



TO SEDUCE A
SOULMATE

LAURA TOLOMEI

Finding a soul mate was the easy part. To seduce him proved Martin's hardest challenge, for nothing in Pirate Drake's black, intriguing eyes seemed to recognize the one person destiny had selected for him. But can the month between Thanksgiving and Christmas be enough to convince him to the contrary and overcome his dilemmas about gender, feelings, connections and sex, or can Pirate Drake find a way around burning desire, the erotic heat and the uncontrollable passion wrecking his senses at Martin's mere sight?

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To Seduce a Soul Mate
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To Seduce a Soul Mate

By

Laura Tolomei

Dedication

*To my very own soul mate...thanks for being
the source of my inspiration time after fruitful
time!*

Chapter One

“Hello?”
“Drake, honey, is that you?”

With a sinking heart, he adjusted the receiver to his ear, spiritually bracing himself for the onslaught to come. “Yes, Mom, it’s me.”

“Oh, honey, how are you? I wanted to be the first to wish you happy birthday.”

“Thanks, it was really nice of you to—”

“Oh, I know I could’ve waited until tomorrow, like your father said, but hey, you turn thirty-six today, not tomorrow. Besides, it’s a wonderful age, worth celebrating because it won’t ever come again.”

Just like all the others. Rapidly calculating the wasted time of his life, he suppressed an ironic smile. “That was really nice—”

“So what time are you coming over tomorrow?”

“Well...I suppose—”

“You know, everything’s almost ready for the Thanksgiving dinner. I have the turkey and the

cranberries, and the potatoes. I'll even try to make a pumpkin pie, though your father insists we buy one. Well, I told him that for my kids, I'd rather do it myself than buy one ready-made. But he's got a thick head, so I had to agree I'd do as he says if I get really tired."

"I see." Drake tried to break the rushing flow, already knowing it was useless. *And how can she breathe through all those words?* He wondered, not for the first time in his life.

"Anyway, I'm sure Jenny will help a little and I've asked her to invite also Aline—"

"Aline?" He managed to cut in.

"Yeah, remember her?"

How could I forget? Anguished at the idea of seeing her again, he sighed.

His mother had continued as if completely unaware of his tightening stomach. "Your sister's best friend and our next door neighbor."

"I know who she is, Mom." Slightly annoyed with her need to state well known facts, he shook his head. "But why is she coming over? It's been years since we last saw her."

"Not for your sister, honey. She's kept up the friendship and helped her through a very bad year for the poor thing's lost her mom to cancer just a month ago. Now she's all alone and I didn't think it fair she should spend the holidays by herself.

She was part of the family anyway, don't you remember?"

All too well. He sighed, wishing he could forget.

"And Jenny insisted, too, so I asked her over."

A deep breath told Drake that Rose Seymour had finally taken the much-needed pause. "Why, is it a problem?"

"No, of course not. I'm just surprised. That's all."

"Not as much as I, honey, especially when I learned Aline wouldn't be the only unexpected guest. Jenny said she'll probably convince her fiancé to spend Thanksgiving with us."

"Jenny's engaged?" Apparently, there was no end to surprises.

"So your sister tells me, with Dale...something."

He liked to imagine her beloved features creasing in the effort to bring forth what she probably had no interest in recalling.

"I don't remember his last name," she admitted at last. "Whatever he's called, it's a nice change for your sister, don't you agree? She hasn't dated anyone particularly interesting since Mike left her."

The subject was getting treacherous by the minute, so Drake had to stop his mom from taking the usual path that led to pity and recrimination

for his sister's future. "So this Dale something is gonna be part of the celebrations, too?"

"Yeah, and I'm very happy for your sister. She deserves it because it's never easy being alone, especially if you're a woman. Which reminds me, are you bringing anybody over? We have plenty of space, you know, and it wouldn't be any problem if—"

"Mom, not again. I thought we had agreed you wouldn't touch the subject unless I did."

"Hey, don't get all huffed up, honey. I was just asking. I guess your father's right when he says men are different, but I worry about you all the same. You're not getting any younger..."

No need to remind me, Mom.

"Time slips by so fast and it just ain't fair for someone as special as you to spend your life alone—"

"I'm not alone. Don't worry."

Of course, she did not listen. "Going out with people doesn't mean you're not alone or happy for that matter. Today's relationships are so much more superficial than during my time. With all this Internet stuff you hear about—"

"Mom, I don't do any Internet stuff. I'm perfectly happy as it is and I can't wait to spend Thanksgiving with my family. Does that satisfy you?"

Of course, it doesn't. Drake was well aware of it, catching her sigh and knowing it definitely was not what she wanted to hear, but it would have to do as far as he was concerned.

"All right, honey, so what time are you coming over tomorrow?"

"In the evening. I have to finish up a few things here at work, then I'll come over."

"Bring something warm along. The lake's beautiful this time of year, but it does get very cold, especially at night."

As if I didn't know. He shook his head, acutely aware he would never win against his mother.

"Your father is suffering particularly this winter."

"Really? I hope nothing serious."

"Oh no, honey, relax. He just has a bit of a cold he can't seem to shake off, but I told him he'd better shape up for Thanksgiving or else."

And Rose's "else" was far worse than any blasted cold could ever hope to be. "Give him my best."

"You'll give it to him tomorrow directly, right, honey?"

"Sure. Then I'll see you tomorrow."

"Yes, honey. You take care, you hear?"

Yes, Ma'am. He nodded at the receiver, mercifully hanging up, feeling as depleted as if he

had climbed up the Himalayas in a hurry, coming down equally as fast.

Chapter Two

When he reached Lake Lanier, it was already dark. The houses on the shore spread warm lights over the water in a soft glow, coloring it with orangey ripples, the effect undiminished despite dense vegetation hiding the liquid surface during most of his ride around the lake's elegant slopes. Whenever a break occurred, the fabulous show filled Drake's heart with a sense of peace only this place seemed to give him. Maybe it was the way water and light melted into a single unity or perhaps just the place itself, with its thousand memories locked up in his mind. Either way, he could not get enough of the mystical sights as each house seemed to be enveloped by a magic mist, reflecting the lights shimmering on the lake. And thankfully, his parents' home was no exception, he noticed, turning into the crowded driveway.

He had always loved the place, ever since his family used it only as a summer retreat. Back then, not many knew of the lake, so it was not the

luxurious resort or the golfers' paradise it had become in recent years. Firmly based in Atlanta, his parents had bought the house when he was still a child, to provide an escape from the sweltering summer heat or so they thought.

To Drake, the place proved to be much more—the start of fascinating water adventures that plunged him straight into the fantastic world of piracy. He loved to play Pirate Drake in his imaginary undertakings, out to rescue damsels in distress or save humanity, whatever earned him the greatest profit or freedom, its heady taste still lingering despite time and duties had worked hard to erase. *Not successfully, though.* He breathed deeply, relieved. And even if those days were gone forever, the house remained an eternal testimony, its bittersweet memories becoming only stronger since his parents had moved there after retirement. Too bad its sight also awakened a sense of regret for what he had lost, although he always hoped to find it in a hidden corner he had not yet thought to check. Either way, the house, but mostly the lake, meant a lot more than he cared to admit, he realized for the first time as he parked behind an expensive car.

Getting out, he tried to remember the manufacturer associated with the annoying four wheels, but failed miserably. He grinned. *Evidently, my promotion-oriented job's hardly enough*

to help me keep track of brand names, even if my life depended on it. And he certainly did not feel like checking so sped by it, ducking through the open garage door, rather than using the front entrance as the occasion would have required. This brought him directly into the kitchen, which he hoped would be empty so –

“Honey, you made it finally!” With a yelp of gladness, his mother landed in his open arms, squeezing him tightly.

“Hello, Mother.” Managing to survive the smothering embrace, he pulled back a little. “How are you?”

“I’m fine, honey, but you...” She looked him over critically. “You’ve let your hair get longer. Hadn’t we agreed it was time to cut it off?”

Drake’s hand ran to the curly black mass hanging to his shoulders. “No, I simply said I wouldn’t let it grow longer than this. And it hasn’t grown a lot since you last saw me.”

“It isn’t right for a man to wear his hair so long.” Arguing half-seriously, Rose stepped back to look him over again.

“Women love it.” He had no fear his long hair would ruin his masculine look. Drake had a far-too-interesting face, with its chiseled features, square jaw and slightly crooked nose, to worry about it. In fact, the arresting hair, raven black with its curly waves, enhanced his powerful

shoulders, large chest and muscular frame. Then again, maybe he had no need for any of it, as his most attractive feature were his incredible black eyes, ember cinders sparkling under bushy eyebrows, lighting his face. Everything considered and in the best of his beloved pirate's traditions, nothing detracted from his strong male appeal, especially not the hair.

"I know women today have strange tastes." His mother returned to check the oven. "In my time, it was really different."

He reached Rose to land a gentle kiss on her cheek. "Your time was long ago, Mom. Now everything's changed."

"Don't I know it." She sighed, taking out the chicken and poking it with a fork.

"Mmmm...it looks delicious." He stopped to sniff the air. "And smells even better."

"This is just for starters, honey. The real dinner's tomorrow." She put the chicken back to roast.

He glanced around the large kitchen, noticing how cluttered it looked. Pots and pans lay on the table, each probably filled with deliciously tasty recipes, enough to feed a starved army.

Following his gaze, she smiled. "I know I made a lot to eat, but I was hoping there'd be more of us..."

Even if her voice trailed off, her tone did not fool Drake for one minute. "I told you I'd be alone."

"I know you did, but you could've changed your mind."

"Even if I had, it would've been difficult to invite someone over at the last minute. Everyone's already made plans." He stopped because a sound of laughter wafted inside the cozy kitchen, a man's voice he had never heard before. "Besides, you have Aline and..." The pirate creased his forehead in an effort to remember. "What's his name...Dale. Isn't that enough?"

"Oh no, honey, that wasn't Dale."

"Then who was that?"

His mom went to the fridge to take the eggnog out. "That was Aline's husband. Jenny told me only at the last moment he'd be coming, too—"

"Aline's...married?"

His mother stopped right in front of him. "Of course, Drake, or did you think she'd wait for you forever?"

"What?"

"Come on, honey. Don't tell me you never noticed how she looked at you. That girl's been in love with you from the first day she saw you."

"I never encouraged her." *Except that one time, but we were both drunk and her father had just died and—*

"I know, honey. I'm not blaming you or anything. I mean, even if she's a nice girl and you could be in Martin's shoes right now —"

"Martin?"

"Yeah, that's her husband's name."

The name meant nothing to him, but an unexplainable instinct made him oddly curious about the man. "How's he?"

Rose Seymour did not reply immediately. Opening a drawer, she took some plates out, carefully setting them on the table. Then the glasses followed suit before she returned to the sink where Drake was waiting for an answer. "I'm not sure."

"Come on, Mom. He can't be all that bad. I'm sure Aline didn't choose a monster."

Again, his mother did not reply. Turning on the faucet, Rose rapidly washed her hands, then wiped them dry as if trying to buy time. Finally, she cleared her throat. "He's gorgeous." She blurted out, sounding like the thought weighed as heavy as stone on her chest. "Too beautiful for his own good...or hers, for that matter. He's the kind of guy you'd see in magazines—the man of success, surrounded by beautiful, exciting women."

Suddenly understanding his mother's point, Drake nodded slowly. "Which Aline isn't."

“Exactly. He doesn’t belong with her. I mean, she’s a nice girl and we love her, but she has no glamour, no real beauty, nothing that would attract a man like him.”

“Maybe he needed a change.”

Rose shook her head. “I’m not sure.” She picked up the cutlery, laying it on the plates. “Of course, I haven’t said a word of this to Aline. It would be...indelicate and I may be wrong.”

“But if she has a husband, why didn’t she spend Thanksgiving with his family?”

“He’s not American. He’s half English and half Irish or something like that. I didn’t quite catch it all. Anyway, his family doesn’t celebrate Thanksgiving, even had they lived here, which they don’t.”

“Then—”

“Drake, son. Trying to hide from the rest of the family?” An old man came from the opposite side.

Moving forward to embrace him, he opened his arms. “Hi, Pa, how are you?”

“I’m fine.” The old man grabbed his shoulders to squeeze them tightly. “Don’t you think it’s time to say hello to the others? Your sister was just asking about you.”

“Yeah, I got talking with Mom...” His voice trailed off, glancing at Rose.

“Your father’s right, Drake. You should go on and say hello. Dinner’s almost ready anyway.”

James Seymour took Drake's arm to lead him away from the kitchen.

"Hey, Pa!" Rose yelled at his back. "In case you haven't noticed, I'm up to my elbows here, so I need help to set the table."

"All right, Ma, I'll send the girls right in." His voice trailed off as he moved away fast. "You know, son, I just can't understand your mother. She complains that you kids don't come home anymore, then the moment ya'll are here, she gets so busy, she hardly has any time to enjoy it. And on top of it, she gets really tired. I tried telling her no one would refuse to help her, but you know how stubborn your mother is. She doesn't want anybody messing in her kitchen, which is fine by me, so why did she make it sound like it was my fault she was all alone in there?"

The pirate grinned. "I wouldn't ask, Pa. After all, she's a woman."

His father stopped. "You know, son, now that you mention it, I never thought about it that way." They both broke into a chuckle. "And I guess there's no cure for that."

"If there is, I haven't found it either."

James's eyes sparkled. "At least I'm not alone." He took a half step back. "You look well and I like your hair."

"Really?" Drake shook the curly mass slightly. "Mom doesn't approve of it."

“Maybe that’s why I like it.” His father grinned, slapping his back.

Both chuckling, they went to the sitting room, the air feeling unexpectedly tenser at each step in spite of the situation’s absolute normality to the point of being trite. Yet, beneath the surface of a prosaically traditional holiday gathering, the pirate perceived an electrical current that excited and scared him at the same time. Whatever it was, it charged his senses, crushing them spasmodically as if squeezing the air out of them. Startled, he raised his head to—

“Brother, long time no see.” The woman threw herself in his arms and he caught her at the last second.

“Jenny!” Opening his arms wide, he hugged her close.

“You’re finally here. Mom was worried you wouldn’t make it in time.”

She stepped back and he got a good look at the slender form, the long brownish hair, not as rich as his, and her sparkling, soft brown eyes. “How are you?”

“Oh, I’m great, bro, really great.”

He wanted to ask something more, but another woman stepped forward.

“Aline, great to see you.” He went to peck the cheek of the plump woman in front of him, but she pulled him inside her embrace.

Drake let her hug him tightly. Now more than ever, he felt terribly uneasy, weighed down by the nagging sensation crunching his stomach into a painful knot, afraid to raise his gaze and give something or someone the attention it demanded, well knowing his resistance would simply postpone the inevitable.

“Oh, bro, there’s someone I want you to meet.” Jenny separated them, pulling his hand to the left. “Dale, this is my brother Drake.”

One look at the man in front of him and the pirate knew he did not like him despite the lack of rational motivations. Just for the record, it had nothing to do with his regular features with deep hazel eyes and short brown hair. No, he had something sly about him that did not convince Drake, the man smelling more like a rat than a human, a treacherous animal to keep at bay or...*What the hell’s the matter with you?* He yelled at himself, recovering his wits enough to realize these sensations were completely unlike him. He usually had an open disposition, always welcoming the chance to meet new people and have the chance to escape the drab everyday routine. What was happening now seemed beyond his comprehension, unfathomable even, although the mere thought of such a person being close to his sister made his skin crawl. “Hello, Dale, nice to meet you.”

“The pleasure’s all mine.” Or so it seemed if the pirate was to judge from his mellifluous tone.

Liar! Drake would have liked to shout in his face, but being prey of the nameless tension tearing his nerves to pieces, his attention wavered from anything not strictly connected to the compelling call he continued to feel stronger than ever.

“Hey, Drake, you have to meet my husband, too.” Aline’s cheerful voice reminded.

While his heart sank down to his feet, he knew the time had come, so whatever happened next, there would be no turning back. Seeing himself as if filmed in slow motion, he turned, trying to put up one last stand against the odd pull that had hooked him even before stepping into the room, but it was far too late.

Or was it? He came to wonder in later years, looking back at that moment, frozen in time. Right then, the perception lacked depth. It was only a disturbing sensation that prevented reality from intruding as he stood rooted to the ground, staring at the greenest eyes he had ever seen in his life. Yes, his brain confirmed it had no memory of such intriguing color or shape, yet they felt awfully familiar, as if they knew him inside and out, probably better than he did himself. *He could be a brother or a twin.* The thought flashed in his mind. Of course, the mere notion was simply absurd.

Drake had never seen the man before in his life or he would have remembered the light complexion, the thick, short blond hair, the straight nose and the thin lips. Yet, the green gaze bore into his eyes as if knowing him from a lifetime spent together, even slightly mocking his bewilderment.

Frustrated, the pirate would have liked to avert his gaze, pretending nothing had happened. Alas, an impossible task, it soon became apparent. In spite of his attempts at denial, Drake only wanted to drown into the green depth, letting their waves take him into another dimension he could not quite recall right at the moment. A rare stroke of luck, he realized, for to remember it would have had devastating effects at a physical level where he was already fighting to keep control over an unruly stirring in the crotch.

On one thing his mother had been right. Martin was too handsome for his own good and he knew it, probably using his beauty to get exactly what he wanted from life. And apparently, he was after the pirate, whether Drake liked it or not, uncertain whether to feel elated or despaired, only sure the blond man's fascinating way, heavily laced by a foreign air, would allow for little resistance.

"Hello."

The warm, Irish-accented voice cut right through his wonderings, boosting his arousal.

"I'm Martin." He stretched out his hand.

Drake took a deep breath, resorting to conventionality for lack of anything more effective. "Nice to meet you." Taking his hand, he gripped it tightly, feeling the warmth seeping through like a current carrying waves of energy to his confused state.

"Girls, Ma needs help in the kitchen." His father broke the magical moment.

"Sure, Pa, I'll go," Jenny offered.

"I'm coming, too." Aline pitched in with a tone that did not admit denials.

"I'll come, too." James moved to the hallway. "Your Ma can get really unpredictable if we don't do things the exact way she wants them so..."

The voice trailed off, leaving the men alone in the sitting room. Drake went to the liquor cabinet, craving something...anything with strong alcoholic contents. He knew he should not, but he needed a drink and fast.

"Your sister tells me you work at PAC, the State's consulting agency." Martin's intriguing voice remarked while returning to his seat.

That Public Administrations Consultancy needed marketing, just as any other business venture, had become the rule rather than the exception. Those in charge had to respond to community pressure by producing the results promised during campaigns. Where they lacked positive achievements, as was often the case, they

supplied the age-old technique of shifting attention to things already accomplished. Naturally, this required intense promotional activity through channels generally dedicated to private corporations. "I do." Then taking a glass, Drake filled it with whisky. "Anybody want a refill?" Looking up, he glanced at the glasses the guests held tightly in their hands. Both men shook their heads, so Drake put back the bottle. "I haven't been there long." Looking only at Martin, he tried controlling his furious heartbeat. "But it's definitely better than the private consulting firms I used to work for."

Martin grinned. "I bet the pay isn't quite the same."

Drake shrugged, sitting in front of him. "It's slightly less, but I earned priceless freedom in the exchange. In the other companies, I couldn't decide anything, especially on the artistic level, which is where I'm most qualified."

"I studied arts at college, too." Martin took a sip from his glass. "It was my minor."

How Martin knew about Drake's studies escaped him, but it was not a question he cared to ask...not now anyway. "I majored in it." Perplexed, the pirate turned the glass in his hands. "But to be honest, people don't value it. They think just because you studied a whole bunch of

pictures and statues, you don't understand about real life."

Martin's gaze settled deeply inside his eyes. "Well, we know they're wrong." The green eyes openly challenged him to prove the contrary.

"Martin and I also work at an artistic level." Dale cut in, seemingly annoyed.

Grateful for the chance to recover from the tightening in his stomach—and not only there—Drake shifted uncomfortably, feeling the situation dangerously thrilling. "Really?"

Martin's gaze increased its mocking as if understanding perfectly the reason for his discomfort. "I'm an associate producer of Channel Eight, the local TV channel—"

"Which will soon be on satellite." Dale's smug tone irked Drake. "It's one of the fastest-growing networks in America today."

"So you two work together?" Drake asked reluctantly, not really caring what Dale did in life.

With a cold smile, Dale nodded. "Martin's my boss." And the possessiveness did not escape the pirate's notice.

"Actually, I'm in charge of many things." The Irish accent was quick to add, as if wanting to establish his distance from Dale.

"So I guess that's how you met Jenny." Returning to Dale, Drake tried to sound interested.

“Yeah, Aline wanted to double date with her friend and since we work together –”

“Only in video postproductions.” Again, Martin pointed out as if wanting to make sure Drake did not get the wrong impression.

“You do your own videos?”

“Mostly for ads or promos in general, but we also have plans to start a movie production division of our own, on a small scale at the moment, but hopefully, it’ll grow.” He paused to look Drake over, blatantly appraising his appearance. “We might even look for new actors, if we get interesting projects.” He grinned.

Feeling the tension rise steeply, with an effort, Drake controlled the stirring that was getting to be a problem, wondering at the same time how the man knew just what to say to make him tick. “I don’t think I’d be qualified...” Grinning widely, he returned the Irish’s challenge. “Or interested, for that matter. Maybe if –”

“Dinner’s ready.” Breaking through the door, Aline’s happy voice made the announcement. “Rose says you better hurry before everything gets cold.” Bending over to kiss Martin on a cheek, she brushed his ear. “Come on, love. Let’s go.”

The rest of the evening passed in a blur. Drake could not quite recall what he ate or what he talked about because wherever he turned, he caught Martin’s gaze fixed on him in a faint

amusement that dared, provoked, cajoled, even caressed to the point of projecting unspeakable scenarios just for the fun of unsettling Drake more than he already was. The pirate understood it was a game, which the blond man must have played a thousand times before, yet he felt unable to shake his hold. Why he chose to play it with him, remained another mystery, one Drake did not intend to uncover, afraid the truth would confirm his worst assumptions. He was only glad when, finally, the moment came and he could escape to his huge guest-room on top of the garage, thankfully separated from the house's main body.

Naturally, he could not sleep. Images ran randomly in his mind, sexual scenes playing out in their exciting details and refusing to let him rest.

He had no experience with men, though he had always harbored plenty of curiosity. His imagination had run more than once to wondering how a man's mouth would feel on his cock or if his ass would turn out to be any different from a woman's. True, shapes differed between the two genders, but to be honest, he preferred round buttocks over any other sexual feature.

His curiosity was also the reason he had agreed to try a threesome with a girlfriend once. As a matter of fact, she had insisted on having two men

fucking her and Drake had been strangely excited at the prospect.

When at it, he had not particularly liked the man physically, but he could not take his gaze off the hard cock pushing into her pussy while she sucked him dry. With a shiver of pleasure, the scene played again in his mind—the sounds, the smells, the atmosphere coming alive in his excited state while his hand wrapped around his thick cock, throbbing with repressed desire. Maybe his mother was right. He should have brought company along. *Too late for that!*

Then he slipped down memory lane to feel the woman's warm mouth wrapped around his demanding dick, sucking it avidly. At the opposite side of the bed, the other man, who unexplainably had taken the devil's features, was propping her on all fours. Drake clearly saw the long cock making its way inside the woman, disappearing suddenly into her open pussy after Martin's shove. At the sight, a wave of intense longing—*For the woman? For the cock? For Martin?*—washed over him, making him push harder, too, in an attempt to reach her throat. She tried to fit more of him, opening wider while her tongue drew him in, but of course, it was impossible to satisfy his craving. He felt her tongue curling around the bulging head, lusciously lapping at the point it joined the stem. When it slipped from her fingers, he pushed

it against her cheek, then her palate, his intent the same as before. She caught him again, using her tongue, more to stop him than to satisfy his tastes, even if it felt good to have the hard tip darting on the twitching member. As if understanding the source of his pleasure, her lips ran down to enfold him, her wet path enflaming an already burning desire.

Oddly though, his greatest boost came from the man on the opposite side of him. Green eyes flashing mischievously, the devil goaded him to surrender to the pleasure, playing a game that did not include the woman at all. She became irrelevant, her body used only to connect the two of them in a greater pleasure they could share together, however impossible that sounded. And Martin wrapped him into a magic all his own, which the pirate soon discovered inescapable. With a groan, he sustained the green provocation, pushing into the woman's mouth at the same rhythm Martin shoved in her pussy.

"So you appreciate the game." The blond devil grinned, evidently understanding Drake's reactions. "But let's make it more interesting." Without waiting for confirmation, he slipped out, flipping the woman down on her back.

She did not complain, especially when he grabbed her legs to pull them up to his chest. "You

know what I'm gonna do now, right?" Martin's Irish accent taunted.

With a shiver, Drake realized he knew exactly what the devil meant, so it was no surprise to see her ass come up in front of the hungry cock. Flashing a grin, Martin pushed into the narrow hole just as Drake settled on his knees to reach for her open mouth. They pumped her together one more time, almost moving at the same tempo, the game focused on them alone, uncaring about the woman. To Drake, it felt as if he was having sex only with Martin, without the intermediary, excitement flowing like an electrical current directly between them.

"But we could be closer."

Again, Drake knew exactly what he meant, so he pulled out of her accommodating mouth. "I'll take her ass." Then he picked up the woman.

"Suit yourself, Pirate. I'll take the leftover, no problem."

Lying down on his back, Martin watched Drake put the woman on his upstanding member until it disappeared completely into her wet trap. The pirate did not wait to let the feeling settle. He wanted to feel Martin even if through another body, so he shoved into her ass, crashing inside the tight space.

For a moment, no one moved. Then Martin was the first to slide from his hole, giving Drake more

room in which to fit before returning forcefully back inside, just as the pirate pulled slightly out. They never actually occupied both holes at the same time, their thickness an insurmountable obstacle, but Drake clearly felt Martin's cock just inches away so his desire spun out of any control. In a frenzy, he accelerated the rhythm Martin had set, pumping faster with each thrust, striving to touch the other cock, until nothing made sense anymore except the powerful jets drowning his hand still firmly gripping the rigid stem.

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 the import/export business.

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 gay M/M erotica in various genres, mostly fantasy, sci-fi and paranormal, sometimes trespassing into the contemporary. Recently, I was published by eXtasy Books.

Bloody Passion
Spying the Alcove
Roman Seduction
Sacrificial Sex
Divinitas
Trespassing All Hallows Eve.

Coming soon, the Virtus Saga,
Book 1, *The Sex*
Book 2, *The Game*,
Book 3, *The Festival*,
Book 4, *The Fitting*.

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