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# *Bedtime Fantasies*

A trio of erotic romances by

MARTY RAYNE

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# *Cyn-ful Night of Pleasure*

## BEDTIME FANTASIES

Once upon a time, there lived a beautiful, golden blonde-haired child. It was evident, even at a young age, her beauty would surpass those around her. Her features were of the finest crafted porcelain dolls, eyes as blue and clear as the sea, and lips full of shape and color. Her mother named her Cynderella, but her father simply called her Cyn.

Cyn knew death early in life. She lost her mother when she was just a babe. In turn, her father doted on her and loved her so much that she never felt a shortage of love, but she lacked the feminine companionship that most daughters had. Being born to a count, Cyn lacked for nothing, but she was not one of a spoiled nature. Her sweet, compassionate spirit radiated from her in all she did. Easily she won the affection of the staff her father had to care for her.

Beauty like hers was rare. While many would use their looks to gain favor with those around them, Cyn was oblivious to vanity.

When she was eleven, Cyn's father found love again and married the widow, Anna. She brought to the marriage two daughters. The oldest, Dana, was a year older than Cyn. She had long, stringy brown hair and she appeared mousy and plain, despite her rich clothing. The younger one, Misty, was a year younger than Cyn. Misty's hair was the color of mud and oily looking, and she shared her sister's unsightly features. Both girls were snobby and spoiled.

At first Cyn was excited at the thought of having a mother and sisters in her life. She eagerly looked forward to the day that her father's bride would bring her daughters to live with them. However, soon after their arrival, Cyn quickly learned that her new family members didn't care to have much to do with her. No matter how hard Cyn tried to get along with the girls or her stepmother, they treated her unkindly. Only her father brought real joy to her life, but that, too, came to an end. Because of his duties as a count, Cyn's father often traveled and she always dreaded his absences, but she would continue with her studies

and wait patiently for his return, enduring the wrath of her stepsisters' insults and her stepmother's disregard. She found a little comfort in the servants that she'd grown up with, but they were not her father.

Four years after his marriage to her stepmother, the count never returned home. Thieves came upon his traveling party and murdered them. Poor Cyn. Her life was shattered. She had no other living relatives and was left to the care of her stepmother. For the first time in her life, Cyn felt truly alone and grieved.

Anna allowed Cyn a proper mourning period. She and her daughters were actually nice to Cyn while friends came to pay their sympathies to them. Cyn began to think that maybe life for the next three years, until she received her inheritance, wouldn't be so bad after all.

She had never been more wrong.

Once the mourning time was completed, Anna quickly sold off every servant in the home and hired a new cook who was stern and unfriendly. Anna stripped Cyn of all of her nice belongings, moved her to a room in the attic, and made her clean the house and wait on them as a servant. Cyn did the laundry and mending, along with any other chore they could think of.

Cyn no longer wore beautiful gowns specially made for her, but drab work clothing. Often she sported dirt and soot on her skin and clothes due to her hard work. She was ordered to pin up her long locks and cover her head with a kerchief so the golden color and soft tresses were hidden. Anna more than once threatened to cut her hair if she saw any of it in her presence.

Her stepmother cut Cyn off from all life outside the walls of their home. When visitors came to call, she was in her room, out of view. At night she was locked away, only allowed out when Cook unlocked the door in the mornings so she might begin her chores. Cyn did as she was told, not once complaining, for that was her way. She had no one to ask help from, for all those she'd known were no longer there to assist her. All the servants she loved and had raised her had been sold and sent to far away places.

While alone in her room at night, Cyn would often open the window and look up at the sky. Watching the stars, she would allow herself to dream of a handsome prince coming to her

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rescue, sweeping her off her feet and taking her somewhere away from her dreary life of servitude. She dreamed of a man who would love and cherish her for the rest of her life. She knew they were childish dreams, but they were all she had.

The oldest stepsister, Dana, enticed a rich duke into marrying her during her first season. Unknown to Cyn, Anna had split Cyn's dowry and added it to Dana's as incentive to lure her husband. The contract of marriage for her other stepsister, Misty, took a bit longer. She was not chosen her first season like her sister, but managed to catch an unwitting duke in a compromising position during her second season. This forced him into marrying her and the rest of Cyn's dowry aided with his cooperation.

Cyn was glad to see them go. She was tired of their impulsive ways and thought her life would settle down and be easier. However, Anna had other plans.

Shortly after Misty married Anna announced that she, too, would re-wed, now that her daughters were taken care of. The Marques of Hadenshire had been courting her for a couple of years, knowing she wished for her daughters' security to come first. He'd found it profitable for him to wait, as he didn't have to add his own wealth to their dowries.

Cyn was ecstatic at the announcement. She was sure that Anna would allow her to have her house back now that she was of age to receive her inheritance and leave her be. All she wanted was her childhood home. She cared little for riches. But Cyn's fate was not to be that kind.

Anna sold Cyn's childhood home, reasoning that she no longer wanted a single reminder of her horrible time in the country, and then sold Cyn to the royal palace as a servant. She told Cyn that since she was not her blood, she had no obligations to her future. Anna also threatened Cyn not to tell a soul who she really was. Anna then explained how no one would believe her for shortly after her father's death she'd spread the rumor that Cynderella had run away in her grief. The lie explained her sudden disappearance from society and also included that Cyderella had taken to selling her body to survive and was killed by a drunken drifter. The girl known as Cynderella Jamison,



daughter to the Count of Venshire, had been dead for over five years and her reputation in proper society ruined.

Cyn was devastated. Once more, the life she knew had been destroyed. She had nothing left but her memories and the nickname her father had given her. Anna even changed Cyn's last name when she was sold off. Her dreams were lost and her heart ached with sadness. But Cyn was a Jamison. Not wanting to shame her father's memory, even if no one knew who she really was, she held her head high, refusing to let her emotions show and saving the tears for when she was alone.

With one final glance at her home, Cyn was transported to the palace the next day, Anna wasting no time in wiping her hands free of the extra responsibility.

Cyn was given a small room with two other servant girls close to her age. One was a cook and the other a maid. They became friends and helped Cyn learn her way around the palace. Her duties were fairly simple. Cyn was to clean the many bedrooms and prepare them for guests. Her position gave her free reign of the palace with the exception of the east wing, where the royal family resided. They had their own private staff. She was also to act as a maid to those ladies who had none traveling with them. Tasks she'd been handling since the death of her father.

Cyn easily settled into the stable life of a palace servant, content with her responsibilities, finding them much easier than waiting upon her ever-demanding stepmother and stepsisters.

Many nights Cyn snuck up to the roof of one of the towers. It was her favorite place to retreat from everyone and everything. A place where she could forget who she was and what her life had become. From there she could see out across the vast kingdom and get a clear view of the sky. Her dreams from childhood past were revived in this place.

Often she'd lie on her back and gaze up at the darkened sky, the idea of finding true love lingering in her thoughts. This man would sweep her from the life of servitude she'd grown into and pamper her with kisses and caresses. She cared little about money or status, only that he love her. The man of her dreams would be handsome and adoring. His body would ignite her

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blood with every look and touch. She would be the center of his world, protecting her from the evil that roamed the earth.

While thoughts ran through her mind of how her man would worship her body, Cyn's hand would slip under her skirts and touch where moisture gathered in her curls. She would imagine that her fingers were his as they caressed between her folds. That it was he who slipped his fingers into her heated pussy, letting it soak them with wetness. She moaned as she brought herself to climax, and only then would her fantasy fade, and reality invaded again.

Late one night, Cyn sat on the rooftop and looked up at the cloudless, star-filled sky. Music from below floated up to her ears. There was a celebration that evening, for the prince had returned home after being gone for some time. She prepared all the guestrooms earlier, and with no other duties needed of her, she was free the rest of the evening.

Suddenly, a bright star shot across the sky before heading right for her. Cyn gasped in surprise and stood quickly. Her mind demanded that she run, but her feet froze where she stood. She watched, frightened as the star slowed and stopped in front of her. With mouth open in shock, Cyn watched the light brighten before materializing into a beautiful young woman. Cyn yelped and stumbled back in fear, her feet finally moving freely.

"Hello, Cynderella," the woman said with a smile.

"How...how do you know my name? Who are you?"

"I'm Lena, your fairy godmama," she answered in a melodious voice.

"My what?" Cyn asked, confused. She thought about pinching herself to make sure she wasn't in some wild dream. "Ow!" she cried out when the woman reached out and gave her arm a pinch.

"You're not dreaming, my dear. I'm here to give you your heart's desire for one night."

Cyn looked at the woman, thinking she was clearly mad. The woman was dressed so strangely, unlike anything Cyn had ever seen before. Her black skirt was way too short, reaching only mid-thigh. Her strangely colored pink top bared the woman's stomach and there were no sleeves, only thin straps holding her shirt on. Black leather boots ended just below the

skirt's hem and had heels that were thin and looked dangerously difficult to walk in. Even those of ill repute didn't wear such scandalous clothing. Then there were the strange piercings in various places on her body. Locations Cyn would never dream of placing a ring. How awkward it must be to have a piercing in the bottom of her lip.

The woman's hair was bright blonde with streaks of pink. Her face was painted with intensely dark colors. Thick black lining surrounded her eyes and dark, blood red rouge smeared her lips.

"Come on, dearie. We haven't all night. Time is running out." A wand suddenly appeared in Lena's hand and she waved it in the air.

"Oh my..." Cyn gasped when she abruptly found herself standing in a strange room instead of the rooftop. She turned in awe and knew she'd never been in this room before. She wasn't even sure she was still in the palace. The furniture was made of dark wood with a royal blue spread and drapes. From the looks of it, the room belonged to a man.

"What are we doing here? Whose room is this? Are we still in the palace?" Cyn asked, feeling uncomfortable. She knew she should be very scared of this woman, but found that as startling as Lena looked, Cyn did not fear her.

"You are so full of questions tonight." Lena sighed as if resigned to some horrible task. "Listen up, 'cause I'm only going through this spiel once. Someone up there likes you and heard your wishes. You have been granted this one night of pleasure. You are not to ask anything of the man you will meet but his name. Under no circumstances are you to tell him more than your name. You will have until sunrise to spend with him and do as you desire. Do you understand?"

Cyn was still shocked with all that had happened, but managed to nod her head, her eyes still trying to absorb her surroundings.

"Good," Lena said, her gaze taking in Cyn's clothing. "These will never work. How do you expect to seduce a man in this?" Lena tapped her bottom lip with a long bright pink nail. "Hmm, let's see. Somethin' sexy is a definite must, along with color. This gray, blah. It's not your color at all, babe. And the

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hair.” She shook her head. “No, no. Something must be done with it.”

Lena began rambling softly and circled Cyn, tapping her wand against a leg. “I’ve got it!” she exclaimed and waved her wand over Cyn’s body.

Cyn felt a tickle through her body, then a rush of cool air. She looked down and gasped. “What is this?” Her voice held wonder, having never seen such clothing before.

“This,” Lena fluffed Cyn’s hair, “is seduction, and will get you the night of your dreams.”

Cyn rushed to the looking glass. The woman revealed was a stranger to her eyes. No longer did she wear the baggy drab servant’s dress, and the kerchief was gone from her head. Her feet were dressed in shiny black shoes with heels, making her taller and her legs look longer. Her legs were covered in some sort of strange black, sheer hosiery that reached her mid-thigh then connected to a red one-piece corset that wrapped around her torso. It was tight and stiff, but made from silky soft fabric. A strip of material ran from the bottom of the corset, between her legs, and when she turned around, she saw that the material thinned as it set neatly between her butt cheeks before widening to form the back. The corset had no straps and its shape pushed her breasts up, giving her ample cleavage a boost. Cyn’s gaze traveled up her body and found her long, golden hair flowing free, her lips painted rose red and her eyes lined with black kohl.

“This is me?” Cyn asked in disbelief. She’d never seen herself like this and found that she liked the look. Excitement made her body tingle. She looked absolutely scandalous.

Lena rolled her eyes. “It’s not Katherine Heigl.”

Cyn’s head tilted to the side and her expression conveyed her confusion.

“Never mind. Of course, it’s you. Now remember, you must leave here by sunrise. Use this secret corridor. It will lead back to your room and no one will be the wiser.” She went to the wall where a large tapestry hung and pulled it aside. Behind it was a doorway.

Cyn nodded. “Thank you.” Her voice trembled with nervousness and eyes filled with tears.

Lena smiled. “No problem, babe. Now, have fun.” She gave Cyn a quick embrace and made a swift wave of her wand over Cyn’s stomach. In an instant Lena was gone.

Cyn blinked a couple of times, then realized she was alone. Slowly she wandered the room, her stomach knotted with excitement and nervousness. The only lighting throughout the room came from the roaring fire and two candles near the bed. The air was filled with a musky, masculine scent; another indication that it belonged to a man.

She wondered who the man would be. Was he handsome? Surely he was. Lena wouldn’t have gone to all this trouble to put her with an unattractive man. Cyn ran her hand along the smooth wood of the bed and wondered if she had the guts to do what she’d done hundreds of times in her fantasies. Hoping to calm her anxiety, she lay on the bed and found that it was very comfortable.

\* \* \* \*

Trevor slammed the door to his room and quickly locked it to block any brazen, desperate maiden who chose to sneak out of the banquet and follow him. He honestly wouldn’t put it past the young visitors to try such a scandalous thing as entrapment. The desire in these young women’s eyes was plain to see, and the overt attention had been nearly unbearable. It was enough to compel his escape from his own party as soon as possible.

Mad rantings filled the air as he stripped off his clothing. He couldn’t believe the way the evening had turned out. He thought he and his mother would spend a quiet evening together catching up and talking. However, his mother had set very different plans. She arranged a coming home celebration, and then in front of their guests started pestering him about when he would marry. She’d gone as far as boldly trying to set him up with several of the young maidens invited to the celebration. Trevor had been home one day after being gone for five years and she was already trying to get him tied down and some grandchildren born.

\* \* \* \*

Cyn watched silently as a massive male form crossed the room to the wardrobe and jerked at his clothing. It was clear he was upset about something. She heard words about his mother,

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some curses, marriage, and then more curses. He was so involved with his thoughts he'd not seen her lying on his bed.

The man shifted closer to the fire and the light illuminated his body. His shirt was the first to go, and Cyn had to clamp her lips together, concealing her gasp. With the mood the man was in, she wasn't sure he'd welcome her unexpected presence. The muscles in his back and arms rippled as he bent to remove his boots. His position gave her the perfect view of his backside with his pants hugging the curves of it tightly. Once he slipped out of his pants and was completely nude, he turned to crawl into bed, but froze.

Cyn's lips parted in surprise as this magnificent creature stood naked before her. Never had she seen a man completely without clothing, so to see this stranger, his thick dick hanging between his legs, sent a shudder through her body. Her heartbeat quickened and she felt a little lightheaded.

"Who are you?" he asked gruffly, crossing his arms over his chest, not at all trying to conceal his nakedness. In fact, as his gaze narrowed on her, she was sure he didn't have an ounce of modesty or shame over his body.

Cyn's mouth opened to speak, but the words died in her throat. His masculine beauty had rendered her speechless. She tried again, seeing the impatience in his eyes. She didn't want him to throw her out before she could say a word.

"I'm Cynderella," she answered, using her real name, hoping her voice didn't sound too squeaky.

"And why is it that you lay upon my bed?" His voice was cold even as his gaze wandered her exposed body.

"I'm here to pleasure you, m'lord." Cyn sat up and gave what she hoped was a gentle, yet sexy smile. Though she had her doubts she could actually go through with this, she was not about to give up her one chance to fulfill a fantasy. No, she wouldn't give up too quickly, no matter the distrust that gleamed in his eyes.

Trevor stepped closer, his arms lowering to his sides. "What makes you think I need pleasure on this night?" His voice had softened at her smile.

"All men crave pleasure, m'lord. But from the way you made your entrance, I feel you are in great need of release."

Cyn's voice was as smooth as silk as she slipped into the role of a seductress. She practically purred at him and was surprised at how natural this suddenly felt. Could this really be her saying these things?

\* \* \* \*

The corner of Trevor's mouth twitched as he studied this woman. Actually, it was more than his mouth that she made twitch. Her radiance vibrated in the air, and though she moved gracefully and surely, he sensed she was more innocent than she looked.

"Who was it that sent you my way, kitten?"

Cynderella moved so that she was on her hands and knees, facing Trevor. A perfect view of her breasts, plump and tempting. "No one, m'lord. I came of my own free will."

Trevor found himself at the foot of his bed, not remembering taking the steps to get there. He felt drawn to her, his body reacting to her mere presence. The urge to touch her, smell her, taste her overpowered. His mind screamed of a bewitching, but his body refused to listen. What was it about this strange woman that held him so captivated? He hesitated only a moment at the thought of trickery. Was this something his mother set up? A way to trick him into marriage? Looking down at the beauty, his thoughts fled as primal lust invaded his body.

Trevor kneeled on the bed in front of her. She lifted and kneeled also. He brushed his hand through her long, thick locks and sighed at the softness. He watched as her lips parted slightly and looked into her darkening eyes. The reflecting fire made it look as if the flames consumed them, making her mysterious and desirable.

"You have beautiful hair. Where are you from?" He'd not seen hair this pleasing in a long time. He'd spent the last five years traveling foreign lands. He'd gone to nations of great wealth and realms that held the lowest of scum. Women threw themselves at him when they realized he was a crowned prince, but he brushed them aside. Every single one. He was not interested in being trapped into marriage. There had been women of all sorts, but none that could ever compare to the woman kneeling before him. None who allowed their hair to flow loosely over their shoulders and backs. No, it was only proper to

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bind their tresses tightly from their face, then yell if anyone should mess so much as a strand of hair.

“M’lord, I shant tell my secrets tonight. This night is to be for you and your pleasure.” She tried to distract him from asking any more questions of her.

Trevor smiled at her words.

“Well then, kitten, if that is true, you may drop the m’lord and call me Trevor.”

\* \* \* \*

Cyn looked at the exquisite man through lowered lashes. She nearly swooned as his face transformed from merely handsome to absolutely gorgeous when he smiled. His body was divine in its masculinity. His light brown eyes held a promise of delight. She lifted a hand, thankful it was not shaking, and touched his bare chest. This was the first time she’d actually touched a man this way and wanted to remember every second of it. Her fingers began moving softly, feeling the smoothness of his tawny skin.

Trevor silently watched Cyn’s face as her hands roamed his chest. She tried to conceal her reactions from him, but she wasn’t sure how well she was hiding her excitement. She liked how he remained still for her, allowing her to explore his body, letting her experience him the way she wanted.

Her hands traveled down until she reached his engorged cock. Lightly, she wrapped her fingers around his thickness and heard him gasp. She had read some of her stepsisters’ erotic tales they’d kept hidden. She knew of the different ways to pleasure a man and she was determined to try each and every one her memory could recall.

She released her hold on him and moved her body down, after urging him gently on his back. In the dim lighting, she admired his stiff length. She reached out and touched him again, feeling the soft skin around the hard organ. She was amazed that something so velvety could be as rigid it was.

Cyn took hold of all the fantasy images in her head for courage as she bent her head and licked the tip. She tasted the fluid seeping from him, pleased when it jerked in her hand and a deep growl sounded from him. She slid her mouth upon the



hardness, letting her teeth gently graze the top while her tongue lapped along the bottom.

\* \* \* \*

Trevor gasped at the mixed sensations rushing through his body. In all his worldly travels, and all the women who'd littered his past, he'd never had one who had affected him as she. His head was swimming as blood rushed to his groin, aching for release. It had been a long while since he'd been with a woman. This last year, he'd especially stayed far from them after a conniving minx almost tricked him into marriage.

Cynderella's slow assault to his stiff member had Trevor mad with yearning. His fingers tangled in her hair, the softness falling around his thighs. He longed for release, to fill her with his seed. His balls tightened as his orgasm rushed upon him. He couldn't stop it, didn't want to. With a loud groan, Trevor shot his fluids down her open throat.

He knew he'd shocked Cynderella with his release by the small squeak she made, but she gulped down every salty drop before using her tongue to lick away any excess without complaint. Shyly, she looked up. Her lust-filled eyes met his. The blue darker than before, filled with raw hunger.

With lightening speed, his arms wrapped around her and pulled Cynderella up his body. She let out a small yelp of surprise, but his mouth crashed to hers, quickly swallowing it. She opened her mouth willingly, allowing him entrance as their tongues began a sensual dance.

"Has anyone told you how good you are at that?" Trevor asked, breaking their kiss, his voice hoarse and breathless.

Cynderella's cheeks reddened. "No, m'lord."

Trevor growled with desire at seeing her face flaming from the blush. How was it possible she was even more beautiful? Lowering his head, he attacked her neck with his mouth, determined to show her as much pleasure as she'd given him. He craved to hear her call his name as she fell into ecstasy.

"Beautiful, so very beautiful," he murmured, as his lips traveled down to her breasts while his hands pulled at the material covering them. The clothing was unusual, but he wasn't going to complain as it made his cock twitch with delight. He took but a moment to admire the delicious sight now displayed

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before him. Soft, creamy skin covered her firm breasts, the tips pebble hard and darkened. They begged for his attention.

She cried out when his mouth claimed a nipple. Her back arched in response as she practically purred in delight. He groaned when his hand felt the wetness of the material that covered her sweet treasure.

Trevor pulled his body back from her, seeing the confusion in her eyes. "Stand up at the foot of the bed," he ordered in a thick voice.

He watched as it took several seconds for his words to register in her mind. With slow movements, she sat up and crawled to the foot of the bed, then stood where he told her. Her legs trembled as they adjusted to standing again.

Trevor moved so he knelt on the bed before the goddess of his dreams. He wanted to assure her she'd done nothing wrong. His hands tenderly caressed her arms as his gaze ravaged her body. She intrigued him. One moment she gave off vibes of a hungry tigress, then the next instant he could smell the innocence rolling off her in waves.

"You're so beautiful." His voice was soft and filled with awe at the creature standing in front of him.

He reached up and unhooked the garter from the hose covering her legs. His hands ran up her hips and sides, searching out the stays that held the material on her body. Once all the ties were loosened, he slowly peeled the fabric from her, lips kissing every inch of skin revealed as the cloth fell to the floor. She trembled under every touch.

Trevor moved so that he knelt on the floor and looked up at her. Rolling down the hose on each leg, he took his time, letting her silky skin brush under his callused hands. After removing the sheer smoothness from her feet, he replaced her shoes, loving how the height of them accentuated the curves of her calves. Sitting back, he gloried in her beauty. His body responded by hardening again as he looked upon this exquisite creation.

"Turn for me," he said softly.

Cynderella did as he wanted, moving slowly so his gaze could prowl her body. He felt weak with the power she held over him. Never had he felt this way with any other woman.

“Are you pleased, m’lord?” she asked with a seductive smile. Her voice was thick and husky.

Trevor let out a harsh breath. “Greatly, my sweet kitten.” He stood and sat on the bed. “Come lie with me.”

She crawled back on the bed and lay in the middle. Trevor turned and positioned himself between her legs. He could smell her musky desire and longed to taste her. He took a finger and traced a mark that he saw nestled near her folds. It was in the shape of a heart and he gently kissed it before moving on. His tongue lapped at her folds, seeking the tip of her clit that hardened under his touch.

Cynderella moaned as Trevor’s tongue explored her, dipping into her drenched core, and eagerly lapped up her juices. She gyrated harder against him.

“Yes...oh, Trevor...gods above...yes!” she cried out, as she came and her body shuddered.

Before Cynderella could come down from the high of her release, Trevor moved up her body and slipped into her slick, hot passage. He paused but a moment, as if something blocked his path. He was, however, beyond stopping now. Not when her heat was wrapped tightly around him and driving him insane with need. He pushed and broke through her maidenhood.

Cynderella shifted beneath him with a gasp and winced. Trevor stopped when he saw her discomfort. Realization of taking her virginity sunk in. Damn, why hadn’t he stopped? Visions of being forced into marriage, not out of love, but necessity blazed in his mind. But as his gaze met hers, those thoughts were no longer troubling. He could easily picture himself coming to bed with this woman night after night. Having her body again and again. Seeing her belly swell with his children. Trevor blinked, amazed at the path of his thoughts. This woman had already driven him over the edge, already snaring him completely. How had she enchanted him in such a short time?

“Please,” Cynderella shifted again, this time her hips lifting and the discomfort in her expression had nothing to do with the pain of losing her virginity. “Don’t stop,” she pleaded.

How could he say no to the one woman who had turned his life upside down in a matter of minutes? Slowly, Trevor loved

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Cynderella with his body, taking her to the edge of orgasm several times before backing off, so her excitement would build higher. He showed her the heights of ecstasy until she was begging and writhing beneath him, at his complete mercy, before she finally came apart under him. Only then did he allow himself to sink into his own release.

“Trevor,” Cynderella whispered, her hands ran through his long hair as he lay atop of her. Her legs were still wrapped around his waist, keeping him inside her. “You are truly an amazing lover.” She purred in satisfaction.

He nuzzled further into her hair and inhaled her scent. “You bring out the best of me, sweet Cynderella,” he murmured.

She sighed as he once more began kissing a trail upon her neck. He couldn’t believe how insatiable she was as the night wore on, wanting to try so many different positions with wild, curious vigor. Trevor had little trouble showing her a few more techniques she’d yet to suggest with fervor.

\* \* \* \*

Too soon, Cyn turned over and found the sun starting its ascent into the sky. She almost wept at the thought of having to leave Trevor. In this one night, she’d fallen in love and never wanted to leave this man, this bed, but she knew she had no choice. Briefly, the thought of her attraction being part of the spell Lena cast crossed her mind. However, gazing down at Trevor’s peaceful face, Cyn knew it was no spell. The emotions she felt were her own and real. She turned and softly kissed Trevor.

“I love you,” she whispered on his lips, before slowly detangling herself from his embrace. It should be impossible to fall in love so quickly. She knew practically nothing about him. Only his name...and where he liked to be kissed and licked. Thinking of what they’d done made her cheeks flush. Still, she couldn’t believe she’d really done those things. Like those wanton women in the taverns or in the erotic books her stepsisters liked to read.

Cyn watched as he shifted and embraced the pillow she’d used, but he continued sleeping. She stood there, letting her mind memorize the sight of his body, the scent of his flesh, and the sound of his breathing. She could still feel the heat of his hands

all over her body and wondered if it would disappear when she left. With great reluctance, hating that she wasn't saying good-bye, Cyn left the room by way of the secret passage Lena had shown her behind the tapestry. It led her back to her room, but she left behind a trail of tears.

\* \* \* \*

Trevor turned and reached out to find nothing but a cold empty space next to him. His eyes snapped open and he jerked up.

"Cynderella?" he called out, but silence was his only response.

Looking down to where she'd been, he could still see the imprint of her body, revealing that it hadn't been just a dream. He jumped out of bed and ran to the door. Throwing it open, he stepped out into the hall and called her name. A gasp drew his attention. Turning, he found a maid staring at him, her hand covered her mouth in shock. He stood there without a stitch of clothing. Realizing what he'd done, he growled and stomped back into his room without a word to the servant, slamming the door shut.

Quickly, Trevor dressed and ran down the halls looking for his sweet Cynderella. When did he start thinking of her as his? He gazed out the window at the people bustling about below, but he didn't really see them, Cynderella occupying his thoughts. He'd asked every servant he came across if they had seen a woman by his description or name, but they all shook their heads and said no.

He was unaware Cynderella went by a nickname instead of her full birth name. Or that her servant clothing and hair covering disguised and downplayed her beauty. So none made the association between the blonde the prince was asking about and a lowly bedchamber servant.

By mid-morning, Trevor was more agitated than ever before in his life. How could a person disappear like she had and no one see her?

The night had been amazing. Cynderella had made him feel things that he never knew existed. She made him do things he'd never felt comfortable doing before. He'd been telling her the truth when he told her that she brought the best out of him.

## BEDTIME FANTASIES

Walking the halls and finding no trace of her, his stomach knotted and he felt nauseous at the thought of never seeing her again. Never to hold her in his arms, or touch her soft skin. He wanted her. He needed her. He...he loved her.

Amazingly, the man who never wanted to settle down, never wanted to marry, had fallen in love. Quick and hard. All because of a blonde-haired vixen who made him lose his mind.

Trevor avoided his mother all day despite her persistence to see him. He continued his search for Cynderella throughout the castle and the village outside the palace walls. Instead of having dinner with his mother that evening, he waited in his room, pacing the floor in hopes that she would return to him. No one but a servant came to serve him dinner.

As he stood by the window and looked out to the cloudy sky, Trevor began to wonder if he truly had only dreamt of her and the night they shared. Had his mind finally been clouded with enough of his mother's pestering that his subconscious made up a woman he could fall in love with?

He sighed and turned to go to bed when his foot kicked something on the floor. Looking down, he saw one of the black shoes Cynderella had worn the night before. He picked it up and gently caressed its smooth texture, remembering when he'd slid them off her feet and sucked on her perfectly formed toes. He sat on the bed and turned the shoe in his hands. This was proof he'd not dreamed of his beautiful kitten. Proof that she'd been in his room, in his bed, with him. He set it on the pillow she'd used to rest her head and was more determined than ever to find her.

\* \* \* \*

At the same time, Cyn sat alone in her room, brushing out her hair. All day she'd heard the other servants whispering about how strange the newly returned prince was acting. Never one much interested in gossip, she'd not asked what all the bother was. She went about her duties quietly, her mind reviewing all the pleasure she'd experienced the night before with the gorgeous, sexy stranger.

After completing all her chores, Cyn made her way up to her room. She wanted to sleep since she'd gotten little the night before. However, she was restless and couldn't lie still long enough to fall asleep. Her mind kept thinking of Trevor and how

sensual her night had been. Just remembering the time she spent with him had her body heating, and wetness gathered between her thighs. Tears gathered in her eyes as she began to wonder if what she did was a blessing or a curse.

Before meeting Trevor, Cyn had been content with her life, resigned to the fact that she would be a servant until she died, probably never to find love or a home of her own. But now she felt so cold and empty. Like she'd touched pure happiness with Trevor, only to have it torn away, leaving a gaping hole inside of her. Maybe it was better for her not to have tasted such bliss and not know how it felt to have someone hold her and make love to her.

Cyn looked at the wall that had held a door earlier that morning. Like everything else, it too was magical and disappeared once the sun fully rose. She sighed, wishing the door would reappear to take her back to Trevor. Back to warmth. Back to love.

Wiping the tears from her cheeks, Cyn stood and looked out at the cloudy sky. It had started to rain, not a good night to go up to the roof. Having nothing else better to do, she blew out her candle and climbed into her small bed where she cried herself to sleep before those that shared her room returned.

\* \* \* \*

The sun rose brightly the next day, the sky clear of all gray, drying up all the wet earth. Trevor barged into the sunroom where his mother currently entertained several ladies who had come to visit.

"Mother, I must speak with you," Trevor demanded.

"Trevor." The queen was shocked and her voice held a tone of reprimand. Looking to her guests, she apologized. "Please forgive my son. He has been away from polite society for too long." She turned back to her son. "What is it, Trevor?"

"I'm in love and I want to marry the woman," he announced. This got everyone's attention and his mother's face brightened with a smile.

"Who is this lucky girl, pray tell? Is it Serena, the Duke of Tyran's daughter? Or maybe Tabitha, the count's daughter?" she inquired. He was sure images of a grand wedding flashed in her mind.

## BEDTIME FANTASIES

Trevor held out the black shoe. "It is the blonde beauty who can fit this shoe."

The queen gasped. "What? You do not know who she is, but you love her? How did you get her shoe?"

"Her name is Cynderella. I met her two nights ago. She was waiting in my room. Mother, she's the one I want to marry. The one I love."

The queen's hand rose to her mouth in surprise. Just from her expression, Trevor saw his mother's disapproval. But then, how could a woman who waited for a man in his room be one of good repute according to his mother's opinion. Trevor didn't care if she was a princess or a tavern girl. He wanted her and had to have her no matter what his mother thought. He would be king soon and he would give his people the queen they deserved. If he loved her, how could the people not?

"Mother, you'd love her. She makes me smile and laugh. Her hair is long and thick and as golden as the sunrise. Her beauty surpasses any I've seen before. An angel come to Earth. Her foot fits perfectly in this shoe."

The queen shook her head. "Surely, my son, there are plenty of women in the kingdom that can fit in that shoe. How can you be so certain that she will be the one?"

He smiled at his mother and paid little attention to the other women in the room who started whispering quietly with each other. "I would know her anywhere. Her voice is musical and she has a heart-shaped mark between her thighs. I'm calling for all the women of the kingdom to come and see me, no matter their station. I will find her and make her my bride." The determination in his voice was unmistakable. There would be no arguing with him. His mind was set.

The ladies in the room gasped as Trevor mentioned the mark between the mystery woman's thighs. Being as intrigued as they were in Trevor since he stepped into the room, no one noticed the maid standing frozen in the corner since he made his appearance. It was she who gasped the loudest.

\* \* \* \*

Cyn had been terrified when Trevor entered the room. She couldn't believe his true identity. The wild, eldest son of the queen who had returned to accept his responsibility of his



father's kingdom. The crown prince. She had heard the servants speak of him from time to time, especially now since his return, but had yet to see him.

Cyn lowered her head and quickly left the room after hearing Trevor's announcement of marriage, even though he had no idea who she was. She ran to the kitchen where she returned the empty tray and then leaned against the wall, her heart pounding and stomach churning. She still couldn't believe it. Trevor was searching for her. He wanted to marry her and only her. Yet who was she, but a lowly servant? She didn't even have her father's name anymore. Everyone thought Cynderella Jamison was dead, that she was a wanton woman who ruined her father's name. She was merely Cyn, simple servant with nothing to offer a future king. Her chest tightened, making it hard to breathe, and her heart broke knowing she could never have him. How could he want someone like her? No home. No title. No one.

The cook approached Cyn. "Are you all right, dear? You look white as a sheet. Are you feeling unwell?" Concern was clear in her tone.

Cyn shook her head and took a deep breath to calm herself. Cautiously, she went back to the sunroom. Peeking in first, she saw Trevor no longer lingered there. Neither did the queen, but the other women sat and were talking animatedly about the scene they'd just witnessed. Cyn continued with her duties, hands trembling and constantly watching for either Trevor or the queen to return.

As soon as she could, Cyn escaped the room and retreated to the solitude of her bedroom to cry upon her bed. She shed tears as her dreams once more melted, leaving her an empty shell. But not once did she regret her night with her own Prince Charming.

Later that evening, the palace was all in a buzz as women from all around the kingdom came to try on the black shoe. Cyn heard many traveled from further kingdoms, in hopes that they were the one the prince looked for. It was easy to see it would take many days to go through them all. Good for Cyn, as it would keep her busy and gave her a better chance of being passed over or looked at too closely.

## BEDTIME FANTASIES

During the days that followed Trevor's announcement, Cyn avoided anywhere the prince might be. Her heart was broken, and ached a little more every time she heard Trevor's name. She shied away from others when she could and made her appearance drabber so if she did bump into him, she reduced the risk of being recognized. Only at night, when she was alone and no one could see her, did she allow herself to feel the grief of yet another loss in her life.

\* \* \* \*

Trevor grew more frustrated with every woman that passed before him. If, by chance, the shoe did fit the maiden, their hair was often the wrong color, texture, or length. He had yet to check for the mark, for none had come close to her beauty.

Trevor paced the room when the last woman of the day left. He growled like a wild animal. Passing a vase, he picked it up and threw it across the room. He watched as it shattered to pieces. He felt just like the vase. He was falling apart, heart shattered. He needed Cynderella. He craved to see her sensual smile, to feel her touch and smell her hair. She was all that filled his mind and he knew he'd not be at peace until he found her.

That night Trevor's sleep was restless. His dreams were filled of Cynderella and how she felt wrapped around him. The cute delectable sounds she made as he slipped in and out of her body. Her sweet innocence gleaming in her eyes as she did wicked deeds to his body. He didn't spot the small brightness that entered his room and materialize beside his bed.

Lena looked down at the man and shook her head. "Men are so daft," she whispered, and bent close to his ear. "Hey, why don't you check the servants, dude?"

"Servants," Trevor mumbled and turned over.

Lena rolled her eyes as if saying, d'uh. "The one you seek is here, within your walls."

Trevor opened his eyes and looked around, but Lena was already gone. Rolling over and feeling a little better, he slid back into a more peaceful sleep.

Trevor got up when the sun rose and demanded that all the female servants be brought before him. His tone and gruffness was not one to argue with, so it was done without protest. One

by one, he looked into the face of each woman and had them remove the kerchiefs covering their hair.

He snarled angrily and pounded his fist on a table. "Is this all the females serving here?"

"Yes, Majesty," a young soldier answered, nervously.

A small, red haired girl stepped out to the front and curtsied low before speaking. "Majesty," she said softly, but it caught his attention. "There is but one left, but she is up in her room ill and was unable to come down."

Trevor sighed and looked at the young girl, her eyes staring wide in fright. He knew he'd let his frustrations and anger show too much as of late. "Take me to her," he said, in a softer, kinder tone.

The maid led Trevor up to Cyn's room, then knocked on the door. "Her name is Cyn, Majesty. She is a bedchamber maid."

"Enter," Cynderella called out.

Trevor heard the voice and knew it was her. It sounded like a song that filled his heart, mending the cracks caused by her absence. He saw the young girl reach for the handle and stopped her.

"Thank you." He gave her a smile. "Do *not* allow anyone to bother us, unless they risk the wrath of myself upon them."

By her expression, he saw that she was worried for her friend. "It is all right. No harm will come to her," he assured the young maid.

She curtsied and made her way down the hall to make sure no one disturbed the prince, as he requested.

Trevor took a deep breath, then entered the small servant room. His first sight was of her lying on a cot, wearing her servant's clothing and her hair tied back. Her coloring was pale despite the bright sunlight and her eyes red, but still, she was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen.

\* \* \* \*

Cyn gasped at the sight of Trevor standing above her. "Trevor? What...how?" She couldn't seem to get her mouth to finish the questions that ran through her mind.

He sat on the cot next to her. Reaching a hand out, he gently touched her face. The stroke of his fingertips sent heavenly shivers through her body.

## BEDTIME FANTASIES

“My sweet Cynderella. I have been looking for you since you left. Why have you not come forward, love?”

Tears gathered in her eyes as she looked at the man she loved. “I was afraid,” she admitted.

“Afraid of what, kitten?” His thumb worked circles on her cheek.

“Afraid that you wouldn’t want me once you found out what I am.”

Trevor cupped her face in both his palms and looked into her eyes. “You have made me feel things that I’d never felt before. Kitten, I love you. I see my whole world in a new light, one that can only be right if you are in it. You have shown me that love does exist, that it doesn’t matter who I am or who you are. Because of you, I’m ready to settle down and do what is expected of me.”

Tears fell from Cyn’s eyes at his sweet words, but were they true? He dropped his hands and she looked away. How could he still want her, knowing she was just a simple servant? She had nothing, not even a name.

As if reading her mind, he smiled. “I want you, Cynderella. I love you and will marry no other. I care not what you’ve done before me. You will be my wife, my queen, and the mother of my children.” His expression became worried. “Please tell me what ails you? I will get the best physician here to cure you.”

Cyn gave a small laugh and shook her head as tears continued to rush from her eyes in happiness. His voice saying her true name was like a symphony ringing in her ears, playing music just for her. It was the most beautiful sound she’d ever heard. “No physician is needed, m’lord. It was a broken heart that ailed me because I was so scared that I could not be who you thought I was.”

“The Cynderella who shared my bed that night was the real Cynderella. I knew it from the beginning. She is a part of you and helped make me fall in love with you. Come, we will announce to the kingdom that I am to marry tonight.”

“What?” Cyn gulped as he stood and reached for her hand. “But look at me. I’m not ready to be presented or have the appropriate clothing for it. I can’t possibly...”

Trevor pulled her up and stopped her protests with a kiss filled with passion, making her forget everything but the feel of his body pressing against hers. He made love to her mouth using his tongue, making her moan as her desire for him rose high. He ripped at her gray servant dress uncaringly, knowing that she'd never wear it again. Right there, on the small hard cot, Trevor worshiped her body and tangled his hands in her thick hair. Telling Cyn, over and over, that he belonged to her and how he would please her for the rest of her life.

Cyn's heart swelled with love at Trevor's words and knew they were true. She'd been given the gift of true love and sighed, silently thanking Lena as Trevor's lips surrounded her clit, making her scream with pleasure. The twinkle of light that floated outside the window went unnoticed by the couple.

\* \* \* \*

Trevor kept Cyn by his side, unable to let her out of his sight. Seeing his beloved dressed the way she was, he realized why no one recognized the woman he had described, or her name. The servant clothing hid her womanly curves, while the kerchief over her hair had allowed few to see her thick golden tresses. She no longer went by Cyderella, merely Cyn. But it no longer mattered by what name she was called, she would always be his fierce kitten...and his queen.

Later, after being introduced to Trevor's mother, Cyn reluctantly told them her story and who her father was, not sure they would really believe her. Trevor's anger rose at hearing how this wonderfully, compassionate woman, who'd stolen his heart, had been treated by those who were to care and nourish her. Though he was not familiar with Cyn's father, his mother knew the count and had respected the man. However, he'd heard from others about her stepsisters. From the detailed story, he had absolutely no doubt her words were true. As did the queen.

With the queen's blessing, Cyn and Trevor were married that night without a huge announcement and elaborate celebration. The elder queen was happy to see her son so cheerful and in love. Now, she just needed some grandchildren to keep her busy, but that would be spoken about another day.

\* \* \* \*

## BEDTIME FANTASIES

The following morning, Marquise Anna of Hadenshire was summoned to appear before the queen. Anna felt greatly honored for such an invitation. She walked majestically into the throne room, back straight and head held high. She bowed before the royal family while her stomach fluttered with excitement. It was hard to imagine why she had been called on to appear before the queen. She could only deduce it be for good reason. Maybe to honor and thank her for the help she had provided to those bratty kids her husband insisted they help when the orphanage burned down.

“Rise,” the queen commanded.

Only then did Anna become aware of the young woman sitting next to the prince who’d recently returned home to claim his crown. She blinked several times to clear her vision, but nothing changed. Sitting there, in royal clothing and a jeweled crown, was her stepdaughter, Cynderella. Her eyes widened and her stomach fell like lead. Anna felt sick. Not once since selling Cynderella had Anna thought about the girl.

“I believe you’ve met my wife, Cynderella Jamison DuBois,” Trevor spoke, scowling at Anna.

He appeared pleased as Anna stuttered, her mouth moving like a fish, but no intelligent words came out.

She knew nothing good could come of the meeting when the queen and prince questioned her of the life she’d provided for Cynderella after her father’s death. They asked how her dowry was spent and why was it the daughter of a respected count ended up as a palace servant. The questions were coming at her so fast, Anna’s thoughts jumbled.

Anna’s gaze shifted between the two before narrowing her sight on Cyn, who no longer backed down or cringed with her stern look. The snotty, spoiled girl had always been a thorn in her side, taking what she and her daughters deserved.

“I knew from the first day I met you that you’d ruin my life,” Anna sneered at Cyn, hating her more when that youthful, beautiful face expressed sadness and pity.

Knowing there was no way to deny the accusations against her, Anna admitted everything, answering the questions truthfully and seeing her life slip away. All because of the child her dead husband had sired and loved more than her.

“What you have done and your selfish acts have not only hurt your family, but affected the life of my daughter-in-law. I have always been a fair ruler, handing out just punishments. I will not allow my anger at your deeds cloud my judgment. As you stripped Cynderella of her title, her wealth, and life and thrust her into a life of servitude, I hereby order the same for you.”

Anna gasped and fell to her knees. “No. Please.” She had expected death. At the time, she thought nothing could be worse. Now, as guards came and started dragging her away, Anna understood that the life she was about to lead was a fate worse than death in her eyes.

\* \* \* \*

Cyn watched, stunned, as her stepmother was dragged from the room. She struggled against the guards and screamed like a lunatic. Cyn wanted to hate the woman, be happy for her punishment, but even now, she had trouble finding anything more than pity.

“Her marriage will be annulled and her title stripped from her name. I think she’ll serve nicely out in the northern farm.” The queen glanced at Cyn. “It gets a bit nippy up there in the winter. Not much grows there during that time. There’s usually at least two blizzards a year there. But I think she’ll enjoy the summers.”

Cyn couldn’t stop the smile at her queen’s humor, knowing Anna detested the country. Perhaps no evil deeds go unpunished, after all.

Trevor pulled Cyn from her chair into his lap. Instantly, all thoughts of her stepmother and earlier life dissipated. Her true Prince Charming had come and rescued her. As his mouth descended upon hers, she knew they’d have many nights filled with lust, love, and hot, erotic sex. Which, Cyn was sure, would result in the many grandchildren her new mother was already demanding.

*Red Hot*



Connor silently watched as she walked through the dense, dark forest and followed the thin, barely visible trail. He knew her destination as she traveled this way the same day every week. In the past, he'd followed her to the small, quaint cottage.

He shifted slightly to the left so he could continue his observation of the red-haired beauty. His Red, as he often referred to her.

A soft breeze blew through the trees, rustling the leaves. Birds, perched in the branches above, sang their musical songs. The fragrance of wild flowers floated in the air. Somehow, Red fit in with the surroundings. Of course, Connor couldn't help gazing upon her with appreciation to her wardrobe. Since it was a warm day, she'd worn a tan sleeveless shirt that displayed her ample cleavage. The maroon skirt ended inches above her knees so it showed off long, firm legs. Completing the outfit were calf-high black boots. She looked like a scrumptious meal just waiting to be devoured.

Standing, Connor tried to get a better look at her tight ass. He misstepped and a twig snapped. Red stopped walking and looked around at the thick foliage surrounding the trail.

"Hello?" Her voice held a tremor.

With a silent curse, not wanting to scare her, Connor took a risk and advanced from his hiding place. He made sure she heard his movements this time so that when she turned he stood a couple of feet from her.

"Oh!" Her hand jerked to her chest to cover her heart as her startled cry echoed through the forest.

"I didn't wish to scare you." He offered her a warm smile.

Her stunning green eyes widened as she took him in. He was sure to be a sight. He, too, had carefully dressed for today's outing with snug-fitting black leather pants and matching boots. The leather vest gave a hint of his dark chest hair and displayed his muscular arms. It also flashed the tattoo of a gray wolf's head on his left bicep and the tattoo of a full-bodied wolf brandished on his right arm.

## BEDTIME FANTASIES

Red's gaze rose to his face and stared so intensely at him that longings stirred deep within his gut. He hadn't taken time to shave the two-day growth on his face and he knew he needed a haircut. The dark strands fell unruly around his face and nearly touched his shoulders. With his wild and dangerous looks, he was positive they were the reason for her skittish reaction.

When she didn't speak, he tried a different approach. "Where are you going, *mi poco bastante*?" My little pretty. The endearment rolled off his lips hushed, as if revered.

"I..." Her voice cracked. She cleared her throat before speaking again. "I'm going to visit my grandmother's house."

Connor's body heated and his cock filled with desire. He took a deep breath and absorbed her delicious scent. "What's in the basket?"

Red licked her lips, drawing his gaze to their lushness. The urge to trace her lips with his own tongue was strong, but he held himself in check.

"Just some snacks for later." The words came out breathless.

He nodded and gave her a half grin before taking a step away from her. "Enjoy your visit. Just be careful."

Red's head tilted slightly to the right and eyebrows lowered. "Careful?"

"This forest hides all sorts of dangerous creatures." His gaze roamed the length of her body. "All of them willing to take a bite of your delectable—snacks."

Letting her think on that, he turned and headed away from her and the cottage.

\* \* \* \*

Connor's hand held a slight tremble, his stomach tightened with anxiety. He let out a shaky breath and steeled himself for what laid ahead trying to keep his desire under control. Since seeing her earlier, he couldn't get her out of his mind. The way her hair glimmered in the sun, while her green eyes gleamed brightly as she looked up at him. Grasping the knob, he pushed the door silently open.

Curtains drawn, sun setting, the cottage was darkened. Only a reddish-orange blaze illuminated the edges of the curtains, reminding him of her hair. He stood silently within the doorway,

his eyes adjusting to the dimness. Straight ahead was a hall with a dim flicker of light coming from the end. Soundlessly, Connor moved through the cottage after making sure the lock was secured. He didn't favor the thought of interruptions. Not tonight.

The waver of light beckoned from a room off the hall. His breath halted as soon as he was washed with its glow. There were three candles set around the room, the golden light eerily brightening the room. He could smell her musky scent of lust before his gaze located her. A low rumble rose from his throat as he beheld her loveliness.

She lay in the center of the four-poster bed, her eyes closed, and her chest rising and falling steadily. Her expression relaxed in sleep, thick lashes rested upon her cheeks, and her thick lush lips parted slightly. An adorable soft snore sounded in the stillness. Connor's gaze slipped over her body and felt the heat rise in his body, pooling in his groin. His cock pressed painfully against his leather pants.

She lay upon her back. Her red locks scattered around her head blazing like a halo, her face turned away from where he stood. Her arms were raised and resting on the soft pillow. His gaze lowered to the black silk bra she wore and his swollen cock twitched in response. The position of her arms, along with the silky material, pushed up the abundant flesh accenting her cleavage. He thought of how soft her skin would feel against his lips. How she would taste.

His gaze traveled down over her taut stomach and small waist to a black garter belt. Its thin straps attached to black stockings that clung to every curve of her lean legs. She wore no panties and, with her thighs slightly parted as they were, he had a perfect view of her smoothly shaved folds that made his mouth water. The pair of black stiletto heels encasing her feet was Connor's downfall as need devoured his body.

Damn, he wanted this woman. He ached to take her, to thrust deep into her body and rock her until she cried out his name in pleasure. Balling his hands into fists, he took a deep breath and calmed his body. Only he made the mistake of looking at her parted lips. They were painted red and he could almost feel them wrapped around his cock, her breath warm and

## BEDTIME FANTASIES

moist as she sucked him to oblivion. Connor shook as he took another breath, this one deep and cleansing, to push the image from his head. It worked for a brief second before the image of her tongue lapping at one of his nipples while her nails bit into his flesh flashed clearly in his mind. Connor shook away the image of her writhing body, anticipation rocking his own body with uncontrolled trembling.

He squelched the primal growl that threatened to erupt and turned his attention to the bed. Her position was perfect for what he had in mind. Reaching into a pocket, Connor pulled out several strips of material. He went to the nearest post at the head of the bed and secured one end to it before silently walking to the other side and doing the same with a second piece of material. With the softest touch manageable, he raised her arm a little further and secured the free end around her wrist. She shifted on the bed and gave a small moan, spurring Connor into action as he swiftly anchored the other wrist like the first.

The woman shifted again, but finding that she could not lower her arms, her eyes snapped opened and met with those of brown pools flecked with gold.

“You,” she gasped.

He placed a finger over her lips, shushing her. Straightening, Connor moved to the end of the bed to admire his catch. She stayed silent as her chest rose and fell with heavy breath. With hooded eyes, she watched him, only a sparkle of green showing so her emotions and thoughts remained hidden. Her tongue darted out to wet her dry lips, making the red color glisten in the candlelight. Her body trembled. Excitement and arousal coursed through his veins creating a predatory feel as he watched his prey.

“Beautiful,” he murmured softly as he removed his vest and managed to discard his boots with haste. With the stealth of a wild cat, Connor knelt on the bed, parting her legs further with his knees, and crawled up her body until he covered her, his leather-encased throbbing cock nestled tightly against her folds.

“What exotic eyes you have.” Her voice came out thick, but soft, and held a slight quiver. His fingers gently brushed wild strands of hair from her face before brushing down her cheek.

Conner knew his hunger was blazing strong, making the gold in his eyes brighten. "All the better to view your beautiful body with." His voice was so deep it was nearly a growl.

She whimpered in response to his tone when his mouth descended upon her. Her lips scalded his, making them both gasp at the invigorating sensation. His tongue took the opportunity to press inside, exploring, dominating. He felt the rumble of her moans vibrate against his chest and into their joined mouths. The scent of her desire mingled with her sweet taste slowly drove him mad with need.

Connor pulled away, his taste buds bursting with her flavor, but he didn't go far. He nipped at her swollen lip, her breath coming out in small pants hitting on his own sensitive lips.

"What soft lips you have," she breathed.

"All the better to taste your sweetness," he answered with a crooked smirk.

She moved beneath him, the silk of her bra rubbing on his bare chest, shooting shivers down his spine. Her legs shifted and wrapped tightly around his leather-clad ones, pinning him to her. The movement caused her folds to tighten around his bulge, threatening to destroy the control that hung by a thread. He growled and attacked her neck, kissing her creamy soft skin. He caught her flesh between his teeth and marked her before moving down.

Using his strong arms to lift his upper body, Connor slid down her body, causing her legs to loosen their hold. His lips left a trail of kisses down her throat until he reached the material that covered her breasts. Tongue dipping under the silk, he lapped at the supple skin hidden beneath the material. Using his teeth, he managed to uncover her right breast, shoving the bra aside. Red gasped and arched up off the bed.

"Please," she hissed.

His gaze flickered up to her face and found a near orgasmic expression. Sweet Jesus, she was so fuck-ab-ly beautiful. He couldn't push aside the need to dominate her and take her hard, but not fast. No, he wanted to draw this out until she begged him for release.

With a swipe of his tongue, her nipple reacted, stiffening to a tight peak. He sucked the nipple into his mouth, his tongue

## BEDTIME FANTASIES

swirling around the tip, pulling more blood into it. Lifting his head, he gave the other nipple the same attention. Connor lowered his chest and let it brush against her erect nipples. The shock of sensations he created made her cry out and her legs tighten around him.

A grin of satisfaction graced his lips as he gazed down at her expression of desire. He'd managed to bring her near orgasm, and this was just the beginning. Connor reached back and pried her legs from him so he could slide down her body until his head settled between her legs. He lifted his eyes, gazing at her luscious curves of perfection. Her chest heaved from her rapid breath. She lifted her hips and pushed up toward him with impatience. He knew what she wanted without words.

Connor chuckled. "Patience, *cielo*." Heaven. That's what she was. His own piece of it right here on Earth.

Lowering his gaze, he pushed her legs wider, making her folds open. Her scent assaulted his senses, filling him with a groan, desperately needing a taste of her. Using a single finger, he lightly ran it along the edge of her inner lips gathering her wetness. She flinched and moaned at his touch. Her eyes pleaded, begged for the pleasure he could give. Her juices glistened on his finger as he brought it to his mouth. Her musky desire tasted as sweet as her kisses.

Connor shifted his attention back to his beautiful captive's body. He bent his head and let his tongue flick her tight bud. He smiled at the curses flowing from her succulent red lips as her body jumped. She was so close, yet he'd barely begun.

"More," she pleaded and pushed her pussy closer to his face.

His tongue lapped at her folds. At his first touch her hips bucked, straining to reach his tantalizing mouth. He growled as her taste fully filled his mouth, her juices flowed freely over his tongue and down his chin. It took very little work before Red cried out as her orgasm slammed fiercely through her. Her back arched off the bed, while her hips pressed down hard on his face.

Connor quickly slipped off the bed as her body eased back to sated reality. He frantically shed the last of his clothing, finally releasing his aching length. His relief was short lived because his need to have her grew with every passing second. He kneeled

again between her legs and leaned forward, capturing her mouth. She sighed pleasurably into his dominating mouth.

“What a talented tongue you have,” she breathed in his ear when their kiss broke.

“All the better to please you with, *mi bastante*,” Connor growled, as he entered her body with one swift thrust.

His groan mixed with her gasp as her tightness unexpectedly rippled around him. He stilled his motions to keep his control as another orgasm wracked her body. When she calmed, Connor started slow, sliding in and out of her slick pussy. Her wetness slurped with his movements, the sound of their bodies rubbing together sent heated fire through his veins.

Lowering his head, Connor claimed her mouth, swallowing her whimpers. Their bodies moved as one, their pace increasing. Harsh breaths forced their kisses to end. As she threw her head back, Connor gave into his instincts and nipped at her shoulder. Feeling her body spasm upon his embedded length, Connor could no longer hold back. With a loud animalistic growl, he thrust twice more before letting orgasm claim his body. He mirrored her action as a great howl echoed the room.

It was several minutes before either could move as they recovered from their storm of pleasure. Connor’s arms gave out, causing his body to lie upon hers. His muscles quivered from their exertion. He could feel Red’s body trembling from the intense orgasms that assaulted her.

Connor was finally able to lift his body from his lover’s form on shaky limbs. A chill replaced the heat where their bodies had touched. Reaching up, he loosened the material still holding Red’s wrists before drawing her into his arms, holding her close while a hand ran through her hair.

“Mmmm,” she purred contently, eyes closed, a look of pure happiness filling her face. “Little Red Riding Hood never had it so good.”

Connor chuckled and kissed her head. “I say we play serving wench next week.”

Red smiled, opened her eyes, and looked up at him with mischief in her glittering green eyes. “I think that can be arranged.” Snuggling into the crook of his neck, she relaxed. “I love you, my big bad wolf.”

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“I love you, Red.”

They fell asleep feeling sated, living happily ever after...to play again.



MARTY RAYNE

## *What's in a Name?*

*T*ristan was being carried, or rather dragged, as he woke. Before his brain could rally to fight he was dropped, none too gently, on a stone floor and heavy manacles were locked on his wrists. Large, dark shadows blocked the sight of his surroundings after the hood was removed from his head. Tristan blinked several times before his vision cleared and saw that his captors had moved toward a thick wooden door.

He stood and started after the bulky guards leaving the room, but chains stopped him from moving more than a foot from the wall they connected to.

“Where am I?” Tristan yelled. “You can’t do this. What do you want?” He received no answer.

Tristan yanked and tugged on the chains binding his wrists, but they were fastened securely to the dirty stone wall. Cursing, he looked around. The room was small and void of furniture. The only entrances to the room were the door the men exited and another across from him, both closed out of his reach. Tristan realized he was in a cell deep in the palace dungeon, as the thugs were wearing royal guard clothing. He had heard stories about this place, and how very few people ever left once they were brought here. A tremble coursed through his body as he sank to the floor, his back against the wall, and knees drawn to his chest.

Time passing was immeasurable. The distant screams and clanking of chains and steel held no rhythm. Occasionally a moan or cry would sound closer, only to increase the fear that ran wild inside. He remembered going to sleep safe and warm in his home, not having a clue how he came to be here or why.

Tristan jumped to his feet when the door opened. His breath stopped as a petite blonde woman stepped in. He immediately recognized the queen, Vanessa Stamblin. Her garments showed her position of royalty with their deep purple hue and silky material, along with the elegant way she moved. Her appearance was completely out of place in the small dirty room. Behind her stood two soldiers, silent and arms crossed, gazes narrowed on him.

The queen approached and stood several inches from Tristan, who bowed his head in respect as he was taught. She stood there silent for a few moments, but he could feel her gaze boring into his soul. Her eyes were so icy blue that they looked like frost over the sea. The stifling silence and the feel of her intense gaze still on him, Tristan wanted to cover his shirtless chest, but refused to act like an adolescent child.

“Stories of you have caught my attention.” Her voice broke the thick tension. The sound was smooth, but not pleasing to his ears.

Tristan’s brows drew together in confusion. He was the son of a simple farmer who kept to himself. He was content with his life working the land his family kept. He had yet to meet a girl who sent his heart skipping and his father had not yet pushed him into marriage, though he was of age.

“I have heard that you are able to turn sour wine into pure water.”

He shook his head. “I don’t...” His voice was raspy and dry.

Vanessa put her fingertips over his lips, interrupting his protests. He’d heard the people talk about how light and pure his family’s wine tasted, that its quality rivaled fresh spring water. How the fruits and vegetables they brought into the market were ambrosia of the gods. Surely, she being the queen, had to know the difference?

“I’ve seen you, bringing your crops into the village from the fields. The way you lift all those heavy barrels of succulent wine with those bulging muscles. You must work very hard to reap all those luscious rewards.”

The shiver that passed through Tristan as she spoke had nothing to do with arousal. The lusty look in her eyes let him guess his fate. A fate he gathered had happened to many men of the village. Good men considered attractive by the women, or those that had caught the eye of the queen, became accused of crimes that he knew they didn’t commit. Only to never be heard from again once they reached the castle’s prisons.

Castle gossip fodder said the queen’s sexual appetites had grown so that her harem had become a wicked playground. One that the king had limited her additions to slaves and thieves. Because rumors started to spread, telling that some men never

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lived to play again. So not to anger her husband any further, she used her devious ways to make sure she had the men she wanted, by any means necessary.

“Certainly, your family cannot produce such wealth without some sort of magic involved. Especially with such hard times plaguing the kingdom already. And you know the king’s law: magic will not be used for commoners’ profit.”

She walked over to the second door. Pushing it open, it revealed a second small room. Tristan could see that it held barrels, and from the smell they contained sour wine.

Vanessa stepped back to Tristan, her gaze narrowing on his lips as her tongue wet her red painted mouth.

“This is the way it’s going to be. You have two days to turn this wine into water. If you can do this, you may go back to your farm and live out your life.”

Tristan swallowed hard. “And if I can’t?” His voice trembled slightly as he looked down into her icy depths.

Vanessa stepped closer and placed a hand lightly on his chest. He shivered in disgust at her touch, but dared not pull away. She held his life in her hands. Her hand glided over his smooth skin, circling a nipple. Tristan bit his bottom lip to keep from jerking away as if it burned, his stomach revolting and churned at her touch.

“You will become part of my harem. I’m in need of a sex slave.” Her voice was honeyed and soft, almost childlike, but Tristan heard a cold tone behind the sweetness. “My last one...well, I had to let him go.” She rose on her toes and placed a light kiss on his stiff, unresponsive lips. “Two days,” she reminded him, as she stepped back and left the room.

The two guards approached Tristan and released the manacles from his wrists before they backed away. Everything inside of Tristan told him to take a chance at escape, but looking at these two men, he knew he’d not get far.

When the door closed and the click of the lock echoed through the chamber, Tristan went to the open doorway. There were at least twenty barrels of wine in the room. Despair filled him as he slid down the doorframe. Pulling his legs up to his chest and settling his arms on his knees, he rested his head on them.

His life was over. Stories were whispered in the dark corners of taverns of how the queen treated those in her harem. Once a man entered it, he was never seen again. Some say that it was a fate worse than death. Rumors told of how all the men she kept were scarred as a result of her misuse and cruelty, and that she cared nothing of their feelings or pain. They were only alive to serve and please her. Tristan let his tears of desolation flow freely as he cried, an action he'd not allowed himself to do since his mother died when he was just a young boy.

A hand settled on his shoulder, its warmth spreading within his body. He felt comforted by the touch, the sensation similar to when his mother would wrap her arms around him and kiss his hurts. Slowly, Tristan raised his head and was ensnared by eyes so mesmerizing all his worries disappeared. Her mysterious gaze so beautiful and unique. He'd never seen purple colored eyes before. Actually, they were two shades of purple. The ring surrounding her black pupil was the color of wild violets. The outer circle was darker in color, like the royal garments the king and queen wore. Thick black lashes framed them. Fairy eyes, they were called.

Tristan looked past the eyes and found a beautiful woman kneeling next to him. Her hair was long and dark chocolate brown in color. Bright red streaks added a natural glow to her dark tresses. Her lips were deep red, the color of roses ripe in bloom, and hinted at a smile.

He reached up and wiped the tears from his face, reluctant to move from the stranger's consoling touch. "Who are you?" His voice was quiet and unsure.

"I'm here to help you."

Tristan laughed. "Unless you can turn all of this sour wine to water—" He flicked his wrist, indicating the stacked barrels. "Then you are wasting your time."

The smile fully formed making her beauty shine. "I can help."

Her calm tone sobered him. "How?"

"I have my ways. However, I require payment for my services."

The small hope Tristan held dissolved. "I'm sorry, but I have nothing to give. I own nothing but the clothing I wear." He

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looked down at his worn pants and an old pair of shoes, both in ragged shape. "I'm but the son of a farmer. The land we tend isn't even ours."

She leaned over and gently pressed her lips to his. Her tongue swept over his flesh, beckoning them to part. His mouth opened, allowing her tongue to slip in. The kiss was tentative, one of exploration and shyness on Tristan's part. As the kiss continued Tristan craved more. She tasted sweeter than honey and found himself moaning when she ended the kiss by pulling away.

"You have what I require. You can offer yourself to me as payment."

Tristan blinked slowly at the woman, still reeling from her kiss. It took a moment for him to comprehend her words.

"Me? You want me as payment?" He was unsure he'd heard right. Her offer sounded quite similar to the queen's. Both women wanted him for a possession, like he was cattle. He was a simple man, unused to this kind of attention. He had to wonder what fate he crossed to be punished with such a decision.

"I shall turn every barrel to pure water and get you out of here in exchange for your oath to surrender to me."

Tristan looked at the beauty before him, thinking of the warmth and comfort he felt when she'd touched him. Her smile was kind and inviting. Her voice was lulling like a spell.

Silently he weighed the pros and cons of his situation. If he pushed this woman away and allowed the queen to have her way, he would be pulled into a nightmare world, where there would be beatings and punishments at her whim. He would be completely at her mercy with no one to help him. Remembering how his skin crawled at her touch and how much evil gleamed in her eyes, he shuddered at the thought.

On the other hand, he knew nothing of the woman in front of him. How would she make the barrels turn from sour wine? How would she get him out of the dungeon? Where would she take him? If he chose her, would he be exchanging one hell for another?

"How can I be sure that I'm not getting myself into a worse situation than what the queen has offered?"

“You can’t. You can only trust what your heart tells you to do,” she said, raising her hand to caress his cheek. “I promise that you will be in a better place than this. And you won’t be punished or treated cruelly.”

Tristan felt the warmth of her touch spread through his face. He resisted the urge to lean into her palm.

“And my life here? What becomes of that?”

“It will be behind you. You will have no need of it. I will keep you safe.”

The woman removed her hand and he instantly felt the coolness of the cell’s air where her warmth had been. He shivered, unsure why the sensation affected him so much.

Knowing he would have a short, tortuous life if he stayed there, Tristan took a deep breath and let it slowly seep out of his lungs.

“If you get me out of this dungeon and safely away from the queen and her fury, I give you my oath and surrender myself completely to you as payment.”

She nodded. “Why don’t you lie down and rest while I take care of things?”

Tristan looked at the spot that held her gaze and saw there was a pallet of straw in the corner of the cell. He knew it wasn’t there earlier, but before he could question it, he felt very tired and the makeshift bed beckoned him. The woman stood and helped him up and walked with him over to the pallet. In several blinks of his eyes, he was soothed into a deep, dreamless slumber.

\* \* \* \*

Tristan woke snuggled under thick covers. Grudgingly, he opened his eyes and met with bright rays of sunshine creeping in through a small window. Sleep slowly drifted from his body and he remembered the events of the previous day. He turned and found he was no longer in the cold, dark cell. Sitting up, he looked around a room he’d never seen before.

Tristan threw the covers back and gave a small groan as his muscles protested the movements. His body was sore and stiff. Still, he stretched and loosened the tension. Looking down, he saw that he was barefoot and his dirty, torn pants were gone. He now wore a clean, tan pair that tied at the waist.

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“Hello?” Tristan called out. Silence was the only response.

He left the room, calling out again. There was no answer. The place was quiet. He made his way through the small cottage. It had one bedroom, a bathroom, living area, and a kitchen. He found himself alone.

Tristan opened the only door leading out of the cottage and stepped out onto the porch. A garden lay beyond that. Walking out further, he called out again, but only the sound of nature answered his call. He walked around the garden in awe. It was a beautiful area filled with all sorts of flowers, every one in bloom. The air smelled sweet and vaguely familiar. A vegetable garden was set along one side of the cottage. That too was abundant with growth and filled with a variety of foods.

All of this gave him no clue as to where he was. He'd never seen such a place as this. How had he gotten from the palace cell to this place? Had he just dreamed the queen capturing him? Or maybe this was actually the dream. Tristan reached over and pinched his arm.

“Ow,” he said aloud, feeling the pain, but he was still in the garden.

There was a dirt path winding through the garden and Tristan found himself following it until it came to a little white gate. It connected to a fence that surrounded the entire garden including the cottage. On the other side of the fence was a thick, dark forest. It was a strange place. Everything the fence surrounded the sun beamed down on, but on the other side it was dark, and a little daunting.

Without hesitation, Tristan opened the gate and tried to walk through, only to be stopped by some unseen barrier.

Tristan cursed and pressed his hands out in front of him, making contact with something that felt as solid as a wall, yet went unseen. His fists pounded on it, but it didn't make a noise or budge. He rose on his toes and found that it continued higher than he stood.

Slowly he walked around the fence, his hands touching the same unseen barrier all the way around until he was once more at the gate. There was no way out, no opening for him to leave...or anyone to enter. Tristan's anger flared. He had given up one cell to be placed in another.



His words came back to haunt him. *If you get me out of this dungeon and safely away from the queen and her fury, I give you my oath and surrender myself completely to you as payment.* Tristan had given his word to the strange woman. He'd given his oath, however, he had not expected this. He'd been desperate to escape the queen, so a charming smile and sensual kisses led him into thinking he would be safer with her, a complete stranger.

At the time, Tristan had given his oath willingly, but that didn't stop the anger rushing through him. How did fate deem him so unworthy to end up like this? He stomped around the garden banging on the invisible wall here and there, hoping to break through somehow.

Passing a group of tulips, he ripped a handful from the ground and dropped them before smashing them under his foot. He turned and grabbed several other blooms, he knew not their names, and tore them to pieces before throwing them aside. Turning back to where the tulips lay, Tristan froze. Where he had snatched the tulips up from their roots he found more stood in their places. Turning slowly in a circle, he saw the same had occurred to the other flowers he'd destroyed. All were replaced and as beautiful as the ones that were destroyed.

"It's enchanted," Tristan murmured, and sank to the ground. It all came together. The beautiful woman with her fairy like eyes, how she entered his cell, and how he arrived here. It was magic, all of it. How was he to beat magic? How was he to get out of this with his life intact?

Sighing, Tristan got up and went back inside. He had to admit the cottage was cozy. Better than the drafty farmhouse he lived in with his father. It had a warm feeling to it, one that caused him to relax, no matter the state of his emotions. He sat heavily on the couch and before long laid down, his mind racing, but mostly focused on the woman with the unusual violet eyes. He desired her more than any other woman he ever met. Made his heart skip a beat just by staring into her eyes. Not to mention what she did to his cock with just picturing her beautiful smile.

Tristan must have slept because when his eyes opened again the cottage was dark except for a dim light coming from the fireplace. A fire he didn't start. He turned his head and met with those amazing violet eyes. He pushed off the couch quickly and

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started pacing the room, keeping his distance from her magical influence.

“Who are you really?” he demanded angrily. “Where am I and why are you holding me here?”

“You are safe, out of the queen’s harm, just as I promised. Do you not like it here? Does it not please you?” Her voice was soft, the tone alluring, and...innocent.

Tristan rubbed the back of his neck, feeling the tension there. He was very frustrated despite the fact his eyes kept going to the enticing vixen.

“It’s nice,” he sighed, shaking his head, his aggravation not lessening. “But I’m still in a prison, just like before.”

The woman went to Tristan. With the lightest touch, she laid her hand against his cheek. “You surrendered yourself to me. This is your home, not a prison. You will be safe from harm here.”

He pulled away from her touch as he felt his agitation calm. He wanted to feel his anger. It was something he could take hold of, something that was his and not enchanted.

“Don’t touch me. Just leave me be. Go away.”

“I can’t.” She shook her head, looking confused. “You are my responsibility. I must care for you as you willingly gave yourself to me.”

Tristan saw the irritation that flared in her eyes. The emotion made her eyes shine bright, the colors nearly twinkling. He saw a glimpse of an inferno within her and was drawn to it. His gaze lowered to her lips and found there was a most beguiling curve to their lusciousness. He jerked his gaze away and turned his back to her, staring into the fire.

She sighed, then called his name. He fought the urge to go to her. She said his name again, this time with a firm and commanding tone. His body responded before he could fight it, turning back to her against his will. His breath caught as he looked upon her unclothed body. She was seated on the couch.

“On your hands and knees, Tristan.” She commanded in the same authoritative tone that made his body obey her will.

His body responded to her command, no matter how his muscles fought it. He found himself on the floor, his anger was escalating.

“Now, crawl to me and kneel between my legs.”

“What have you done to me?” he growled at her savagely, his body moving and no longer his own to control.

“I have done nothing. It was you who gave yourself to me. By surrendering yourself, you have given all to me, including your body to do with as I please.”

Tristan held his body rigid, the muscles twitching in revolt as they moved. He could clearly see her eyes, the odd colors appeared to swirl and darken at his approach. Filled with lust and desire. When he kneeled between her thighs, he boldly met her gaze, hating his own need to have her and how the power she wielded over him aroused him.

The dark haired vixen slid off the couch and let her knees fall to either side of his. She leaned forward and her lips gave him a gentle caress. He was surprised when his mouth responded to her touch. She deepened the kiss as he opened fully to her, reveling in her sweet taste. At that moment, he was unsure if his actions were caused by what she wanted or what he really wanted to do. Trying to figure it out only confused him further.

Her hands travel his body, fingers brushing over his strained muscles. Her mouth pulled away only to start laying kisses under his earlobe. Tristan tried to ignore her touch and lips as he gasped for breath. He worked to turn his mind to a matter of distraction to keep from falling into her seductive trap, but failed as it brought forth images of her eyes, lips, and body. In spite of her tricking him and his hostile attitude toward her, he couldn't deny the desire that surged within his body. From the first moment he'd seen her, he had wanted her.

Her hot breath feathered his ear, as her voice caressed his soul. “Tristan. Touch me. Feel me. Be with me.” Her voice held no trace of the commanding tone as it had earlier. He sensed she didn't want to force him. She'd given him a display of her power, but she wanted him willing. Tristan wanted it also. Couldn't resist what she offered.

Her hands were at the waist of his pants and pulled on the strings. One of her hands dipped inside and took hold of his already hard cock. Her other hand slid up his body and gently grasped one of his nipples between her fingers. Tristan braced himself against her sensual touch. He tried not to show how

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desperate she made him feel, but his body was alive with tremors and longing.

Tristan's hands finally lifted of their own accord and started their exploration of her body. The heat radiating from her skin assaulted his hands. Her breath quicken as his fingers brushed over her nipples. He cursed his body for wanting her so much, yet he couldn't help himself. No matter the circumstances, he ached to be with her. Knew he would have her. These feelings were not because of her magic, but because it was what he truly desired.

He pushed her back to lie on the floor. Was that animal skin there before? The question flashed through his mind before being distracted by the sight of her naked flesh stretched out before him. His primal instinct took over as his mouth traveled down her body, tasting her, devouring her. His kisses led him down to her already moist pussy. He took a moment and inhaled her scent. It was the same as she tasted, sweet, but it was mixed with something else. Perhaps it was the obvious magic flowing in her veins.

No longer fighting or thinking, he tentatively flicked his tongue over her clit. He was encouraged when her body jumped in response and she let loose a low purr. He began exploring her folds with his tongue, her wetness dripping on his taste buds. Her moans grew louder as he began dabbing her throbbing center. Her hardened nub pulsed stronger as he sucked it into his mouth, causing her to cry out as she climaxed. He continued gently licking her sweet juices as she came down from her orgasm.

Her hands pulled Tristan up her body before she flipped him so now he was on his back. He watched with hooded eyes as she slid her body down on his throbbing cock. He growled out a groan and was soon lost in the sensations of her body riding him.

Tristan couldn't believe how the broken moans and hoarse cries of pleasure torn from his body drove his vixen wild. Understanding how the goddess above him would take so much pleasure in the mere touch of one mortal man was unreal. Reaching their orgasms, he imagined the animals of the surrounding forest scurrying away, retreating from their intense cries of satisfaction.

“This doesn’t mean I’m any happier to be here,” Tristan grumbled against her hair as they lay catching their breath.

“But it will make it more enjoyable,” she whispered, coiling her body around his.

\* \* \* \*

When Tristan woke the next morning his gorgeous vixen was gone, starting the pattern for their lives. His days were spent in the cottage or out in the garden, always alone. As the sun set she would always return to him. At first, he spent his days in anger. Tristan hated how he had little control of his life, no matter how hard his brain tried to tell him that this life was better than the one he would have had with the queen. He tried to keep hold of his anger, but the moment he looked into her eyes when she appeared, his anger would dissolve and desire seized its place.

Their nights were spent finding new ways to pleasure one another. The sex was hot and passionate. Between their lusty interludes, she would ask Tristan questions about his life before they met. Tristan, once he appreciated the fact that his life could have turned out worse, enjoyed these talks. But when he questioned her, she gave him very little information, including her name; saying that she liked it when he called her vixen.

Time passed and they settled into a routine of contentment. As usual, Tristan woke alone. Turning over to reach for her, he felt a deep ache in his chest. Longing. Lonely. He wondered what she looked like first thing in the morning. Wondered if she woke happy or grouchy. Or even how it would feel to wake with her lying in his arms, her beauty greeting him every morning. Realization hit him like a ton of bricks on the chest. He was in love with his little vixen. With each morning passing, his heart stung more at not having her by his side. He wanted to spend the rest of his life with her. He wanted to give her children. He didn’t care if he had to live in this magical cottage until his dying days; he just wanted to be with her.

\* \* \* \*

“I love you,” he confessed for the first time later that night. A light breeze passed over their naked bodies as his words were whispered into the night. “I want to spend the rest of my days with you. I want to wake with you every morning. I want you to

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be my wife," he said, despite knowing she was immortal. She would never die, while he would slowly grow old and depart this life.

Tears gathered in her eyes. "Tristan, I would like that very much, but you know that it is not possible. Our ways are different from yours. My nights are yours." She lightly caressed his cheek with the back of her hand. "You have given yourself to me and I will care for you, but we cannot marry." Her expression was despondent.

"If two people truly love each other, why not?" His frustration came out in his tone. "You do love me, right?"

She smiled and the light returned to her eyes. After a couple weeks together, she had admitted to watching over him for years and falling in love. When she understood what his queen had planned for him, she'd pleaded with her king for permission to save him. "Yes, Tristan. I love you with all my heart. There has never been or will ever be anyone who claims my heart and soul like you."

"Then there must be a way for us to be together. So we wake with you in my arms. I want you with me all the time. To father your children. I don't care if I'm going to die without you. I want to spend what time I have happy with you."

She sighed and took his hand in hers. "So do I," she acknowledged. Her fingers lightly drew circles on his palm. "There is..." she started softly, but stopped.

"What?"

"There is a way we could be together." Her head lowered, refusing to meet his gaze.

He placed his hand under her chin and lifted gently so he could see her face. His heart ached at the sadness clouding her eyes.

"Tell me."

"You must guess my true name."

"That's it?" Tristan almost chuckled. It may not be the easiest task, but surely he could find a way to figure out her name.

"You only have three chances. If you can say my name, we can be together the way we want."

“Okay, so what if I can’t guess correctly after my three chances?” He wasn’t sure if he really wanted the answer, however, he had to know what he was getting into before he started spouting off names.

“We lose each other forever.” Her eyes lowered and watched her fingers, still touching his hand. “You don’t have to do this Tristan. As I’ve said before, you are my responsibility and I will always care for you. We could stay like this. Here. Until...” But she didn’t finish the sentence. They both knew the ending, despite the knowledge that he will age slower being in the enchanted setting.

Tristan gathered her into his arms and kissed her head. “I know. I’ll think about it. But one way or another, I’ll find a way for us to be together,” he vowed.

Tristan’s sleep was restless when he finally drifted off. Sometime around the early dawn, he slipped into a vivid dream. He kneeled before an older man, his dark hair streaked with silver. Garbed in dark clothing made of silky material, the stranger made an imposing figure. The man’s posture was regal and tall, and radiated authority and confidence.

“You have found your true love, Tristan, and she has found you. Do not doubt it. Merely look deep inside your heart to find the answers you seek. Your destiny is her eternity.”

The man faded to be replaced by the vision of his beautiful vixen, feeding a baby at her breast. He watched an image of himself go to her and kiss her lips, then the child’s head. A bright light slowly entered his dream, blinding him from the touching scene. Blinking, Tristan found himself alone in his bed, the morning sun shining bright into his room, a new day already begun.

All day Tristan roamed the cottage and garden restlessly. He was anxious for his vixen’s return. He wanted to tell her about his dream and see if she knew what it meant. He was now certain he had to have her, to find a way to be with her.

When the sun finally started to set, she appeared before him unclothed. His worries and restlessness evaporated, leaving only a longing to bury himself between her legs, to lose himself in her body. He picked her up and carried her to their bed.

## BEDTIME FANTASIES

They made love with an intensity that drowned out their previous nights of passion. Their need to touch was urgent, as was their want of joining.

She cried out his name as her body trembled and released herself to its pleasure. Tristan's body shuddered as her body clamped down hard around him. In the instant of his orgasm, he growled the name that had risen from the deep depths of his soul.

"Mikayla!"

She gasped as his seed filled her womb, creating life with their love.

Forcing the pleasure induced haze from his mind Tristan lifted his head and gazed at his Vixen. Tears ran down her cheeks and her lips trembled.

"What is it? Did I hurt you?" He was immediately concerned, never seeing her in this state.

Her hands cupped his face. "How did you know?" she asked softly.

Tristan remembered vaguely saying a name. One that was now bursting all over his mind. "Mikayla. Is that your name?" he asked in awe. How could he have known it? The name was unusual; he never would have guessed it.

She nodded. "Yes. You...you said my true name but...how did you know? How could...?"

Tristan shook his head. "I'm not sure, but it's like I've always known. It was just buried."

Mikayla smiled and kissed Tristan. "I love you."

"I love you," he groaned, as her kiss made him hard again.

They made love several times that night, Tristan making sure he said her name over and over before they finally fell into an exhausted sleep. When he woke the next morning, she was lying asleep in his arms. His breath stopped at seeing her beauty in the morning sun, stealing his heart all over again. She roused enough to make love to Tristan once more before she took them to see her king.

Her king, Tristan discovered, was not only her ruler, but also her father. This was also the man that had appeared in Tristan's dream. He opened his mouth to ask the king about the dream when the slightest shake of the older man's head stopped



him. Tristan nodded and bowed before the man, like he had in his dream.

Mikayla's father granted Tristan immortality, stating that he and Mikayla should live as long as their love for one another did. They were married that same day and lived happily ever after.

## *About the Author*

Marty Rayne lives in Florida with her twin sons and husband. She enjoys spending time with all of her children and grandchildren, watching beautiful sunsets, and taking motorcycle rides with her husband.

To find more about Marty Rayne's writings, visit her website <http://www.martyrayne.com> or check out her ramblings at her blog <http://martyrayne.blogspot.com/>.