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E. D.  
Conejo

Sword in the Sky

Swords



A SWORD IN THE SKY  
TAROT: THE KNIGHT OF  
SWORDS

BY

C. D. CONEJO

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A Sword in the Sky – Tarot: Knight of Swords

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*To everyone in the fantasy mile-high club...*

## THE KNIGHT OF SWORDS

**W**hen the Knight of Swords turns up, words will fly! This young man is too smart for his own good. He can be callow, obnoxious, and a troublemaker, but under it all, he can be a charmer, too. He loves his words and knows how to use them. He can cut you to shreds with a sentence, send you into heavenly bliss with a poem. But don't lie to him. If words are his sword, the truth is his shield, and he will fight to the death for the truth.

Aurora never thought that a flight home to see her family for the holidays, chased by a blizzard, would lead to true love. But she draws the Knight of Swords as her seatmate, and as the plane tosses in the turbulent skies, they learn the power of words, and the joy of love.

## A SWORD IN THE SKY

Aurora knotted her thick black hair into a bun at her neck, and took off her glasses. She rubbed her dark eyes and put the spectacles back on. She looked at her watch. It was five, and the plane was supposed to leave at two. Three hours late, and counting. She wandered around the Denver airport, afraid to leave the terminal area, in case they called to board. It would clearly be the last flight out of Denver to San Francisco. The weather was just getting worse, and the next step would be a shutdown.

She stretched, reaching high overhead. Her thick, grey and blue striped sweater rose up, showing a trim waist, and a little jeweled ring in her navel. Her breasts rose with the sweater, firm and tender.

Aurora snapped open her laptop, and clicked herself on line. She loved the fact that with a simple payment she could go online in any airport in the country, and on a day like today, it was a godsend. After all, there was nothing else to do, waiting around forever for a flight that might get cancelled.

She thought of her home in California, where it never snowed. She couldn't wait. She checked the weather map, again. The blizzard was out of the North, and was coming down through Wyoming, into

Colorado. From the looks of the Doppler, if they didn't get out within the hour, they would be stuck. But their connecting plane was coming from Minnesota, and the weather up there was at least as bad, and the delay could just about sink them.

Sighing, she clicked into the Tarot site. She drew a basic Celtic cross, and asked her usual question. "Will I find true love?" She watched as the cards popped into place, resigned to her usual answer. *Maybe, someday.*

Her eyebrows went up, black and curving against her olive skin, when a new card appeared. She searched for its meaning, its strange positioning. She looked at the spread, shaking her head. The Knight of Swords. What on earth?

She read the whole picture, careful not to obsess on one card. She would find true love, but the road would be full of conflict. She would travel by air —duh, she thought! True love would find her, but she would need to let go of false pride, and she would have to allow herself to be exposed and open to her lover.

She felt herself grow warm at this. She certainly had her secrets to keep, and she intended to keep them. And based on her last few experiences with men, she certainly never intended to be fully exposed again. Her heat made her uncomfortable, and she pulled at the neck of the sweater. She knew her cheeks were glowing, and her lips plumping. That was what always happened when she was embarrassed. Or aroused. And with this simple card spread, she was both.

She shut the computer down sharply, and looked up. Her coffee-brown eyes met sea green ones, narrow and sparkling, under a thatch of straw colored hair and fair

skin, and a smiling mouth below. He winked. She felt her blood surge through her, and she looked away. Mercifully, the loudspeaker finally blared. “Flight four-sixty-five to San Francisco, now boarding through gate B fourteen.” She stood, packed up her laptop, and pulling her now frazzled boarding pass out of her pack, she joined the line to board.

\* \* \* \*

Aurora moved into the window seat after throwing her pack and her heavy coat into the overhead bin. The computer, and her little bag of immediate necessities, like chocolate and tissues, went under the seat in front of her. She shoved the little pillow behind her back, unrolled the blanket and tucked the ends under her chin, and lifted the shade of the window all the way up.

Flurries continued to swirl outside, but the sky over the mountains was practically black with storm clouds. The peaks were invisible, and the plane shuddered, even on solid ground, with the gusts of wind. It would be a rocky ride over the Rockies, as they always joked. Luckily they no longer served food on these flights, or it would come right up.

Passengers filed and shuffled in the aisle, eager to get to their seats, to get this bird off the ground. Many were students, or, like Aurora, young academic professionals, off for the winter break. Christmas was in a week, and the semester was over. Relief and exhaustion streaked their faces, and Aurora imagined that the same could be seen on her brow. It had been a particularly tough semester, her first as an assistant



professor, teaching hard courses, living with a flaky roommate, and Josh.

Josh had, in the middle of a concert, turned to her, eyes glowing, and announced that he had met the girl of his dreams, and was moving in with her the following semester. Aurora and Josh had never been an official item, but the dream had kept her going through tough and tougher times. Now, the dream had crashed, and she, his good friend, had put the best face she could on it. She had wished him joy, all while she felt her smile freezing like sleet on the Denver streets.

Aurora shook her head to free herself of thoughts of Josh. Unproductive didn't even begin to describe thoughts like that, she chided herself. She was going home for a long three weeks, where she would be cosseted by her loving family, and would think of nothing but them.

She shut her eyes, willing that no one take the seats next to her, or at worst, only the aisle seat, so she wouldn't be forced into conversation. She was finally on the plane, and if she could sleep through the two and a half hour flight, she would be home.

A rustle next to her disturbed her, as an occupant took the aisle seat. She pulled the cover up to her neck and turned her back on the newcomer. "Please take your seats quickly," the flight attendant announced over the loud speaker. "The sooner you're seated, the sooner we can get off the ground. And we want to get out before the storm hits."

The seats bumped, but Aurora kept her eyes resolutely shut. This flight was bound to be packed, she knew, and she was too tired for conversation. Finally,

she heard the welcome voice, “Flight attendants, arm doors for departure.” She could sense that no one had taken the seat in the middle. She turned around, to lift the armrest, and be able to curl more comfortably into her seat.

She opened her eyes, and found herself staring into the green eyes of the young guy she had seen before.

Aurora groaned inside. Just her luck. She would have vastly preferred an overtired road warrior like her dad, a businessman, whose job took him from hub to site to location, and for whom a flight was not an occasion for conversation but a haven from the cell phone and the clamor of clients. They generally smiled politely at their neighbors, opened a magazine or their laptops, and rode silently the entire flight. Instead she had drawn a cute guy, who obviously knew his own looks, who liked to wink at girls. And probably wanted to talk, endlessly, Aurora imagined, about himself.

She lifted the armrest, and before she could rudely turn away, “Hi,” he said, winking, right on cue.

“Hi,” she said flatly.

“Long wait, huh?”

“Yeah.” She pulled the blanket up, and curled away.

“Hoping no one sits between us?” he persisted.

“They already shut the doors, so I think we’re safe,” she answered, without turning around. If she was rude enough he would leave her alone.

It seemed to work. She heard the rustle of a magazine, a seat belt clicking closed, and she relaxed. The plane began to back up. Next would be the drone of the televised safety message, take-off, and the bumpy ride up above the mountains. Preferably in silence.

“Want some gum?”

Aurora didn't answer. Maybe he would think she was sleeping.

The plane rolled along silently, into the queue of airplanes waiting to take off. “Ladies and gentlemen, we are number ten in line, so it will be a bit of a wait,” said the Captain, in that southern Yeager drawl they all affected. “Looks like we're all trying to get out of Denver before the blizzard hits, so we'll just have to wait our turn. Sit back, relax, and we'll let you know when it's time to go.”

“Damn,” Aurora muttered. Looked like they'd be here a while.

“What?” said the guy.

Damn again, Aurora thought. *Why'd I say it out loud?* She looked up from her pillow. He really was pretty cute, actually. “I just said damn,” she replied.

He smiled, and his green eyes twinkled. “I'm Clay,” he said, holding out his hand.

“Aurora,” she answered. She had no choice. She took his hand. It was big, and dry, and warm. He held it longer than was strictly necessary. She tried to decide if that was creepy or not, and came up neutral on the subject.

“Going home?” he asked.

She nodded. “You?”

“No. On my way to a job interview. Hoping to get lucky.”

“Good luck, then,” she said. She kept herself from asking what kind of job. It turned out she didn't have to.

“I'm a journalist. I have an interview with a

magazine in San Francisco. I'm nervous, and excited, and pretty sure I'll get the job. But it's got me all worked up, and these delays aren't very helpful." He smiled, a disarming grin designed to melt a woman's heart. Aurora wasn't having any of it.

"Well, good luck then," she repeated, then turned away. She heard the magazine open again, and shut her eyes tight to keep from glancing over at him.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the Captain once again. We're about fifteen minutes from take-off. With our delay, we can't seem to keep a place in line, so we'll just have to wait for a break. I'll let you know as soon as I do."

Aurora sighed, and gave up. If the captain said fifteen minutes, it would be an hour. She knew it. She might as well read, or work on her laptop. She pushed the blanket down, and reached for her computer from under the seat. To her relief, her seatmate, Clay, didn't react or say anything. She pulled up the computer and switched it on.

She couldn't go on line on the plane, of course, but she could read. She had bought a couple of e-books to entertain herself with, and if anything, she needed some entertainment now. She clicked on one, and watched as the lurid cover came on the screen. Carefully she angled it away from Clay, and started to scroll the pages. It was a hot little story, and she sure didn't want any inquiry from this young journalist.

Aurora wasn't into time travel, or vampires, or other such nonsense, but she liked a good contemporary sexy story, and she had found one of her favorite author's newest selections just before she left. It was a tale of a

woman and her two lovers, and her efforts to keep them both, while never letting either know about the other. Duplicitous, sure, but fun and hot.

As the romance got steamy, she smiled and licked her lips. "Good, huh?" She startled, realizing that Clay had spoken.

"What?"

"What you're reading. It must be good."

"Why do you say that?" she asked.

"Because your cheeks have gotten rosy, and your breathing isn't as slow and even as it was before, so you must be getting, shall we say, interested?"

"That's a little personal, don't you think? Why don't you concentrate on your own breathing?" It was rude, but she was furious. To think she was going to be stuck for at least two and a half hours with a rude, invasive guy made her boil.

But Clay wasn't offended. "I'm a journalist, remember? I'm interested in what gets a person to read, to care about what I wrote. So I notice when people read, instead of just watching TV or listening to music. And whatever you're reading, you sure were reacting to it. I'd love to know what it was."

"Well, I don't want to spend the next few hours worrying about what you're thinking about while I read, okay? So let's agree to mind our own business."

"Fine," he said, and to her surprise, he smiled and winked again. "We'll mind our own business. My business is journalism. What's yours?"

"Mine is keeping my own counsel."

He raised his eyebrows, and she noticed that they were gold, like his hair, and his green eyes had gold in

them too. He was rawboned in a mid-western way, with big shoulders, high cheekbones, and bony hands. When her eyes returned to his face, he was smiling at her. “Like what you see?”

Aurora felt the blush rise, and turned away. “I like what I see,” he went on. She whirled back at him. If he kept this up, she was going to ask the flight attendant to change her seat. He was grinning. He kept his eyes on hers, but she could feel them drawn to the rest of her. She felt her nipples stiffen, and hoped he didn’t notice that too. “Don’t be mad, Aurora. I’m just interested in what makes a beautiful woman read spicy books, and ignore a nice real live man sitting next to her.”

“Look, Clay. I’m not interested in a real live man right now, okay? So let’s let this flight proceed, and have whatever minimal interaction two strangers have to have on a flight, and not discuss any personal matters, got it? I don’t know you, and I don’t want to know you.”

“This is quite an interesting conversation to be having on a flight, don’t you think? Usually, it’s just banal, I’m from Denver, where are you from, can you pass the peanuts, please? We must be drawn to one another at a deeper level.”

Aurora rolled her eyes, but inside, she felt flustered. She was usually a pleasant, mild woman, and never had encounters like this with strangers. “I don’t go for this woo-woo stuff, even if I am from San Francisco.”

“I do,” Clay said earnestly. “I believe in the hand of fate. If you let the road lead you, and you make intelligent choices along the way, you can be happy. If you fight the road, or make foolish choices, you pay.”

“That’s pretty obvious,” Aurora answered. “But what about the twists that the road takes, or the terrible things that happen to people? Those aren’t their fault.”

“No, of course not. But that’s what’s on their road, and they have to make intelligent choices within their reality. It’s when you fight reality that you really have problems.”

“So, I guess your way of dealing with the hand of fate is to talk to anyone who sits next to you on a plane,” Aurora said, deflecting the conversation. The road she had taken had not been pleasant, and she was ready to get back to the unreality of her book.

“Sometimes. When the woman is beautiful, and unhappy, and lonely, I want to reach her.”

“I’m none of the above, and don’t bother.”

“You’re all of those things, Aurora. What ever my faults, and they are many, I’m sure, I always tell the truth.”

“Look, Clay. Maybe you do, or you think you do, when you know the truth, but you know absolutely nothing about me, so lay off the truth business.”

Clay winked again. “Aurora, we’re stuck here on this plane for at least the next three hours, assuming we even get off the ground before the blizzard hits.” Aurora shuddered at the idea of spending the night here. “So let’s make the best of it. Fate has brought us to this moment, so let’s try to enjoy it. After the flight, we’ll never see each other again, so we have nothing to lose.”

Except a peaceful three hours of silence, Aurora thought. But the earnestness of his face, his sparkling eyes, and his unvarnished willingness to speak his mind were, if nothing else, different. And he was right; they

were stuck, and had nothing to lose.

As if reading her thoughts, Clay smiled again, the smile lighting his face. “You say I know nothing about you. You’re right, of course. But how about this? Let me tell you what I see, looking at you. Then you can tell me what you see, looking at me. It will be a fun game. Willing?”

“Fine,” Aurora said. If he weren’t handsome, she knew she would never be agreeing to this. But here he was. Let’s see what this journalist could guess.

“I’ll start.” Clay squinted his eyes and looked at Aurora’s forehead. Then his eyes traveled slowly, stopping at her eyes, and looking deeply into them. He held her gaze, not smiling now, until she dropped her eyes. Then he let his eyes drop and she watched him from her slightly lowered lids. He looked at her neck, then the v of her sweater. She felt his eyes on her breasts, and her nipples again rose for attention. She didn’t move, so as not to call attention to them.

He looked lower, at her waist, then lower. He seemed to stare long and intently at the juncture of her thighs and sex, until she involuntarily squirmed. He continued his visual assessment, but Aurora was mindful now of the reaction she had been having to him since his first words.

Finally, he looked up, returning to her face. He was grinning. “My, oh my,” he said. He waited.

Aurora felt the moistening between her legs. But she would not say a word.

“Well, Aurora. What do I see? I see what I saw in the terminal, when you were sitting there, stretching. I see a beautiful woman. Her hair is almost black, her



eyebrows are arched over intelligent brown eyes. Her nose is slightly curved, her lips are full, and her skin is honey. So I am guessing at Latina, or Sephardic. How am I doing so far?"

Aurora was astonished. No one had ever guessed at her Sephardic origins, of the lost people of Spain, scattered all over the world, whose looks and customs so baffled the mainstream. "Amazing."

"Now, your breasts are full and curvy, and your nipples react to where I look, what I say, and what you read. So you are sensual. And a little deprived, shall we say?" He did not stop and wait for comment, and Aurora was grateful. "You are not skinny, bulky or leggy, or dressed like a fashion-plate designer, so I am going to guess that your body is a product of good genes and an enjoyment of some form of social exercise or dancing. And again, you react immediately to, let's say, certain glances, so sex is very much on your mind."

This time Clay did stop, and looked at her. He was grinning widely. "Right?"

"Obviously not as much as it's on your mind," she snapped.

"And what's wrong with that?"

"Well, keep your fantasies to yourself."

Clay stretched out his long legs into the center space, and kicked lightly at her toes. "Maybe. Maybe not. Now, your turn, what do you see when you look at me?"

Aurora sighed. This was the critical point. If she told him to mind his own business, or turned away, or called the flight attendant, she would be rid of him. If she

played his game, she would be talking to him the whole flight. Which would she choose?

The tarot spread flashed in her mind. She would have to be open and exposed to her lover to find true love. She would travel by air. It was all too obvious, and too silly to be believed.

“Don’t hide,” Clay interrupted her thoughts. “It’s just a game. Play with me, and we’ll while away what will otherwise be a long, tedious flight. Come on, tell me what you see when you look at me.”

Okay, Aurora thought. It’s just a game. She gave herself the luxury of a good, slow, lingering review of her seatmate. She paused, and returned, and looked some more. When she returned to his face, she was gratified by a dark flush that had spread across his cheeks. Good, she thought. Let him be uncomfortable.

“Well,” she started. “I see blond hair, green, sparkly eyes, sandy, strong brows, and high cheekbones. I’ll guess that you’re standard issue mid-western, maybe some Scandinavian in your background.”

“Good,” he said. “Good start.”

“You’re tall, and rangy, and you’ve got big hands with big knuckles.” He chuckled at that one, and she smiled at him. “And we all know what big hands mean!”

“And that would be true, too,” he replied, grinning.

“That you have trouble with handwriting and other small-muscle activities?” she asked, teasing. “Or are you being obsessed with sex again?”

“Got me,” he laughed. “On the other hand, I do small-muscle pretty well, too.”

“Good. For a journalist, typing is important.” That

drew another laugh. She continued. "You spend enough time outside that you're weather-roughened. But you aren't coarse, so you are pretty well educated. And you like to talk about yourself."

"Who doesn't?"

"I don't, for one. Or did you mean, who doesn't like to talk about you?"

"Why don't you like talking about yourself?" he asked, ignoring the little jibe.

"There's nothing to say. Now, about you, why are you looking for a new job? Don't you like where you work in Denver?"

"It's a better magazine," he said curtly.

"Oh, something you don't want to talk about!"

"Maybe not. Now, tell me about your life. You don't have a boyfriend, and you haven't had one in a while. You've had your heart broken, but mostly you've been alone because you won't let anyone in. Am I right?"

Aurora stared at him. "Is it that obvious?"

"To the trained journalistic eye, it is."

"And you," she countered. "You don't have anyone either, and it's not because you close everyone out, but because you say what you think, without editing yourself. And that may even be why you're looking for another job."

His green eyes narrowed. "Maybe."

Aurora laughed. "It's my non-trained, non-journalistic, intuitive eye."

Clay, for once, was silent.

Aurora waited. This guy couldn't be quiet long, and it amused her to realize she didn't want him to be quiet. She was waiting for his next comment, as eager to

continue the conversation as he had been earlier.

She didn't have to wait long. Clay cleared his throat. "I like that. Most people are too scared to say what they think. You aren't."

"Nor are you."

He smiled again. That was the most amazing thing about him, Aurora thought. He was fabulously built, and had great bones, but it was his smile that kept her attention. She smiled back.

"You know, this is entirely inappropriate," he started.

"What? This conversation? Didn't I say that about twenty minutes ago?"

"No," he laughed. "What I'm about to say. When you smiled just now, well, you are the most attractive, no, wrong word, you are the most sensuously beautiful woman I have ever met."

"You say that to every woman you meet on a plane," Aurora replied, blushing with pleasure at the compliment.

"You're glowing."

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the Captain. We have finally been cleared for takeoff. Flight attendants, please be seated."

"At last," Clay said.

"Hang on to your seats," Aurora said. "The ride out of DIA is always rocky, and with this storm it's going to be rough."

"At least we're getting out."

The plane did its usual stop, revved its engine, and the race down the runway began. The high-pitched roar of the motors as they propelled the big metal bird into

flight thrummed in Aurora's chest, and she gripped the armrest on the window side. She shut her eyes and leaned back, and her heart caught as the wheels lifted.

The first bump left her stomach on the ceiling, and the second caught it on the rebound. "Whoa," Clay said softly.

Aurora opened her eyes. "That's nothing. It will get a lot worse before it gets better."

Clay looked a little frightened. "Really?"

"This isn't your first flight, is it?" Aurora asked, incredulous.

He shook his head. "Second."

"You're kidding!" she said. "I fly ten times a year, give or take."

"I've driven all over the country. I've been in forty-one states, and to Canada and Mexico, but the only time I ever flew anywhere was about ten years ago, when my parents took us to New York. How come you fly so much?"

"Well, I live in California, and I went to school in Denver, so I go back and forth, and I've gone on vacations, and I've studied and lectured in Spain, and in France, and well, just that's just how I get places." They hit another big air pocket, and Clay grabbed her hand. She let him. His hand was huge, it engulfed hers so easily, and yet it was she who was comforting and reassuring him. Strange role for her, she thought.

She squeezed his hand. "Almost through the worst," she lied.

"Liar."

"Yup."

The plane bounced again. Clay squeezed her hand

back. This time, he covered it with his other hand, and it wasn't fear motivating him. She pulled away, but he held tight. "Let go," she said, but not harshly.

"You have such soft hands," he answered. He let go with one hand, resting it on the empty seat between them. She looked at it, big and strong, and an errant thought of what it would feel like on her breast crossed her mind. Her nipples responded instantly.

"Let's keep playing," Clay said. "It will take our minds off the bumpy flight."

"Okay. So how does the game keep going?"

"I'll tell you what I think your favorite fantasy is, then you tell me what you think mine is."

"That's outrageous."

"Yeah. We won't be thinking about the flight! And just think, it will be pure invention, since you're not telling me your fantasy, you're telling me mine. And vice versa, of course."

"Sure," Aurora said. "And when we tell each other their fantasies, we're disclosing our own. So forget it."

"Don't close me out, Aurora. You've got nothing to lose." He rubbed her arm gently but firmly with his free hand. It felt so good, she thought. And what would she lose? She would never see him again. It didn't matter what she said. And his hand felt so good.

"Okay. What the heck. But you first."

"Of course. It's my game. Now let me think a moment. Your favorite fantasy. Hmmm. You're a romantic, of course, but you're so closed that maybe even your fantasies have limits. I'll have to see beyond those limits. I'll tell you what your fantasy would be if you dared to dream it."

“That’s cheating! You’d be telling me your fantasy, not mine!”

Clay looked at her closely. “You’re right. I’d be projecting, not thinking about you. That’s awesome. Maybe you should start. Tell me my fantasy, as you imagine it.”

Aurora nodded. “Okay. Let me think too. I’ve never tried to see it from a man’s point of view, and I don’t know you, of course.” She shut her eyes, and thought. Now, what would a man like this imagine as his favorite fantasy? “Does it have to be sexual?” she asked.

“I’ll give you a hint,” Clay answered. “My favorite fantasy is definitely sexual.”

“Fine,” she said. “Give me another minute.” After another moment, she began. “You’ve caught a glimpse of her, many times before. She walks past you on the street, you see her in the halls at work, sometimes at the café. But she never stops to talk; you don’t even know her name.

“She isn’t tall, or skinny. She’s about average in height, and she’s got long black hair, like mine, only shinier. She’s curvy, oh my, is she curvy. Her breasts are round and full-looking, and she wears sweaters and t-shirts that show off those orbs. Her nipples sometimes perk up, and you imagine running your hands over them, your tongue, and suckling them.

“Her hips are curvy too, and her bottom is certainly round under that clinging skirt she usually wears. When she walks, those hips sway, provoking you with their rhythm. She wears little heels, so her butt is lifted even more.

“Her eyes are sultry, and her lips are red and rich-looking. But she never stops to talk, she never stops at all. So you sit at your desk and wonder about her.

“Today, though, when you step outside to go to the café across the street, the wind is blowing hard, the way it can in the spring in downtown Denver. It’s whipping around the corners, with a sharp little chill in the warm air. To your delight, you see your dream-girl come out of the other elevator, and head to the door. You rush to hold the door for her. She is wearing a tight black t-shirt, and a short, black and white flirty little skirt. She turns and smiles at you, and your heart thuds.

“The wind takes that moment to whip around, and her skirt flies up in front of her. She laughs into the wind, and bats the skirt down, but not before you’ve gotten a glimpse of her legs, and better, the dark shadowy cleft between them. She has nothing on below her skirt.

“You see that her nipples are standing upright in the wind, and you know she wears no bra, either. Like a boy ten years younger than you are, you feel yourself become erect and hard, right there in the street. You touch her arm, and invite her for coffee.

“She nods, yes, and you cross the street together. You are hoping for a hurricane. She asks your name, and you get hers. You run your tongue around her name, as if it were her breast. The wind twitches her skirt, and it’s almost as if she’s touched you.

“Inside, you get your coffee, and hers, and you sit at a tiny table together. You start to talk, and without preamble, you are talking at an unthinkable level of intimacy. She tells you that she’s seen you at work, and



wondered about you. You tell her the same, and suggest a walk. You don't care where--you just want to be with her.

"You leave the café together, and walk towards a shopping area. Every time the wind blows, you think of what you saw. You start to wonder if you really saw her most private area, or if you only wished it. But her nipples are real, and very ready for your eyes. In broad daylight, in the middle of the block, you reach for her nipple, and run your thumb over it.

"She shudders but does not pull away. You pinch it, and see her react. Her lips part, and she sighs. You smile at her, but you know that you can't do more right here. The two of you keep walking, and now you have your arm around her waist. You let it drop a little lower, feeling for a panty line, and instead feeling the round globes of her ass moving and bouncing as you walk. You want to drop your hand more, below the hem, and up onto her bottom, but the whole world would be treated to a sight you want only for yourself.

"Walking is getting a little uncomfortable for you, and she notices. She tells you that you must suffer, for your torment has just begun. You assure her that hers, too, is only starting. All you want is to find a place private enough to strip her, see her, fondle and enter her. You start to lose peripheral vision, your desire is so strong.

"She stops in front of a shop window, and you stop too. She faces you, and with her belly, she rubs up against yours. You feel the bit of friction, and shiver. She laughs at you. You pull her in tight, and your mouth descends on her full lips. First, you kiss. Then

your tongue, lacking the constraints your cock suffers, plunges into her mouth. You take her with your lips. She tries to pull away, but your hand behind her head holds her to you. She relents, and you feel the sweetness coming back.

“Then her tongue retaliates, and invades you. The match is unequal, and she retreats before your force. You disengage, and tell her that’s only the beginning. She licks her lips, and smiles. She can do a lot with her tongue, she says, if you’re a good boy. You promise to be stellar.

“Finally, you come to the park. You take her off the path, down to the creek. There are trees and benches, and a secluded grove further on. If this were summer, it would be full of teenagers and tourists, but in the spring it’s deserted, as far as you can see. Concealed behind the trees, you’re invisible to the mall traffic above you.

“You pull her around until you’re behind her, and wrap your arms around her. You stroke her breasts freely, and then slide your hands under her skirt. You lift the skirt to her waist, and gently bend her over. She grasps the tree for support, and opens her legs for you. A couple of thrusts of your fingers, and she is dripping wet.

“With one hand you play with her, while with the other you work at releasing your straining cock from its confines. You lower your zipper, and then the waistband of your boxers. Your shaft springs out, full of life. You tease her lower lips with it, then stop. You pull back, and turn her around. She knows immediately what you want, and she sinks to her knees in the cool grass. She takes the tip of your cock in her mouth, and

you feel the warmth deep inside. Her tongue caresses the corona, dipping around and under, and she licks the long vein on the underside of your cock. You moan, and try to thrust inside.

“How am I doing so far?” Aurora stopped, and asked. Clay’s eyes were glittering, his lips parted, and his cheeks were flushed.

“Great,” he rasped. “You’re unbelievable. Keep going.” The plane was leveling off, and the ride had become a little smoother.

“I’m done for now,” Aurora laughed. She could not believe the tale she had just told him, the boldness of her speech to a perfect stranger.

“No way! Finish what you start!”

“It’s your fantasy, Clay. Finish it however you’d like.”

He leaned back and sighed. Aurora took a surreptitious glance at his jeans, and saw the effect her words had wreaked on him. She smiled. It was his game. “Too bad there’s nothing you can do about this!” she said gaily, enjoying his discomfort.

The plane took a little hop, and the seatbelt light stayed on. “Your turn,” she said to Clay. She was eager, despite her growing arousal, to let him take a shot at her fantasy.

“Okay, you asked for it. But on one condition.”

“I didn’t put any conditions on playing,” she replied. “And it was your idea. So why should you get conditions?”

“Because I asked for them,” he grinned. “Now just wait. You don’t know what the conditions are.” He rummaged in his carry-on bag below his seat for a

moment, then pulled out a little bag. He put it next to him. “All you have to agree to is that when the seatbelt light goes off, you’ll put on something I give you.”

Aurora eyed the bag suspiciously. “What is it?”

“Yes or no?”

Aurora smiled again. “No.”

“Chicken.”

“I won’t agree until I know what you’re talking about.”

Clay rolled his eyes, but she knew he would yield. “All right,” he groaned. He opened the bag, and took out a strange, L-shaped object. The short leg of the L was a soft thick plastic oval, concave, about an inch long and a half-inch wide. The longer leg was about six inches long, and cylindrical.

“What the hell is that?” Aurora asked.

“Magic. The long part is obviously a little dildo, and the cup fits over your clit. It feels great, or so I’m told. It’s the latest in sex toys.”

“And why do you just happen to have one on the plane?” Aurora asked. “And how the heck did you get through security with that one?”

Clay laughed. “I don’t know what they thought, but if they’d asked, I was prepared to go into great and explicit detail about what it was, and where it goes. It would have been hilarious!”

“Yeah. And you would have missed your plane, too.”

“Probably. But think of the story it would have made.”

“You get yourself in trouble a lot?”

Clay nodded sheepishly, but Aurora could see that

his misbehavior was also a point of pride. "That's really, really immature of you," she said.

"It's been said," he agreed. "But it keeps things interesting. Now, would you put this on, and tell me how it feels, when you can get up to use the restroom?"

The plane took another little jump. "Sure," Aurora said. "Seeing as it's unlikely the pilot's ever going to turn the seatbelt light off with this turbulence."

"You look like a woman of your word," Clay said solemnly. Aurora burst out laughing, and in a moment, he joined her. "Okay. On to your fantasy."

Clay shut his eyes for a moment, then began. "Seeing how beautiful you are, you have no lack of male attention, but you never open yourself up to the pleasures of that attention. You prefer a romance with an unattainable illusion to the depth of a real love. The few times you have allowed your feelings to be known, you were too late. But today, you wake up, and feel a bit different. Your senses are attuned to every sound, every smell, as you shower and dress for work. You feel, somehow, that there's a magic quality to the very air that you breathe.

"You get on the bus, and everyone looks happy to you. Women smile at you, men nod pleasantly. One even gets up and gives you his seat. You hesitate, normally you would decline, feeling the gesture is too retro for comfort, but something makes you accept his courtesy. He smiles and gets off at the next stop.

"You get to work, and it's stifling. Someone has left the heat on overnight, and the day is unseasonably balmy to begin with. You take off your sweater, leaving

only your tank top on. It isn't professional, but it's comfortable. You get to work, but it's only ten when you realize that you can't get anything done here. You decide to go for a walk.

"Once you're outside, the fabulous mood you were in returns. You stroll along the creek, enjoying the play of the breeze on your body. Your nipples stiffen a bit in the wind, and you feel a delight in the sensation. You think to caress them, and seeing no one around, you run your fingers lightly over them. They tingle.

"You look for a private place in the trees," Clay continued.

"Hey, that's my story!" Aurora said. "Make up your own!"

"We overlap there, sorry," Clay replied. "Now, where was I? Oh yeah. So you find yourself a little bench sheltered on all sides by trees, where you can see the creek but you're hidden from view. You lift your skirt, and touch yourself lightly. A shiver of pleasure runs through you, and you feel your panties moistening. You can't believe you're really doing this, but you slip a finger under the elastic, and rub your clit a little. The sensation is sharp and sweet, and makes you want more. You open your legs and put your feet on the bench, so your knees are spread wide.

"You dip a finger into your slit, and out a few times, enjoying the moisture. Then you use that moisture to enhance your sensations on your pleasure point. You shut your eyes to concentrate. As your pleasure builds, you realize the risk in what you're doing. Normally, that would stop you cold, but today, you want to take risks. For once, you want to feel everything completely.

“Then, to your shock and horror, you hear a rustle. Then a hand comes around and over your mouth, silencing a scream in your throat. You pull your hands away from yourself, but another hand grabs your wrist. You can feel that these are a man’s hands, and you can sense that their grip is inescapable. But there’s something familiar about his scent, and it’s a reassuring, alluring familiarity. This is someone you know, or want to know. ‘Keep going,’ says a male voice behind you. ‘I’ll watch.’

“You don’t know what to do. You can’t keep going, because there is nothing to go on. Fear is not an aphrodisiac to you, and you’re frozen in place. But at the same time, you know that if you can just see him, you’ll be fine. He senses that you’re overwhelmed. ‘Don’t worry,’ he says. ‘I won’t hurt you if you do what I say. Now, back to what you were doing.’ You take your free hand, and put it over your mound. ‘More,’ he says. ‘Take your panties off.’ He’s still got one hand over your mouth, but it’s almost symbolic, in that you could twist out of it easily.

“He releases his grip on your other hand. You know you have to obey. You shut your eyes, and pull your panties off. But having your eyes shut intensifies your other senses, so you open them again.

“The man pulls you into him, so your head is resting against his crotch, and you can feel his arousal. But he smells good, and his pants are nice and clean. He pins you to himself with his hand on your mouth. With his now free hand, he pulls your skirt up, so you’re exposed from the waist down. ‘Put your feet back up on the bench, and spread your legs wide.’

“You obey. He reaches down and strokes your nipple. You squirm under his touch, but it sends an electric signal to your clit, and your knees spread of their own volition. This is the first good look you have of his hand. It’s large, and strong, and he’s wearing a signet ring. You wrack your brains to place that ring. But again, it’s reassuring. ‘Don’t come, under any circumstances,’ he says, ‘because if you do you will have to suck me. Now touch yourself.’”

“That’s disgusting,” Aurora interrupted. “That’s a man’s fantasy, not a woman’s.”

‘I’ll bet you’re soaking wet from it,” Clay said.

“I’m not.”

“Put a blanket over yourself and let me feel.”

“No way. Go on with your story.”

At that moment, the captain’s voice came over the speakers. “Ladies and gentlemen, we’re at cruising altitude, and it looks smooth for a while. I’m going to turn off the seat belt sign, and let you get up for a bit.” He reminded them to keep their belts on when seated. Aurora looked at her watch. She was amazed. An hour and a half had passed, and there was only an hour left of the flight, at most. It had been a very entertaining, if not weird, ride.

“Aha!” Clay exclaimed. “Now you get to keep your promise!” He handed her the little bag with the sex toy, with a wide grin. “See you soon!”

Aurora felt herself blush. “No.”

The grin faded from Clay’s face. “A promise is a promise. You have to keep your word.” He looked at her deeply, all sparkle gone from his green eyes.

“Do you always keep your promises?” she asked.



“Always,” he answered solemnly. “Always.”

She felt strangely stirred. Well, it had been a strange ride. “Fine. But I can’t believe I’m doing this.”

He smiled lightly. “I can. You’re ready for a new life, and so am I. This was fated, Aurora. But go, before the pilot puts that damn light back on.”

She squeezed by him, and he did not touch her. That certainly surprised her. It somehow made him more honorable, despite the insane thing she was about to do. She slipped into the tiny restroom and bolted the door.

She pulled her slacks down, and her panties. She was not surprised at the moisture on them. She had been trembling with desire since the stories started. She felt her clit. It was swollen and sensitive. She slipped a finger inside herself, and it was dripping. Clay was right; she was very, very hot.

She opened the little bag and examined the toy. It was nicely shaped, not too big, but designed for maximum pleasure. The clit cap, though, was something she’d never seen before. It was soft, but with a little round hard spot at the center. “Here goes,” she said to herself. She slipped the dildo in, and put the cap in place. As soon as she nestled it in, she felt the suction. She shivered as it sent a wild thrill through her.

Wow, she thought. She wondered if she could get through the rest of the story with that device in place. Would she be coming right there in the seat? Now this, she thought, is really interesting.

When she got back to her seat, Clay rose to let her in. This time, though, he stopped her as she faced him, and put his arms around her. He pulled her in close, and held her to him. He smelled of sage. She nestled into

his arms, and for a moment felt completely, totally at ease. “Aurora,” he said into her hair.

She looked up at him, really seeing him in a new way. He was gorgeous, and so tall that she came barely up to his chin. His face was chiseled, he was spectacularly well built, and his eyes were kind and bright. She didn’t answer, but put her face back into his chest. He ran his hand down her back, and lightly over her derriere. She felt a quiver of desire, which translated immediately into a surge of yearning. She moved away. That damn toy was going to make her crazy!

“How’s it feel?” he asked as she sat down. Sitting sent another surge through her, and she squirmed. He laughed. “You are a brave and lusty woman!”

“And a crazy one,” she added.

“Now, where was I? Oh, yeah. So, there you are, on the park bench, with your skirt around your waist. The stranger has taken your panties, and slipped them into his pocket. He’s still got his hand over your mouth, and his other hand is stroking your breasts freely. Your feet are on the bench, and your legs are spread.

“You touch yourself, but you don’t know if you want to, or if you don’t. “Put two fingers inside your pussy,” he says. You recoil at the thought, and his hand presses harder on your mouth. He pinches your nipple, and you obey. You slide them in and out, in and out, while he fondles your breast.

“Suddenly, he lets go of your mouth, your breast, he’s no longer touching you. You try to turn around to see him, but he is too quick. He has taken his silk tie off, and he binds it around your eyes. He catches your

hands, and with your panties, he ties them in front of you. You're helpless unless you scream, kick, or tear the blindfold off. The whole situation is now in your control, and out of your control as well. You can choose to scream, and you know that someone will hear. Or you can allow him to have his way with you.

"With strong hands, he lays you down on the bench, lifting one leg over the back of the bench, so you are spread wide. He begins to touch you, expertly, confidently. 'Don't come,' he reminds you. His large fingers enter you, and fill you in a way your smaller ones never could. He flicks and teases your clit, and then presses on it, while his other hand plays with your labia. You are so aroused you begin to writhe, but you know you dare not come.

"Then, you feel a warmth, and you experience his tongue, licking and toying with your clit, while his fingers slide in and out. You can't bear it much longer, no one has done that to you in years, and your passion builds uncontrollably. Your back arches, your buttocks tighten, and deep within you a relentless throbbing starts, and pounds its way into your vagina with a gush of wetness that covers his hand with dew. You cry out, despite your resolve, and the wave crashes inside you and you liquefy in his hands.

"He holds your legs apart, making you feel every thrust and throb, until the crescendo ebbs, and you begin to breathe again. You sigh with relief. He pulls you up, and holds you tight. He lifts the tie from your eyes, and you look into his face. He's the man you have dreamed of in your most secret dreams. He unties your hands, and you embrace.

“‘Now,’ he says, ‘your turn.’ Shall I go on, Aurora?”

Aurora’s breath was coming in short gasps. She was so close to coming that she had to squeeze her legs together to stop it, but somehow, that made it worse. They were leaning close to one another, no longer separated by a seat, and Clay was speaking quietly into her hair. She pulled up and looked at him. His face was flushed, his eyes glittered, and he was clearly as aroused as she.

“No,” she said. “I think that’s enough.”

“Yeah,” Clay breathed. “I’d better go take care of something.”

“Ladies and gentlemen, we are beginning our final descent into the San Francisco airport. Please make sure your seatbelts are securely fastened.”

“Oh no!” they both said in unison, and laughed.

“I can’t believe we’re here already!” Aurora said. And now I have to keep the damn thing in until we get off the plane, she added to herself.

“I’m stuck with a boner until we get off the plane!” Clay exclaimed. “But don’t worry, Aurora, I’ve got one more surprise for you, after we land.”

“What?”

“It’s a surprise, right, so I can’t tell you.”

Aurora rolled her eyes, but smiled. She felt so close to Clay, and yet she knew nothing at all about him, except his sexual fantasies.

“Tell me why you happened to have this little toy with you on the plane,” she said.

Clay looked a little sheepish. “I have to do a story on it, interview its inventor, as part of my job interview. She sent me a sample, and I just brought it back with

me. I had no one to try it out on at home.”

“So I’m just material for a story?!” Aurora exclaimed furiously.

“No! No, nothing like that. Though I’ll include you, if you’d like to tell me your symptoms and feelings,” he added.

“Jerk.”

“No, Aurora, please. I never even thought of that. Really. This has been wonderful. You are the most straightforward, beautiful, sensual woman I have ever met. Please don’t be angry.”

Aurora sat as close to the window as she could. She blinked back tears. Her arousal had faded quickly, and she just felt the foreign object in her body as an alien piece of plastic. Damn him. She knew better than to trust a man, and here she had opened herself, literally and figuratively, to a total stranger. She was angry, and more, she was completely humiliated.

The plane bumped down softly onto the tarmac and began its taxi to the gate. She could hear Clay fumble in his pack. “Aurora, please. Here’s my card, with my cell phone on it. Call me. I’ll be here for a week, researching and writing my story, as well as interviewing in person. I don’t want you to be mad. Please?”

She kept her face to the window. He put his hand on her arm. “Aurora. Look at me, please. I’m sorry you’re hurt, but there’s nothing to be hurt about.” Out of the corner of her eye, she saw him stuff the card in her bag. They waited in silence for the plane to come to a stop.

As soon as the engines stopped, the planeload of people began to reach for their belongings. Aurora had

to look away from the window, and Clay was waiting. He held out his arms to her. It was hard to resist. She smiled a little, but did not take his hands. “Call me, please?” he implored.

“I’ll think about it,” she said, and inside, she started to thaw.

He stood back to let her precede him out of the plane. As she walked through the narrow aisle, the toy made its presence known again inside her. It was an odd feeling, but pleasant, and the pleasure increased as she walked.

“Good bye, thank you,” said the flight attendant.

“Ooh!” exclaimed Aurora. The attendant’s eyebrows rose, but she didn’t respond. She was on autopilot, saying good-bye to the passengers, and her gaze went on to the next one. “Ooh oh!” Aurora said again. The toy had buzzed. And buzzed again. The vibration went deep into her body, and right on to her clit. And again. She almost tripped in the Jet way.

She whirled around to face Clay, whose face was split into a big grin. In his hand he held a little box. “Remote control! That’s the surprise!”

“Give me that!” she exclaimed. He held it high above her reach, and buzzed her again. The sensation was powerful and delightful, or would be under different circumstances. He buzzed a long, low buzz, and then a couple of quick sharp ones. Aurora almost leapt out of her shoes. “Stop it!”

Clay put his arm around her. “Let’s not hold up traffic!” He gave her another quick buzz. She practically jumped into his arms.

“Quit that now!” she said, but she was laughing. She

felt him hardening, and to her surprise, she gave him a quick rub.

“Hey!” he said. “I’ve got enough trouble walking as it is!”

Arm in arm they continued up the jet way, and every couple of steps he made the toy vibrate. By the time they got to the gate, both were breathing a little hard. He pulled her off to a corner, behind a pillar. People rushed by, ignoring the embracing couple. His mouth dropped to hers, and they kissed, long and deep. He slipped his hands under her coat, around her back. His lips, hard and tender at once, covered hers. Their tongues joined in battle.

Aurora felt the vibrations start again, and she pressed herself against Clay. He moved to share as much of the pleasure as he could. The sensations got stronger. “Not here,” Aurora whispered.

“Here,” Clay replied, pressing hard on the remote.

Aurora couldn’t reply. The vibrations on her clit, and deep inside her, right on the G-spot, made her tremble. She was going to come, standing in the airport. She moaned softly, and Clay covered her mouth with his. She felt her whole body tense, and she pulled him to her. “Oh my God!” she exclaimed into his mouth. His kiss absorbed her cry, and he pulled her into himself as she burst into a passionate throbbing.

He held her close and his big frame muted her thrashing. At last he released the remote, and let her breathe. She panted softly, and laid her head on his chest. He stroked her hair. Finally, she looked up at him. He smiled.

“Aurora, this is crazy, but I’m falling in love with

you,” he said.

“I’m falling in love with the remote!” She held out her hand and he dropped the remote into it.

She disentangled herself from him. She could see the bulge in his pants. She had had her release, but he had not. She ran a finger over the bulge. “Too bad for you,” she said, and smiled.

“Cruel woman!” he answered.

“Let’s go get the bags. The sooner you get to your hotel, the better!”

“Oh, you are heartless,” he said, smiling. They left their secluded corner. Each one walked with care.

Almost out of the secure area, Aurora turned to him. “I see my mother and my sister there. I need to say goodbye now.”

They looked into one another’s eyes. “Please give me your number, Aurora, so I can call you if you don’t call me.”

She shook her head. “No. I’ll call. You had control this time, so I get it next time.”

Clay smiled. “Okay. We’ll share control while it still matters. Once we trust each other, we won’t need to do that.”

“You really do understand, don’t you?” Aurora said.

“I do. I’ll rebuild your confidence in men, and you’ll rebuild your confidence in yourself. You’re a woman who’s true to her word, and that means everything to me. I would never betray your trust.”

He bent down and kissed her one more time.

“You’re my knight of swords,” she whispered.

“I am.”

“And I’m keeping the remote,” she added. And



giving herself a little buzz, Aurora walked away, glowing as she never had before.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ms. Conejo has been a coach's wife for 15 seasons of youth sports, is an active member of her local bar association, and an upstanding member of her community.

Cloaked in this veneer of respectability, she has writes erotica for the soccer mom, the professional woman, and all of us out there who really know what these guys are thinking.

Other books by Ms. Conejo available at eXtasy Books:

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