

Provocative and sinfully delicious - Dark Angel Review

Jude Mason
Come, explore with me...if you dare!



Jude is pleased to present
~ Wicked Wanda ~

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Wicked Wanda guided the 'Tortugas' into the hidden harbour on the windward side of Rum Cay. Her flowing red hair fluttered in the sea breeze as the craft slipped silently into the cove. This had been a particularly successful venture, with the surprise attack on Rivera's prize vessel, the biggest victory yet in the campaign against her former lover. Irrespective of this fact, she was in no mood to celebrate with the unruly band of pirates.

The Tortugas swung about and Wanda directed the foremast toward the port entrance. "Willie, throw anchor, we're home." The large chains clanged and rattled, lowering the anchor into the water with a splash. Wanda turned to her first mate and forced a smile. "Bella, you're at the helm."

Bella watched the crimson haired beauty advance toward the skiff. The black sash wrapped around her head pulled back the radiant hair. She followed the trail of tresses down to the curve of her hips and the long legs encased in knee-high leather boots. At her side swung a particularly menacing cutlass still covered in the blood of Rivera's men. Bella swallowed hard, "One day my love,

we'll be together "

Wanda threw a long leather-sheathed leg over the railing and climbed down the netting to the waiting boat. Beneath her, a landing party waited for their Captain. Not a single pair of eyes looked up as she descended the rope ladder. They knew if caught stealing a glance, the repercussions would be swift and deadly.

Carlos stood on the beach, watching the skiff turn and float straight toward him. Each time Wicked Wanda left, he dreaded yet longed for her return. If the mission were a success, the homecoming would be quite pleasurable. If fruitless, there'd be hell to pay and he'd bare the brunt of her anger.

As the bow of the rowboat pushed into the shallow waters, Carlos ran into the surf and grabbed the towrope tossed to his waiting hands. Without hesitation, he hauled the heavily loaded craft to shallow water. His considerable strength put to full use. Even in the twilight of the waning day, Wanda could see his rippling muscles as he pulled the skiff as if empty. The smiled she fought to hide, forced its way onto her lips and tugged up the corners of her mouth as she averted her gaze.

She was the first ashore, as the usual procedure. Wanda hopped onto the soft wet sand and turned to the landing party. "I can take it from here, get busy with the loot."

Carlos heard the command and pushed the boat back into the surf. As the rowboat drifted in the crystal blue water of the bay, Carlos turned back to shore and saw Wanda standing on the sand, hands on hips, staring into his soul. This was the moment of truth, was she pleased or infuriated?

Wanda read Carlos' thoughts and recognized the internal battle. He hoped it went well, but feared it didn't. Toying with his emotions, she abruptly turned and headed away from the encampment. He stood waist deep in the seawater and watched as she strode to the cover of the forest.

Carlos clambered out of the water, ran up the shoreline, and caught up with his Mistress in short order. He knew better than to ask how the operation went. Stepping in front of her, he made sure the palm fronds weren't in her way as they quickly marched into the dark rainforest. Letting intuition lead him, he cleared the path for Wanda as they neared the opposite side of the island and her hide-away on the eastern beach. His fear was now secondary to his duty of clearing her path of obstructions. She may be irritated, but it would be assured if she had to sidestep palm fronds.

The darkness of the jungle enveloped them and Wanda smiled broadly as Carlos worked hard with his machete, clearing the pathway. She needed some time away from the savage band of pirates. They're sure to party until dawn and

drink themselves into oblivion; she wasn't in the mood for their choice of merriment this night.

Nearing the edge of the forest, they approached the dark hut and Wanda kicked the door open. A few seconds later her voice rang out from inside the hut, "Carlos, build a fire, I'll be back."

A few minutes later there was a raging campfire and he'd gathered fruit from the surrounding foliage. Bananas, coconut, and berries placed on the makeshift table. He pulled out his dagger and split the coconuts, pouring the milk into wooden cups and filling plates with fruit and coconut slivers, completing the preparation.

Wanda returned from her bath in the surf, to find Carlos setting the table. She took the cup of coconut milk from Carlos and drained it. Throwing herself back into the hammock, she allowed him to feed her. The sensuality of being hand-fed was always an aphrodisiac and soon she was writhing in the hammock, her long muscular legs rubbing together. The effect was identical on Carlos; his desire was easily seen under his light pantaloons. Even in the dark, she could see the outline of his large mulatto cock as it swelled under the white cotton pants.

He held the sweet fruit tenderly in his fingers as she wrapped her lips around the slice and his digits. The sensual feeling of her mouth as she sucked the juice from each morsel, drove their desire to heightened levels. The feeding got hurried and sloppy, leaving both sticky from the sugars in the fruit.

With the meal consumed, Carlos took a risk and lovingly untied the sarong that she'd wrapped around her body. Her willingness to permit him this freedom spurred his confidence; he looked into her eyes and took her hands. She allowed him to pull her up and looked deep into the dark chocolate eyes of her Latin servant. The light of the fire danced in his eyes as she nodded her approval.

Breath shallow and ragged, he appeared to be a hungry, scared virgin undressing his bride on the wedding night. His tenderness was the medicine she needed after the savagery of the mission. The exposure of her body to Carlos' bronze eyes excited her like no other. Her pale skin glowed in the firelight. Though darkened by the beating sun of the Caribbean, it was still much lighter than her Latin lover/servant. His olive skin was smooth and glistened from the heat of their foreplay.

He lowered his mouth to her hard pink nipples and his tongue tentatively slipped out, teasing her erect bud. The sensation wrenched a gasp from her ruby lips and she pressed her breast into his hungry mouth. Her desire rose rapidly and she felt the swelling wetness in her folds. His dancing tongue switched from one taut nipple to the other, teasing her to the apex of yearning.

Just as she was about to give into his seduction, he cradled her body and stole her off the hammock. He carried her to the pounding surf of the ocean and carefully laid her prone body on the wet sand. His attentiveness was always the focus of his tasks and now was no different.

With her body draped on the beach, the lapping waves of the sea reached for her legs, tickling her bare feet. He dropped to his knees and surveyed the bounty laid before him. The salivation of his mouth caused him to lick his lips in anticipation. As part and parcel to their game of cat and mouse, he waited for her signal.

Wanda knew he'd wait for her command and she raised herself on her elbows. Looking down her body, she gazed on the visage of her manservant. His lustful gaze as he stared at her wanton sex, excited her and a pearl of moisture formed at her opening. Carlos looked up to her emerald eyes, pleading to taste her womanly juices. She relented by spreading her legs further and flowering open her crimson-furred pussy.

The signal received, he pressed his hungry lips to her equally ravenous nucleus. The first lick started her journey to ecstasy. His mouth swirled on her pussy, sucking juices from her seething folds. Carlos put his all into the meal he made of his Mistress. His tongue danced in the crease of her rampant centre and teased the hard knot of nerves at the top of her furrow. She thanked him by filling his mouth with a gushing orgasm.

Her need sated, Carlos cradled her in his arms and carried her to the hammock. He carefully wrapped her in the sarong and sat in a chair beside his Mistress, gently rocking the notorious pirate to sleep. The time for his pleasure would come later.

The end

The End

**About
'D. Musgrave'**

*The reader is entertained by the journey of another,
but the writer is the changer of worlds*

D'ni proverb.

When D. Musgrave first read this proverb, it rekindled the desire to write that he'd thought had burned out during eight long years of college. Since then, he's

dabbled in a variety of genres, but the 'other' works had no audience, until he connected to the Internet. A whole new world of possibilities for his writing unfolded.

Many struggles and much effort later, D. discovered that he indeed could write and, most surprisingly, people wanted to read the words that spilled onto his pages. During his time riding the learning curve of authorship, he stumbled upon Erotica Writers Too, a small online writing community. It wasn't long afterwards that he found himself as the assistant administrator. There he found a handful of friendly and helpful writers that encouraged his efforts, one in particular was Jude Mason. With her kindness and skill, a mutual working relationship developed along the way that became a deep and valued friendship.

D. joined Erotica Readers and Writers Association a few years ago and developed even more skill with the help of the talented writers there. Employing the help of the varied voices contained in that community, D. finished his first novel, 'Trail of Seduction'. It was published by Renaissance eBooks and was subsequently voted fourth best romance of 2003 on the Preditors and Editors poll. Most recently, his second novel, 'Foxy!', was released by Renaissance amidst a flurry of hysteria. His works have garnered much acclaim and Sensual Romance Reviews hailed D. Musgrave's erotic novels, "An emotional roller coaster of needs, desires, doubts and rewards."

D. has also developed a website called ~Hidden Treasures~, where you can see more of his voice and a few of his works in progress. As previously mention, Matt Nicholson of Darker Pleasures, has created one of the most unique and classy fetish-lifestyle sites on the net and D's thrilled to be a part of such a great website.

End

Jude Mason – Readers needed: Come, explore with me...if you dare

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