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Ciara
Luvstar

Forbidden Family
By
Ciara Luvstar

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Ciara Luvstar.

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Danzi Drake braked at the top of the hill leading down to her home. It was steep with three sharp curves, and ever since her father had taught her to drive, she'd played this game of chicken. Actually her father had been the one who had taught her the game. He'd told her that whenever he needed a thrill to keep his sanity, this little adrenaline game always provided the much-needed thrill.

She popped a CD of her favorite rock star into the CD player, pressed the automatic window button to put down all the windows, and adjusted her seat belt. Her father always insisted she do that even though he didn't. She laughed at the craziness of the thrill ahead. Her father, Duke Arlington Drake, Psychiatrist, was as crazy as they came.

With a shake of her head, she leaned forward and stared at the sky. It was a serene sunny day with white puffy clouds scudding across the azure blue expanse. The trees surrounding the road were laden with dark green leaves and swaying in the wind like dancers waltzing. It was the perfect day to get hyped.

Danzi inhaled a deep breath, slipped her foot off the brake, and slammed down on the accelerator. With a squeal of rubber and smoke billowing from the tires, the car shot forward, the landscape whizzing by. Heart-racing excitement assaulted her in its clutches. She gripped the steering wheel as the first turn loomed ahead and steered close to the outer edge. The tires skidded and with practiced skill she controlled the car through it, around the second bend, and out of the last one, coming to a squealing halt at her driveway where her brother stood with his arms crossed.

"You know, Sis, one of these days you're not going to make it. You're going to be a mangled mess of bone, flesh, and blood. It's going to be a gory site."

"Hop in, Bro and I'll drive you up to the house," she said, as he came around and got in beside her.

“Turn that damn music down,” he shouted. “That’s how I knew you were going for your thrill ride.”

Danzi reached over and turned the CD player off, and drove up the drive. “Rod, I don’t know why you aren’t more of a macho male. You’re a wimp.”

“No, Sis, I’m just not crazy.”

“I’m not either. I just like thrills. Driving down that hill at breakneck speed is a thrill I crave, the same as I crave sex.”

“Yeah, and you’re insane just like dad.”

“Better crazy and having fun than being like mom always holed up in my room and never leaving it except when I have to.”

“I understand why mom is the way she is. Being married to our father has to be quite taxing on her body, mind, and spirit. They really don’t suit each other.”

“True,” Danzi said. She pulled up in front of the house, putting the car in park, and switched off the engine. “You know that dad has several mistresses to put it nicely.”

“Yeah, and mom has the gardener. I saw them making out last night in the pool house, naked and going at it pretty heavily. You think dad knows?”

“I don’t think he cares as long as he keeps up appearances for his colleagues and clients.”

“True. I don’t know about you, but I’m going to go get something to eat. What about you?”

Danzi laughed. “I’m ravenous, but not for food. I’m going to the stables.”

“Brett’s in the barn and I’m sure he’s ready.”

She laughed and jumped out of the car. She ran across the yard, skirted a small lake, and came to the barn and corrals where they kept their Palominos. Stepping inside the barn, she saw Brett lying naked on a mound of hay in one of the stalls.

“I thought you’d never get here.”

“My brother needed to talk.”

“I need you. Now.”

Danzi pulled off her hot pink halter-top, shimmied out of her white shorts, and kicked off her sandals. The pungent smell of horse manure and urine, fresh hay, and leather assaulted her nostrils. She stepped over to stand at Brett's feet, her breath lodging in her throat as he stroked himself so slowly. She felt herself grow wet with desire. "You better not spill that before I get to it."

"Honey, you know I can last a long time. Why don't you come play with me?"

"I'd like nothing better," she said, slipping down to her knees and straddling him. He removed his hand and his cock leaned against her stomach in throbbing need. She wrapped her hand around him and stroked him slow. "You like that, Brett?"

"Yeah," he growled, raising his hips with each stroke."

"Want me to ride you?"

"I'm your stallion, Babe."

"Marrying you was the best thing I ever did."

"Just get busy, honey."

Danzi rose and impaled herself on his hot, rigid cock. He filled her so completely she threw her head back and cried out with need. When he raised his knees, she braced her hands on them and moved sensuously against him in little circles of temptation before he grabbed her around the waist and rolled her over. She dug her nails into his back, heard his deep cry of pain and want, and felt him slam into her.

"Tell me you desire me more than that ride you just took up there on the hill! Tell me!"

"No," she cried. "I need both!"

"No you don't! Tell me, Danzi that you need me more than that thrill ride! If you don't, I'm going to walk away from you and leave you hot and wanting! I'm going to leave you and this forbidden family behind once and for all!"

Danzi clutched Brett's shoulders harder and dug her nails into his heated skin, feeling the wetness of blood she drew. Her mind played havoc with her emotions of want, need, and desire for the two most needed thrills in her life. She couldn't give up either of them. She needed and wanted Brett more than her own life, but her life might

just be snuffed out one day during her thrill rides. One was just as addicting as the other. She felt like she stood on a precipice ready to plunge into the bowels of hell if she were to give up either one. "Fuck me, Brett!"

"Is that your choice Danzi? Am I your only thrill ride?"

Danzi held her breath, trying to raise her hips for the escape she craved, but Brett held her still. His cock throbbed inside her, his chest rose and fell as he breathed, and the look in his black eyes reminded her of the devil himself. She was about to deny her need and run to her car for another thrill ride when the screaming sound of metal and a huge crash reverberated through the air. She held her breath and heard the explosion. She gazed into Brett's eyes. "That could have been me!"

"Yes damn it! Now am I your only thrill? I want you to stop racing down that damn mountain! I don't want to know that you're going over that hill and then hear the crash of metal and an explosion that wipes you off the face of this earth in just a heartbeat. I love you, I want you, and I can't get enough of you! I don't want you to die! You are my life, Danzi, and I want children with you! A real family."

Danzi nodded while tears slipped down her cheeks unbidden. Brett slammed into her repeatedly until she cried out in release. When he collapsed on top of her she hugged him hard. "Dad just made his last thrill ride, and so have I."

The End