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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Huldah's Two Hikers

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by

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Berengaria Brown

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Dedication

Dedicated to erotic romance author Anny Cook, whose awe-inspiring talent at world building

I can only aspire to emulate.

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Chapter 1

Huldah Anderson sat on her living room floor checking her hiking pack one last time. Very early the next day she would be leaving to walk the Blue Ridge Trail in Haggity National Park with her hiking club.

Huldah loved walking. She wasn't much into sports but hiking suited her long legs and athletic style. And even when she was walking with the group she could still be essentially alone with her thoughts to admire the scenery and pace herself in her own competitive way.

This three-day hike was the most ambitious she'd ever been on and Huldah had planned for it carefully. At each night's camping place there'd be water but she'd need to carry some for the day's walk, and water was comparatively heavy to carry. She also had to carry her sleeping bag and one-man tent, all her food and clothing, yet the pack couldn't weigh more than one third of her body weight so there was no space for inessentials. A waterproof jacket, a spare pair of jeans, three sets of underwear and three t-shirts—but six pairs of socks because the feet were the most important part of a hiker's kit.

It had taken her days to decide on what food she'd take. She needed plenty of energy as the walk was a demanding one, but again the issue of weight and space had to be considered. So rice and pasta for the evening meals, with dehydrated soup; oranges, chocolate and trail mix for snacks; porridge for breakfast. But the midday meal had been the

hard decision and finally she had purchased three MREs—US Army-style meals ready to eat.

A towel and washcloth, hairbrush, toothbrush, deodorant, insect repellant, sunhat. And Huldah tucked three condoms into her pack as well—just in case.

Derek Nelson and Corey Turner. Two totally yummy men in her hiking club. Despite being constantly pursued by two young women Huldah mentally termed "the blonde bimbos," Derek and Corey remained immune to their skinny, plastic charm and completely unattached. She'd wondered if they were gay, but they definitely seemed to like women and had given her some quite hot looks, so her gut feeling was that they were bisexual.

Hell, a woman can hope. She packed the condoms. The men were very easy on the eyes and the conversations she'd shared with them had proven them to be intelligent and interesting company.

At five foot ten in her bare feet, which translated to an even six foot in hiking boots, Huldah had spent a lifetime being told she was too tall, too manly, not a real woman. At the age of ten she'd been as tall as her mother and the poor woman had given up trying to force her into white lace dresses and let her wear jeans. Her only long-term relationship had ended when she realized Perry would never take her anywhere involving them standing side by side or dancing, as even in flat-soled shoes she was taller than him.

Derek's taller than Corey, but I reckon Corey's still a good three inches taller than me. And his golden-blond hair and dark eyes are to die for. And Derek's dark good looks are

equally attractive. Like dark and light chocolate. A perfectly balanced diet! She giggled.

But would they want a woman each? Or would they share a woman the way they seemed to share so many things—a car, their meals, their backpacks?

Oh well, maybe one of the other women will attract one of them and I'll get the other. I don't mind which!

More likely they'll go off with the blonde bimbos though. Huldah sighed.

Huldah was surprised to find only two other cars in the parking lot at West Haggity, the starting point for the Blue Ridge Trail, at five a.m. the next day.

Howard Clegg, the administrator of the club, was relieved to see her.

"Thank God you came, Huldah. I thought I might have to call the walk off as there's a minimum of three hikers permitted in the group for this trail."

"But I thought—"

"Yeah—Bryce had to work and Jenny wouldn't come without him, and Sara and Cathy decided a three-day walk was a bit ambitious for them."

Sara and Cathy were the blonde bimbos, so their not coming didn't surprise her. They always seemed to disappear on the physically demanding walks, preferring the simpler ones. But she hadn't realized so few had intended to walk. The club had around a dozen regular participants.

"Don't worry, Huldah. We'll look after you," said Corey, loping over from beside his SUV.

"Absolutely," Derek added, who was right behind him.

Howard busied himself giving them each a map of the track and repeating the national park regulations.

"I'll be waiting for you in the East Haggity parking lot from noon Sunday and I'll drive you back here to pick up your vehicles. The drive's only a couple of hours so you should all be home by dark. Derek, I'm giving you the emergency beacon to carry. You're the most experienced walker. But none of you are to go off the track or out of the camping grounds alone. Okay? This is an advanced walk and while you may meet some other walkers on the track you can't expect to. It's quite likely you'll be up there alone the entire time. So you have to be careful. Understand?"

Huldah was still assimilating the idea that only three of them were doing the hike. Just her and the two hunkiest men she'd ever met.

And most likely not another soul around for three full days. And nights. Well hell, if can't get into their pants on this trip I never will!

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Chapter 2

The first hour of the trail was both very easy and very well-marked as it led from the parking lot to the Explorer's Tree. This was as far as many walkers went and there was plenty of evidence of kids and families on the track. Corey meticulously picked up the occasional cigarette butt and candy wrapper as they walked, putting them in a trash sack tied to the outside of his backpack.

The air was crisp and clean, the sky blue above the trees and Huldah enjoyed the loosening feeling of her muscles as she settled into the steady pace of the hike.

A short distance past the tree the trail dipped steeply and led into a ravine. It quickly became narrow and rocky and the trees almost met overhead, making the early morning light quite dull. The men insisted she walk between them now and the light conversation they'd been making dried up as they all concentrated more on watching their footing and staying on the track.

Huldah constantly found herself distracted by watching Corey's ass and leg muscles as he led them all down the ravine. He had a smooth, easy gait, and his muscles flexed and rippled in a very enticing way that made her lick her lips and wish she was licking his butt cheeks instead. His feet unerringly found the best places to step on the rocky track and she simply followed his lead.

There must have been water in the ravine at some stage as the trees were very tall and quite broad at the base, and

the undergrowth was lush as well. Whenever Huldah dragged her gaze off Corey's ass she was inspired by the beauty of the trees and the valley.

And then they reached the bottom. The track broadened out and they could walk three abreast on the grass and dirt as they hiked down the valley.

It was now midmorning, the sun was higher in the sky and it shone strongly, making them decide to stop to take off their sweaters and drink some water.

"It is a shame Bryce couldn't get off work for this trip," said Derek. "Did you have any trouble getting leave time?"

Huldah shook her head. "No, they've actually been pressuring me to take some accrued leave. I work in planning and although we have deadlines like anyone else it's all long-term stuff so taking off a week here or there isn't a problem."

"Have you much leave time saved up?" Corey asked.

"Yeah, over a month. My previous boyfriend always talked about us going overseas for a backpacking tour—Europe or UK—so I saved up leave for that. But then we parted and I just haven't gotten around to using it. When this walk was planned it sounded excellent, so I booked vacation time for it right away."

"And no new boyfriend's come on the scene?"

"No. I um..." How can I say I've been too busy drooling over them to think about finding someone else?

"What about you?" she asked, desperately filling the silence.

"Have I got a boyfriend or did I have trouble getting vacation time?" joked Derek.

"Either. Both."

Both men turned serious quite quickly. They turned and looked at each other then nodded as if they'd asked each other questions and received answers without speaking.

"We're together," said Corey.

"We've shared our lives and our house with each other for three years now," advised Derek.

Corey produced some details. "But we do like sharing our bed with a woman from time to time too. We like to watch each other fucking her and we like to fuck her together. We're in love with each other, but we love women too. And we especially love to share a woman. Nothing's hotter than that."

Derek completed the explanation. "And the woman loves it too. There's nothing quite like two men lavishing attention on you, two cocks deep inside you. It's the ultimate high—or so I've been told. How do you feel about that?"

- "I..." Huldah gulped. How can I say I've been thinking about nothing else for the last twenty-four hours? Wanting it? Hoping the opportunity would come up for some hot and heavy action with either or both of these men?
- "I... Yes. Yes, I'd like that. One of the women at work has had sex with two brothers and she said two men at once gave her such a good orgasm she almost blacked out with pleasure. Ever since then I've thought that maybe—"

'Excellent!" Derek jumped to his feet and started putting his pack on again. "Well let's get moving then. We've a long way still to walk today and we need to have plenty of time for fucking when we get there!"

"I'd like to know a little more about you both, though," Huldah added as she tied her sweater to the straps of her backpack.

"We'll talk as we walk," said Corey. "What would you like to know?"

So as they walked along the floor of the ravine the guys spoke about their jobs—they both worked with an IT firm, Derek in programming and Corey in technical support—and their likes and dislikes. Before very long all three were laughing and joking as if Huldah had been a part of them the whole time.

It took the rest of the day to hike the length of the ravine. At the end of it was the campground beside a creek.

"I thought this was supposed to be the Blue Ridge Trail," groused Huldah. "So far it has been more like the Blue *Ravine* Trail!"

Derek pointed to a mountain off to their right. "Yeah, well tomorrow we go straight up that mountain and along the top of it. That's where the trail name comes from."

"Yeah—and the map mentions cliffs, so we need to make sure we get to the next campsite with plenty of daylight remaining," added Corey.

"You won't need to set up your tent. You'll be with us in ours, so how about you get a fire started while we put the tent up?" suggested Derek.

There was a circle of blackened stones with a couple of logs nearby where previous campers had lit their fire and sat beside it, so Huldah collected twigs and bark and sticks and soon had a fire going. By the time it was burning brightly

inside the ring of stones the men had the tent up and were gathering larger logs of wood to keep the fire going during the evening.

The guys had brought sausages to barbecue over the fire and potatoes wrapped in foil to roast in the coals. They shared their food with Huldah, telling her to save her pasta for another meal, and then they all sat around drinking coffee and enjoying the clean air, the scents of the forest and wood smoke, and the noises of the small forest creatures preparing for sleep.

Corey burned what trash he could in the fire and gathered up the non-burnables into his trash bag to carry home with them. All the time, they chatted about music and movies, their childhoods and jobs, their likes and dislikes. And Huldah realized she liked these men—that they were very genuine, nice people with whom she had a lot in common, and that she wanted to be their friend as much as she wanted the sex their heated glances at her predicted.

Corey checked the fire one last time, then stood, grabbing Huldah's hands and pulling her to her feet.

"Are you ready to come to bed with us?"

He placed her hand over his groin and she could feel how hard his cock was. He was definitely ready.

"Yes," she breathed. "Yes, I want that, I want you both. I'm ready."

Derek moved behind her and pressed his cock into her butt cheeks. He, too, was long and hard and she could feel the heat of him through her jeans.

He pushed against her, rubbing his cock up and down her butt and she leaned back into him with a sigh, acknowledging she wanted him. At her acquiescence he slid his hands up under her sweater and t-shirt and over her breasts, gently cupping the small mounds.

"I-I'm sorry. They are not very big..." Huldah blushed, painfully aware of her inadequacies in the boob department.

"Nonsense! More than a handful or a mouthful is a waste," said Derek, pulling her bra up so he could roll her nipples between his fingers.

Her nipples immediately peaked and hardened and Huldah felt dampness seep from her centre to her panties.

"We've been wanting to spend more time alone with you for a long time. You turn us both on," said Corey.

Derek was enthusiastic too. "Oh yeah. We were trying not to show how happy we were when Howard said it would be just the three of us on this walk—we knew it would be the perfect opportunity to get to know you better."

"Much better." Corey pressed his pelvis against hers and leaned in for a kiss. Gently he touched his lips to hers and ran his tongue along the seam of her mouth. Eagerly she opened to him and his tongue pushed inside to tangle with hers, then to explore the insides of her cheeks and around her teeth.

Huldah thrust her breasts deeper into Derek's hands and her hips against Corey's. Her tongue sought his and played with it as she put one hand on Corey's shoulder and the other behind her to pull Derek's head against hers.

Corey ground his hips against hers and wrapped his arms around both her and Derek uniting them into a single unit as his tongue stroked fast and hard in her mouth.

Derek's lips were on her neck, placing gentle, sucking kisses on it as his fingers kept up their rolling and teasing of her nipples.

Corey broke off the kiss and kneeled down to unlace her boots. Derek pulled off her sweater and t-shirt and undid the clasp of her bra. His hands slid down her belly to unsnap and unzip her jeans.

That accomplished, his fingers continued downward to slide between her curls and into her slit. One long finger immediately found her clit and massaged it as his other hand pushed her panties and jeans down her hips.

"Open your legs, sweetheart," Corey said, pulling her boots and jeans off.

Huldah complied and then four hands were playing with her cunt and her ass. Fingers were rimming her asshole and pushing through the curls of her pussy. Then someone's fingers were inside her cunt, twisting up, scraping her walls, searching for her sweet spot.

Derek's mouth was on her earlobe, her neck, her shoulder, kissing and licking and driving her emotions higher and higher.

Huldah held onto Corey's shoulders, sure her legs were so weak she'd otherwise fall.

The tension in her belly was mounting higher and higher, she was panting for breath, and her chest was heaving with the effort.

Derek, now at her side, sucked her breast into his mouth, his tongue rolling the nipple, then his teeth gently scraping it as his tongue massaged the areola. Meanwhile his hand continued to play around the rim of her asshole, stroking her crack, and slowly sliding one finger into the hole just a short distance.

Corey's mouth was making sucking kisses low on her belly, his tongue sweeping into her bellybutton as both his hands played in her curls and her cunt. His mouth tracked lower and lower finally coming to rest on her clit. He sucked the hot, tight little bud into his mouth and rolled it around his tongue, then bit it lightly.

That was all it took to send Huldah crashing into an orgasm. Her nipple, her pussy, her clit, her ass—so many delicious sensations hammering at her simultaneously—the waves of pleasure washed over her and her body shook as cream poured from her pussy over their hands.

The two men stroked her arms and legs and belly, gradually bringing her down from the high.

"You liked?" whispered Derek.

"Gods yes," Huldah replied, still shaking with aftershocks.

"That was the entree. Let's move into the tent for the main course," he replied.

Within a few minutes Huldah's clothes and boots had been brought into the tent and the men were naked, lying with her on their sleeping mattress and conjoined sleeping bags.

Corey rolled on a condom and Derek kneeled by her head, his cock huge and red, the long vein throbbing. Huldah

grabbed his hips and pulled him closer, then flicked the head of his cock with her tongue.

"Hmm. I think this is going to be more like dessert than the main course," she said, running her tongue under the ridge and then sucking the head into her mouth.

Corey lifted her long legs up and rested them on his shoulders, then slid his cock into her cunt.

"So hot. So tight," he whispered as he pushed in, right to the hilt.

Huldah twisted her hips, encouraging him to move within her. Already desire was mounting again inside her and she was more than ready for a pounding cock deep in her cunt.

Corey got the hint and began a slow move of pulling out until only the head of his cock remained inside her, then sliding in again to the balls. Then out, then in. He held her hips tightly and pushed hard giving her the friction she needed so badly.

Meanwhile her hands were on Derek's hips, holding him so his cock was mimicking those movements, in and out of her mouth, her tongue stroking up the sides, then licking over the head, then twirling under the ridge.

As Corey began to speed up inside her she relaxed her throat and slid Derek right in as far as she could take him, then sucked hard, causing him to moan at the heat and grip of her mouth.

He had one hand on her shoulder for balance, the other he trailed up and down her side, over her breasts, until his fingers rested on her nipples and he pulled and twisted one then the other in time with the movements of his cock.

Corey twisted his hips, dragging his cock over her inner walls, cranking the tension in her belly up so that Huldah's brain started to scramble with the need to come. She stopped playing with Derek's cock and sucked him in earnest. His fingers tweaked her nipples, pinching the hard little points as he moaned with the exquisite torture of her mouth.

"Now!" said Corey, taking one hand off Huldah's hip to squeeze her clit as he thrust as hard and deep inside her as he could. Derek pinched her nipple hard and Huldah sucked his cock right to the back of her throat.

With matching shouts Derek and Corey both came hard, thrusting Huldah over the edge into orgasm with them. Derek's hot cum spurted down her throat as Corey's hot semen blasted into the condom in her cunt. Her inner walls grabbed and milked him as her mouth sucked the last of Derek's seed from him.

Then the three collapsed into a pile of sweaty limbs on the sleeping bag. Corey and Derek pressed gentle kisses onto her mouth and breasts as their hands ran up and down her belly, soothing her down from the climax.

She wrapped an arm around each of their shoulders, too exhausted to speak but wanting them to understand her pleasure.

Gently they rolled her onto her side, and with a hot hard male pressing into her front and back, Huldah slept.

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Chapter 3

Huldah woke early to the greeny-blue light filtering through the walls of the tent. A hot hard male body pressing into her from each side reminded her of the night before. It had been better than her wildest dreams. I hardly even dared dream of fucking one of them and I've had both of them! There were still two more nights on this hike and she intended to make the most of them. Meanwhile there were two perfectly delightful morning woods going to waste.

Huldah sat up slowly and carefully, not wanting to wake the men just yet, then feasted her eyes on the two cocks.

Derek's skin was darkly tanned apart from a privacy strip around his genitals, and his cock was long and hard and dark. His shoulders were very broad, his arms and thighs rippling with corded muscles. His chest was a hard wall of toned strength.

Corey's skin, like his hair, was much lighter in color and his cock had the slightest curve at the tip, a curve he'd used to great purpose last night in thrusting her into climax. He too was firmly muscled all over, his lighter skin showing deep blue veins through the skin.

Hmm...two cocks just for me. What should I do with them? Stroke them? Fondle the balls? I haven't sucked Corey yet. I wonder what he tastes like? Maybe I should do all of the above?

Standing carefully, then turning around and sitting down between the men again, Huldah, now facing them, gripped a

cock firmly in each hand and squeezed her way from root to head, then slid her hands back to the roots again. The second time up the shafts she gave a slight twist to the hand movement. Then she bent forward to suck Corey's cock into her mouth, while her hand gently cupped Derek's balls.

That was as far as she got before two men, now wide awake, grabbed an arm each and flung her flat on her back.

"Holy shit! That's the kind of alarm clock I could get used to!" gasped Corey.

"Oh, yeah!" added Derek.

"Wanna play, do you? Well I've a better game in mind. Hold both her wrists," instructed Derek as he jumped up and scrabbled in his pack for condoms, lube and a clean t-shirt.

The t-shirt was used as a blindfold and the men took turns touching her with feather-soft fingers and asking her to guess who it was. But she very quickly recognized each man's touch so they started using blades of grass and leaves to touch her gently all over her skin, raising sensitive goose bumps of anticipation everywhere they touched.

Soon she was writhing and moaning, cream flooding from her pussy as she begged, "Please! No more. I need you inside me. Hold me, fuck me."

"My turn for her cunt," said Derek hoarsely.

"That means I get to fuck your ass," added Corey, slapping the ass in question just hard enough to make a pink mark.

As soon as her wrists were let go Huldah pulled off the tshirt blindfold and watched as her men rolled condoms on cocks that were already weeping with expectation.

Derek kneeled over her and thrust deep and hard inside her, sinking to the hilt in one stroke. Her cunt gripped him, welcoming his hot hard length and girth. Then he leaned forward, his weight on his forearms, as Corey squeezed lube into his ass, thrust two fingers deep inside the hot dark channel and scissored them around to soften and stretch Derek's rectum. Since the men were regular partners it didn't take long to ready him and soon Corey's cock was pushing past the outer ring of muscles into that welcoming heat.

Corey was on his knees behind Derek, so Derek was able to rise up off Huldah enough to thrust in and out of her gripping pussy.

The men set up a steady rhythm of thrusting in and out in tandem, Derek and Corey moving as one.

To Huldah it was the most erotic thing she'd ever experienced, the pounding of two big men thrusting simultaneously and the moans of both of them as their climaxes neared. She wrapped one arm around Derek's shoulder and was just able to rest the other hand on Corey's hip. Her palms felt the tensing and flexing of the men's muscles, heightening the sexual tension for her.

All too soon she felt Derek start to come. Franticly he pumped into her, leaning down to kiss her, his tongue mimicking his cock's actions. One of his hands grasped her breast, tweaking the nipple as he groaned deep inside and blasted his cum into the condom. Corey pumped harder and faster into Derek's ass, then gasped as he, too, began to come. The looks on both men's faces pushed Huldah the last

inch off the precipice and she, too, exploded into an earthshaking pleasurable release.

The water in the creek was cold and shallow but the three of them made do with it for a brisk wash before breakfast, not wanting to waste the time to heat washing water as well as water for cooking. With having to carry all their equipment for three days, none of them had bothered to bring a big pot and heating three small pots would have taken quite a while and not produced much hot water anyway.

Breakfast was over quickly, then they were heading up the mountain.

The trail wasn't particularly well-marked. In fact it seemed very much as though different hikers had used different routes. Since their sole aim was to get to the top, there was no real likelihood of getting lost. It was more choosing the most accessible track to avoid having to turn around and go back at any stage.

With some good-natured squabbling about the best route, they reached the ridge after four hours of steady hiking. Huldah made sure to remind them that none of her choices of path had resulted in having to backtrack—whereas both Corey and Derek had been wrong on more than one occasion.

Laughing and joking they rested on rocks on the top of the ridge and admired the incredible view.

Huldah pointed. "If you look really carefully you can see the stones from our campfire."

"And look over here," said Derek. "What an awesome view. It was worth climbing up here just to see that!"

"And that's where we're going. That's Little River," explained Corey.

"Oh look! A waterfall. That'll be the Little River Falls. We have to go there this afternoon too," added Huldah. "It's a bit early, but let's eat now. We should make good time on the ridge and I'm ready for a rest after climbing up here."

"Sounds like a plan," said Corey, coming over to perch on a rock near her and shrugging his backpack off to pull out his lunch.

"I really enjoyed walking through the ravine with those enormously tall trees. But up here you can see forever. And that's pretty awesome too." Derek walked across the grass to join them as he made the comment.

The track wound along the top of the mountain, sometimes wide enough for all three to walk abreast, sometimes only wide enough for one hiker. Although there were some trees, there were also many times when they had a three-hundred-sixty degree view around them, of hills and valleys and trees. And always well ahead of them was Little River.

After a while Huldah realized that even though they were on the ridge of the mountain they were still climbing. The track wound single file through more trees, then they stepped out onto a plateau. Valley after valley stretched out before them as far as the eye could see.

As they silently stood and drank in all the colors of the cliffs, the trees, and the valley floor way below them, Huldah whispered, "Listen. You can hear the Little River Falls. And birds."

They looked all around but couldn't see any birds or the waterfall.

Huldah sat on a nearby rock and got out her map.

"I reckon it's over there," she said, pointing.

"No—that's too far west. Maybe more there," argued Derek, waving an arm.

"No, look. That can only be the gap between those hills. It has to be there."

"Well it doesn't matter anyway. We'll be able to see the track when we get down again."

"Oh, God. Down," whined Corey. "My legs have only just recovered from up."

Laughing once again they drank some water from their bottles, then attacked the downward slope of the mountain.

Going down was just as difficult as the ascent had been. Again the path wasn't clearly marked but at least this time it was easier to see in advance the best way to follow and from time to time they diverged and went by their own routes, meeting up a little farther down. Once they reached the tree line, however, they decided to stay together, although this led to some heated discussion about the best track.

Finally they came to where the paths diverged and Huldah turned right to go to the Little River Falls.

Derek called out to her. "Hey, Huldah, over here. The campsite's to the left."

"Yeah, I know, but the falls are this way. We're going to the falls first," she replied.

"It's too late for the falls," argued Derek. "It'll be dark in a couple of hours and we need to have the tent set up before dark."

"There's plenty of time. This is a standard day's walk. We started off in good time this morning and we haven't wasted time during the day. We can easily see the falls first."

"Howard said we had to stay together. He said I'm the most experienced hiker among us and he gave me the emergency beacon. That makes me the team leader and I say there's not enough time. We're going straight to the campsite. Now come on," ordered Derek.

"No," replied Huldah flatly.

Derek looked into her obstinate face and knew he had a problem. She looked so adamant and he just didn't understand why. She'd heard Howard's instructions. She knew the dangers of being alone up here. So why was she refusing to come along?

"There'll be other waterfalls tomorrow. As we come down Haggity's Mountain tomorrow afternoon there are a couple of waterfalls there and a river we can swim in."

Huldah appeared unimpressed. "You don't have to come with me, the track's marked. You go ahead, set up the tent, start the fire. I'll take the beacon if that makes you feel better. But I want to see the Little River Falls. All the guidebooks say it's far and away the most spectacular thing on this walk. It's one of the reasons why I wanted to come here."

"No! You can't do that. You're under my care. I've been put in charge and we're going on to the campsite. There's not

time to go to the waterfall and get to the campsite properly before dark. Now come on and stop arguing."

"No!"

Huldah swung on her heels and headed at a brisk pace toward the right-hand path. In seconds she'd turned onto it and was out of sight.

"What the hell?" Corey stared at Derek.

"Dammit! Doesn't that woman understand she could go off the track in the dark? Get hurt—injured—fall and break a leg. What the bloody hell does she think she's doing?" exploded Derek.

"You don't think you may be overreacting a little? There's more than two hours of daylight left and we can set up the tent in the dusk. We've done that heaps of times before."

"'Overreacting?' Of course I'm not—she's being willfully stupid!" Derek stomped along the track and went to push past Corey, but Corey held out his arms.

"Listen to yourself, buddy. You sound like a screaming shrew. Get a grip on yourself. What are you thinking?"

Derek took a deep breath and realized he'd been shouting. Lucky there wasn't anyone around to hear him. And of course Corey was right. In fact, Huldah had said it herself. The day's walk was meant to include the side trip to the waterfall. That was planned in the time allowance. Nowhere had the map said they needed to start extra early to fit everything in. Howard hadn't said anything like that to them. They'd made good time. They were all experienced walkers. Including Huldah.

"Shit, man, I don't know what came over me. Let's just follow her and I'll apologize after we catch her up—okay?"

The men headed down the sidetrack. Derek half-expected to find Huldah waiting for them around the first bend in the path, but she was nowhere in sight.

After about five minutes of steady walking Corey said, "Ya know what, Derek? I reckon you were so upset about her leaving us because you care for her. You're falling for her. After one night together she's gotten under your skin. And she's under my skin too. I can't wait to get her in our bed again tonight."

"Of course I'm not falling for her! She's just a joint fuck. We've done this several times before and I've never fallen for any of them," blustered Derek. Even to himself he sounded weak. Could I be falling for her? She's certainly fun to be around. And a mighty hot bedmate. He hadn't come so hard from a blowjob ever before that he could recall.

And the way she woke us up this morning. Hell, I nearly came in her hands! But is it possible to fall for someone in a day?

"Besides, we've only known her for a day," he told Corey.

"Well, no—actually we've known her for a year. We've talked to her quite a bit, remember. She walks at a good pace with those lovely long legs. And she doesn't hang off our arms whining like Sara and what's her name."

"Cathy. Yeah." Derek thought of Huldah's hazel eyes and how she'd watched him come this morning. Of her widemouthed smile and her laughter as they had walked along the ridge. Of her sheer joy in the adventure they were sharing.

And realized he *did* care about her. Oh, maybe it was lust not love, but hell yeah—he really didn't want anything to happen to her.

"Let's catch her up," he said and increased his pace.

"Good plan," said Corey, matching his speed.

Huldah had walked away from them fast. She'd been really looking forward to seeing *these* falls and she was smart enough to recognize that Derek's response was out of all proportion to a minor disagreement. At first she thought it was a male testosterone "Me Tarzan, you Jane" thing, but then she got to wondering if it was more than that.

"Well, too bad. I was right about our directions every single time we disagreed on the way up and down Blue Ridge Mountain, and I'll keep the pace as fast as I safely can to make sure I get back before dark," she said.

The track wasn't steep. It was grading steadily downhill but was basically smooth dirt with few rocks so it was easy to keep a fast pace without risk of breaking an ankle.

Nonetheless Huldah kept a sharp eye on the track, aware that hiking alone wasn't a smart decision in such an isolated area. Although she was pretty sure the guys would come looking for her—if not immediately, then tonight if she wasn't back by dark.

After about fifteen minutes of steady hiking she could hear the splashing sounds of water and she became aware of bird calls, too. She stopped for a moment to look up into the trees but couldn't see any birds yet.

How strange. We heard the falls and the birds up on the top of the ridge, but not again until now. That's some weird acoustics.

Stepping out briskly again she rounded a few more bends—and *there* were the falls—still probably a mile away but they were framed like a perfect picture between the trees of the track.

"Beautiful," she breathed. "Worth every step of the journey."

Huldah picked up her pace again and hiked on to the falls. The sound of the water became louder with every bend she negotiated and it took her a while to realize she could hear footsteps behind her on the track.

With a naughty giggle she broke into a jog for the last hundred feet or so and arranged herself on a rock, her backpack at her feet, gazing at the falls so that she could play innocent when they arrived.

Derek and Corey had really pushed their pace on the track, surprised not to see her up ahead until they'd understood she must have been deliberately moving faster than normal herself.

"She's being sensible. Moving the pace along so she gets back before dark," said Corey.

"She's an idiot; she'll break her worthless neck," growled Derek, his face red with frustration.

When they rounded the last bend and saw her sitting nonchalantly on the rock, Corey laughed.

"What an actress! You did that deliberately, didn't you?"

"You damn idiot! Don't you realize you could have broken your neck rushing down that path? Woman, you're driving me mad!" yelled Derek, grabbing her shoulders and hauling her to her feet.

Then his lips crashed on hers in a passionate medley of lust and frustration. He pulled her tight against his body grinding his cock into her pelvis, letting her know just how aroused he was.

With his lips still locked to hers, he unsnapped her jeans and wrenched the zipper down, then did the same with his own.

Corey dropped his pack and rummaged in the side pocket for condoms, handing one to Derek and quickly releasing his own cock and rolling the latex down it.

Derek backed Huldah over to a nearby tree, pushed her against it, and lifted her legs up around his waist. "Gods I can't wait to have you," he whispered, and slid into her hungry, hot cunt.

Huldah sighed at the feeling of fullness. She knew Derek was only angry from fear and concern and she accepted his need for her with no foreplay. Besides, the minute she saw them she was wet for them. Somehow just seeing that look in his eyes was enough to make her belly clench with need and cream drip from her pussy.

Then Corey was behind Derek, squirting lube into his ass and scissoring his fingers inside the other man's hole. Huldah's breath caught at the raw passion of Corey's movements and she knew Corey understood what had

motivated Derek, too. This was Corey's way of soothing Derek's anguish.

Very quickly Derek's ass was prepared and Corey pushed inside him. Then together the two men fucked. Huldah rested her long legs higher on Derek's hips and managed to dig her ankles into Corey's back, thus uniting the three of them and enabling her to feel every rippling muscle in both men.

The men were too emotionally involved to make this fuck last very long. But Huldah found their actions so erotic and arousing she was ready to come just from watching them.

Derek thrust deep into her, pushing hard and bouncing her back against the tree. At the end of each stroke he gave a little upward thrust to his pelvis that hit her G-spot with unerring accuracy. Corey timed his strokes with Derek's, pushing hard and fast into the other man and Huldah could feel his muscles tense and release with every stroke.

"Damn, woman, you're under my skin and in my blood," gasped Derek before leaning in to kiss her hard.

"Mine too," acknowledged Corey, taking one hand off Derek's hips to grasp her shoulder. Derek shuddered with his release and Corey and Huldah came with him.

He rested his face on her neck, breathing heavily, and said, "Lucky we didn't take your sweater off or that bark would have left nasty scratches on you."

Laughing slightly they disentangled themselves and did up their clothing.

"But shit, Huldah, don't run out on me again. Please," Derek asked.

Huldah understood he was being serious now and nodded.

"But I bet we still get back before dark—even with the sex break," she couldn't resist adding.

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Chapter 4

They were all quiet on the walk to the campsite, each one having much to think over.

I never thought Derek would go psycho like that over something as minor as me wanting to take a different path. We took different routes lots of times going up and down Blue Ridge Mountain. He said I was under his skin and in his blood. Yet he and Corey are very much loving partners. Does that mean Derek wants me to join with them for as long as the passion lasts? Even after this hike? Or will the emotions be burned out in three days?

Corey was walking behind Huldah, watching her clean, easy stride and neat little ass move smoothly ahead of him.

I love the way she walks. She's hiking as easily as if it were the start of the first day, not the end of the second. And both days have been reasonably demanding. When they labeled this walk as one for experienced hikers they meant it. And she's in my blood, too. Oh, I'm not as nuts as Derek, but I do see where he's coming from. I don't want to lose her. Maybe, just maybe, she's the one for both of us. She's good company, sensible and intelligent to talk to, and one red-hot woman in bed. Yeah, we definitely need to spend more time with her. Derek's right about that.

Striding in front of the others and digging the heels of his boots hard in the dirt track with every step, was Derek.

Goddammit that woman's getting to me! I have to fuck her again. All I can think about is those long, long legs wrapped

around my waist, those pert little brownish-pink nipples in my mouth and my cock deep in her cunt. Or maybe her ass. Oh Gods yes—in her ass! And Corey pumping into her too. Me in her ass, him in her cunt, my arms around Corey's shoulders and Huldah sandwiched tightly between us. Oh Gods yes, that's what I need. Shit, my cock is about to burst out of my pants. I've got to stop thinking about her. About her mouth and the way she smiles and it lights up her whole face and... Goddammit, here I go again.

Once again the campsite was in a small valley with a creek running through it providing clean fresh water. A tennis court-size patch of grass backing onto a row of trees was an obvious place to pitch the tent, and a nearby circle of blackened stones showed where previous campers had set their fire.

As on the previous night the men swiftly set up the tent and sorted out the food needing to be cooked, while Huldah gathered tinder and wood, set the fire and got it burning. And she even managed to refrain from mentioning that it was all done before darkness fell.

Huldah watched as Corey grabbed some pre-cut twelveinch squares of aluminum foil, folded them over his fist into pockets, then lined the bottom of the pocket with thin slices of lemon.

"This helps keep the food from burning, as well as adding extra flavor to the meal," he said.

Next he added some strips of dried beef, chopped potatoes and carrots cut small, peppers, onions, a small can of beans and a few shakes of garlic, salt and pepper. He topped it up

with maybe a quarter cup of water, folded the top edges of the pocket closed and set it directly into the hot coals.

"It takes about half an hour to cook. All the veggies slow roast in their own juices," he added.

"And here I thought pasta with dehydrated soup was a tasty meal." Huldah laughed.

"Nah—just because we have to carry everything and cook over a wood fire doesn't mean we can't have some variety. Wait until you taste my apple pie on a stick. It's to die for," joked Corey.

"To die for, huh?"

"Oh, yes. Put a wooden skewer through the apple and roast it in the coals until the skin's brown and the juice is dripping out of the apple. Then roll it in cinnamon and sugar. *Belissima!*" He laughed, kissing his own fingertips extravagantly.

"Is all your underwear red?" asked Derek suddenly.

Huldah's head whipped around at this question that came
out of nowhere.

"What?"

"Your panties. They were red with lace around the top yesterday and today they are a kind of plaidy red. And yesterday your bra was red with lace on it. I haven't seen your bra today yet, though," he added with a touch of expectancy.

Huldah's face was as red as her panties, but she could see from Derek's eyes that he was being serious and genuinely wanted to know. The three of them had talked a lot over these two days so she took a big breath and said, "It's a long

story. I don't know if you want to hear it all. But the short answer is 'Yes.'"

"It's important to you, isn't it?" asked Derek. "So yeah. I want the long version.

Corey nodded. "Me too."

"I've probably mentioned I have an older brother, John. He's a mad-keen sportsman, into baseball and basketball and cars and all things male. My dad was really pleased to have a son first but my mom wanted a girl so she was thrilled when I was born. Until I was five she dressed me in white lace and frills and ribbons the whole time. But then I went to school and discovered other little girls were allowed to run around and climb trees and kick balls and I just loved doing all that stuff. So in no time at all my dresses were stained and ripped. Mom kept trying to make me sit still and just look pretty but I'd discovered freedom and insisted on wearing jeans like other girls.

"And I kept getting taller and taller. By the time I was ten I was taller than Mom and she just gave up on me. Then she insisted I wear colors to disguise my height and lack of girlishness. So I bought red underwear so it wouldn't upset her but was true to the real me. And I've just kept wearing it. I like red," Huldah concluded.

"And I like you in red undies," said Corey.

"I like that you're tall. There's nothing worse than trying to dance with a chick whose head's about level with my belt buckle," said Derek.

"Oh yeah. I appreciated those long legs of yours this afternoon. Gods, the feel of them around Derek and around

me too. Your calves on my sides and your heels digging into my back and pushing me into Derek. Gods, that was pure one-hundred percent hot," threw in Corey.

Huldah was becoming more and more intrigued by the men. "Tell me something about *your* relationship. I know you've been together for three years and you said you share a woman from time to time. Tell me more about yourselves."

Derek and Corey exchanged looks and once again Huldah had the feeling they were asking and answering questions without exchanging any words. It was one of the few outward signs of the intense closeness she sensed between them.

Derek began. "I'm thirty-five and Corey is thirty-two so pretty obviously we'd both had several partners before we got together. Partners of both genders," he explained. "But it was never enough. Oh sure, the sex was good and the people were nice, but it never seemed truly fulfilling. Until we got together neither of us was really sure if we were looking for Mr. Right or Ms. Right. And then we found each other and just clicked."

Corey grinned. "Instantly. As soon as I saw Derek I knew he was the one for me."

"Yeah, me too. And life's been good since then. But from time to time we miss the feel of a woman's breasts, a woman's softness, of her cunt gripping and milking our cocks when she comes."

Corey took up the story again. "So we talked about it and decided to ask a woman to join us from time to time. But it's been hard to find a woman who appeals to us both and wants

two men at once. But when we have, it's been the best sex ever."

"Shit, yeah. Nothing beats the feeling of our cocks almost touching inside her—one in her cunt and one in her ass and both of us pounding into her together."

"I can feel his cock and he can feel mine and it's unbelievably hot."

Huldah *could* believe it. In fact she wanted it. Once again she remembered a work colleague telling her the pleasure had been so intense she'd almost passed out with the biggest orgasm of her life.

"I want that," she whispered. "I want both of you like that. Tonight."

"We want it too. It's all I was able to think about on the way here from the falls," said Derek.

"Tonight," confirmed Corey. "And maybe one day we'll find a woman who wants to be part of a threesome. Who'll stay with us permanently."

"Maybe we already have," added Derek in a whisper.

"But first we need to eat. We've done a lot of walking and you're going to need all your strength for tonight."

Corey busied himself pulling the vegetable pockets out of the coals and Derek put water on to make coffee.

Huldah got their mugs, plates and forks out of their packs and very soon she was agreeing that the dinner was a mouthwatering blend of flavors. A meal she'd definitely want to repeat in the future.

Huldah experienced a moment's nervousness as they all retired to the tent and began undressing. "How does this work, exactly?" she asked.

"Have you had anal sex before?" asked Corey.

"Yes, a couple of times. But I don't think I was all that good at it. Perry came, though."

"Oh, honey, you'll come this time. At least twice, maybe three times," he replied.

Derek laid her on her stomach and both men kneeled beside her.

"Relax and enjoy," whispered Derek as four hands started massaging her spine, shoulders, and back.

Huldah knew which hands belonged to which man. Corey had longer fingers and a gentler touch. Derek's palms were just the tiniest bit calloused and rough. But soon her head started swimming as emotions began to roll through her. Two mouths had joined the hands and kissing, licking and sucking had been added to the patting and massaging across her shoulders, up and down her spine, along her sides and gradually down to her butt.

Corey's long fingers slid into her butt crack and pulled her ass cheeks apart as his mouth licked and sucked at the base of her spine.

Derek's fingers, coated in lube, ran around and around her hole, teasing the nerves there before one finger slid just a little way into her ass. Lube was smeared along the wall of her rectum as that finger probed deeper and massaged her dark channel.

His mouth still on her spine, Corey pulled her legs wider apart so Derek could push more fingers into her ass to relax her entryway. His hands now teased the soft and sensitive flesh of her inner thighs and Huldah began to moan with need. Her pussy was dripping cream, and her nipples had hardened to points despite the fact that no one was touching her there.

Derek was scissoring two fingers deep in her ass now and Corey slipped a finger into her slit from the front.

"I'm ready. I'm ready. I need you now," whimpered Huldah.

"Oh, I don't think you're quite ready yet," teased Derek, one hand reaching under her armpit to cup a breast. His right hand still moving in her ass, he rolled the nipple between the fingers of his left hand.

Corey lifted her leg high off the sleeping bag, exposing her pussy, and his fingers thrust purposefully into her cunt, twisting to find her sweet spot.

"Ahh," gasped Huldah, grabbing the bedding with both hands as heat and need coiled tighter and tighter in her belly.

The tormenting fingers moved faster and with a scream Huldah came, trying hard to thrust her ass and her cunt into their hands at the same time.

Quickly Corey stretched out on the sleeping bag and pulled her onto his body, sliding his condomed cock deep into her hot, clenching cunt as she still spasmed around him.

Derek rubbed lube onto his latex-sheathed cock then pushed her spine down so her body rested flat on Corey's. Derek's cock broached the ring of muscles easily, popping

through into her hot dark tunnel. Very gradually he slid deeper inside her as Huldah gasped, "Oh yes. I feel so *full*. So stretched. This feels so good."

"It's only going to get better, sweetheart, said Corey, twisting his hips so the slight curve in his cock hit her G-spot with unerring accuracy.

"Dammit you're hot," said Derek, still pushing his cock deeper inside her ass. "So very, very tight," he added, still pushing farther until he was sheathed to the hilt inside her.

Derek kneeled up a little so Corey would be more easily able to thrust up into Huldah as he pumped into her too. Then very slowly the men began an erotic dance of one pushing in as the other withdrew, holding the movement for a breath, then reversing it. Huldah's nails dug deep into Corey's shoulders as the exquisite friction set her nerve endings on fire.

Derek held her hip tightly with one hand and stretched the other around her to grip onto Corey's ass. Corey matched him with the other side. A hand on Huldah's hip and his arm around them both to grip Derek's ass.

They gradually increased the pace, their strokes still long and slow but also deep and hard. The tension was driving Huldah higher and higher and she pressed her breasts into Corey's chest, wiggling to scrape them against him to relieve some of the pressure.

"Gods, woman, You're driving me insane," he gasped, thrusting his hips higher and twisting to ensure his cock scraped every inch of her swollen, sensitive walls.

"Dammit, you two, I'm not going to last long if you keep doing that," gasped Derek.

Huldah let go of Corey with one hand and stretched it behind her and between her body and Derek's. Naughtily she stretched farther and found that her fingertips could play with his balls. At the same time she pulled Corey harder against her chest, rubbing her aching nipples on his hard muscles, and kissed him.

With a strangled moan he rotated his hips hard and thrust his tongue into her mouth. Derek leaned forward, pushing as deep into her as he could, and bit down on the tender area where her neck and shoulder joined.

With a scream, Huldah exploded. Her orgasm coiled up from her womb and burst like a storm up her spine and out the top of her head. Her arms and legs shook with the power of her release and her ass and cunt clenched hard on the men's cocks.

The men leaned across her, holding their cocks as deep inside her as they could, and kissed. It was a raw, passionate scraping of teeth and thrusting of tongues and it hurled them both into climax as Huldah still shook and rippled around them.

The men cleaned up in the cold creek water. First one, then the other performed their ablutions, while one of them held and hugged her. A pot of water slowly warmed, which they then used to carefully clean her. Then they rolled her between them in the joined-together sleeping bags and spooned against her as she slipped in to a deep sleep.

Corey and Derek held hands across her body, Derek leaning up on his elbow so they could see each other's faces while they talked quietly.

"You've really got it bad, haven't you?" asked Corey. "Do you think she's the one? Have we found her, d'you reckon?"

"It's too soon to be sure, but so far she seems perfect. She's right, you know. She's probably a better hiker than either of us. Certainly she's never been wrong on directions during this walk. And she never complains, unlike so many other women," he added, thinking in particular of Sara and Cathy.

"And she's fun to be with and she has your cock in a knot," added Corey.

"Well, yeah, that too. Ya know that blowjob she gave me? I've never come so hard from a bj before."

"Oh yeah, she's definitely hot in bed. Those legs of hers are a total turn-on. But more—I think it's just *her*. Ya know—the whole package. She's a hell of a woman," Corey replied.

"Yeah, well we've one more night on this walk, and then whadda ya say? We invite her back to our place on Sunday? See if she'll stay for a few weeks? Or maybe longer?"

"Sounds like a plan. She'll be too sore for more anal for a day or so, seeing she's not used to it. But there's so many other things we can do. And I'd like to take her shopping. Buy her a slinky red dress that bares her back and makes the most of those legs."

"Hell, yeah! Jeez, my cock's harder than the cliffs just thinking about that," answered Derek.

He leaned up higher and pulled Corey toward him across Huldah's sleeping body so they could share a kiss. It wasn't the harsh, teeth-clashing kind of kiss they so often shared, but a gentle one, a mere brushing of lips, a fitting accompaniment to them lying there holding hands.

"Remember when we first met?" asked Corey. "I'd just started work at the firm and I walked into the break room and you were sitting there with your feet on the table, legs wide apart, rubbing your thigh muscles—a pulled hamstring."

"Hell yeah. You walked in the door and looked at me, looked at my cock, and the damn thing nearly burst out of my pants. I totally forgot about the hamstring as soon as I saw where you were looking."

"And such a delicious cock it's proven to be," said Corey.
"It's given me a lot of pleasure, as you have." He rubbed his thumb over the soft inside skin of Derek's wrist. "And the very next week you took me to the hiking club and I was instantly addicted. Addicted to you. Addicted to your cock. And addicted to hiking. And now we're both addicted to Huldah as well."

"Yeah—I really think she might be the one to make us into a permanent threesome. She fits right in with us both and, as you said, 'has my cock in a permanent knot.' I really hope this is it."

"Me too. She seems damn near a perfect match for us both."

The men leaned across the sleeping form of Huldah and shared another kiss, then dropped more kisses on her head before settling down to sleep.

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Chapter 5

The third day of the walk was a demanding one up Haggity's Mountain, then down to Haggity River. Most hikers chose to camp at the river and then walk for three hours to the parking lot pick up point at East Haggity the following day. This was where Howard would be meeting them at noon Sunday.

The trail up Haggity Mountain was narrow, winding and rocky, but clearly marked so easy to follow. Nevertheless Huldah found herself spending a lot of time watching her feet rather than the scenery. Twisting an ankle on one of the many loose rocks wasn't in her plans for the day.

Fortunately her boots were good ones and her soles maintained a good grip on the ground. At each new, higher plateau she paused to look around. The day had begun with the air clean, crisp and fresh-smelling, but as they climbed higher up the mountain Huldah noticed a definite scent to the trees.

"Eucalypts!" she exclaimed. "That scent is eucalypts! They're not native. Who on earth would have planted eucalypts way out here?"

"It's because they're drought-resistant and evergreen," explained Corey. "This side of the mountain is a rain shadow zone so the park authorities planted eucalypts here maybe ten, fifteen years ago to help stabilize the soil."

A lively conversation about different types of trees kept them occupied until the end of the ridge trail where they

decided to stop for an early meal before tackling the downward path.

Huldah had spent a lot of time that morning thinking about what would happen after the upcoming night. Her ass was a little sore and some of her muscles were a bit stiff but the steady walking had loosened her up and she was looking forward to another night of menage activity. But what about afterward? Will they just go home to their house and ignore me on future day hikes? Could we go back to being casual acquaintances after three days of hot and heavy action? Derek certainly seems to want to keep fucking me but what about Corey? Corey's his true full-time partner. And what about that final whispered comment I heard Derek make about finding a permanent woman to become a triad? Is he considering me for that role? How do I feel about it if they ask me? Do I want a relationship or would I be happy with just a memory?

Would I move into their house? I need my independence. One of the reasons I like walking so much is that I can be alone with my thoughts and experience the beauty of nature without have to conform with social niceties and endless chitchat. I don't know whether I'd be happy sharing a house with two other people all the time. Having to adjust to their needs and desires. The two of them have been together for a while—they'll have habits and patterns they want to keep and I'm not sure I'd be happy with that. What about my traditions, my desires, my need for "me" time?

Huldah shook her head. She was getting way ahead of herself. There'd been no real hint that the men wanted her around after this hike.

The east side of Haggity Mountain was very different from the rest of the hike, with exposed cliffs and fewer trees. This was properly into the rain shadow zone and the changes were obvious. Once again the path disappeared for miles at a time and the threesome found their own way down rocky slopes, meeting again where the dirt path re-emerged, only to part again later to travel over rocky ground.

At midafternoon they could hear the sound of the first of the Haggity Waterfalls, but it was half an hour before they rounded another cliff face and saw it. Waterfall one was quite small but had a good flow of water, and the spray from it ensured there were plenty of trees nearby. Haggity River though, at this height up the mountain, was still quite a small stream.

An hour later they saw waterfall two, a taller fall, and the river was noticeably fuller. By late afternoon when they reached waterfall three the view was stunning. A narrow fall, but long and with enough water going over it to make the base of the falls a lush green area which was very pretty to see after so much rock and yellowy-brown cliffs.

Huldah shrugged off her backpack and sat on a large rock overlooking the ravine and the waterfall.

"So, is it prettier than Little River Falls?" teased Corey.

Huldah cut a swift look at Derek but he was grinning as he leaned against a nearby tree, his pack at his feet.

"Well there's probably more water coming over it, but the good thing about Little River Falls was that we could go right up to them. Experience them firsthand. Here we've walked for three days and waterfall three's actually still down a ravine that the map says can only be tackled with proper climbing equipment. I don't know, at Little River Falls it seemed better, more immediate, more like I was part of it," she replied.

"I do understand," said Derek. "And your hiking skills are equal to mine. In fact, your sense of direction is better than mine or Corey's," he added with an unmalelike burst of candor.

"Hey!" growled Corey. Then he sighed, "Yeah, okay, that's true. But for God's sake don't tell anyone else at the hiking club!"

They stopped for a few more minutes to drink some water from their bottles and eat a handful of trail mix each, then, laughing, they gathered up their packs and headed off downhill, following the ravine and the river to the evening's camping ground.

Neither Derek nor Corey had brought anything interesting to cook for dinner that night, everyone sharing rice, pasta, dehydrated soup and a couple of MREs, all of which they combined into a hearty and tasty stew. However they did pull out of Corey's pack a package of chocolate chip cookies which had survived the journey remarkably well.

"If I'd brought them they would be nothing but crumbs after three days of hiking," Huldah said, before biting into her cookie with delight.

"We pack them in the middle of our clothes to protect them because we always need a sugar hit by the third day and you'll need all *your* strength for tonight too." Derek waggled his eyebrows suggestively.

"You both interrupted me before I got to suck Corey's cock. Is tonight when I get to do that?" she asked.

"Shit, yeah," said Corey, unzipping his jeans and pulling out his cock which was already red, long and engorged.

"I can help you with that," she said, scooting across the grass on her butt. She took his cock in gentle hands and ran a fingernail over the head and under the ridge. With her other hand she cupped his balls and gently squeezed them, rolling them inside the sac.

"Oh yeah!" he said, leaning back on his hands and thrusting his cock and balls up into her grip.

Huldah inched a little closer and licked the head of his cock. Already there was a tiny pearl of pre-cum in the slit. The tip of her tongue slid into the eye, twirling around to gather the precious drop. Sexily she ran her tongue over the head of his cock, then followed the long vein down the side and back up again, both hands now holding him still.

She bent her head and sucked him deep into her mouth, relaxing her throat so he could go in as far as possible. Then gradually she released him, sucking each inch of cock as she slowly let him out.

When only the head remained in her mouth, she licked and teased it, scraping her teeth lightly over it and running her tongue under the cap.

Corey groaned and she could feel his cock growing even fatter and longer and his balls pulling up tighter against his body.

Huldah cast a glance sideways at Derek. He had his cock in his hands and was watching them both, his eyes hot and hard, his face flushed—and his cock was as engorged and red as Corey's.

"Come closer," she called to him.

Cock in hand, Derek moved to sit beside Corey and their two cocks were now level with her mouth.

She let Corey's penis pop out of her mouth and sucked in Derek's, scraping her teeth across the head and licking and sucking up and down the shaft, finishing with a strong pull on the head.

Then it was Corey's turn in her mouth again while she ran her hand up and down Derek's, squeezing his shaft and twisting her hand a little to add friction.

She swapped the cocks in her mouth again, and again, and this time she knew Corey couldn't last much longer. Still holding firmly to Derek's cock with one hand, she squeezed Corey's balls with the other and sucked him in hard and deep, right to the back of her throat. She released him just enough to run her tongue under the sensitive ridge area then sucked again as hard as she could.

Corey gave a howl and cum blasted out of him, hitting the back of her throat in a long, thick, hot stream. Huldah gulped it down and kept sucking to take every bit of him into her. She scraped her fingernails on Derek's cock and teased under

the head with her thumbnail, hoping he didn't feel neglected as she finished off Corey.

She was still swallowing the last of Corey's cum as she felt a hot spurt of semen over her hand—Derek had exploded, too.

"Shit that was hot, watching you bring Corey off like that," gasped Derek.

Huldah let Corey's penis slide out of her mouth and leaned over to lick the head of Derek's. She ran her tongue into the little slit just in time to catch the last few spurts from him.

Then she kissed both men, letting them taste themselves on her mouth.

"Now that was hot," said Corey, and he kissed Derek too in their usual clashing lips and teeth fashion, very different from the more restrained way they kissed Huldah.

"Someone here still hasn't come," said Corey, pushing Huldah back flat onto the grass.

"And she's worked very hard so she really deserves an orgasm," added Derek, pulling her sweater and t-shirt over her head.

"Yummy nipples," he added, pushing up her bra, latching onto one and sucking it into his mouth.

"This pussy's all mine," added Corey, unzipping her jeans and pulling them and her panties down to her knees.

Huldah was already hot, wet and aching from watching the men come. Seeing them come was an unexpected turn-on for her. There was something very erotic about gripping a man's cock in her hands or mouth and bringing him to the edge of passion like that. It made her feel strong, powerful, in control.

But now the men were in control and Derek had his hands on her breasts, pushing them together so he could suck first one nipple then the other into his mouth.

Meanwhile Corey had his tongue in her slit, and was kissing, licking and nibbling on her nether lips.

"Oh yes! More. Please. I need to come," she gasped.

"Oh no, not yet. We've just gotten started," Derek said, dropping his mouth to lick the undersides of her breasts before returning to her areolas and nipples.

"Hmm," added Corey sucking her clit into his mouth and letting his fingers wander through her curls.

Derek plunged his tongue into her mouth and reached under her body to grab an ass cheek into his hand. While his tongue thrust into her mouth and he sucked on her tongue, his long finger rimmed her asshole and teased her there.

Corey's tongue was thrusting in her cunt, his fingers holding her labia apart and teasing the sensitive skin of her inner thighs.

Huldah's toes curled inside her boots with the need to come.

She pulled her mouth away from Derek's to beg, "Please, please, now I need—"

Derek pushed two fingers deep into her ass and bit her nipple gently but firmly. Corey's fingers were in her cunt, curving up to scrape her sweet spot as he bit her clit.

The intense mix of pleasure and pain sent Huldah crashing over the edge, screaming into a heady climax. And the words she screamed were "Derek!" and "Corey!"

After giving Huldah a few minutes to regain her breath, Corey hauled her to her feet and said, "Okay, time for a swim now."

"A swim?"

"Yes the water shouldn't be too cold and at the far end of the camping area the river's perfect for swimming."

"But I didn't bring any swimwear!"

"Who said anything about swimwear?" asked Derek. "It's not like we haven't seen you naked and there's no one else around!"

So they stripped off their clothes and boots, grabbed their towels from their packs, and walked to the end of the camping area.

Sure enough the river there was a good depth for swimming, a little over four feet deep. The base of the river was sand and small rocks. The rocks were smooth and not harsh on their feet. And although it was dusk, the river reflected the remaining light so it was quite easy to see each other and not at all dangerous.

Although not really cold, the water wasn't that warm either, so Huldah swam briskly up and down for a while before laying back and floating in the center of the stream.

At first Huldah thought some plant must have been touching her toes but then a mouth sucked them in and gently nipped at them and she knew it was no plant and not a fish either. She opened her eyes as Corey began to play with the arches of her feet, tickling her instep, rubbing the sensitive skin at the sides of her feet, and then sucking her toes again.

"Whaaa—" she spluttered.

But then her thighs were pushed wide apart and Derek's head appeared at her pussy. "My turn," he said, and ducked his head to suck along the line between her leg and her torso.

Corey sucked her toes into his mouth one at a time, nipping and licking and sucking on each one. Huldah was stunned at how erotic it was. How already her belly was clenching and cream was leaking from her pussy.

I just had a massive orgasm. How can this be happening again?

Corey finally left her feet and swam up to her head. There he went after an earlobe, again sucking, biting, licking, drawing it into and out of his mouth. Then he repeated the program on her other ear.

Meanwhile Derek's mouth had moved to her bellybutton where he was licking around the rim and thrusting his tongue inside.

"Fuck, you guys are hot. Your teamwork is *awesome*," said Huldah as need coiled tighter in her belly, and her nerve endings started to ache with the desire to come.

"You haven't seen anything yet," Corey replied as the men's heads bent together, one dark, one lighter, each sucking a breast into a hot mouth. Again they nipped and licked and sucked and teased until Huldah was shaking and gasping with lust.

"Come now," ordered Derek, biting down on a nipple as Corey thrust three fingers into her cunt. And she did, shaking and gasping and thrashing in the water so that she would've sunk if the men hadn't been supporting her.

"Well done, love," said Corey, then kissed her deeply before turning her head for Derek to kiss her too.

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Chapter 6

For the first time there was no rush to get up in the morning, as Howard wasn't meeting them until noon and it was a not particularly demanding three-hour walk to the East Haggity parking lot.

"So we've plenty of time for a morning fuck," said Corey. "Day walkers won't start until it's light and it's a three-hour walk, so the earliest they could be here is nine a.m. which gives us ninety minutes to play."

"Well we need to be down there by noon and we have to cook and pack up before that so maybe an hour," argued Derek. "But I agree, plenty of time for a leisurely fuck. And this morning *I* want *your* ass."

"Oh good. I do like being the middle of the sandwich," replied Corey, lust burning in his eyes as he looked at Derek and Huldah.

Having had two orgasms the night before, Huldah was in the mood to play too, so she enjoyed teasing and tormenting the men, her hands here and there, never long enough to satisfy, just enough to crank up the tension. She kissed and licked at nipples, balls and mouths, first on Corey then Derek, careful not to follow a pattern or be at all predictable. Soon both men's cocks were thick and hard and Derek was reaching for the condoms and lube.

Huldah was pushed onto her back on the sleeping bags, and Corey lay over her, sliding his cock into her hot, wet

cunt. Huldah sighed with the delight of his hard heat stretching and filling her.

Then Corey lay on her breasts, his weight on his forearms, kissing her eyelids, her nose, her mouth as Derek stretched and lubed his ass.

Derek slapped Corey's ass hard a couple of times and Corey gave a little shiver of delight as Derek eased his way past the ring of muscles and inside.

Huldah grabbed Derek's shoulders pulling him down hard onto Corey so she could hold both her men at once.

She lifted her legs high and rested her ankles on Derek's back, remembering how Corey had liked that and hoping Derek did too. She loved the way the three of them were together like one hot body, so close and united in the act of sex.

The men continued to take it slowly, kissing, licking and sucking each other and Huldah, but gradually the speed increased as their desires rose. Huldah dug her heels into Derek and thrust her hips up hard into Corey. The men thrust harder and harder, Derek into Corey and Corey into Huldah, both stroking together, increasing the sexual tension enormously.

Huldah pushed her hard, aching nipples into Corey's chest and Corey grabbed one and twisted it as he thrust deep inside her.

"Yes!" screamed Huldah, lifting her hips into Corey's pelvis and digging down with her feet into Derek's back.

As her pussy walls rippled and milked Corey, she felt him come and his response ignited Derek so the three of climaxed almost simultaneously.

Derek bit down hard on Corey's shoulder and let go of one of Corey's hips to grab Huldah's breast.

"Yes indeed," he groaned.

Corey put some water on to heat so they could at least wash their genitals in warm water, and the three snuggled together in the men's joined sleeping bags as they waited for the pots to boil.

Huldah loved the feeling of being surrounded by hot hard males. Their chests were like walls and their arms like iron as they pulled her hard against themselves, and her head fitted perfectly in the hollow of their shoulders. In this lazy, quiet moment she felt cared for, cherished and encompassed by warmth. Something she'd never felt before, even in the best of her time with Perry.

Well before nine they'd eaten breakfast, packed up their equipment and were on the trail down to the parking lot. And the three caught each other's eyes and giggled as they passed a young family on the trail—a determined-looking man with a large backpack leading two young boys and his wife up the track.

"Oh my god! If they had seen us last night," whispered Huldah.

"Hell, yeah. He looks like the type who'd've called the cops," added Corey.

Huldah blushed at the thought of them last night out in the open. Firstly, her sucking off the men then them giving her an

orgasm in the river. Their actions had been most definitely X-rated rather than family-friendly entertainment. Laughing quietly, she walked on down the trail, noticing that Corey stopped once or twice on the way to pick up other people's trash and put it in his bag.

As he'd promised, Howard Clegg was waiting in the parking lot, leaning against the hood of his SUV. They'd passed two other groups of hikers on the way down, each walking at a brisk pace so presumably planning to get to and from the river in the one day. In fact, we were quite fortunate to have the place to ourselves on a Saturday night as people doing the walk over two days would presumably often do it across a weekend.

The three men chatted on and off on the drive back to West Haggity, but Huldah spent it mostly in silent thought.

If they ask me to go home with them tonight, which they've sort of vaguely hinted at, I definitely will. But I have to be at work tomorrow so I'll need to get some sleep, then get home and do the laundry and unpack and get ready for work...

But what if they just blithely wave me goodbye? I really like them. I want to keep seeing them. I definitely want more of the sex. But it's more than that. I feel connected to them. Not love—well...not yet—but connection, yeah definitely. So how will I deal with it if they just cut me off? What will I say? What will I do? I have to be strong, Not go all teary and whiny. But gods if they do, it's going to hurt...

Howard was still chattering happily as he dropped them off. Fortunately he had to be somewhere else later that

afternoon, so he just lifted Huldah's pack out the SUV for her then said his goodbyes and pulled out of the parking lot.

As Huldah put her backpack in the trunk of her car, Derek and Corey moved up on either side of her, until their bodies were almost touching hers.

"We want you to come home with us tonight," said Derek.

"Please," added Corey.

"We want to be inside you together again."

"Hell yeah."

"We also want to get to know you better."

"Find out your likes and dislikes. Do stuff together other than hiking. But definitely more fucking."

Derek looked eager. "Hell, yeah, lots more fucking."

Huldah gasped at the intensity and heat coming off them both. "More fucking sounds good. Getting to know each other sounds good too. But I have to go to work tomorrow, do laundry, unpack, stuff—"

"Well in that case we'd better have an early night so you can get up in good time. And we've missed lunch so we'll pick up some pizza on the way home and have an early dinner," said Derek.

"What kind of pizza do you like?" asked Corey.

"N-no anchovies or olives," replied Huldah, in a daze at how fast things were moving.

"Excellent. Follow us," said Derek, loping across the parking lot to their car.

Corey leaned over and brushed a light kiss on her mouth before jogging after Derek.

Feeling a little overwhelmed Huldah got into her car. Well hey, they still want me so that's very good.

One of them must have phoned ahead for the pizza because when they pulled up at the store Corey ran inside and was out again in a few minutes, three boxes in his hands. Then five minutes after that they were turning into a long driveway in one of the nicer suburbs.

The house was a long, low, ranch-style building in white clapboard, with a gray roof. The windows were picked out in the same gray as was the front door. A large tub of pink geraniums gave a touch of color to the front porch.

The garage door opened into a three-car garage with one vehicle already there. Corey jumped out of their car again to wave her in beside them—then Derek closed the door. "Don't bother about bringing in your backpack. You definitely won't be needing clothes," he said, pulling her to him for a hungry kiss.

"But first, food—I'm starving!" yelled Corey.

"Yeah, me too. Breakfast was a long time ago and porridge three days in a row is a very boring menu," remarked Huldah.

Corey had ordered three different styles of pizza. The lovers relaxed around the polished teak kitchen table sharing slices and chatting about everything and nothing as they had on the hike. The laughter and easy-going camaraderie pulled at Huldah's heart strings. *Oh, I* do *like these men. I* do *enjoy their company. I want to stay friends with them*.

Finally Corey stood up and pulled her into his arms. "We want to both be inside you together again. Is your ass sore?"

Huldah's pussy clenched and her panties dampened with need at the sound of his husky voice. "No, I'm fine. I want that too. Very much," she whispered.

The men each took one of her arms and showed her to their bedroom. It was a large room with a big sliding glass door leading out to a heavily treed backyard.

"We like to leave the curtains open and this way we have privacy as well," said Derek.

Huldah nodded, her heart pounding and lust raging through her at the thought of them both together inside her again. Even if this is our last night together I'll have this memory. I'll make sure it's a good one too.

Unconsciously she nodded then turned to Derek, unsnapping his jeans and pulling the zipper down. She freed his cock and ran her hand over it possessively. Then she turned to Corey and did the same.

"Shall we get undressed then?" she suggested.

"Shit yeah," said Corey, almost tripping over trying to pull his jeans down without taking his boots off first.

"You too," said Derek.

Within moments there was a tangled heap of clothing on the floor and three bodies tangled on the bed.

"Lie on your fronts. I want to play," said Huldah.

The guys grinned at each other and complied. She pushed their hips and legs together then sat across the four legs. To their utter amazement she started using their asses as bongo drums, humming *O Fortuna* from *Carmina Burana* as she did so.

For the first half-dozen bars of the song the men lay there totally stunned. Huldah was so very excited by what she was doing. Her pussy was dripping cream across the tops of their thighs and her butt was wiggling from side to side as she played her ass-bongo drums. She figured she was hitting them hard enough to create a sting but not hard enough to hurt—just a very erotic sharp tap on each strong beat of the music.

"Gods that's hot," groaned Corey. "I've got such a boner!"
"Oh, yes," agreed Derek, obviously rubbing his cock on the sheets—she figured he was trying to ease the ache in it.

Huldah found herself getting hotter and hotter. Those two yummy butts were crying out to be licked and bitten as well as hit, so from time to time she leaned forward and swiped her tongue over one or the other. And her nipples were aching so she bent lower and lower to scrape them on the butts too. Unconsciously she swayed with her humming and managed to drag her hot and needy clit against a thigh.

That was all it took. In one swift movement both men twisted around, grabbed her before she could fall and dropped her face down on the bed. Corey held her wrists together over her head in one of his big hands, while Derek administered a stinging slap to her ass. Much as the men had been doing, she scraped her body on the sheets, aching for release as Derek spanked her another half-dozen times. Then Corey joined, in slapping her thighs near the join with her body. Twice on each side. Derek gave her a final slap on the ass, causing more of her cream to flood from her pussy.

Derek grabbed lube and condoms from the nightstand and rolled on the latex, then lay on his back and pulled Huldah over to his body. She sat up and slid down over his cock, her channel so hot and wet and swollen it was exquisite torture. Then automatically she lay on his chest so Corey could spread her ass cheeks and lube her hole. He began by kissing and biting the rim, causing all the nerves there to fire up to attention. Daringly he thrust his tongue inside her hole and licked around the rim. Huldah shuddered at the hot, exciting feeling of him. Never have I even dreamed of a man licking me there. Her head was spinning with the dark excitement of the act.

Corey squirted lube into her ass and massaged it into the walls with one and then two fingers. By the time he inserted a third finger she was moaning and panting, already on the verge of coming. Derek grabbed her mouth and kissed her deeply, swallowing her moans. His tongue played around inside her cheeks, along her teeth, on the roof of her mouth. Huldah's need to come heightened at this sexy byplay.

Corey kept a hand hard on the small of her back as he pressed his cock into her dark channel. He licked along her collarbone and nibbled on an earlobe as he slowly pushed past the ring of muscles and popped into her rectum. Then he slid deeper and deeper into her ass until he could feel Derek's cock just on the other side of her thin membrane.

Corey kneeled up a little and let her lift slightly to give Derek space to thrust into her.

The men plunged into her together and Huldah came. "So full, so tight, so perfect!" she screamed as the climax raced

through her body from her cunt, up her spine and out her limbs. Both men stilled and rode out the waves and ripples with her, Derek gritting his teeth to maintain his control not to come. As the aftershocks died down they began pumping again together. In together, out together, very slowly but still strongly.

Huldah gripped Derek's shoulders as, unbelievably, instead of her orgasm dying, it kept rippling through her, although on a lower level, The men maintained a steady pace and still her womb clenched and rippled gently, milking Derek's cock and tingling every nerve in her spine.

"I can't hold on. She's killing me," gasped Derek.

"Me too," affirmed Corey and both men thrust faster and harder but still together.

Huldah felt herself rising to an even higher peak. Higher than she'd ever been before. With a piercing scream she exploded into the hardest orgasm of her life, her whole body arching and shaking with the force of it. Derek exploded with her and the feel of his cock pumping on the other side of her wall, and Huldah shaking all around him, was more than enough to send Corey over the edge, too. With a shout he joined his two partners in a hot and powerful climax.

Huldah's body was still shaking with aftershocks as she whispered. "That was awesome. Thank you."

"Nah, it's you who's awesome," said Corey, turning her head to kiss her passionately.

"Oh yeah," added Derek, joining his mouth to both theirs in a clumsy, messy, incredibly sexy kiss. Each person could

taste and feel the other two and the men's tongues were darting everywhere.

"Wow! I never would have believed any of that was possible," she gasped as she broke away to catch her breath.

"Honey, with you, there is nothing that's impossible," said Corey.

Derek nodded solemnly. "That's absolutely true."

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Chapter 7

The men rolled Huldah between them, cleaned themselves and her up a little with warm washcloths, then snuggled together to sleep. Huldah was totally exhausted from such a hard climax and she could tell the men were feeling drained too.

They all slept deeply but woke early the next morning. Huldah was in a rush to get home and get organized for the workday but she was also edgy about what would happen next.

She showered quickly and got dressed in yesterday's clothes, ready to leave.

"Let me cook you a proper breakfast," said Corey.

"No, I have to get home, do laundry, unpack..." Huldah's sentence trailed off.

"Well at least let us pick you up tonight and take you out for a real meal," added Derek.

Her heart suddenly much lighter, Huldah smiled and gave them her address.

"Seven p.m. good?" asked Corey.

"Sure," she replied.

"See you then," said Derek, walking out to her car with her.

Huldah unpacked, put a load of laundry into the washing machine, had another shower and got ready for work in record time, her brain humming, *They want to continue the relationship, they do, they do.*

It was only as she'd almost arrived at work she realized she had no idea what she should wear that evening. *Do they* mean pizza or a classy restaurant? A nice dress or simply clean jeans?

Since she'd had three days off work her in tray was overflowing and her brain was fully occupied with her job all day. A few of her friends asked about the hike and she was able to talk intelligently about the scenery but she had to bite her lip not to mention the hunky company and amazing sex the hike had also gifted her with.

For most of the drive home she was mulling over the issue of what to wear until it dawned on her that since she was being picked up at her apartment she could just change if she needed to.

Very relieved at that notion, she dressed in tidy pants and a top and laid out a dress and sandals in case she needed to change.

Promptly at seven her doorbell rang and there was Corey, holding a single perfect rosebud, and Derek holding a crystal bud vase.

"Thank you," she said. "Come in while I put it in water."

The men followed her through her small living room, furnished with a deep gold sofa, deep gold curtains, and a gold and green rug, into her tiny kitchen with a bright yellow blind and a yellow-painted door to the pantry.

She ran water into the vase then added the flower, sniffing the heady scent, and placed it on the countertop, then turned and looked at them. They were both casually dressed so she heaved a mental sigh of relief.

The restaurant was about a half-hour drive from her apartment, in a nicer neighborhood than where she lived, but it was a casual place with a warm, friendly atmosphere and a wide choice of menu. They argued happily about what to order, finally deciding on several platters to share.

While they sipped drinks and waited for the food to arrive Corey asked, "How about a twenty questions kind of thing to get to know each other better?"

"Sure," she replied, but making a few mental reservations about what she might reveal.

"Favorite color? asked Derek. "Red like your knickers or gold like your living room?

"Purple actually. Red was just a personal statement and I like yellow as it's a happy color. But purple's the real me."

"Cleopatra's favorite color and associated with royalty," nodded Corey.

"What about you? Corey? Derek?"

"Green," replied Corey. "I was a Greenie before the term was invented."

It was Derek's turn. "My favorite color used to be blue, but after seeing your red panties and that red lace bra, I have a new favorite color. Red." His voice was hot and gruff with lust and Huldah's breath hitched as she looked at him.

[&]quot;Ready?" asked Derek.

[&]quot;Yep," she replied, walking back to the front door.

[&]quot;No purse?" asked Corey.

[&]quot;Wallet in my back pocket. I hate purses," she replied.

[&]quot;My kind of woman," said Corey.

"Country overseas you'd like to visit?" he asked, obviously trying to cool himself down.

"Hmm. That's hard. I told you Perry and I planned to backpack around UK or Europe. I never could decide which of those I preferred. But I also like the idea of going on a safari to Africa somewhere to take photos of wild animals in their natural habitat. What about you?"

Derek's eyes widened. "That's amazing! Africa's a place we've been talking about for months now. Kenya maybe. Or South Africa. Somewhere that has reasonable facilities but still plenty of undeveloped natural spaces."

Corey smiled and nodded and asked, "Favorite animal?"

They were still happily wrangling over the respective merits of cats and dogs when their meal arrived and the evening was spent in much laughter as they shared their personal likes and dislikes. But Huldah was very aware of the sexual undercurrent—and the looks her men were giving her left her in no doubt about how the evening would conclude.

And I want them so much. They're so hot. Every woman here must envy me with two such handsome dinner companions, and they're a lot of fun as well. I can't remember the last time I laughed so much. But I can't wait to go to bed with them again either.

By ten p.m. they were back at her apartment and she walked through into the kitchen, calling over her shoulder, "Would you like a cup of coffee?"

"We'd rather have you," said Derek, nuzzling her breasts and lifting her shirt up to reach them more easily.

"Oh yeah," murmured Corey unzipping her pants.

Huldah pulled Derek's head up to kiss him and he urgently thrust his tongue into her mouth.

"Hmmm," he murmured, unsnapping her bra and holding a breast in each hand.

Corey dragged off her pants, panties and shoes and widened her legs so he could nibble and lick along her inner thighs.

"I can't wait. I have to have you now," said Derek, pushing her back onto the countertop.

With a crash the vase and the flower they had given her earlier that evening smashed to the floor.

"Oh no," said Huldah distressed, pulling away from the men. "I'll just get a broom—"

"Don't worry about it. I'll buy you another one," said Derek, intent on maintaining contact with her breasts.

"No." Huldah pushed him away and went to her pantry for a broom and mop.

"Dammit, woman!" Derek exclaimed, turning around fast to grab her only to knock both her bar stools over with a loud bang.

Corey stood one of the stools up but the leg of the other one had splintered.

"Shit! I'm sorry. I'll buy you another one of them too," said Derek. "This apartment is too small. I'll clean up here. You go and pack a bag. You can move in with us straight away."

"What?"

"Go. Pack a bag. You're moving in with us now. This place is way too small. And too yellow," he added, glaring at the pantry door.

Huldah snapped. She'd really appreciated the gift of the tiny rosebud and the vase, but now it seemed as if Derek and Corey were just going to buy her like a blow-up doll for their entertainment. "I thought we were *friends*. I thought we had a *relationship*—or at least the potential for one. This is my apartment. I bought it. I decorated it. It's mine. *It is me*. You can't *buy* me. And you never even asked if I *wanted* to move in with you! Now get out. Get out of my home. *Go!*" she screamed.

Derek stood watching her. His jaw had dropped, his fists were clenched. His face was red. Quietly, Corey said, "I'm very sorry, Huldah. I like you a lot." And he grabbed Derek's arm and pushed him out the front door, shutting it silently behind him.

Huldah ran into her bedroom, flung herself on her purple duvet heedless of the pretty dress still waiting there, and burst into hysterical tears.

As Corey drove the men home, Derek looked at him and said, "I did that all wrong, didn't I?"

"You wanted her. We both wanted her. But yeah—not your best moment."

"So what the hell do we do now?"

"We go home, have a few drinks. And plan how to win her back."

But by the time they arrived at their house Corey could tell Derek was still mentally beating himself up. Instead of his usual confident demeanor, he seemed to have shrunk inside himself. He seemed somehow shorter, frailer, older than he'd

been just a handful of hours earlier. He certainly didn't seem like a man who'd just effortlessly hiked the Blue Ridge Trail.

"Come to bed," said Corey. "Let me love you."

Corey sat Derek on the side of the bed, pulling his shirt off and gently kissing his flat, round nipples.

He undid Derek's shoes and pulled them off with his socks, and sucked his toes.

Then he rolled Derek onto the bed and pulled his pants and underwear off.

"Don't be so kind with me. I've messed up. We've found the perfect woman for us and I've pissed her off. We've lost her now and it's all my fault," groaned Derek.

"Sshh, we'll get her back. We'll make a plan. We'll apologize and show her we do care and are prepared to listen to her wishes. She's a reasonable and intelligent woman. If we sit her down and stay calm I'm sure we can win her back."

"I just know I've wrecked everything. Fuck me," demanded Derek, pulling Corey on top of him for a searing kiss.

Teeth clashed and tongues thrust madly and suddenly Corey couldn't wait to possess his friend. He practically ripped his own clothes off, threw Derek's legs over his shoulders, and thrust into the other man's ass with almost no preparation.

"Yes!" screamed Derek. And the two men began a powerful mating rhythm more suited to animals in the wild than to humans in a bedroom.

Derek dug his legs into Corey's neck to hold on, gripping the other man's arms almost painfully hard. Corey kept a

bruising clasp on Derek's hip with one hand while the other hand fisted the man's cock with brutally rough strokes.

The harsh, raw power of their mating brought them both to the peak very quickly and as Corey blasted his hot cum into Derek's ass the other man's cock spurted hard over both their bellies.

"Shit. Zero to one hundred miles an hour in ten seconds," puffed Corey as the men panted in each other's arms.

"Damn straight. Jeez, you're good."

"You're pretty damn hot yourself."

Derek looked at Corey, his eyes once again filled with pain. "So how are we going to get her back? How can we undo this mess I've made?"

"Well her apartment's very special to her. So maybe even if she moves in with us we need to encourage her to keep that as a place she can go to whenever she wants to."

"Yeah, but she didn't like it when I said I'd buy her a new bar stool. She won't like it if we offer to pay her rent or mortgage or whatever either."

"Hmm. We'll need to talk to her about that. It is not like we're short of a buck so we should be able to help her out with any expenses. Plus..." Corey's voice trailed off.

"What?"

"I'm almost certain she said something on the hike about joining the hiking club and going hiking because she liked having time to be alone. Liked the silence or something. So maybe she'll need a day or two here or there just to keep her head straight."

"We can do that. I just can't bear to lose her."

Corey was thinking fast, planning. "We'll get off work early and wait for her in the parking lot at her company. We'll plan what we're going to say to her, explain she can still have her freedom as long as she has us as well. We'll convince her to give us another chance. We've never taken her on a real date. We'll wine and dine her, take her to the movies. I'd like to take her shopping and buy that red dress. And maybe a pair of fuck-me red shoes too, but we'll need to wait on that to make sure it doesn't make her feel 'paid for'."

He rocked Derek against his chest for a while until they both realized how sweaty and sticky they were from their fast and furious coupling and the cum on their bodies.

"Time to get cleaned up," said Corey, pulling Derek to his feet.

With unaccustomed meekness Derek followed Corey into the bathroom. Corey looked at him carefully and as soon as the water was running hot he pushed the other man's chest against the tiled wall, grabbed the waterproof lube from the rack and lubed Derek's ass. "This may hurt, but I think we need to do it again," he whispered pushing his cock, inside the other man's tight hole.

"Hurts so good," groaned Derek.

After such an explosive and fiery coupling, this time they moved much more slowly, running their hands over each other, and Derek reaching both arms behind him to play with Corey's asshole.

Derek's head rested on the shower wall to help balance them both and Corey alternated pumping into Derek's ass with playing with his cock. Gradually the tension increased

and both men's balls pulled up tight against their bodies. Then Corey felt the tingling at the base of his spine indicating he was about to come and twisted his hips, angling his cock to make sure he pinged the other man's prostate with the slightly curved head, so they could both climax together.

As the water cooled they soaped and cleaned up, both more confident they could deal with the future and get their woman back.

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Chapter 8

After an extended crying jag Huldah staggered into the bathroom for her third shower that day. She leaned against the wall and tilted her head into the spray, her eyes swollen shut, her nose red and dripping and her emotions in turmoil.

Get a grip, woman. It's really perfectly simple. How much are you prepared to compromise to stay with them? Are they worth giving up your apartment for?

Huldah stood there still sniffling intermittently, trying to make up her mind.

I have to be me. I can't give that up. But I want them so much, I can't give them up.

Derek can't buy me. I'm not for sale.

How can I live without them? Don't be a drama queen. You lived without them until last week! But I didn't know them then and now I do!

"I can't think about it anymore today. I'll decide tomorrow," she said firmly, picking up the shampoo and squeezing a blob on to her hand. "Tomorrow."

But midnight came and went and she was still tossing and turning in her bed.

"I don't need them. I can give myself a perfectly good orgasm," she said aloud, retrieving her favorite purple dildo from the nightstand.

But lying back on her pillows, all she could think of was the way Derek loved her breasts, how he always sucked and played with them and made her so hot. Tweaking the nipples

herself was no real turn-on at all. And Corey used that slight curve in his cock to devastating effect. Her purple pal was nowhere near as good.

Sighing, Huldah sat up and dug deeper in the drawer, bringing out her old red BOB.

She lubed it thoroughly, set it to her favorite speed, and gradually inserted it into her ass, pushing it as deep as it would go. Then with that welcome feeling of fullness she placed her feet flat on the mattress, her knees wide apart and plunged her purple dildo deep into her cunt.

She pushed it deep, then withdrew it to play over her clit, while the fingers of her left hand tweaked and twisted a nipple. Then back inside to push deep, her hips rising into the thrusts.

She remembered being backed against the tree at Little River Falls, Derek thrusting inside her, and Corey into Derek. She visualized their time in the river, both men playing with her, bringing her to completion—and the two times she'd taken them both together, one in her ass one in her cunt, the three of them holding so tightly to each other, pushing in and out, the tension rising and rising.

With a deep grunt of relief Huldah came, knowing that she had to apologize to the men and work through to some way they could be together—at least long enough to see if a relationship could work.

Happy to have made the decision, Huldah dropped the dildos on the pillow beside her and went to sleep.

She dressed carefully the next morning, with her sexiest, reddest, laciest lingerie under her sober work clothes and a

clean red thong in her briefcase in case she was invited to sleep over at their house.

As she ate her breakfast cereal and packed a sandwich for lunch at work she continued to mull over how she'd make arrangements with the men.

I can't totally give up my freedom but I do see this apartment's too small for the three of us. But Corey and Derek have been a twosome for so long—maybe they'd actually appreciate some time alone with just the two of them. If I could be alone for an entire day now and again that would be enough for me and it might be good for them too. Well I hope so. And I'll continue to pay all the expenses associated with my place.

She determined to visit them that evening and talk things out.

Once again her day at work was very busy, and when it ended she took a little extra time in the company bathroom to freshen up and add a touch of her favorite perfume. It had produced an instant response from Derek and Corey when they picked her up for the restaurant evening—and she figured she needed all the female weaponry she could bring together to help sort things out.

As she emerged from the elevator into the basement parking garage she was surprised to see Corey and Derek leaning against the wall beside her car. Corey was holding a tiny rosebud in his hand and Derek a crystal vase. She was unaware of the heated debate about this move with neither of them sure whether it was a good idea or not...

"She liked it. She said it had been special," Corey said.

"Yeah, but then she said I was trying to buy her," Derek argued.

"Well just keep your fingers crossed that she understands we're meaning it as a symbol to show we're trying to start over," Corey replied...

A wide grin broke out across her face as she realized they were trying to make amends. They'd come to her with their gifts demonstrating that they were willing to make a fresh start. Huldah almost ran across the concrete to them.

Derek went down on one knee in front of her. "Gods I'm sorry, I never meant to hurt you. I don't want to buy you or own you. I just want to love you. Forgive me?"

"Of course. I shouldn't have screamed at you. I should've explained my feelings."

"We'll talk about it. We'll work it out," enthused Corey.

Derek threw his arms wide in supplication. "Shit, you can paint our whole damn house yellow if you just agree to give us a second chance."

Laughing hard, Huldah collapsed into their joined arms for a kiss.

"I don't think it'll come to that." She giggled.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Variety is the spice of life. Berengaria Brown loves reading erotic romance, all different kinds of erotic romance. One man/one woman, two women, two men and a woman, three men...

But since her favorite authors couldn't write as fast as she could read, one day Berengaria decided to try writing a book herself. While she was waiting to hear back from the publisher she wrote another one, and another one. Now Berengaria is a multipublished author with books right across the spectrum of erotic romance. Whatever your taste, Berengaria has a book for you. And she's thrilled to be here at Whiskey Creek Torrid.

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