

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

PAIGE TYLER

*Just Right*

## **Just Right**

Paige Tyler

*The sexy tale of Goldie and the three werebears.*

When Goldie Lockwood gets lost hiking and comes upon an isolated cabin, little does she know it belongs to three hot and hunky werebear brothers. The guys aren't thrilled to discover Goldie ate their food and slept in their beds. Not wanting to go to jail, she suggests the men punish her for her naughty misdeeds—with an arousing round of spanking.

Goldie *loves* getting spanked and decides that after having her bottom warmed, she needs a little sex to make the night complete. The only question is whether she's going to sleep with one of the brothers—or all of them.

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Just Right

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**Paige Tyler**

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*Cosmo*: Hearst Communications, Inc.

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## **Chapter One**

She was not lost. She hiked these trails all the time, so there was no way she could be lost. But if she wasn't lost, then why didn't she recognize anything around her? Because she was momentarily disoriented, Goldie Lockwood told herself. She would see something she recognized soon enough. There'd be a trail marker or a big rock formation she'd recognize just around the next bend. She was sure of it.

Two hours and about a hundred bends later, however, she was still wandering around the Tualatin Mountains outside of Portland with no clue where she was. She had only planned on taking a short hour-long hike to clear her head after a crappy day at work, so she hadn't brought any food or water, or even a map with her. And to make matters worse, she couldn't get a signal on her stupid cell phone. So much for more bars in more places.

Thoroughly frustrated, Goldie stopped in the middle of the nearly overgrown trail and put her hands on her slender hips. Dammit, why hadn't she just gone out with the girls for a drink after work? If she had, maybe she'd be cozying up to a hot guy right now instead of being stranded in the wilderness. But no, she had wanted to go hiking. So, she'd changed into the shorts, T-shirt, and comfy pair of hiking boots she always kept in her car, then driven up to the mountains and hit the trails.

It wasn't really as impulsive or as reckless as it sounded. She loved the outdoors and hiking always relaxed her, especially after a long day at work. But today had been different. Today, Bob Ashton, the cute guy at work she'd been trying to get to notice her for months, had gone out to lunch with one of the girls from accounting. And not just any girl, either, but the office slut, Marissa Conway. To top it all off, they hadn't gotten back until after two. Combine that with Bob's tousled hair and the silly-ass grin on Marissa's face and Goldie hadn't needed a neon sign to figure out the little tramp had

spent her lunch hour snacking on him instead of some uber-healthy salad. It was infuriating! Everyone in the office knew Goldie was interested in Bob, but that hadn't stopped Marissa from going after him.

That was the reason Goldie was lost. If she had been concentrating on where she was going instead of alternately wondering where she had gone wrong with Bob and what he could possibly see in Marissa, she wouldn't be in her current predicament.

She could be in really big trouble, too. She had broken the number-one rule when it came to hiking by not telling anyone where she was going. Considering it was Friday, it was likely no one would even notice she was missing until Monday morning when she didn't show up for work. Even then, someone would have to find her car at the trailhead to figure out she was out here. It could take a search party days to find her. That was a long time to be lost in the woods without any food or water.

She fought the surge of panic gripping her. *Stop being such a drama queen and start navigating your way out of here.*

Goldie took a deep breath to calm herself down, then looked around, trying to decide which way to go. After this long, though, all the Douglas fir and big-leaf maples looked the same and it was difficult to pick a direction. She was so disoriented she couldn't even figure out which way led down the mountain. She frowned at the stream of late afternoon sunlight coming through the canopy of trees. It would be dark soon, which would make finding her way back to civilization even harder, especially since she didn't have a flashlight. All kinds of wild animals came out at night, too, didn't they? She really didn't want to be some grizzly bear's midnight snack.

Behind her, a twig snapped and she jumped. Okay, time to get moving. If she were lucky, maybe she'd come across another hiker and they'd be able to point her in the right direction.

Until then, though, she was going to have to find her own way out. Wildwood Trail was one of the biggest ones in the area, so it should be the easiest to find. Using the sun

as a guide, she turned around and headed east, figuring she had to be somewhere west of the trail. Hopefully, she'd just stumble on it.

That plan didn't quite work out, however. The farther she walked, the more lost she ended up. The trail she was currently on was so overgrown it looked like it hadn't been used in a couple seasons. Tears stung her eyes and she blinked them back as she glanced down at her watch. Crap, she'd been wandering around the woods for almost four hours. Not only was she frustrated and scared, but she was hungry and thirsty, too.

She turned around in a circle, desperately looking for some sort of landmark she recognized, when something caught her eye through the trees. She leaned down to try to get a better look, but couldn't quite make out what it was. She only knew it was big and looked like it was man-made. Maybe it was a camping shelter. They usually had maps and information in them.

Hoping that's what it was, she ventured off the path and started toward it cross-country, pushing aside branches and stepping over downed trees in her hurry to get there. She squinted in the dim light, trying again to make out what it was, only to gasp as she stepped out into a small clearing. Holy crap, it wasn't a shelter, it was a cabin!

Even as she rushed over to it, Goldie couldn't help but wonder who the heck would have a cabin out in the middle of nowhere. Every scary movie she'd ever seen involving a cabin in the woods popped into her head at the same time and she came to an abrupt halt halfway to the steps leading up to the front door. The cabin could belong to an axe-wielding psychopath. Or even the Big Bad Wolf, for all she knew. Maybe she should turn around and go back.

To what, wandering around the woods some more until it got dark?

"I don't think so," she muttered.

Besides, the place looked like it was deserted. Even axe-wielding psychopaths wouldn't want to live this far out in the middle of nowhere.



Telling herself there was only one way to find out if it was deserted, she ran to the cabin and knocked on the door, then waited. When no one answered, she knocked again, louder this time.

"Hello!" she called. "Is anyone home?"

Still no answer.

Brow furrowing, Goldie put her nose to the glass on the door, cupped her face with her hands, and peeked inside. She was half afraid she would find it empty, but instead there was a small kitchen with a stove, a fridge, and a table to one side, as well as a pair of overstuffed chairs and a matching couch over by the fireplace on the other.

She sighed with relief. Someone definitely lived there. Unfortunately, that same someone didn't appear to be home. And considering the place was in the middle of the woods, it could be a hunting cabin, which meant the owner probably wouldn't be making an appearance anytime soon.

Goldie's stomach growled and her gaze went to the fridge again. She looked longingly at it, imagining all the tasty food inside. Knowing it was a long shot, she grasped the doorknob and turned anyway. It was locked.

She chewed on her lower lip, wondering if she should break in. Since it was not only wrong, but illegal as well, probably not. But she was so hungry. And it would be getting dark soon. She turned to look back the way she had come and realized the sun had already gone down. Crap, it would be pitch black in thirty minutes. There was no way she was staying out in these woods in the dark.

Besides, if there was a fridge in the cabin, it meant the place had to have power of some kind, maybe solar panels on the roof or something. If there was power, there might be a phone she could use. Surely, the owner of the cabin wouldn't be angry once she explained her situation. Especially if she reimbursed him for the food she ate, as well as the window she'd have to break to get inside, of course.

Goldie stepped back from the door and looked around for a rock. Since she was in a forest, there were quite a few lying around and she hurried over to pick up one.

Looking over her shoulder to make sure no other hikers had suddenly stumbled upon the same cabin she had, she tightened her grip on the rock and walked back up the steps to the door. Taking a deep breath, she drew her arm back and smashed the pane of glass closest to the lock. It was louder than she'd thought it would be and she cringed as the sound echoed through the forest. Tossing the rock on the ground, she reached through the opening and unlocked the deadbolt, then pushed open the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gregory Bauer hated loggers, especially loggers who made their living illegally. The forest was protected and there wasn't supposed to be logging of any type going on, especially in the old-growth areas. Of course, those same old-growth trees were what attracted the loggers. Those old trees were worth a lot of money and some less-than-scrupulous dirtbags didn't mind risking a minor state park fine in order to get to cut them down. As Oregon State Troopers, he supposed he and his brothers could always use their badges to scare off the jerks, but they'd discovered a much more effective way to do it. A way that guaranteed the loggers wouldn't ever want to come back to this particular forest again.

He darted a quick look to his right, then his left as he ran, catching sight of the two grizzly bears through the trees on either side as they kept pace with him. His brothers Orson and Barrett were close. Good.

Gregory leaped over a long-dead Douglas fir in his path, his enormous paws barely touching the ground as he continued to close the distance between himself and the unsuspecting loggers with an unnatural speed only a werebear possessed. The sounds of chainsaws urged him on and he ran even faster.

He sometimes wondered if the assholes even knew the destruction they caused. Logging in an old-growth forest didn't just affect the ancient trees they killed, but the animals that lived there as well, some of which were in danger of becoming threatened thanks to their greed. Then again, maybe they knew exactly what they were doing and they just didn't care.

Gregory growled deep in his throat at the thought. Well, after the scare he and his brothers gave them, these particular loggers would think twice before coming back to cut down any more trees in this forest.

As he neared the area where the men were working, Gregory automatically slowed his step. On either side of him, his brothers did the same. While charging out from the trees might be more satisfying, the subtle approach tended to work better. The sight of three huge grizzly bears slowly and deliberately approaching was usually enough to frighten off most loggers.

As always, Gregory took the lead, slowly emerging from the trees ahead of his brothers. He kept his head low as he walked, something he knew not only emphasized the breadth of his shoulders, but made him look even more menacing to his prey. On either side of him, Orson and Barrett had stepped out from the woods and were doing the same.

Fortunately, the loggers hadn't gotten into any of the big old-growth trees yet. But they had taken down a few small firs and spruces to make it easier to get at the ones they were after. They hadn't even bothered to do more than chop up the smaller trees. They weren't interested in them, even if it meant the trees would just sit there and rot, or worse, serve as underbrush fuel for the wildfires that frequently swept through the forest. The big trees could usually handle these fires, but not if there was a huge pile of limbs and logs piled up near them. The damn jerks didn't even care.

The loggers didn't notice Gregory and his brothers at first, probably because the men were too intent on what they were doing. As Gregory drew nearer, however, one of the men must have caught a glimpse of him because he did a double take before his eyes went wide. Heavyset with a thick, red beard, he wore a plaid shirt and a knit cap.

Gregory opened his mouth just enough to show his teeth. *That's right, asshole. You're in deep shit.*

The man stared at Gregory in stunned silence for a moment, then frantically thumped the skinny logger beside him on the arm to get his attention. When his

coworker glared at him an annoyance, the man pointed at Gregory with a trembling hand.

The skinny man took one look at Gregory and immediately began to backpedal. "Bear!" he shouted to the other loggers, loud enough to be heard over the chainsaws. "Three of them!"

At the words, the rest of the men stopped what they were doing to turn wide eyes on Gregory and his brothers. The stench of fear filled the air and Gregory's nostrils flared at the odor. He shook his head from side to side, baring his teeth in aggression, then following it up with a fierce growl for good measure. Orson and Barrett did their own variation, both of them sounding just as ferocious.

Their combined display of open hostility sent a good portion of the loggers running for their trucks, with Orson hot on their tails. He wouldn't hurt them, but he would claw up their vehicles a bit and make sure they had something to remind them of their stupidity.

Some of the men weren't as easily scared off, though. Instead, they stood their ground, chainsaws and axes at the ready. Gregory didn't know if they were brave or just stupid. *Okay, time for phase two.*

Gregory growled again and stood up on his powerful, hind legs. At twelve feet, he was taller than most normal grizzlies. Letting out a massive roar, he threw his front paws over his head, making sure the men got a good look at his long, sharp claws as they came clearly into view. Beside him, he caught a glimpse of Barrett raking his own claws down the nearest tree trunk. Nothing like a close-up view of a set of razor-sharp, three-inch claws and a demonstration of what they could do something as tough as a tree trunk to make a person decide discretion really was the better part of valor.

A chainsaw and two more axes hit the ground as three more of the men hightailed it to their trucks with Barrett providing an escort.

That left two more men, one with an axe and the other with a chainsaw held firmly in front of him. These two looked more resolved and Gregory knew they weren't going

to fall for a simple display of strength. They would need a more direct approach. *All right, enough screwing around.*

Gregory dropped his forelegs to the ground with a thump that shook the nearby trees. Without hesitating, he launched himself at the axe-wielding logger. The fool actually tried to take a swing at him with the axe, but like most humans, he didn't realize how fast a bear, especially a werebear, could be.

Gregory let the blade pass by him harmlessly, then stiff-armed the man's shoulder with a closed paw. He could have ripped the guy's head off, but while that might have been satisfying, it wasn't what he was after. Nonetheless, the guy did go sailing through the air in a most gratifying manner. When he finally hit the ground, he lay there in a heap, moaning in pain.

Deciding the man wouldn't be going anywhere for a while, Gregory turned back to find the guy with the chainsaw approaching him, the chain churning at full speed. Gregory was fairly confident he could have avoided the deadly implement like he had the axe, but he didn't want to take a chance.

Instead he reached down to the forest floor and grasped one of the sections of smaller trees trunk the loggers had already cut down. He couldn't really grab it, of course. Even as a werebear, his paws weren't dexterous enough to do that. But he could clasp either end of the five-foot long log as if it were a great big medicine ball. Then, as the logger's eyes widened, he executed a perfect chest pass, like he would if he was playing basketball with his brothers.

The log probably weighed about two hundred pounds and it hit the dumbass right in the chest. Fortunately for the man, the chainsaw went flying in a safe direction as the man fell backward. Although the fall must have hurt like hell, the guy immediately scrambled to his feet and started backing away from Gregory, his eyes registering equal parts pain and bewilderment. Gregory could just imagine the guy trying to convince his friend a grizzly bear had just hit him with a log. *"I swear I'm telling you dudes the truth! The damn bear picked up a log and threw it at me like it weighed nothing!"*

When Gregory let out one more mighty roar, the logger finally decided to call it quits. Swearing under his breath, he grabbed his coworker up off the ground and gave the man a shove toward the lone, remaining pickup truck already slowly moving down the access road.

Gregory bounded after the men, his big paws kicking up dirt behind him as he ran. He was actually a little surprised the other loggers hadn't simply left these last two. Gregory expected the truck to stop so the two men could get in the cab, but instead the driver kept going, making the two men jump in the back. Orson caught up with the truck just in time to swipe the rear side panel with his claws before the vehicle picked up speed.

Gregory gave his brother a loud woof. The equivalent of saying, "You show 'em," in werebear. Orson woofed in reply, then followed Gregory over to where Barrett was surveying the damage the loggers had done. Fortunately, the three of them had gotten there before the men had been able to cut down more than a few trees. It still pissed him off, though.

Barrett made a gruff sound and jerked his head toward the wood line, his way of asking if Gregory and Orson were ready to head back to where they'd left their truck and change into their human forms. Gregory was all for that idea. While he loved shapeshifting into his bear form, he had already spent the better part of the day roaming the woods with his brothers before they had heard the loggers. That had been on top of a double shift they had already worked at the station. He was tired, hungry, and more than ready to go back to their cabin and relax for a while.

## **Chapter Two**

Goldie felt another little twinge of guilt as she stepped into the cabin and quietly closed the door behind her. It quickly disappeared when she considered the alternative, though. Breaking and entering was definitely preferable to wandering around the woods for the rest of the night. Hiking in the forest during the day was one thing, but doing it at night was completely different.

Even though she'd made enough noise to alert anyone to her presence when she'd broken the glass, she decided it might be a good idea to check and make sure the cabin really was empty before she went looking for a phone or raiding the fridge.

"Hello!" she called. "Is anyone here?"

No answer, just like before.

She sighed with relief. While she was planning on reimbursing the cabin's owner, it would have been really awkward to have to explain herself if he'd walked out of the back room right then.

Goldie looked around the cabin. In addition to the comfortable looking couch and matching chairs in the living room, there was also a coffee table and a bookcase filled with a mix of paperback and hardcover books. Though the room had definite masculine overtones, it still managed to pull off a warm and cozy vibe.

Her gaze went to the kitchen next. It was small, but the stovetop and microwave looked serviceable enough. She was more interested in the refrigerator, though. She only hoped there was something in it.

Considering how hungry she was, Goldie wanted check it out right then, but figured she should probably look for a phone first. Unfortunately, she didn't see one in the kitchen or the adjoining living room. Praying there was one in the back room, she hurried over to look inside, but all she found were three beds with matching

nightstands and a dresser, as well as another bookcase. There was a small, adjoining bathroom, too.

So much for using the phone. Not that it would have done much good anyway. She could just imagine talking to the 911 operator. *Yes, I'm in a cabin in the middle of the woods. Can you send someone to come get me? No, I don't know where the cabin is. It's the one in the middle of the woods. Don't you have a listing for that address?*

Letting out a sigh, she walked back into the kitchen and over to the fridge. She held her breath as she pulled open the door, afraid she'd find nothing but a box of baking soda. While it wasn't what she'd call well-stocked, it wasn't completely bare. Along with a six-pack of beer and half a dozen bottles of water, there were several plastic containers of what had to be leftovers. Her stomach growled ferociously at the sight. She'd known she was hungry, but now that she was within arm's reach of food, she realized she was starving.

Goldie took out one of the containers and pulled off the lid. Inside was a reddish brown mixture of meat and beans that looked like it might be chili. She put it up to her nose and sniffed. Yup, it was definitely chili. Her stomach growling again, she opened the drawer closest to the fridge, looking for a spoon. It was full of various mismatched utensils and she had to rummage around until she found a spoon. Grabbing it, she dipped it in the chili and eagerly tasted it. The moment it touched her tongue, her whole mouth was engulfed in flames. Yikes! She liked spicy food, but that was stupid hot.

Putting the lid on the container, she placed it back in the fridge, then reached for the next one. She took off the top and peeked inside, then frowned. While the chili had been easy to identify, she couldn't say the same about whatever was inside the second container. It looked a little like oatmeal, but she'd never heard of anyone putting leftover oatmeal in the fridge. Deciding there was only one way to find out, she dipped her spoon in the thick, gooey mixture and took a taste, then immediately made a face.



Whereas the chili was so spicy she could barely eat it, this had absolutely no flavor at all. She'd never tasted anything so bland in her life. It could have been wallpaper paste.

Closing the container, she put it in the fridge beside the chili and grabbed another from the fridge. After the first two, she was almost afraid to wonder what was inside this one. Praying it was something edible, she took off the lid and looked inside. From the chunks of beef and mix of vegetables, she decided it must be stew. She dipped the tip of her spoon in the brown liquid, then cautiously lifted it to her mouth. It wasn't too spicy or too bland, but just right, and she let out a moan of pleasure. In fact, it was so delicious she wanted to eat the rest of it standing right there in front of the fridge, but she suspected it would taste even better if she heated it up. With that thought in mind, she stuck the container in the microwave and turned it on.

While she waited for it to cook, Goldie grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge and took a long swallow as she looked around. She wondered who owned the cabin and when he might be back. The leftovers were obviously fresh, which implied he would probably be coming back soon. He might even be able to help her find her way out of the woods. If he wasn't too angry about her breaking into the cabin, of course. She wasn't too worried about that, though. She knew how to work a guy when she had to.

When the microwave dinged, she eagerly yanked open the door and took out the container, then sat down at the kitchen table to eat. She was right. The stew tasted even more delicious hot and she finished every bit of it.

Telling herself she'd wash out the container later, Goldie went into the living room and perused the bookshelf. Since it seemed like she was going to be spending the night, she might as well see if there was anything interesting to read. To her dismay, however, there was nothing but science fiction, spy thrillers, and mysteries, none of which were her thing. Crap, she'd been hoping to find a romance. Maybe there would be something better in the bookcase in the bedroom.

Goldie turned and headed toward the bedroom when the wood carvings on the mantel caught her eye. Curious, she walked over to take a closer look.

Three bears, each depicted doing something different. In the first one, the bear was standing in a river, fishing for salmon. She picked it up to take a closer look. While it was nice, the carving was a little too crudely done for her taste. Setting it down, she picked up the second wood carving. The bear in this one had his paw stuck in a beehive looking for honey. Although the carving wasn't as unsophisticated as the first bear, it didn't have enough detail for her. She put it back and picked up the third bear, admiring it first from one direction, then another. Unlike the other bears, which were shown in their natural habitat, this bear was sitting in a chair, carving another little bear out of wood. She smiled. Finely carved and richly detailed right down to the look of concentration on the bear's face, this one was just right. Whoever had carved it had obviously taken his time.

Still smiling, Goldie reached out to set it down on the mantle. She must have put it too close to the edge, though, because it fell off and hit the stone hearth before she could stop it. Chiding herself for being so clumsy, she bent down to pick it up and was horrified to see she'd broken one of the legs on the chair. She cringed as she carefully placed the carving back on the mantle, along with the chair leg. Something else she'd have to reimburse the owner of the cabin for, she supposed.

She stifled a yawn. Telling herself she should probably go to bed before she did any more damage, Goldie went into the bedroom and closed the door. She surveyed the three beds for a moment, wondering which one she should sleep in. Shrugging, she chose the one closest to the door, pulled down the blanket, then sat down on the edge to take off her boots and socks. When she was done, she climbed into bed, only to discover it was so soft she sank into the middle of it. Good heavens, she'd probably smother to death if she tried to sleep in the darn thing.

Thinking there was no way the other beds could be as mushy as the one she was currently in, Goldie got up and went to the one on the other side of the room. She

pulled back the blanket and sat down on that one, then groaned. Where the other bed was too soft, this one was so hard she thought it might actually be made of concrete. She was tempted to check under the sheet to see if she was right, but changed her mind. She was way too tired to care.

Yawning, Goldie got up and walked around to the third bed. Hoping it was more comfortable than the first two, she threw back the blanket and sat down. Not too hard or too soft, this one was just right.

Letting out a sigh of contentment, she pulled up the blanket and snuggled into the pillow. As she drifted off to sleep, she hoped the owner of the cabin didn't come back and find her sleeping in his bed. That would be really hard to explain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gregory shrugged into his shirt and buttoned it. If he'd been tired after chasing off those loggers, that was nothing compared to how exhausted he was now. Changing from a werebear into his human form took a lot out of him. He knew it did the same thing to Orson and Barrett. They probably shouldn't have shapeshifted after working that double shift, but the urge to run through the forest was always too powerful to resist. A little exhaustion was a small price to pay for the high they experienced from channeling their inner grizzly bear, though.

As he got into his SUV, he couldn't help but think back to when he'd first discovered he and his brothers were werebears. His mouth quirked at the memory as he started the engine.

He'd been fourteen when his father had sat him and his older brothers down for the talk. Figuring his father had been going to launch into the whole birds-and-bees routine, Gregory had been about to tell him Orson and Barrett had already filled him in, but to his surprise, his dad had told them a story about their great-great-great-grandfather Osborn Bauer.

According to Gregory's father, Osborn had been one of the early settlers in what was now Oregon. While out hunting one day, he rescued a young Indian woman from a grizzly bear. She was so impressed with his bravery that to show her gratitude, she bestowed a gift on him, giving him the ability to shapeshift into the same animal he just courageously confronted. Since then, every male in the Bauer family had had the ability to shapeshift into a grizzly bear.

Gregory, Orson, and Barrett had thought their dad was full of it, of course. So, to convince them, he changed into a huge grizzly bear right then and there. Gregory and his brothers had been so shocked all they could do was stand there and stare at him. When their dad had finally changed back, they barraged him with questions, all of which he'd patiently answered.

Since they were older, Orson and Barrett had been able to change into werebears before Gregory, and by the time he was old enough, he couldn't wait to experience it for himself. It had been as amazing as he had hoped. In fact, it was all his father could do to get him to change back into his human form. When he finally came down from the high after changing back, he was exhausted, starving, and horny as hell, all common side-effects of the transformation process.

It was the same, even after all these years. At that particular moment, he couldn't figure out if he wanted to take a nap, eat a horse, or find a woman to fuck. Since he wasn't currently seeing anyone, though, and there weren't a lot of women roaming around in the woods, he'd have to forget about the sex part of the equation for tonight and settle for satisfying his other basic needs instead.

As he followed Barrett's pickup down the winding access road, Gregory salivated over the thought of the leftover stew he'd stuck in the fridge earlier when he'd stopped by the cabin before going for a bear run. It was his favorite meal and he'd wanted to make sure he would have a big bowl waiting for him the moment he got back. He and his brothers hadn't been at the cabin for a couple weeks, so they would need to make a food run tomorrow, but for tonight that stew would do just fine.

Gregory pulled his SUV alongside Barrett's pickup in front of the cabin and cut the engine, then got out and headed for the front door. Halfway up the steps, however, he stopped when he saw the broken glass in the door. He stiffened, his werebear senses and years of police training taking over.

"What's up?" Barrett asked from behind him.

Gregory shot his brother a quick look over his shoulder. "Someone broke in."

"You're kidding, right?" Orson climbed the steps to stand beside Barrett. His mouth tightened as he took in the door. "Shit."

Gregory made no comment as he looked through the window and into the darkened cabin. In addition to his superior strength and agility, his night vision was as good in his human form as it was when he was a bear, and he could see the interior of the cabin as if there was a light on. It looked empty. That made sense, though. There wasn't much of value in the cabin, which meant any intruder wasn't likely to hang around for very long. But they would need to check anyway, just in case someone was hiding.

Glancing at Orson and Barrett over his shoulder, Gregory pulled his off-duty weapon and waited until they both did same, before he threw open the door.

Gregory stepped inside first, followed by Orson and Barrett. Since the cabin was small, there weren't many places to hide in the main part of it, so a quick look around told him the living room and kitchen area were clear. He sniffed the air. Damn, that had to be the most feminine scent he'd ever smelled. He looked over at Orson and Barrett to see that they'd picked on the same scent and were already putting their weapons away. Gregory kept his out for now. Just because the intruder was a woman, that didn't mean she wasn't dangerous.

He scanned the cabin, checking to see if anything was missing. His dark eyes narrowed as he caught sight of the plastic container and half full bottle of water on the kitchen table. What the hell?

Frowning, he walked over to the table and discovered the plastic container was empty. It didn't take a keen sense of smell to realize he was looking at what was left of the stew he'd been planning to devour. Dammit, what was he going to eat now?

"Someone's been in my chili," Orson said.

"My porridge, too," Barrett added.

Gregory looked up to see that his brothers had come in the kitchen and were now standing by the counter. He wasn't surprised the girl had passed up their food for his. Orson and Barrett both had shitty taste in food. "Well at least you have something left to eat. That same someone ate my entire container of stew."

Orson yanked open the fridge. "At least she didn't drink our beer."

"Do you think she's still here?" Barrett asked.

"I can't believe she'd be dumb enough to hang around, but I can tell you for a fact that the bedroom door was open when we left," Gregory said.

Orson obviously figured out where Gregory was going with that, because he slammed the refrigerator door and headed toward the bedroom. On the way there, however, he took a detour over to the fireplace.

"Whoever she is, she messed with our woodcarvings, too." He held up the bear Gregory had carved. "Looks like she broke the one you made."

Gregory clenched his jaw. He could overlook the woman eating his whole bowl of stew, but that bear had taken him hours to carve. Shoving his gun back in its holster, he tossed the plastic container on the table and strode toward the bedroom. He didn't bother to look at Orson and Barrett as he opened the door and walked in.

The moment he did, the feminine scent that hit him was so powerful and intoxicating, he immediately felt his cock begin to stiffen. Whoa. The woman was nowhere in sight, but he was sure she was still in there. And if her scent was any indication, then she was sexy as hell.

Gregory spotted the pair of hiking boots by Orson's bed. He glanced at his brothers and jerked his head toward the boots. They both nodded.

He looked around the room again. It was obvious from the way the blankets had been pulled down that the girl had tried out all three beds before she found one she liked. And from the looks of it, she liked his bed the most. He let out a snort of disgust. Why wasn't he surprised? She'd already eaten his stew and broken his woodcarving. Why not sleep in his bed, too?

"I think she was actually sleeping in my bed," Orson said.

"You're not the only one," Barrett muttered. "She's been in my bed, too."

Gregory almost laughed as he walked across the room to stand beside his own bed. His brothers' comments had an extremely familiar ring to them. Only this wasn't some fairy tale. This was breaking and entering.

"Obviously," he said dryly. "But I think she liked my bed more. And if I'm not mistaken, she's still here."

Even though the girl's sexy scent filled the small bedroom, he had no problem figuring out exactly where she was once he got close to the bed. Dropping to his knee, he looked under it and found himself gazing into the prettiest, clear blue eyes he'd ever seen. The fear in them was almost enough to make him forget everything she'd done and he was tempted to tell his brothers he was wrong and that she'd already left. But then he remembered how she'd helped herself to his stew, vandalized his property, and slept in his bed as if she owned the place. What she did was a crime and he couldn't look the other way, even if she was the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen.

So, he gave her his best no-nonsense, state-trooper glower. "I think you can come out now, don't you?"

## Chapter Three

Despite the authoritative tone in the man's voice, Goldie stayed where she was. She chewed on her lower lip nervously, wondering how she was going to talk her way out of this one. *Crap!* She couldn't believe he'd picked tonight to show up at the cabin.

Goldie had been startled out of her deep sleep by the sound of men's voices. Knowing she was in trouble, she had immediately jumped out of bed and looked for a place to hide. Thinking they would surely look in the adjoining bathroom for whoever had broken in, she had dived underneath the bed, hoping when they found the room empty, they would assume she'd already left. Of course, that was about the time she realized her hiking boots were still sitting on the floor right in plain sight. She'd just been debating whether to go get them when the door opened and by then it was too late. So, she'd just held her breath and peeked out as three pairs of booted feet entered the room, praying the men wouldn't find her.

They had found her, though. And from the way the man's golden brown eyes narrowed as he glared at her, it was obvious he definitely wasn't pleased she'd broken into his cabin. She was going to have to do some seriously fast talking to diffuse the situation.

From her place beneath the bed, she studied his face as she tried to come up with something to say. Even though he was clearly upset, with that dark hair, chiseled jaw, and wide, sensuous mouth, she couldn't help but notice he was extremely handsome. If she'd met a guy like him in a club, she'd be doing her best to get into his bed. Ironical that she'd ended up under it instead. She briefly wondered if she should try putting the moves on him, but then decided against it. Trying something like that after breaking into his cabin wasn't likely to work. He probably wouldn't be receptive to her charms considering what she'd done.



"I'm waiting," he said.

Goldie let out a sigh of resignation and slowly began to wiggle out from underneath the bed. She'd been so worried about hiding she hadn't noticed how tight the space was when she'd darted under it earlier, but she practically had to low crawl out. She got to her feet with as much dignity as she could, then took her time brushing off her clothes. When she finally lifted her head, it was to find herself face to face not only with the gorgeous guy who had discovered her hiding place, but two more men who were just as attractive. Wow, if it wasn't for the whole breaking-and-entering thing, she'd be counting herself lucky right now. She was in a secluded cabin with three very hot guys. What more could a girl ask for?

Tall and broad shouldered like the man who had found her under the bed, they had the same dark hair and rugged features, and while their brown eyes didn't have the same touch of gold, they were equally as expressive. They bore such a strong resemblance to each other, she wouldn't be surprised if they were brothers. She absently wondered if there was a law against so many hunky guys being in one place at a time. If there wasn't, there should be, because the combined effect they were having on her was practically criminal. Her pulse was racing and she had a little quiver in her stomach. Then again, maybe it was just the fact she'd been caught hiding in their cabin.

Abruptly realizing they were all standing with their arms folded across their broad chests and looking at her expectantly, Goldie blushed. She reached up to nervously push back some long, blonde hair that had escaped from her ponytail.

"Th-this isn't what it looks like," she stammered.

The man who had found her under the bed lifted a brow. "Really? I think it's exactly what it looks like." He glanced at the man on his right. "Don't you, Orson?"

"Definitely."

He glanced at the man standing on his left. "Barrett?"

"Seems obvious to me."

The man turned his gold eyes on her again. As he lazily looked her up and down, she noticed his gaze lingered on the curve of her breasts and her long, shapely legs. So, was he a breast-man or a leg-man? It didn't matter. Either way, the way he was looking at her was starting to have an effect on her. Like he was imagining her naked.

"So, let's have it," he said. "What's your name and what are you doing here?"

"Goldie," she said, then after a moment, added, "Lockwood."

She only thought about giving him a fake name after the words were out of her mouth. It was too late now. Then again, with the way he was undressing her with his eyes, she was lucky she could remember her real name. She'd never met a man who could arouse her just by looking at her.

"That answers my first question, Goldie Lockwood. Now, tell us what you're doing here."

She hesitated, wondering if she should try to come up with some elaborate story to gain their sympathy, but then decided it would probably be better to just be honest. Something about the authoritative way these men were regarding her told her they would see right through whatever lies she made up anyway.

"I was out hiking and got lost," she explained. "I didn't bring any food or water with me and I was starting to get scared because it was getting dark. That was when I saw your cabin."

"So you just decided to break in?"

She felt her face turn red. "No, of course not! I knocked. Twice, in fact."

"And when no one answered, that's when you broke in," Barrett said.

Her color deepened. "Okay, okay. I did break in. But only because I thought you might have a phone."

"A phone?" Orson's brows drew together. "Wait a minute. Let me get this straight. You broke in because you were looking for a phone?"

She nodded sheepishly.

The man with the incredible golden eyes fixed her with a stern look. "So when you couldn't find one, you decided to vandalize the place instead?"

"Vandalize the place?" Goldie blinked. "What are you talking about? I didn't vandalize the place."

He arched a brow. "What about the woodcarving?"

"Oh. That. I picked it up to look at it and when I went to put it back on the mantel, it slipped." She caught her lower lip between her teeth and tried her best to look chastised, which wasn't very difficult. She did feel bad about breaking the woodcarving. She reached up to tuck her hair behind her ear again. "Look, I'm really sorry about breaking in. It was wrong."

"It's also a crime," Orson said.

Goldie's mouth went dry. Prison? He couldn't be serious. She wasn't a criminal. Her gaze went from Orson to the man with the gold eyes. "You're not really going to call the cops are you?"

His lips quirked. "Honey, we are the cops."

She eyed him skeptically, wondering if he was making that part up. Then he reached into the pocket of his jeans and pulled out a badge. *Oh crap*. He wasn't making it up. They were cops. Of all the cabins in the forest, she had to pick the one that belonged to three cops. "You're not going to arrest me, are you?"

"What do you think?"

She thought she was in big trouble. Even if by some miracle she didn't go to jail for breaking into their cabin, she'd still very likely lose her job if she got arrested. She gave him a pleading look, even more determined to talk her way out of this mess now. "Couldn't you just give me a ticket or something?"

"We don't give out tickets for that kind of stuff."

She formed her lips into a blatant pout. She hadn't met a man who could resist her pout. "Even if I pay for the broken window and promise never to do anything like this again?"

"Even then. It isn't as simple as paying for the window you broke. What you did was a crime and you have to be punished for it."

She wasn't sure why, but for some reason the way he said the words sent a delicious little shiver down her back. While he might be talking about carting her off to jail, the words took her mind in a completely different and much naughtier direction, one that involved him putting her over his knee and reddening her bottom.

What could she say? She was a girl who enjoyed a good spanking.

Between her legs, her pussy was already purring at the thought of one of the men doing just that. But did she dare say it aloud? She didn't know if it was a crime, but she didn't want to add attempted seduction of a police officer to her list of charges. On the other hand, it might be the only thing that kept her from getting arrested.

Of course, she'd have to figure out a way to get them to agree to it. She chewed on her lower lip. "Couldn't you just punish me yourself?"

His eyes narrowed suspiciously at her words, but she could see the spark of interest there. He was intrigued. "What would you suggest?"

She looked up at him from beneath lowered lashes. "Well...you could always...spank me."

He lifted a brow, clearly surprised. "Spank you? As in putting you over my knee and warming your bottom?"

Goldie nodded, trying not to look too eager at the idea. If the men knew she liked getting spanked, there was almost certainly no way they'd agree to it as an alternative form of punishment. No, instead she needed to look resigned to her fate.

"Yes, spank me," she said. "I've already apologized and said I'll pay you back for the window, but if you still think I need to be punished, then I suppose I'd rather get a spanking than go to jail."

"You would, huh?"

She nodded again, still careful to keep from appearing too enthusiastic. She had him hooked.

He said nothing, but merely regarded her with those captivating gold eyes, and she held her breath as she waited for him to make a decision. The longer he stayed silent, however, the more she began to think she'd misread him. She was just about to say something more to convince him when he glanced at the other two men.

"What do you say?"

Orson shrugged. "Works for me. It wasn't my woodcarving she broke."

"I don't have a problem with it, either," Barrett said. "She didn't eat my porridge."

Gold eyes swung back to her. "Okay, it's a deal. You get spanked and we'll call it even."

Relief coursed through her, along with a surge of excitement. She just knew he was going to give a great spanking. Her brow furrowed as a thought suddenly occurred to her. Just because he had done most of the talking that didn't mean he'd be the one who would do the spanking. What if he let one of the other guys do it? Of course, she'd still enjoy it, but she really wanted him to give it to her.

"So, which one of you is going to give me my spanking?"

Although she posed the question to all the men, Goldie looked at him when she spoke, silently willing him to be the one who volunteered.

His mouth edged up. "What do you mean, which one of us? We're all going to spank you."

Her eyes went wide. "All of you?"

He shrugged. "My brothers and I own the cabin jointly, so it's only fair."

"Gregory's right," Barrett said. "We should all get to spank you."

Goldie hadn't considered that scenario, but looking at the three hot guys in front of her, she had to admit the prospect of getting her bottom warmed by all of them was exciting. She'd never done anything like that before.

"Okay, I suppose you're right. I'll let all of you spank me." Just saying the words made her pussy quiver and she had to fight the urge to squeeze her thighs together. "Who wants to go first?"

She expected Gregory to step forward and announce he would spank her first, but instead it was Orson who spoke.

"Since I'm the oldest, I'll go first."

Goldie stifled a sigh. Guess she'd have to wait a little while longer to find out if Gregory was as good at giving a spanking as she suspected. When Orson led her over to the bed she'd been sleeping in, however, the feel of his hand on hers had her pulse quickening with anticipation. Suddenly, she could hardly wait for the oldest brother to spank her. He had really big hands.

As Orson sat down on the bed and expertly guided her over his knee, she shot Gregory and Barrett a quick look and saw that both men were eagerly watching the scene unfold. She wondered if they wanted to make sure their older brother did a good job spanking her or whether they were just satisfying their inner voyeurs. She hoped it was the latter because the idea of getting spanked in front of an audience was a huge turn-on, especially when that audience was made up of two gorgeous guys.

Reminding herself she wasn't supposed to look like she was enjoying this, Goldie tore her gaze away from the other men and stared down at the wood floor. She half expected Orson to tell her to push down her shorts, just so the spansks would sting more, but instead he placed a firm hand on the small of her back, holding her in place. Despite how much she liked getting spanked, she couldn't help but tense as she waited for the first smack. When it finally came, she gasped. *Ouch!* Now she knew why he hadn't asked her to push down her shorts.

She lifted her head to give Orson a pout over her shoulder. "That stung."

The corner of his mouth curved. "Spankings are supposed to sting. You're getting punished, in case you forgot."

"I know, but couldn't you at least give me a warm-up first? I have to get a spanking from your brothers, too."

His grin broadened. "Yes, you do. And by the time they each get you over their knee, your bottom will be very warm, trust me. Now, be a good girl and take your spanking. This was your idea, after all."

Though she gave him another pout, Goldie obediently turned around, but not before stealing a glance at Gregory and Barrett. From the amused expressions on their handsome faces, it was obvious they were enjoying themselves. She barely remembered to hide her smile as she dropped her gaze to the floor again.

"Ready?" Orson asked.

She nodded.

He lifted his hand and brought it down on her right cheek. Heat spread across her ass and she had to bite her lip to stifle a squeal. She barely had time to catch her breath before his hand came down on her bottom again, this time connecting with the opposite cheek. She thought her khaki shorts would offer more protection, but as Orson went back and forth from side to side, he might as well have been spanking her on the bare bottom. It didn't help that they were skimpy enough to expose a little cheek in that position or that his hand seemed to find that bit of skin every other spank or so.

She squirmed under each and every spank. But even though they stung fiercely, her pussy was throbbing and she almost let out a moan. Getting spanked always made her so hot that it was difficult to control herself. Luckily, Orson chose that moment to deliver a particularly hard smack so the sound she ended up making was more of a yelp than a moan. Not that she was complaining, though. Orson might be giving her a really hard spanking, but she loved it all the same. Her pussy was positively quivering

with excitement now. She was going to be soaking wet by the time each brother got done spanking her.

She was just thinking she should probably protest a little more so they wouldn't suspect anything when Orson took her arm and gently put her back on her feet. Goldie automatically reached back with both hands to rub her tender bottom. Her ass cheeks felt like they were on fire underneath her shorts.

She was surprised he was already done and tried to hide her disappointment as she gave him an affronted look. "You gave me a very hard spanking."

"You deserved it." A smile played about the corners of his mouth as he got to his feet. "Now maybe you'll think twice the next time you have the urge to break and enter."

Goldie opened her mouth to assure him she wouldn't be breaking and entering anytime soon, but Barrett interrupted her.

"My turn."

She whirled around to look at him in surprise. She had expected the brothers to give her a breather in between spankings, but apparently they were all impatient to have a go at her ass. She only hoped Barrett didn't spank quite as hard as his brother. While she'd enjoyed it, she thought it might be possible to have too much of a good thing.

Goldie waited for Barrett to put her over his knee the moment he sat down on the bed, but instead he gave her a lazy grin.

"Now that my brother has given you that warm-up you asked for, why don't you push down those little shorts of yours so I can give you a proper spanking?"

Her breath hitched, the command in his voice making her shiver. Next to a spanking, nothing got her going like a hunky guy with an authoritative voice. Goldie knew she should probably make a little bit of fuss about pushing down her shorts, but she couldn't get them down fast enough. Keenly aware of Orson and Gregory standing behind her, she unbuttoned her shorts and slid down the zipper. As she slowly wiggled



them over her hips, she couldn't resist glancing over her shoulder at the two men. They were both staring at her panty-covered ass as if transfixed by it.

Pulse quickening, she stepped out of her shorts, then walked over to Barrett. He guided her over his knee, placing his hand on the small of her back just like his brother had done. As she squirmed around to find a more comfortable position, she felt her skimpy bikini panties ride up to expose even more of her ass cheeks and she blushed as she wondered if they were rosy from the spanking Orson had given her. If they weren't, she had the feeling they soon would be.

She held her breath as she waited for Barrett to begin. But when his hand finally came down on her ass, it felt like little more than a love pat. Well, maybe that was a bit of an exaggeration. The spank still stung, but not nearly as much as the ones Orson had given her. Maybe Barrett was starting out with lighter smacks since his brother had spanked her so hard.

As he continued to slap one cheek then the other, however, Barrett didn't spank her any harder. While what he was doing was still pleasurable, she wouldn't have minded some harder smacks mixed in every once in a while, especially since Orson had given her a very thorough warm-up.

"That's not too hard, is it?" Barrett asked.

Goldie was surprised by the question. He was supposed to be punishing her, after all. Though she wanted to tell him he could spank her harder if he wanted to, she caught herself just in time and instead shook her head in reply. She wasn't supposed to be enjoying this and she still had to get her spanking from Gregory. She had no idea how hard he might do it.

Besides, it wasn't like Barrett was doing a bad job of spanking her. The feel of his hand smacking against her bottom still had her pussy tingling like there was a vibrator down there. He had this little way of letting his hand linger on her ass between each smack, too, that just drove her crazy. He probably didn't even realize what he was doing to her.

She closed her eyes and tried not to moan as his fingers trailed over the sensitive skin exposed by her panties. Maybe suggesting they spank her hadn't been such a good idea. She was going to get all hot and bothered and not be able to do anything about it until she got home to her vibrator. She just hoped she could wait that long.

The temptation to grind against Barrett's jean-clad leg was almost too powerful to resist and she bit her lower lip in delicious agony. She was almost relieved when he finally pulled her to her feet. Although he hadn't spanked her hard, her bottom was still blissfully warm and she reached back to cup her ass with both hands.

She gave him a small smile as he stood up. "That wasn't so bad."

He shrugged. "I didn't want to spank you too hard. Like you said, you still have to take a spanking from Gregory, and since you ate his stew and broke the woodcarving he made, I figure he's probably going to warm that cute little backside of yours pretty good."

Hands still cupping her ass cheeks, Goldie spun around to find Gregory regarding her with amusement in his eyes.

"Barrett left out the part about sleeping in my bed."

She blushed. "So, I guess that means your brother's right about you warming my backside pretty good then, huh?"

His mouth quirked. "Honey, by the time I'm done spanking you, you're going to be on fire."

Heat pooled between her thighs at the promise in his voice. Something told Goldie he wasn't just talking about warming her ass. Could he possibly know how excited she was?

She waited for Gregory to take her hand and put her over his knee like his brothers had, but to her surprise he simply patted his thigh. He wanted her to climb over his lap of her own accord, she realized. When she didn't obey right away, he lifted a brow. Blushing, she stepped forward and submissively draped herself over his knee. Even though he'd already gotten a good look at her panty-covered ass when Barrett had

spanked her, there was something very different about him doing it now that she was over his knee, and her color deepened as she felt his gaze on that part of her anatomy. Once again, she wiggled to get comfortable and felt a distinct and very sizeable bulge in his jeans. It looked like she wasn't the only one who was excited. The realization that she had made him rock hard turned her on almost as much as the spanking did.

Placing one hand on the small of her back, Gregory cupped her ass with the other. Goldie caught her breath. But instead of immediately spanking her like she thought he would, he gently caressed her bottom.

"You have the perfect ass for spanking, did you know that?"

She'd had guys tell her that before, but oddly enough none of them had ever done it while she'd been draped over their knee. The compliment warmed her all the way to the tips of her manicured toes. She looked over her shoulder at him. "Really? And just out of curiosity, what exactly makes my ass so perfect for spanking?"

Gregory made small, circular motions on her upturned bottom. "It's nicely toned, but yet still has enough of a sexy little jiggle to it when you get spanked. It also turns the most becoming shade of red I've ever seen."

"Is that important?"

"Definitely. Although your bottom is starting to lose some of the color from the spankings my brothers gave you."

Goldie's lips curved into a provocative smile as she forgot all about pretending she wasn't supposed to like getting spanked. "Maybe you should do something about that."

"Maybe I should."

Lifting his hand, Gregory brought it down on her right cheek with a firm smack. Goldie gasped, but the sound barely escaped her lips before his hand connected with her other cheek. Though not hard, the spanks still stung deliciously. She'd been right. Gregory had the perfect touch when it came to spanking.

She waited breathlessly for the next smack, but it never came. Instead, he went back to rubbing her ass cheeks. If this was his idea of punishment, she certainly wasn't going to protest. Though she might just come if he kept rubbing her bottom like that.

Then all at once, he stopped what he was doing and lifted his hand, smacking her on the right cheek again. He followed it up with another on her left cheek before moving back and forth from one to the other with an easy rhythm that made her think he'd definitely done this before. Heat engulfed her ass and she squirmed on his lap, unable to help herself. The move made her tummy rub against his hard-on and she wondered if it felt as good for him as it was for her.

She almost wished he would pull her off his lap and onto his hard cock, but the strong hand on her back kept her firmly in place as he continued to spank her. The smacks got a little harder each time and she forced herself to stifle a moan. God she loved a guy who could give a good spanking. And Gregory knew exactly what he was doing.

But then he suddenly stopped spanking her altogether. Instead of rubbing her tender cheeks like she thought he would, though, he hooked his fingers in the waistband of her bikini panties and pulled them down to mid-thigh. Although she'd been secretly hoping he would take them down, Goldie was still a little surprised by the move, and she lifted her head to look at him over her shoulder.

The corner of his mouth edged up. "You didn't think I'd pass up the chance to spank your bare ass now that I have you over my knee, did you?"

Goldie's pussy spasmed between her thighs. Oh yeah, he'd definitely done this spanking thing before. Wetting her lips, she turned back around. As she placed her hands on the floor again, it occurred to her that Orson and Barrett not only had a perfect view of her rosy ass cheeks, but of her pussy as well. The realization aroused her more than she would have thought possible and she knew she must be soaking wet. They had to see how excited she was.

Her thoughts were interrupted as Gregory chose that moment to start spanking her again. While her panties might be skimpy, they'd provided at least some protection and she was once again amazed at how much a spanking stung on the bare bottom. Goldie writhed around on his lap. The movement ground her clit against his leg and she closed her eyes. She didn't even try to stifle the moan that escaped her lips this time. What he was doing felt too damn good. And if he kept doing it, she was almost certainly going to come.

Gregory didn't keep doing what he was doing, though. Instead, he stopped spanking and gave her stinging ass cheeks a firm squeeze that felt so incredible it made her gasp aloud.

"Your ass is very red," he said softly.

Goldie could only moan in reply as he caressed her freshly spanked cheeks. His touch both soothed her tender skin and sent little shivers of pleasure rushing through her at the same time. Damn, he was good at this. She considered telling him as much when he slipped his hand between her legs and ran his finger over her wet pussy. She let out another moan. There was no use trying to hide how much she liked getting spanked now. He already knew she was excited.

"I think you're enjoying your punishment way more than you're supposed to," he observed.

She considered denying it, but at that moment, it was hard to think. All she wanted to do was spread her legs and beg him to slide his finger in her pussy. "Maybe."

But to her dismay, he took his hand away. "What do you think we should do about that?"

She didn't know if he was talking to her or his brothers. Oh God, she hoped he wasn't thinking of arresting her again. She needed to do something to distract him. Fast!

On impulse, Goldie pushed herself off his lap and allowed her panties to slide to the floor as she stepped between his legs. "How about this?"

She didn't wait for a reply, but bent her head and kissed him on the mouth.

Gregory reached around to cup her ass with his hands, pulling her closer as his tongue found hers. Goldie moaned and slid her hands in his silky hair. She could feel his shaft pressing against her thighs where it strained against the front of his jeans. With a cock that hard, she wasn't going to be getting arrested tonight. She might be getting fucked, but definitely not arrested.

Breathless from the kiss, she lifted her head to gaze down at him. The smoldering look in his eyes told her he wanted her as much as she wanted him. But there were two complications to consider—Orson and Barrett. She had an idea how to resolve that problem, but she wasn't quite sure how to bring it up.

Goldie had fantasized about a ménage before, usually imagining herself making out with the two hot actors on her favorite television show, but she'd never done anything quite so kinky in real life. She'd let all three brothers spank her. Could she let them make love to her, too?

She surveyed all three men. They looked like they wanted to just eat her up. And she definitely wanted to be eaten, among other things.

"Boys, I'm so excited that if I don't have sex I'm going to explode," she said. "The only question is if it's going to be with one of you or all of you."

## **Chapter Four**

Gregory's mouth quirked. "Normally, I'm not one to share, but I think tonight I just might make an exception."

His brothers grinned.

"We were hoping you'd say that," Barrett said.

Goldie had been hoping he'd say that, too. Although she'd really had her sights set on Gregory from the first moment she saw him, the opportunity to get busy with all three men was just too good to pass up. How many times in her life would she have the chance to sleep with three super-hunky brothers all at one time? Now the only question was which brother would go first. She was just about to ask when Gregory got to his feet and pulled her back into his arms. Her lips curved into a smile. Guess that answered her question.

As his mouth closed possessively over hers, Goldie looped her arms around his neck and melted against him. His hand slid up to cup the back of her head. A moment later, she felt his fingers gently tugging at her ponytail holder. When her long hair tumbled down her back, he buried his hand in it and tilted her back so he could kiss his way along the curve of her jaw.

Goldie completely forgot about his two brothers as Gregory slid his hands underneath her top and pushed it up. His fingers were warm against her skin and she caught her breath at the feel of them. At his urging, she lifted her arms over her head so he could take it off. Her satin bra quickly followed and a moment later, she was left completely naked before him and the two other men. Since Orson and Barrett were standing behind her, she couldn't see their reactions, but the predatory glint in Gregory's eyes as he took in her rounded breasts, slim waist, and long legs was enough to set her on fire.

“God, you’re beautiful,” he said, reaching out to lovingly cup her breasts in his hands.

Goldie wanted to thank him for the compliment, but all that came out was a moan as he found her nipples with his thumbs and began to play with them. She’d always had sensitive nipples, but tonight they seemed even more responsive than usual. Maybe it was the thought of the other two men watching them. Or maybe it was just that Gregory knew how she liked to be touched.

She clutched at his shoulders to steady herself and felt the muscles ripple and flex beneath her fingers. Wanting to see if he was as well built as it seemed, Goldie grabbed the bottom of his T-shirt and urgently pushed it up. Groaning, he reached over his shoulder to pull off his shirt. As his muscular chest and rock-hard abs came into view, all she could do was stare and try not to drool. She thought guys that ripped only existed in her imagination. What the heck was he doing working as a cop? With a body like that he should be posing for *Playgirl*.

Her gaze dropped to the bulge in the front of his jeans and suddenly she wanted all of him naked. Reaching out, she impatiently yanked open his belt, then hurriedly undid the buttons on his jeans. She shoved them down his muscular legs, then did the same with the boxer briefs he was wearing. When his hard cock finally sprang free, she gazed at it in feminine appreciation. He was big and thick and absolutely perfect, just like she knew he would be.

Goldie gave Gregory a sultry smile and dropped to her knees in front of him. Wrapping one hand lovingly around his shaft, she bent to lick the droplet of pre-cum from the tip. It tasted musky and sweet at the same time, and she made a soft sound of approval, savoring the flavor. As it lingered in her mouth, she closed her lips over the head of his cock and swirled her tongue round and round the velvety softness. The urge to take him deep right then was almost too much to resist and she had to force herself to go slowly. There was no need to rush. They had all night.



She tightened her hand around the base of his erection and gently cupped his balls with the other as she moved her mouth up and down over and over. When she finally lifted her head to look up at him, it was to find Barrett standing on one side of her and Orson on the other. Both men had taken off their clothes and were now as gloriously naked as Gregory. They were just as well muscled, too, she noticed. Not to mention equally well-endowed.

Goldie's pussy tingled as she imagined the picture she made kneeling before the three men and she squeezed her thighs together to ease the throbbing ache there.

She looked from one brother to the other, then up at Gregory. He was regarding her intently, as if waiting to see what she would do. Although she'd never been with three men at once, her next move seemed to come naturally to her. She wrapped one hand around Barrett's shaft and the other around Orson's, then bent her head to take Gregory's cock in her mouth again. Good thing she could multi-task so well.

Above her, Gregory let out a groan and slid his hand in her hair, guiding her movements. As she bobbed her head up and down on him, she moved her hands up and down on the other two men's cocks with the same steady motion. Their erections were already slick with pre-cum and her hands glided along them as easily as her mouth did on Gregory's shaft.

While she could have licked Gregory all night, she decided she should probably give each of his brothers some individual attention as well. Releasing Gregory's cock, she turned her head to the side to take Barrett's shaft in her mouth. He was longer and thinner than Gregory, she noticed, but just as tasty. She sucked on him greedily, allowing the head of his cock to tease the back of her throat before coming back up to nibble the sensitive tip. That earned her a groan from him as well and she couldn't help smile at knowing she was able to please both of them. Of course, she didn't want Orson to feel ignored, so she let Barrett's cock pop out of her mouth and turned to pay attention to his older brother. Orson's penis was shorter, but much thicker than Barrett's, and she had to open her mouth wider to accommodate him. As his pre-cum

touched her tongue, she let out a little moan of her own. It was amazing how completely different one man could taste from another. Whereas Gregory's pre-cum was sweet and musky, Barrett's was kind of salty, while Orson's was sort of spicy. It was like a seminal smorgasbord and she couldn't get enough.

She moved back and forth from Gregory to Barrett to Orson over and over, trying out different oral techniques as she found what made each one of them groan loudest. Orson seemed to really like when she scraped the head of his cock with her teeth, apparently liking his oral sex a little rough. Barrett preferred when she used her hand in combination with her mouth, stroking his shaft in counterpoint to her tongue. Gregory, on the other hand, loved when she let his cock slide deep in her throat. She had to admit, she was partial to deep-throating a guy, so she enjoyed doing that the most. There was just something so powerful about the feel of a man's big penis sliding all the way down her throat.

As she moved from him to Barrett again, Gregory must have decided he needed to take a break because he knelt down in front of her and cupped her breasts in his hands. Or maybe he was just paying her back for all the pleasure she'd given him. Goldie moaned around Barrett's cock as Gregory's mouth closed over one of her nipples. She'd imagined this same scene often enough in her fantasies, but the real thing was so much better. The sensation of one man making love to her breasts while she gave another a blowjob almost took her breath away.

Gregory swirled his tongue around the stiff peak, nearly driving her to distraction, and it was all she could do to concentrate on his brothers. Grasping Orson's cock more firmly in her hand, she rubbed her thumb over the head while she moved her mouth up and down on Barrett. He groaned in obvious pleasure and from the additional little spurt of pre-cum that came out, she realized he was close to coming. While she was more than willing to let Barrett come in her mouth right then, she decided she needed to pay some attention to Orson again. She didn't want thick cock of his to feel left out. Barrett was just going to have to hold off for a little while.

As she turned her attention to Orson, giving the head of his penis an extra firm nip with her teeth, Gregory turned his focus from one nipple to the other, suckling on it with such abandon that Goldie had to pause so she could let out a gasp of pleasure. She was so lost in what he was doing she barely remembered she was supposed to be stroking Orson's cock. She'd never had a man make love to her breasts like Gregory was and when he lifted his head a few moments later, she made a soft sound of protest. She hoped he wasn't finished because she really loved what he was doing. She turned to look at Gregory, intending to plead with him in the hopes he would continue feasting on her nipples, but when she saw his golden brown eyes practically glowing with desire, she completely forgot what she'd been going to say.

"Do you have any idea how hot you are?" he asked hoarsely.

He didn't give her a chance to answer, but instead closed his mouth over hers in an intoxicating kiss. Releasing Barrett and Orson, Goldie ran her hands up Gregory's smooth chest to clutch at his shoulders to steady herself. Gregory made a sound deep in his throat and gently grasped her arms, pulling her up he got to his feet.

Still kissing her, Gregory cupped her breasts in his hands and found her nipples with his fingers again. As he twirled and squeezed the sensitive buds, one of his brothers—she wasn't sure which—stepped up behind her and began to massage her ass cheeks with his hands. The feeling of being sandwiched between two rock-hard male bodies made her pussy throb and she was tempted to slide her hand down to touch herself. Before she could give in to the urge, however, a strong hand reached around to cup her sex.

Goldie moaned as fingers found her clit and began to make small circles around it. Whichever brother it was, he certainly knew his way around the female anatomy. The way his hard cock pressed against her ass wasn't half bad, either. Why the heck hadn't she ever made out with three guys before this? Because she'd never met three guys this damn hot before, she told herself.

As Gregory continued to tease and torment her nipples with his fingers, his mouth left hers to trail a path of kisses along the curve of her jaw and down her neck. She tilted her head to the side as much to give Gregory access as to see which brother was working his magic with her clit. Catching a glimpse of dark, wavy hair and a slightly crooked nose, she realized it was the middle brother, Barrett.

"Does that feel good?" he asked, his breath warm and moist against her ear.

She reached up to cup his cheek with one hand as the other found its way into Gregory's silky hair. "Mmm."

"Think I could make you come this way?"

She shivered as he pressed a kiss to the hollow behind her ear. "Why don't we try it and find out?"

Behind her, Barrett chuckled and moved his finger a little faster. Goldie dropped her hand to rest it on his muscular thigh and began to slowly rotate her hips in time with his finger. From the husky groan he let out, it was obvious he liked the way her ass was rubbing against his cock. She was just wondering if she might be able to make him come all over her freshly spanked cheeks when Gregory took one hand away from her breast to slowly slide it down her stomach and join his brother's between her legs. But instead of fighting over who would get to rub her clit, Gregory gently slid his finger in her pussy.

Goldie gasped in surprise, completely unprepared for the move. Since most guys weren't good enough at multi-tasking to both rub her clit and finger-fuck her pussy at the same time, she'd never had the opportunity to feel anything so amazing. The combined result of the two men's touch was mind blowing.

Gregory lifted his head to gaze down at her, his eyes glinting gold as he moved his finger in and out of her pussy. His fingers were very long and he was doing an absolutely incredible job of stroking her G-spot. Behind her, Barrett reached around with his free hand to cup one of her breasts, his finger moving round and round her nipple just like he was doing on her clit.

The sensation of so many hands doing so many unbelievable things to her body was almost too much and for a moment she wasn't sure if she could take it. But then she felt a distinctly familiar tingle around her clit and realized she was starting to come.

"That's right," Barrett whispered. "Go ahead and come for us."

Goldie couldn't have stopped herself from coming if she wanted to, which of course she didn't. Clutching Barrett's thigh in one hand and Gregory's shoulder with the other, she dropped her head back and moaned over and over as they brought her to orgasm. If the two men hadn't been pressed so tightly against her, she probably would have slid to the floor. But they held her steady as she rode out the long, powerful climax.

When she could finally see straight again, all she could do was collapse forward and lay her head on Gregory's chest. Dear God, that was amazing. And something told her the three men were just getting started.

As if to prove her right, Gregory tilted her head up with a gentle finger beneath her chin and kissed her long and thoroughly on the mouth before urging her back on the bed. Goldie lay back with a smile, eager to see what the men had planned for her. She found out soon enough when Gregory cupped the heel of one foot in his hand and carefully lifted her leg, then slowly kissed his way up the inside of it.

Goldie trembled as much from the feel of his warm mouth brushing the sensitive skin of her inner thigh as she did from the anticipation of what his tongue was going to feel like on her pussy. Despite just having had an orgasm a few minutes ago, she was hot, wet, and more than ready to come again. If she had her way, she'd be coming all night.

Gregory seemed to be in no hurry to make that happen, however. On the contrary, he appeared content to take his time getting to her pussy, pausing every few moments to lick and nibble everywhere else along the way.

She caught her lower lip between her teeth, panting excitedly as he edged closer and closer to the juncture of her thighs. She was just about to grab a handful of his thick

hair and put his mouth where she so desperately wanted it when she felt him run his tongue along the slick folds of her pussy.

Goldie moaned, her fingers finding their way into his hair and holding him in place. Now that she had him where she wanted him, she wasn't letting him go anywhere. That didn't stop Gregory from continuing to tease her, though. Instead of focusing on her clit like she wanted him to, he slowly ran his tongue up one side of her pussy and down the other. But while it practically drove her insane, she had to admit it was the most delicious kind of torture. Deciding to stop being so impatient and just enjoy everything he was doing to her, she dropped her head back on the bed and found herself gazing up at Barrett and his very hard cock. He had come around the bed and was now standing over her. Mouth curving into a wicked smile, he wrapped his hand around the base of his shaft and offered it to her.

Pulse quickening, Goldie obediently opened her mouth and wrapped her lips around the head of his cock. She'd never given a blowjob in this position before, but as Barrett gently thrust in and out of her mouth, she decided she should definitely add it to her repertoire. It was sexy as hell to just lie there while a man slowly pumped his cock into her mouth. She felt submissive and powerful at the same time. Remembering how Barrett liked her to use her hand while licking him, she reached up and grasped the base of his shaft, letting him slide through her grip at the same time he fucked her mouth. From the way he was groaning, she didn't think he was going to be able to hold off for too long.

Focusing on one brother's cock while another was so expertly licking her pussy was more difficult than she'd thought, especially when Gregory began to make slow, little circles around her throbbing clit. She tightened her fingers in his hair as pleasure surged through her body and when he somehow found just the right spot with his tongue, she murmured her approval around Barrett's shaft.

As if Gregory's tongue on her clit wasn't enough to drive her wild, just then Orson climbed on the bed and began to play with her breasts. Tenderly cupping them in his

big hands, he took first one nipple in his mouth, then the other, suckling on them as if he couldn't get enough. Every once in a while, he even nipped on the stiff, little peaks with his teeth. The two very different sensations were out of this world, and she let out a moan as she writhed on the bed.

She must have been moving too much for Gregory because he tightened his hold on her ass to keep her still as he lashed her clit faster and faster with his tongue. The combination of Gregory's magical mouth and Orson's exquisite touch ignited a firestorm between her legs and she found herself coming like crazy for the second time that night. Goldie clutched at the bed sheets, almost dizzy from the rush of sensations flowing through her. God, these guys were going to kill her with pleasure!

It wasn't until the last tremors of orgasm began to subside and she lay there trying to catch her breath that she remembered Barrett. While his cock was still in her mouth, she was embarrassed to realize she was no longer licking him. She eagerly started to get back to it, but he slid out with a rueful smile.

"I'm already close and watching you orgasm like that was almost enough to make me explode," he said. "I don't want to come yet, though."

Goldie wouldn't have minded making him and his brothers come more than once, but before she could make the offer, Gregory took her hand and pulled her into a sitting position, kissing her lingeringly on the mouth. The taste of her pussy on his tongue was heady and arousing and brought back the memory of how good his mouth had felt on her. When he lifted his head a little while later, she smiled up at him.

"You're very good at licking pussy, do you know that?"

He grinned. "I'm glad you think so."

"Oh, I definitely do." She reached down to wrap her hand around his hard cock. "But I think it's time I return the favor."

His grin broadened. "How could I refuse an offer like that?"

Laughing, Goldie rolled onto her hands and knees on the bed, then reached for his cock again. He was so perfect she was tempted to swallow all of him right away, but

then she remembered how much he'd delighted in teasing her earlier. Telling herself turnabout was fair play, she slowly ran her tongue up his shaft from base to tip. She repeated the move twice more before the urge to wrap her lips around him was too much to resist any longer and she took him completely in her mouth.

The move elicited a groan from Gregory and she slid her mouth off his cock to give him a coy look.

"Does that feel good?" she asked.

He chuckled. "Very good. Don't stop."

"Stop?" She laughed. "I'm just getting started."

Goldie leaned forward to take him in her mouth again, but then hesitated when she felt the bed dip behind her. Curious, she glanced over her shoulder and saw that Orson had joined her.

"What about protection?" she asked, the thought just occurring to her.

"Since we're state troopers, we get tested all the time, so we're clean. Are you on the Pill?"

She nodded.

"Then we're good."

Giving him a seductive smile, she turned back to Gregory. She had just closed her lips over the head of his beautiful cock again when she felt Orson grasp her hips. A moment later, he began to rub the head of his erection up and down her very wet slit. He probably wanted to make sure she was wet enough to accommodate his thick shaft, but she definitely didn't have a problem with that. She was absolutely soaking. He must have figured that out, too, because seconds later, he slid all the way into her waiting pussy until his hips were pressing up against her ass.

She gasped as he filled her and automatically tried to move on his cock, but he held her hips firm and kept himself buried deep inside of her while he massaged her ass. Even though it had been a while since Gregory had finished spanking her, Orson's



strong fingers brought the tingle right back. Between his hands on her ass and his large cock spreading her pussy, Goldie was close to another orgasm and the man hadn't even started fucking her yet. Unbelievable.

She took a deep breath and forced her attention back to Gregory's cock. Grabbing his ass in both hands, she dragged him closer so that his cock slid all the way down her throat. She remembered how much he loved her to deep-throat him and figured she could take him even deeper in this position. He slid his hand in her hair, holding her in place as he began to thrust in and out of her mouth with a hypnotic, smooth motion. She couldn't believe how easily the head of his cock slid down her throat. Maybe it was the position, or maybe his cock was just shaped perfectly for her. Whatever it was, she'd never been able to deep-throat a guy this easily.

Then Orson began to move in her pussy, sliding all the way out, then forcefully pulling her back against his hips every time Gregory thrust his cock into her mouth. The two strong men had their way with her, one firmly holding her hips as the other held her head, and she positively loved it. While Gregory kept his movements slow, though, Orson pounded into her harder and harder. The way his hips smacked against her ass almost made it feel as if he were spanking her at the same time he was fucking her. She'd never been so pleased in her life and she couldn't imagine how she'd ever be able to go back to ho-hum sex after this.

Goldie tried to keep her orgasm at bay so she could come at the same time the two men did, but her pussy clearly had a mind of its own because she was quickly carried away on a tidal wave of ecstasy so powerful she had no choice but to stop licking Gregory's cock so she could scream out her pleasure. Orson knew how to draw her orgasm out, too, thrusting into her so the head of his cock pounded into her G-spot with the perfect rhythm, making her come over and over.

She was just getting her breath back and was about to start sucking on Gregory's member again, but he tightened his fingers in her hair, stopping her. She looked up at him curiously.

His mouth quirked. "I don't want to come just yet, either."

As Gregory stepped away from the bed, Goldie felt Orson slide out of her pussy and it occurred to her that he hadn't come either. Thinking maybe he wanted to hold off like the other two men, she glanced over her shoulder to look for him and saw Barrett climbing onto the bed behind her. Eyes locked with hers, he took hold of her hips and rubbed the head of his long cock along her pussy just like his brother had done before slowly sliding inside. Goldie moaned as he buried his shaft deep. It felt like he was touching her in a whole different place than Orson had. It was amazing how two men could make her feel completely unique sensations. Unique and earth-shattering, that was. If the brothers kept tag-teaming her like this all night, she was going to be a complete quivering mass of jelly before the sun came up.

Goldie caught her breath as Barrett got a firm hold on her hips. Hoping he'd take her just as hard as his older brother had, she turned back around to find Orson waiting for her, rigid cock in hand. Oh yeah, a girl could definitely get addicted to this. Lips curving into a smile, she leaned forward to take him in her mouth. As she wrapped her lips around the head, he threaded his fingers in her hair and began to fuck her mouth just like his youngest brother had. She'd never realized how much she liked having a guy take control while she performed oral sex on him before, but it was like all three of the brothers knew exactly what turned her on.

Out of the corner of her eye, Goldie caught sight of Gregory and realized he was following her every move. For some reason, knowing he was watching made what she and his brothers were doing even more erotic.

Wanting to put on a show for Gregory, she devoured Orson's manhood hungrily as she bobbed her head up and down. She made sure to occasionally let her teeth graze the sensitive tip, loving the way he groaned every time she did it. She also tenderly cupped his balls in her hand and massaged them in time with the rhythm of her mouth.

Goldie glanced over at Gregory to see if he was still watching and noted that not only was he glued to the action, but he was stroking his cock with his strong hand.

Seeing him touch himself was so damn sexy she almost came just from that. She had never watched a guy jerk off before, but she decided it had to be the hottest thing she'd ever seen.

Behind her, Barrett must have felt her pussy spasm because he started slamming into her so forcefully it almost took her breath away. This time, however, she refused to be distracted from what she was doing with her mouth and kept sucking Orson's cock even as another orgasm ripped through her. If anything, she licked even harder, yearning to feel Orson's cum fill her mouth at the same time she was climaxing.

To her surprise, though, both men pulled out before coming, just as they had before. She'd never been with a man with as much stamina and willpower as these three brothers. They were like forces of nature. Hopefully, the fact that they kept holding back meant they intended to make love to her some more. Goldie was almost breathless as she waited to see what they had planned for her next. The three men were incredibly creative when it came to pleasuring her and it made her wonder if they had done this before with another woman. As both Barrett and Orson climbed off the bed to be replaced by Gregory, however, she decided she didn't care if they had practiced this type of sexual maneuvering before. She was just glad they were so good at it.

His eyes hot with lust, Gregory lay back on the bed and beckoned her forward with his finger. Goldie eagerly obeyed. She was about to straddle him in the traditional girl-on-top position, but he grabbed her hips and spun her around so she was facing away from him before he gently pulled her down onto his cock. She let out a moan as his long, thick length slid inside her. *Oooh, baby.* This position certainly allowed him to poke her in entirely new and exciting places.

Eager to see what moving up and down on his shaft would feel like in this direction, Goldie arched her back and began to ride him reverse cowgirl. She'd read about this position in *Cosmo*, but she'd never done it. The movement sent little tingles of pleasure through her pussy every time the head of his cock touched her G-spot and she

had to catch her breath. God, this was incredible. She could ride him like this for the rest of the night.

Gregory only let her have her way for a while, though. After a few minutes, he urged her to lie back on his chest. Goldie wondered how he was going to thrust in that position, but he managed quite well, pumping in and out of her with a slowness that left her breathless. It got even better when Orson settled himself between her spread legs and began to lick her clit as his younger brother's shaft slowly fucked her.

Goldie gasped as she felt Orson's mouth on her. After coming so many times already, she was afraid her clit would be too sensitive, but as he tenderly swirled his tongue round and round the plump flesh, she was both surprised and relieved to discover she wasn't overly sensitive at all. In fact, her clit seemed primed and ready for another orgasm.

Just as she settled back against Gregory's chest again, though, Orson stopped licking her. Confused, she lifted her head to protest, but the words disappeared as Barrett bent to take his older brother's place. Barrett's mouth felt different than his brother, but still amazing. Satisfied, she lay back with a soft sigh of contentment.

Orson and Barrett continued to take turns licking her clit as Gregory pumped into her pussy. As one pleasurable sensation after another washed over her, she couldn't resist doing her part to get herself off. Reaching up, she cupped her breasts in her hands and played with her nipples, squeezing and tugging at them urgently. Her every touch sent shockwaves through her body and she lost herself in how good it felt.

Goldie tried to keep track of which brother was between her legs without lifting her head to check, just so she could see who brought her to orgasm, but after a while, she gave up. All she knew was that coupled with what Gregory was doing, they were both driving her crazy.

As if somehow magically knowing she was on the edge of coming, Gregory began to drive his hard cock deeper and deeper into her pussy at the same time one of his brothers began to lash her clit faster and faster with his tongue. Goldie squeezed her

breasts harder and cried out as yet another climax burst through her. With nothing in her mouth to silence her this time, the sound echoed around the room as she came over and over.

By the time she could manage a coherent thought again, she lifted her head to see which brother she had to thank for that wonderful lick, but both men were standing there with equally self-satisfied grins on their handsome faces. Maybe they'd both done it. Was that even possible?

Before she could decide on an answer, Gregory wrapped his arms around her and rolled onto his side so she could slide off his still-hard cock. She fell back on the bed, breathing hard. Finally she pushed herself up on an elbow and smiled at him.

"That was amazing," she said softly.

He bent to kiss her. "You're the one who's amazing."

Goldie blushed at the compliment and would have thanked him, but he was already kneeling beside her and offering his cock. Realizing he wanted her to give him another blowjob, she lay back and wrapped her hand around his shaft only to pause when Orson got into bed, kneeling on the other side of her. With a smile, she reached for his cock and gave it a gentle tug, pulling him a little closer. Once both men were positioned above her, she ran her tongue up first one cock, then the other. Pulling them even closer together, she held their erections tip to tip so she could lick both of them at once. Deciding that was fun, she made as if to do it again, but was momentarily distracted by Barrett lifting her legs high in the air and placing them on his shoulders as he plunged himself deep in her pussy.

Moaning her approval, Goldie turned her attention back to the two magnificent cocks on either side of her head. While concentrating on them completely was still hard to do when she was being fucked so fiercely, she was getting much better at multi-tasking. Holding their erections so close they were touching, she alternated between running her tongue up both of them simultaneously and giving each of them some one-on-one time. Even when she focused on one brother, though, she rubbed the other's

shaft with her hand. She was going to make them come this time, she promised herself. Taking two big, hot loads of cum in her mouth at the same time was going to be another new thing for her, but she had no doubt she was going to love it.

Of course, it was a little more difficult to focus once Barrett began to really fuck her hard and she started to orgasm. But she determinedly kept licking both men's cocks even as she moaned out her pleasure. To her dismay, however, all three men once again backed away before they could come.

Goldie was so completely sated she felt like purring like a kitten. She couldn't imagine there was a sex position they hadn't tried, so now the only thing left to do was make these three studs come. But apparently Gregory had another position in mind because he lay back on the bed and pulled her onto his rock-hard cock. Okay, so maybe they hadn't done the traditional girl-on-top position. That was one of her favorites. How could she have forgotten?

Goldie was tempted to sit up and ride Gregory like that so she could show off her breasts, but his sensuous mouth was too inviting to resist and she had to lean forward to kiss him.

He groaned and cupped her ass in his hands, urging her up and down on his shaft. She complied, her tongue tangling with his as her fingers found their way into his hair. She was so into him she completely forgot about the other two men until she felt a gentle finger glide along the opening of her anus. With a startled little gasp, she dragged her mouth away from Gregory's to look over her shoulder and saw Barrett kneeling on the bed behind her. Although he said nothing, there was a questioning look in his dark eyes. Realizing he was waiting for her permission before he went any further, she gave him a small smile. She'd never had anal sex before, but had always wanted to try it. She decided there was no better way to experience it than with a hunk like Barrett. She couldn't help but wonder how he was going to slide in her ass without any lube, though. But then she felt him run a finger along her slick pussy and realized she was wet enough to provide her own lubricant.

Her pulse quickening with excitement, Goldie turned back around to find Orson standing beside the bed with his cock just in reach of her eager mouth. As she bent over to wrap her lips around him, she was aware of Gregory's eyes on her. Knowing he was watching her give another man a blowjob sent a quiver through her and she wondered if he got as turned on by it as she did. She'd have to remember to ask him later. Right now, she was too busy enjoying herself.

Behind her, Barrett gently slid his finger in her anus and she moaned around the cock filling her mouth. She expected him to immediately pull back out, then lube up his shaft and plunge right in, but instead he tenderly moved his finger in and out a few times, helping her relax completely and making little tingles of pleasure course through her. If his finger felt that good, she could only wonder how much more amazing his cock would feel.

Fortunately, she didn't have to wait long to see if she was right. A moment later, he pulled his finger out and she felt the head of his penis against the puckered opening. Despite how excited she was, she couldn't help stiffening a little anyway.

Gregory ran his hands over her ass. "Relax, baby."

Goldie wondered how Gregory had known she was tense, but then realized she'd probably clenched her pussy around his cock. Taking a deep breath, she forced herself to relax and lean forward a little more. As soon as she did, she felt Barrett slowly slide in her ass inch by incredible inch. She'd never dreamed having a man there could feel so amazing. It was almost like her ass was having one long, continuous orgasm.

She gasped around Orson's cock, unable to believe how breathtaking it felt to have her mouth, her pussy, and her ass filled at the same time.

All three men started moving slowly, as if they knew she needed to get used to so many different sensations. It was more than just the physical aspect of what they were doing, though. There was something psychologically intoxicating about being so completely possessed by these men, pleasing them as much as they were pleasing her.

Soon, though, their slow movements weren't enough for her, and she couldn't resist the urge to grind her hips back against Gregory and Barrett, silently begging them to take her harder. They must have picked up on her need because both men began to pound into her more forcefully. Even Orson started to push his cock into her mouth faster. All she could do, all she wanted to do, was hold on for the ride.

Goldie instinctively knew that this time there would be no pulling out, this time all three men were going to come inside of her. That image, as much as the pleasure the men were giving her, was enough to make her start to come. That's when the three men really began to fuck her good, making her almost pass out as she came harder than she ever had in her life. When they all exploded inside her at the same time, Orson's creamy cum flooding her mouth while Barrett and Gregory filled her ass and her pussy, it was like she'd been transported to another plane of existence. It was more than an orgasm, it was like she was in heaven.

Goldie was only vaguely aware of Barrett and Orson sliding out of her, then stumbling across the room to fall into their own beds. With a sigh, she collapsed on Gregory's chest. As she lay there, she realized his cock still throbbed inside her pussy and she found herself slowly grinding against him, drawing out the last few quivers of orgasm. His cum felt so unbelievably warm inside her that it overpowered every other sensation she was feeling right then. She couldn't explain why, but she was so glad it had been Gregory who had come inside her pussy.

As Gregory wrapped his strong arms around her, she smiled and closed her eyes. She was never going to forget this night. When she'd broken into the cabin, she'd never imagined she would end up having sex with the three hunkiest brothers she'd ever seen or that it would be the most extraordinary erotic experience of her life.

While having her first moresome had been fantastic in and of itself, Goldie decided Gregory was the one who had made the whole thing perfect. She had a feeling it was more than just sexual attraction between them. Even though she'd had sex with all three men, she had really only felt a spark with him. Not just a simple I-can't-wait-to-have-



sex-with-you-again kind of zap, but a tingly I-want-more-than-a-one-night-stand kind of electricity.

But how could she and Gregory possibly see each other again when she'd just had a torrid orgy with him and his two brothers? That wasn't the way normal relationships started. She let out a sigh. Oh well, she supposed she was just going to have to settle for what was likely to be the most wonderful sexual event of her life and just be satisfied with that.

As she drifted off to sleep, however, she still couldn't help wishing there could be more between them.

## **Chapter Five**

When she woke up the next morning, Goldie was half afraid last night's wild orgy had been nothing but an erotic dream. However, finding herself draped over Gregory's muscular chest, she realized it hadn't been her imagination at all.

With a smile, she tugged the blanket more tightly around her and snuggled closer to him. He must have pulled it up sometime during the night, she thought, and was touched by the gesture. Since a big, rugged guy like him obviously wouldn't have gotten cold, he must have grabbed the comforter for her. Thoughtful and great in bed. What more could a girl ask for?

Careful not to wake Gregory, she lifted her head and looked over at the other two beds. Much to her surprise, they were empty. Thinking his brothers must be in the outer room, she turned to put her head back down on Gregory's chest and found him regarding her from beneath half-closed eyes.

She gave him a rueful smile. "Sorry. I didn't mean to wake you up."

The corner of his mouth curved. "You didn't. I've been up for a while."

"Oh." She reached up to tuck her hair behind her ear. "You should have woken me up."

"I thought about it, but you looked so adorable sleeping, I didn't want to disturb you."

She felt her face color at the compliment. She'd never had a guy tell her she was adorable. She was even more amazed he could think so after the torrid sex she'd had with him and his brothers. She caught her lower lip between her teeth and chewed on it for a moment before glancing casually over at the other beds. "Where are your brothers?"

Gregory reached up to tuck her hair behind her ear again when it fell forward. "They took off about an hour ago."

She looked at him in surprise. "They did?"

His mouth quirked. "I imagine they probably figured we'd want some time alone."

"They did?" She had certainly wanted to spend some time alone with Gregory, but how could they have possibly known that?

"Yeah. They might not look like it, but my brothers can be rather perceptive now and then," he said as if reading her mind. Then he grinned. "You want to take advantage of the privacy?"

Goldie didn't want to read too much into Gregory's off-handed comment, but it sure sounded like he was as interested in her as she was in him. While she hoped she was right, she didn't want to say something foolish and end up ruining the mood, so she instead she mentally bit her lip and bent to kiss him.

Gregory let out a groan and buried his hand in her hair, his tongue engaging hers in an erotic slow dance that made her sigh with pleasure before he drew her bottom lip into his mouth to gently suckle on it. Damn, the man sure knew how to give a kiss. That's when she realized she'd never kissed either of his brothers the whole time she'd been having sex with them. Had they somehow known she was hooked on their younger brother?

All rational thought disappeared, however, as Gregory's tongue found hers again. He slid his free hand over the curve of her hip and along her midriff to cup her breast. Her nipple immediately pebbled in response to his touch and she moaned when he took the sensitive little bud between his thumb and forefinger and gave it a firm squeeze. With a chuckle, Gregory kissed his way down along the curve of her jaw and down her neck.

Moaning, Goldie clutched at his shoulders and arched against him. He gave her nipple another squeeze before releasing her breast to slide his hand down her tummy to the downy curls between her legs. Whatever protest she'd been going to make when he

stopped playing with her breast was forgotten as her pussy began to purr. She couldn't believe she was ready for more sex after that session last night, but apparently Gregory had that effect on her.

He ran his finger teasingly along her folds. "You're already wet, do you know that?"

She moaned. "You tend to do that to me."

He kissed his way back up her neck until he found her lips again. "I'm glad to hear it."

She opened her mouth to reply, but all she could do was catch her breath as he thrust his finger deep in her pussy and began to wiggle it back and forth. It occurred to Goldie that she should probably give him some manual stimulation in return, but Gregory had already slid his finger out and was pulling her on top of him. She smiled as she felt his hard cock pressing against her pussy. Based on his morning wood, he obviously didn't need any more stimulation.

Lifting herself up, she braced her hands on his chest, then slowly lowered herself onto his hard cock. She'd never been with a man who fit her so perfectly or so completely before and she closed her eyes for a moment as she savored the feel of him inside her. When she opened them again, she found Gregory watching her, a mix of desire and something else she couldn't quite name on his handsome face. For one wild moment, she wondered if he felt the same connection between them she did. While she longed to ask, now wasn't exactly the time for such serious talk. Actually, now wasn't the time for talk at all.

The urge to ride up and down on him right away was difficult to resist, but she decided she didn't want to rush their joining. If she and Gregory went their separate ways after this morning, then she wanted to make this last as long as possible.

Her lips curving into a smile, Goldie lifted her hand to her mouth and deliberately licked her finger, then slowly slid it down her stomach to the soft thatch of curls between her legs. Lying back on the pillows, Gregory's eyes just about glowed with

excitement as she began to make lazy, little circles on her clit. She'd touched herself in front of other men, but there was something about doing it for Gregory that made the whole thing even hotter.

Wanting to really put on a sexy show for him, she leaned back to give him a better view of both her breasts and her pussy, then slowly rotated her hips in time with her fingers. The position pushed out her breasts, allowing her rosy nipples to peek out from between her long, blonde tresses, and she reached up with her free hand to take one in her thumb and forefinger and give it a firm squeeze. Little tingles of pleasure went through her and she automatically moved her finger faster on her clit. She threw back her head and lost herself in the moment, letting the excitement between her legs build higher and higher until she felt she couldn't contain it anymore.

"That's it, babe," Gregory urged. "Make yourself come while I watch."

The husky reminder she had an audience was enough to push Goldie over the edge. Her breath coming in quick pants, she closed her eyes and let her fingers take over, moaning in ecstasy as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her. She didn't stop until she had coaxed every last little bit of orgasm from her clit, then all she could do was collapse against Gregory's chest.

"Do you have any idea how sexy that was?" he asked in her ear.

Goldie smiled, but could only manage a soft groan in reply. That must have been enough for Gregory because he cupped her ass cheeks in his hands and began to move her up and down on his rigid cock. Her pussy clenched tightly around his shaft each time he thrust and she clung to his shoulders with a breathy little cooing sound. She buried her face in his neck, ready to be swept away by another orgasm when Gregory suddenly rolled her onto her back so that he was on top.

As he braced himself with a hand on either side of her head, Goldie felt positively engulfed by his powerful body. It made her feel feminine and sexy and she murmured her appreciation against his mouth as he bent to capture hers in a searing kiss.

Holding onto his muscular shoulders with both hands, Goldie wrapped her legs around him, pulling his cock inside her as deep as it would go. Gregory made a sound deep within his throat, but instead of thrusting right away, he held himself still, just pulsing inside her. When he finally began to thrust, it was with such tenderness and such slowness that it almost brought tears to her eyes.

Goldie lifted her hips to meet his, matching the rhythm he set thrust for thrust. Whoever said the missionary position was dull and boring had obviously never had sex with Gregory. But while it was beyond pleasurable, she still needed more.

“Harder,” she demanded. “Fuck me harder!”

Gregory obeyed, pumping into her so hard and so fast it made the headboard bang against the wall.

“Yes!” she breathed, lifting her hips to meet his thrusts. “Just like that! Don’t stop! Please don’t stop!”

He didn’t, not until she threw back her head and screamed her pleasure loud enough for the entire forest to hear. The moment she did, he buried his face in her neck and drove his cock deep in her pussy. His hoarse groan of release was more like a growl in her ear and for some reason, the primal sound sent her completely into orbit.

It was a long time before Gregory lifted his head and when he did, it was to kiss her tenderly on the mouth.

“That was a whole ‘nother level of pleasure,” she said softly.

He rested his forehead against hers, his mouth curving into a grin. “I would definitely have to agree with you.”

Rolling onto his side, Gregory pulled her into his arms and held her close. Goldie smiled and snuggled against him. She would have been content to stay there all day and thought Gregory might have been, too, if it wasn’t for the loud growl coming from her stomach.

At his raised brow, she blushed. “Sorry. I guess I must be a little hungry.”

His mouth quirked. "I guess so. I'd offer you something to eat, but someone broke in last night and ate all my stew." When her color deepened at his teasing, he chuckled and tilted her chin up to give her a kiss. "However, I happen to know this great diner nearby that makes the most amazing breakfast, if you want to check it out."

Her pulse skipped a beat. Apparently this was going to be more than a one-night stand. Maybe a relationship with Gregory could work after all. She smiled. "I'd love to."

He grinned. "I was hoping you'd say that."

As they got dressed and left the cabin a little while later, Goldie couldn't help but think that while the workweek might have ended crappy, the weekend was starting out just right!

Goldie glanced at Gregory as they walked to his SUV. "I really am sorry about the window and for breaking the woodcarving you made." Her mouth curved. "What is it with you guys and bears anyway?"

He slipped his arm around her. "I'll tell you about it sometime."

## About the Author

Paige Tyler is a full-time, multi-published, award-winning writer of erotic romance. She and her research assistant (otherwise known as her husband!) live on the beautiful Florida coast with their easygoing dog and their lazy, I-refuse-to-get-off-the-couch-for-anything-but-food cat. When not working on her latest book, Paige enjoys reading, jogging, doing Pilates, going to the beach, watching Pro football and vacationing with her husband at Disney. She loves writing about strong, sexy alpha males and feisty, independent heroines. All her books have romance, adventure, humor and, of course, lots of smokin'-hot sex!

Paige welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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