



Jojo  
Brown

Little Red  
Running Shorts

Everyone's noticed her sexy little shorts, even the frumpy old mayor. She loves it! Not as much as she loves her weekly delivery run through the woods to Graham's cottage. How could her furry running companion change everything?

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Little Red Running Shorts  
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**Little Red Running Shorts**  
**A Sexy Tale**

**By**

**Jojo Brown**

## Chapter One

**G**abby pushed and pulled until she had her boobs settled comfortably in the sports bra and the perpetually erect twin peaks positioned just right. The double thickness of the material was meant to hold her two soft, firm mounds in place, but the tightly squashed flesh still bounced enticingly as she ran, which only hardened her nipples further. Personally, she loved the way it felt and really didn't give a damn what anyone else thought. She caught a glimpse of her reflection in the hall mirror as she trotted down the stairs to head out, the gem on her belly button piercing glistened in the filtered sunlight as it hit her taut skin. A lilting laugh wafted up her throat, for just a moment when she remembered how surprised she'd been at the increased sensitivity of her navel when she first got the piercing.

"Gabrielle, do you really have to wear that outfit for your morning run?"

Gabby paused on her way to the door and looked down at herself before she turned her gaze

on her grandmother. "It's the same outfit I wear every day, Gran. You've never commented on it before. What's different about this morning? It's beautiful, it's warm. The sun is shining brilliantly and I can tell from the scent in the air that a wonderful breeze is coming into town through the woods. I think this is the perfect outfit for such a day, in fact, I think it's the perfect outfit for any day."

Sadie Silverthorne loved Gabby with all her heart, she loved all three of her granddaughters and felt honoured to have raised them. But now that they were all twenty-four, she found she had a problem with each of them. She'd nipped Tara's promiscuousness in the bud by sending her out into the woods. The Behr men were precisely what she'd needed. She was working on Natasha's low body image and was certain the upcoming Samhain pageant would do her wonders. Now the town had given her an issue to work on with Gabrielle.

"The mayor was here last night, while you were out."

Gabby leaned a shoulder against the doorway and slid a curious gaze at her beloved grandmother. "She doesn't usually waddle this far away from the donut shop. What did she want?"

"Apparently she's been getting phone calls from some of our neighbours. It seems you have

been causing traffic jams and strained neck muscles in a lot of the men."

The laughter that chased up Gabby's throat filled the kitchen with sunshiny warmth. "Oh, Gran. Since when does anyone in this family give a damn what the people in town think of us? The mayor is nothing more than an old battleaxe who wishes she could still turn a few heads. You should have offered her one of you elixirs for weight loss or wrinkle smoothing. I hope you told her to mind her own business at the very least."

"Actually I gave her a cup of rosehip tea and assured her I would speak with you."

"It is not my fault that men want to ogle me. Even when I am totally covered up, their heads spin on their necks. All I can do is take it as a compliment that all my hard work has paid off and my body is pleasing to the eye." She moved to press a loving kiss to her grandmother's cheek. "You worry too much."

"Maybe if you hooked up with a man from town, they'd all know you were spoken for and it would take off some of the edge."

"I think you've had enough heartache from Tara and her entourage of men from town, Gran. I like venturing out further afield to satiate my sexual appetite." Gabby didn't wait to hear what, if anything, her grandmother had to say to that. She slipped out the door and headed down the

road into town.

Of course she could wear longer shorts and a loose t-shirt for these early morning runs, but she loved her outfit. The bright red shorts clung to her hard toned body, like a second skin. Even when she first slipped them on they were short enough to show off her nice round fanny, but by the time she'd run for ten minutes, the back seam had nicely worked its way snugly between her cheeks. The whole bottom half of her ass ended up richly tanned halfway through the summer.

For the first time in years, she didn't crank up her MP3 player and stick the buds into her ears. Instead, she paid attention to the people around her while she ran through town. Every man in town seemed to be busy out in his yard, hesitating near his car or pressed to a road-facing window. When she noticed the expression on one openly jealous wife in her ill-fitting housecoat, Gabby whipped her gaze back to the road and laughed out loud. The long, soft, chestnut ponytail swished across the backs of her shoulders and around her neck for just an instant before she flipped it back behind her.

She still smiled gently to herself as she turned onto the trail at the edge of the forest on the other side of town. Following this well-worn trail she quickly made it back home. Gran met her in the

kitchen with a tall glass of cold water and an apology.

"I really shouldn't have tried to make you conform. You're right...we have never worried about the opinions of the close-minded people in town. Why should we start now?"

Gabby gulped down the last mouthful of water and let the giggle race up her throat. "Can you imagine if the town suddenly told you you had to stop making your lotions and potions?"

"They wouldn't dare...I'd put a hex on them all!"

Her sudden, yet quiet indignation made Gabby laugh again. She pressed a quick, soft kiss to the wrinkled cheek and ran up the stairs to shower and change for work.

Gabrielle Redburn ran a delivery service like no other. All four of her employees were marathon runners. They all wore identical outfits to Gabby's, red t-shirt with the company logo on the front, red shorts or yoga pants for the girls and sweat pants for the men with *Red Runners* across the rump. Even the white running shoes had bright red trim and laces. Deliveries in town were done on foot, but she also owned two red bikes and two red vans for the longer distances.

Kristofer walked in with a handful of receipts at the end of the day and sat in a chair across the

desk from her. "Today was a good one, Gabs. I think everyone's deliveries went as smooth as butter."

"Yeah, I haven't heard any complaints in a long time. People are really getting into our personal touch."

Kristofer cleared his throat and leaned forward. "Speaking of personal touches. We haven't slipped into the backroom for more than a month."

Gabrielle smiled over the expanse of the desk at him. "I am sure you have enough willing women to help you out with personal touches. You don't appear to be walking around with a case of blue balls."

"I'm not sure, but perhaps you could have a look and make sure they are still their normal flesh colour. Oh, I know that look...you get it every time you worry about this town figuring out that you are a hellcat in the sack. Have I ever let it out of the bag, before? No one knows that we've been bumpin' uglies for the past couple of years. I like havin' a sexy secret, why would I change now?"

"Oh, Kris, you silver-tongued fox you. You really know how to charm a lady. I am the hellcat you like to bump uglies with...very nice way to talk to your boss."

He walked around the end of the desk and

pulled her to her feet. With strong, sure hands, he held her to him and pressed the clear evidence of his need against her. "You're my boss during work hours. But you're the one who said after hour's fun is off the record. You like having me as a fuck-buddy, just as much as I do. It's a good arrangement. We both benefit. Now, do you want to check my balls for blueness?"

The persistent heat of him pressed so tightly against her melted the last of her barriers. "Let me lock the door."

"I already did."

## Chapter Two

Following Kris's muscular back into the staff room, Gabby felt three things happen in quick succession. First, her clit thumped in expectation, second she felt the warm moisture coat her panties and third her nipples twisted and hardened even more to press out against the material of her bra and t-shirt, quite painfully.

Kristofer sat in one of the solid, straight back chairs and beckoned her to sit on his waiting lap. She smiled warmly and sat down facing him, with one leg on either side. The quick thought flitted through her mind that he would soon be able to feel her wetness, even through the thickness of their clothes. He could probably already feel the heat on his cock.

He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her closer. Their lips touched, gently at first. They nipped and teased each other as the heat built between them.

The kiss deepened as they explored each other's

mouths with searching tongues that seemed intent to find the secrets hidden within the moist darkness. Kris's hands slipped easily under the stretchy material of her yoga pants as he pressed them down about her hips. He massaged and squeezed her hard, round ass cheeks. The motion made her pussy rub against the solid bulge in his pants. She felt her clit jump and throb at the contact as if it begged him to keep the pressure going.

She tore her mouth from his and pressed her face into his shoulder. As she gasped air into her lungs she breathed in the manly scent of him and ground her pussy against the part of him she wanted buried deep inside. A groan of frustration soared up her throat. "Are you just going to sit there, like some sexy statue?"

Kristofer laughed throatily. "I kinda like the way you're writhing on me."

His cock felt even harder under her as she thrust against him. She felt her pussy slide along the now soaked material of her panties. Her swollen clit rubbed against his cock and she knew an orgasm was not too far off. His hands pushed her ever closer to that glorious peak. He grasped and released her ass as he urged her to thrust on him even harder.

Deep moans wafted from her throat as she shuddered and humped furiously on his cock. His

mouth captured hers and muffled the sounds as they filled her throat. Somehow he reached with his thumb and massaged her throbbing clit. The orgasm charged through her, as she convulsed and dug her fingers into his shoulders to keep from falling to the floor. He pushed her and drove her on and on until she collapsed with her head on his shoulder. Short harsh gasps drew air into her lungs as she fought to settle her breathing.

Once she'd finally settled, Kris traced his thumb over her clit again. When she moaned softly against the warmth of his shoulder, he adjusted his clasp on her and lifted her gently off him. With quick movements, he stood with her and pushed his stretchy red sweat pants and briefs down to his ankles.

Gabby looked into his eyes and a shiver of renewed need raced through her when she saw the lust in his gaze. "About time you got rid of those."

The two of them slipped out of their sneakers and quickly tossed their pants to the floor. Gabby fell to her knees and pressed a kiss to the glistening slit of his cock. His size had always impressed her. She wrapped her fist around the thickness of his pulsing shaft and slowly stroked it.

The tip of her tongue traced over the swollen, shiny head of his cock as it jumped in her hand.

She swirled her tongue around and over the head, and teased the little slit with her tongue. Slowly she pulled her tongue back and sucked the head of his cock into her mouth just a bit.

She teased and flicked her tongue over and around the head of his cock until she heard his deep moan. Starting at the head she worked her warm mouth down the length of his shaft. Her tongue traced back and forth over the heavy vein on the underside of his cock as she worked her way up and down. It simply was not possible to get the full length of him into her mouth, so she wrapped her fist around the base. The strokes of her hand matched the movement of her mouth. Her other hand reached between his thighs and massaged his balls.

His hands fisted in her hair as he urged her on. The moans grew steadier, almost becoming one long sound as his balls churned within her grip. Just when she thought he would have to explode in her mouth, he pulled away and lifted her to her feet. They moved together over to the table used for everyone to eat their lunch. Gabby leaned over and pressed her hands onto the smooth surface.

Kris moved quickly behind her as she pushed her ass toward him in a silent plea. A deep moan left her throat as she felt the thick head of his cock press gently against her wet folds. She tried to push back, to force him into her, but he pulled

back, just out of reach. "Damn it, Kris, stop teasing. Just fuck me!"

"Relax, Gabby, you know the build-up is my favourite part. I like to watch you wiggle and writhe in anticipation."

She groaned, but forced herself to relax. He was right after all, she did know how he liked to be in charge of the pace. Plus, she knew that he would fulfill her need.

His cock pressed gently against her wetness again as his hands ran over her ass cheeks. Her breath caught in her throat, when she felt his fingers slip between her cheeks. His cock eased slightly into her pussy just as his finger touched the tightly puckered ring of her ass. He pressed his finger into her ass hole and suddenly slammed the length of his cock into her. Gabby gasped and called out his name as he began to pull his cock out, followed by his finger, only to thrust back inside again.

The thrusting of both his cock and finger built into a frenzied pitch. She knew he was just as close to orgasm as she was. The tremors raced across her lower belly as she pounded back against him. She tried desperately to force his cock and fingers ever deeper into her.

He reached around with his free hand and touched her clit. That was all it took, just a touch. Her body tensed as her pussy clenched and

spasmed around his hard cock. His body responded to the added tension on his shaft, almost instantly. His groans matched hers as the orgasm wracked his body. With jerky motions, he pulled his finger from her ass. He leaned over her and pressed a kiss onto her back.

As his cock started to soften, Kris stepped back and turned Gabby to face him. "Thanks for the bonus, boss."

## Chapter Three

Natasha met Gabby in the kitchen when she walked in on Thursday night. For once Gran was nowhere to be seen. While unusual, it wasn't unheard of. "Hey, Nat, where's Gran?"

"Mr. Broderick came and picked her up about twenty minutes ago. She'd been fluttering around the place like a newborn fairy for an hour or so, before he got here. Anyone would think they were going on a date or something."

"Maybe they were." The idea of her wonderful grandmother enjoying the company of a lovely gentleman for the evening brought a warm smile to Gabby's face.

The grimace that crossed Nat's face was a stark contrast. "That's all this family needs...another Silverthorne woman out in the world, following her instincts rather than her morals."

"Have you ever even known the pleasure of a man between your legs, Nat?"

"Yes, of course I have."

"Well, good. I was beginning to think you were as lily-white as you try to act."

"I don't try to act lily-white, Gabby. I just don't want people to think I am as loose and wild as Tara. Thank Goddess she stopped with the mile long line of horny men when she met her shape-shifting lovers up in the woods. Although, it still bugs me that she doesn't care who knows she sleeps with all three of them. At least you have the decency to only date men from other towns."

"I'm happy for Tara. She is happier than I have ever seen her. I wish you could find someone to make you as happy, Nat."

"Maybe one day. Speaking of being happy...will you be out all night tomorrow, again?"

"Of course. It is Friday after all."

Gabby walked out of the office washroom, dressed once again in her ass-hugging shorts. This time she paired them with a skin-hugging tank top rather than the usual sports bra. This was her Friday evening outfit.

"Thank Goddess it's Friday." She snatched the parcel from the counter and slipped it into her backpack, whipped it on to her back and headed out the door. Her anxious feet turned in the direction of the trail's head almost before she had the office door locked.

She really didn't understand why no one else wanted to make this run, but for the past two years she'd thanked her lucky stars that they didn't. Her feet padded quietly along the well-worn path as she raced past familiar landmarks. Just when she wondered if her running companion would show up again, the large brown wolf ran up to keep pace with her, alongside the path. For the past three weeks, that same wolf had joined her on her run through the woods. Not once had his appearance frightened her, his presence was somehow comforting. It was nice to have someone to share the trail with, even if he couldn't answer when she spoke to him. After all, it was a long run.

Graham lived as far away from the actual town as possible while still being counted in its census. People in town called him all sorts of things—a hermit—a hippy—a monster. Mostly they were afraid of him. Years ago he had lived in town, amongst the hustle and bustle. He'd worked in the big textiles factory, until it burned down.

No one had ever outright blamed him for the lives lost in that blaze, but he knew in his heart of hearts that they did. After all, he'd been the only one to survive the explosion and inferno. Who cared if he lost his startlingly good looks and almost his life, in his valiant efforts to try and save his coworkers? He adamantly refused any

discussion of plastic surgery to reconstruct his face, neck and arm. The scars were his to carry and his to remember. So, ten years earlier he'd taken his reminders and his insurance settlement and left town.

Gabby met him for the first time when she delivered a package from the grocery store out to him. Gabby knew all the stories, she knew about the scars and she completely understood Graham's reasons for living out there. Still, she'd felt a small sense of trepidation as she approached the isolated cottage.

When Graham opened the door to her gentle rap that first time, Gabby hadn't known what to expect...a monster? A contorted farce of a human? A terrifying creature only welcomed in nightmares? When the door opened and she gazed into the one unveiled brown eye, her heart melted along with her fear.

"May I help you?" The beautiful, musical voice washed over her ears from behind the translucent material and sent Gabby's senses soaring.

She fought through the sudden fog that filled her mind to come up with some incredibly witty or sexy reply and failed miserably. "I have a delivery for you from the store in town."

*Brilliant.*

"Oh good, I hope they were able to get the

organic kelp I ordered. Last time I asked for it they sent some horrible stuff imported from somewhere that just would not do. Could you bring it into the kitchen for me?"

As Gabby followed him through the neat and tidy cottage a rash of sensations overwhelmed her. Homey – warm – inviting – sensual – sexy-as-hell – more than ready to be stripped naked and fucked throughout the night. No, wait – those last two were because she was staring at the beautiful round ass in front of her which filled out the back of his jeans so perfectly.

Each step drew Gabby closer with a silent plea. She very nearly dropped the box when Graham turned to face her, somehow she had to find a way to do more than simply drop the package off and leave. "It was quite a long run up here, would you mind if I just rested for a few minutes?"

"Oh, of course! I was just about to have a cup of tea, would you like to join me?"

The tea was better than any Gabrielle had ever tasted...it was mildly flavoured with blueberries and honey. Graham grew the blueberries in a rather substantial garden behind the cottage and gathered the honey that sweetened it from his own hives. The impressive garden, drying racks and canning supplies quickly explained why the package from the grocers was so small. Graham virtually lived off the land. The artesian well kept

running water in the cottage as well as the shed and greenhouse year-round. Solar panels on all the roofs heated the water and the buildings and a wind turbine supplied him with all the hydro he could need. Other than telephone and Internet, Graham lived off the grid – alone yet not isolated.

As the leaves began their glorious transformation from green to the autumn rainbow they quickly fell into a weekly routine of tea and early evening harvesting. Graham taught Gabby how to dry berries for teas, pies and winter desserts. They canned every kind of fruit imaginable and froze massive amounts of vegetables.

As they scraped the kernels from the cobs of the last ears of late corn, Gabby somehow ended up with small juicy pieces splattered all over her face. Graham reached over laughing and ran the pad of his thumb gently across her cheek to clear it off.

“I’ve never seen anyone get quite so into their work before.” It was a completely innocent act, one friend taking care of another, but the slight touch rushed through Gabby like a bullet and slammed into her suddenly heated groin.

Without thinking about what she was doing, Gabby pressed her hand over Graham’s and held it to her cheek momentarily. With the slightest movement she turned her face and pressed and warm kiss onto his wrist. When he didn’t pull

away, Gabby made the move she'd been dying to make all summer.

Slowly, with her gaze locked on his she reached up and tenderly slipped the thin scarf away to expose the face she had been desperate to see. As she let her gaze dance slowly over the savagely scarred eye, cheek and throat she continued to hold the hand against her own cheek. When her gaze came back to his eyes and she saw the single tears slip over his lid, her heart took over and her body simply followed without thought.

The kiss started softly – two sets of lips pressed gently together sharing a moment of comfort and acceptance. Within seconds, an urgent need took over and tongues, arms and bodies became intertwined.

The scars didn't bother Gabrielle. The distance through the woods didn't bother her...neither did the twenty-five year age difference. Graham may be old enough to be her father, but he was by far the greatest lover Gabrielle had ever known.

As the two runners came to the clearing around Graham's cottage, Gabrielle slowed to a stop and looked into the beautiful amber eyes of the wolf. "Thank you for your company again. I hope to see you again, next week."

As if the animal understood every word, he bowed his regal head and turned to run off into

the thickness of the dark woods. Gabrielle watched until she could no longer see him, before she walked up to the door under the low, red eaves.

## Chapter Four

Graham opened the door, before she had even knocked. A familiar, heavy warmth thumped into the pit of her stomach the moment Gabrielle saw him. “Blessed evening, beautiful. Have I told you how much I look forward to Friday nights?”

“No more than I do. Now, get your beautiful red ass in here.”

The cozy cottage enveloped Gabrielle with the same warmth it always did. Graham had fragrant flowers in vases scattered about, white pillar candles gave the only light, a bottle of wine sat chilling in a silver bucket and scattered rose petals blazed a trail to the bedroom. Gabrielle knew from experience that supper would be eaten later, after they satisfied their much stronger appetite for each other.

He clasped her hand and led her to the soft, warm bed that dominated the one and only bedroom. Within moments, he dropped his linen pants and slid his naked form between the silky

sheets.

Gabby tore her clothes off as fast as she could. She wanted nothing between them...not even the thin cotton of her t-shirt. She needed to feel the muscular perfection of her lover's skin against hers. With quick, agile movements, she slid into the bed and melded her body against Graham's. The feel of his flesh, so warm, so strong, so willing sent a rush of heat into her pussy. Even the subtle scent of his glossy hair wrapped around her heart and mind, held her spellbound.

The exposed, puckered flesh of his scarred neck called out to Gabby's lips. She lovingly pressed a myriad of kisses and felt the beats of Graham's heart speed up just beneath her touch. His arms wrapped around her and pulled her closer. Gabby's warm mouth eagerly traced along the firm jawbone and around to take his lower lip into her mouth. She gently sucked on it until he gasped and pulled her into a deep kiss. Their tongues caressed each other...they explored the contours and crevices of each other's mouths. Gabby let a deep moan waft out of her throat, when he tangled his fingers into her hair, tightened into a fist and pulled her tighter. Their passion blazed into an inferno as their joined tongues danced over and around each other, out of control.

Gabby slid her hands down to her lover's hips and pulled him tighter against her. The way their

bodies formed to each other took her breath away. The moan that raced up her throat was captured in his warm mouth. Another long, deep moan filled the room as his mouth moved to her neck. His lips and teeth gently caressed the warm flesh. The sensation of his teeth on her skin sent a shudder through Gabby and her need for Graham consumed her.

"Oh, Graham, I need to taste your sweet flesh. I want to hear your deep voice as you cry out for me, the only thing that matters right now is how much I want you."

Graham's soft answer washed over Gabby's flesh. "An eternity couldn't begin to quench the feelings I have for you. It grows stronger every moment I spend with you."

The feel of her breasts crushed against his hard chest drove Gabby to madness. Just as her body ached to be touched and tasted by him, he threw the soft sheet off and balanced on one elbow. His gaze and fingers trace all over her warm body and caused goose bumps in the anticipation of the thrills to come.

\* \* \* \*

The early winter moonlight cast a pale glow on her body, making it even more enticing. Everything about Gabrielle drew him in, the

wonderfully toned belly, her wonderfully heavy breasts with the beautiful hard pebbles on top, even the delicate curve of her hips fuelled his need. He'd wanted her the moment he opened the door to find her on his doorstep, but held fast to the thought that his mutilated body would turn her off. If he had only known how warm, how accepting, how loving she would be, he would have made a move much sooner.

"An eternity would not be anywhere near long enough for me to explore all the magical wonders of your body."

Graham's mouth lowered to capture the nearest nipple. His taste buds came to life at the exquisite taste. The world disappeared, simply faded away all around them. The only thing to exist was the two of them and the soft bed they were on. Ever so slowly, he rolled his tongue around the hard nipple. Moans of delight filled his ears as Gabrielle moved softly under his mouth and caressed his hair.

He left a moist trail in his wake as he dipped into the valley between the two softly firm mounds. After he'd had his fill of the second breast, his mouth kissed, nipped and licked a trail over her belly. Moving lower, he pressed a long kiss into the nicely trimmed triangle covering Gabrielle's mound.

He moved onto his knees and slowly ran his

hands down Gabrielle's long, smooth legs and crawled down to kneel between her ankles. He grasped one in each hand and lifted them in turn to his mouth. After a tender kiss to each ankle, he placed them on the bed, on either side of him. Slowly, so slowly, he kissed a path up the inside of her leg and moaned passionate pleasure onto the soft flesh when he heard Gabrielle's breath come in short gasps. He drew closer and closer to her heated centre and knew that his lover wanted that initial touch just as much as he did.

As the musky scent of her filled his nostrils, Graham's mouth watered at the memory of her taste. Finally, he lowered his mouth to that heated, hidden treasure. He ran his tongue along the full length of the swollen lips and ever so gently parted them. Gabrielle's body tensed under his hands as the intense anticipation filled them both. A harsh cry flew from her lips as he captured the hard clit between his lips.

He sucked on it, softly pulled it into his mouth. Gabby rocked her hips in a gentle undulating motion onto his mouth. Her breath came faster as his tongue played over and around the swollen bundle. Suddenly her hands clasped into his hair and pulled him closer, urged him on. Graham matched the eagerness as he moved on his lover. Her hips responded to every quick flick and touch of his tongue, the sound of her exquisite moans

spurred him on even harder. Every thought left his mind, other than the need to push her over the edge, to hear her cry out in absolute release. He wanted to leave her trembling in blissful exhaustion as her mind left her physical body, to be nothing more than the pleasure that washed over her.

Gabrielle's body started to tremble, as intense waves charged through her. Her hips rose off the bed to press harder against the talented tongue that raced over her clit even more intensely. Her fingers fisted into the short strands of Graham's hair and pulled as she lost control. Her throaty cries filled the night air, silencing the crickets as her body convulsed through the massive orgasm.

Graham was not done with her, not even close. He wanted—needed to push her further, to have her totally lost in the sensations of the love they shared. The moment he felt Gabrielle begin to relax, he grabbed hold of her and flipped them over as one. He lay on the bed with Gabby straddling his head. Gently his tongue probed into her slick tunnel. The strong muscles clenched and released against his tongue as Gabby lost control. He knew the pleasure had consumed her again when she moved on his tongue, faster and faster. She rode his tongue hard as tidal waves of ecstatic release broke over her. Her body trembled and

convulsed uncontrollably as he thrust his tongue in and out with abandon. In a sweaty, slippery blur of motion they raced toward Gabrielle's oblivion. She cried out Graham's name over and over as the climax tore through her.

Soft trembles still shook her body as she slid down to lay in his embrace, the sensation of her warm body moving against his sent shudders through Graham. When he looked into the sexy, dilated eyes of his lover he saw the need and love written there. His entire body called out in anxious anticipation for her touch. Just as Gabby lowered her mouth to his, a wicked smile crossed her lips. From that look, Graham knew what magic waited for him as the night passed and he couldn't wait.

## Chapter Five

The next week seemed to fly by. It always did when Gabby was busy. She'd spent a wonderful Sunday with *the girls*, as her cousins and grandmother liked to refer to themselves. She and Natasha whipped up a delicious masterpiece in the sunny kitchen while Tara and Gran lounged in the warm, late autumn breeze that fluttered through the yard. The rest of the week she filled with work, a couple of dates with her latest friends-with-benefits from two towns away and pavement-gobbling runs. When Friday rolled around, it almost surprised her, but she was definitely ready to dissolve in Graham's arms again.

As had quickly become the norm, the big wolf joined her as soon as she turned onto the path leading through the woods. She welcomed him with a smile. "I was hoping to see you again."

When the animal shot her a look and veered away, Gabby stopped and stared after him. "What

did I say? Okay, fine...I'm *not* happy to see you, you big overgrown poodle!" For some reason, she half-expected a response. After a few minutes of staring into the gloomy woods, she shrugged and turned back to the trail. She'd only taken a few steps when she knew she was no longer alone. He was back—she felt him—felt his essence just behind her, off to the left. As she turned her head to look over her shoulder, her foot caught a root in the path and she went sprawling.

When she opened her eyes, she looked up into the familiar amber ones. But something was different...other than the fact that they were so close to her own. This close she would have thought she'd be able to count the thick hairs that covered his impressive body, but he seemed to have hairless eyelids and eyelashes very much like her own.

"Did you hurt yourself?"

Gabby crab-crawled out from under him as the scream burst out of her. She sat in the dust of the path and stared at the magnificent man crouched before her. His amber eyes glistened with stubbornly held laughter. His tawny hair lay in perfect layers and she could almost visualize it standing in a pointed ridge if he were angered. It took mere moments for her to know beyond a shadow of a doubt that he was the running mate she'd grown accustomed to over the past few

weeks. After all, her cousin Tara had told her all about the beautiful Behr men...her shape-shifting lovers. Why should it surprise her that there would be other shape-shifters in these woods?

She finally found her voice, even if it were a bit gravely from the dryness of her shocked throat. "Who are you?"

"Lowell Woods, and you are Gabrielle Redburn. You are one of Sadie Silverthorne's granddaughters and a very adept runner, although you don't make the best use of the paths and trails through this forest."

Gabby pushed herself onto her feet and did her best to brush the dust from her bottom as she looked at Lowell. "Okay...*what* are you? And, how do you seem to know all about me?"

"I am just a lonely wanderer of these amazing acres, who enjoys spending a few hours watching and perhaps joining the people who use these trails. Sometimes I join the run as you see me now, but most of the time..."

"Most of the time you show up all fast and furry. What do you mean I don't make the best use of these trails? I'm not out here for a leisurely run, I have a delivery to make."

His laugh was more like a quiet growl. "Yes, I know all about your weekly *delivery* to Graham. My point is...you take the longest possible path to his cottage. Take the left instead of the right at this

fork and you'll be on a much shorter trail. But...maybe you couldn't handle that one, you should just stay on the nice easy trail."

"What's so hard about that one?" Gabrielle stared up the gloomy, unfamiliar path on the left.

"It's a little hilly and there might be a rock or two on the trail. No, you're right to take the longer trail...it's nice and velvety smooth. Who cares if it's a few miles longer?"

Gabrielle readjusted the pack on her back, smiled at Lowell and shrugged before heading up the left trail. "No one ever said I looked for the easy road in life."

\* \* \* \*

He watched her delicious red ass as she disappeared around the bend before he set off along the faster trail to Graham's—the one he'd turned Gabrielle away from. Within three paces, he'd transformed back into the racing wolf and howled as he dashed past the blur of trees.

## Chapter Six

Lowell's thick pads carried him silently right up to the front door of Graham's cottage. In a small tornado of grey and brown, the tall, beautiful man stood and rapped on the solid door. He felt the smile fill his face as the door opened. The expression of raw desire on Graham's face swiftly changed to one of surprise.

Lowell stepped slightly forward to ensure the door couldn't be shut in his face. "Greetings, old friend, I'm afraid your package has been delayed. I assure you it is indeed on the way, but I wondered if you could use some company while you wait. I am sure we can think of some way to pass the time."

A sultry smile filled Graham's face as he stepped back. "It's been a long time, Lowell. I was starting to think that you'd forgotten all about me."

\* \* \* \*

Gabrielle stumbled in to the moonlit clearing around Graham's cottage...sweaty, dirty and scratched from the many branches and boulders she'd had to fight her way through. "Well, that'll teach me to fall for a wolf's unspoken dare. I should have known better. Goddess I'm so late, Graham probably thinks I'm not coming. I hope he didn't just give up and go to bed. Oh well, even if he did...bed is where we would be anyway. I'd just have to wake him up."

She froze with her fist in mid-knock when the sound slammed through the door. That was Graham's voice...Graham's cry, almost a scream. It hit Gabby's ears like a sledgehammer and set her in motion. She threw the backpack off and launched through the door. The continuing cries came from the direction of his bedroom, so that was the direction Gabby ran.

The door stood open. The room appeared to move from the flickering of the numerous candles. The scene was one so familiar, it warmed Gabby's heart for just a moment to know that her lover had been ready for her arrival. But...something was wrong. Graham called out again. Gabby scanned the room until she found what she was looking for. There...on the floor, on the other side of the very rumpled, nearly stripped bed. Two very large, very manly, very dirty feet dug into the

carpet and rocked back and forth.

Gabrielle snatched a heavy lamp from the dresser and raced forward, intent on smashing the head of whoever was back there, hurting Graham. What she saw stopped her in her tracks.

A very nice masculine ass pointed toward the ceiling with an equally nice, extremely aroused male package that swung and bounced heavily between his muscular thighs. His face remained unseen as it slammed up and down on Graham's cock. The stranger held his ankles pressed into his chest, with his knees bent outward. Graham clawed at the carpet under them as he screamed his way through the orgasm that wracked his body over and over again. Gabby thought she'd taken Graham to every possible orgasmic height, but clearly this man knew a few tricks she didn't. She stood, stock-still and watched as her lover soared over the pinnacle and slowly wafted back down to earth.

The sight of her lover being raced beyond every height she had taken him to, by another man, set her on fire. Every nerve in her body was alive and tingling with intense sexual need. She didn't care where she could fit into the scene before her, as long as she could be a part of it. She tossed the lamp onto the bed and literally tore the clothes from her body as she closed the remaining space between them.

She got on her hands and knees and seductively crawled between Graham and the side of the bed. At the same time, she trailed her fingers over the stranger's very muscular ass and back. When she pressed her naked body into Graham's sweat-glistened embrace, she finally got a look at the face of the man who had so wondrously just pleased her lover.

He looked directly into her eyes as he licked his lips.

Gabby took a deep breath and let out a moan. "Oh, *wolffy*...what a long tongue you have."

"All the better to lick you with, my dear." Within seconds, Lowell shifted positions and buried his face between her suddenly trembling thighs. Not only was his tongue longer than any she enjoyed...it was much stronger. He swirled it around and over her clit with delirious abandon. Gabby realized she had been holding her breath when Graham leaned over her and took one very erect nipple in his mouth. Gabby filled her lungs as fully and as quickly as she could. Graham's mouth covered hers and invaded the moist darkness with a thrusting, searching tongue at precisely the same moment that Lowell's filled her pussy.

The orgasm skyrocketed through her with one crashing wave after another. Never had she been pushed so far, so fast. She gasped in a mouthful of

air the instant Graham abandoned her lips, she had no control over the ear-shattering scream that soared up her throat. It was as though the orgasmic energy that ran rampant through her body needed another point of release.

When she finally relaxed enough to focus, she looked into Graham's lovely eyes. "I should be sorry for being late, I suppose...but I'm really not."

That was clearly not the time for conversation. Lowell got to his feet and held out his hands to the two people at his feet. "Let's see if one more person can keep us anchored on the bed."

Gabby shook her head, "Not just yet."

The sight of his full, throbbing cock pointing slightly up toward the ceiling sent a surprisingly strong fresh shock straight to her pussy. A heat filled her—a needy, selfish heat that Gabby was unable to control. She shot to her knees in front of him and slammed her mouth down on his shaft. She only had half of it in her mouth when she felt it hit the back of her throat. She picked up a violent rhythm and sucked to the tip and as far down as she could with a delirious abandon.

For just a few moments, she totally forgot Graham was even there. When she felt her lover's lips press onto hers against the tip of his shaft, she shifted her position to allow them both room to enjoy the tasty treat. They nibbled down the full

length in tandem. Their tongues licked and swirled over the heated flesh, the tips meeting on top or underneath before racing back to join again. Once they reached the base of his cock, Graham moved lower to suck his heavy balls. Gabrielle slid her wet tongue back to the tip and all around the spongy ridge. Between the two of them, they pushed Lowell to the point that he had to gasp for breath within minutes.

Somehow he managed to pull back and free himself from the hungry mouths. Without a word, he lifted Gabrielle onto the bed and joined her on the rumpled sheet. Graham didn't waste any time in joining them, he pressed into Gabby's back as the two men sandwiched her between them.

With very little coaxing Gabby wrapped her leg around Lowell's waist and granted him easy access to her throbbing pussy. As his thickness filled her slick tunnel she felt Graham shift slightly behind her. She sucked in a quick sharp breath as his rigid cock thrust into her puckered ass. She lost track of whose hands were where as she rocked violently back and forth between the two men.

Their frenzied thrusts had her screaming in no time flat as wave after wave of constant orgasm charged through her. Graham and Lowell's moans grew louder and louder as they neared their own explosion. As the orgasm crested and crashed through Lowell, his moans turned into a long

drawn-out, sexually charged howl. The sound of it mixed with her screams and Graham's moans exploded out the window to echo amongst the trees.

\* \* \* \*

Small sleeping animals instantly came alert and raced to find new hiding places—birds flew from their nests to fly through the night air and a man stopped in mid-step to look in the direction of the hidden cottage.

## Chapter Seven

Gabrielle had always marvelled at the size of Graham's shower stall, it seemed ridiculously large for one person. Now, she thanked the Spirits for her lover's foresight. The three of them slithered around each other with playful excitement. They each used large natural sponges to coat any flesh they could reach with thick layers of lather and raced the speeding water that came from the numerous jets. Exceptionally clean and happy they tumbled out of the stall and rubbed each other dry with big fluffy towels.

Graham gave up any pretence of drying Lowell when his hand wrapped around his rigid cock. "Follow me."

Neither Lowell nor Gabrielle asked where they were going – they simply fell in step behind him.

The hot tub sent clouds of steam up into the night air. Gabrielle could tell from the wonderful scent that Graham had added some essential oils to the water. The gloriously fragrant cloud

engulfed the trio as they lower themselves into the churning, bubbly depths.

For a few minutes, Gabrielle sat on the built-in bench sandwiched, once again, between the two men. She ran her hands down their arms and backs and turned back and forth between them – kissing each one deeply and passionately. It didn't take much urging from Lowell to move her onto the edge of the tub. The instant she was in position, he once again filled his hungry mouth with as much of her ready pussy as he could.

Graham stood and pressed into her side. "Do you like that?"

"Holy shit... he knows how to eat a pussy."

"He's damn good at sucking cock, too." He reached over and pulled her mouth to hers. Their tongues collided and challenged each other within the dark moisture. Gabrielle ran her fingers down his firm body and between his legs. Her fingers slipped easily around the rigid shaft and slowly moved up and down the impressive length.

She could not believe how turned on she was at having two men and desperately wanted her mouth filled with more than Graham's tongue. She gently pressed on Lowell's shoulders and moved him away just enough to be able to reposition herself. She bent over and pushed her ass toward Lowell very seductively as she lowered her mouth onto Graham's cock. Graham looked

into the other man's eyes over the curve of her back and smiled.

"Pretty easy to figure out what our lovely lady is asking for, don't ya think?"

Lowell didn't have to be told twice. With a loud splash he jumped to his feet and pressed the head of his cock against Gabrielle's slick pussy. The steamy, churning water gurgled and splashed around the trio as they moved in unison just above its surface. The two men drove her lithe body back and forth between them.

Before long, Gabby tore her mouth from Graham's cock and gasped for air. Her hips rocked as she ground her pussy hard onto Lowell's thrusting cock and each groan grew louder. The still night air was filled with her lusty cries as the orgasm shook her violently.

Graham slid down in front of her and sat on the built-in bench just as Lowell exploded deep within her. The instant Graham saw the two of them start to relax he pulled Gabrielle toward him. Gabby wasted no time at all—she threw one elegant leg over his lap and sat with his rigid cock impaling her.

She slid her clenching pussy up and down his impressive cock and let out long deep squeals and moans with each stroke. Graham held on to Gabby's ass and lifted her slightly off his cock. She wrapped her arms around his neck and held on

while he drove his hips up and down at a frenzied speed. At the same time he slowly moved away from the side of the tub with her and turned so one of the powerful jets blasted against her puckered ass.

Her long throaty moans quickly turned to screams as once again a bone shattering orgasm blasted through her. "Oh Goddess, oh fuck I'm dying!"

\* \* \* \*

At that very moment, the man who had heard the mixture of screams and howls came racing toward the cottage. His plaid shirt flapped behind him as he tore it open, ready to fight whoever or whatever was hurting the woman he could hear screaming. The toned muscles in his legs bunched and relaxed inside the form-fitting jeans as he pounded into the clearing behind Graham's cottage. He almost ran right past the steaming tub before he noticed the three naked forms in the mist.

"Blessed evening, Jack." Graham floated away from Gabrielle where she sat against the edge of the tub, trying to catch her breath, and climbed over the side of the tub and seemed to glide over to him. The steam wafted around his wet nakedness as he drew closer. "We haven't gotten

together for poker night in ages."

"Sorry, but I have been slightly otherwise occupied."

"I must admit I have missed your beer-chugging, ball-scratching company."

Jack looked back and forth between the tub activity and the dripping man at his side. "I do not scratch my balls in public, Graham. I've missed poker night, too."

"From the clothes you're wearing, can I assume you've been scouting the woods for new areas to strip?"

"Graham, my friend, you know I never strip the land. Any tree my company cuts is replaced with at least three seedlings. But I do not want to have this argument with you again, you and your company look as though you have been having too good a time for such a ridiculous argument."

Graham followed his gaze to the woman just visible through the billowing steam and sighed deeply. "What would you like to argue about?"

"How about how soon we can dive back into that tub and make her scream again?"

"Mmm, you won't get any argument from me at all."

As fast as Jack's fingers closed on the buttons holding his jeans closed, Graham moved behind him and tore the shirt over his shoulders and down his back. "It really is a shame that you've

never had the slightest interest in men. All these big bulging muscles of yours have always turned me on."

Jack turned to face Graham, just as naked as the rest of them and gave him a back thumping hug. "Graham, old pal, if ever I suddenly found myself wondering what it would be like, you know you would be the first one I would come to."

"And cum in, I would hope."

"Hey...are you two going to join us, or is this turning into two separate parties?"

As Graham stepped back, Jack turned his gaze over to the other man. "Evening, Lowell. You still racing around these woods, terrifying poor unsuspecting women?"

"Evening, Jack. You still stomping through these woods, terrifying poor unsuspecting trees?"

Jack scowled down at Lowell and seemed to think twice about getting into the hot tub. "You know, Lowell, I am really getting sick of this. You know as well as anyone that my company goes out of its way to replenish the forest. An axe can cut down more than just a tree."

Lowell jumped to his feet and squared off with the other man. "Is that some kind of thinly veiled threat?"

"I didn't figure it was veiled at all, Lowell. What I do in these woods is for business, what you do is for your own sadistic pleasure. Everyone's

heard the stories of women too scared to walk through the trails, because of a huge wolf that stalks after them."

"There's nothing against following a beautiful woman. At least I don't stomp into her house and lob her off at the ankles."

"Trees don't normally file reports with the conservation authority."

"Maybe they should start."

"Now, boys. Let's play nice." Graham slid into the warm water with a huge smile on his face.

\* \* \* \*

Gabrielle watched the content expression and let herself relax.

Just as the newcomer stepped into the tub, Graham disappeared under the churning surface of the water. Gabrielle watched and waited with her breath held for his head to reappear among the bubbles. When it suddenly popped up right next to her, a quick surprised squeal burst from her lips. Graham clasped her face in both hands and pulled her mouth to his. The long, deep kiss pushed any lingering tension from her mind.

"For just a second there I was afraid a fight was about to break out." Gabrielle pressed her mouth close to her lover's ear as they embraced so she wouldn't be heard by the other two powerful men.

"Jack and Lowell? Naw, they'd never fight. At least not in front of me. They bristle against each other sometimes, but that's just their male jealousy coming out. Just a couple of little boys who don't want to be outdone by the other really. That's one good thing I got from the accident...I gave up on the whole macho act. It freed me in a way to be the *me* I really am. It's actually kind of fun watching them at times."

"So, I take it you know both of them rather well."

"Of course. Lowell started coming around when I first moved out here. In his natural state, he truly is the best guard dog one could ever hope for. He hates it when I call him that, but it's true. And I met Jack a few years back when the lumber company he owns wanted to gain access to my land. We really went at it tooth and nail for a while there. Lowell offered to take care of him for me, but I knew that I could make him see sense eventually. Now whenever he logs, he always makes sure to replenish the land. Are you telling me you've never met Jack? I thought you knew everyone from town and all around here."

"I didn't even meet Lowell, not in his human form anyway, until tonight."

The laughter that flew up Graham's throat filled the night air and drew the two men's attention. "A girl after my own heart. Sex is sex

and when you see a more-than-willing participant, why not jump his, or her, bones."

He pushed off from the side of the tub and bounced gently in the centre of the frothy water. "Let me make some introductions. Gentlemen, this is my most beloved lover, Gabrielle. She runs the most sexy delivery service ever recorded. Gabby, you've already had the pleasure of meeting, and mating, Lowell. This is Jack Woodman, he runs a very productive lumber company that has its offices on the north end of town."

Jack half-swam half-scooted across the tub and offered his hand. "It is a pleasure to meet you, Gabrielle. Maybe I need to think about upgrading our delivery system."

As he lifted Gabby's hand to press a gentle kiss on to her fingers, Graham slid in behind her and reached around to cup her floating breasts. "This is turning into one hell of a party. I am stoked to have all my beloveds here with me."

Gabrielle reached back and grabbed Graham's ass to draw him closer. "That's one of the things I love about you, Graham. You never cease to surprise me."

## Chapter Eight

**L**owell joined the group. He, Jack and Graham closed around Gabrielle in an extremely sexy triangle. Jack traced the tips of his strong fingers across her jaw and swiped his hand around to cradle the back of her head. As he inched his mouth closer to hers, he looked intently into her eyes. "Have you ever flown far above the tops of the tallest trees? Have you ever allowed yourself to just let go and float away on the energy that you try so hard to hold in check? Tonight you will." The last three words came as a whisper against her lips.

Jack slid his strong hands around and clasped the cheeks of her ass. While their tongues fought and danced within the dark moisture of their joined mouths, he lifted her. Without any coaxing she wrapped her legs around him and gave herself over to his movements. He lowered her on to his rigid cock so slowly her body adjusted to his impressive girth with no problem. After what

seemed like hours she felt her pelvic bone press against his and fully expected him to begin thrusting in and out with the same urgency she had grown used to. Instead he slowly withdrew about half way and just as slowly filled her again. His slow thrusts drove her faster to heated need than any furious pounding ever could have. Within minutes she dug her nails in to his hard shoulders to try and restrain the urge to force him to speed up.

When Lowell pressed into her back, she was surprised, but pleasantly so. Jack had filled her mind as well as her pussy to the point that she had forgotten all about where she was.

The feel of Lowell's hardness against her splayed ass sent a delicious shiver throughout her entire body. His hands slid smoothly between her and Jack's wet bodies. He massaged her breasts and paid special attention to her extremely hard nipples. Tremors ran through her as the two men seemed to worship her body.

Graham pressed snugly into her side and trailed kisses on every inch of skin he could reach. His hands flew over all three hot wet bodies before him. When Gabby felt the familiar fingers graze over her ass and take hold of Lowell's pulsating shaft, she tore her mouth from Jack's and turned to capture Graham's.

Graham guided the head of Lowell's cock closer

to her puckered entrance and released his grip as he slowly pressed forward. Gabby gasped and tensed as the two men penetrated her with slow determination. Graham reclaimed her mouth and drove his tongue in a sensual dance that matched the movement of the other men. Within moments Gabby relaxed into a softly undulating rocking motion that filled her to capacity with one or the other, depending on if she rocked forward or back. As soon as the men felt her relaxation mixed with enjoyment, they loosened their grip on her. Like well-rehearsed synchronized swimmers they each bent backwards to grasp opposite sides of the tub. Gabrielle sat straddling them and rocked on their joined groins. Graham reached down and slid his fingers over her clit. The slight touch shot a bolt of electricity through Gabby. The orgasm that charged through her was unlike anything she had ever experienced before. Nothing felt real. She truly did shoot away from her body and fly far above the tops of the tallest trees.

## Chapter Nine

The next two and a half weeks seemed to crawl by. Ever since that night at Graham's, Gabby had been hoping to see Jack again. Lowell had joined her on her runs out to the cottage each week, but always seemed to have some reason to leave her at the clearing. Graham still filled her Friday nights with gloriously orgasmic hours and a quiet closeness that only familiarity with a lover can bring. But she had hoped to see Jack again.

It was almost time to turn off the *Open* sign on another good day. Natasha had popped in with the excuse to walk home with her. Gabrielle knew there had to be more to her visit than that though.

"So Nat, are you going to tell me what this wonderful surprise visit is really all about? I know there is more to it than wanting company on the way to Gran's."

"You're right. To be honest, I am worried about you."

"Worried about me? Why? I'm doing great. The

business is building. Almost faster than I can keep up with, actually. I might have to do some hiring in the very near future."

"Yes, your business is doing great, but you're not. You don't go out. You sit at home and pine. It's like you've lost your best friend. I know you still go out to see Graham every Friday...is he all right? I do hope he's not ill. Being so far away from town it would be just awful if he should fall ill."

"Graham is just as wonderful and healthy as he has ever been. I think you are imagining things, Nat."

"No, I don't think so. Gran and Tara have noticed it, too. You don't see any of your *friends* from out of town any more. We are all worried."

"You don't need to worry. You really don't. I just..." Gabrielle's next word simply floated away as her gaze was drawn by the sound of the door opening. The smile that filled her face left no room for doubt that she was thrilled to see the man who just walked into her office.

"Good evening, Gabby. I thought I would come and continue our discussion about upgrading my delivery service. I also thought you might be ready to eat. I know they serve a fantastic dinner menu at the new restaurant down by the highway."

Natasha jumped to her feet and glared at the

stranger. Somehow his sudden intrusion set her on edge. Something in her world had shifted. Everything that seemed so sure, so set-in-stone now seemed as stable as a warm marshmallow. "Gabrielle doesn't date men from town and she certainly does not date a potential customer."

Neither the stranger nor Gabrielle took any notice of her. In fact it was as though she wasn't even there as Gabrielle stood and literally glided over to stand directly in front of him. "I was hoping to see you again, Jack. I've wanted to try that new place ever since it opened."

Jack's arms slid around her waist as he pulled her into his embrace and closed his mouth over hers.

"Gabby! What are you doing?"

Gabrielle turned to look over her shoulder at the expression of disbelief on her cousin's face. "I believe I am taking Gran's advice. You don't mind locking up for me, do you?"

Natasha raced to the door as the couple walked out. She watched him hold the door of his car open and saw the look of budding love in her cousin's eyes. With a contented smile she reached up and turned off the *Open* sign. "Thank Goddess."

## About the Author

*We all have fantasies, I just write them out!*

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