. But he did not want to take her, not just yet, despite the hungry ache driving his cock mad and hard with a throbbing desire that was hard to keep in check. With nimble fingers, Duncan traced the dripping edges of her slit, introducing one, then two fingers inside. Ylianor arched her back to make him slide deeper, but he changed his aim, preferring instead to travel to the swollen clit begging for his touch, knowing full well she was too tense to resist his urging. Two strokes and she tightened every muscle, then went limp, the contractions wracking her body convulsively as the waves of pleasure reached her mind, spilling into his.

Too evil! She managed to breathe after the last swell, shifting her weight against him.

Duncan had no time to waste. Cock even harder than before, stone-like thick after her come, he plunged it inside the accommodating cunt, her wet walls clinging to him like a second skin, refusing to let go even when he pulled out slightly in order to increase the drilling effect of his shoves. *No, I simply need to have this, Princess, to know your pleasure in a way no other woman can ever tell me, to feel your craving for more, to see you vibrate at my slightest touch, so that I know you're mine.*

Ylianor was too far-gone to reply. As he moved rhythmically, her muscles contracted again while her heartbeat accelerated and her breath came short with each thrust. He reached for her lips, his tongue taking full possession—after having played, teased, cajoled—and it was her undoing. Coiling around him, she screamed in his head, so loud the sound, it silenced every other, making him lose control, too, and drowning her pussy.

As soon as his pleasure abated, a tumble of emotions hit him, most of which he could not decipher entirely—fear, rage, regret, pain, disappointment, love and mostly hate, jumbled together—but he had no time to analyze any of it because her shivers turned into wild sobs as the wave washed over into tears.

Holding her tightly, he cooed softly in her ear. *Hush, Princess, I'm here. I'll protect you now. I know Virtus is hounding you.*

No, you don't know. I hate you and love you so

much it hurts. I want to be free of you, but I can't let go. And you won't let me go either. You keep me tied the same way you deny I'm a part of you — which I am, no matter how hard you oppose it — so there's nothing either of us can do about it. Sobbing uncontrollably, she squeezed him tighter. It's all so confusing and what's worse, you use Chris to keep your distance. It's a cruel game you're playing, first pretending you want me, then closing me out completely. I can't live like this. I'm going crazy.

Prince Caldwell kissed her lips softly. I didn't realize how my fears were hurting you. I've been a fool, thinking only of myself while you had no one to turn to. But things are going to change, are already changing between us, so if you stay, you won't regret it.

I...don't know. It's not just you —

He wants you to stay, too. He told me so himself.

Obviously startled by the response, Ylianor did not comment. Instead, she slid down his waist, then waited for Duncan to hand her pants back before getting dressed. Her flushed face looked more beautiful than ever, even with the green eyes full of tears, which he brushed off with loving care. *We want you*, he repeated to reassure her. *Come on. Let's go inside to talk and eat.* Then taking her by the hand, he led her back to the dining room.

Chapter 2

Seeing them return, Chris had no need to ask questions, reading all the answers in his beautiful lover's dancing black eyes. And as they flashed in confirmation, lighting his chiseled features, Chris could not help the leap in his heart. Then looking at the very tall—more than him anyway—well muscled frame moving forward with the long, black hair below the shoulders, the sensation worsened to a crunching knot that squeezed him breathless and left his mouth suddenly dry.

That he had loved Duncan with all his heart and soul since the first moment he had seen him might have seemed an exaggeration, considering he had been merely eight-years-old at the time, yet there was no better explanation for how he had felt about the handsome Prince Caldwell, even before sex had come to complicate matters between them. And of course it had although it seemed unavoidable in a world where

adolescents' first sexual experiences were bound to happen with a friend of the same age and sex, the so-called phase, which usually lasted only a few years, just enough for them to learn about their bodies in order to move on to a different pledge. And if young Templeton had never outgrown his phase, it had nothing to do with Duncan leaving him for two years, with the excuse of wanting to know women, or with Chris becoming Arthur Fairchild's lover. Whatever the reason, it had made him come to terms with the unique prince, accepting whatever strange fancy would take him just to keep him by his side, even if it included bringing a woman—the detestable gender he would have much preferred did not exist—into their love.

Damn her! Shifting his gaze, Chris focused on Ylianor, her green eyes still shining from the tears she must have shed. *All right he wanted a woman, but why the fuck did she have to resemble him?* Not in any physical way, for there was no blood relation between them, rather in a startlingly familiar air that had made him hate her more from the start. But despite his efforts to get rid of her—and the gods only knew the lengths he had gone to, including some very disputable ones—a part of him was glad she had stayed, though he had no intention of questioning why in case he got the wrong answer.

Rising, he reached them to wrap his arms around her thin frame, squeezing tightly, thinking that perhaps, as Prince Caldwell had often said, he did not have to like women to like one in particular.

At first, Ylianor froze until, realizing he meant no harm, she returned his embrace, her body clinging to his like it had at nights to dispel the nightmares. Touched more than he cared to admit, Chris caressed her back, sparks of light sending shivers everywhere, and she trembled visibly.

"You're going to be the death of me," she whispered huskily, pulling back.

Chris grinned. "Don't tempt me, sleeping beauty, or I might take you up on your offer."

"Nobody's dying without my permission." The prince was quick to put a stop to his itches by taking Ylianor's hand and pulling her to the table.

Once they were all seated, Duncan cleared his throat as if to speak, only to close it the second after Ylianor inadvertently brushed his shoulder, which caused a noticeable wince of pain to cross the black eyes.

"Lover—"

"My love, I'm sorry." Taking her hand off, she fingered the old scar that had become strangely alive, not to mention traceable even through the clothes. Delicately, she uncovered the red and swollen mark. "So this is what you made me

feel?" After glancing at the prince in understanding, the green gaze swung back to follow the puffy edges. "How did it happen?"

"I'm not sure. Just a reminder of what it means to be a leader, I guess." He smiled wryly.

"What?" Looking puzzled, she turned to Chris. "Do leaders usually have this scar?"

"Arthur certainly didn't."

More perplexed than before, she peered closer. "Then why does he?"

Duncan shrugged. "I don't think it's worth wasting our time over right now. We have more important matters to worry about than a simple scar."

"Actually, it looks more like a mark," Ylianor objected, studying it for a moment.

"Well, whatever it is, it's obvious it doesn't impair your functions." Chris chuckled with a knowing grin. "Not the sexual ones anyway." At Ylianor's deep blush, his lips curved even further for he needed no special talent to know exactly how the prince had convinced her to stay, their smell and flushed air proof enough.

"Definitely not those!" Duncan grinned broadly. "At least judging from my return to Black Rose." And this time, he was referring to their earlier, passionate, frenzied lovemaking without any woman to spoil the reunion.

"All right, you two." Ylianor cut in. "If you

keep talking about it, you'll only end up doing it again." Well, of course, she could not ignore what he and the prince had been doing for most of the evening.

"I'm afraid she's right, Angel." In sending him an apologetic look, the black eyes blazed. "Especially since I need to know what's wrong with you first, Princess."

"Me?" The green eyes widened. "I...there's nothing wrong—"

"No, Princess, no liars allowed in the Caldwell family, if you still want to be a part of it."

"So it's final, my prince?"

"Yes, and—"

"Won't that give credit to all the rumors about me being Prince Charles's secret daughter?"

The question rested uncomfortably in the room, the matter not a small one considering how many believed she was in spite of every fierce objection to the contrary, but for some reason, Chris had thought of an answer. "Actually, sleeping beauty, after what we've learned about Virtus, who's to say this or the fact you look like my lover isn't another of his dirty tricks? I mean, either way, we know he has enough power to pull it off."

Duncan's forehead creased in a frown. "I hadn't thought of it."

"I know you're lost without me, lover." Chris winked mischievously. "But I'm sure that damn

pyramid's having a good laugh at our expense just with this one lousy bluff." Then hearing his growling stomach, he pulled the plate full of food and began eating.

"I'm sure we'll discover the truth soon enough." Turning to Ylianor, Duncan's tone became very serious. "Anyway, trick or no trick, it's the right thing to do and I need you to be publicly recognized."

"Why?"

The prince did not answer immediately. Instead, he pulled his plate closer and ate some of the vegetables Anne Peacock, the cook, had piled on it. "Well, the first and most important reason is personal." The black eyes flashed as if he were debating whether to tell her or not. "I need you, Princess, in my life."

Glancing at his lover's expression, Chris knew he did not dare call his feelings with their true name, a part of him still unwilling to acknowledge that what had begun as something temporary—a journey with a noisy, insufferable, unwanted woman—had developed into something deeper, beyond their very obvious sexual attraction.

"I've had trouble handling our intimacy in the past—"

"Seems to me until just a few minutes ago." Ylianor quipped cutting off Duncan's apologetic tone.

"True, but I'll learn to trust you more, Princess."

Chris sighed heavily. Unlike him, the prince craved women, at least to a certain point, although he had never found one quite so exciting, no, actually who was at Chris's same level, if not more, as Cecilia Hurst's Game of masters and slaves had adequately proved.

"Because our connection is unique and unlike any other, Princess."

With a painful tug, he remembered how people saw—and unfortunately commented, too—the lusty game the two had played, without knowing, as Chris did, the first thing of their telepathy or what the fuck was really going on between them.

But how to blame them? They look hot even to me, though I should know better by now, Yet obviously, he did not, surprised every day more at how much she turned him on with her mere reactions to any physical provocation, which probably explained his approaches, often made brutal on purpose, a victim of his darkest fantasies ever since he had held her at his knife's bloody point.

"You and I share something so particular that words can't describe it and that's why it gets confusing at times." And Duncan clasped Ylianor's hand as if to share the feeling.

Taking a wheat cake from his half-empty plate, Chris munched it nervously. He still had no idea

why he felt the need to hurt people—just men until the witch had come along—cutting their tender flesh to a reddish pulp only to heal them and erase their memory of the entire episode. That was his Virt after all, so perhaps he could simply blame the nature of his power and if not...he could care less. With Ylianor though, what had started as a lesson she would never forget, had quickly turned into an obsession that had gone as far as fantasizing on a possible knife game just between the two of them.

“All right, the second reason is more political, so to speak.” With a sigh, Prince Caldwell let her hand free. “My father’s council seat is vacant because I took Arthur’s place, so I want you to fill it, Princess.”

“Me?” Surprised, Ylianor’s eyes widened. “I couldn’t.”

“Not as a Meyer, but certainly as a Caldwell.” Clutching her hand again, he held it between his own. “I need you there, besides me.”

Ylianor shook her head perplexed. “But I don’t have to be physically there. The way we keep in touch is enough to—”

“No, if you don’t live the situations, you cannot give me the advice I seek. I may not have time to fill you in, which is why I want you there with me.”

“You need Chris more than you’ll ever need

me. He has the real power and the right connections, socially I mean."

"Oh, not to worry, he'll be there, too."

Chris looked skeptical, eating up the last of his wheat cakes. "My father will never allow me to step in."

The prince's lips curved in an ironic snarl. "I have final say on who becomes a council member and who doesn't, so I've already told your father that, since he's going to retire, I'll accept only you as his replacement."

"And he agreed?" Chris raised an eyebrow. "I know he wants to retire, but I never thought he'd actually do it."

"He's waiting for you in Fair Haven, Angel, to discuss all the details. I promised I'd send you over, once we finish this business with Virtus." He turned blazing black eyes on Ylianor. "Which reminds me, you still haven't told us what's wrong. You're hardly eating..." He glanced at her plate, practically full compared to his and Chris's empty ones. "And I don't like my women too thin."

She shrugged. "I'm not very hungry, just tired after the journey from Blue Oasis."

"I already warned you not to lie, Princess, if you don't want me to use other methods to get to the truth."

"I think your new position has gone to your

head!" She spat defiantly. "Do you think you can control everyone around you?"

"Not everyone, but surely the ones connected to me, so please tell me how Virtus is hurting you 'cause I can't stand to see you like this."

Anguished despair flashed for a second in her huge, green eyes and Chris had the distinct impression she could not muster enough courage to bring herself to talk about it.

Probably reaching the same conclusion, Duncan decided on a different approach altogether. "All right, I don't need special powers to get the truth out of you." He turned to wink at Chris. "Hey, Angel, I think the princess enjoyed too much freedom while I was away. Maybe it's time to remind her who the master is."

"From the way she's been acting lately, she's forgotten you altogether, lover, so I'm all in favor of shoving some sense and not necessarily in that thick head of hers."

Duncan laughed. "Couldn't have said it better myself." Rising from the chair, he approached Ylianor. "And since you're not eating, I'd say we start right away."

"This is just another way to make me talk." Throwing back her shoulders, Ylianor raised her chin in defiance. "You think in bed I'll run my mouth?"

"Oh, no." Chris grinned mischievously. "In

fact, we'll keep it so full, you won't get the chance to speak for a long time."

Before he finished, Duncan bent on the chair and picked her up effortlessly.

"No, wait—"

"Too late, Princess." Pressing her to his chest, he turned to Chris. "Why don't you bring something to eat upstairs? She might get hungry later on."

Ylianor thrashed in his arms. "Put me down. You're not going to carry me all the way!"

"Why should I give you the chance to escape?" His lips brushed hers in a soft kiss. "Besides, you're so light now, I hardly feel you." Then holding her tight, he headed out the door.

* * * *

Ylianor snuggled against his broad chest, breathing deeply of his rich smell, pungent and exciting at the same time. By the gods, she had missed him so much it had physically hurt and the closure had not helped any, no, simply increased the craving until she had wondered what the point of waking up every morning was. And the loneliness, the huge, desperate void stripping her soul of its emotions, had devastated her, almost like it had soon after Prince Charles's death. Yet, she had accepted his decision passively, without

About the Author

Born 1965 in Rome Italy, I grew up in Lagos Nigeria then moved to Atlanta GA to complete my studies. In Rome, I graduated in Political Science and now work in international trade.

I have always loved writing and started in college by working with Emory University's magazine, *The Phoenix*. Since then, I have been writing and publishing in both Italian and English, specializing in various genres erotica, mostly M/M, dark fantasy, horror and paranormal, trespassing at times into the contemporary.

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