

Excerpt ~ Captive Heart

The village was in a state of crisis as young braves ran through the village in file, leading war ponies painted and dressed trotting behind them towards their comrades awaiting orders by their chief. Wives, sisters, and mothers scurried about gathering up infants and preparing provisions for the men of their lodges, who would be accompanying Lone Star on the raid.

The warriors made an impressive, fierce and threatening show as they stood proud and ready to leave for battle, their faces and bodies reflecting in colorful paints the power of their own personal totems.

Frantically, Nuchzetse's eyes scanned the mighty entourage until she saw Lone Star and recognized his personal mark. Her heart pounded with a furious pride as she gazed upon his face.

The left side of his cheek was painted entirely in black and a single white star was ablaze in the center. His right cheek was marred only by four slashes, two black, two white. He sported only moccasins and a breechclout. The powerful stone-hard muscles of his bare upper torso rippled and contorted as he prepared his majestic black stallion for battle. His raven locks hung wild and free over his shoulders, two eagle feathers gathered with otter skin in his scalp as a sign of the courage and bravery he had shown in many previous battles.

When he turned, his eyes locked on her. Without hesitation he moved toward her direction.

Gray Owl and Winter Blossom stepped aside to grant them privacy. To their surprise and those of the villagers, he scooped her effortlessly into his powerful arms and Nuchzetse gasped with amazement. In a matter of strides he carried her off into the cover of trees until they came upon a slow moving brook. With careful ease he lowered her upon a boulder and knelt down before her.

"You came to wish Lone Star farewell."

All she could do was smile sweetly, as she gazed upon the splendor of his handsome face.

Without thinking she reached up and ran her fingers along his strong, square jaw and passed her thumb over its deep cleft and the immanent dimple, which emerged when he smiled.

"Ya," she nodded, "I could not help myself, warrior."

"The she lion has mellowed to a cub," he taunted mischievously.

Nuchzetse playfully touched his nose and pursed her lips.

"Na, warrior ... only tempered, but still there."

Lone Star's captivating smile made her instantly breathless and naturally she cupped his face between her hands, drawing his lips to hers in a kiss, which held much promise.

His response was immediate as he lifted her into his arms and settled her to the ground upon her back. Carefully he lowered his weight atop her and ravished her lips with a fiery hunger, burning her mouth with an ardent heat that seared a path clear to her soul.

Nuchzetse moaned deliriously from the overwhelming passion erupting between them. She feared his impending leave and clung to him feverishly, as the apparent heat of his desire began to press against her. If she lost him now in battle, she would surely die. There was so much she wanted to tell him, to share with him, to confide in him. She needed to tell him she was no longer the maiden, who stood before him in defiance at the very same stream less two months ago.

She sighed deeply, relishing the feel of his palm moving up the inside of her thigh, pulling her shift above her waist and exposing the center of her maidenhead. She could feel his throbbing manhood pulsate against her as he moved with slow brushing strokes.

As often as she teased the Seneca warrior's from her village, she never allowed them to gain entry for it was shunned by her society to give of oneself without the promise of marriage.

So, her skills were used in other ways and her recipients had shown their appreciation by placating her as well in kind.

The wanton lust she felt towards Winnokin was entirely different from the desire she felt for Lone Star. Her heart ached so in her chest, she thought she would die in his arms. She knew now, Winnokin was merely a means to gain title and respect as a chief's wife.

What she was feeling for Lone Star was beyond clan worth and entitlements. Her heart cried for the acknowledgment of his adoration and respect. She craved to be one with his body and soul, to be consumed and made breathless by his love.

But did he feel the same, she wondered? Was he simply infatuated with her beauty and beguiling ways? Perhaps, he saw her only as a conquest? Doubt began to cloud her senses. Instinctively she tried to push Lone Star away and struggle beneath him.

"Please ... no ... stop," she gasped between his ravishing kisses.

Breathless he lifted his chest slightly above her and gazed down into her eyes, a look of astonishment upon his face, noting the tears trailing down her cheeks.

"Is this not what you wish," he whispered.

"I ... I fear —"

"That I do not want you?"

Nuchzetse shook her head slowly as her tears continued to flow.

"Na, not want ... not desire, but love enough to respect the woman that I am," she whimpered.

Lone Star rolled to his side, breathing heavily, drawing her into his embrace. Tenderly, he kissed her forehead, leaving smudges of black from the war paint he wore. Softly, he wiped it away with his thumb and the tears that began to stain her cheek.

"I care enough to stop if that is your wish," he assured.

Nuchzetse cuddled herself to him and wrapped her arm about his powerful chest. She shifted slightly and kissed his exposed nipple to a hardened peak, her lips following a path to his lips.

Lone Star cupped his palm behind her neck and drew his tongue deep within the recesses of her mouth, sucking her lips, her tongue passionately, while lifting her carefully atop him.

"My feelings run deep for you, Nuchzetse. I do not wish to use you, but give my heart willingly," he vowed.

Nuchzetse smiled warmly and tenderly kissed his brow, his eyes, his nose, each cheek, ending with an endearing kiss, suckling his lower lip until he moaned with desire.

Quickly, he rolled her to her back and sighed deeply.

"Time does not allow for us to continue, my woman," he admitted.

She smiled happily at his endearment.

"My woman?" she remarked.

"Ya," he nodded with a chuckle, kissing her nose playfully. "You have left your brand on my heart."

"And you on mine," she interjected.

Lone Star sprinted to his feet and helped Nuchzetse to rise, holding her within the strength of his embrace.

“My men wait. I must go, but wish not.”

“My heart is yours, my warrior,” she murmured as she placed a tender kiss upon his chest before sending him a foxy look of promises to come. “But first, you must promise you will return safely so we may finish what you have started here today,” she teased.

His voice was deep with passion as he squeezed her even tighter to him and nuzzled her neck playfully, making her squeal with delight.

“Ya, my woman ... that and much, much more.”