

PHAZE FLARE

FREE FICTION



FANTASY

in the

REAL

WORLD

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Fantasy in the Real World

We've corresponded for months but never met, and now you're in my city. A week ago, when you were still one thousand miles away, you asked me to tell you my deepest fantasy, one that we could recreate should our attraction in the real world equal the one online. Lucky for me, I didn't have to look you in the eyes when I typed it all out and mailed it to you, blushing and hoping you'd understand. And now we stand, facing each other. You, tall and dark, silver-blue eyes piercing me. I the yin to your yang: blonde and fair, petite. The both of us are barely able to control our mutual delight.

As per my instructions, you've chosen a hotel room with a four poster bed. Once I see that, I know in advance everything that will follow was my dream fantasy, and I'm suddenly terrified. But there is no going back.

You have me flat on my back, spread-eagle, hands and feet bound by silk scarves to each post. The light in the room is dim. We've brought scented candles, the only illumination in the room. I'm wearing the jeweled clamps you've purchased for me on my nipples. Their crystals sparkle in candlelight. On the nightstand are cuffs, your belt, and a single long_stemmed red rose, and an additional scarf.

You are touching me lightly everywhere, licking me, driving me insane, but I can't move, I can't even moan, or you will reach for the belt. When you lick between my thighs, I can't help myself, I arch my back and you slap me across the thighs with the stinging leather, the buckle heavy. It's not enough to make me cry out, but enough to make my eyes tear.

You take the rose, run it up the length of my body, but it has thorns, and you are scratching me at the same time. You are relentless with that flower and with the mixed sensations you are bringing to me. Finally, you insert the roses' stem between my legs and then withdraw it, putting it to my lips, making me taste my own juices. You torment me with that rose over and over again, only stopping every so often to twist my jeweled clamps, or to bite at my breasts, or to flick the petals across my mons, my clit. I'm going out of my mind. I want to rub up against you. I moan in want. You take one of the scarves, roughly thrust it between my legs, and then you stuff it in my mouth to quiet me.

You are hard as a rock, and with my hands tied and my mouth gagged, I am worthless to you at the moment. You remove my gag, and shove yourself deep into my throat, sitting on my face, crushing me. Even though you think you are quite cool, controlled, my swirling tongue and furious sucking drive you wilder than you've ever been driven before__ so much so__ you feel yourself beginning to come. Still, you hold back to prolong the torture for us both.

As soon as you pull out of my mouth, I beg, I cry, "Please, please set me free. I need to have you. I can't take it much longer. I'm in agony."

You smile and nod, but instruct me that I am still not to move an inch. You untie my hands first, then my legs. You lie flat on your back next to me, and pull me roughly on top of you. You seat me up straight, and before I can protest, you grab the cuffs and snap them on, my hands forced, firmly secured behind my back.

You begin thrusting yourself deep inside me. Forcefully you hold my thighs, making it impossible for me to move back and forth, knowing too well that I can't come this way, simply from your thrusting motion. I can feel you pushing inside me all the way up in my stomach. I need to rub myself somehow. I begin to beg you again, "Please, please."

The begging, and the sight of me with my nipples clamped, and my hands behind my back, is driving you mad, so you loosen your grip on my thighs and begin to slide me back and forth. The motion starts out slowly. Back and forth, you thrust deeply, faster, faster. Soon you are practically tearing the skin off my thighs as you quicken the pace, guiding my legs, thrusting yourself at the same time.

You see my face redden, my breath comes in gasps. Finally, I scream out in orgasm. When my moans finally subside, you pull out of me. I'm limp as a rag doll, hands still cuffed behind my back. You lift me off your body and then off the bed, placing me gently on the carpeted floor. I kneel in front of you looking totally spent.

You grab the back of my head, make me swallow your cock whole. You fuck my face hard, grabbing my hair, pulling and pushing until you come so violently you nearly choke me. You press my face to your groin and hold me there for several seconds that seem like forever, making sure I've swallowed every last drop. You insist I will never, ever forget your taste, your smell. Of course I never will. Yes. You've given me what I want, exactly what I always wanted: fantasy in the real world.