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~ Autumn 1764 ~

ammit, Molly, you're always spoiling the pretty lords," growled the huge highwayman from amongst the night dark trees. He was practically invisible on his massive black horse. A second black charger tugged on the reins knotted to his saddle. The six powerful coach horses chomped at their bits and stamped in impatience as they stood sweating and blowing from the failed escape attempt.

"Christ's cock, girl, " he continued to snarl. His pistol was primed and pointed at the coachman as Molly dealt with the passenger of the imposing conveyance.

"Is there something you wanted to say?" Molly asked. She smiled, showing her perfect white teeth. With one hand, she swept her feathered cavalier's hat from her head. Her red-gold curls tumbled across her

shoulders and down her back in wild disarray.

The young man they referred to replied with a muffled "Mmfftt!"

"Well, I do suppose it is rather difficult to say anything in your position." He was face first in her ample bosom. Molly's arm was locked around the back of his neck with her gloved hand knotted in his long, neatly bowed queue to keep him in place. The silky tail of his over-long golden mane looked so pretty against the black leather of her riding gauntlets. She had tied his wrists together behind him, so he really had no way of coming up for air.

"So, now will you surrender your valuables, or do I need to get rough?" She pulled back on the fine silk of his tail, lifting his face from the deep valley of her bosom.

"That was unfair," he wheezed as he gasped noisily for breath. The moon silvered the fine perfection of his face, the cupid's bow of his delicious lips.

Molly pouted prettily "Well, I did say stand and deliver, milord." She tightened the grip on his hair then bent lower until her full lips were almost brushing his cheek. "Oh, come on, give it up so I can be nice to you," she purred. "I can be very, very nice," she breathed, then brushed her lips against the fine shell of his ear.

"Well, all right," he said softly, then moaned as she rewarded him with an exciting touch of her tongue on his ear. Molly stood up abruptly and the handsome young lord winced as she pulled him up from his knees by his hair. "Hey!" he protested.

"All right, now tell my rather burly assistant where you've got the jewels stashed in your rather impressive coach."

"You mean your vastly large and abundantly well-armed assistant highwayman?"

"Mind your manners, milord." She tugged his hair in annoyance, and he yelped.

"I thought you were going to be nice!" he winced, his aqua eyes flashing in annoyance. He bit his lip as she tugged again.

"We'll get to that presently. Where are the goods?" She pushed him up against the coach, which rocked from the impact. She pressed her cool length against his, breast to breast, broad chest to incredible bosom.

"Be reasonable. Just who is getting robbed here, anyway?" He was once again surprised by her height. She was staring at him eye to eye. Her legs were so, well, long in her boots up to the thigh and tight man's breeches. Her doeskin-clad hips writhed against the silk of his breeches, and he felt himself leap to sudden and profound attention. He choked as his thoughts traveled straight down to the warm vee in her parted thighs that was cradling the heat of his erection.

"The jewels are in a compartment under the driver's seat," he said breathlessly.

"That's my good boy," she purred, then brushed his lips with hers.

He leaned to kiss her more fully, and was surprised when she met him halfway. Her red lips parted, and her tongue swept in to parry with his. She tasted so fresh, so sweet, like a cool glass of spring water. He moaned and shook as lust took over his body.

"Mmm." She sighed, breaking their kiss.

"Can we untie my hands now, I'd like to..." he stopped as he gazed down at the expanse of exposed bosom so tantalizingly close. He desperately wanted to hold those abundant creamy globes in his hands, then peel them from her half-undone waistcoat and draw her nipples into his mouth.

"I have a better idea," Molly whispered.

"What?" He felt her palms against the silk of his breeches, then busy fingers on his trouser buttons. His mind churned to a sudden halt, and leapt in panic. "Right here? In front of your, um, assistant and my coachman?" It was getting very difficult to think. All he could concentrate on was the feel of her gloved fingers inside his breeches, then along the contours of his rigid flesh.

"And your two footmen as well," she chuckled. "Mustn't forget them. Don't worry, I've got a floorlength greatcoat on, they won't see a damned thing."

He watched in fascination as she caught the fingertip of one glove in her white teeth and pulled, peeling the leather from her hand. They both sighed as she slid her bare hand into his pants and along his heavy erection. She snuggled up tight against him. He tried to make room for her by getting his hands over her head, but she wouldn't let him drop his hands around her. He ended up holding them high. They struggled for position a bit more, but he so very wanted to touch her, and his hands and elbows kept getting in the way. If he hadn't been so fucking hard, he would have laughed at the situation.

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She grunted in frustration. "It seems that you're right, doing you up against the coach could get problematical, seeing as your hands are tied," she conceded.

"You could untie me," he whispered invitingly as he nuzzled her perfumed neck under that incredible mane of red waves. He rocked his hips and his cock against her palm.

"That would take the fun out of it," she giggled and pulled away.

She gripped the lapels of his frock coat and he gasped. "What?" He was tugged forward, then pushed back.

"Into the coach, my fair lord, I'm gonna fuck you on your seat-cushions," she growled.

He sputtered in alarm as he was shoved onto the leather bench of his own coach. Aggressively, she tugged his cravat from his neck. Her lips found the column of his throat, and shivers raced up his spine as her tongue made magic on his skin. Diligent fingers undid his breeches the rest of the way, releasing his aching flesh from its painful captivity. It rose firm and unrepentant against his flat belly.

"Now that is a lovely sight," Molly purred, her eyes locked to his erection. She licked her lips and pulled away, dropping her greatcoat on the opposite bench. She opened her waistcoat the rest of the way and parted her shirt.

His mouth dried in appreciation. "That is a magnificent pair," he choked. The uncertain light of the candle lamps in the coach gilded her skin warmly. Her nipples were a soft rose and pronounced, rising

from generous areolas.

"Why, thank you," Molly said softly, then skinned out of her leather breeches.

His eyes slid down the muscular length of her long legs, then back up to the soft red nest of curls at the joining of her thighs. He licked his lips in anticipation. She grinned cheekily, then straddled his thighs with her knees up on the seat. She sat up and brought her delicious breasts to his lips.

He dove, rubbing his cheeks and lips against the silken softness of her voluptuous breasts. He delighted in her resulting moans. He bared his tongue, tasting, sucking, licking, nipping and partaking of her flesh as though she were a dessert he would never be permitted again. She whimpered and pulled suddenly away, her engorged nipple slipping from his lips with an audible wet smack.

"What? Oh!" He sputtered as her mouth descended onto his. She slanted her lips over his for a better fit, then swept in with her pointed tongue, showing no mercy. She wriggled over him as she positioned herself. He worked his hands, but the knots were too tight around his wrists.

He jerked as he felt a cool hand between their bodies, then on his hot erection. She captured his length and tugged it, stroking its firmness. He felt the swollen head of his cock being rubbed against wet heat. His buttocks clenched as his body felt the entrance to moist haven. She dropped and engulfed him in her snug wet sheath. Their moans filled the coach as she sank to his balls.

"Umm, that is a very nice fit, milord," she sighed

them pressed forward, her nipples raking across the silk of his shirt.

"Since we are now on more—" He swallowed. "— more intimate terms, you can call me Beau." He grunted, then moaned as she rocked forward onto his cock. She was so wet that he could feel the trickle of liquid down his balls.

"Mmm, I like Beau. Thank you, Beau." She rocked back, then forward to please herself and him in the process. "You'll forgive me if I hurry," she panted.

"I'll forgive you anything," he groaned as he strained up into her moist depths. "Just tell me your name."

"Call me Molly," she said, hissing as her body clenched around him with rising pleasure. She rocked atop him, gripping his shoulders, her thighs holding him captive. She thrust hard down on him, fucking herself on his rampant cock.

"God, Molly," he grunted as his crisis became painful, "fuck, fuck, fuck," he chanted, trying to hold on and wait for her. She was very close, he could feel by the way her body was trembling around his cock. She stilled. She threw her head back and began pumping up and down on him, her cunt squeezing him so tightly he was convinced she was going to milk him dry.

"Beau!" she moaned, her mouth open as she violently came.

He shouted as ecstasy suddenly ripped through him.

Molly abruptly dismounted, and ropes of his cum spurted forth to spatter across her.

Beau fell back against the padded seats of the coach in exhaustion, delighted with his release and the luscious view of Molly's bountiful breasts decorated with his cum. Pearls of creamy liquid hung on the tips of her nipples and across her throat.

"Remind me to give you pearls in honor of this occasion," he said softly. She actually blushed, then picked up his cravat and wiped at his cream, smearing it across her flesh.

Molly smiled. "I'm afraid you'll have to catch me first."

"Oh, I will. Beau sighed and smiled. "Give me time." He leaned forward on the seat. "You are just too magnificent to forget." His smile broadened. "Sooner or later I will find you, and then it will be my turn to tie you up."

Molly froze momentarily at the sight of his confident smile and hurried into her doeskin breeches.

A shout came from without. Molly grabbed her coat, then dove out of the coach, her shirt open and breasts still bare. They gleamed wetly in the starlight. She disappeared into the shadowed, rustling woods surrounding the road. Fading hoof-beats filled the night.

Beau bent down and angling carefully, pulled a throwing dagger from his boot. In seconds he was free. Quickly and efficiently, he put himself away and tidied as much as he could with his handkerchief. His cravat, sticky with his own spending, was quite beyond help. He sat back to wait.

Long minutes later, a full troop of uniformed and

horsemen wearing his personal household livery appeared. They came galloping down the road to intercept the waiting coach. The troop's Captain reined in his gray gelding, then bent over his saddle to peek into the coach window from the back of his sweating horse.

"Well, Lord Rushford, what do you think of our Highwayman problem?" asked the Captain.

"I have met the enemy, and I am determined to catch her." Beau's aqua eyes gleamed with the challenge as he stepped out of his coach. "I can also see why she's been given the name Molly Coddle." He straightened the lace at his cuffs. "For a hardened thief, her form of persuasion is rather gentle," he said with sarcasm. "And vastly unique to say the least."

The Captain frowned. "Her persuasion is gentle?"

The mounted troops behind the Captain looked at each other in confusion.

"This is the first thief I've ever run across that doesn't use knives to pry out information." Beau tugged at his cuffs and blushed.

"I, uh, see. So, do you think you can catch her?" queried the Captain.

Beau looked up. "I was Spy-Master in Paris during our last war on the continent. I excelled at finding and apprehending enemy spies for years. Now that I'm home from the war, I should be able to catch one little thief," he scoffed.

The troop captain saluted Lord Rushford without a word. He straightened in the saddle and motioned his garrison down the road. In a well-ordered mass, the mounted troops paired up, then cantered down the

dark road, leaving the coach alone on the rutted highway.

Beau turned and stepped back into the coach. He settled in his seat as his coachman whistled the horses forward into a trot. The coach picked up speed as they cantered homeward.

"Oh, yes, I'll catch you, my Mistress Molly Coddle." Beau chuckled. "And then it will be my turn." The perfume from their sexual frenzy scented the coach's interior. "Pearls," he whispered softly to the night. "Long, thick ropes of creamy white pearls."

About the Author

or me, writing is more than a passion, it's an obsession. The stories crowd into my head. I write them down so I can get some peace. According to my mother, I was writing stories before I began Kindergarten with any pencil, pen or crayon that I could get my grubby little hands on. Any piece of paper with enough blank space became a place to draw my little pictures telling stories about mermaids with long beautiful tails, witches who could fly and wild horses.

To this day my mother likes to gleefully recite to all her friends the tale of how I cried over losing a particularly good mermaid picture that I had drawn on the back of the phone bill. She still insists that the lady who took the bill thought it was wonderful, too—but no, she couldn't bring it back. The copier had yet to be invented at that time.

I published my first story in a magazine during my sophomore year in high school; a nice little horror story about a ghost dog and revenge against his murderer. Very lurid and very gory.

I am a voracious reader of Romance, Science-Fiction, Fantasy, Horror and Erotica, so naturally my

stories follow along the lines of what I want to read.

Where do I get my ideas from? Rampant curiosity. I play the game of 'What If?' with everything I encounter. Everything I do and everything I see, triggers a story to be told:

What if the waitress being hit-on by a pushy guy is really a succubus? 'Night Waitress'

What if Satan uses all those souls he collects for Demonic assignments? 'Demoness'

What if you were seduced and discovered that you caught a rare STD: Lycanthropy? 'Snow Moon'

I have lived in seven states and spent two years in England. I have been an auto mechanic, a security guard, a waitress, a groom in a horse-stable, in the military, a magazine editor, a bellydancer and a stripper.

These days I work as a copywriter / editor for an adult entertainment Internet company, so I guess you could say that I write for a living. I write promotional material for my company and my non-fiction articles are published in Klixxx Magazine and AVN Online magazine. Last year I became associate editor for a regional adult entertainment magazine 'V2'. A very interesting experience. I learned a lot about 'writing to order'.

Why do I write? I write to keep my sanity.