



# Goldilocks

by  
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New Concepts Publishing  
5202 Humphreys Road  
Lake Park, GA 31636  
[www.newconceptspublishing.com](http://www.newconceptspublishing.com)

The car, hissing like a furious rattler, coughed, spluttered and died. Goldie gaped in disbelief at the hood, where a cloud of steam was rising like a demon genie escaping it's lamp. The stench of boiling engine assailed her nostrils.

Coughing, Goldie bailed out of the car and moved away from it.

For some moments, all she could do was stare at the car blankly. Slowly, her anger began to boil like the overheated water in the radiator.

The car had been working fine until she'd stopped to gas up and ask for directions. Reaching into the car, she popped the hood latch and moved around to the front, lifting the hood. A cloud of steam rose as she lifted it, misting her with the stinking mixture of rusty radiator and coolant. She screwed her face up and fitted the brace into the slot before she moved away again, waving her hand in front of her face.

When the steam had dissipated somewhat, she approached the car again, leaning her head inside to study the engine—fat lot of good that did her! If it had been missing, she would've definitely noticed. Otherwise, it just looked like a twisted pile of metal, hoses and wires.

Stepping back again, she shoved her hair out of her face and looked around.

It looked like a scene from *DELIVERANCE*.

There wasn't a car—or house—in sight.

Why in the world, she wondered, had she decided to take the 'short cut' the man had explained to her? Was there a man alive who actually *knew* what a damned short cut was?

The house she had been driving out to look at was *supposed* to be on a paved road, a minor highway, to be sure, but paved. According to the helpful gas station attendant, she should've found the paved road by now.

She glanced at her watch. She was going to miss the showing.

Frustrated, she moved to the front of the car again and looked the engine over. Somewhere near the bottom, she saw a dripping hose.

"Lovely!"

After standing on the side of the road for several minutes, looking in first one direction and then the other, she decided to try the car again. Her heart leap when it started. Jumping out of the car, she ran around to slam the hood shut, but even as she closed it, the engine died again. Her shoulders slumped.

She drummed her fingers on the hood, thinking. She hadn't seen a car, or passed a house since she'd turned onto this godforsaken road. It was getting late. She was tempted to just sit in the car and hope for the best, but what if nobody passed? She didn't want to spend the night in the car.

On the other hand, what if she started walking and still didn't see a soul? It would be worse to be caught outside when it got dark.

Finally, she decided she couldn't afford to waste time debating. She had to find help.

There was no point in going back in the other direction. She knew it must be twenty miles to the gas station, maybe even further. It had seemed to her that she'd been driving for an hour or more. Resolutely, she grabbed her purse from the car, set the flashers and locked the doors. It had begun to seem very unlikely that the car could possibly be a hazard to travelers, but she didn't want anybody plowing into her and then filing a lawsuit.

She walked quickly at first, nervous, full of hope, but as she walked on and on without seeing any sign of a house, she began to get slower and slower. Finally, she stopped, looking back in the direction of her car. To her dismay, she couldn't even see it.

She bit her lip, wondering if she should go back, but as she looked around at the darkening woods, she saw a little twinkle of light in the distance. Hope lurched in her breast. A house! Maybe even a phone!

She began walking again, hurrying, glancing at the darkening woods a little nervously, jumping every time she heard a twig break, or the sigh of the wind through the trees. Finally, she became so unnerved, she began to run, faster and faster until she was so out of breath she had to stop. When she'd caught her breath, she saw that the light was much brighter now.

She must be close!

Holding the stitch in her side, she began walking again. Finally, she came to a split rail fence. Almost there! She thought and put a little more effort into her step, peering at the fence in the darkness until she came at last to a gate. There was a sign hanging from the gate. She moved toward it, peering at it through the gloom.

Bayer Farm.

Feeling around, she found the latch and pushed the gate open cautiously, listening for dogs ... not that the split rail fence would've kept one in, but she knew some people kept dogs near their homes in the woods, to warn them of intruders. When she heard nothing, she began to make her way toward the house she could just glimpse through the trees. "Hello!" she called loudly while she was still a good distance from the house. She stopped, listening to see if anyone would come to the door.

When nothing happened, she continued until she reached the porch. "Hello! Is anyone there?"

No answer.

"Hello! My car broke down and I'm lost! I need to use the phone!"

Unnerved when there was still no answer, she climbed the stairs and moved to the door, knocking on it loudly, in case the residents were old and hard of hearing.

Waiting impatiently, she glanced around at the dark woods beyond the porch, wondering what to do if she couldn't get anyone to answer the door.

No way was she going to walk all the way back to her car!

She beat on the door again a little more desperately.

While she waited to see if she would get a response, she paced the porch, her arms wrapped around herself. She felt dehydrated, and as if she was going to pop at the same time. She needed a bathroom—a *real* one. The very moment she acknowledged the need to urinate, her urethra clenched. She was going to be doing the pee pee dance on the front porch pretty damned quick. The more she tried to divert her mind from the need, the worse it got. Finally, she paced to the door again and beat on it so hard it hurt her knuckles. “Hello! Is anybody in there?”

She put her head to the door, but no matter how hard she listened, she couldn’t hear any footsteps. Finally, her need outweighed caution and good manners, and she tried the door. She was stunned when it actually opened ... and more than a little unnerved.

Easing the door open cautiously, she called again. When she still didn’t get an answer, she moved cautiously across the threshold, looking around nervously. She discovered she was standing in a wide hallway. There were doors leading off the hallway on either side. What grabbed her attention, however, was the door at the very back that was standing ajar. It was dark, but the light in the hallway glinted on something white.

Hallelujah! A bathroom! Honest to god indoor plumbing!

Throwing caution to the wind, Goldie raced for the bathroom, searched frantically for the light switch and finally found it. The moment the light came on, she slammed the door and locked it.

The seat was up! Slamming it down, she did the dance while she shucked her panties.

The relief was almost orgasmic. As she slumped in contentment on the throne, she noticed there were three razors lined up on the top of the lavatory beside her. She studied them for several moments and finally realized all three were men's. Straightening her clothes, she washed her hands thoughtfully, still staring at the razors.

She discovered there wasn't a clean towel to be had. Flinging the water from her hands, she turned to look the bathroom over. Three razors, seat up, no clean towels, work clothes all over the floor.

Bachelor pad.

More than a little nervous now, she unlocked the door and peered around at the hall. It was still empty.

Her most immediate need taken care of, she was on the point of tiptoeing out the front door again, but she was thirsty—really, really thirsty.

Stepping to the first door on the right, she opened it and looked inside. Sure enough, it was the kitchen. She didn't want to turn on the light, but she knew she'd never find a glass in the dark in an unfamiliar kitchen. Finally, she turned it and moved into the room, looking around. To her surprise, the kitchen didn't look bad at all. There was a pan on the

stove and a few dishes in the sink, but it was a long way from looking like the disaster area of a typical bachelor pad.

Maybe they were gay? Or, maybe, there was a woman living with them?

She discarded that idea. As far as she could tell, there was only one bathroom, and she hadn't seen any feminine products.

Shrugging, she began opening cabinet doors. No matter which door she opened, however, it was always the same. Each and every cabinet was completely bare. There weren't any dishes, no glasses. She moved to the sink. Three glasses. Three dishes.

That answered that. Not gay. Typical men. One glass, one plate, one place setting for each. Shrugging, she looked the glasses over. They had name tags on them. Chuckling, she picked them up one by one and read the names--Erryl, Farryll, Daryl—she frowned. Triplets? Or just brothers? The triplet idea seemed a little farfetched, but they must be brothers with names like that. Anyway, she couldn't imagine three unrelated guys rooming this far out in the boonies.

Shrugging, she picked a glass—the smallest one. When she'd finished washing it, she set it on the counter and moved to the refrigerator. Opening the door, she saw a six pack of light beer, a six pack of ice and a six pack of bottled light beer. No carbonated drinks, no bottled water.

She frowned. If she took a bottle, they couldn't help but notice... besides, she didn't really like beer and beyond that, she hadn't eaten in



hours and hours. Beer on an empty stomach was bound to impair her judgment.

Huffing irritably, she returned to the sink and filled the glass with tap water. She'd chugged two huge gulps before she discovered there was sulfur in the water. No wonder they kept a stock of beer. Ugh!

As she went to pitch the water back into the sink, the damp glass slipped from her fingers. She made a grab for it, but it hit the bottom of the sink and shattered.

"Shit! Shit! Shit!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands.

There was no way she'd get out of here now with the owners being none the wiser.

Erryl was going to be pissed!

Sighing, she carefully picked the broken glass from the sink and tossed it into the garbage can standing near the back door. Now she was guilty of entering *and* breaking! She shrugged finally. There was nothing she could do about it except apologize and pay for another glass—He was bound to be pissed anyway, since he'd have to go all the way to town to buy another one—but he had beer.

Thinking about the beer, she realized she still had the nasty taste of sulfur water in her mouth—and she was still thirsty. Finally, she decided she might as well get one. They weren't going to be any more unhappy about the theft of a beer than the broken glass.

After looking them over again, she finally decided on the bottled beer. At least it wouldn't also taste like aluminum. When she'd found a bottle opener and opened the beer, she left the kitchen. She'd already made herself at home in the bathroom and kitchen. She might as well look for a phone. Moving back toward the front of the house, she tried the room on the right. It turned out to be a bedroom. She closed the door again and tried the room on the other side. It was the living room, but there wasn't a phone in sight.

So much for that. She sat down on the couch, sipping the beer and trying to decide what to do. She didn't really want them to come back and find her in their house, drinking their beer. Of course, it was always possible they'd take it fairly well. She was a female, after all, not really a babe, she didn't suppose, but she was young and reasonably attractive. There was always the possibility that they'd be pleased enough to find a female that they wouldn't be terribly angry.

Of course, there was young, and then there was young. If the place belonged to three young men in their twenties, she didn't suppose a pushing thirty female would seem very young to them.

The long walk and the beer began to take a toll on her. Realizing she was about to doze off, she got up and started moving around again. There was a framed photo on top of a TV in one corner. She'd barely glanced at it in her search for a phone, but she thought about it now, remembering vaguely that it had been a picture of three people. Moving toward it, she

picked the frame up to study it. The picture was of three handsome young men in football jerseys. They almost reminded her of surfers with their blond hair, tan skin and blue eyes. They weren't identical, but clearly, they were brothers. High School? College?

She peered at the picture more closely, but she couldn't see anything that indicated the school.

Her stomach growled.

She'd been trying to ignore it for hours. Tipping the beer up to quell the hungry beast, she discovered her bottle was empty. Shrugging, she wandered down the hall once more, tossed the bottle toward the garbage can and opened the refrigerator. Actually, the beer wasn't that bad.

She frowned when she saw the three separate six packs. Maybe she should take one from each? That way, none of the guys would feel cheated, she decided.

Selecting a beer from each of the other two six packs, she stared at the refrigerator for several moments, searching in vain for a snack. Finally, she closed the door and looked in the freezer. There were three frozen pizzas. One had nothing on it but beef. The second one had only pepperoni, but the third one had all sorts of meats and veggies.

Smiling, she pulled that one from the freezer and moved to the stove.

Once she'd tossed it into the oven to cook, she settled back to wait, sipping her beer. To her surprise, she discovered she'd finished the whole

can while she was waiting. She looked at the can suspiciously. “Twelve ounces my ass!”

Tossing it in the general direction of the garbage can, she collected her pizza and the last beer and headed out of the kitchen again. Stopping in the hallway, she looked around, wondering where the dining room was. After counting the doors several times, she arrived at the conclusion that there *was* no dining room. Moving back into the living room, she set her pizza on the coffee table and sat down to eat.

She ran out of beer again before she finished the pizza, but she decided she’d had enough pizza anyway.

She should go to bed. She didn’t know what she was doing up so late anyway. It must be very, very late, because she was really tired!

She’d already headed for the first bedroom when it occurred to her that she hadn’t taken her shower. Tsking, she headed for the bathroom, turned the shower on and stripped her clothes off. The water felt so good she nearly fell asleep in the shower. Shaking herself awake again, she turned the water off and climbed out.

That was when she remembered there were no clean towels. “Well hell!” she muttered, picking up her blouse and drying off with it.

It wasn’t much of a substitute for a towel. Tossing it toward the hamper, she turned the light off and headed for the first bedroom. When she fell into the bed it damn near knocked her unconscious. She thought for several minutes that she’d missed the bed altogether. Pushing herself up on

one arm, she looked around. Nope! It was the bed, and it was as hard as a rock.

Crawling out again, she stopped at the next bedroom. This time she got in more carefully—or she tried to at any rate. The moment she touched the thing it began to roll like the ocean and she fell head first into it, bobbing like a cork on a stormy sea. Nausea assailed her almost immediately and she struggled for the side of the bed, finally rolling off onto the floor. She sat on the floor for a few minutes, waiting for the world to stop spinning. Finally, she managed to struggle to her feet and stagger toward the door.

“Two down, one to go,” she muttered, holding onto the wall as she headed for the last bedroom. This time, she touched the bed cautiously. Relief filled her when she discovered it was a bed with mattresses and not another water bed. She tested it and decided it felt pretty soft. She placed her knee on it, bounced a little bit and then, deciding that it was just right, she climbed into the middle of the bed and curled up with the pillows.

It was the last thing she remembered before she was awakened by the slamming of the front door and the stomping of many feet. She sat straight up in the bed with a jerk, her heart trying to claw a hole through her chest. Her eyes widened as she heard the heavy treads heading down the hallway. The bathroom door closed.

“What the hell!” The door was jerked open again almost immediately. “Hey! The seat’s down!” said a deep male voice.

The other feet had continued into the kitchen. “Somebody’s been drinking my beer! Damn it, Farryll, you little worm! Have you been sneaking in here drinking my beer!”

“Somebody’s been drinking my beer, too!” said another voice.

“Here, let me see!--Damn it to hell! One of mine’s gone!” said the voice from the bathroom.

There was silence for several moments and then the opening of the freezer door. “Hey! My pizza’s gone! I thought it smelled like pizza in here--OK. Which one of you assholes got my pizza?”

“I didn’t touch your damn pizza, Daryl. You know I hate all that shit you get on yours!”

“Me too!”

“Somebody’s been eating it. And it sure as hell wasn’t me!”

“Well, son-of-a-bitch! Did either one of you guys do something with my glass? It was right here in the sink where I always keep it and now it’s gone.”

There was silence for about two seconds. “All right, which one of your two low lifes think they’re a comedian?” The question was followed by a meaty thunk and a growl of barely suppressed rage.

“You shove me again, Erryl, and I’m going to stand you on your head and poke dirt up your ass!”

“You and who’s grandma?”

“Hey! Cut it out! Y’all are gonna break something. Go outside if you’re going to be doing that shit. I sure as hell ain’t cleanin’ up after you wreck the place.”

“You think you’re big enough to make me?”

“Come on then. You think you’re such hot shit. Take a swing at me. I’ll take your head off and shit down your neck, you piece of shit!”

“One of these days that alligator mouth of yours is going to get your canary ass killed, Erryl.”

“Well, I don’t know about you two, but I ain’t been here all day—and I was with you two at the party.”

There was several moments of silence while they all, apparently, thought it over.

“Wait a minute. He’s right. We went right after work.... Somebody’s been here.”

Goldie’s heart stood still. Before she could decide what to do, she heard the tramp of feet as they left the kitchen. “You think they might still be here?”

“Smells like somebody ate my damn pizza pretty recently.”

“Anybody got a gun?” one of them whispered. “I left mine in the truck.”

“Shit! Mine too. What about you, Farryll?”

“Mine three. Damn it.”

“The TV!” one of them exclaimed.

“The DVD!” exclaimed another.

“If my porns are gone I’m going to kill me somebody!”

There was a stampede of footsteps down the hall toward the living room and the crash and thud of a struggle as they seemed to bottle neck in the doorway.

Goldie scrambled out of the bed and rushed to the door, opening it a crack and peering out.

“What was that? Did you hear that?”

She heard another scuffle in the living room and darted back to the bed, diving in and jerking the covers over her.

“Give me that! You take the lamp!”

“I got the poker first, you asshole.”

“Well, I’ve got it now!”

“Just take the lamp! I’m going to get my hammer out of my nail bag.”

“Bring mine too. I don’t want the damn lamp.”

“You left yours in the truck!”

“Well, give me yours. You can take the lamp if you’re so keen on it.”

“I swear to God, Erryl, if you don’t quit shoving me around, I’m going to beat you so bad your kids’ll be retarded!”

“You think you can take me, asshole? Come on!”

“Cut it out!”

“I’m warning you!”



“Why don’t you two just go outside and dance? *I’ll* check the house.”

They settled to whispering. Goldie put the covers down and strained to hear, but, despite the fact that their whispering was perfectly audible, she couldn’t quite make out the words. Finally, she heard them ‘tiptoe’ toward the first bedroom door. She could hear every step. She just didn’t hear the thud of their heels on the wooden floor.

She heard the door creak open and dove under the covers again, trying to remember the layout of the house, trying to figure out if there was any way she could slip past them. Nothing came to mind but the window, but she was pretty sure she couldn’t get one open and climb out before the threesome made it to the room. They were bound to hear the window being opened if they could hear her opening the door.

Maybe she could slip out while they were checking the other bedrooms? They’d started at the front of the house.

“Somebody’s been in my bed!”

“You just didn’t make it before we left.”

“I did too! I’m telling you somebody’s been in my bed!”

“Why would anybody be in your bed, dumbass?”

Somebody snickered. There was another meaty thud. “You call me dumbass again and I’m going to pound you into the dirt!”

She heard the creak of a floor board.

“Where are you going?”

“I’m going to finish checking the house while you two make love. I figure whoever it was is done long gone, especially the way you two’ve been arguing—but I’m gonna look anyway.”

The three of them tiptoed to the next door. “Somebody’s been in *my* bed!”

“Now why would anybody be in your bed?” another voice said sarcastically.

“Shut up, smartass!”

She heard tiptoeing again and realized the ‘calm one’ was heading toward her door. He was joined in a moment by the other two. Her heart seemed to keep time with the tap of their booted feet. She heard the door creak open. There was dead silence for about two seconds.

“Somebody’s been in my bed, too, and I think they’re still there!”

Goldie sat bolt upright, throwing up her arms as if she could hold them off. “Don’t! I can explain!”

The three men halted dead in their tracks, identical expressions of stunned amazement on their faces. Their gazes weren’t riveted on her face, however. They were staring at her breasts.

Goldie stared back at them, a little stunned to discover that they were even better looking than their picture. The youngest looked as if he must be around twenty-five, the oldest maybe twenty-seven—or maybe they *were* triplets? They looked like stair steps. The tallest looked to be over six feet. The second one maybe six or a little under. The third—the one that looked

to be the oldest, was a couple of inches shorter, maybe five ten. All three had longish hair in varying shades of blond ....just like the picture. They looked like a threesome of blond surfer hunks with their tan skin, fair hair and very nicely muscled bodies.

She swallowed with an effort, prodding her sluggish mind into functioning. “My car broke down. I was lost and looking for help. Nobody was home and I was desperate to find --a phone, so I just checked the door—but you don’t have a phone. I’m sorry. Really I am! I’ll pay!”

The three young men exchanged a look.

“Pay?” said the one that appeared to be the oldest of the three.

Goldie stared at him, suddenly remembering she didn’t have any cash—at all. All she had was a credit card and her debit card. “If you’ll take me into town tomorrow,” she amended.

They began to whisper among themselves. She only caught a word here and there, but it sounded like they were discussing the fact that she was sitting in the middle of one of their beds, naked. She looked down at herself. She’d been too scared since she heard them come in to give more than fleeting thought to the fact that she’d left her clothes in the bathroom, and then it was only because she realized she wasn’t going to be able to sneak out because she couldn’t retrieve them.

“You didn’t plan on gettin’ laid? I mean, you’re in Daryl’s bed--naked. We don’t have a lot of gals climbin’ in our beds naked unless that’s what they’ve got in mind.”

Goldie glanced from one man to the next. She was pretty sure they weren't going to force the issue, but, now that he mentioned it, the idea made her feel warm all over. She'd never considered sleeping with three men in one night ... mostly because it wasn't the sort of opportunity women often got. And she did owe them, big time. She hadn't really meant to trespass—she'd just been really desperate—but no matter how she tried to whitewash it in her mind, she was guilty of breaking and entering. She could be arrested if they wanted to be nasty about it.

She could think of one way, though, that would put them in a forgiving frame of mind.

She smiled. “Actually, I didn't want to admit it, but that's exactly why I'm here. I've heard about the three of you! When I broke down—down the road—I thought I might as well check you out and see if you were interested in partying.”

The youngest one, Daryl, obviously the only one of the three that was completely sober, and the most level headed, eyed her skeptically. The other two smiled.

The one she had decided must be Erryl stepped forward. “Me first. I'm oldest.”

“Now, wait just a damn minute. Why should you get to be first?”

“Because I'm the oldest!”

“By two minutes!”

Goldie didn't know whether to be amused or irritated at the rivalry between the three brothers, but it was beginning to look like she wasn't going to get laid at all. "Guys! Why don't you just get out of all that clothing and let me ... draw straws?"

Erryl and Farryll stopped arguing abruptly and began to shuck their clothes. Daryl studied her for a long moment, but finally he, too, began to remove his clothes. His slow deliberation caught her attention and held it.

She wasn't certain if it was because he'd played football, or because his work was so physically demanding, but he was lean, taut muscle all over. Heat flashed through her just watching him peel his clothes off and toss them aside, one article at the time.

Finally, she wrenched her gaze from him and looked at his brothers. Erryl, the oldest was more heavily muscled, more like a weight lifter. Farryll was thinner than either of the other two, but still nicely built. Their cocks, although much the same length, differed as their musculature did. Farryll's cock was thinnest. Erryl's the biggest in girth and Daryl's--well, Daryl's looked just right.

She sighed dreamily. This was going to be fun!

After a moment, she crawled across the bed toward them, looked each man over thoroughly and finally shook her head. "I tell you what--You're all so yummy looking I just can't decide. I had my shower just a little while ago—so why don't we just say, first one done with his shower?"

Erryl and Farryll vacated the room in a stampede of feet. She could hear a meaty thunk as they both hit the bathroom door at the same instant, wedging themselves in. A good deal of cursing followed while they pushed and shoved at each other. It didn't abate once they were inside. Instead, from the sound of it, they both dove into the shower at the same time and were each occupied in trying to throw, or drag, the other out.

Daryl didn't even try to get into the middle of it. He studied her, listening to his brothers. Minutes passed, it seemed to Goldie. Finally, he turned and left the room.

Disappointment flooded her. She rather thought she liked Daryl the best of all. All of them were handsome—nearly identical—all of the were built well, but there was just something about Daryl....

He was back before his brothers had finished fighting in the bathroom, shivering, and dripping wet. He grinned at her. "We keep soap by the water hose... It's my bed anyway."

Smiling, Goldie stood up on her knees at the foot of the bed, reaching for him. He'd just slipped his arms around her when his brothers stumbled into the room and came to an abrupt halt in the doorway, gaping at the two of them in dawning anger.

"Hey! Daryl, you wormy little bastard! You cheated!"

"No, he didn't," Goldie murmured without even looking at them. "He outsmarted both of you." She glanced at the two young men. "You can always watch."

They gave her a disgruntled look, but neither made any move to leave. Her awareness of their hungry gazes sent a little thrill of excitement through her that jolted her pulse up a notch higher even before Baby Bayer reached out and placed a hand on the upper slope of one breast and traced a slow path downward, over her breast, along her rib cage and belly, down one thigh and then up again to cup her sex. She was already damp when he insinuated his hand between her thighs and traced her cleft with one callused fingertip.

His hands were big, hard, rough from his trade. The faint abrasion of his touch along her body brought every nerve ending in her skin tingling to life. Placing her hands on his shoulders to keep her balance, she closed her eyes, focusing on his touch. He shifted, moving a little closer to the foot of the bed where she stood on her knees, still too far away for their flesh to brush together, but close enough the heat radiating from his body covered her like a foggy haze, raising her own temperature. The scent of soap assailed her nostrils as he moved closer. Heated by his body, his own personal scent emerged from his pores to mingle with the smell of soap—and the woodsy smell of a carpenter. The combination of smells that created a perfume that was distinctly him and no other sent a fresh rush of pleasure along her olfactory senses to mingle with the sensations gathering from his touch.

Her heart sped, began to drum in her ears. She heard the rasp of her breath, little gasps each time he touched a particularly sensitive point, little pants of anticipation as his exploration continued in search of others.

With an effort, she lifted her eyelids a fraction, succumbing to the need to explore his body, to feel him beneath her own palms. His skin was warm, smooth. A sprinkling of golden hairs added a sharp contrast of texture as her palms skated from his shoulders to the swell of his pecs. Taut muscle lay just beneath the surface, adding yet another pleasing dimension. His nipples puckered beneath her palms as she rubbed her palms over them. Curling her fingers, she flicked the tight little buds with her nails, and then lightly raked her nails over the ridges of muscle that formed a corduroy road between his pecs and his abdomen.

The hair that dotted the curves of his pectoral muscles flowed together above his breast bone, forming a waterfall that collected and formed a pool below his navel. His cock jutted from that little tide pool of wavy, golden hair, long, so thick that when she curled her fingers around it they failed to meet. It bucked in her hand as she closed her fingers around it, like a wild bronco daring her to ride it and she smiled a pleased smile at the sensual picture that formed in her mind. Lifting her gaze to meet his, she stroked his length, enjoying the silkiness of the skin that sheathed the engorged flesh beneath.

His eyes were closed, his face contorted in an agony of pleasure, but as if he sensed her gaze, he opened his eyes slowly, shifted closer, slipping



his hands around her waist, to cup a buttock in each palm, kneading them in a way that sent shivers of delight through her. Her fingers tightened around him, kneading his cock. She swayed slightly. The movement brushed her distended nipples against his chest and the abrasion sent tiny shock waves of pleasurable sensation through her breasts, making her belly clench.

Releasing his cock, she slipped her arms around him to cup his taut, round buttocks.

Abruptly, he caught her shoulders and gave her a shove that overbalanced her. She fell back onto the bed with a slight bounce, looking up at him in surprise.

Smiling faintly, he grasped her ankles and dragged her toward him until the bottom curve of her buttocks bumped his thighs. He leaned over her then, grasping a wrist in each hand, manacled them to the bed on either side of her head as he leaned closer still, nuzzling her neck, then lifting his head to nip the tip of her nose, and then nibble her lips, sucking first the upper lip, then the lower before he covered her mouth with his and thrust his tongue into her mouth.

The heat that had been seeping slowly, insidiously through her with his leisurely caresses, became a conflagration the moment his tongue breached her, washing over her in a tidal wave of sensation as his heat, taste, scent enveloped her. Her clit and her nipples began to throb almost painfully now for with need, sending little quakes through her. She

struggled to free her wrists and, when he released her, ran her fingers along his back, cupped his buttocks.

His cock nestled in her cleft, bumping the bud of her clitoris, slipping away, nudging her again. She lifted her legs, hooking her heels on the foot of the bed, lifting up to rub that aching part of herself along his hard length. She was panting for breath when he released her lips at last.

Gasping hoarsely, he nudged her throat again, moved down, caught one nipple in his mouth and sucked it so hard her back came off the bed. She whimpered with need, thrust her other breast at him as he released the first. He ran his tongue around the swollen bud teasingly and finally covered it with his mouth.

No longer satisfied with rubbing her clitoris against his shaft, she reached for it blindly, caught hold of his cock, massaging it, guiding it. He nudged her opening, pulled back, gliding through her cleft once more and spread her creamy need along her cleft, coating his shaft with it before he forced the head of his cock into her opening once more.

Groaning, she lifted up, tried to push her body downward over his cock. His position prevented more than teasing contact, minimal penetration.

Frustrated, she grasped his shoulders, digging her nails into his flesh sharply enough to penetrate his haze of lust. Grasping her hips, he lifted her high enough to implant the head of his cock firmly in her opening, then shoved her up the bed, following her. Catching a calf in either hand, he

bent her almost double and pumped his hips, working his cock a little deeper with each thrust, gaining ground inch by agonizing inch until his cock was fully sheathed in her hot, moist passage.

Sweat dampened their skin from the struggle. He leaned over her, gasping, gathering himself. She waited in heart thundering anticipation, feeling the muscles of her passage adjust to him, clinging wetly.

He pulled away slowly, his cock rubbing the length of her sensitive passage. Sensation vibrated through her as he pushed inside her again, withdrew, pressed into her, slowly building momentum, friction, heat, sensation. The abrading movement of his cock along her channel build a delightful tension inside of her that tightened with each stroke until finally it reached snapping point. Pleasure ballooned inside of her, expanding outward even to her fingertips. Her groan of release reached crescendo in a high pitched cry of delight as her body spasmed with ecstasy, tightening convulsively around his cock as it jerked, bucked and spewed his seed inside of her in a hot tide with his own release.

They collapsed in a tangle of arms and legs, struggling to catch their breath, stroking each other in appreciation.

“My turn.”

“I’m next, shit for brains.”

Weakly, Goldie lifted her head and studied the two older Bayer brothers as they began a shoving match, growling at each other. Smiling faintly, she crooked a finger at them. They exchanged a look and surged

forward. Baby Bayer, looking none too pleased, rolled out of the bed and headed for the bathroom.

A twinge of disappointment assailed her, but she'd promised them all compensation for the trespass. She returned her attention to the older two Bayer brothers. Big brother Bayer's cock was no longer than either of his two younger brothers, but was by far the thickest. Middle Bayer's cock was the thinnest of the three, but not shabby at all.

She looked up at Farryll, then Erryl. "Heads or tails?"

The Farryll looked at Erryl curiously. "Heads!" Erryl said quickly.

Farryll's expression darkened.

Goldie chuckled. "Don't look so glum, brother Bayer." Getting up on all fours, she turned, wiggling her ass at him. "Don't you want tails?"

Lust immediately darkened his eyes and he climbed on the bed, running his hands over her ass. Erryl glared at both of them a moment, then moved around to the other side of the bed and climbed up. Goldie caught his cock, held it and then, looking up at him, opened her mouth over him, sucking his hard cock as if she could drink him.

Shaking, Farryll nudged her ass cheeks apart, slipped his cock up and down her cleft a few times and then began to slowly work his way into her tight ass. Gasping, she sucked Erryl harder, bracing her arms and legs and pushing back.

She groaned, feeling delicious tingles traveling up her spine as Farryll sank deeply inside of her and began to pump his cock in and out. Pleasure

escalated rapidly inside of her. Erryl, groaned, catching her head between his palms, beginning to drive his cock in and out of her mouth in counterpoint to Farryll's thrusts in her ass.

"God! Suck me, baby," Erryl ground out. "Like that! Harder. Your mouth feels so good on my cock."

Goldie groaned in mounting ecstasy as his words flowed over and through her like a stroking caress. She felt her breasts bouncing gently as Farryll pounded into her harder and harder, his belly slapping against the cheeks of her ass with the force of his thrusts.

The bed dipped as Baby Bayer joined them once more, slipping between her arms and legs and lifting his head to suckle first one and then the other nipple. He bit down, just hard enough to send an electric current through her that spiked in her pussy.

Groaning in her throat, she clamped her mouth tightly around big Bayer's cock, feeling the first tremors of a mind blowing climax. Big Bayer's cock jerked, spewing his seed down her throat. She sucked him greedily, his climax feeding her own so that it pounded her in near painful waves.

With a ragged shout, Farryll gripped her hips tightly and came even as the last shock waves of her own climax were dying.

Baby Bayer, stroking his own cock as he sucked her nipples, came last of all.

Sated, exhausted from their spent passion, they parted weakly, dropping to the bed.

Baby Bayer grabbed her and sat up, shoved Farryll and Erryl off of the bed and lay down with her, cuddling her close. Farryll and Erryl hit the floor on either side of the bed with an yelps of surprised anger and jumped up, glaring down furiously at their youngest brother.

“My bed,” Daryl said smugly. “My woman.”

“Asshole!”

“You little shit!”

Goldie sighed in resignation, then yawned sleepily. “We’re going to need a bigger bed--and a really big shower, boys. Stop fighting! I’m sleepy.”

The brothers exchanged a look, shrugged and crawled in on either side of Goldie and Daryl. “That better not be your dick I feel in my ass,” Daryl growled warningly.

Erryl answered with a snore.

Rolling his eyes, Daryl settled down again, throwing an arm and leg over Goldie. Farryll, snuggling against her back, wrapped an arm around her waist, as well. They jostled each other briefly for position and finally settled and went to sleep.

Sighing in contentment, Goldie fell asleep, as well.

In the glaring light of dawn, Goldie resisted the urge to let go of the last threads of sleep. Her jaws ached from clamping them around Erryl’s

huge cock. Her ass and pussy throbbed from serious probing, as well. She'd been too drunk off of the beer she'd stolen to care, but not drunk enough to forget.

The Bayers had been drunk, too ... except for Baby Bayer, who'd undoubtedly been designated driver the night before. She was fairly certain that even the two drunk Bayers hadn't been inebriated enough to forget what had happened, however.

What had come over her to encourage her to take part in a drunken orgy? She'd never done anything like it before. In point of fact, she hadn't even had one boyfriend in almost a year.

The sound of the shower filtered through to her at last and she realized that one of them, at least, had already gotten up. Cautiously, she opened her eyes and looked around. Farryll and Erryl were still dead to the world and snoring in chorus.

Rising, she looked around the room for her clothes. It was then that she remembered she'd tossed them into the clothes hamper with the other clothes.

Vexation filled her, but she was not to be thwarted in her escape. Ever so carefully, she climbed scooted down the bed and climbed off at the foot. There was nothing for it but to borrow some of the brothers' clothes, she decided. Moving to the dresser, she dragged out the first shirt she came to and pulled it on. No way, could she wear their pants—any of them, but Baby Bayer's shirt came almost to her knees.

Fastening it as she went, she tiptoed down the hallway and out the front door, then, as fast as her feet could carry her, she raced back down the road to her car. As her car at last came into sight, she saw a cloud of dust approaching from behind it. Studying it, she finally realized that it was a truck and her heart leapt. Rescued! She had a chance to grab her car and leave before the Bayer brothers came to look for her--if they came.

The truck slowed as it reached her car, sat there for several moments and finally began moving again. When it pulled along side of her, she realized it was the man from the gas station she'd stopped at the night before. From the look on his face, he recognized her, as well.

"Trouble, little lady?"

If he'd stopped the day before, she would've been ready to let him have a taste of her temper. As it was, she only shrugged philosophically. "It over heated."

"Well, jump in and I'll see if I can get it going for you."

She climbed into the truck and he put it in reverse and backed down the road until they reached her car, stopping with his tailgate near the hood. Goldie climbed down and went to pop the hood. The mechanic leaned in and looked it over. "Busted hose. I thought it looked a little worn when you stopped last night, but you never can tell about these things. Let's see if I've got one in my truck."

Goldie followed him hopefully, but after a few moments, he turned and gave her an apologetic look. "No such luck."



Goldie's shoulders slumped.

"Now don't look so glum. I've got some tape in here. I'll wrap it up good and tight and it should get you back to the station. I know I've got a hose to fit the car there."

Within a matter of minutes, he had it patched and filled the reservoir with water. With a good deal of patience, Goldie managed to turn the car and they headed back to the station for repairs.

While she waited, she gave the Realtor a call and explained that she'd missed her appointment because her car had broken down. The Realtor agreed to meet her at the station and show her the way to the house.

Goldie knew the instant she saw the house that it was just right. As the Realtor had said, it faced a paved road. Beside it, ran a dirt road that disappeared around a sharp bend, heading off into the dense woods toward some unknown destination. The yard wasn't too big, or too small. The house sat near the center of the yard, surrounded by trees and shrubs. Parking, she got out and followed the Realtor inside, allowing him to point out all of its features.

As she'd thought, it was perfect, not too big, not too small, but just exactly right. The back yard was even more perfect than the house, for when she went out to stroll around it, she discovered it backed right up to her neighbor's fence.

When she peered over the fence, she saw that her neighbors were in the yard washing their trucks. Her heart seemed to stand still for several

moments before it began to beat a glad tattoo against her chest wall. She watched them for some time, admiring their glistening, golden tans, the play of muscles in their backs and chests and arms, realizing she would always remember the wild night they'd shared with fondness. Finally, Baby Bayer looked up and saw her leaning against the fence. He smiled a slow, welcoming smile and waved at her. She waved back, not nearly as self-conscious as she'd thought she would be, pleased when Daryl nudged his brothers and they all turned to look at her.

"Howdy, little lady. We were wondering who how long this little house was going to stand empty. You buying or just looking?" Erryl said, strolling toward her with his brothers, Farryll and Daryl.

Goldie turned to the Realtor. "I'm buying. I've realized that this little house is just right for me."

The End