

## BEYOND DESIRE

Eden Bradley's story, SILENCE, part of the BEYOND DESIRE anthology

Magic Carpet Books

© 2007

Rachel watched the last glow of the sun dip below the horizon, the trees dark silhouettes against the still-blushing sky. Taking in a long breath, she savored the rich, earthy scents of grass and good, clean dirt, the pungent fragrance of the olive leaves. With the warm air brushing against her skin like velvet, the scents and quiet sounds of the country, she ate her simple meal, then sat sipping her wine, watching the stars come out, one by one.

This was a sensual place. The quiet was in itself a sensual thing to her. She loved the aloneness, the sense that she could do anything she wanted.

Yes, anything.

She sat up enough to slide the robe from her shoulders, so she was naked in the padded wicker chair in the dark. And heard that quiet, lovely sigh of pleasure from the house. Not from inside the house, but rather here on the porch with her.

She trailed her fingers over her bare skin, and shivered beneath her own gentle touch. Cupping her breasts, she teased the hard tips of her nipples with her fingers, and heard the sigh again, louder this time, urging her on. Moving one hand

down between her thighs, she found her own wet sex waiting for her touch. She raised one leg, setting her foot on another chair, opening herself. And felt that cool swirl of air between her thighs, that same ghostly touch she'd felt earlier in her bedroom.

*Ghost?*

Of course not. But it didn't really matter, did it? All that mattered was that it felt good.