



*Halloween  
in  
Space*

*Bealevon Nolan*



*Halloween  
in  
Space*

*Bealevon Nolan*

Bealevon Nolan

# **Halloween in Space**

To all refugees, coming to a foreign land.  
May somebody give you a helping hand.

BookRix GmbH & Co. KG  
80331 Munich

# **Halloween in Space**

Bealevon Nolan

# **Copyright 2016 Bealevon Nolan**

Thank you for downloading this free ebook. Although this is a free book, it remains the copyrighted property of the author. It must remain in its complete and unaltered form, and may not be reproduced, copied or distributed for commercial purposes. If you enjoyed this book, please encourage your friends to download their own copy. Thank you for your support.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

# Table of Contents

Title

Copyright

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Determined

Other Works by Bealevon Nolan

About the Author

# Chapter 1

Sam held his index finger into the metal bowl of the sonic wash hand basin. This triple-damned body paint stuck like glue. He peered closer. No, worse than glue. After a resigned look at his hands, he took them out of the basin and picked up a microfiber towel. Without looking at the mess, he smeared the paint into the formerly pristine cloth. Shrugging, he added it to the washer load.

Which reminded him of the blinking red light on the diaper wash machine and he gnashed his teeth.

If I ever lay my hands on the salesman again...This is the third time we'll need a mechanic.

With a frown, he stuffed the towel into

the duct leading to the service level on the space cruiser. Sam took a look around, noticing the mess of clothes and toys on the floor, in the bed and on the diaper changing table. Today was Halloween and the nanny and most of staff had a day off—it showed. Torn between tidying up the whole room and leaving, he threw everything not made out of cloth out of the cot into one of the huge rectangular drawers and kicked the overflowing piece of furniture back into its hole in the wall.

With a slight guilty conscience, he stepped out of his youngest son's nursery and walked quickly through the corridor to the master bedchamber. No time for a fully kinky outfit, just a tiny...bait. From the back of the wardrobe Sam picked up his most beloved black leather trousers. The good old piece had seen a lot of action in the past, till nine years ago when a certain redhead had peeled him out of them for the first of many



times. Stepping into them in front of the mirror, the reflection showed the anticipatory twinkle in his eyes along with the crow's feet. The trousers flap had two ways of fastening: one was the lacing on the front, the other patent fasteners. Thankfully, due to his religious use of the fitness room, even the patent fastened cod piece still closed. Rushing, he threw his silk morning robe back on— funny name for a garment he wore all day since they'd become parents— and tied the sash. Hesitating in front of his black leather boots, he instead chose comfortable silk slippers. The teal nail polish on his toes glittered promisingly before he shoved his feet into the shoes. Changing hadn't taken two minutes before he stormed out of the bedroom again and crossed the hall to the living room.

Rory already sat on the genuine leather sofa, a steaming mug at his elbow, giving the space cruiser's visual system orders in his

deep baritone.

"Find offspring number one. Follow until further notice. Activate sound thirty percent."

A blur occurred in a square meter about two steps from the couch when the system followed the verbal request. Sam's eyes lit up at the second steaming mug on his side of the couch.

"I don't know how you cheated, but next year, you will dress up John Bell!" With a sigh, Sam sank into the plush cushions, making sure his robe covered his legs entirely. Rory MacSimmons's freckled nose scrunched and a massive hand hit his Polo shirt in the vicinity of the heart.

"Dearest, you don't suggest I, your loving husband, would cheat at pulling the shortest straw?"

Sam's lips formed a moue. "This is the third time in a row I dressed up our youngest for Halloween."

An arched eyebrow. "So? You had one kid

to prepare, I dressed up the other three.”

After the first sip of his fine cocoa, Sam responded. “The other three are big enough to help and not hinder proceedings. I swear the whole changing station is covered in paint. Which reminds me: the diaper washing machine is only working on the emergency program and needs fixing again.”

Rory groaned and closed his eyes briefly before he muttered, “Good thing none of the guests need the machine on this trip with all passenger kids being four years and up.”

“Mmh-mmh. But we’re the only commercial family space cruiser, and reservations show that on Sirius V, two children under two years are already booked. So contact the company again and give them a swift kick in the butt. And no more excuses! Tell them to bring a replacement; I don’t care for a crappy lemon.”

A warm hand stroked over his robe-clad arm. “Sure, honey, will do. But now let’s sit

back and watch our offspring trick-or-treat, all right? It's Halloween, after all, and we have a day off as well."

Sam turned and pulled his partner's head forward. "You're right." And for the thousandth time, Sam's lips tingled and sent urgent messages to his abdomen as he kissed Rory. Since he had first locked lips with the masked man at the Fetish Party on Earth, his body lit up like a comet every single time. With a sigh, he sat back in his own seat.

Rory grinned. "Don't be surprised, the kids reached a solution with the mechanic."

Sam's eyebrows rose. "They did?"

"Wait and see..."

## Chapter 2

Rory grabbed Sam's hand while his husband snuggled with his warm cocoa at his side. In front of them, the picture of the space cruiser personnel's gangway appeared and the blurred picture righted itself in a split second, focusing on eight-year-old Robert. The artificial horns on his blond hair sat center and his sleek black suit with the red tie made him look not so much like a devil but sophisticated. Every time he saw his eldest, Rory's throat tightened in pure joy. All the efforts and costs had been worth it. When Rory had shared his idea with Sam he had been ecstatic. But upon hearing about the complicated implant of the womb grown from Rory's own cells plus the amputation of Rory's lowest pair of ribs to make room for a

growing baby, his partner had balked. But Rory had insisted and his understanding Sam, after seeing how much this meant to Rory, supported him. He even reminded him of his injections—pills and hormones necessary to guarantee a full term pregnancy. Yes, it would have been much cheaper to hire a surrogate, but just remembering the first flutter in his abdomen made Rory smile again.

###

That afternoon he had managed to herd all three of his older children out of the nursery to their bedroom and distributed the costumes they'd chosen. Six-year-old Thomas Jonathan walked around with an ugly green goblin face mask and four-year-old George Edward wore heavy white paint with red highlights simulating blood around his mouth and impersonated a ghost. Both boys had begun a tussle with their fake weapons when Robert plucked at Rory's

sleeve. Up till then his eldest had been vibrating in cheery anticipation as well, but when his face turned to his father, Rory saw him conflicted.

He gathered his morning robe— having to deal with his kids without his staff always played havoc with his days— then knelt in front of his son and looked into troubled features.

“Papi said I was named after Robert E. Lee and he was a fearless leader of his men.”

“Yes, that’s right— and...?”

His son’s gaze dropped.

“And he said you spoke with the alien about Halloween— but, I don’t wanna go to the machine room this time. Really, Dad!”

Last year’s incident was still clear in Rory’s mind and the fright in his stomach was unforgettable. His three boys— John Bell had been too young— had trick-or-treated all of the staff’s quarters. Nobody had told them

that the machine room's new inhabitant, an alien of the Xsse-trau, didn't know about the custom. When the kids had knocked on the door and it hadn't opened as fast as the other doors, they'd traipsed inside and—from what Rory had gathered afterward—had crept up to the octopus-like creature, jumping up and shouting "Boo!" Surprised, the Xsse-trau had reached out three of his arms in a natural gesture of defense and the slime-covered, wet ends of his tentacles had connected with the children's bodies, releasing electrical charges. The kids' cries had shattered the gangway and all of the staff came running to help. Rory wished he'd never see Sam's face in that particular shade of white again as when they sat with the nurse in the infirmary, tending to the bad burns on the kids' bodies.

Rory took one of Robert's small hands in his furry one.

"Robby..." A miffed face turned towards



him, an addition to his already troubled expression, "err, Robert Edward, you don't need to worry. Halloween is meant to be fun for everybody. As soon as you collect your goodies, the animator team will start the party. All the passengers kids will be there and a lot of games are planned. Hot witch's brew and filled skulls will be served—it will be such a blast!" When his son tried to interrupt, Rory hugged his firstborn's lanky frame. "It doesn't matter if you skip the machine room. Not for us adults, okay?"

A somewhat subdued nod in the crook of his neck. After a hug, Rory held his son's shoulders at arm's length and looked him in the eyes.

"But, if you want, you can go to the machine room. After the accident last year, Sam and I searched for an interpreter and we and your teacher Mrs. Long had a long talk with the Xsse-trau, whose name I still cannot pronounce."

To his immense surprise, Robert rolled his eyes and made a hissing-clicking sound.

“Huh? Where’d you learn that?”

“When Georgie, Tommy and I were confined to the infirmary last year, Mrs. Long came to us after she spoke with the translator and taught us some words. She also told us more about the Xsse-trau to make us understand. How they are filled with electricity and how they can change shape to go through the tiniest cracks and holes.”

“Yep, that’s why they are sought after for maintenance. We are really lucky that— uhm Ssss-krk?—” again a perfectly pronounced hiss-click followed his weak attempt of using the name of his mechanic “—consented to travel with us. He is the exception; most of his race stays on their planet and customers bring their problems to them.”

“Yeah, he is like you and Papi; he likes traveling. Mrs. Long told us he finished with

the highest university degree possible and could have taken any job, but he came to us." Here a proud smile broke through.

"And we are happy to have him. He keeps our ship flying without a hitch. But, due to his race, he cannot understand our spoken words. The blueprints of the machine are all digitally translated into his language, that's no problem. But as he doesn't have ears or a mouth to communicate he 'feels' the sonic waves we humans make with our throats. Imagine that: being in an alien surrounding and not being able to communicate."

A short pause, then Robert mused, "I guess he is pretty lonely, don't you?"

Rory scratched his stubbly chin. "Guess so."

"Did you tell him about Halloween traditions, Dad?"

"Yes, he didn't understand the background, but when Sam told him about

the sweets he got excited. Seems hard candy is the purest way of replenishing energy for him, he can dissolve them slowly in his slime."

"So he likes sweets as well?"

"He does, but you know most of the sweets are for the guests on board. There is only a small quantity for a certain group of rambunctious boys."

Rory stroked his hands along his child's thin arms while Robert's scrunched up nose indicated heavy thinking.

"How about we take him with us trick-or-treating?"

"You would share your booty with the alien?"

"Well, Mrs. Long said he was quite agitated after last year, and you said Halloween should be fun for everybody." Earnest green eyes met Rory's. "And he is all alone, and if we won't take him, nobody will." Then, an alarming thought occurred in

the boy. "Dad, with John Bell coming along, you've taken on more candy than last year, didn't you?"

## Chapter 3

Rory laughed. Typically that was the biggest concern of his ever-hungry brood. Every kilogram carried around on a space-cruiser cost an enormous amount of energy, therefore indulgences like sweets were kept to a minimum. As a result, every trip on planets led to troubled tummies as the kids over-indulged in whatever sweets were available there. In the nursery hung a simplified star map suitable for children, where the kids added their comments to the different stations they'd visited. Alpha Centaurii was renamed "Big candy shop!" — Glacial Perseus to "Great ice cream". The way kids saw their world, Rory snickered. He looked over to the younger boys.

"Should we ask the Xsse-trau if he wants

to come? And how can we prevent you boys from getting hurt?"

His son looked at him in exasperation. "Da-had! He has an eye to see. I'll draw a comic of him going with us, that's no problem. And the ends of his tentacles could be insulated somehow." The boy looked at his brothers. "When we throw together our gloves I am sure he can shapeshift into them."

Rory looked at his son with growing respect. This was one of those moments he was surprised by the maturity of his first-born. Tommy and Georgie had ceased their tussle and came closer. "Who can thape-thift?" Tommy asked, lisping through his missing front teeth.

"The mechanic, Tommy. Robert suggested you could take him with you trick-or-treating." Upon the spreading alarm on his younger son's faces, Rory added quickly, "We would keep his tentacles covered, so he

cannot hurt you by accident. Last time, you surprised him." He nudged his second-oldest in quick succession on the tip of the nose. "Remember when you hit Robert with your baseball bat?"

"Not my ffffault, he thneaked up on me!"

"That's what I say. You did the same to uhm Sss-krk. It was an accident, and he should not suffer for it. If you can find it in your hearts to forget, I am sure he would, too."

Tommy made a face.

Georgie, the quiet one, tilted his head and asked the all-important question, "Why should we take him?"

Robert explained. "He is all alone on board and always in the engine room. No friends and nothing to do but work. Uh—imagine studying all day with Mrs. Long, no meals, no games, no movies. And Dad said he likes sweets as well." The eldest looked into the faces of his siblings while Rory



stayed quiet. This was something the kids should decide on their own.

"All day working?"

"No gameth and no muthic or thweetth?"

Tommy's face grew indignant. "That'th terrible!"

Robert came to the point. "So we ask him, okay?"

"Hmmm," Tommy mused, "do you thtill remember Mrth. Long'th lethon?"

Georgie asked, "About Sss-krk?" Rory's eyebrows kicked up. It looked like each and every one of his offspring had no problem pronouncing the hissing-clicking sound.

"Yeth. Thee told uth about hith thpeech. I remember 'Yeth' wath 'Krrr'."

"Right," Robert added, "and it means 'good' as well."

"And 'forward'", Georgie added to everybody's surprise.

"You remember that?" Robert's gaze switched between his younger brothers. "And

'no' was 'Szzss'— or 'Zszz'?"

"Zszz", came promptly from Georgie.

"Okay, so it's agreed, we ask him to go with us. I'll make the comic, so he knows we're inviting him to come along. Tommy, you go and find the gloves we got for our visit to Venus Four, you know, the silicone ones?"

"And me?" Georgie jumped up and down.

Rory held his breath. Would Robert find something for the four-year-old as well, or would he have to intervene in a crisis?

"Uhm, he'll need a nice bag for his treats as well. Georgie, run to the schoolroom, there should be a Halloween bucket with LED lights around the top on Mrs. Long's desk; bring it."

Georgie nodded, but Tommy suddenly shook his head. "It won't work, the The-trau cannot walk, he ith too thlow with hith gliding on thlime."

Rory stood up and put his hands in his

hips. "Damn! I forgot!"

Three voices raised in a chorus, "Dad-dy! Language!"

His cheeks grew warm. "Yeah, sorry. But you're right, Tommy. You cannot carry him; that would be embarrassing for him and dangerous for you. And the coaster wagon is in storage." He huffed. "Da—dread it!"

Tommy looked thoughtfully at Georgie whose mouth's edges turned dangerously down. "Thorthy, do you remember on Alpha Thentaurii, when we bought that electro-board for you on the market? And when we unwrapped and tried it here it didn't fly ath fatht ath the one the theller thowed uth?"

Georgie scrunched his forehead. "No. Can't remember."

But Robert's face broke into an appreciative smile. "Good one, Tommy! I tried to work on the mechanics but it would run only at a slow walking pace. That's exactly what we need now. Georgie, leave

the bucket and look in my closet for a red electro-board."

About ten minutes later, Rory was surrounded by three excited boys, each carrying the necessary items to help an unsuspecting alien celebrate Halloween. He took a look at Robert's data-sheet and was satisfied with the sequences he'd put together to explain their intent. Georgie returned from his own closet with a knitted orange cap. "I could loan it to Ssss-krk. If he likes it." He took a critical look at it. "It looks like a pumpkin."

Rory ruffled through his second-youngest's black hair, stood back and checked the kids' equipment.

"Robert, you got your sheet, the board and a bag? Tommy, gloves? Georgie, you got the cap? Everyone, weapons, bags? Okay then, off you go. Have fun and see you in the morning!"

## Chapter 4

The ship's cameras followed the four boys walking through the gangway. Sam, with Rory's hand in his, watched on the hovering screen as their sons stopped in front of a double-winged door at the end of the hall.

Surely, they wouldn't make the same mistake twice?

Sam glanced at Rory who just grinned and squeezed his hand reassuringly. Both watched their masked children press the button next to the door. After last year's incident, they'd added a kind of vibration gong when the door opened to warn the Xsse-trau of visitors approaching. The two wings vanished into the sides of the walls and Sam held his breath when little John Bell tottered forward. But Robert intercepted his

smallest brother and held him back with both hands on the shoulders. The small face with the painted-on pirate badge turned questioningly upwards.

“andy?”

“Not here, Johnny. We wait for Sss-krk.”

In the red lit machine room, movement became discernible and Sam saw the alien ripple slowly toward the entrance. Its tentacles were reduced to eight, the easiest for getting from one place to another. The pear-shaped head in the middle shone in the semi-darkness, the speckled blue-gray interrupted by a bright spot in the middle. Georgie opened his mouth. “I don’t want him closer.” But Tommy took his hand, “Thsteady now, Thorthy. Robbie will thow him what we want.”

Sss-krk ceased his gliding as soon as his near-sighted eye caught on who stood in the door. For a moment nobody moved. Then Robert pulled out his rolled-up data sheet

and nodded to Tommy to keep an eye on John Bell before he stepped around his youngest sibling. Sam discerned a short hesitation before Robert walked to the octopus-like alien who was of the same height as Georgie. When Robert got closer, the tentacles got drawn in, as if Sss-krk wanted to prevent another accident on his part as well. His whole body teetered backwards when Robert knelt in front of him and rolled out the transparent acrylic sheet on the floor. A fingertip swished over it and activated the comic strip in an endless loop.

Sam couldn't hold back his curiosity any longer. "Visual: Zoom in. More... More." Now he could watch in awe the little Xsse-trau on the sheet putting his tentacles into—was it gloves? Then an orange cap appeared and sank down on its head. At last, what looked like an electro-board popped up and the tiny alien on the sheet jumped on it. The end picture contained four boys like stair steps,

walking with the Xsse-trau floating on the board in tow.

“Zoom out.” Sam turned to Rory in disbelief. “Did you do that comic?”

His husband snorted. “Since when do I have the patience for that? No, it was Robert. I get dizzy every time he accesses the database. The way his fingers scurry across the sheet is nothing short of amazing.” He pressed a kiss on Sam’s lips, their mutual stubbles rasping against each other. “Keep your fingers crossed, that Sss-krk understands and plays along. Including the alien in Halloween was the kid’s idea and it would make them so proud if it works.”

Both turned their attention back onto the screen where Robert had returned to John Bell, who uncharacteristically waited without a fuss. Only his thumb found its way into his mouth.

For a long minute nothing happened, then one tentacle appeared slowly from the



glistening body on the floor. Growing forward, it reached one corner of the sheet and picked it up in slow motion. Sam approved the measured movement the alien used to pull the object toward its eye. Out of the corner of his eyes, Sam saw Rory bite his lower lip.

In the corridor, Tommy obviously lost his patience and, dragging a reluctant Georgie behind, reached into his orange glittering Halloween bag and retrieved several gloves. Kneeling, he laid them on the ground one after the other until eight different sized silicone mittens made two rows within reach of the alien. Tommy stood up and tried to pull Georgie forward. But his brother refused to be moved, eyeing the Xsse-trau warily.

"Your tathk, Thorthy." When Tommy received a blank look, he nudged his chin toward the sack Georgie carried over his shoulder. Quickly George opened the string and pulled out his orange knitted cap. His

small hands kneaded the material, his hesitation to get closer to the alien unmistakable.

Robert encouraged his sibling, "Come on, he won't hurt you."

Right then, Sss-krk let the sheet sink and took a look in front of him. With a brisk move, Georgie threw his cap next to the gloves on the ground. The sudden motion startled the alien and he retracted his tentacle lickety-split. "Hey!" Roberts faced turned indignant to his brother, "Don't frighten him." But Georgie already hid behind Tommy, his face petulant. "He moved!" Robert shook his head and pulled the electro board out of his own Halloween bag. He got down on his knees and shoved it slowly in the direction of the alien who fixed his eye toward him. John Bell used Tommy's lack of attention and moved on his wobbly legs toward the alien again.

"andy?"

Sam straightened his spine in alarm, ready to run out of the room, but Rory stroked his thigh.

Both parents watched how Robert intercepted his youngest brother, sat back, crossed his legs and drew John Bell onto his lap. "We wait for Sss-krk, Johnnie."

Next to Sam, Rory's pent-up breath released. On the screen they watched the Xsse-trau release several tentacles creeping to the things laying before him. He carefully touched the different objects, then examined them more thoroughly.

Georgie piped up. "Wanna go now!"

Right then, Sss-krk worked the tip of one tentacle into the smallest silicone glove and morphed his shape, filling the five fingers. He lifted the spread 'hand' and waved it carefully, ostensibly to check out his first use of clothes. Watching this, John Bell broke into a smile and waved back. The alien made a short pause, then waved again and

John Bell giggled and waved back with both hands. Sss-krk pushed more limbs out of his body and filled the other seven gloves without any problem. Other tentacles picked up the orange cap and stretched the pliable material this way and that before they lifted the cap over the alien's body and let it drop on the top of the head.

Rory snorted with laughter at the sight and even Sam couldn't help a grin despite his tension.

Next, about half a dozen tentacles analyzed the electric board and in the blink of an eye the toy hummed and hovered about four inches in the air. A second later Sss-krk cut off the energy on the board and pulled it on the ground in front of him. With all the gloved hands waving in the air, the alien moved his body onto the children's toy and held tight on the slat with several tiny appendages he grew out of his frame all around. Igniting the motor again, the alien

moved forward at glacial speed. Robert nodded in encouragement and picked up John Bell, scrambled up on his legs and said in an authoritative tone, "Let's go!"

The four boys walked along the corridor to the staff's bedchambers and waited for Sss-krk to pull up. Standing in a half circle around, Robert knocked. When two of the chambermaids opened, the three bigger boys intoned:

"Witches, ghosts, and goblins.

Stealing down the street,

Knock on every doorway,

Trick or treat!

When your door is opened,

This is what you meet,

Scary creatures shouting,

Trick or treat!"

The last line was shouted, even from John Bell. The two young women laughed and clapped. Three pairs of hands held out orange twinkling bags and each of them got

some candy.

Sam looked with a wobbly smile at his husband and opened his mouth, but got a nudge of Rory's elbow and followed his gaze back to the screen.

Robert, Tommy and Georgie already turned to the next door while Sss-krk waited to bring up the rear. But John Bell wriggled out of Robert's hands and hot-footed back to the still open door. As he turned his pudgy hands upward to the two women, he lost his balance. But before he could face-plant, four gloved tentacles gripped the boy's pirate vest and held him upright. Unconcerned who saved him and with the single-mindedness only a child has, John Bell showed his front teeth in a dazzling smile and asked, "andy, pweez?" Both women broke out in renewed laughter and one put one wrapped up hard candy in each tiny hand. "Thnx!" John Bell turned around and promptly held out one of the sweets to Sss-krk. Three of the four

covered tentacles returned to rest on the electric board, but the last one delicately reached out to the sweet and plucked it out of the chubby fingers.

A glance to his left showed Sam that Rory was frozen in the same position as he: ready to hurl himself from the couch to rescue their youngest. Both released their pent-up breaths with hissing sounds and relaxed back into the cushions.

## Chapter 5

“Good Lord! These kids will be the death of me.” Sam reached for his mug with a trembling hand. On the screen, their children sang to the next appreciative couple of staff. This time, not only did the bags get their tribute, but John Bell and Sss-krk received a treat as well. When nothing disturbing happened within the next two raids, Rory ordered the ship’s system to stop the broadcast and retreat the screen. When blessed silence spread in the living room, he reached over and plucked the empty mug out of Sam’s hand, avoiding his gaze.

Sam’s eyebrow climbed up while his partner got up and placed the crockery on the shelf next to the door. Although Rory tried to be inconspicuous, Sam saw the hand



move over the pad, locking the door, and he grinned. Quickly, he released the knot of his silk robe and spread the material around him on the couch, revealing his leather trousers and bare chest. He kicked off his slippers and propped one well-manicured foot on the seat, resting his wrist on the bent knee. Rory still fiddled with the dirty dishes before he remarked to the wall in front of him, striving for a casual tone, "Uhm, speaking of kids..."

Knowing they would have a free evening and that the door was locked, Sam allowed his eyes to feast on his husband's broad shoulders under the wavy long red mane. His upper body tapered down to delightful tight buns, currently hidden by Rory's robe. Sam licked his lips in anticipation. At that moment, Rory turned around, noticing his lover's half-revealed body framed by the colorful paisley silk. "Oh. My. God!" Then he took in Sam's shit-eating grin and he blushed. "You knew!" he accused his

husband of eight years.

Sam chuckled. "Yes, I saw you using the hormone shots three weeks ago. And the answer is yes!"

Rory's tightened features relaxed. "I wasn't sure if you wanted another one, but prepared for tonight anyway. Nurse assured me the endometrium has built up as well as can be expected and she defrosted and planted fertile eggs in me this morning."

Sam's eyes fell to half-mast and he purred. "And I will do my best to impregnate you. Come here, honey."

###

This look.

This sight.

Heart pounding, Rory reached the sofa and knelt in front of the reclining Sam. His eyes roamed over those shapely legs spread out in front of him. He slipped one hand below the knee, the other around the ankle and lifted the lower leg to his face. Breathing

deep over the leather-clad shin, his already interested cock twitched, memory connected the odor with hot, hard sex. His hand stroked the calf up and down until he tore away his attention and allowed himself first contact with the main attraction. Tenderly, Rory kissed the arch of Sam's bare foot, his eyes making contact with his lover's. The tip of Sam's tongue left a glistening sheen on his upper lip while their gazes locked.

"Make yourself comfortable, so you can play..." Sam's voice was pure temptation, rough and low.

Rory placed the foot back onto the cushion, ripped off his own robe and crossed onto the couch clad only in his boxers. Sliding onto the opposite seat, he kept his eyes glued on Sam and ordered the ship's system in a rough voice. "Sofa right end, sixty degrees." Immediately the low arm rest lengthened until a solid backrest formed. Rory sighed in comfort as his wide back got

support from the memory foam and sorted his legs on the cushions, bracketing Sam's feet into the junction of Rory's legs.

At the first close look on the toes in his lap, the blood pooled into his abdomen. Beautiful teal-painted nails shimmered on his beloved's feet. With a moan of surrender, Rory picked Sam's right foot up and licked over every toe, reveling in the sensuous feeling of the delicate bones under his tongue. He lapped up faint wisps of the ship's soap, traces of the silk and the flavor of pure Sam. Caressing the sides of the midfoot with his lips, he worked his way to the heel. While he bit it carefully, his prick tented his underwear.

"Hmh, Sam! You are so, so beautiful..." He lowered his hold and admired the perfect paint job on Sam's toes, kissing each teal toenail. A quick glance to his lover's face and his closed eyes assured him of the pleasure he caused. Returning his attention to his

second favorite part of his lover, Rory sucked the digits one after the other.

Slow.

Lovingly.

Caressing and biting into the pads of each foot while his other hand roamed the soft animal skin on his partner's calf. An appreciating hum reached his ears. Then Sam's left foot edged in the loose opening of Rory's boxers and crawled to his throbbing rod. The tender sole made careful contact with his manhood before it rubbed up and down, the big toe nudging his nuts in-between. It was Rory's turn to hum in appreciation.

Spreading his legs wider, Rory turned Sam's foot and kissed his way over the soft instep. Every twitch of the long bones under his mouth fanned his flame. Then he returned to the biggest toe, the one with a direct connection to his cock. He swirled his tongue and popped the digit in and out of his

mouth. Soon Sam's moaning and his exquisite movements over Rory's cock proved to be Rory's undoing.

"Turn around, babe—I need you."

In a swift move, Sam hurled his massive body around and kneeled on all fours on the sofa. His half-closed eyes never broke contact as he looked above his shoulder while he pressed his chest into the cushion, presenting his black leather-clad ass. The sheen on the worn material beckoned like a lighthouse. In one motion, Rory pushed his shorts down to his knees and knee-walked between the strong thighs in front of him.

His hands kneaded the tight globes covered in leather until two fingers closed onto the small latch right under the waistline. The convenient back zipper ran smoothly down to Sam's balls and revealed no undies. Like the first time when Rory opened the zipper, only rosy skin covered in peach fuzz was exposed, calling him to lick

deftly along the cleft.

Familiar with Sam's habits, Rory dug his fingers into the right back pocket of his trousers and pulled out a lube-hanky. As soon as it made contact with human skin, the dry cloth grew warm and produced drops of slick. Swiftly, he ran it over his manhood and swiped it over Sam's wedge before he let it drop to the ground.

"Hurry up," Sam urged him on. More than ready to pleasure his lover, Rory shuffled closer until his cock rested on the now glistening skin. He held his manhood and pulled his hips back until the red tip slid into Sam's rim. Holding it steady as he made contact with the rosette, Rory pushed forward and breached the sphincter.

A sucked-in breath and a choked, "Give me a sec," ended in audible panting.

Rory's thighs shook; he forced a slow exhale, once, twice. He needed to bury his flesh into the tight heat—instead his hands

clawed into his partner's leather-clad hips until the order he hoped for was moaned.

“Go!”

Rory groaned as he shoved his pelvis forward until he buried himself to the hilt in the soft, warm sheath. The movement was too good, too intense not to be repeated again. And again. Thirty seconds later, he pumped in a fast rhythm that soon became frantic. A mantra of no, no not yet! whirled through his lust-fogged mind and he shut his eyes to block out his lover's slick back, the muscles moving under the skin. But in front of his mind's eye, the beautiful teal nails danced and notched his passion up another step. Groaning as he accepted he was losing the battle, Rory tore his eyes open again just when Sam arched his back sinuously. It was too much. With a short bellow, Rory let go and creamed the insides of his partner, panting, quivering.

###



Sam's chute contracted and would have pushed him over the edge as well, but he pressed the heel of his hand against the base of his leather-clad cock and put his own orgasm on hold. Rory's heavy upper body rested on Sam's warm back and Sam held both of them up to let his lover ride out his bliss. After a minute he inquired softly, "Okay?"

The chest above him expanded in a deep sigh. "Oh, yeah." Then little kisses were spread over Sam's neck as Rory's face moved down Sam's spine until Rory's prick slipped out and he zipped the trousers back up. When Sam turned around, Rory pushed off his shorts and ordered, "Sofa right backrest horizontal," before he reclined. Rory rested his right massive calve on the back of the sofa and placed his left foot on the carpet, opening himself wide. Reveling in the sight in front of him and ridden hard by his own need, Sam tore at the laces of his flap and

freed his own cock. It bobbed up and down as if waving a salute. Usually, he delighted in nibbling and kissing his lover, combing his fingers through the fur on his chest, the hair on his head. But knowing Rory was fertile displaced any other thought, any movement he'd do otherwise. Now there was but one goal.

In a swift motion, he crawled between the inviting legs. With one hand he held up Rory's spent balls, and with the trembling index finger of the other, touched the skin below. Where normally a tiny dip was perceptible, today slick edges led into a re-opened gap. Sam carefully inserted two of his digits but his lover had prepared himself thoroughly. "You didn't think I would forget?" Rory grinned.

"Good!" With a squelching sound Sam pulled his fingers out of the lubed vagina. "Cause I cannot wait..." Holding his cock at the base, he let its tip kiss the entrance

before he moved his hips forward and pressed into the narrow channel. It wasn't as tight as Rory's ass, the friction considerably less, but the knowledge of what he was about to do touched his most primal urge, the instinct to procreate. With a powerful move, he thrust his whole length into the chute and let himself press on Rory's chest, glueing his damp skin to the slight fur. Both of his hands grabbed into the red mane spread over the cushion.

His mouth stopped a fraction over Rory's as he whispered. "Wanna fill you up, make you pregnant again." He pulled out before pushing back in to the hilt. Rory's lust-glazed eyes bore into Sam's and his arms closed over Sam's back, pressing him closer. "And when you swell, you'll be so randy I'll hump you day and night. Ream your ass out, suck your cock and bring you to one orgasm after the other." The memory of the other pregnancies turned both men on,

accelerated Sam's thrusting and made Rory gasp, "Yes... yes!"

"And you'll lick my feet, and suck on my toes..." Rory's eyes blazed and his mouth opened as if to indulge right now. Sam closed the small distance and squashed his lips to Rory's deep red ones. Immediately, a strong tongue invaded Sam's mouth, moving in time with Sam's thrusts, filling his cavern most deliciously.

It was enough. The desperate stroking over his shoulder blades and the intrusion of Rory's forceful tongue dominating his mouth tipped the scale; Sam severed their lip's connection and propped himself up on his hands. He let his head fall back, bowed his spine to regain maximum depth and spent himself into his lover's soft cervical canal in a succession of short thrusts. "Aaahhhh!" A second later he registered Rory's hands pressing Sam's buttocks against his crotch, connecting them even closer. Sam rode his

climax and the beautiful tingling in his spine that followed before he opened his eyes again and looked down.

The love and wonder on Rory's face humbled him. His partner was the one to suffer over the next months, always careful, eating right, no alcohol and in the end the Cesarean surgery. Although the womb was able to let a child grow, the necessary chronology of hormones and muscles for a birth were simply not there. But Rory's features only radiated happiness, and in Sam's satisfied body tenderness spread. Still connected, he returned to kissing his spouse's warm lips. "Love you, honey."

"Me too." A deep sigh and both relaxed in their position. They would remain connected as long as possible to make sure the majority of Sam's semen stayed in. Rory cuddled Sam, licking some of the salty dampness off his skin. Later they would retreat into their huge comfortable bed and

couple as often as Sam was able to, making sure to increase their family.

###

Their bed was as tousled as Rory's hair. He was drifting back to sleep still stroking Sam's short blonde strands when the intercom beeped the next morning. Sam's brows furrowed but he kept his eyes closed until the commotion came through the speakers. Their eyes connected in alarm as they heard sounds of crying mixed with wails of, "I want my Paaaapiiiiiiii!", when Robert's calm voice intercepted the cacophony.

"Daddy—Papi? Tommy is in the bathroom sick; he ate all his sweets. And John has eaten the rest of the body paint." He raised his voice to be heard above the bawling in the room. "Sss-krk modified the hover-board to double-speed and Georgie tried it and smashed into the wall— he's bleeding on the forehead and I think he lost a tooth." Both men scrambled across the bed in a hurry,

trying to disentangle themselves from their duvet. Rory was the first to throw on his morning robe and flung the other one toward his partner.

Sam answered as calm as he could. "No problem Robert, we'll be right with you."

"Uhm that might be a problem... I wanted us to stay safe from any ghosts tonight and used the ship's system on the door lock; now it's jammed somehow."

Both parents looked at each other.

"Kids!"

Eyes rolling, Sam took Rory's hand and together they raced into the hall.

## **Also available from Bealevon Nolan:**

### DETERMINED

Prince Liam of Broskoe will no longer bow to his mother's outrageous orders. Because of his speech impairment, the result of a childhood illness, most people—including the queen—believe him to be a half-wit. Neglected in his upbringing, Liam has learned to take what he wants, by whatever means necessary, be it a lover, an education, or secret training as a spy. Forced into hiding, he flees to neighboring Doros and gets work in the kitchen of the castle keep.

Finley, Duke of Doros, finds himself between a rock and a hard place. The King of Carsson has once again demanded an increase to the annual levy, and Doros's resources are dwindling due to a poor



harvest, worsened by early snows. Not even he, the mightiest of warriors, can stop winter from coming early, but he will not stand by and watch his people starve.

Two men— two lonely hearts— meet under the strangest of circumstances. Each learns to grapple with formidable enemies: not only the forces of Mother Nature, but the darker aspects of human nature. They must overcome greed, lust, loneliness, and betrayal, as well as their own insecurities, if they are to find that one thing that makes life worth all the trouble.

**WARNING:** In addition to depictions of violent combat and death, which some readers may find objectionable, this book contains graphic sex scenes and is unsuitable for underage readers.

Excerpt:

## Chapter 1 – An Interrupted Night

PRINCE LIAM stepped into the servants' supply passage and closed the narrow bedchamber door behind him. His manner was guarded as he set his stockinged feet on the cold stones.

Step.

Step.

Pause.

At each intersection in the dimly lit corridor, he stopped to carefully crane his neck around the next corner.

No one in sight.

This modern palace included a tiled oven in every stateroom, and these hidden hallways had been built to allow the servants to fire them without disturbing the noble family or their guests. They were an ideal way of sneaking around unseen. They also made it easy for Liam to eavesdrop on his

host, the Count of Sorren. Liam knew it was not nice to spy on his gentry, but it was informative. As his spying mentors had pointed out, tackling a small problem in time could spare a lot of headache later.

He neared the dining room from which he had excused himself but a quarter hour before, and was relieved to hear that the count still occupied it with his son, Steven. There was no mistaking the count's booming voice. It sounded as if they were indulging in some after-lunch port without the ladies. A few more steps and Liam crouched next to the wicket that opened the back of the oven for the servants to feed it. On this late-summer's day, the tiles were cold.

"...takes an afternoon nap? That boy is weak, I tell you!"

Pretending to take an afternoon nap,  
Dear Count!

"Father, why are you so upset with Prince Liam? I grew up with him in court, and he is

a nice person.”

Thanks, Steven.

“I fear for our country when he becomes king. Just look at him: Clothed like a peacock — and that long hair! He is tiny and fragile, and his childhood illness left him almost mute. And those flapping hands.” Here the count tsk-tsked. “I hate to say it, but I wonder if his mother is not right in her assumption her only son is an imbecile!”

In his safe hideout, Liam raised his eyebrows.

“If you would look closer, Father, you would recognize how ingenious the prince is in the way he communicates with his gestures. He not only brings his points across, he can be funny at times. And you know he can speak. He just needs to prepare for it, and as it hurts him, he chops things off into short sentences. You know, like you do when you have a sore throat? I am sure he would get better if he'd use his voice more

often.”

Huh? You think so? Hmm, perhaps I should give that a try.

“Concerning his hair and his clothes,” Steven continued, “I know for a fact that Queen Isabella insists he never cut his hair, because it shows his royal lineage. And she personally chooses his clothing, as she still thinks he is a dimwit and not capable of making reasonable decisions. That woman has no idea how much he takes in. People make assumptions about his lack of intelligence— like you just did— so they talk more freely in his presence. I wouldn’t be surprised if he already has a very good understanding of politics, despite the queen’s refusal to give him any kind of training.”

You’re on track, my friend!

“That’s my point, boy! If he doesn’t get an education, how shall he be leader of our kingdom and our troops?”

“He has well-trained soldiers like me, and

other noblemen's sons, to look after the army. And he will learn in time— remember when you told me how much Queen Isabella fumbled in the beginning? When she took over the regency after King Edward died in the last war with Carsson, she didn't have a clue, either. You and the other counselors will have to help him, just as you helped her."

Yes, Steven, I'm counting on them as well. As much as I learn listening in on their conversations, much of the information they base their decisions on is hard to come by.

The voice of the old Count took on an exhausted tone.

"He seems so disinterested, always having flings with men of every rank, and you know there are rumors of him being seen in the old part of the capital— amid a den of thieves and drug users."

Uh-oh! I need to be more careful!

"I don't believe him to use drugs or

overindulge in drinking, he has a fine body—you haven't seen him naked."

"What? Did he bed you as well?"

Liam almost snorted. Me and Steven? Never in a hundred years!

A familiar snicker was audible before Steven answered.

"No, he never tried. He only makes advances if the other man first indicates an interest. But we grew up together and played the usual sports. Liam may be short, as you say, but he has a very fit body—he runs and rides with the best of them. Sometimes he is so reckless I believe he knows no fear!"

Thanks. I wish it were so, my friend. Liam's throat closed as he remembered others reacting to his failed attempts at speaking.

Some hours of a pleasurable visit later, Liam descended the front steps of the mansion to bid the count and his wife

farewell. His earlier good-bye to Steven had been their typical nonverbal banter, Liam using gestures as usual— but he had prepared his vocal cords for the moment of taking leave from his counselor. Liam looked Count Sorren straight in the eyes and said, in his gravelly voice, “Thank you... For your hospitality.”

“It— it was my pleasure, Your Highness.”

THREE HOURS later, when Liam dismounted in the yards of the royal summer palace, he was still grinning inside over the memory of the astonished Count.

Leading his horse around to the stables, Liam was met by the riding master who took the reins of the tired, steaming steed. Liam nodded to the familiar face— the man had taught him riding as a boy.

“How was your trip, My Prince?”

Still cherishing his small victory over Count Sorren, Liam tried to answer without



first loosening his vocal cords. Instead of words, a loud croaking sound emerged.

Some seasonal helpers, working within earshot in the stable, snickered loudly. "Somebody did an awful job kissing that frog."

Clenching his teeth, Liam turned back to his horse to hide his blushing cheeks. He fumbled with the cinch and worked his throat before he turned back to the riding master, rasping, "Fine... Just fine." Straightening his spine, he dusted off his brocade riding coat and strode toward the kitchens. He didn't turn around, but the sound from behind him was unmistakable—the old man cuffing the ears of the disrespectful stable workers.

The familiar cacophony of clattering crockery, chopping cutlery, and yelling cooks surrounded Liam like a warm blanket. He drew a deep breath and took a look around. Many of the female staff, and several of the males, greeted him with smiles. Out of habit,

the prince nodded back politely, checking out the younger men in the room at the same time. Disappointment. No new likely conquests in sight. Sighing internally, he greeted the yipping, tail-wagging dog that hurried toward him. Kneeling, Liam stroked the silky brown-white coat, making soothing sounds in the back of his throat.

His childhood illness had brought him close to death, and had left him incapable of speaking more than a few words at a time. He had taught himself to loosen his vocal cords to reduce the pain when he forced out short sentences. He got by with gestures, and those close to him knew every nuance of his expressions. Still, even his chamberlain and close friends couldn't keep the pity from showing in their eyes. Those who didn't know him tended to treat him like a simpleton.

Animals were the only ones who never judged him, and Liam loved them for it.

Especially his tiny partner in crime, Sunny, who wiggled around his bent knees, enjoying the attention of her favorite person in the world. Some scraps had miraculously appeared on the table next to Liam, and he used them as rewards for the tricks he made Sunny perform over the next few minutes. When he was satisfied with her training, Liam rose and smiled at the near-toothless cook, who had often slipped him cookies when he was a growing boy, and who now provided the same for his four-legged companion. Liam left Sunny on her blanket, snatched some cookies, and ascended into the palace.

Considering his prospects for a suitable nighttime companion, Liam walked through the halls toward his room. Deep in thought, he registered belatedly the inviting gazes of the latest additions to the guards of honor, who were standing outside his bedchamber door. As soon as he had passed them,

however, they made it to the top of his short list of options for the night, and he couldn't suppress an expectant grin. Both soldiers were huge studs with short dark hair, dressed in impeccable uniforms— Liam's complete opposite.

Closing the door behind him, Liam licked his lips and undid the few pins that remained in his hair after his wild afternoon ride. He discarded his clothes, throwing the stained garments over the back of a chair. Being allowed to disrobe alone had been a major victory in Liam's constant struggle for independence. He had stubbornly dismissed the valet whom his mother had ordered to serve his every whim. At last he compromised by allowing one cleaning of his room per day, but otherwise he was gloriously alone and never happier about it than in situations like this. After brushing the dust out of his long tresses, he entwined them again into a braid. A slight tremor went

through him as he imagined certain pairs of big hands holding on to it in the very near future, while riding him.

Having been robbed of any seducer's most basic weapon— speech— Liam had learned early on to accomplish his conquests via body language, using more or less subtle signs. After splashing some water onto his face and body, he chose a wide-cut silk sleep shirt that barely skimmed the crease of his protruding backside, showing off his sleek legs, which were well versed in wrapping around a partner. As he turned down the lanterns, Liam's bare feet sank into the exceptionally plush carpet he had insisted on for his bedchamber— his knees had thanked him many times for that decision.

Now, let's see if these guards are truly interested.

On his way to the door, Liam turned back the covers on his huge four-poster and relaxed his vocal cords to activate his hoarse

voice. He turned the doorknob.

“Hello there...”

ABOUT TEN minutes later, both of the soldiers' uniforms were in severe disarray, and Liam was about to loosen the second pair of breeches bulging before his face, when a sharp knock at the door interrupted the proceedings.

“My Prince? Your mother wishes to see you.”

Sighing with disappointment, Liam closed his eyes and sat back on his haunches. Upon the silent nod they received from their disgruntled sovereign, both soldiers began to rearrange their clothing. Throwing on his dirty riding clothes over his sleep shirt, just to spite his obsessively neat mother, he stepped into the corridor and met the messenger—the castle's chamberlain, Pierre. With a sweeping motion of his hand, Liam put an end to the servant's bow.

Straightening up, Pierre didn't bat a lash as the two disheveled soldiers emerged from his crown prince's sleeping chamber.

One look at Pierre's face, though, made Liam's stomach clench. The older man always wore a smile around Liam, even back when Pierre was one of the few people ever to visit a very lonely and ill boy in the palace's hospital wing. Pierre had found ways to cheer him up— in the beginning with hand puppets, and later by teaching Liam to play the mill game and checkers. Today Pierre's furrowed brows indicated a serious problem. Liam didn't ask, though. The man was discreet and would never take the liberty to speak out of place. Liam steeled his nerves and tried to remember any transgressions on his part that might have caused his summoning. Had some nobleman's son who'd shared his bed complained to the queen? But for something trivial like that, Liam wouldn't have been beckoned to the

state chamber, where his faithful servant led him this night.

Pierre swung wide the massive double doors to admit Liam and then bowed, stepping backward as he pulled them closed on his way out. Liam took a look around the grand marbled room. He rarely saw the state chamber, as his mother never invited him to appear at her side. Other than the noblemen's sons and the palace domestics he grew up with, he was virtually unknown to the populace.

But someday, mother will ask me to attend—surely.

Queen Isabella, clothed as usual in full regalia, was sitting on the massive throne in the middle of the dais. The cold glittering of the jewels she wore in abundance reflected her personality. She was in deep discussion with the three eldest council members and Sir Forrest, the commandant of Her Majesty's troops. Liam was instructed to wait near the



entrance, and he let his mind wander back four years, to the time when he had last interacted with this rigid soldier.

SIR FORREST, clad in civilian clothes, ushered the almost-sixteen-year-old Liam into the back room of a seedy inn. A rough-hewn table, four chairs, and a flickering lantern seemed to be the only concessions to comfort in this shack. Liam threw a disapproving glance around, until he met the eyes of the cavernous room's only other visible occupant. He was a short man like Liam, but much older—surely more than forty years—dark beard, dark eyes; he looked worn but confident. His clothes were old and were patched in many places, quite unremarkable. The older man's face broke into an amused smile as he returned the favor and checked the prince out, taking in the overdone rich clothes Liam's mother made him wear. Sir Forrest, noticing that no

beverages were provided, mumbled under his breath and stepped out to procure something.

Left alone with the stranger, Liam toyed with his shirt cords, unsure how to proceed. But why not try out his newly acquired tactic of seducing his opponents to keep them off balance? He had used his good looks with increasing success in recent months. Liam let his long lashes flutter, half hiding his gray eyes before he flashed a coy glance, his fingers stroking slowly along the V of his shirt opening. Two things happened simultaneously: the older man before him laughed out in amusement, and for the first time in his life, Liam felt a cold and very sharp blade at his throat.

A rough hand pulled his ponytail, stretching his neck, and a low murmuring voice inquired from just behind his ear, "You want to wake up tomorrow, don't you?" After a careful nod of Liam's head, the voice

hissed, "Then I advise you to leave him alone—he is taken."

His stretched vocal cords hurt more than usual as the prince nodded again and forced out, "Remove... The blade?"

A second later his head was free to move again, and he was able to distinguish his attacker in the dim light. A young man in his twenties— of the same height as his companion, but willowy, with light hair and eyes— gave him a disparaging look before he joined his older companion who was still chuckling. Slipping a hand around the waist of his younger friend, the dark man pulled him nearer.

"Down boy." He grinned before he pressed a tender kiss to the corner of his partner's lips.

Carrying a huge tray laden with mugs of beer and some food, the commandant returned and placed everything on the table. His eyes darted between the room's

occupants, and he harrumphed.

"May I introduce Zarret." Sir Forrest pointed to the older man. "And this is his partner Tady. They have hinted they would be interested in taking on an apprentice." Liam acknowledged them with a short nod, his skin still tingling where the blade's point had pricked.

The commandant addressed the two strangers, "My friend here has asked for a military education. Usually that includes basic training as a soldier, wielding a sword, shooting the bow, digging trenches, functioning in a formation with his unit, and so on. But his height and—hmm—some other difficulties prevent that kind of training. As he insists on a chance, I thought of you two."

Sir Forrest turned to Liam.

"Zarret is the reason we beat the Carssonian army so thoroughly ten years ago. Since then he, and later Tady as well,

have been obtaining enemy intelligence for the army by performing reconnaissance in enemy territory and infiltrating the opponent's headquarters. Whatever is needed in wartime, they can do it. In peacetime they work freelance for the watchmen to protect the monarchy and look out for any culprit who makes too much trouble."

The prince considered the inconspicuous pair and raised his eyebrows in surprise. Zarret took one mug off the tray for himself and passed another to Tady. "Officially we are jugglers and musicians, we do magic tricks and some dueling demonstrations. One of those is always welcome, be it in an army camp or a castle."

"And as soon as we are inside," Tady added snuggling into Zarret's side, "there is always a way to get the information or the item we need."

Liam looked at Sir Forrest, whose gaze

was fixed upon a spot on the ceiling, his face blank. "I shall become... A spy?"

Zarret's brows narrowed to a V. "Don't think this is quick or easy to learn boy! You will have to train more than you expect, and more often than not you will be alone on your mission. No comrades to bail you out—it's your wit against the enemy." Liam took his time considering, swallowing some beer. Until recently, he and all the noblemen's sons had performed the same duties as pages at court. But now the others had started their military training, and his mother had absolutely refused to let him join the army. She still thought him feeble minded. Instead the queen ordered him— something that galled him to this day— to take music lessons, of all things! On her insistence, a harp had been procured and a music teacher came to him twice a week. After two months he had mastered the basics, seduced the willing teacher, and gotten bored.

Dissatisfied with his situation, he had cornered the commandant and pressed him for his help. As Liam's insistence had included a thinly veiled threat against the commandant's future career, the older man had arranged this appointment.

"What will you... Teach me?"

"Everything we know how to do, and most of that's illegal: sleights of hand, breaking and entering, how to win a fight by any means, poisons, and how to apply them, and so on. But for a complete education, you will need more than we have the capacity to teach. And as these other activities are legal, you will need to find other ways to learn them. For example, you will need to know how to entertain a group of people. Singing doesn't seem to be possible, so you might want to learn some instrument" —Liam's expression instinctively soured— "and make sure to take part in all the usual boy's competitions at court: lots of running, riding

over rough terrain, climbing on trees and houses, shooting with a bow and arrow, fighting hand-to-hand. Your body needs to be fit and functioning. You might want to look for a personal dog." Zarret took notice of Liam's lifted brows and explained, "You'll need somebody with better senses than yours."

"Anything else?"

"We should meet at different places thrice a week, the first time will be tomorrow, here in the backyard."

After a short pause, Liam nodded his consent. "Agreed."

The old commandant had listened to the conversation with growing alarm, watching in disbelief as the prince he privately sneered at committed to a dangerous job.

"You mean, you want to do this?" He confronted Liam, who raised a narrow brow in inquiry. "But—I thought, you would never, I mean..." Sir Forrest looked taken aback.



Tady's eyes narrowed suspiciously, and his hand went to the small dagger at his side. "Why wouldn't he do this— you said he asked for it?"

"Yes, but... but... he is the prince!" Both jugglers gasped, but the commandant continued, much too shaken to notice his slip, "I never thought he would take your offer..."

A carnal smile crept over Zarret's weathered face, "So you are the little slattern we have heard so much about." He put his mug down and stepped close. He stroked a warm thumb over Liam's bottom lip in a slow, sensual movement and narrowed his eyes to watch the prince's reaction. Feeling his lust awakened by this sensuous caress, an involuntary shudder hit Liam, and he opened his mouth in surprise. Zarret noticed the unconscious tremor and smiled in satisfaction while he turned around and held out a hand to Tady. "Honey,

imagine how much fun we will have together!" The answering grin on Tady's face sent an anticipatory tingle down Liam's spine, and an instant later he felt a pair of hot hands on his buttocks. "Indeed, we will teach him well."

Liam disregarded Sir Forrest's growing disapproval as dirty hands slipped under layers of silk, and calloused fingers opened velvet laces to the enthusiastic response of the future monarch. Visibly torn between outrage and embarrassment, Sir Forrest snatched up his hat and sketched a short bow which went completely unheeded by the three participants.

"I leave you to your task, My Prince."  
Liam didn't notice the door closing.

# Other Works by Bealevon Nolan



## Hello My Prince

A classic fairy tale finds new life as an m/m romance novel



## Romeo and Julian – Free Fall

A World War II gay romance short story



## The Essential Treasure

A short story in the Discovery: QSF's Second

# Annual Flash Fiction Contest

# About the Author

Reading, reading— what's more beautiful than a book? Between the covers of each one lie many worlds to explore! Having spent her youth in an array of libraries, it's no wonder the attic of Bealevon's home is filled with crates full of books.

Due to the small size of the German romance book market, fast-reading Bealevon was forced to turn to English-language originals at last. This improved her English so much she worked for several years with a German publisher as an English reader in between other jobs. Her first love, m/f romances, burnt out in the mid-nineties after a decade of mind-clouding stories, and she turned back to her hobby of reading about historical events.

Delighted by the invention and spread of the ebook, she tentatively tried some free ones. One of those happened to be an m/m romance, and she was caught: hook, line, and sinker. Discovering books that were diamonds among the coal shaped her taste. Aside from fluffy fantasy and fairy tale, she likes action and fighting in her books. And there are definitely not enough of those books on the market!

For years, she dabbled in fanfiction and enhancement of existing stories for her own enjoyment, continually pulled between reading more and writing. As soon as her son moved out, she grabbed the opportunity of self-publishing at last, sat down, and wrote—in English—although her high school English teachers probably turn over in their graves, as she was a mediocre pupil at best. She gets much-needed solitude for working out the details of her chapters while walking her dog twice a day. No effort is spared to make

sure her stories are logical and believable.  
Yes, even the fairy tales!

She lives with her husband and her dog in northern Germany and loves to hear from her readers!

email her at: [bea@b-nolan.com](mailto:bea@b-nolan.com)

Would you like to take a look at the pictures  
that inspire her books?

<http://www.pinterest.com/bealevon/>

Publisher:  
BookRix GmbH & Co. KG  
Sonnenstraße 23  
80331 Munich  
Germany

Text: Bealevon Nolan  
Images: Nordicfotos  
Editing/Proofreading: Sara Winters

All rights reserved.

Publication Date: October 19th 2016

<http://www.bookrix.com/-eb3632c3aec6345>

ISBN: 978-3-7396-7943-3



BookRix-Edition, publishing information  
We thank you for choosing to purchase this book from BookRix.com. We want to invite you back to [BookRix.com](https://www.BookRix.com) in order to evaluate the [book](#). Here you can discuss with other readers, discover more [books](#) and even become an author yourself.

Thank you again for supporting our BookRix-community.