



# Forbidden

## *Desire*



### Sophia Danu



Fantasy

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# FORBIDDEN DESIRE

BY

SOPHIA DANU

In—out. In through the nose for three steps and out through the mouth three steps. Brooke Davidson pounded the pavement as she did at dusk every night after work. Her fit, toned body was a regular sight, amid the roller-bladers, bikers and joggers on the paved paths of the abandoned railroad turned recreational trail. The long trail wound its way through the city, passing through suburbs, urban areas, and forests. She lived for running. Nothing was more exciting than training for and finishing a marathon. Well, nothing in her life anyway.

An image of her emotionally distant husband, Cooper, flashed through her thoughts. His hard, unyielding, but incredibly handsome sexy face floated before her eyes as she continued her pace. Her marriage wasn't always bad, she mused sadly.

His hair was long, dark, and he sometimes kept a goatee. He was tall, trim, and muscular. He could make a woman wet just by sight alone...until you noticed his cold, emotionless eyes.

Cooper, as a police officer, radiated danger in palpable waves. He was a force to be reckoned with. She shivered despite her over-heated body both turned on and depressed by thoughts of her husband.

Deviating from that train of thought, she focused on the trail and as usual thoughts of work filtered through her mind. She toiled part time as a computer analyst for a large corporation, but her primary career was a marathon runner. She traveled from city to city participating in the long, challenging races. It was a thrill to push her body to the limit and come through successful.

She had a couple of girlfriends at work. They ate lunch together through the week, but they had kids and typically didn't do much after hours. She also had male friends that she trained with as part of a runner's group and a couple of them had expressed their interest in her, but she never let it go anywhere. She might not be happily married but she *was* married. And while their marriage had its problems, she respected her husband and didn't want to hurt him by being unfaithful--though at times she doubted he would even care.

She occasionally wondered if he wasn't having an affair, but she loathed the jealous, suspicious type so she tried not to let her thoughts go down that road. They still had sex, when he happened to be home, which wasn't often, and she always

climaxed. Cooper was a wonderful lover physically. He knew his way around a woman's body. It was the emotional attachment that was missing, and somehow she always felt worse about their marriage after they 'fucked.'

She had to admit that their sex was still smoking. She shivered as she thought about the last time--she had been in the bathroom getting ready for bed. She lifted up from rinsing her face, her eyes closed against water sluicing down her cheeks. When she opened them to look in the mirror, she yelped in fright. Cooper was standing behind her. Their gaze locked in the reflective glass. Lust, danger, and heat sizzled in his eyes. She felt her juices immediately soak her panties. Her heart pounded.

She could understand why he was such a good undercover cop because he looked nothing like a law-abiding citizen. He looked like a sexy, dangerous man who took what he wanted, despite the rules of society. He smiled, a feral baring of his teeth, that was in no way reassuring, but totally turned her on.

He moved in close to her, holding her gaze in the mirror. His hands lifted and slid inside the silk tank top she slept in. Her nipples hardened as his fingers pulled at the peaks. Her head rested against his shoulder.

"Watch" he ordered.

She loved his dominant control when they fucked. It thrilled her to the core. Keeping his gaze on hers, he leaned down and bit her shoulder. She moaned and pushed her hips back against his in unspoken invitation.

One hand slid down her flat stomach to glide inside her panties. He smiled a triumphant smile when he felt her wet cunt. He pulled her back hard against him with his hand still teasing her breasts, and thrust his long finger inside her.

“Cooper, please...” she whispered, wanting him to fuck her hard. It had been a long time. Apparently, he couldn’t wait either because he pulled away from her, and then unbuttoned and pushed down his jeans. He turned her around, ripped the panties from her crotch, and pushed her against the wall. His strong hands bruised the soft skin of her arms as he held her in place. He swooped down and captured her lips. His tongue tangled with hers as he lifted her and wrapped her legs around his waist. He pushed into her in one long, hard stroke. Her nails dug into his biceps as he pounded her against the wall with his deep thrusts.

She moaned with each stroke, feeling full with the deep pumping and on the verge of losing all control. Her cum provided a slick tight passage for him. She couldn’t get enough of his long, hard cock. He licked her lips and then reached up to

grab her hair jerking her head to the side as he licked and nibbled his way down her throat, sending her over the edge. She screamed in response and he pumped two more times before sending his cum deep into her.

She sighed at the delicious memory — that was over three months ago. Of course, right after they were finished, he had gone to the other bedroom to sleep, leaving her to go to their marriage bed alone. He was gone the next morning when she awoke. No note, no goodbye, no mention of when he would be home again.

When he was on a case, months went by that she didn't see him. She knew it was a hard life being a cop, but it was also hard being a cop's wife. It was lonely and stressful never knowing if he was okay, and he had...changed. The man she married seven years ago wasn't the man she was married to now.

The first two years of marriage were wonderful—happy, and everything she had hoped for in a relationship. That all changed after he accepted a position with the undercover special crimes unit. She tried to be understanding. She knew he had seen the horrific, twisted side of humanity and that would naturally affect being able to live a normal life. She really tried to be there for him and listen and be sympathetic to the difficulties he must face. She tried for five long,



lonely years, but didn't she deserve something more? Selfish though it might be, she wanted to be loved and have a happy marriage.

They didn't even sleep in the same bed anymore. Not since he was in the grip of a nightmare two years ago. Thrashing around and yelling until his voice was hoarse. She tried to wake him, when he grabbed her by the neck staring with unseeing eyes, and started to strangle her. He awoke from the nightmare as she was on the verge on unconsciousness, slapping ineffectually at his uncompromising, muscular arms.

The look in his eyes when he became aware of what was happening was one she would never forget. He was devastated by how he had attacked her, unwilling though it was. She had seen it in his eyes, the self-loathing, but unfortunately he wouldn't even talk to her about it.

She tried to tell him that she understood and knew it wasn't something he did intentionally. She conveyed to him over and over that she forgave him, and wanted him back in their bed, but he told her he couldn't forgive himself, and to leave it alone. The distance between them started before then, but after that night, they became virtually strangers.

At this point, she was through trying. Every time she wanted to engage him, she got hurt.

Romantic dinners went untouched, and he ignored scandalous lingerie. Her attempts to talk to him face to face and offers to see a counselor were met with silence and derision.

He started taking longer and more dangerous assignments, hardly coming home at all. After a while, she became as angry and cold as he. She knew it was a defense mechanism, burying her anger, although she still loved him, but how many times could a woman be hurt and pushed aside before shutting down?

Instead, she filled her life with training because otherwise, it was a joyless existence. She knew she couldn't rely on others for her happiness. Luckily, she did have her running and she was proud of her accomplishments. The marathons gave her goals and something to look forward to in the long months between Cooper's visits.

She finished her last mile and walked to her car when she heard her name called. She turned to find Rio coming up behind her and smiled. Rio was another marathon junkie who kept trying to get her to go out with him. He tempted her with his blond hair, quick smile, and fit, runner's body. He had the same interests as her, marathons and living healthy, and looked at her as if he wanted to lick her all over. She refused him, time and again, because she didn't want to put either of them in the situation of having regrets.

She remained steadfast in her loyalty to her absent husband and committed to him. She would never allow another man to sway her. She reminded herself of this as she ran her gaze over his bare, muscular arms and his sexy half smile. He has the bluest eyes, she thought, as she watched his gaze travel a path down her body from her ponytail, down her skimpy running attire and sweaty legs to her toes.

She knew her nipples were hard as they usually were when she ran from the combination of sweat and chilly air.

She took a long draw from her bottle of water and noticed his eyes heat up as he watched a trail of water wind a pathway down her chin and neck. She turned around to unlock her door and threw her bottle inside, trying to catch her breath and compose herself, before turning back to talk to him.

He was standing closer to her when she swirled back around. "What's up?" she asked with a smile leaning back against her car.

He tilted his head to the side and lifted a hand to run it down her arm in a blazing caress. "When are you going to give in and give me a chance?"

Her body tightened. Damn, this is so unfair, she thought. Why can't my own husband be as interested as this man? She laughed softly trying to diffuse the intensity of the situation.

"Brooke, come on. You've made me work hard enough for this," he said with a determined expression. He moved his large palm up her arm and placed it against the still throbbing pulse on her neck. His hand was warm as it wrapped around her throat sensually. His thumb settled in the hollow of her throat where he lightly brushed it back and forth against the soft skin.

She swallowed as tingles raced down her spine. She looked away trying to gather her resolve to refuse him again. As she glanced away, she noticed a dark suburban on the road next to the trail. The windows were tinted but the driver side window was partially down. There was Cooper driving by, with a predatory look as he stared at Rio with death in his eyes.

Her heart pounded almost painfully as she whispered, "Oh God." She hadn't done anything wrong but she knew this didn't look good, especially considering the problems in their marriage.

"Look, Rio," she said as she turned back to him, desperation filling her throat. "I am so very tempted by you, but I'm married. Thanks for the offer and thanks for being interested. I can't tell you how much it means to me, especially now, but please stop asking me before I do something I'll regret for the rest of my life." She quickly turned, got into her car, and drove away.

Her hands shook as she stopped off at the coffee shop. She didn't want to go home yet. He wouldn't be there anyway and she would only meander through the big house a million times, trying to keep herself occupied. Maybe a sugar rush was just what she needed.

She shrugged on a fleece pullover and yoga pants and went in for a mocha latte. She ordered a scone with her drink and perused the Runner's World magazine she had brought in. Twenty minutes later, she was on her way home. After a hot, cleansing shower, she sat on the sofa in her tank top and panties watching CSI, wondering if he would come home. She woke up on the couch at a quarter to one and sadly went to bed. Not even seeing her in the arms of another man was incentive enough for him to come home.

\* \* \* \*

The next day at work was hell. Nothing seemed to work right. She thought all day about Cooper and his feral expression and what he must be thinking.

She felt guilty even though she had done nothing wrong. She had left messages on his cell and at the station, to no avail. When five rolled around, she didn't even go home but just got the spare running clothes from her trunk and changed at work. She went straight to the trail and started

running. She couldn't face another long night at the house alone.

She *had* to run or she would explode. She was so angry and fed up with her life and had no idea what to do to change it. But change it she would, she resolved. She had to. She was a young, vibrant, sexual woman and she deserved some happiness, she told herself.

Why didn't her husband want her and love her? She agonized over that question all the time. She knew his work and the things he had seen had warped him, but wasn't she worth trying to come around for? While she knew that a lot of cops had failed marriages, she had also met many that had successful ones. She often wondered if she wasn't good enough.

It was time to get a divorce, she realized suddenly. She had to stop denying the reality of their failed marriage. Cooper didn't care about her and she had to try to make her own life before she turned into a bitter shell, a shadow of the carefree, happy woman she used to be. She couldn't concern herself any longer with what would happen to him after their divorce. He certainly wasn't concerned about what happened to her now, while they were married.

She ran until darkness set in. She usually didn't run when it was dark, but she was so angry that she hadn't thought about the time. She passed

through a particularly woodsy area of the trail, which ran parallel with a low traffic road. Elite homes were located in this area of the city so the traffic was almost non-existent.

She turned to start back toward the car, not liking the spooky atmosphere, when she noticed a dark van on the side of the road. She frowned, feeling apprehensive and picked up her pace. She thought she heard footsteps behind her and started to turn when something struck from behind. Hands wrapped around her, and brought her to the ground, face first. A heavy male body landed on top of her. She tried to twist around, struggling to get away when her assailant thrust a cloth into her mouth and tied it around her head. Another tied over her eyes. She heard the clank of metal and felt her hands jerked roughly behind her. Cool metal snapped around her wrists.

Because of the handcuffs, the thought that this was Cooper flashed through her mind, but then she quickly dismissed it. He wouldn't do such a crazy thing. She tried to scream around the gag but knew the muffled sound didn't carry far.

She heard brakes squeal and smelled burnt rubber. Tears soaked her blindfold and panic set in. She heard the scrape of duct tape and then felt her ankles bound together, the abrasive material pinching her skin. Her hipbones and knees stung from her frenzied struggles on the trail's

pavement.

The hands that held her were strong and methodical. She tried to head-butt her antagonist but he wasn't close enough and simply pushed her head back down, causing her chin to bang against the asphalt. He lifted her and carried her easily, despite her struggles. After he placed her inside a vehicle, she felt movement as it picked up speed. She thought she heard low whispers but could make out nothing. Was there more than one? Why had they kidnapped her? Ransom?

Frustration and terror melded into one. Fear of the unknown left a strong, rancid taste in her mouth. The absence of sight escalated the intensity of her emotions. Bound, gagged, and blindfolded, left her extremely vulnerable and helpless.

They drove for what felt like hours. Finally, the vehicle pulled to a stop and she braced herself for what was to come. Her mouth was dry around the gag and her body sore from the manhandling.

She heard the door slide open and hands pull her across the floor of the vehicle by her ankles. She felt a body lean over her legs and tried to kick out with both feet. Hands spanned her waist and lifted her, then hoisted her over a shoulder. Hard muscles lodged against her belly.

She tried to squirm and kick her kidnapper, but he rewarded her efforts with a sharp stinging slap against her ass. She yelped behind the gag, but, a



spurt of anger pierced the fear and she tried to kick again. She got another, harder slap before she decided not to do that again.

Tears that had dried during the trip stung her eyes at the smarting pain radiating across her backside. She ruefully remembered her fantasy of being kidnapped and raped. Of course that was a fantasy and this was the real thing. She belatedly remembered telling Cooper of her forbidden desire, during the happier times of their marriage, over five years ago.

Now that she was involved in such an ordeal, she realized that her fantasies were the stupid imaginings of a naïve woman. The real thing was a frightening event and she desperately wanted to be just peacefully jogging on the trail again. She bounced painfully against his shoulder as it sounded like he went up some stairs.

She heard a door open. In the background, she heard the vehicle start up again and drive away. There goes my escape vehicle, she briefly mused, before admitting that escape probably wasn't a likely scenario anyway.

She heard the door slam shut and the thud and click of a lock. He swung her off his shoulder and placed her in a hard chair. The cuffs were unlocked leaving her wrists briefly free. Fists clenched, she started flailing her arms in the hope of hitting her abuser, but warm hands quickly

corralled her arms. She tried jerking her arms away but the iron grip was relentless.

He pulled one arm down and cuffed her again, behind the chair. The other arm quickly followed suit on the opposite side. She couldn't move her hands but a couple of inches from the back of the chair. The cuffs clinked in the silence as she jerked against them, testing her captivity. She swallowed. Her kidnapper still hadn't spoken a word, although she heard him breathing behind her

He yanked an ankle and tied it with some kind of cloth to one leg of the chair before he cut the duct tape. Then he tied her other ankle to the other side of the chair. The blindfold was still over her eyes, and the gag almost choking her. And now she was also bound to a chair with no hope of escape at all. He had bound her in such a way that her legs were splayed open to him, and with her arms behind her back, she felt her breasts thrust out, on display for him. The skimpy shorts and sports bra would be little protection against whatever he had in mind.

A calloused hand caressed her cheek and she jerked her head away. What was going to happen to her? She felt a feather touch brush her nipples and she whimpered behind the gag.

Suddenly he yanked the gag from her mouth. It slipped down to her neck. She ran her tongue over her lips trying to restore some moisture. Her jaws

ached from the tight cloth.

She felt something against her lips before water poured into her mouth and down her chin. She was grateful for the scant amount but was wary to take much, afraid of being drugged. She turned her head to the side again.

“What do you want with me?” She asked hoarsely. She was pleased that her voice didn’t tremble.

A soft, low laugh sounded next to her ear and she jerked in reaction. It was a husky, sexy, male laugh that reverberated through her body. She licked her lips again.

“Why are you doing this?” She questioned, trying again. She wanted an explanation and talking had become her only defense. Her world had become surreal with her sense of sight eradicated and her limbs bound. She had no control over the situation.

“Because I can...” was the low, gravelly response. She swallowed. His words caused shivers to race down her back. Another soft brush against her nipples and a warm hand gliding up her thigh between her legs caused her to cry out breathlessly. The forbidden touch causing her body to tingle.

“Please don’t.” She said breathing hard. “Who are you?” She said still trying to coax him out of his silence.

"You know." His low words caused her heart to skip a beat.

Cooper? She shook her head, no it couldn't be, she thought to herself. Why would he do this? Unless...yesterday...Rio, she thought disjunctedly.

"Cooper?" She asked softly in disbelief. There was no response.

A tight fist grabbed her hair, and her head tilted back. A mouth crashed down on hers. His tongue filled her mouth--and oh God, he kissed like Cooper. It had to be him. Her tongue met his frantically. Relief poured through her along with fierce desire. She had missed him so much and been so lonely. She could practically climax just from kissing him.

She moaned and he pulled away. He pulled the sports bra away from her chest and she felt the cold metal of a knife before he cut it. Her breasts sprang free. Rough hands covered them, squeezing, plucking the hard nipples. Her heart raced and she breathed as if she was in a marathon.

She was sure it was Cooper, but what if it wasn't? The whole encounter was quickly becoming incredibly erotic, taboo...like her fantasy. She was more turned on at this point than she was scared, whether it was Cooper or not, she realized with mortification.

Justifying this sexual response, she told herself

it was definitely her husband. He pulled away. She listened intently as sensations swept through her body. She was so amazingly hot it astounded her. To be blindfolded, was incredibly sensual to her, trying to listen and anticipate what might happen next, knowing that he was looking at her body.

She felt something placed against her lips and she wrenched in surprise.

“Open,” ordered the low, husky voice.

Orange flavor burst over her tongue as she chewed the slice of tangerine he placed in her mouth. Frightened and yet titillated—super sensitive emotions bombarded her as she struggled to catch her breath. Another tangerine prodded her lips. She opened her mouth as he placed another slice on her tongue.

Lips met hers and the tongue that entered her mouth tasted like tangerine. She groaned and fiercely met his with her own. His lips trailed down her neck, licking and biting along the way. Shivers coursed her body, a reaction to her sexual response and the adrenaline of her kidnapping. Teeth pulled at her nipple and the teasing pain made her cry out softly, until he laved it with his tongue and soothed it. Then he strongly pulled her nipple into his mouth and sucked it hard, sending a zing through her body that traveled down to her crotch.

He focused the same attention on the other nipple and soon she was moaning softly, "Please..."

He pushed her shorts to the side and a long finger swept along her soaking slit. He laughed, a sound of male triumph, before pushing forcefully inside her. She braced her feet on the floor and pushed down on the balls of her feet to lift her hips and push onto his finger, arching her back against the chair as her head fell back in surrender. He pumped his finger several times before sliding another in and using his thumb on her clit.

"Oh..." She moaned again knowing she was close, his teeth pulled again on her nipple. The slight pain and sensation sent her climax rushing through her. Not letting up, his tongue replaced his fingers, stroking her clit and sliding down to push into her. He growled in approval at her taste and moisture.

He thrust his finger into her again before using his tongue on her clit. Over and over again until she fell off the edge again, screaming this time. He pulled away and she moaned in protest before he untied her ankles and moved behind her to remove the handcuffs.

As soon as she was free, she raised her hands to her blindfold, but he captured her arms in one large hand behind her back. She was guided

forward a few steps when his hand pressed on her back, bending her over a table. He stripped off her shorts and panties.

With her hands still captured behind her back, she felt his long, hard cock nudge between her legs. Her breasts scraped against the table as he leaned over her with her hands caught between their bodies. He bit her shoulder as he thrust inside her cunt forcefully.

Strong hands seized her hips and held her steady as he pounded. She wrenched her hands free. Rather than remove her blindfold, she gripped the table to push back against him. The pain at her shoulder and the fullness inside her sent her quickly to a powerful climax. His hand grabbed her hair and pulled her head back.

“You’re mine, Brooke! I won’t let you go! Do you understand me?” Cooper ordered as he continued to fuck her hard and deep.

“Yes! Yes, Cooper. I’m yours, no one else! There’s been no one else. I love you...only you,” she cried breathlessly. Climax washed over her yet again, shattering her emotions. Tears ran down her face as wild ecstasy raced through her body. He pumped several more times before he sent his seed deep inside her.

They leaned over the table for a few seconds, regaining their breath. A few moments later, she reached up and removed her blindfold. She turned

to face him. His hard face braced as if unsure how she would react. She threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, God, Coop, I love you so much. Please don't push me away anymore. Please, please." She cried softly.

"I'm sorry, Brooke. I know I was about to lose you, and I'm not going to let that happen. I'll work through everything okay? We'll get through this, but *I will not let you go!*" He said the last part through clenched teeth.

He was so sexy that it nearly broke her heart. "I love you, Coop."

She kissed him passionately, holding his head between her hands. He moved over to a bed and they collapsed on it, holding each other tightly. They talked well into the night.

\* \* \* \*

Cooper resigned from the undercover unit and given a senior detective position. No more long assignments and long periods away from home. He also agreed to see a counselor to resolve the distance that had developed in their marriage. They cuddled and talked until they finally dozed, peacefully, wrapped in each other's arms--the first time in years.

\* \* \* \*



She was awakened later as he tied her spread-eagled to the bed. She smiled into her pillow, at once happy and turned on. She opened her eyes to see Cooper smiling sinfully at her from between her legs. He leaned down and licked a path up her slit through the moisture gathered there. Holding her gaze, he tongued her clit and reached up with both hands to pluck her nipples. She felt a climax building quickly. Her responsiveness to him had always been fierce but now it seemed more intense and flammable.

“Cooper!” A climax rushed through her, seconds later and she screamed, arching her back, and pushing her clit into him, her head tilted back.

He lifted her up and quickly untied her, flipping her over, lifting her ass in the air. She started to rise up on her hands, but he pressed her shoulders back down, holding her immobile. He thrust into her hard and groaned her name. Then he started to pump, long and hard inside her. Suddenly a smack sounded loudly. Pain spread across her ass. She shrieked.

He thrust and spanked again, another sharp slap across her ass. Tingles began to spread from the abused area. Intriguing sensations spiraled, warming her backside. He continued to fuck and spank her until they both came...together.

She smiled to herself, knowing that things

would be different with them now. There were still issues to overcome but now there was hope. She no longer doubted he loved her and with that knowledge, she would do whatever it took to make sure their marriage lasted forever.

*43 years later*

Cooper & Brooke,  
together with their children & grandchildren,  
request the honor of your presence at their  
50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sophia enjoys cooking & entertaining for family and friends. She loves the outdoors (climbing, hiking and tennis) and a challenging game of poker. Her hobby and joy is in writing fantasy that will help others escape after a long day. Her favorite past-time, however, is playing Candyland with her husband and daughter.