



**CAROL
MCKENZIE**

Conjuration
By
Carol McKenzie

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Chapter One

Saige Hamilton did not want the daydream to end. The attention the make-believe man lavished made her feel loved, needy...and hot, momentarily taking her away from her nonsexual life. It seemed she just thought of him and he appeared. He was a man she'd conjured in her mind. She wished she could bring him to life. Something- she did not know what- told her she could bring him to life. Oh, it was so frustrating, needing a fantasy man.

His cologne *Obsession* smelled delicious. She even tasted the mintiness of his mouthwash when they kissed. Her breath hitched when his strong fingers slipped under the band of her thong and pushed the tiny garment down her smooth ivory legs. His strong fingers slipped between the lips of her pussy and stroked her until she panted with desire. The fantasy man took his fingers from her slit and ran his rough palms up her curves. She imagined it all and it was so yummy; passion radiated down to her core.

There, standing with her in the swirling grey and pink mist, his navy blue eyes softened, his head tilted as he unbuttoned the front of her silky gown, exposing her full, unfettered breasts.

Pleasure showed in his expression as his nimble fingers massaged her hot flesh, turning her on more and more with each passing second. Even if he was a mere figment of her imagination, she would comply to his minutest of wishes. She wanted more of him...much more, but was it possible? An erotic chuckle came from deep within his soul it seemed, as her sensation, raw and explosive, overwhelmed her and caused her breathing to quicken and her pussy to contract. Her need for his cock increased.

Bordering on what seemed greediness, his lips devoured hers, then moved down, feathering kisses along the curve of her throat, onto her ample uplifted breasts. Enjoying his touch, Saige closed her eyes and let her dark brown hair fall back. He lowered and knelt before her, his mouth pussy level. He located her slit and he began touching her clit with short flicks of his tongue-- ratcheting up the heat between them another notch, causing her breath to catch and her knees to gel.

After leading her to the brink of orgasm, he rose to a standing position, his cock standing

high and hard, like one that belonged to a Greek god. He peered into her eyes, leaving her no doubt as to his need.

"I'm so glad we're together again," Saige said, remembering the last time she had conjured him.

He did not speak. Saige ran her outspread hand down his back and stopped on his bare, tight ass.

Oh how she yearned for him to materialize so that they could fuck in the flesh. She wanted it any way he could give it--hard and fast; the type of lovemaking that made the headboard bang the wall. Or, she would take it soft and loving, making it seem as though they made love on a cloud. Although it never happened, she could almost feel his thickened, erect shaft push into her damp pussy and linger there, making her shriek in desperation for him to move, bringing her to orgasm.

Each time she had been with him, the experience had been indescribably erotic; the man of the shadows could please her, she just knew it.

Again at the end of the fantasy, his eyes took on a distant glint.

Was the fantasy fading? "Please don't leave." Saige whispered ragged words of desperation then drew the lobe of his ear into her mouth and suckled it, enticing, no, in her own way begging him to stay. She must convince him to leave his realm and be with her.

But it was more than the sex she wanted, much more. Saige sought the friendship and companionship that only he could give.

Sobbing, feeling the futility of it all, she said, "I can't go on without you."

"You can, and you must," he admonished her. "We'll see each other again."

"But when?"

"Soon. You'll see."

Silence loomed.

Before he vanished into the blackness, he brushed his lips across her forehead.

Saige realized she would savor the memory of each second she had just experienced.

Return? How? When? Always the man in the shadows would leave when they were about to fuck. It was painful to see him go.

After one last caress, he stepped back from her hands and vanished into a swirling cloud with a whoosh- leaving her to awaken fitfully to her lonely existence in the real world in her ten

by twelve foot bedroom. She heard the furnace click on and blow warm air out the vents. The draperies jiggled. The man had vanished. She felt so desolate and deserted.

What was his name? She would have asked him the simple question sooner, but he distracted and so deeply disturbed her, which caused her to forget to ask important questions. She hated calling him "fantasy man." It would be nice to think of him by name.

After the ache of need subsided, Saige swept her legs off the edge of the mattress, dragging the sheets and coverlet with them. She wept into her hands as she envisioned the gushing, undulating cloud that had just swallowed her fantasy lover.

If she could summon him into her real life, he could escort her to her ten-year class reunion; show him off to her ex-boyfriend and other friends. It would be so much fun. She could also have him in a dark warm hotel room to take care of her darkest needs. But she shoved that thought way far back. Then again, it wouldn't be a promiscuous act, since she had fabricated him, right?

* * *

Saige called her best friend after she returned from work and began slipping out of her dress and into some comfortable clothes.

"Hey, Lucy. What's going on?"

"The rent and light bill is all."

Saige thought about it a moment then burst out laughing. They giggled and talked about mundane matters for a while.

"This darn thing," said Lucy.

"What?"

"No one told me that you were supposed to change oil on a lawn mower when you buy one."

"Yuck. Yes, you do. I usually take mine to this guy in the neighborhood. He does all that for twenty-five dollars."

After a pause Lucy said, "Why did you call right now? I mean you never call me before six or six-thirty."

"Hold on," said Saige as she reached into the fridge for a can of diet cola. She popped the lid and took a drink. "Okay...I need to ask you something. What was the name of that place you mentioned?"

"What place?"

"Where they line you up with a compatible person."

"Oh, yeah."

"I was wondering...what if you don't like the guy?"

"Then they give you a refund."

"Have you ever used them?"

"Nope."

Saige switched the phone to the other ear.

"In case a person needs them for sex, the Agency says they do that too," said Lucy. "At least that was what I was told."

Saige frowned. "I wouldn't do that. You know. Have sex with a stranger."

"Me either."

"But I want to make Brad from high school so jealous. I know I'm thirty and sound eighteen but it's something I've always wanted to do. So, I've made up my mind, I'm going to use their service."

Lucy unleashed a howl of laughter over the line. "I can't wait. That should be hilarious."

* * *

Two weeks later, she conjured her him again. "Hello, fantasy man," she told the entity as she readied for the shower. His invisible nearness overwhelmed her as she climbed into the stall, turned on the water and adjusted the heat and reached for the soap. The hot water pummeled her skin.

He watched her; she felt his eyes. The mysterious man in the back of her mind--totally a figment of her imagination, seemed to be getting more real each time she called him. She enjoyed teasing him, causing his shaft to swell until it engorged with blood and stood. She tortured him; it was so much fun. At the thought of him ever coming to life she shivered. Everything about him came into focus but his facial features. Why she did not know. Perhaps if she kept calling him to her, one day she would actually see his face and he would be real. They'd tear up the bed, if that would happen.

As she washed her arms, she told the entity, "If you want to fuck me, then come and get me,

big boy. Whip that big thing out and nail me right here.” In real life, she wouldn't be so mean.

Some days she got a feeling that she could summon him; like she had some inherent power that she knew nothing about. Wouldn't that be great if it were true?

Leaning back against the shower wall, Saige smoothed her flattened hands over her ivory breasts, her back arching and pussy exposed begging for his cock, just to tease him, yet wanting him and it.

"Look what I'm doing, fantasy man. Don't you wish you could come and take me? I'm right here. So make yourself real and do it." Languidly, she let her long dark hair fall back as she sudsed her dark brown nipples for him. Eyes closed, she located her clitoris; her slick, plunging fingers moved over it as he watched.

"Mm," she said aloud. "See what you're missing? I need you to come to me in the flesh and suck my clit."

She raised a leg and wedged on the tub's edge. The lips of her pussy parted, she guided her fingers to the nub and with a gentle stroke she brought herself to the brink of a climax. Her breathing came in short pants and she absently dropped the soap and began finger-fucking herself until wave after wave of rippling pleasure washed through her.

"Oh, the sensuousness of it all," she told the fantasy man when she recovered, who still lurked nearby. "It would probably be better if you made me come." Using the hand sprayer, she rinsed her labia lovingly.

Saige fantasized that the man appeared behind her as she dried herself. She visualized his lean taut body meld to her backside. He reached around, encircling her in his arms as he whispered, "You're beautiful," into her ear. His lips descended to hers.

"It's too bad you can't take me to my class reunion," she said against his mouth.

"Conjure me up then, baby."

"Do what?"

"You can do it."

What was he talking about?

"You feel so good," he said. "I'm coming to you in the flesh soon."

"Materialize and suck my nipples then, you faceless man. But I doubt that you can. You see, you're not real. I made you up."

"You're such a tease."

Of course, there was no fantasy man lurking in her bedroom and shower. It was such a silly notion. Out of a need, she had made him up with her over-active imagination. Being in the midst of a sexual drought frustrated her, but she planned to get situated in her new job and didn't want to get distracted by having a new man in her life.

Saige opened the dresser drawer and poked through the silky lingerie, but her eyes focused onto a paper that she'd put on top of the dresser a previous day. Saige read the address of the website that offered to aid a person who needed a little sexual pick-me-up. She'd not contacted them because their services were expensive and she was a little leery of having sex with a stranger--no, she was a whole lot leery of that. She'd re-read it and think over contacting them real soon.

* * *

One evening the next week Saige hurried on her way to class at the Clayburn University. She planned to take a non-credit course that would aid her in her new job. She walked toward the stairway that led to the second floor where her class was located. She had five minutes. The last thing she expected was complications that would keep her from getting to the night class on time. However, when a door cracked open, her mouth dropped open in utter astonishment and she stopped in her tracks.

"May I help you?" she asked the silhouetted figure, her inner alarm bells ringing.

"Come here," a familiar male voice said.

"Who in the world--"

"Here. Hurry it up."

Her heart about beat out of her chest with sudden fear. She started toward the stairs, but he caught her arm and dragged her inside the dark classroom. It was him. Her dream lover. Surely not! How did he get here? Each time she saw him he was becoming more and more real. Surely she was mistaken. It could not be him. Though the fantasy man reminded her a lot of the man who now stood nose to nose with her. He smelled clean, perhaps of soap and citrusy after-shave. His cock pressed into her clothed lower abdomen, causing color to climb her cheeks and words to stall in her throat. She should be scared and screaming bloody murder. She looked away; thinking the smart thing to do would be to bolt out the door and up the stairs. But something, she

did not know what kept her there, and under his power. Where were his clothes?

Leave, her heart whispered. Had her common sense abandoned her? A sudden tinge of panic surged through her and settled down into her core as his hands touched her shoulders.

"I must have the wrong room," she whispered, coming to grips with what was happening.

"For right now you have the right room, my dear wizardess," he said, the voice familiar.

Wizardess? She didn't know whether to laugh or cry; her mind suddenly became congested with doubt and fear. Her eyes washed over his face. Beyond a reasonable doubt, he was her imaginary man--magnificent and virile and hot for her. Saige squinted, trying to see his face but, oddly enough, was unable to discern his features. That very moment he seemed more real than the sun, moon, or stars.

"But why are you showing up now?" She had to curb his sudden appearances in public. He was getting a little too horny for her to handle.

"You need me."

He placed a gentle finger under her chin and lifted her face, so he could gaze intently into her eyes. She hoped he wasn't an evil spirit, not knowing for sure his origin other than from her mind. He didn't seem evil.

Her startled expression, it seemed, caused him to laugh, reach out, and drag her protesting into the room. "Let's have a time out."

"It's not time to fool around," she said, suddenly breathless, thinking her word choice had been poor.

He murmured, "I'm here to pay you a little visit."

Once he had her inside, he closed the door. She dropped her briefcase and he removed her glasses and set them aside. With her spine pressed against the wall, she realized that mere fraction of an inch separated their faces now. His dark navy eyes with their coal soot lashes penetrated to the depths of her female being. His minty breath grazed her cheeks and her heart rate quickened. His large cock pressed into her tummy. He inserted spread hands under her raincoat, slid it up her legs and cupped her panty-clad ass, holding her to him. She wanted his hand to slip inside her underwear.

"See what you do to me?" he said of his dick.

"Please."

A muscle twitched in his cheek and his warm breath grazed her lips. "You have your

business and I have mine," he retorted.

She gulped; her lip quivered. "Oh?"

"I have a score to settle."

"Oh yeah?"

"With you."

"What type of score?" She cursed her devious imagination.

He ignored her question, arrogantly. "Scared?" Silently, she cursed her awkward circumstances. Fucking was out of the question.

"Let me go." Was he listening? Saige felt her skirt rising. She struggled to no avail for a few tension-laden moments and she didn't even know his name, she guessed, because she hadn't named him; she merely called him fantasy man.

Saige needed to stop his advances; she had to get to her class. "This can't happen."

"I know." His mouth covered hers and his tongue delved into the inner recesses of her mouth. When their lips parted, he spoke against her mouth, "I'm going to stop by your bedroom tonight." He paused and chuckled.

"Damn you!" she pushed against him, but he stood rock solid before her. She felt the heat of his body as he leaned and nipped her earlobe.

A shudder shot down her spine. "You're not flesh and blood. What *are* you doing here? Where *are* you from?"

"I'm from one of your conjurations." Very matter of factly, he began unbuttoning her silky blouse. "Mm-hm." The entity pulled her blouse from her skirt and began fondling her breasts through her bra. She couldn't keep track of his hands from that moment forward; he pulled down her straps, leaned and lifted a breast to his mouth. She felt the suckling in diver's diverse places; a penetrating gnawing caused her to want more.

She mounted a feeble protest. "If we ever did it, I can get pregnant," she said breathily under his suffocating weight.

A harsh, wry laugh left his lips, as he pressed her more tightly to the wall. "Not with me you can't."

His breath heated her skin when he shoved the lacy bra cups farther down and began nibbling and pulling at the nipples more firmly between his taut lips, as they stood there in the dimly lit room. His fingers on her flesh caused an unexpected need to shoot through her like

jagged lightning in the sky that struck deeply in her core. She closed her eyes, panting ready to beg if he stopped.

"Very lovely," he said releasing her dark brown nipple from his mouth. Hovering over her, he seemed to be enjoying the scent of her cologne.

She ached. What excuse would cause him to stop? Mindlessly she spoke, thinking it would be best to protest. "There's disease. Communicable disease."

"Between us there won't be any of those either," he said, obviously amused at her desperate plight. "I cannot give or get diseases. I'm here only a short time tonight."

"Oh?"

"Mm-hm." He placed his leg between hers. "I owe you," his spread hand slid higher up under her skirt and slip. She feared her pussy was wet and he would know how he affected her.

Her breath caught and her voice shook. "Why do you owe me? What for?"

"Remember these words?" His voice's timbre rose and he tried to sound like a female. "Please, mystery man. Come to me. Remember? Then you teased me?"

Remember? That's not right, is it?"

Silence prevailed. Damn him!

"Now babe, it's your turn." His roaming hands, slid under the band of her panties and his fingers went into her slit where he erotically toyed with her clit, until she squirmed, wept, whimpered for mercy, arching against and riding his hand.

"Mmm. You're wet I see." A sensual, knowing chuckle left his lips.

"You're paying me back, then?" she asked her breathing now in pants. Her hand dropped and touched the head of his rigid length, making him wince.

He said in an elongated exhalation, "Yeah, I'm re-paying you now for the teases. How do you like it?"

The fantasy man stroked her clenching cunt, causing her knees to turn to gelatin. She suddenly couldn't spread her legs far enough apart to accommodate his effort.

"Like it?" he lifted his head and asked, in a rough-edged voice. "Well, do you?"

All right. The truth. "Yes, I do."

"I thought so."

Dammit, he knew; he knew how he tore her up. Saige's breathing increased, her juices flowed, wetting her inner thighs.

Eyes squeezed shut; she wanted him so much. The warmth of intense passion, a delightful feeling, flooded through her. Lusting for more, she prepared to let him fuck her right there in a dark classroom.

His weight lifted. He took his fingers from her pussy.

Disoriented, she opened her eyes and gazed around the small room. Where was she? Where was he? He had left. Poof!

"Hello?" she called into the empty room.

Letting her breathing return to normal, she blushed. He had paid her back for teasing him! When she invented him she hadn't meant for him to have a mind and will of his own. He'd had his hands in her cunt and she did not know what he looked like!

Mumbling curse words, after smoothing down, straightening, and buttoning her clothing, she cautiously let herself into the corridor, fighting the impulse to try calling him back.

"Ma'am, are you lost?" a black-jacketed teenaged boy student asked.

Saige felt bereft and conspicuous.

"Yes." She looked down the hall and back at him. "Room 323: Elements of Supervision class. Could you tell me where it is?"

"Right up one flight and the next door down to the right." He pointed. "You sure you're okay?"

Baffled, she sighed. "I-I'm fine. Thanks," she said thinking that the visits could not become any more real. It crossed her mind that she could contact Affairs Agency and get a little sex and he would go away. Although, after reflecting for a few moments, she flatly put it out of her mind, because the drastic action would be a mistake. No, she refused to let a stranger bed her down.

Chapter Two

That evening she wore a shimmery, green, knee-length number that revealed way too much cleavage. On her feet, she wore sparkly green stilettos and in her hair, she wore a green rhinestone comb that held her dark hair haphazardly on top of her head. She didn't know why she had chosen that particular dress; it was too sexy for her own comfort. Nevertheless, there she was being the object of attention of a dozen or so interested males who, from a distance, eyed her seductively. Heat climbed her cheeks. Saige contemplated excusing herself, going home and changing outfits. After exhaling a long breath, she decided to stick it out.

Saige spotted the man that the Agency sent. According to Diggio's email it was their pre-get-together to make sure they were compatible enough to spend a weekend together.

He entered, so she rose. He looked just like the email said he would. When he neared, she extended a hand.

Standing before her at the table, he said, "Hello," and flashed her a perfect smile.

"It's good to meet you. My name is Saige Hamilton."

"I know. Nice to meet you, Saige."

Impressive. It was difficult to take her eyes off of him. His voice sounded so familiar and he looked so yummy. Just the man to get her mind off the fantasy man. He had a mane that was long, full-bodied and dark. He stood perhaps six feet tall, wore an impeccable dark suit, accented with a red tie. Saige's inner twinges stirred and enlivened. His features were tanned and chiseled. Hollywood should call him and begin auditioning him for a career in acting; he looked better than any heartthrob she'd ever watched in a movie. His eyes were so blue...a crystal navy blue.

His grip on her hand was warm and firm but not tight, as though he were a man determined to get what he wanted.

"Baxter Shallmer, at your service."

Baxter...hm? He didn't look like a Baxter. No-sir-ee.

"I recognized you immediately." She loved the scent of his cologne. Suddenly she realized why the Agency wanted her to meet him. He seemed he'd be a massive presence under any circumstances; a perfect match for her

"And I recognized you. You're more beautiful than your photograph. Much more."

"Oh. Thank you, Baxter."

"Call me Chance, please."

"Chance, okay then. That's an interesting nickname. Have a seat." She motioned to the chair across the table from her own.

Once they were seated and had a napkin spread on his lap he said, "Friends started calling me that when I was a kid because I took chances."

Her eyes dropped from his intense gaze to his red tie. Something seemed vaguely familiar about him. "I like the name Chance."

"Thanks."

"I guess we ought to get down to business."

He propped his elbows on the pink tablecloth, giving her his full attention and said, "Sure, go ahead."

"Okay."

"Your name is pretty, by the way."

"Oh, thanks." After a nervous pause, Saige asked, "So how old are you?"

"Twenty-five."

Eek! He *was* younger. She dreaded telling him, but she had to. "I'm thirty." It was strange the Agency didn't give her his age. A lot of things were strange that evening. When she contacted the agency the first time, she didn't remember them telling her she was to meet the possible escort for dinner right before the reunion.

"Age doesn't mean a thing."

She breathed easier. "So, it's not a turn off that I'm five years older?"

"Not at all." His demeanor was so compelling and his magnetism so strong.

"For your information, I paid in advance. If we don't hit it off does your company provide a substitute? I forgot to ask."

He nodded. "They do. And thanks for the tip. It's more than adequate. You paid it ahead of

time, refundable if you decide to back out."

"Great. I've never dealt with such a business before. And they're so well known online. That's where I heard of them." Saige considered his words. "Before I say let's go ahead, I need to know a little more." She saw the waitress approach and stop at their table so she fell silent and looked around the room that was less than a quarter of the size of a gymnasium floor.

A decorator had done the restaurant in gold chrome, mint green and pink. The carpeting was a plush dark green. Across the room, a man played dinner music on a piano. It was a little after seven in the evening, but she did not care if it was three in the morning, because she would give all her attention to the stranger who now sat at her table. Pink-uniformed waiters and waitresses carried their trays high.

After the waitress took Chance and Saige's drink and food order, and left, Chance asked, "You were wanting to ask me a few questions?"

She raised the glass of red wine to her lips and sipped. "Some of my questions might be too invasive. Just tell me you don't want to answer if you don't want to."

"All right."

"Do you do work any other place than at the Agency?"

"I do."

"Where?"

A long hesitation followed. It made her wonder if he told the truth or hid it.

"I guess you should know about me too. Before we do this." After a pause he said, "I'm in Construction. But where I'm from and what I build, it is highly seasonal work and I do this in the winter. To make ends meet."

"I'm a little nervous about it, but I want to go on."

"You can back out."

"I must admit I've never done anything quite like this."

"So you don't have a husband or a...lover."

"My life has been too full to date or even think about men. You see, I had been working on my doctorate and graduated not too long ago. Now at night I take a course at the college. I've been hunting for a job, then recently landed one. I've had a makeover. I look quite a bit different than I used to look." During a thoughtful pause she considered the possible consequences of telling him her personal business. "Darn it, I've not had time to date."

"No lovers lately?"

"Actually, no. Not a real one."

"Really?"

"That's where you are to come in." There was something about him. She felt as though she knew him, but darn it, she could not place him.

"Oh really?"

"I want you to make an old boyfriend see what he missed."

"I see." He nodded slowly as if deep in thought. He nodded. "I think I can handle that."

"You're very confident, Chance. You have all the qualifications according to the Agency. You're good looking. From what I can see, you handle yourself well. I think you have what it takes for me. Your employer speaks highly of you. If you can, make him jealous as hell in two weeks at the reunion."

"Okay."

"Our class voted on a winter reunion. I'd like you to meet me there and escort me the whole weekend."

"Your wish is my command."

She laughed as she admired his glistening navy eyes. He reached for the dark green, uncorked bottle. "Care for some more wine?" he asked with masculine grace and confidence.

"Yes," she said, thinking she could get attached to him.

A gentleman, he poured for the both of them.

"And we have to hit it off to do this thing."

She looked down and stared at the pink candle that flickered between them. "I realize that." Another question bothered her. "Do you do this...often, for other women?"

"No." He laughed. "God no."

"Just kidding. Forgive the questions..."

A small smile curved her lips. "It's good that you're wondering who you'll be spending your weekend with, wanting to know what they are about."

"I know."

"I can tell you this, Saige. I took this job because I needed the money. My uncle...I don't want to weigh you down with depression details, but I help him pay his medical bills. You see he doesn't have medical insurance."

His sad tale made her like him all the more.

"Do you have a girlfriend?"

"Not now. If I did, I wouldn't be going to restaurants with lovely ladies like yourself. But I did last year. We went our separate ways when her ex-Marine boyfriend came home from Iraq. She told me goodbye."

Chance seemed likeable, trustworthy and forthcoming with information about himself, though a couple of times he hesitated before he answered. His soothing manner put her at ease. "I'm glad the Agency had us get to know one another before we see each other at the reunion."

"It's best."

"You remind me of someone," she said.

"Who?"

"Now you're really going to laugh. I call him a fantasy man."

He laughed. "So tell me about this lucky man."

She shouldn't be telling this man her secrets. Especially this secret. "I shouldn't have said anything..."

Chance didn't give up. "So he exists in your mind, only for you? You use him. And he only comes to you when you're in need. Is that it?"

A nervous laugh left Saige's lips. "I don't think I-- no, I don't want to talk about that." What was she saying? Chance was a stranger. Embarrassed, her eyes rose and met his eyes then dropped back to the candle.

"To set your mind at ease, many people have imaginary play friends. It's normal."

"I hope so."

"What else can you tell me about him?"

She felt like a kite twisting in the wind. "Chance, I hardly know you. I'm afraid I already said too much."

"The Agency has checked my background, so you're safe." He raised his glass and toasted her.

The next morning, several hours after bidding Chance goodbye at the restaurant's door, the Agency called, apologizing. It seemed they could not find a match and were refunding her money.

Her mouth opened in shock. Words stalled.

"Hello?" asked the woman on the other end of the line.

"But...the man you sent. He seemed to match who I wanted."

A silence came on the line.

"Excuse me?" The tone was one of puzzlement.

"The man you arranged that I meet at Diggio's Restaurant. Last night. The one I had dinner with. Don't you know about it?"

"That wasn't from us."

"What?"

"I'm sorry. We don't do business that way. We have the potential couples meet the first time here under a controlled environment."

In stunned silence, as she hung up the phone, it became clear who she had dinner with. He was getting to be more real and bold with each passing day. She looked toward the ceiling and spoke to him even though it appeared he was not in the room. A shudder shot down her spine.

"You're not of flesh and blood are you? What are you? Where are you from? You're now more than a figment of my imagination, aren't you?"

Chapter Three

On vacation and heading toward Saige's small hometown to attend the class reunion, she merged onto the interstate and traveled south. Without an escort. Oh well. She would still have plenty of fun seeing again the graduating seniors from her past, for the first time in ten years.

For winter it was unseasonably warm. The air was balmy and the wind was blustery. As she traveled, gentle flashes in the distance neared, catching her attention every few minutes as it worsened. Soon jagged streaks of lightning rumbled and shook the road beneath her tires. Rain washed over her car so hard that the windshield wipers could not keep up.

"Wow. Rain in November!"

Nevertheless, determined to arrive that night, she continued driving. She checked in just as the rain slowed to a mist.

Saige climbed out of the car, locked it and saw a colorful sign that read: Kelly's Restaurant and Bar. Hungry, Saige checked in, and saw to it that a bellboy carried her suitcase to her room. It was an average sized hotel room with a dressing area and bathroom off the bedroom. The off-white room possessed a queen-sized bed with a colorful bedspread. A tropical painting adorned the wall over the headboard. It smelled clean and was warm. Once she finished checking the room out and locked the door behind her, she walked to Kelley's and ate. Then she returned to the room to retire, worn out from a day of work and a night of travel.

When Saige unlocked the door and went inside, she noticed that the bathroom light flowed out onto the tiled flooring below the sink and mirror. Saige had not left the light on and she distinctly remembered turning it off. Shaken, she checked the number on the door, making sure it matched the number on the room key.

Unsure and a bit scared, Saige crossed the room and neared the bathroom. The door stood

ajar. She peered inside and saw a man...a hunk, really. He stood in front of the mirror shaving; his eyes caught and held hers. Had he gotten into the wrong room by mistake? It seemed he wore nothing but a towel. Suddenly she realized that he was the man she'd eaten dinner with at Diggio's, the man to whom she had told one of her deepest secrets. He was also the man the Agency did not know or send.

First the weather and now this! She took in a raspy breath, noting the shaving cream on his chin.

"What are you doing here?"

He peered up at her in the mirror then looked back and drew the razor down his chin. "It's what we had planned."

"But..." She peered at the delightful sprigs of manly hair on his chest.

"You want me to leave?"

"Yes." She thought about it a moment. "Wait, no. But, I need an explanation."

"What do you need to know?"

"If you're not with the Agency, then who are you?" she asked, her heart fluttering wildly.

"You know me."

She had an idea she did know him. "I do?" Chance absolutely could not be *him*. Not in the flesh. "Nooo!" But then again the fantasy man was getting more real each time she saw him.

"Yes, I am," he said as if he read her mind. He crooked a finger. "Come here."

And after she stayed her ground, he went to her, while wiping away the shave cream off his chiselled features with a small hand towel. He took her hand and leaned her way. In her ear, he whispered, "Tell me you want me. And you do know me well. I can please you beyond your wildest dreams."

"You're from Diggio's, right?"

"And I'm also the man of your fantasies."

"I don't understand. "How did this happen?"

"You've brought me back to life."

"Huh-uh."

"You have powers I know nothing about. In your mind, using all that emotion and need, you conjured me up. You, with your powers, brought me from the past."

"What about that story you told me about your relative. You worked to--"

"That happened. But not to me. It was something I observed. So it was the truth in a way. I exist just to please you sexually and be your friend."

She blinked in puzzlement.

"Let's just enjoy this. I've come to help you make your old boyfriend jealous and--"

"And what?"

His voice died as he leaned to brush kisses along her throat. "Tell me you want me," he whispered into her ear. "You really do know me."

She leaned away from his lips. "You say that you're Chance from the other night at Diggio's. Right?"

"I'm the man in your fantasies. I really am. Seriously, yes, Saige."

A short pause transpired; she had a difficult time comprehending his words. "I don't understand. I am a realist. Or, at least I thought I was one. Now this..."

"You've brought me back to life. You have powers I know nothing about. Evidently you do not either. You conjured me from the past, I'm telling you, it's true."

"You're going to leave after this is over?"

"Maybe you won't like me after this weekend."

"Why?"

He pulled her to him, found her lips and crushed them with his. "Why don't you find out, babe?" he asked, his breath warm on her lips. "You've made me so damned hot for you."

She had a pretty good idea what he meant. His hands moved down to her waist and onto the fullness of her hips, he pressed until his cock pushed into her belly. Something that she had shoved back and hidden within her psyche for years began awakening and stirring. It seemed as though she was also hot for him. Her pussy clenched for his cock.

She had to make sure. "Okay, then if you're who you say you are, then where were we in some of my fantasies?" He'd never get the answer right.

He bent his knees, his head lowered, his mouth sought her clothed nipples and gently he bit at them through the fabric of her shirt. Tingles shot all the way down to her core and she failed to step away. The word "no," stuck in her throat.

Saige had some doubt that he was the fantasy man until he answered.

His mouth lifted from her blouse. "I pulled you into a dark room of the college. I tasted your breasts, which I want to do now. Before that you teased me when we were in the shower and in

your bedroom."

Her breath caught. Shocked momentarily, she blinked then her eyes closed. He knew! He *was* the fantasy man!

"I'm safe. Don't worry. Saige, I've materialized this weekend just to be your escort and to fuck you hot and good. It's not like you don't know me."

"But you're-"

His mouth smothered her protest with a deep, probing kiss. She responded, really responded. And suddenly the world as she knew it shut down just so she could have him.

"Excuse me. I need to do this."

He left her, crossed to the door and locked it with a clunk. His hard-on tented the towel at his loins. He went back to her and began unbuttoning her blouse. He pulled it from under the waistband of her jeans. Soon he undid those, all the while kissing her. He took her jeans down to the floor. She stepped out of them. Then her silky lace beige underwear slid down her smooth legs. He rose and stood straight, facing her. Reaching around, he unfastened her bra, freeing her ample breasts. When she stood before him without clothes, he stepped back and took her in seductively; his eyes showed his approval as he pulled the white towel off his turgid cock.

Her mouth dropped open "God."

At the worst possible moment, the phone rang. She gasped. "I'd better get it."

She slipped out of his hands and crossed the room to pick up the phone. "Is this Saige Hamilton?" a woman's voice asked.

"Yes it is," said Saige as she lay forward over the bedspread.

"This is Mary Martin Gray. Remember me?"

She could not hang up or tell Mary to call later. "Hi Mary."

Saige felt the mattress depress, under her naked body, realizing Chance was situating himself next to her. Both of them now were lying crosswise on the bed. He faced her and began drawing long strands of dark hair behind her ear as though he adored her. He began nibbling on her upper arm as she spoke to the Secretary of her senior class.

Saige's upper lip quivered. "My goodness, it's been so long." She turned her back to Chance so she could talk, trying to cool down and stay levelheaded for the hopefully short phone call.

"I called and gave the operator your name. They put me right through. I wanted to call before you went to bed. Tomorrow night's the night."

She felt his cock pressing into her buttocks as he ran his tongue along her shoulder.

"It is. I've been waiting for a long time for it."

"Me too. Can't wait for you to meet my husband, Saige."

"I'll introduce you to my friend," said Saige not exactly sure if "friend" was the correct term to use when describing Chance. Saige felt his warm hand moving up the side of her smooth leg.

"Remember your old boyfriend at good ol' CHS?"

"Oh?"

"Brad, I'm talking about."

"Yes I do."

"I was so shocked to hear this."

"Hear what, Mary?"

"He has been in prison like for five years now, for murder."

"Oh no. You mean Brad?" she asked. The shock of discovery hit her full force. Surely she was mistaken.

"I do mean Brad, yes."

"He wasn't the type. Oh no!"

"It has happened. It was one of the first pieces of gossip I learned about our classmates. Anyway, can you believe it? Brad is now a convict?"

The news took Saige aback, but she didn't mention it again.

Mary and Saige talked for several minutes about mundane matters, and all the while Chance kissed her all over her backside. He ran his tongue up her spine and she found it difficult to concentrate on what Mary was saying.

In fact, at one point Mary asked, "Did you hear what I said?"

"Oh, I'm sorry Mary. I've been traveling all day and I'm getting rather sleepy. Maybe we can continue this conversation tomorrow?"

"Okay then. I'll see you tomorrow and you take care."

"When they said their final goodbyes, Saige turned to him on the bed, slipped her arms around his neck and draped her leg over his, her senses erotically charged by the earthy male presence in her bed.

Her voice throaty, she said a deep-toned, "So fuck me then, fantasy man."

Chapter Four

Saige put her head against his hard chest, feeling herself flush. "I want you to know that I'm not easy."

He touched a finger to her chin and raised her head. "I never thought you were. Besides that, I *am* real. You keep insinuating that I'm not. If I'm here now, then I *am* real." His continuing kisses tickled her neck.

"I know you are."

They were hot and aroused, pressing against each other and exchanging deep-throated kisses. His tongue trailed down the valley between her breasts on a southern mission. There was no turning back. Successfully, Chance aroused in Saige a desperation that she'd never before experienced. Her nipples hardened and her pussy clenched. A disturbing, tight, *sexual* pull curled low in her belly. Her body begged for what Chance had to offer. She lay on her back, comfortable in the softness and inched her legs apart, allowing him access to her pussy, anticipating the moment his taut lips would feed on her needy clitoris. Would he tongue fuck her too? She wanted it, no, she needed it so badly.

But he took his time, evidently because he knew he had her right where he wanted her now.

The lips of her labia were parted, waiting, his spread hands cupping her hips while he drew wet circles around her belly button with his naughty tongue. *Please come down further*. He brought his hands up her curves stopped on her breasts and pinched her nipples hard, causing her to gasp.

But Chance didn't move down to her pussy, as she wanted. Instead, he moved up her body, laying on top of her, kissing her while she ran her fingers through his long dark hair.

"You're teasing me."

By the dim light that came in from the dressing area, she noticed that his eyes glistened with deviltry. "Turn about's fair play."

"You won't make me come?"

"Let me think this over. Better yet, convince me."

His mischievousness made her laugh.

"Do you have other women that you pop in on...on their fantasies that is?"

It didn't take him long to answer. "You're the only one."

"That's good. So for that I'll do this..."

"Do what?"

"Patience, Chance. My goodness, show patience."

She loved the feel of his bracing skin moving over and touching hers. Saige ran her hand over Chance's muscle-laden, sculpted abdomen, along the head of his long, thick, hard and quivering cock, then moved down his body, craving its taste.

"Want me to suck it?"

"Yes. God yes," he growled.

For a while she stroked him, then put her mouth over its end. She licked the drop of come that pearled on the slit. He drew his head back.

"Aah!"

His dick seemed to grow bigger, if that was possible, and it stood taller than ever before. He grasped a hand full of her hair and pushed his loins forward, so that his cock slid into her accommodating mouth. After sucking it for a moment or two, knowing how aroused she had gotten him, she backed off it, then ran her pointed wet tongue along and over the head. Saige licked it from the base up, feeling it throb as she moved up the shaft. For several long moments she sucked and raked her teeth along the length. Over and over, overwhelming him, causing him to moan in sweet agony. She blew on its moist end and it pulsed in response.

Her cunt needed what Chance was sure to give.

His whole body tightened; his breathing deepened and rasped from his lips. "You don't know what you do to me, woman. I need you to stop. I don't want to come yet."

Chance pulled her up his body by the arms. With great passion he drew her under him, lowered his weight onto her flesh and kissed her waiting mouth; her breasts compressed between them and into his hard chest. His saliva-wetted, cock pressed into her stomach.

It amazed Saige that his reaction in turn tormented her need. Moisture heated between her legs. Hard, Chance pulled one swollen peak of her tightening nipples between his lips; his

hunger seemed so raw and explosive now. She moaned as he slipped his fingers into her pussy.

"It's your turn."

"For what?" she asked nearly out of her mind, writhing, lifting her buttocks from the bedspread.

"For this."

He moved on the bed until he stood on his knees between her legs. Chance parted the lips of her pussy with two fingers. He lowered his head between her upper thighs until his mouth found the hub of her female core.

"Oh my God!" She cried his name aloud when lightly he drew his tongue over her granite-hard clitoris. Her walls contracted. Stinging tears welled and spilled down her cheeks, his touch felt so good.

Saige's breathing quickened and her heart thumped. This time she would definitely be satisfied.

He slipped his hands under her, cupped her derrière and drew her cunt to his swollen cock. Growling like a ravenous animal, Chance touched the cap to her clitoris, teasing her.

She was about to yell at him to go ahead push it in, when the head separated her folds; he inched inside her. Much to her relief he sunk his glorious dick, still wet with her saliva, into her clenching pussy. Chance filled her to capacity. He cried out his delight and moved slowly at first. Then he was deeply plunging thrusts into her, so vigorously that Saige's back rubbed up and down the soft bedspread. The bed rapped the wall. Her breath left her lungs in pants and their bodies glossed with perspiration. Their fuck wouldn't last long, for their mutual orgasm was in the works. She likened their climax to the sun coming up in the morning; it would occur. With excruciating pleasure she groaned; all sane thoughts left her mind. God how she loved his awesome ways in bed! He drove her crazy with pleasure. Saige reached around and clutched at his lower back, pressing in her fingers.

"Don't stop!" she cried. "Not now, don't."

He laughed and said under his breath, "What gave you that impression?"

Chance delivered one final thrust that took them to that awesome, rapturous moment. Saige felt the surge of his juices inside her cunt.

Her whole body shuddered and rocked with pleasure again and again in rippling, wondrous waves. It continued until her body relaxed against his and she felt spent and satisfied.

Ecstasy tore through him, it seemed. Chance absently laughed as he rode the plateau, then lowered himself down gently until he lay to one side of her. One arm lay loosely over her waist.

"You're beautiful," he breathed.

Lovingly he raised a hand to her temple and trailed his index finger down her cheek. He gave her a quick kiss and fit his head in the curve of her neck.

"And you're amazing," she told him. "You are a fantasy that has come to life ten times."

"There's more to come."

"Mm. You're so good at it. Yes, give it to me."

As he drifted to sleep, her mind wandered back to Brad as she stared up at the dark ceiling, her high school sweetheart. It saddened her to find out that he had committed murder, had been sent to prison, and then escaped. What a waste of human life. The heat kicked on in the wee hours of the morning. She sighed and went to the bathroom and soon padded back and climbed into bed beside Chance. If she remembered correctly, he had always been a Houdini of sorts, getting in and out of trouble. Some people liked him and some did not.

She guessed she could forget about trying to impress Brad using Chase. The reunion was not turning out as she had planned. Besides, she did not have to pretend. Chance really was her fantasy lover turned real. Would he disappear after the reunion and go back into obscurity?

* * *

The next day, in a whirlwind of activity, they showered, dressed and went to lunch with two other couples who met and liked Chance. He held his own in conversation with them captivating them with his charm. After a walk and a drive around town they returned to the room, dressed for the evening and went to the reunion supper with classmates and their husbands. She drove back to the hotel after she had bid everyone goodbye for another ten years. She had enjoyed herself and was proud of Chance, who also seemed to have a good time.

"You're not leaving after tonight, are you?"

"After tonight I'll leave."

"Oh no." Her breath caught; she feared the worst.

"But keep in mind that since you've developed your ability to conjure me up, you'll be able to call me whenever you need me."

"I don't understand this power I have. Where did it come from?"

"This is all I know about it." Chance paused thoughtfully. "Way back when, your relatives obviously were wizards and wizardesses. I would say you inherited a trait, call it magic, that needs to be used. It'd be something like exercising a muscle to make stronger. So using your magic, you can call me back."

Her heavy heart lightened. "That's good."

"I'll not be farther than the next conjuration away."