



FANTASY AFFAIR

By

Ciara Luvstar

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Ciara Luvstar.

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Zoey Brenton drove the last few miles to the secluded cabin she'd rented for a month with a wish in her heart. She craved passion and a man who wasn't too busy to give it to her like she wanted. Her body needed fiery touches sizzling with a heat that could only be extinguished by sun-bronzed hands and a body to match. A man oozing with sex appeal and who wasn't afraid to take his time and really cared about her needs above his own. Just once, she'd like to meet a man like that and find out what pleasure her body derived from it. She wanted feeling, passion, and desire that would sweep her off her feet. She wanted to touch the stars!

She turned up the gravel road leading to the cabin and couldn't help but absorb the atmosphere of the place. It was beautiful here. The trees were huge, climbing upwards towards the sky as if they were trying to reach the warmth of the sun above. Their large, dark green leaves danced upon the wind and shadows played upon the hood of her car as she drove. The beauty surrounding her was a balm for her disquieted spirit.

Her breath caught in her throat as the cabin came into view. It sat nestled among the gigantic trees, reminding her of butterscotch. It was so beautiful it almost took her breath away. She drove up to the front deck, put the car in park, and switched off the ignition. She was here and she was going to enjoy herself. If she wanted to run around naked, which she planned on doing, she could. It was one of the reasons she'd chosen this location. She wanted privacy. She wanted to dream and she wanted to feel free.

Once Zoey had everything unpacked and put away, she flopped down on the southwestern design sofa and leaned back to gaze about the room. It was gorgeous. Indian lure books lay on the end tables, the lamps sported shades with dream catchers on them, and the walls were decorated with Native American art. Above the stone fireplace was a painting of an Indian Chief. She stared at it in awe. He looked so powerful. His sun-bronzed skin smooth, his countenance striking. His powerful arms were folded across his chest. His dark eyes seemed to stare straight into hers, and she felt herself grow hot at the thought of him touching her.

Feeling naughty and completely free, she rose from the sofa and undressed slowly, her eyes never leaving the Chief's face. She shimmied out of her white shorts and undies and stood proudly before the picture. "Do you like what you see?" She grinned saucily, pulling her tank top off to reveal her breasts. She ran her hands lightly over them, feeling her nipples peak, then skimmed her hands slowly down her stomach to touch herself. She leaned her head back and groaned. "Why can't you be real? Why can't you be right here touching me as I desire?"

She spread her legs, closed her eyes, and touched her clit. She jerked with the spasm of desire that swamped her senses as she teased her clit into a hard nub aching for release. When strong arms suddenly wrapped around her, she cried out in fear, but when she opened her eyes he was there.

“Do not be afraid. I have been waiting for you for centuries. You are the one my heart desires and I will have you.”

Zoey glanced at the picture above the fireplace to find just an outline of the Chief who had been there moments before. She moaned as he lifted her in his arms and carried her to the bedroom. When he laid her on the bed, her gaze swept over his powerful body. His cock was swollen and she eagerly reached out, wrapping her hand around it. It felt like silken, hot steel to her touch and throbbed at her caress as he climbed on the bed, straddling her. “So hot,” she whimpered with need. Fast this time. Fast and furious!”

“No, wanton one. I will take you slow.”

Zoey’s eyes closed as his lips covered hers in a kiss so full of promise that she gasped at the emotion buffeting her. When his tongue slipped inside her mouth to tangle with hers, mimicking the act of lovemaking, she pressed upwards and felt his cock hard and ready. She slid her hand down between them and grasped him again. Running her fingertip over the tip, she felt him dripping with need.

When his mouth pulled away from hers, she grasped his shoulders and held on. “Take me! Don’t make me wait!”

“It has been long for you as it has been for me.” He laved her nipple with his tongue as he slipped his hand down to touch her clit, and then slip his finger inside her. She was wet, hot, and begging to be loved.

Zoey gasped as he rose up and gazed into her eyes. Never had she seen such raw need in a man’s eyes as she did this man. Real or not, he was here. She didn’t

question how. She just knew she needed him. As his cock teased her, she opened to him and he slammed inside her. She screamed in ecstasy as he began a slow, teasing kind of loving. She rose to move her hips sensuously against him, wanting and needing to give as good as she got.

When he raised her legs over his shoulders, she dug her nails into his shoulders as he rode her harder and harder until she was panting and whimpering. Ecstasy was just a breath away as stars danced behind her closed lids. "Now," she cried as he threw back his head and slammed into her repeatedly filling her completely. When the first waves of release swept her, she screamed and heard his cry intermingle with her own.

Zoey lay still for a long time afterwards, her breathing returning to normal. When she opened her eyes the Indian Chief was gone. She jumped from the bed, ran into the living room and looked at the painting above the mantle. "Why did you go back? Did I dream all this?" she asked, moving to reach up and touch the man's lips. They were hot to the touch and she saw the marks on his shoulders where blood seeped from the marks she'd made on them. "You were here, weren't you? I didn't dream it, did I? Will you be back?"

When the Chief's lips turned upwards in a smile. Zoey heard the rain falling outside. Thunder boomed and lighting flashed. "Have you ever made love in a storm under a night's sky?"

Zoey ran for the door and out into the yard, into the darkened night. The grass was wet and soft beneath her feet. The thunder rumbled it's powerful voice, and when lightning flashed, her Chief stood before her in all his naked glory. She ran into his

arms and felt them enclose her in a hugging embrace. They slipped to the earth to roll amongst the blades of grass.

Zoey laughed and had never felt so free. She loved the baritone rumble of her Chief's laughter as he pulled her atop him.

"Ride me. I am your stallion."

Zoey rose to rest on her knees and slipped onto his hard cock. She threw back her head and took all of him. She felt him to the very core of her, as she moved sensuously against him. When he grasped her by the waist, he raised her up to slam down on him time and time again until she screamed and felt him throbbing inside here. She rode him fast and furious. Throwing her head back, the spasms of desire swamped her in liquid heat as release came. Thunder rumbled and lighting flashed as she felt herself fall onto the grass. She knew he was gone yet again, but as the rain fell against her heated skin, she knew this was her desire, her fantasy to fulfill.

THE END