



Jojo Brown

Golden Fox
and the
Three Behrs

What's a sexy young witch to do when everyone thinks she's having too much sex? Her Grandmother's best idea was to send her out for a hike in the woods. Did Gran know she'd find the cabin? Did she know how thrilled each one of the shapeshifting occupants would be to meet her? This is definitely not your run of the mill fairy tale, do you have the nerve to read it?

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Golden Fox and the

Three Behrs

A Sexy Tale

By

Jojo Brown

Dedication

*To every woman out there who has ever gone for a walk
in the woods.*

Chapter One

There was really nothing better than to just relax and have someone's hands all over you.

Rene snipped and fluffed and blew Tara's hair until it flowed down her back like smooth, golden strands of silk. Andrea smoothed the wax on and whipped the bothersome hairs away in her usual sexy, professional way. Simon pushed and ground into her flesh until he'd massaged every speck of tension out of her entire body. The icing on the cake was the glorious twenty minutes she spent naked, under the canopy of the tanning bed. By the time she left Rene's salon, she truly did feel that she matched her nickname, The Golden Fox.

Tara walked out of the salon with a very satisfied smile on her lips. Nothing could compare to the way her body felt after a full session. She absolutely loved it. She always wore a short dress or skirt to the salon, and left her panties tucked discreetly in her purse when she exited. The slightest breeze could tickle along her newly hair-

free, most sensitive folds and send glorious flutters through her body. A good windy day could be downright orgasmic.

Just as a deliciously sudden gust lifted the hem of her skirt, Natasha suddenly appeared at her side in front of the bookstore. "Merry Meet, cousin."

"Merry Meet, Natasha. What brings you out today? Don't you have some potions to work on for keeping the men away?" If there were one person she could have done without seeing right then, it was Natasha Inglewood. Even though they were cousins and had been raised together, they were polar opposites. Nat always had something nasty to say and on top of that, she really was the biggest prude in history. If she knew how very close to a full body shudder Tara was at that moment, she'd more than likely run down the street shrieking in horror.

"I must speak with you and I felt this was best said away from others. I see you've been to the salon, again. I understand your wish to appear feminine and fresh, but would it not be easier to simply use a razor? If you are afraid of nicking yourself, I could give you a simple potion. Plus, there are all sorts of wax kits and creams on the market. Why must you visit these public spas and expose yourself in such a way?"

"First of all, they do a much better job than anything on the market. Plus, I love being touched. Have you never enjoyed the sensation of

another living soul's hands on your skin?" This conversation definitely put a damper on Tara's sexy mood. Everything around felt so still. Somehow, Natasha had stopped the delightfully searching breeze. "What is it you want, Natasha? Was there something other than questioning me about my trip to the salon? Or, are you planning to go there yourself? I can give you a wonderful recommendation."

Every bit of colour drained from Natasha's face and left her even paler than before. With her rich ebony hair and dark chestnut eyes, her skin looked as if it was powdered. Of course, the fact that she always draped her tiny body in layers of black did not help. "No! I do not wish to go in there. I wanted to give you a warning. If you are going to have all these men calling your cell phone, you should take more care where you leave it."

"I wondered why everything was so quiet all morning. Where did you find it?"

"You left it on the counter at Gran's house, right beside the toaster."

"Oh, I am so glad you found it. Just give it to me and I'll try to remember to not leave it lying around."

"That's the thing. I didn't find it. Gran did and she's waiting to speak with you."

Tara's heart plummeted to her hot pink painted toes. "Oh Goddess."

Chapter Two

Sadie Silverthorne—Gran—had been raising her granddaughters, Tara, Natasha and Gabrielle for the past fourteen years, ever since their parents had been lost in a plane crash. Sadie ran her house with love and patience, but she quietly demanded respect from everyone she met.

Tara found her in her usual place—the kitchen, mixing up some new concoction. People came from far and wide to buy Gran’s creams, lotions and potions. At seventy years old, she looked and acted younger than a lot of the forty-year-olds from town and everyone wanted some of what she had. If they knew she was a witch, they either didn’t care or they refused to acknowledge it. As long as their wrinkles faded or their husband suddenly regained his sex drive from twenty years earlier, they were happy.

“Oh, Tara. I’m glad you’re here, I wanted to talk to you. Pass me the ground plantain leaves from the shelf. Mrs. Davis’ son got into a fire ant

nest and she's on her way to pick up this salve for him, poor little mite."

Tara passed her grandmother the corked jar, joined her at the stove and took a deep breath before speaking. "I saw Nat in town. She told me you found my cell phone."

Without shifting her concentration from the pot in front of her, Gran made Tara feel as though she was being lectured. "Yes. You had a few very interesting calls, before I found the off button. Jackson wants to know if you are available for Friday night. Bryan got tickets to the concert you wanted to see, but only for Thursday, so you'll have to let him know if that will work for you right away. Dan, Samuel and Jason all hope to see you this weekend and John wanted to let you know that he had a great time last night. And that was all within ten minutes. I daresn't wonder how many more calls there would have been if I'd left it on. I don't know how you get anything done in a day. I do hope you are being careful, Tara."

"Just because I am seeing all these guys doesn't mean I'm sleeping with them all."

"Who are you talking to?" Gran slid the pot off the heat and slapped a lid on it. When she finally turned to look at Tara, her eyes sparkled with what appeared to be amusement. "Did I suddenly sprout pointy ears and a big, bulbous nose? You might be able to pull the wool over the eyes of the gnomes who guard our gardens, but none of you have ever been able to pull one over on me."

"Okay. Fine. Yes, I am being careful. May I have my phone now?"

"You should take up hiking."

Tara felt the astonishment fill her face. "What? What are you talking about?"

"Hiking. You know what that is. Comfy clothes, footwear with good support and protection, one foot in front of the other and you go out into nature. There are some very nice trails up in the woods back there. Some even nicer spots off the beaten path."

"Gran, why should I go hiking around in the woods?"

"It's good for you. Gets your heart pumping, uses those muscles, awakens the senses. Plus, it helps work off some of that tension. If you don't come home too tired to bother with this parade of penises, at least you'll be in good shape for them. It worked for me."

"You? You had a lot of...umm...hikes?"

"Where do you think you got it from? I didn't just pass down my beautiful blonde hair, big blue eyes and nice round tushie. Now, go change out of that come-get-me skirt and go discover all that nature has to offer."

"But...my phone?"

"We'll discuss that later. Oh, here's Mrs. Davis and her boy. I wonder if he's learned his lesson about poking his nose in where it doesn't belong."

Chapter Three

When Tara first set out, she pounded along the trail. Her sneakered feet thumped angrily on to the hard-packed dirt. She shoved wayward branches out of her way, slapped at bugs and kicked at clumps of grass or weeds near her. Oh, little Tara. I think you fuck too many men, so go for a nice long walk in the woods and I might let you have your phone back, if you're a good girl. Who does she think she is? I'm twenty-four years old...I am not a child. It's my phone. I bought it. I pay the bill. I will talk to whomever I please. And I will fuck whomever I please, whenever I please. Well, I'll walk in your stupid woods, Gran. But I don't see how it's going to make me stop wanting to fuck as many men as I can find."

She didn't pay much attention to where she went, what trails she followed or which turns she made. Eventually, the physical exertion slowed her down, not just physically – mentally, too. She started to really look around at her surroundings.

It really was nice up there. Sun filtered down through the canopy of leaves and evergreen needles to wash the forest floor with muted light. Ferns, violets and trilliums decorated the ground in an amazing natural quilt. Butterflies flitted in and out of the beams of light and something larger moved in the distance.

Tara felt her feet sink into the softness of the composting leaves and needles of the loamy ground. She felt right away that it probably wasn't the best idea she had ever had, but it was as if she had no choice. Something just beyond her line of sight drew her in deeper and deeper. She just had to find out what was out there.

Before she knew it, the sky started to darken. In amongst the trees, dusk fell with an almost audible thud. It simply went from day to night with very little or no twilight to announce night's arrival. Tara stopped in her thoughtless traipsing and looked around. It suddenly struck her that she had absolutely no idea where she was.

As she stood looking around, in hope of spotting a trail, something caught her eye. The very last of the fading light caught and twinkled on something just beyond her view. Since it was the only thing around that wasn't a plant or a tree, she headed in that direction.

"Oh Great Goddess, who the hell builds a log cabin way out here in the middle of nowhere? I hope they have a phone, whoever they are." Tara grunted and huffed, as she forced her way

through the thick tangle of vines, fallen branches and thick fern at the edge of the clearing.

Before she knocked on the door, she did her best to make herself presentable. There wasn't much she could do about the snags in her thin t-shirt, but she brushed at the specks of dirt down her legs and pulled a few crumbly leaves from her socks. All she could do about her tangled hair was finger-comb it back and rewrap the elastic around it. It felt more like straw than silk at that moment. "So much for the hour in René's chair this morning."

The sound of her fist rapping on the solidity of the door seemed to disappear into the wood itself. With a deep breath, she doubled up her fist and banged on the door harder, as hard as she could. It hurt. She cradled her fist to her chest and kicked at the door in anger, just as it swung on its hinges. With her chin to her chest, she examined her scraped knuckles and really worried about the possibility of broken bones. She didn't even look up right away when she heard the deep baritone voice.

"Can I help you?"

"To start with, you could join the twenty-first century and have a doorbell installed. I mean, really, would it kill you to..." The rest of her snotty comments faded into thin air as soon as she raised her gaze. Heated weight slammed into her lower belly with the speed and urgency of a runaway freight train.

The shirtless man standing in front of her was so much more than handsome...he was gorgeous, beautiful and wet. Beads of water collected in the strands of his black hair to gather and slide to the tip and drop to his oh-so-wide shoulders. The tiny rivulets of water drew her gaze as they traced zigzag trails down his muscular, richly tanned chest to disappear into the softness of the towel around his waist. Tara's fingers suddenly itched to reach out and pull that one little piece of white material away.

He cleared his throat and asked again if he could help her. Oh Goddess, yes he sure could, he could tear her clothes off and do her right then and there.

"I'm lost." It's the only sentence that would form in her addled brain at that moment.

"Are you sure? I think you look like you are right where you should be. Sweaty...dishevelled alone and...on my doorstep. I think you should come in."

It never crossed her mind to be worried for her safety or scared in the least. She stepped over his threshold and smiled as a tiny electric charge shot through her body. Every nerve ending was awake and reaching out to this man.

He quietly shut the door and slid close in behind her. She felt his breath on her neck, he seemed to sniff her. Tara did her best to stand very still. His closeness caused her to tremble. His mouth hovered right beside her ear and his

whisper washed over the sensitive skin. "What are you?"

"I'm just a girl from down in the town. C-could I use your phone, or could you point me in the right direction?" Goddess, he smelled good. Her nipples hardened and grazed against the material of her shirt so much it felt very uncomfortable. Her pussy vibrated with desperate need that deepened with every breath she drew.

"There is no phone here. If you really want to head back to town, walk out the front door, turn left and follow the trail. It's about a half hour walk. But you are not some simple girl from town, no human can see this place, let alone knock on the door. Look at me." He had made his way around to stand directly in front of her, close enough that when she raised her chin she could have leaned forward just slightly and been able to press her lips to his very inviting ones. "So...after all these years I am blessed to have a witch in my home. How is Sadie?"

Chapter Four

Over the next half hour Tara learned more about shapeshifters than she would have thought possible. She'd had no idea there were any in the area. Now she would look at animals, especially bears, in a whole new light. Gran had set up the wards around the cabin years earlier to protect the Behr men from nosy townsfolk, when she and Edmund's father were lovers.

While he'd been giving her the quick rundown, Edmund had headed to the kitchen and was busily fussing with the pot of spicy smelling chilli on the stove. The whole time Tara watched the towel with hope that his knotting ability was less than his agility in the kitchen. Much to her regret it never slipped.

"If you would like to freshen up, there's plenty of hot water and a good supply of towels in the bathroom. Supper will be ready in about ten minutes."

She timed it perfectly and walked out of the steamy bathroom just as Edmund placed the two equally steamy bowls on the table. He'd lit candles, filled a wicker basket with crusty rolls and poured them each a glass of red wine. Grinding music filled the air from speakers hidden somewhere within the walls.

"I decided to follow your lead and dress for dinner."

His gaze ran up and down her towel wrapped body with a clear look of approval. "Perhaps for dessert, we can both slip into something a little more comfortable." As he held her chair for her, he pressed his lips to the side of her neck. Fire instantly shot from that tiny spot to her groin as she sat.

The chilli was good, but a lot hotter than anything she was used to eating. After four or five mouthfuls she felt as though her insides were on fire, and not in a good way. The last bite she took must have had a whole handful of red pepper in it, she gasped and grabbed her glass of wine, downing it in one gulp. Her eyes teared up—she felt her nose start to run as she ran to the sink with her glass in hand. She could not get enough cooling water down her throat fast enough. In her panic, she hadn't noticed that her towel still sat on the chair she'd so quickly vacated.

Her eyelids flew open as Edmund's large hands closed on her hips and dragged her back against a wall of hardness. At some point he'd discarded his

towel as well, now his very hard manliness ground into her ass. Tara closed her eyes and turned her head to the side as she ground against him, held captive against his body. She moved against the wall of body behind her, in time to the drum beats of the music. She drove her naked body to peaks of pleasure, without a single hand of assistance from him.

The heat between them made her blood surge through her veins as his head came down to nuzzle warmly on her neck. He nudged her damp hair out of the way and drew pictures on her skin with his wet tongue. They seemed to lose themselves in the non-stop beat of the music that drove them. His hands moved from her hips—they slid around to splay on her stomach and press her even harder back against him. Soon his hands moved slowly up to cup her breasts. His hard, sure fingers tweaked and pulled her hardened nipples and forced a throaty gasp from her. Tara's body was no longer her own. She felt heat radiate out from his touch to every part of her body. She desperately wanted to actually feel his touch everywhere. Trapped, she did the only thing she could and that was grind against his hardness as wave after wave of shiver raced through her.

"I didn't realize there was so much spice in there, I didn't mean to cause you any pain. I would love to be able to kiss it all better." His breath washed over the tongue-moistened flesh and caused a fresh wave of shivers.

"I'm pretty sure I ate enough to have minor burns all over my body. Are you sure you want to kiss it all better?"

His lips brushed feather-soft against her neck. "It's the least I can do."

With very little effort, he turned her and forced her to meet his gaze. She instantly recognized the domination that was plainly written there. The tip of her pink tongue darted out to moisten her lips as he pulled her body closer—basically moulding it to him. She ground against his leg and heard her own breath coming out in short gasps of desire. Close, it was so very close. Never had she been this close to orgasm, so fast and with so little foreplay.

Just when she felt about ready to lose herself in the rush of orgasm, Edmund pulled away. He stood and watched her. Her body was like a flickering flame. She danced and writhed to the beat of the music, before him. She tried to slither up and down him, tried desperately to attain what was denied by his distance. Finally he reached out and enveloped her in his embrace. Tara wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed her hips forward against his leg, which he pressed hard between her thighs. One hand landed with a hard smack on her ass, grinding her even harder against his knee. He seemed to know it would send her over the edge.

Her body echoed the chaotic beat of the music as the release swept her even further into oblivion.

His hands dug into her hips as he held her to him. She knew that if he let go she would simply melt down to the floor. She ground against his hardness and whimpered softly as the racing orgasm slowly faded. She wanted him, all of him. She wanted to feel him inside her, on her, over her, behind her. Goddess she wanted him everywhere at once. She wanted to feel him own her, every fibre of her being and knew that it was clearly written on her face.

He lowered his head and just barely touched his lips to hers. She moved just slightly and it was all the signal he needed. The kiss instantly changed from soft to something hard and needy. His mouth covered hers. Their tongues darted forward to tangle momentarily before rushing to explore.

Goddess, he was hard. Not just the promising spear of cock that drove into softness of her belly, but everything about him was hard. Her fingertips didn't press into softness anywhere that her hands explored—even his ass was like two granite orbs. He was like one solid muscle covered with a thin layer of skin.

Without a word—without a care about the dishes that littered the kitchen—he swept her up and carried her up the stairs. He kicked the bedroom door open and dropped her onto the very large, very solid bed. As fast as she shifted to make room for him beside her, he was there, but he didn't lay down with her. Instead he lifted her,

turned her on her knees to face away from him and bound her wrists with a length of red silk in front of her.

“Oh Goddess.”

Tara felt his hands near her knees, fingertips on her skin just fluttering softly. He pulled her legs apart and slowly slid them wide, until he could run his hands up both of her thighs. The position of her legs forced her to bend at the waist and balance on her bound hands. His soft touch felt ticklish, but she suppressed the laugh that threatened to waft up her throat. This was definitely not the time for laughter. His hands began to slide deliriously close to her pussy. She moaned softly as two fingertips danced along the wet folds and threatened to slip in to her heated core. Slowly, painfully slowly his hand slid further up. The warmth of his palm covered her pelvis and she began to tremble as one finger slipped inside her swollen lips, to glide along her clit.

The full length of his finger slid past her twitching clit and on, all the way back to her ass, before slithering back. She knew she had to be dripping now. She could feel the slickness that coated his finger as it found her clit and began to rub gentle circles.

Tara felt him stand on his knees behind her, his legs straddled hers as his fingers burrowed inside her lips and firmly rubbed her aching clit in small quick circles. She wished she could see his face, but she didn't dare move, he clearly knew what he

wanted and she absolutely loved the sensations in her body. She could feel the warmth of his body against hers and the hard tip of his penis pressing against her ass. His quiet question should have shocked her, but it didn't.

"Are you a dirty slut?"

She nodded ever so slightly and tried to stay focussed as her pelvis began to squirm.

"Say it." is whispered demand sent a new thrill through her.

Without any further hesitation, she purred throatily, "I am a dirty slut."

"Bend over more, all the way down." He pressed her down until her face was buried into one of his pillows, with her hands above her head. Her ass pointed up into the air, open and ready for him.

Tara jumped slightly when she felt a soft touch on her thighs again. It took a moment or two for her to realize what it was—a feather. Edmund brushed it up the insides of her thighs, across her pussy, across her ass, the small of her back and up and down her spine. She began to squirm and writhe gently under the touch of it. A hard smack to her ass ended that. A sensation that started in the very back of her mind gained strength until it took over every other sensation in her—vulnerable, submissive and oh-so-very aroused.

Edmund slipped the feather between her legs again. He brushed the soft tip all along her pussy lips. A soft moan escaped Tara's lips into the

muffling thickness of the pillow. She simply could not control it. Thankfully, he allowed it and even rewarded her. From somewhere beside the bed he produced a small vibrator. He quickly covered it with lubricant and pressed it on Tara's clit.

The toy might have been one of those small ones easily stashed in a lady's purse, but it was strong and loud. He pressed it and rubbed it and rolled it all over her pussy. Little waves of delight coursed through her and intensified when he pressed it right on her swollen clit. Her breath came in short, harsh gasps deep in the thickness of the pillow. Without thought, her hips started to buck and grind. Another quick smack slammed down on her ass, followed shortly by another and another. She knew her ass had to be as red as the silk about her wrists—it smarted, but she liked it. With each sexy slap, she grew closer to climax.

The pillow and the mattress under it muffled her throaty gasps as he pushed her closer and closer to release. She strained against the silk at her wrists, desperate to reach back and touch him, to run her hands over his hard body. Things got worse a moment later, when she felt one finger, then another slide into her slick pussy. He expertly curled them slightly and rubbed against her G-spot. The sensation of his fingers deep inside her and the toy vibrating her clit was too much.

Within less than a minute her body exploded. The tips of her extremely hard nipples slid across the cool sheets, her hips ground against his hand

and a stifled scream clawed at her throat. As the first wave of ecstasy washed over her, an explosion of energy like electric fire spread through her abdomen. Edmund sunk his teeth into the cheek of her ass and the pain only served to feed the flames as she exploded.

Her body shook and her clit ached as the deepest of the intensity passed. Tara expected the onslaught to cease. She was scared and a little surprised when Edmund turned off the small vibrator and produced a larger one. He slid it instantly into her welcoming pussy. It fit snugly and held more than one surprise. The head twisted around and pulsed deep inside her, two vibrating prongs in front massaged her hypersensitive clit. She bit down on the pillow for fear of screaming out loud or rocketing right off the bed. She felt him slide a finger, dripping with her juices, slowly and deeply into her ass.

It was too much, she knew she couldn't take it much longer. Vaguely she acknowledged the fact that Gran knew precisely what she was sending her into the woods for. She would have to remember to thank her, the next time she saw her.

Another orgasm raged through her body. She felt it in every part of her body, even her fingertips seemed to explode with orgasmic delight. She wanted nothing more in life to be fucked at that moment. She wanted to feel Edmund's cock pounding her from behind or front, she didn't care – she just wanted a hot throbbing cock inside her.

But she somehow knew that wasn't about to happen too soon. The night was still young, after all.

Tara lay on the bed panting, very nearly exhausted, but somehow still hornier than she'd ever been in memory. For a moment she felt extremely deserted as Edmund moved away from her. When he pulled her up by her hair she winced, but didn't make a sound. He pulled her right off the bed to stand in front of him beside it. His expression was dark and oh-so sexy.

"Do you want to be fucked?" The question was so unexpected and unnecessary Tara could only nod as she panted heavily.

"Then beg for it." He tossed her back down onto the bed. Tara forced herself to stay limp as he positioned her on the sheets and knelt over her. His strong legs slid up either side of her until his massive erection loomed over her chest.

"Please fuck me," she pouted slightly, getting into her role. A quick yelp escaped her lips when he pinched one of her taut nipples. The pain stung like hot wax and she glared at him up at him.

"Beg like you mean it, bitch!" His voice came out as a rasp.

Through gritted teeth and eyes wide she spat the words at him. "Fuck me, please, fuck my pussy. Pound my pussy and shoot your sticky cum deep inside me."

He merely smirked, shook his head and reached for something on the bed beside her head.

He released her nipple and poured a generous amount of the lubricant all over her chest. He took extra special care to rub it all over her breasts.

She pulled at the restraints again. A hint of a smile crept out, but it was no use, he didn't care what she wanted at that moment.

With some of the lubricant from her chest coating his hand, he grabbed his thick shaft. As he slowly stroked it over top of her he looked into her eyes. "You want this cock?"

Tara nodded quickly. "Give me your cock." It came out more like a plea than a statement. Edmund bent down, gripped her chin and pressed her harder into the bed – his face mere inches from hers.

"Once you earn it."

With that, he released her and pressed his cock between her tits. With one hand on either side he pressed them together around his shaft. Tara's chest was so slick that a few times his cock threatened to pop out from its tunnel between her breasts. Edmund used his fingertips and the size of her breasts to keep it there, he slid up and down with a furious motion that rocked the bed. Tara struggled under the pressure.

For several long minutes, Tara lay beneath her newfound lover, being used like a rag doll. She decided to go along with it. She moaned and craned her neck to lick and kiss the head of his cock as it appeared between her mounded tits. She truly hoped this would end soon and he'd get

down to the business of fucking her properly. Her hope rose then fell as he pulled his cock from her. He stroked himself off over her. With a soft moan, he released his seed all over her chest, a few healthy spurts landed on her face, despite her best attempts to dodge them by turning her head. His sperm drizzled down her cheek and the corner of her mouth and coated her breasts.

Tara had never enjoyed being used or teased and she definitely did not enjoy face shots, but Goddess, she wanted this man to fuck her.

Leaving her hands bound, he lifted off her and quickly tied her legs to either side of the bed, spreading them apart. He lifted her bound hands above her head and fastened them to the headboard with another handy cord.

"Hey, what the hell are you doing? I'm not sure..." was all she could say before he slipped a gag over her mouth and a blindfold over her eyes. Oh Goddess. What have I gotten myself into this time? Here I am in some strange man's house, blindfolded, gagged and tied in his bed in the middle of nowhere. What could he possibly have planned next? I don't even have any of my wards or charms with me, to protect me.

"I am going to leave for a while, when I come back I'll consider your request. Until then," he slid the large toy back inside her, "have fun, my lovely little witch."

She thrashed around and tried to protest, but the air in the room was silent. She was obviously alone.

Tara wasn't sure how long he left her there like that. At first the fear and the fury at this indignation filled her to the point that she was able to ignore the toy deep inside her. Eventually though, it worked its way through all her barriers. A few minutes later she realized she was nearing another climax. In fact she was really getting in to it when Edmund's hand on her leg startled her. He pulled the toy away and turned it off. In the next instant he pulled the blindfold and gag off.

Before she could say a word, he shushed her with a look that left no room for argument.

"Admit it, a part of you likes being used like a dirty whore."

Tara really couldn't argue with that, her body had already answered that question loud and clear...so she didn't try while he moved around her and undid all the bindings holding her to the bed. He also undid the length of silk that held her wrists bound.

With very slight coaxing, he moved Tara onto all fours. She spread her legs wide and pushed her ass into the air once more. Tara could feel Edmund's hand on the small of her back, the tip of his cock slid along the lips of her throbbing pussy.

He teased her and drove her crazy with need. She felt him stroking his shaft against her. He slid the tip along her fevered pussy, pressed inside...

just the tip...still teasing. On the next thrust he pushed an inch into her, then another before he pulled out to slide the slippery head down to her clit and up to her ass hole. Tara closed her eyes, her mouth wide open and silently begged him to plunge himself inside her aching pussy. She had done everything he'd asked, and now she wanted to feel him blow inside her.

A hand jerked her hair back and she screamed, her mouth forced open by the violence, as Edmund slammed himself in her. For the first time she felt his cock plough into her with exquisite force. She relished every inch of it—the rim of his large mushroom-shaped tip, the slight ribs along his shaft, his balls as they slapped against her clit as he pounded her pussy with quick, hard thrusts.

Tara screamed again as a strong hand clamped on one of her tits. He squeezed and massaged the soft firmness with extreme intensity. He pinched and twirled her nipple while he pounded his cock into her from behind. Her back arched to give him even more access. Tara had never known such a fucking in her life. His cock moved deftly in and out of her, sliding along her inner walls with a relentless force that filled her and threatened to split her in half. He smacked her ass again, harder than ever this time. A thrilling scream burst up her throat.

“Is this what you wanted, bitch?”

Through ragged breaths, Tara moaned.

“I know...what you...really want...”

Tara tried to form thoughts, but her mind had lost all ability to focus. The massive cock that was pumping in and out of her seemed to have become her entire universe. The night had been a whirlwind of emotion. Anxiety and lust all mixed up with just a little fear and now it was all paying off. She knew what she wanted, what she deserved...and if she begged for it, she knew she'd get it.

"Come...Oh Goddess, please come." The words came out on short harsh gasps.

"Say it!" He smacked her hard and yanked back on her hair again.

"Come, Edmund. For fuck sakes, come in me."

With one final thrust he pulled out of her. He flipped her onto her back and before she could even wonder what he was planning, he was between her thighs, again. He lifted her legs until she was nearly bent in half, followed by the familiar sensation of his thick dick sliding back into her. She pressed her hands onto her hips, but they were quickly pinned above her head.

He pressed down, threatening to snap her in two. When his face was just above hers, his pounding punctuated by deep thrusts that sent waves of pressure up her spine, he whispered to her, "Say it."

For a long moment, there was silence other than the sound of skin slapping against hot, sweaty skin as he continued to ram into her deepest

depths. Somehow Tara found the will to form the words in her mind.

"Please, come in my pussy."

No sooner were the words out of her mouth than he covered it with his. Pinned beneath him she felt his thrusts increase tempo. It was a maddening pace that she couldn't believe he could maintain for long. Tara felt another orgasm start at the top of her ass and it spread throughout her pelvis. She writhed and moaned into his mouth. She tried to speak around his kiss.

"Come with me!" she was able to beg, just before his tongue once again joined with hers. It was like he wanted as much of himself inside her as possible.

Edmund began to moan softly into her mouth. His grip on her wrists tightened. His movements became erratic as he pushed her closer to yet another climax. With a series of grunts, Edmund exploded inside her.

Tara felt the first blast of his explosion impact her cervix and for just a split second worried about the strength of the condom. The sensation of him erupting deep inside her sent her rocketing over the edge. She cried out, or at least tried to. He still held her locked in an embrace like a vice as spurt after warm, sticky spurt rushed into her. Edmund kept thrusting as he exploded over and over again, he clearly wanted to pound all the way through his orgasm. Finally, his thrusting slowed

and they collapsed together on the rumpled sheets in one big sweaty heap.

He let go of her wrists and she lowered her arms and legs at pretty much the same time. She wrapped her legs around his waist and ran her hands over his shoulders and down his back. She held him inside her, her strong muscles still contracting around him, for as long as she could. His arms wrapped around her and they lay there for a few minutes, simply breathing and slowing down together.

He moved off her and pulled her into his side. "I never knew bedding a witch would bring out that side of me. It's some good knowledge to have."

Tara snuggled into his chest and traced a fingertip around his chest. "Maybe its something that was always in you and it really has nothing to do with the fact that I'm a witch."

"Yeah, maybe it doesn't have anything to do with the fact that you're a witch, but I am certain it was you that brought it out, and I am glad you did."

Edmund fell asleep as soon as he'd made a run to the bathroom to dispose of the condom and cleaned up a bit. Tara slipped silently out of his bed, tiptoed down the stairs. This had been one of the most fantastic nights of her life. She wasn't sure she could handle something quite so intense every night, but she would definitely want to repeat it at some time.

She pulled her clothes on in the downstairs bathroom where she'd left them and headed out the front door. She turned left and easily followed the path that gleamed in the moonlight right in front of her. Within half an hour she was in town and headed for home.

Chapter Five

The knock on her door pulled Tara from the exhilarating depths of a wonderful daydream at her kitchen window. She pulled her gaze away from the view of the woods above town and stalked through her kitchen to pull the apartment door open.

“Blessed Morning, Gabby. What are you doing here? I don’t think I’ve ever known you to leave the office in the middle of a Monday morning.”

As her delightfully sparkly cousin answered, she bounced into the kitchen and poured herself a cup of coffee. “You’re right, I don’t usually, but Gran’s slightly frantic. Apparently your phone isn’t working and she was expecting to hear from you last night. She’s been fussing and dithering all night. I swear she’s called me twenty times to see if I’d seen or heard from you. What in the name of all that is great have you been up to that has her so upset? Why are you not at work?”

Tara joined Gabrielle at the table with a brilliant smile and sighed. "I'm sure the restaurant can survive without me for one morning. Gran should have known where I was, she's the one who sent me out to the woods yesterday. I'm sure you heard that she had my cell, so she decided I needed to go hiking."

Gabrielle stared into her eyes intently. "Maybe she's worried you got attacked by a bear or something. But you look quite satisfied with yourself, so I'm assuming the hike did you some good."

"It was wonderful, Gabby. You have absolutely no idea what wonderful surprises those woods hold deep in its heart. Or maybe you do...maybe that's why you head into the woods every Friday night."

"You know perfectly well that I go *through* the woods to Giselle's place. I've never actually gone walking around in the actual forest, are you going to tell me the secret?"

"I think it's best for each hiker to find that for themselves."

Gabrielle gave her one more intent look and got to her feet. "Well, I don't know what you got up to out there, but it looks like it did you a world of good. Plug your phone in and call Gran, I have to get back to work."

After a quick shower, Tara slipped the plug into its spot for the phone and walked out the door just as the phone trilled behind her.

"You can worry for a few more minutes, Gran. I think this conversation would be best done in person."

A quick stop at Sinfully Good, the restaurant she owned and ran, to let the staff know she'd be in later, Tara headed up to talk to Gran. As usual, she found her in the kitchen.

"Blessed Morning, Gran."

The wooden spoon clattered to the floor as Gran spun and gasped in shock. "Great Goddess, where have you been, Tara? I've called everyone I could think of. I even turned your cell phone back on and called every one of your men. Why did you not come to pick up your car when you were done your hike? I swear you've taken ten years off my life in this one night."

"I met an old friend of yours."

Tara slid onto one of the tall stools on the opposite side of the counter and popped a grape into her mouth from the bowl there.

"What is that supposed to mean? You disappear all night and just saunter in here with that look on your face and tell me you met an old friend. Just where were you?"

"I told you, Gran. I met an old friend of yours and now a new friend of mine. Edmund Behr was very happy to know that you're still alive and well."

"You found the cabin."

"Yes. Is that not why you sent me out there to begin with? To find the cabin? To find the delight that the cabin holds?"

"I actually just wanted to get you out there, to spread your scent about the woods and hoped that perhaps they would come looking for you. The cabin is only findable by those who would be welcome and only after dark. You left here at two in the afternoon. Why were you still out there when the sun dropped?"

"In truth, I got slightly lost. Not that I'm complaining. I think I'll enjoy quite a few more hikes in the woods." She got up and slipped around the end of the counter to gather the slight old woman in her arms. "Thanks for the advice, Gran. I have to get to work. I'll see you later. I love you."

"Don't you want to talk about your cell phone?"

Tara stopped in the doorway and sent a smile over her shoulder. "You can keep it, Gran. I don't think I'll be needing it anytime soon."

Chapter Six

All day Wednesday, at work, Tara had a hard time. She simply could not stay focussed and she was so tired of the seemingly endless parade of men that stopped in to speak to her. Had she really had that many men on her phone? They all had the same complaint...they wanted to see her and hated that they couldn't get hold of her. She just wanted them all to leave her alone and she desperately wanted to go for a hike.

As soon as her shift was done, she sped home for a shower. She slipped into her favourite slinky dress and strappy shoes. Not very conducive to long hikes through the woods, but it was fine for the hard packed trail that led from the road straight to the hidden cabin. She spent a few long minutes straightening her hair until it hung like silk down her back. No more of the mud splattered tangled mess that she was the last time.

She came up on the cabin just as the last of the sun's rays disappeared behind the trees. A quick electric thrill washed through her as she lifted her

fist to knock on the door. The freshly installed doorbell brought an even bigger smile to her face. With a quick press, she stepped back and waited with growing anticipation.

When the door opened she was just as shocked as Sunday night. It wasn't Edmund standing on the other side of the threshold, but there was definitely the same instant sexual pull. The men of this cabin must have a thing against wearing clothes...at least shirts. Tara's gaze traced down his bare chest all the way to the waistband of his very well fitting jeans. This man was just as tall as Edmund and just as muscular, but he wasn't as chiselled. His beautiful body had a slight layer of softness over those hard rippling muscles.

"Well, hello. Can I help you?"

His voice held the same deep timber as Edmund's but something else, something softer and even more alluring.

Oh Goddess, yes you certainly can help me. "Oh, hello. I was hoping you might like some company this evening."

"I can't think of a better way to spend an evening than with one of Sadie's beautiful girls. Come on in."

"How did you know I was Sadie's granddaughter?" His fingertips gently grazed her chest as he lifted the silver chain and pendant. Tara sucked in a quick breath as fire raced to heat the pit of her stomach.

"I actually thought you were one of her daughters. This stylized silver rose thorn is her family's trademark. I always thought it was one of the most beautiful charms any of the witches designed."

Tara lifted her hand and wrapped her trembling fingers around his, where he held her talisman. "Thanks. I've always cherished it. It was my mother's. It's all that was found of her after the plane crash."

"I'm so sorry to hear of your loss."

He let the necklace fall and moved his hand to her jawbone.

She stepped slightly closer to him, rested her hand softly on his chest and breathed in the scent of him. "It was a long time ago, but I still miss her."

His hand slid around to cradle her head. "The bond between mother and child is something that can never be broken, no matter what dark force separates them.

"She slid her hand around his wide shoulder and moved even closer. With her face lifted, their mouths were mere inches apart.

"I couldn't agree more."

His soft lips brushed hers and his breath filled her mouth. "Are you hungry?"

"Ravenous." Her fingers ran through the closely cropped chestnut hair on his head.

She felt the kiss all the way to her toes. The feel of his well-trimmed goatee against her skin only

added to the sensation. Their mouths fit together perfectly as two tongues darted and swept the dark recesses with sexual urgency.

When he pulled back, just enough to break the contact, she was unable to control the shudder that ran through her. "I was just about to sit down to my favourite warm evening meal. There is more than enough for two."

Rather than the dining room, Grant led her into the living room. They sat together on scattered pillows in front of the big soft couch. The coffee table was strewn with squat, square containers lined with ice. Each one held a plate of delicious food. Two bottles of wine sat in buckets of ice, breathing in readiness. He poured them each a glass of the white to start.

"We'll save the strawberry wine for dessert, it goes wonderfully with the chocolate."

They talked quietly as they ate the broccoli and blue cheese salad. When they moved on to the chilled shrimp with a delightful blend of orzo, peppers and broccoli, they started sensuously feeding each other. Tara left the fork where it was and pressed a softly curled shrimp to his lips with her fingers. When he sucked the juices from her skin her breath caught in her throat.

He in turn fed her a shrimp with his mouth. The sensation of sharing that small mouthful sent pure electricity straight through her. When he lifted the forkful of iced tiramisu to her lips, she accepted it with a deep sigh. The flavour of the

coffee and rum mixed perfectly and filled her mouth with smooth, satiny delight. She wasn't sure how much longer she could stand all this waiting. Her body was on fire and every mouthful only added fuel.

As if reading her mind, Grant got to his feet and gently pulled her up to join him. "I think we'll leave the rest of our dessert for another time." With that, he lifted her into his arms, cradled her to his chest and carried her up the stairs. He walked past the door leading to Edmund's room and turned into the next one.

This room was as different from the one down the hall as the meal had been from Sunday's. Where Edmund's room had been filled with large hard wooden furniture and a very solid bed... Grant's was softer. The bed had a thick feather filled mattress cover and soft luxurious feather pillows. There was the same amount of furniture, but somehow it all seemed less substantial.

Grant carried her to the side of the bed and sat her on the enveloping softness with great care. He knelt before her and lifted one foot. With slow precision, he undid the strap, slid the shoe from her foot and tenderly kissed along her insole. He gave her other foot the same treatment. As he placed tiny kisses along the insides of her legs, all the way up to the hem of her dress, she shivered in delight and anticipation.

She pressed her palms into the softness of the bed to lift enough for him to slide the slippery

material of her dress over her ass. As soon as he saw that it was the only piece of clothing she had on, a very satisfying shudder ravaged his body. Her breasts bounced softly as he slid the dress over her head and tossed it to the floor.

He cupped her face with both hands and pressed quick soft kisses to her lips, eyelids and nose. "You are so beautiful my wondrous witch. I am so much more than thrilled to have the honour of you warming my bed tonight."

His lips brushed softly over hers, just a touch not quite a kiss. The thought that these Behr men certainly knew how to tease a women into sexual frenzy flitted through her mind.

She heard and felt his breath, ragged against her mouth. He continued teasing her, just putting enough pressure on her mouth to make her want more. She ran her hands over his chest, along his arms and around his neck. The hair on the back of his neck felt like short bristles as if it had been cut very recently.

He darted the tip of his tongue out and traced it over her desperate lips. A shiver ran through her as she opened her lips to welcome his tongue in. As their tongues battled each other in a heated dance of need, she slid a hand down to the waistband of his jeans. She only struggled momentarily with the button. The zipper flew down on its own against the pressure held so securely behind it. His steely hard cock sprang

into her hand as if it had been waiting for her. His lack of underwear sent thrills up her arm.

His soft moan filled her mouth just as his cock filled her hand. His hands left her face and he shoved his pants down to kick them off, without breaking the contact of their mouths. As soon as he was as naked as her, he knelt tightly against the edge of the bed, between her thighs and wrapped his arms around her. He pulled her tightly against him. His mouth left hers to trace a path of kisses along her jaw line to her neck.

With her in his arms, he moved the two of them up onto the bed. He knelt beside her hip and lowered his mouth to one of her hard, puckered nipples. His gentle hand covered the other breast, his fingers rubbed over and around the nipple. His other hand explored her body. He slid it down her ribcage, over her stomach and on down. His gentleness amazed Tara. She almost felt as if he was worshipping her body. He ran his fingers down the outside of her leg and up the inside.

As his fingers softly crossed over her swollen lips he looked up into her eyes. He continued licking her breasts, his tongue flicked circles all round the hard nub of her nipple. His gaze was filled with such lust and need...she was surprised he could go as slow as he did. She slowly traced her fingernails down across his hard stomach to his waiting cock. She closed her fist around the thickness of his shaft and ran the pad of her thumb

across the slit in the end. The tiny jewel of liquid there lubricated her path.

With a moan, he moved away from her hand, readjusted his position to between her legs and licked and kissed his way down her body. His warm tongue separated her lower lips and dipped in to flick over her engorged clit. Blissfully, Tara closed her eyes and pressed her head back into the soft pillow. One hand crushed the sheet beneath her into a ball and the other held the back of his head. She held him to her, welcomed him to feast on her pussy. He licked along the inside of her lips with slow precision. His tongue dipped into her, tasted the rush of wetness there and moaned deeply onto her sensitive flesh. He sucked and licked her clit until she felt the first gentle shudders race through her. She could feel the rapturous release building in her, it was just within reach. Her breath came in short harsh gasps. She was so close and then it slipped away when Grant changed his position. Almost instantly it was back, just as close as his tongue flicked a staccato over her clit. One more minute in that position and she'd fly screaming over that anticipated precipice, but there was something she wanted more.

She reached down with both hands and grasped him under his arms. With as much force as she could muster she pulled him up her body until his face was level with hers. His mouth and

chin were wet with her juice and glistened in the moonlight streaming through the window.

"You taste amazing."

A smile filled his face just before he lowered his mouth to hers. She could taste herself on him and she liked it, somehow it made her want to feel him inside her even more. With deft movements he pulled a small packet from the drawer in the bedside table, tore it open and rolled the thin sheath down onto his shaft.

His uncut cock seemed huge where it bounced slightly with every beat of his heart, right above her pussy. The tip of it was exposed and shiny with anticipation. The condom gave it a soft sheen. She pulled him back down on top of her, slid a leg around his waist and pulled him closer to her exposed wetness. She rubbed herself along his length and felt the pressure build in her again. With a hand between their hips she pressed the head of his cock to her opening and angled her hips up. She pulled him to her with the leg that held him captive.

He held himself over her and watched her. He was clearly waiting for a sign that she was ready. Another slight movement of her hips and he made his move. As slowly as possible he slid into her, one thick inch after another. Once he was in her to the hilt, he waited to give her a chance to become accustomed to his size. He felt glorious. Tara had never felt so full before. She looked up into his

eyes, slid her hands around to hold his ass and smiled.

Their bodies moved in unison. As his cock slid in and out to be devoured and released by her slick pussy. Tara's eyes drifted closed as one long throaty moan wafted from her lips.

After a few more minutes of this long slow fuck he lifted her calves up around his shoulders. Without any preamble, he slid smoothly into her again. In that position he went even deeper. She felt the pressure of his thrusts in the pit of her stomach as he filled her completely and stretched her to accommodate him.

Slowly their thrusts against each other became more urgent. Their sweat-slicked bodies made a wet slap sound with each thrust. She watched his face contort with a deep concentration, it almost looked like pain. With a gasp and a grunt he buried his face in her neck. She felt the spasms rock him. She held his body against her while he bucked and shuddered.

She could feel his cock slipping and softening inside her. He pulled out carefully and disposed of the condom into the bin near the bed. With absolute tenderness he kissed her for a long time. When he lifted his head he seemed almost reluctant to stop. Suddenly he looked into her eyes. "Now you."

In a flash he was between her thighs again. Her upper legs felt hot and tender from the pounding position moments earlier. It felt like she'd spent an

hour on the treadmill. His tongue hit her like a slap—the suddenness of the contact was like a shock. Her body arched involuntarily and she pushed her pussy into his face, hard.

He lapped at her wet pussy again. She knew he could taste their mixed sweat on her flesh. His face rubbed onto her insistently, the feel of his goatee on her smooth, sensitive skin pushed her closer and closer to the orgasm that hovered oh-so-closely. He slid two fingers into her open pussy while his tongue moved steadily over her fevered flesh. His lips closed in, concentrated on her throbbing clit. The rhythm he set with his mouth and fingers was steady and just the right speed. Her body rocked with the violent spasms of her ultimate release. Unending waves of electricity rushed through her body as her juice flowed out onto his face. Fear of him drowning flitted through her mind, but only for an instant. She'd forgotten to breathe for several seconds. She gasped for air and gripped his head in her hands.

He wriggled up to lay beside her as they both fought to slow their breathing down to normal. Before long, they fell asleep in each other's arms. Tara woke before the sun and slipped silently out of his room. She pulled her dress on as she walked down the stairs and slipped her shoes on once she was outside.

She was really starting to enjoy these late night walks in the woods.

Chapter Seven

“Gran, I just don’t understand it. I found the cabin twice last week with no problem, and now it’s nowhere to be seen.”

Tara and Sadie sat together at the sun-washed table in Sadie’s backyard. Sunday afternoons together had been a tradition since the girls came to live with their grandmother. Tara heard Natasha and Gabby clattering dishes in the kitchen. The two of them loved nothing better than working up new and interesting dishes on these afternoons. Tara had never joined in with much enthusiasm, so they weren’t too shocked when she elected to stay outside with Sadie. In fact, she had hoped for this opportunity to talk to her grandmother, alone.

“Why can’t I find it, Gran? They can’t have moved the whole house...so where is it? You don’t think a different kind of ward has been put around it, do you?”

"Edmund must be very like his father. I still remember the feeling of loneliness whenever the cabin sat in shrouds."

"What do you mean, it sat in shrouds? You mean they're hiding from me?"

"The cabin is only visible while it is occupied. Edmund must be away...busy with other aspects of his mysterious life."

"But what about his brother, Grant? They can't both be busy, all this time."

"Oh, you met Grant, as well? Hmm, he was just a slip of a boy the last time I saw him. He and Edmund are not actually brothers though. Edmund's father was the head of his sleuth, he took Grant in when he was little more than a baby. They all take the surname of Behr when they reach manhood."

"So, how will I know if either of them are around?"

"Well, you could just keep going for hikes, or you could watch the horizon. I'm sure you would be able to see the plume of smoke from their chimney, now that the nights are getting cooler. Ah, here's our mystery lunch now."

The next four evenings found Tara tramping up the hidden trail in jeans and a sweater. Each night, she returned home and fell into bed tired and disappointed. She trudged home, feeling very disheartened after a long shift on Thursday evening, without bothering to look toward the horizon. *Why bother?*

After a nice warm shower, she slipped into a red tank top and flannel, tartan pyjama pants. With a hot cup of coffee in her hand, she sauntered over to the sliding doors that led to her patio and almost dropped the cup. Right there in front of her eyes was the one thing she'd been hoping to see all week. Someone had lit a fire in the fireplace of the cabin.

Grant or Edmund was home – at last.

Without even stopping to think about what she had on, Tara slammed her bare feet into sneakers and grabbed a sweater. It took a lot less than half an hour for her to make her way up the trail and drill her finger on the doorbell. She didn't care which of the Behrs opened the door. She just needed to explode in one of their arms. She should have been prepared for the door to open, but she wasn't and the laugh burst out of her as soon as they locked gazes.

"Well, this is a nice surprise. I am so in the mood for a slumber party. Come on in."

She couldn't take her gaze off him as he stepped back to allow her access. He was just as gorgeous as the other two men, definitely younger, probably not much older than her. His pyjama pants hugged his narrow hips and perfectly showed off the inviting 'V' shaped by his well-formed muscles. The biggest difference between him and her two former hosts was his colouring. Where they had both been very dark,

the cabin's newest occupant had red hair, loads of freckles and beautiful green eyes.

"Is this something you do? Show up on doorsteps, clad in comfy pyjamas in the night?"

"I'm so sorry...I didn't know...I thought..."

"Don't fret. You were clearly expecting someone else, I can only hope you're not too terribly disappointed."

"Not disappointed at all, but if I'm disturbing you..."

"Oh no, I can't think of a better way to spend an evening than with a beautiful, golden-haired surprise. Are you hungry? I was just about to eat. Nothing fancy, just good old comfort food."

How do I always time it so perfectly to be right on time to share a meal with these men? Who cares? He can fill my belly and then fill every other part of me. "I love comfort food."

She would never have considered macaroni and cheese casserole to be an aphrodisiac before then. She actually asked Liam if he'd added any extra secret ingredients more than once. He was so easy to be with, so easy to talk to or sit quietly in his company. When a slow sultry song came on the radio, she didn't think twice—she pulled him to his feet, wrapped her arms around his shoulders and they slowly swayed in a sexy dance all around the kitchen.

Liam nuzzled the nape of her neck as he held her tight against his hard body. "I didn't prepare anything for dessert, do you have any ideas?"

“Yes. If you don’t take me up to your bedroom, I will have to find it myself.” Tara was so much more than ready to discover how he compared to the other Behr men, she could have torn his pyjama pants off right there in front of the stove if the slate floor hadn’t been so cool.

Liam took her hand and ran with her up the stairs to the last door. When she sat on the edge of his bed it gave under her weight exactly the way her own bed did. The familiar sound of springs met her ears. A foam mattress on a spring board with solid wood head and footboards—so much like her own it was like coming home.

Chapter Eight

With a quick glance in her direction, he turned on the small lamp on the bedside table. "I hope you don't mind. I love nothing better than to be able to see when I bring a beautiful woman to orgasm. There is nothing to compare with the divine expression that comes over a woman's face at the moment of release."

"I don't care if you turn every light in the house on."

Without another word, he slipped his fingers under the elastic waistband of his pants and pushed them down. As he stepped out of them, he bent over her and pressed warm kisses up and down her neck. He nibbled delicately on her earlobe and whispered softly against her skin. "I am so turned on. I'm so glad you came to me tonight. I feel like I've been waiting for years, just for you."

Tara felt the same way—she couldn't have explained it until that moment but that was it, exactly. Her breathing crashed in and out of her

lungs in huge gasps when his hands slid along her middle just under the hem of her tank top. Slowly he pushed the top up. The palms of his hands covered her breasts just for a moment as he moved the material of her top up and off. His mouth and hands were on her nipples before he'd even dropped the small piece of clothing to the floor behind him.

He moved back slightly, just enough to look at her breasts with naked adoration in his expression. She'd never been so thankful for her good genes before, she knew, without looking that she had nice tits, her nipples jutted out at least a quarter of an inch from areolas about the size of a silver dollar. He rubbed the pads of his thumbs over her nipples and drew a sharp gasp from her. Slowly he lowered his mouth to her breasts again. The wetness of his tongue traced a slow circular path around the soft firmness of one breast after the other. He closed in but never touched either nipple. Tara gulped air into her lungs in the sheer anticipation of his touch.

He gently pushed her down onto her back on the bed and oh-so-slowly removed her pants. She pushed her hips up eagerly, to help him, as she grew more and more aroused with every passing second. The instant he freed her of the last piece of flannel he crawled up between her legs and bent over her chest, again. Once again, he drew concentric circles on her breasts with the tip of his tongue, moving closer and closer to the nipples.

Tara gasped and moaned deeply as he made love to her breasts.

“Yes, yes, oh Goddess yes. Don’t stop, please don’t stop.”

Liam’s tongue finally swirled around her nipple as he pulled it into the heat of his mouth. He twirled it with his tongue, gently grazed his teeth over the extremely sensitive nub of flesh and sucked it deep into his mouth. Tara pressed her teeth into her lower lip and groaned as a shudder charged through her. No man had ever brought her to orgasm just from paying attention to her breasts.

Tara was amazed to feel the telltale wetness that flowed freely between the cheeks of her ass. “Oh Great Goddess. I cannot believe you pushed me over the edge already.”

“Well, I did and I hope you are ready for a long night, because that was the first of many trips to the slow slippery slope I intend to send you on.” He lowered his weight onto her and covered her mouth with his own. The passion that she felt vibrating through his body exploded into her mouth from the movement of his tongue against hers. One part of her could have happily kissed him for the rest of the night, but another part of her wanted more, so much more.

Liam moved and gave her other breast the same treatment he’d given the first. Tara writhed in pleasure and held his head against her. Before she was ready for him to, he released her nipple and

started a long slow dance down her belly. His breath washed over the wet trail and sent goose bumps racing across her flesh. His tongue dipped into her navel and sent a gasp to her lips. She sighed and moaned as he continued to slowly lick his way lower.

His hand moved between her thighs while his tongue lingered near her navel. Gently searching fingers traced along the edges of her swollen lips. A throaty moan rolled over her tongue as his fingers found and teased her clit. The tiny bundle of nerves responded immediately to the slight stimulation. Liam pressed his fingers on her pussy lips and trapped her very erect clit between them. Tara squirmed and groaned as he slid his fingers up and down on either side of that wonderfully hard nub. Her juices gave him all the lubrication he could possibly need.

He attentively rolled her clit, still trapped between her swollen pussy lips and she shuddered all the way to her toes. He kept up the rhythm of sliding her slippery lips up and down along the sides of her clit as he lowered his lips to press a kiss to the peeking tip of it. Tara jerked and bucked as his lips touched her swollen clit. He drew his head back just slightly and blew air over her wet centre as she writhed and bucked again. She let out a great moan as the thrilling sensation raced through her.

Liam wrapped his arms behind her knees and lifted her hips. With quick movements, he shoved

a pillow under her hips to hold her up at just the exact angle he wanted. Then he lowered his mouth to her pussy and kissed it just as thoroughly as he had her mouth. A delighted moan filled the air around them as she waited for his next assault. She had no control over the trembles that wracked her body. His tongue danced all along her outer lips, up one side and down the other with the tiniest flick on her throbbing clit as he crossed.

"Oh Goddess! Lick it again...suck it...please!" Her pleading voice came out on a long lusty moan.

Liam flicked his tongue across the edges of her lower lips as she quivered under his mouth. She felt him lick the juices from her and swallow. "Mmmm, you taste better than the finest wine in the world. "His voice vibrated all along her wet folds. She was mad with desire and begged him to pleasure her with his tongue or she would die.

He pressed his tongue between her lips and licked along the hypersensitive flesh hidden there. He pressed into her and nibbled delicately as he sucked and licked her inner lips. A shaky whimper leapt from her lips as he suddenly plunged his tongue into her pussy. Instinctively, she grasped his head and held him tightly to her. She cried out thickly for him to keep going.

She was definitely not disappointed. He continued his assault on her with a quickly swirling tongue. He drove it up to wrap around

her twitching clit and tore it back down to pummel her clenching hole.

The moans came out in one long monotone vibration as his lips closed around her clit. He sucked it in and out of his mouth and flicked his tongue across the swollen tip. Her hips writhed and gyrated under his assault, as if she had no control over them as her body exploded in an intense orgasm. Her body spasmed repeatedly as she coated his face with copious amounts of her fluid.

He didn't stop or even slow down the rhythm he'd set on her clit even though she tried to push his head away. The sensations in her pussy seemed just too intense to bear.

"Oh Goddess, stop...please...I can't breath." Her body continued shuddering as he pulled everything from her. Slowly her orgasm abated and her body relaxed into the mattress. When she finally got her breathing under control she reached for him and drew him up her body. Their mouths mashed together in the residual passion from moments earlier. The force of his tongue as it pummelled her mouth with the same force it had her pussy sent yet another electric charge to her pussy.

Liam gently rolled her over onto her belly as he licked and kissed her ears and neck. A soft moan purred out of her from the sensation of him touching every inch of her. He kissed her back and

slowly drew his tongue lightly down her spine. A delighted shiver raced through her body.

He licked the small of her back then trailed his tongue over her round ass cheek all the way to her thigh. She bunched the sheet under them in her fists as he kissed and licked the backs of her thighs. She moaned deeply into the mattress when his tongue slid once again over her ass.

She purred and whimpered in total pleasure as he continued to lick, kiss and gently nibble the cheeks of her ass. While he kissed and licked one cheek, he gently kneaded the other. She couldn't believe how he filled her so quickly with renewed arousal. Her body and soul wanted to allow this wonderful man to use her to his hearts content, more than she had ever wanted anything.

When she felt him gently spread her ass cheeks, she knew he revealed her rosy, puckered and tight little ass hole. She had never truly enjoyed ass sex, even with all the sexual encounters she'd had in the past, but this time she wanted him to touch every inch of her. She sighed softly as his tongue slithered down the cleft of her ass crack. A groan of absolute delight burst from her when he circled his probing tongue around her ass hole without actually touching it.

He continued his teasing trail of circling licks and kisses, until she gasped and panted with a primal need for release. She wiggled her ass in a mindless attempt to capture his tongue, to no avail. Nearly crazed with desire she forced her

body to relax in order to draw a deeper breath into her lungs. At the precise moment she let her guard down, Liam pressed a hot kiss to her ass hole. A shuddering moan tore up her throat as he pressed in to French kiss her ass hole before he moved to lick and ream the puckered hole with his tongue. He kept it up as her moans grew louder and her writhing grew stronger until she erupted with a scream. She pushed back against his tongue until her orgasm faded away and left her gasping and crying, "Oh Goddess..." over and over.

She rolled over to embrace and kiss him deeply. "Oh, Liam, that was incredible. I've never enjoyed anything like that before, but that was incredible," she confessed between kisses.

She collapsed on the bed as Liam rose up on his knees. He looked intently at her face. "You are absolutely radiating pleasure. Your smile is the most exotic I have ever seen and the beauty of your flushed body is so sexy you make me throb with need." He parted her legs and nestled his body between them. She smiled up at him as she wrapped her arms around his neck. He held his cock in his fist and pressed the head between her lower lips. He slowly glided his thick shaft along her soft folds to finally press it into her. He filled her slowly and completely.

Tara's breath caught in her throat as his thickness penetrated her tight, trembling tunnel. She clenched his cock with her tight muscles to hold and pull his foreskin over the fat head of his

cock as he withdrew in his backstroke. She pressed her hand between them to clasp his cock. She held the foreskin enough to allow it to pull back and expose his sensitive cock head. She knew it would intensify his pleasure as her moist, pink folds engulfed his cock.

Tara let his cock loose, wrapped her strong legs around his waist, locked her feet together and dug her fingernails into the soft skin of his shoulders. She drove her hips up to meet him. They quickly fell into a frenzied rhythm as he pounded into her wet, throbbing pussy.

She gasped, "Fuck me...fuck me! Oh Goddess, fuck me hard, Liam!" Her beautiful golden body glistened with sweat, as they fucked recklessly. She shouted and screamed and gasped as she again raced toward orgasm.

The way his body jerked and trembled within her embrace, she knew he was on the edge. He clearly struggled to withstand the intensity of her pussy as it clenched along his shaft in sweet torture as they fucked with wild abandon. His heavy ball sac slapped audibly against her ass cheeks as he drove them both relentlessly toward orgasm.

Tara screamed out first and rammed her hips up onto his cock. She held him there as she shuddered and convulsed into another mind numbing orgasm. Liam exploded moments after her. He drove as deep into her as he could. His cock throbbed and jumped against her clenching

walls as he spewed volumes of thick white stickiness into her pussy. His balls convulsed each time they pumped out his seed.

Their bodies shuddered and bucked against one another as they freefell together into the glorious abyss of complete release. Tara unlocked her ankles and let her legs fall to the bed on either side of his, as she sought to kiss his mouth. Liam drove his tongue into her mouth to entwine his tongue with hers. His balls hung against her ass, drenched from her orgasmic juices as it cascaded over them and down to wet her ass hole. Neither one could pull in a deep breath as their orgasms left them spent and exhausted.

Tara lay still, gasping and panting, trying to recover her senses. Liam appeared to use every ounce of energy he could muster, just to roll off his lover and lie next to her as he gasped for air.

Neither spoke for several minutes. Tara broke the blissful silence with a very soft whisper. "That was awesome. I've never been a prude, but I didn't know it could be like that. Oh Goddess... thank you, Liam."

He turned his head and they gazed into each other's eyes. They both smiled in unison and kissed tenderly. Tara rose to her knees and bent over Liam's chest to lick his nipples. He closed his eyes and let a deep moan float between his lips as he enjoyed the marvellous sensation as her tongue swirled around and over his sensitive nipples. Looking up into his eyes, Tara drew her tongue

along his sweaty lower chest and belly to pause and lick his sweat. She dipped her tongue into his sweat filled navel and drained it. Moving lower she nuzzled his trimmed pubic hair and buried her nose into his balls.

Tara was pleasantly surprised that his balls were smooth and free of hair. There was nothing quite so thrilling to her than a man who took the time to groom himself, the same way she did. Even though her body still vibrated gently from the exhausting multiple orgasms she'd enjoyed, she was determined to return the pleasure he had given her so freely. She licked his balls and pressed her tongue into the softness of his sack, between the two egg-shaped orbs held there. She could taste herself on him and thoroughly enjoyed it. Her mouth encapsulated one testicle, as she sucked it in to slather it with her tongue for several moments.

She watched his flaccid cock twitch and slowly return to life as she released his testicle to suck in the other one. With a quick glance up, Tara saw him watching her as she lavished unbridled love on his balls. His deep moan sounded like an old well-loved sonnet to her ears. She opened her mouth wider and pulled both balls into her mouth, his groan of clear intense pleasure sent a wicked thrill through her as she swirled her tongue all over his balls.

She gently released his balls and licked up his thickening shaft. Thick white cream coated his

cock, and she drew her tongue lovingly through it. She licked up more and let it roll softly over her taste buds. She relished their combined flavours. Slowly she slid her tongue up to the rim of his cock head and sucked it into her mouth. Liam moaned and trembled as her tongue swathed his sensitive flesh. She licked it clean of residual cream, wrapped her lips around his stiffening cock to lick and suck it all over.

Her nose was resting in his short bush with her lips pressed to the base of his cock. She felt his cock grow bigger and harder inside her mouth. She relished the sensation of his cock as it stiffened into a raging hard-on. The lengthening thickness forced her lips back up his shaft. Liam reached down to lay his hand gently on her head as he watched this magnificent and beautiful creature suck his cock. Her gaze locked onto his as he writhed in passion and throbbed with desire. Tara continued to lick his cock as she moved her head up and down along the shaft, unable to take its entire length into her mouth.

She fondled and tickled his balls as she sucked his cock. Liam twitched and shivered as the increased stimulation drove him closer to the edge. Tara felt his balls draw up tight and knew that he would soon reward her. Liam moved his head slowly from side to side as he moaned with pleasure. Suddenly, he stiffened, drove his hips upward and exploded with a strangled groan. He splattered the inside of her mouth. Her mouth

filled with his thick warm cream as she closed her eyes and swallowed it all. She looked up at him, rolled his juice inside her mouth, savoured the salty taste and swallowed again.

Finally, his cock became softer and she let it slide out of her mouth. A large drop of semen glistened at the slit. Tara licked it into her mouth, crawled up and kissed Liam. She deposited the treasure into his mouth. He swallowed and returned her kiss tenderly.

Completely exhausted, she snuggled into his side and fell asleep, almost instantly.

Chapter Nine

Brilliant sunlight streamed through the kitchen window as Liam contentedly moved in and out of its rays, clad once again in his comfortable pyjamas pants. The dishwasher hummed quietly under the counter as it cleaned and sanitized the dishes from the night before. Liam smiled as he continued to dirty even more dishes while it ran.

With a quick glance in the direction of the stairs, he moved to the table. He quietly set the cheese and ham omelette and steaming cup of coffee down and sat. The deep sigh had just left his throat, when he jumped to attention. The solid front door shut with a thump that mixed with the sound of heavy footsteps along the hall.

The older man sauntered in, sat down across from him and snatched a piece of toast from his plate.

“Good morning to you, too, Edmund.”

“Mornin’,” came out as a muffled sound, around the mouthful of toast. “I am very happy to find you here. I have been dying to talk to

someone about the wonderful night time surprise I had the last time I was here."

"You have my undivided attention...until I'm finished my breakfast."

"Well, eat slowly cousin."

Edmund regaled him with a detailed account of the night spent with his blonde visitor. Liam felt a very familiar growing warmth in the pit of his stomach, as he listened intently. Before he had a chance to make any sort of comment as the story wound down, Grant charged into the kitchen.

"Great to see you guys. Have I got something to tell you! Did you know Sadie still lives in town? And, did you know she has the most beautiful granddaughter in the world?" Without seeming to take a breath, he sped into a long rambling account of his last night in the cabin.

Edmund slapped him on the back and congratulated him, when he finally finished. "It's just a shame she had to leave before the sun warmed the horizon. Morning sex is really good for the circulation."

"So, she left before you woke up? Both of you?"

The two men turned to look at Liam as if they'd just realized he was there. "Yes," came out in unison.

He leaned back in his seat, crossed his arms over his chest and smiled across the table at both of them. "Then I've got you both beat...she's still up there in my bed."

All three men stayed as they were, frozen in time, for one endless minute. At precisely the same instant, they all moved in fast-forward. Liam made it to the stairs before the other two, but only just as they all raced to his bedroom door.

Liam fisted one hand on the doorframe and the other around the knob, barring the entrance from the other two. "We can't just go charging in there like a herd of rutting elephants. She might still be asleep." He turned the knob, slowly and peered into the sun drenched room, through the widening slit.

Tara sat in the middle of the rumpled bed, with the sheet pulled up to her chin and smiled at him.

"Come on in."

He pushed the door all the way open and the three men stepped into the room to pause just inside the doorway. Every one of them held their breath in hope and anticipation. The next move was hers...she could very easily tell them all to go to hell and they'd understand.

With one graceful sweeping motion, she threw the sheet aside and flung her arms open to them.

Chapter Ten

Edmund was the first one to speak as he walked over to the side of the bed. "I hear you have been a very busy little witch since the last time I saw you."

"Well a witch has to do what a witch has to do." Tara looked up at him with a very coy smile on her lips. She got to her knees and crawled to kneel right in front of him.

"Well, I'm not sure if you should be rewarded or punished for your constant visits to our hidden hideaway."

"What did you have in mind?"

"Nothing that I don't already know you enjoy." His large hand landed with a resounding slap on the cheek of her ass. The force of it propelled her hips forward and he held her to him. He lowered his head and claimed her mouth, just as the sound of her sharp gasp came out. She met the force of his tongue with an equal amount of excitement.

Her fingers shook slightly as she struggled to wrestle the buttons of his shirt open. When she

finally got them all loosed, she shoved the shirt over his shoulder and turned her face to look at Grant and Liam.

“What are you waiting for,” was all she needed to say. Within seconds, the two men joined her on the bed, as naked as the day they were born. They pulled her from Edmund’s embrace to sandwich her between them as six hands flew over heated flesh.

It didn’t take long for Edmund to shed his remaining clothes and bounce onto the bed as well. He scrambled up to the head of the bed and sat just above Tara’s head. Gentle fingers pulled her face toward his hugely erect cock. She slithered up between the two warm bodies and traced her tongue up the soft spot between his balls.

Liam and Grant shifted positions as she did. Grant slid his hand down her stomach and dipped two fingers in to tantalize her sensitive clit. Liam cupped her breasts from behind, grazed gently thumbs over her nipples and ground his hard cock against her ass.

To give herself better access to suck Edmund’s thick cock, Tara twisted onto her knees. Grant immediately clasped one of her nipples in his mouth. He covered the other swaying mound with his warm hand. The moan that wafted up Tara’s throat vibrated along Edmund’s shaft and drew an equally deep moan from him.

Liam knelt between her feet and slipped two fingers into her wet pussy. He slid them in and out slowly at first. Before long, she started pushing back onto his hand and silently urged him to increase his speed. He slithered the fingers out and pulled the dripping moisture up to her clenched ass hole. When he had her well lubricated and ready, he scooted forward and pressed the thick head of his cock to her tight opening.

Edmund got onto his knees, so she had to lift off the bed a bit more and arch her back seductively as Liam pummelled her ass. Grant slid under her and forced her legs even wider. His long, thick cock slipped perfectly into her waiting pussy. The three men quickly got into a wild, grinding rhythm in her. With every orifice filled, Tara's body exploded in hard convulsing waves of orgasm. It was too much for the men, they all exploded into her as one.

The rest of the day was spent sharing each other, two, three and four at a time.

Chapter Eleven

The following Friday evening, Tara and Gabby sat in Gran's kitchen and enjoyed a delightfully fluffy cake with chocolate ice cream.

"Do you have any plans for this weekend, Tara? I was kind of hoping you could come shopping with me. I have to find something to wear to Giselle's niece's wedding. I have no idea what to wear and you've always had a wonderful fashion sense."

As she got up to carry the now empty dishes to the sink, Tara smiled at her cousin. "Well, I'm glad to hear you're not going to wear your regular outfit of red shorts, or stretch pants." Her laughter lilted away softly as she looked out the window.

There, just within the deep shadows at the edge of the forest, stood three magnificent bears. One dark black, one soft brown and one with rich reddish fur. A thrilling shiver ran through her body as she turned to grab her purse and head for the door.

"Sorry, Gabby, but you're going to have to find someone else to help you pick out an outfit. I think I am going to be otherwise occupied this weekend."

About the Author

“We all have fantasies, I just write them out!”

Jojo was born in London, England in 1961 and brought to Ontario, Canada at the age of three. She has been an army wife in Oromocto, New Brunswick, during her first marriage. She's also been a farm girl all over southern Ontario, a waitress, seamstress, party planner, wedding coordinator and videographer, personal care worker and costume designer. Now happily settled with husband number two and three daughters, she enjoys the small town life. With so much quiet time to devote to her writing, she lets the muses take her where they may.

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