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## *What a Knight by Annmarie Ortega*

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Have you ever heard anyone say life imitates art? I never really thought about it too much until yesterday while I was driving home from a trip I'd made out to Wisconsin to go to the Renaissance Faire. It was there that my life turned into an erotica story just like the stories I write and was so unbelievable I don't know that I would ever have been able to think up a plot like this...

I was going to do some research for a book I was starting to write that takes place in medieval England. I thought going to the faire might give me a little extra inspiration since I'd never actually been to England, or medieval times for that matter, and was feeling a bit intimidated by my new project.

I paid my admission and went inside the faire grounds with map in hand ready for my taste of merry old England. As soon as I starting walking down the gray dirt road I truly felt as if I had been transported to another time. There were cottages that lined the road housing various shops and food vendors, along with street performers, animals and music. There were so many people dressed in costume I couldn't distinguish the people who worked at the faire from people who were just there for the day.

I'm walking along, so overwhelmed by all the sights and sounds that I know I'd never remember everything I was seeing. I unzip the bag I am wearing across my chest and look down into the mess inside trying to find my notebook I always carry with me. I guess that's why I don't see the twisted tree roots sticking out of the dirt road and trip over them and fall flat on my face!

Of course half of the stuff in my bag falls out and scatters while I have the wind literally knocked out of me. My long blonde hair is hanging in my face which was actually alright with me since I could just feel my face blazing red with embarrassment.

“Ah, my fairest maiden, allow me to aid thee,” says the voice of a man next to me. I push myself up off the ground so I’m now on my knees and brush my hair back to see who is speaking to me. I look next to me and there is absolutely the hottest man I’ve ever seen in my life kneeling next to me. He has the lightest blue eyes I’ve ever seen and they sparkle, seriously, they are amazing. His hair is long, past his shoulders hanging down straight and black. His features are perfect and I know I’m staring at him, but I really can’t help myself.

Once I am finally able to pull my eyes away from his face I notice what he is wearing and I swear my heart skips a beat. I’ve written that line so many times in my books but this was the first time I actually experienced it for myself. My gorgeous stranger is dressed as a knight! He has on black pants and boots and a black tunic with a crest of a dragon in gold and purple embroidered on it. His shoulders are wide and I could just tell he is built under that costume he is wearing. As I look at him I think maybe I’ve hit my head when I fell because this guy is so perfect looking, I can’t believe he is real.

“Seriously, are you ok? That was some fall,” Mr. Gorgeous Knight says to me with a grin that shows he has a dimple I hadn’t seen before.

“I’m ahhh....I’m ok,” I stammer like an idiot as I start to pick up the things that had fallen out of my bag and just shove them back inside not knowing what to say. The irony

is not lost on me. I get paid for my words as a writer, yet I have none to say to this man. Yes, I am a total idiot I tell myself.

"I just should have looked at where I was going," I finally say as I brush the dirt off my aqua blue shirt and then move to stand up. My new friend the Knight stands up first and offers his hand to help me off my knees. A sigh escapes me before I take his hand and he helps me to my feet. Of course he has manners too, I think to myself not really surprised. As soon as I stand up I cry out from a shooting pain at my ankle.

"You *are* hurt," my Knight says as he holds me by the elbow, then turns to stand behind me, my back to his chest.

"I think I twisted my ankle when I fell," the confession came grudgingly, trying to keep the weight off my injured foot as I turn my head to look up at him. Now that we are standing I can see he's got to be at least six foot two inches tall.

"Well I guess you're lucky I'm here to save you," without warning and in one swift motion scoops me up into his muscular arms. I can say his arms were muscular because I could feel them flexing through his tunic as he held me. Our faces are so close I can now feel the warmth of his breath, and notice those blue eyes are even more beautiful up close. I suddenly feel breathless. "I'm Blake, by the way," smiling down at me, making my heart speed up a second, "why don't you put your arm around my neck," he suggests, and I do with no hesitation at all.

We are both looking at each other and I get this crazy thought that Blake is going to kiss me.

"You know you are beautiful," his voice is husky as he leans in towards me, kissing me ever so gently. I feel his tongue brush across my lips and I open my mouth to him.

When our tongues first touch he moans deep in his throat and I move my hand from around his neck and touch his hair that's as soft as silk. It doesn't matter that there are people walking past us, some even making comments. They all fade away from existence and it's just us and this perfect kiss. It is so intense it makes me want more of him than what would be acceptable in public.

Our tongues stroke and brush each other and a fire ignites deep inside of me as I realize I don't even know this man, but I want him right then and there. Blake finally pulls away and I'm still in his arms staring at him, shocked at how he made me lose control of myself so quickly.

"So, do I get to know the name of the woman I'm saving?" Blake asks me with a grin as he starts to walk while carrying me. The dimple appears again and I melt inside.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I apologize as I shake my head, trying to clear the fog, "my name is Veronica and I am so sorry to be bothering you."

"No bother at all. I was just going to get ready for the Queen's Procession, but they won't even miss me for that, the other knights will be there. I'd much rather rescue a beautiful woman any day. Besides, as part of my knightly duties I have a monthly quota to fill," he joked.

I giggle at his comments even though I'm embarrassed he just called me beautiful. I've never been one to accept compliments easily.

Blake turns off the dirt road he had been walking on and takes me through a wooden fence that reads "Employees Only" then enters a building hidden by the fence. We go down a long hall then turn at a door labeled "Knights" and enter. Blake puts me down on a loveseat in the room as I look around.

"This is the dressing room for all the knights," he explains to me as he closes the door to the room. There are racks with clothes hanging on them, some regular street clothes. Others obviously holding costumes. There is a long table, covered with magazines and a phone against one wall. Along with the loveseat there are a few folding chairs scattered around the small room.

Blake goes to look in a bag that was on the floor and pulls out a first aid kit, opening it and taking out an elastic bandage.

"I'll just wrap up your ankle," sitting down on the loveseat next to me. "Put your leg up here," he says and gestures for me to put my leg across his knees.

I turn and put my leg up across his, relieved I'd decided to shave my legs that morning since I was wearing a skirt.

"So is this your first time at the faire?" Blake asks me as he's unrolling the bandage.

"Yeah, it seems really awesome from what I saw, you know, before I fell on my face," I quip, hoping if I joke about falling I'll look like less of an idiot.

He looks at me and smiles before he starts bandaging my ankle. His hands move quickly as if he's wrapped an ankle before and in a few minutes he'd finished.

"There you go, all wrapped up," he tells me patting my ankle gently.

I look down at my wrapped ankle and I notice Blake's hand is resting gently on the bandage. He looks down at his hand also, then slowly starts moving it up my leg pushing up my long floral skirt. I can hear my breathing roaring in my ears and his hand seems hot on my skin. When his hand reaches my thigh he looks at me, silently asking for permission to proceed. I don't answer with words; I just shift a little, opening my legs

wider for him. Blake leans in to me and kisses me on the neck as his hand continues moving upwards until he touches my panties.

I am so aroused by Blake I can feel my panties are already soaked from his simple touch. He slides a finger past the elastic and slips it into me, touching my very core. Then finding my clit, moves his finger over the sensitive nub. I can't help but move my hips forward and let a soft whimper escape me.

"Veronica, touch me," he whispers in my ear between kisses. "You have got me so hard my cock hurts. Do you realize how god-damned sexy you are?" he asks me this time, his breath sending chills over my excited body.

Blake moves his hand from between my legs and takes my hand in his, guiding me to the bulge in his pants.

"You feel that? That's all because of you," he tells me with a growl.

His penis is rock hard and straining against his pants and I'm amazed at how large he is. I think of what it would be like to have his massive cock buried deep inside of me. I want him so badly my pussy aches, and when I look him in the eyes again I know he wants me just as badly.

I let go of his erection and stand up in front of him not saying a word. I pull up my skirt a bit and reach for my panties, pulling them down to around my ankles, then step out of them, kicking them aside.

I bite my lower lip, thinking about how what I'm about to do is so out of character for me, so spontaneous, but at the same time think that someone like Blake has never offered himself to me. I realize he's not asking for a date, or offering a promise to call me later. He just wants sex and so do I.



I reach out my hand to him and he stands up immediately undoing his pants, pulling his erection free so now I can see it. I was right before when I thought he was huge and I want every inch of him deep inside of me.

Blake steps closer to me and pulls me into his arms so his cock is pressing against my stomach. We kiss each other fiercely, my hands raking through his hair, his hands on my ass pressing me harder against him. I'm so wet I feel trickles starting to work their way down the insides of my thighs.

Blake's lips move from mine to my neck again, only this time he's sucking and biting me hard enough that I know he's going to leave marks, but I couldn't care less.

"Do you know how badly I want to put my cock inside your wet pussy?" he asks me, breathing the question with his warm breath in my ear. He takes a hand off my ass and pulls up my skirt so he can touch me between my legs again. This time he slides two fingers inside me, then moves them in and out, creating a rhythm that makes my body writhe in pleasure.

"I want to fuck you," he whispers in my ear, but he's not telling me anything I don't already know.

"Then lets do it already," I say back to him between breaths. He's got me so wet and so aroused all I want is to be fucked by him and I'm lucky to be able to even speak a coherent sentence.

He pushes me back against the door, then pulls my skirt up further so it's around my waist.

"Hold your skirt up," his voice has gone all growly as he makes the demand. As I'm holding my skirt he picks me up effortlessly and leans towards me so he can move one

hand off my waist. He guides his erection to my still dripping pussy and slides himself inside of me.

We both gasp at the incredible sensation of finally being joined, and he puts his hand back on my waist. Blake tilts his hips up so his cock is buried deeper inside of me.

“You’re pussy is so fucking tight,” he tells me as he starts moving his hips, slipping his cock in and out of me so I’m riding him with my legs wrapped around his waist, my arms around his neck.

He moves his hands so he’s cupping my ass as his thrusts in and out of me become faster and harder. With each thrust inside me a small grunt comes from deep in my throat.

I’ve never had such incredible sex before, each time he slides into me, his cock rubs against my clit and I can feel my orgasm starting to develop in my core, so heavy I feel like I can hardly breathe.

Blake’s breathing becomes faster and he starts to moan, closing his eyes. My own climax shatters through me and I cry out, clutching his neck tighter as my body contracts around his. As I cry out Blake moans again then seems to hold his breath so I know he’s reached his own climax inside of me.

We stay there against the door, both of us panting, totally out of breath. I put my head on Blake’s shoulder and kiss his neck which tastes slightly like salt.

“God, that was fucking incredible,” Blake shudders against me as he pulls himself out of me, slowly placing me back on my feet.

"Yeah it was," not able to hide the smile that had suddenly appeared on my face. There was no denying it; he had literally given me the ride of my life. My legs are shaky so I lean against the wall next to the door.

The phone on the table starts to ring, and Blake fixes his pants as he walks over to the phone to answer it.

"Yeah, Blake," he says into the phone. "Ok, ok, I'll be right there," he tells someone, sounding annoyed. He hangs up the phone and looks at me, troubled.

"That was the jousting arena. The show starts in fifteen minutes so I have to head over there. I guess I kind of lost track of time," he explains. "I've got to go for the joust, I can't miss it since I'm the knight that wins."

"Oh," I say, "that's ok. Don't worry about it, really. I'm just going to straighten myself up and I'm going to go home."

"I hate to just leave," Blake tells me, and even though I don't know him, I believe what he says.

He walks back up to me and bends down to place a kiss on my cheek, then opens the door to leave. "Well this will be a day I'll never forget," Blake confesses to me with the sweetest smile. "Bye Veronica," he says and is gone through the door, off to win his joust.

"Bye Blake," I tell him, even though he's gone and I'm standing in the room all alone, "You'll be a knight I'll never forget."

And you want to know something? I never will forget that knight!

***The End***

***Turn the page for an excerpt from  
Possessing Poseidon by Annmarie Ortega***

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Chapter One

Beth was reclined on her lounge chair on the deck of her beach house when she had the dream of the man again. She had started having the dream two days after she had moved into her new house this past week.

Beth would fall asleep on the back deck and the man would appear. He would walk up the steps of the deck from the beach, and stand next to her while she was sitting back in her lounge chair. Standing over her, he was at least six foot three, with dark brown hair that was all one length, just above his shoulders and it was always dripping wet. He wore a necklace around his neck that was made of white shells that sharply contrasted the golden bronze color of his skin. He had a killer body and a chest that just screamed to be touched. The only clothing he wore was a pair of skin tight royal blue swim trunks that left absolutely nothing to the imagination. His whole body was always soaking wet, with water dripping off the ends of his hair, running down his wide shoulders, his sculpted chest and abdomen, down his muscled legs to a puddle around his bare feet.

He would look at her as if he wanted to devour her, then bend down and simply kiss her gently on the lips, and turn and go back down the steps and walk away heading towards the water.

Beth enjoyed the dream. She actually looked forward to it, in fact. That one kiss that he would place on her lips was like heaven, and this beautiful stranger made her want more, much more, than just a gentle brush of his lips against hers.

So she had fallen asleep again in the warm sun while she was reading a book, just after finishing all her unpacking from moving in. When he appeared she anticipated the touch of his lips to hers and even in her sleep her lips parted ever so slightly waiting for his kiss.

This time, however, when he kissed her it was different and her whole body reacted to him. It wasn't a gentle kiss like he usually gave her. This one had a passion behind it, as if he wanted more than his usual gentle brush of her lips against his. A shudder washed over her and there was a deep pulse that started between her legs and radiated through her. In her sleep she rubbed her thighs together, wanting the pulse to continue and not stop.

Beth rubbed her eyes as she woke up from the dream wishing to herself that her dream man were real and reached down to pick up her book she'd dropped when she had fallen asleep. As she reached for the book she saw the footprints on the deck that came up from the stairs to her chair, then turned around and went back down the stairs again.

Beth sat up, her eyes growing large as she looked at the wet footprints in disbelief. She stood up straddling the chair and looked up and down the beach, seeing no one in either direction. It made no sense! There was no where for someone to go to on the beach to hide, yet whoever had made the footprints had literally disappeared. She stepped over her chair to look at the footprints again, but they were gone, totally disappeared. Her brows furrowed together as she remembered what she had seen literally seconds ago. There was no way they could have dried so quickly, they had disappeared like magic. She reasoned to herself that her eyes must have been

playing tricks on her when she'd woken up, there were no footprints after all, but they had seemed so real.

She was relieved the footprints weren't real though because it unsettled her at the thought that someone could have gotten so close to her without her knowing it. A chill ran through her even though the sun was shining brightly overhead and she wrapped her arms around herself as she went inside and locked the sliding glass door behind her.

End of Excerpt.

Possessing Poseidon is available now from Twilight Fantasies Publications.

