



LORELEI'S DANCE

A CEDAR GROVE SHORT STORY

DELINDA JASPER

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By Delinda Jasper

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AND SEXUAL CONTENT. THIS IS NOT INTENDED FOR
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CHAPTER 1

Lorelei observed herself in the park bathroom mirror one last time before rejoining the festivities. She truly looked the part of a “lusty wench” in Ava’s costume. She was sure medieval women would have been burned at the stake if their clothes had made them look like this. It wasn’t that she was being conceited, but there were definite plusses to tight corsets. Lorelei had never had the problem of having small breast, but being trussed up in the tight medieval style bodice made those babies look better than they ever had. The loose peasant style top slipped off her shoulders to expose bare tanned flesh. The tight bodice Ava gave her nearly crushed Lorelei’s ribs lacing up had turned her already voluptuous figure into a perfect hourglass cinching the waist in tight and the full skirt of the gown swelling out underneath. On top, her breast practically spilled from the dangerously low cut top. To finish off the “lusty wench” look Lorelei’s hair, which had been neatly pinned up that morning, was now falling down around her shoulders in a dark curly riot.

“Come on! The dancing is starting!” Ava grabbed Lorelei by the elbow and pulled her outside. Lorelei laughed as she followed her friend. She definitely didn’t want to miss the dancing, that was the whole reason she had allowed Ava talk her into getting into this get up and coming here today. Lorelei and Ava met when the gym they both belonged to started a belly dance class. They were only two people in the class the first few weeks. Lorelei loved belly dancing, she loved the freedom she felt and how fluid her body felt as her hips swayed. She found that Ava felt the same and they became fast friends. They had begun going out to dance clubs on the weekends to practice their newly learned moves to pop dance music. They were usually a hit, with circles forming around them as they swayed there hips belly dance style to the latest dance hits.

A couple of weeks ago Ava told Lorelei about this group she belonged to called the Society for Creative Anachronism. “Basically, we get together and dress up and do medieval reenactments,” she told Lorelei excitedly. “There are all kinds of activities, but the most fun part is the dancing in the evening! You will just love it! Not to mention how hot guys look in medieval garb!”

Lorelei had laughed and agreed to go and check it out. She had almost chickened

out this morning when Ava had showed up at her apartment dressed as if she had just stepped out of the Middle Ages carrying a similar costume for Lorelei. She had felt quite silly when she first put on the get up, but became more relaxed when they arrived at the park the even was held at and she saw everyone there dressed in similar costumes.

Now as they crossed the parking lot to the building the dancing would be held in she began to feel as if she were stepping back through time, further with each stride. Dusk had fallen upon the park and primarily candles and two large fires in huge stone fireplaces at either end of the lodge lighted the stone lodge. The candlelight spilled out of the windows and washed over the dirt path that led around the lodge and up the great stone steps. Along the path, long cast-iron spikes were driven into the ground at one end with candle lanterns hanging off the other.

Inside the illusion becomes complete. Lorelei felt as if she had been time-warped back hundreds of years. The fire and candlelight played off of the stone walls, washing it in an unreal romantic light. The scene was complete with at least a hundred men and women who looked as if they could be the poster children for the middle ages milled around the wooden picnic tables and benches that lined the sides of the huge room. Lorelei had never seen anything like this. It was so cool.

At that moment, the entire room was filled with the twang of medieval music. Lorelei guessed the music came from a well-hid stereo boom box somewhere. The middle of the floor, Lorelei now realized had been cleared of tables for a reason. Not long after the music started, at least fifty people were dancing a dance she had never seen. "Come on," Ava tugged on her arm. "It's not hard!" Lorelei followed her friend to the makeshift dance floor and in a few minutes, after a few awkward steps, she was dancing and laughing along with the others.

After about an hour of non-stop dancing Lorelei and Ava collapsed, out of breath, onto one of the benches surrounding the dance floor. Laughing they grabbed two goblets of wine that were offered and drank them down in long gulps.

Lorelei was glad she came. The day had been as much fun as Ava had promised. The only thing she regretted was not meeting an interesting man. Ava had gone on and on about the gorgeous guys that frequented these events, but none had appealed to Lorelei at all. They were just normal, everyday guys dressed up in costume, nothing

special about them at all.

At that moment, Lorelei got the strangest feeling that she was being watched. She scanned the dimly lit room to see where the feeling was coming from. That is when she saw him. She let out a little gasp as their eyes met. How could she have possibly missed seeing him all day?

He was tall, towering over the group of men he stood with. Gosh, he had to be at least six and a half feet tall. He was magnificent. His golden brown hair was long, brushing the tops of his shoulders. His bare shoulders! Oh, good golly! The man was wearing a kilt! Not a sissy little skirt that looked like it should be on a catholic schoolgirl instead of a grown man, but an honest to goodness medieval Scottish kilt! It was one large piece of tartan plaid cloth folded and draped so that it looped his waist riding low on his hips and then over one shirtless shoulder and pinned in place. His legs were long and muscular under the kilt and clad in leather moccasin style boots with laces that wrapped around his sinewy leg up to the knee. His bare chest gleamed in the candlelight. Some type of blue paint streaked his bare torso and arms giving him a fierce look. He looked like a Celtic warrior come to life.

Something deep inside her began to tingle as they stood there on opposite sides of the room staring at each other. Actually, assessing each other was more like it. She could feel the heat of his eyes burn her skin as if it were an actual physical touch. Maybe it was the wine, but she was beginning to feel a little lightheaded. His gaze pierced her, and she found herself wondering if he was as bare below the kilt as he was above in and what she would have to do to find out.

Tearing her gaze from his she went to find Ava, who had slipped away from the table in favor of the company of some guy dressed like a beggar. Tapping Ava on the shoulder, she pulled her away from the beggar and pointed in the direction of the tall hunky Scot. “Who is that guy in the kilt?”

Ava laughed, “Which one?” Lorelei realized then that her hunky warrior was standing in a group of six or seven guys who were dressed the exact same way, down to the blue paint. “That’s the Kilt Brigade.” Ava went on. “At least that is what I call them. They always wear kilts and think they are so cool.”

“Yeah, well, I can see why you would call them that. Most of them look like

dorks. Who is the tall one? He looks like he just stepped off the movie screen of Braveheart.” Lorelei tried to hide her obvious interest, but knew she was doing a lousy job. The guy was just one big delicious hunk of man meat, and she wanted to meet him!

“Oh, him? That’s Kaden McCallister. I didn’t realize he’d moved back to town. I guess he isn’t too bad if you’re into that tall macho type.” Ava grinned. “Come on, I’ll introduce you. You need to meet a guy. You don’t date enough, and you *definitely* don’t get laid enough.”

Lorelei laughed at her friend. It was the same thing Ava told her every weekend. Lorelei was beginning to agree with her. She couldn’t remember the last time she had sweated up the sheets good and proper. She really hadn’t had the time. In the year and a half since she’d moved to Cedar Grove she’d been too busy building her business to worry about dating or sex. It really hadn’t bothered her until she laid eyes on Kaden. Now she was sure she wanted nothing more than to get between the sheets, or just about anywhere else, with him.

As Lorelei pondered on this point Ava’s eyes grew wide and she whispered, “Too late, here he comes.”

Lorelei whirled around to see those great muscular legs striding towards her with purpose. Lorelei craned her neck to look up into his eyes as he approached. When he reached them, he took her hand and said frankly, “Hello I’m Kaden. Who might you be, milady?” It was corny enough to laugh at but all Lorelei could do is stare at him. His voice matched him in every way, it was deep and thick and rich as warm honey.

“Um, I’m Lorelei.” She had almost forgotten her own name when he touched her hand. The heat from his fingers seeped up her arm and through her whole body.

He brought her hand to his mouth and gently kissed the inside of her wrist before dropping it to her side. “I’m pleased to meet you Lorelei. I hope you don’t think me too forward, but I was watching you dance and just had to meet you to tell you how graceful you are.” His slow smile revealed perfect white teeth. Even as he said the words, Lorelei knew they were a line, but in his deep, rich baritone, the words didn’t really matter. This man was sex personified. He could be mumbling gibberish and she was sure she would still be eager to fall on her back and open her legs to him. Up close she could see how well defined his chest and arm muscles were. She imagined him scooping her up into

those arms and carrying her off to a bedroom. Did they have bedrooms in a park lodge?

She was trying to figure out what to say when Ava grabbed her arm and began pulling her towards the dance floor.

“Sorry, Kaden,” she said as she pulled Lorelei away from him. “But I will give her back in a minute.” To Lorelei she said, “They are playing a song just for us. Instead of staring at him like a ninny, show him how you can move!” She winked at her friend.

Ava was right. She was acting like some lovesick schoolgirl. If she wanted him to know, she was interested, she would just show him the best way she knew how, by dancing. As the twang of the middle-eastern music began, she closed her eyes and let it wash over her. She began moving her hips to the rhythm she knew so well. When she opened her eyes, she found Kaden and locked his eyes with hers. The room melted away. It was if there were only the two of them and she was dancing only for him. She imagined his hands on her as she swayed and undulated to the music. She could feel his eyes on her and knew he was thinking the same thing. Her heart was pounding against her ribcage. He licked his lips once and she shivered and imagined that tongue licking at her nipples.

By the end of the song, Lorelei was completely flushed and her panties were damp with her own juices. Never had a dance been so erotic. She ignored the applause of the crowd and walked directly to Kaden, still not breaking eye contact. He knew what she wanted and he wanted it too. She laid her hand in his and let him lead her out the door.

CHAPTER 2

Outside on the stone porch he pulled her over into a dark corner, backing her up against the building and shielding her from the view of others with his body. His hand slid up her arm, caressing it. He was so close Lorelei could smell him. He smelled of leather, sweat, and pure maleness. She absently wondered what he would taste like. His hand journeyed up her arm to rest at the back of her neck, his fingers tangling in the hair there.

“That was the sexiest dance I’ve ever seen. I got the impression it was meant just for me.” His voice was huskier, sexier, than it had been just moments before.

Shimmers of heat radiated through Lorelei. Liquid silver coursed through her veins. Something deep in her core throbbed. “It was,” She said simply. She snaked her hand up to rest on his chest, playing her fingers across the mat of springy hair and hard planes of muscle.

A smile spread slowly across his full and kissable lips. “I’ve heard about The Lorelei’s Song luring men to their destruction. I wonder, is it the same for her dance?”

His reference to the German myth of the water fairy that used her siren’s voice to lure sailors to their deaths on the rocky shore of the Rhine caught her off guard. Few people ever made the connection to her name.

She put on what she thought was her sexiest look and said, “Why? Are you scared?”

This time when he spoke his voice was a husky whisper and close to her lips. “No.”

Before she could think of a reply, Kaden’s mouth covered hers. The kiss started out slow and sweet, his soft lips melding with hers. Lorelei leaned into him, her hands sliding from his chest around to his strong, muscular, bare back. The feel of his steel hard muscles moving under the taught skin filled her with an indescribable lust and she grasped him tighter, pressing herself to him.

In response, Kaden tightened his grip on the back of her neck, curling his fingers in her hair and snaking the other arm around her waist. When Lorelei gasped her pleasure against his lips, he took advantage of the moment and slipped his tongue into her

warm, sweet mouth. She met his invasion her own, their tongues warring as they tasted, explored and plundered each other's mouths.

When Kaden finally pulled his lips from hers, Lorelei was breathless and shaking. Her mind was spinning. What was she doing? Standing out on a dark porch kissing some guy she'd only just met was not her style. Yet here she was, and she didn't want to stop. From the stormy look in Kaden's eyes, he didn't want to stop either. But when he let go of her and pulled away she knew a moment of panic. Then she saw the noticed the fabric in his hands. For a moment, she was baffled, but when he swung the voluminous material around his shoulders, she realized he must have carried his cloak out with him. Long cloaked hoods were the standard accessories to the medieval costume.

Lorelei took a long deep breath as Kaden drew the cloak around them. Though the back porch they stood on was deserted, it made her feel better that he'd thought to shield her from anyone who might wander by. He'd obviously thought his plan through in the few minutes while she danced. Or maybe he brought women out here like this often. That thought bothered her a little, but she didn't know why.

Once the light material of the cloak surrounded them, Kaden pushing Lorelei back against the stonewall, his hard, warm body pressed against hers from breast to thigh. Lorelei suddenly knew a whole new meaning of being stuck "between a rock and a hard place". It was heavenly! He leaned down so that his soft lips brushed her earlobe and whispered, "Now we'll have a little more privacy."

Lorelei shuddered at the way his warm breath fluttered against her skin and all thoughts of Kaden with other women flew from her head. His mouth returned to hers with a vengeance, kissing, tasting and nibbling until she was so dizzy with lust she had to wrap her arms tight around him to keep from crumpling to the floor.

Kaden's wickedly talented mouth moved from her lips and trailed butterfly kisses down her jawbone to her neck where he began to lick, suck and nibble. A soft moan escaped Lorelei as he trailed the tips of his fingers over the bare skin of her shoulder and down to rest on the luscious mounds of her creamy breasts.

The wonderful thing about being trussed up in the overly tight corset was how it pushed her breasts up as if they were sitting on a shelf, the tiny ripe nipples shielded from view only by the thin material of her dress. Kaden took advantage of the nearly

indecently low-cut top by hooking his fingers in the elastic that held it in place and slid it down to reveal one dusky rose-colored peak. An electric jolt flew from that nipple directly to the throbbing spot between her legs as his thumb rubbed gently over the hardening little nub.

Lorelei was amazed at how multi-talented Kaden was. He was a definite whiz at multi-tasking. While his mouth—lips, tongue, and teeth—searched and found every sensitive spot she had from her earlobes to the tiny indentation on her shoulder, his left hand explored everything above her corset, teasing and kneading each breast thoroughly in turns. She was so distracted by those, and by the raging hard on pressing against her thigh through the layers of clothing, that she had no idea where his right hand was until she felt his fingers on the bare skin just above her left knee.

Apparently, he had gently eased her floor-length skirt up until she was exposed to the knee. His mischievous hand caressed and tickled the area just behind her knee before moving up a couple of inches. He was going slow, weighing every movement, waiting each time he got higher to see if she was going to protest. Ironically, the thought to tell him to stop never entered Lorelei's brain. She was too caught up in the all-consuming fire of need that flushed her body a faded crimson color.

Lorelei moaned when his hand cupped her ass then gasped when it moved around to the front and over the needy mound between her legs. She stiffened and clasped her legs together and his hand stilled, still cupping her pussy. Rational thought tried to push its way through her muddled brain, but didn't quite make it. She knew she was being a little slutty, but at this point, she didn't care.

She'd never done anything like this before. Usually she was very conservative when it came to sex. Well, maybe not conservative, but picky about her partners. She'd never slept with anyone she'd gone on less than three dates with, and usually longer. And she'd definitely never stood in a corner in a public place and let some guy she'd met less than twenty minutes before put his hands up her dress. But here she was. She couldn't explain the effect this man, this stranger, had on her, but she knew she couldn't fight it. She didn't *want* to fight it.

Lorelei relaxed against Kaden and parted her legs slightly, silently giving him the go ahead for further exploration. The moment her legs parted, he began to lightly

massage her throbbing mound. She knew he could feel how hot and wet she was, even through the material of her thin lacey panties. She bucked toward the heat of his hand, thrusting her wanting pussy hard into the palm of his hand.

This was all the encouragement he needed. With a firm squeeze of her warm and fleshy nether lips that sent shivers up her spine, Kaden slipped first one, then two fingers into the waistband of her panties, tugging them down until he reached his destination. His large, thick fingers lightly skimmed the moist slit between her legs.

Hot flames licked over Lorelei as she sought Kaden's mouth with her own. Finding what she sought, she devoured his mouth. Kaden gladly returned the hard and hungry kiss, his tongue plunging into her mouth and warring with hers. Just as she was about to pull away to catch her breath, Kaden grabbed the back of her head and forced her mouth back to his. Just in time, he used the lusty kiss to muffle her sharp cry of ecstatic surprise as he slipped one probing digit into the hot, wet folds of her pussy.

Pausing just a moment to let her get used to the intruding appendage, he deepened their kiss from a hot and lusty warring of tongues to a deep and soul searing melding of mouths and bodies. He began to move his finger inside her, slowly slipping deeper into her steamy, silken depths.

Lorelei tore her mouth from his, burying her face into his chest. Her hands gripped his bare shoulders as if for dear life. Her nails bit into hard planes of muscle across his shoulder blades, marring the smooth skin, but he didn't seem to notice. He just kept up his exploration of her pussy, his finger moving faster now, slipping deep into her then pulling almost out before plunging in again.

She gripped his shoulders harder, knowing that if she let go she would slide to the ground. Her knees had turned to jelly long ago and were no longer giving her any support. A hot rubber band of need began stretching and twisting within her. She felt his thumb move up to her swollen clit, rolling over the hard little nub and teasing it harder. Strangled gasps tore from her throat and the rubber band stretched more. Any moment it was going to break and send her into a million pieces.

A second probing finger entered her tight tunnel, at first slowly, tentatively. Then, as she stretched to welcome it, it joined the other plunging deep into her core. Lorelei gasped, mad with need. She couldn't take it anymore. Fire consumed

her. She needed release.

She bucked her hips into his hand. She began moving with him, meeting each thrust, riding his fingers for all she was worth. Just as she thought she would die from the need, his thumb flicked over her throbbing clit one last time and the taught band of need and lust broke.

Kaden's mouth barely covered hers in time to swallow her throaty cry as her world shattered into a million brilliant stars and rained down around her. Slowly she descended back to earth and became aware that Kaden's hand was still firmly lodged between her thighs. She made a move as if to pull back from him, but he just lightly stroked her. Not to arouse, but to calm her.

He rained tiny butterfly kisses over her cheeks and eyelids, and she relaxed against him. No reason to let reality jump back in so quickly. Her muscles still quivered from her intense orgasm and she wanted to revel in this moment as long as possible.

Kaden finally pulled his hand from the warm, damp spot nestled between her legs and pulled her panties back up. But instead of removing his hand from her skirt entirely, he softly stroked the smooth skin of her thigh and ass. Lorelei didn't protest. His attention felt good, and she needed the extra moments to try to get her legs working again.

After a few moments of leaning against each other quietly, neither speaking for fear of breaking the spell of the moment, Kaden pulled away slightly and began to straighten Lorelei's clothes. She put her hands up to help, but he gently pushed them away, preferring to do the task himself.

An irrational sadness swept over Lorelei. The moment, the encounter, the what ever it had been was over. And she wasn't happy about it. She wanted—well, she wasn't sure what she wanted. But she was sure she didn't want it to be over already.

As if sensing her thoughts, Kaden paused as he was sliding her bodice back into place, covering her still hardened nipples.

"Are you camping here tonight?" he asked, his voice soft with a hint of hopefulness.

"Yes." Well, it wasn't a complete lie. *Ava* was staying at the park

tonight; they had erected her tent earlier in the day. She'd tried to get Lorelei to stay also, telling her that part of the fun of these events was camping out all night. But Lorelei wasn't the sleep on the ground with bugs and God knows what else kind of girl. So, they'd agreed Ava would take Lorelei home when she was ready, and then come back. Lorelei's apartment wasn't far, so she didn't mind.

But now, Lorelei was re-thinking her sleeping on the ground position. After the things Kaden had just done to her body, she'd sleep in a tree if it meant getting more of the same.

"Good." Kaden's voice became deeper, husky with unfulfilled desire. "If you want to finish what we just started, meet me at Camping Site 302 in an hour."

Dropping a quick, hard kiss onto her lips, he pulled the cloak from around them and left.

Lorelei stood there a moment, stunned at his sudden departure. This man was throwing her curve balls at every turn, but she loved it. He intrigued her, and very few men ever had. Plus, the things he did to her body were pure heaven and sin at the same time. Even though it might be ill advised, she made up her mind to stick around and keep their meeting. She had to see how this would turn out.

CHAPTER 3

Lorelei re-entered the lodge five minutes after Kaden. She hadn't wanted it to be completely obvious to anyone who might have been watching the door that they'd been out together this whole time. Of course, who might see hadn't been on her mind a few moments ago, but now that her hormones had cooled slightly she was a bit more self-conscious. Besides, she needed a moment to clear her head and let her body heat return to normal before walking back in to a crowd of people.

Her hopes that no had noticed her prolonged absence were dashed when she reached the long table where Ava and her guy of the evening were cuddling and drinking huge mugs of wine. Ava grinned up at her with a very knowing look on her face.

"Well, you've been gone a while, but not nearly long enough. Either he's all hype and quick delivery, or you chickened out." Her eyes scanned over Lorelei. "But judging from the color of your cheeks and the state of your hair, something was definitely up! Literally."

Lorelei couldn't help but giggle. Ava had such a colorful way of putting things. You could always count on her to be blunt and to the point about things. She wasn't shy about sex, and didn't expect anyone else to be either. Lorelei liked that about her, but just couldn't be the same way. She was no prude, far from it actually. But she'd never been one to kiss and tell. But then, up until an hour ago she hadn't been the type to let a guy finger her pussy in public either.

"A girl just doesn't kiss and tell." Lorelei flashed Ava a secretive smile and sat down on the bench next to her.

Her eyes panned the room until she found what she was looking for. Kaden was on the other side of the room talking to a beautiful, tall, blonde woman and an even taller dark haired man. After a few moments, the two men left together.

A flicker of apprehension darted through Lorelei. What was she thinking? Was she really considering going out into the dark woods to meet a guy she hardly knew just for the chance of some hot sex? That's how women went missing. Maybe they'd find her bones in a shallow grave somewhere. Or maybe he was so practiced at this kind of thing that they would never find her bones.

As much as she tried to make herself feel dread. She couldn't. There was something about Kaden that made her trust him. That was really something, because she rarely trusted anyone, especially men. There was the question of why he'd left with the other man, though. She might be hot for his bod, but she wasn't about to be so stupid as to get ambushed by two freaky men. Forty-five minutes later her worries on that front were put to rest when the tall dark-haired man Kaden had left with came back into the lodge and joined the blonde woman.

It had almost been an hour and it was time for her to make a decision. She was either going to have Ava drive her home to her safe and cozy apartment, or she was going to venture out into the dark for an erotic encounter in a tent with a stranger. The memory of his mouth and hands on her body made the decision easy.

Turning to Ava, Lorelei smiled. "Hey, you don't have to take me home tonight. Just don't leave without me in the morning. Okay?"

Ava's eyes grew wide. "What? Where are you going to be sleeping? Or should I say where will you be spending the night? I have a feeling there won't be a lot of sleeping going on."

"Well, I guess you should know if you need to find me in the morning. I'll be at campsite 302." She paused a moment, wondering what else she should tell her friend. Hell, Ava was smart enough to figure it out, and she was too excited about the prospect of spending the entire night in Kaden's oh-so-talented arms to keep it all to herself. Abandoning her no-kiss-and-tell policy, she said, "And I hope I don't get any sleep at all tonight."

Ava hooted loudly. "Okay, be safe and have fun!" she said before her interest in the subject faded and she turned back to the beggar guy she'd been kissing most of the night. It looked to Lorelei like Ava wouldn't be getting much sleep either.

Leaving her friend in the lodge, Lorelei went out to seek Kaden's campsite. She pulled the small flashlight Ava had given her earlier out of the pouch that hung from her belt. Using the small beam of light to illuminate her path, she picked her way through the camping areas. She passed groups of modern tents in every shape and size. People milled around smiling, waving, and pointing the way when she got lost. Everyone was nice, though most were very drunk.

Finally, at the end of the path she found what she was looking for. It was not what she expected. Campsite 302 was actually a huge field about the size of a soccer field. If she hadn't felt like she'd stepped back in time before, she certainly did now. While most of the campsites were very modern with modern tents and camping stoves and the like, she'd heard that there was one spot in the campgrounds where people set up canvas tents and tried to make sure everything looked as if it would have in the middle ages. She had just found that campsite.

There were about fourteen or fifteen huge canvas tents, lined up into rows with "streets" between. It looked like scene from a movie. Men, women and children milled around lantern lit tents. The same candle lanterns that had illuminated the paths outside the Park Lodge were dotted throughout the campsite. Unlike the other campsites where plastic tables and aluminum lawn chairs were the norm, all of the tables and seats around the camping area were wood or cloth.

It was truly amazing, and if she hadn't been so anxious to find Kaden, Lorelei would have spent a while walking around and seeing the way the campsites were set up. She wasn't sure how she would find him among all of these tents; he hadn't been very specific about what tent. She'd just assumed there would be one tent at the campsite. Boy had she been wrong.

As she perused the site looking for any sign of Kaden's tall form, she realized there were a few tents set apart from the little "Tent City". One of those tents was set up at the far corner of the field several yards away from any other tent. Lorelei's breath caught when she realized the tall figure standing in front of that tent was Kaden.

For one split second, she wanted to flee, to run back to the lodge and have Ava take her back to her safe and cozy apartment, her safe and cozy life. Because she had a feeling if she entered that tent, it was going to alter her entire life. Something inexplicable held her and compelled her to go forward. So, taking a deep breath and willing away the butterflies swirling in her tummy, she strode across the field and entered the tent behind Kaden.

He was standing in the middle of the room when she entered.

The inside of the tent was unlike any tent she'd ever seen. Instead of the standard sleeping bags and cans of bug spray one would normally have along while camping, the

tent was decorated like a cozy little love nest.

In one corner was what looked like a queen size air mattress topped with a soft feather mattress covered with a beautiful deep blue spread with a gold Celtic knot design. Soft and fluffy throw pillows in deep jewel tones made the bed look lush and inviting. Next to the bed was a low wooden table with a bright scarf thrown over it and a variety of candles throwing a romantic glow over the room. The brightly colored rugs that covered any sign of grass on the ground completed the feeling of being in someone's bedroom instead of a canvas tent.

Lorelei let out a low whistle. "Whew! This is my kind of camping!"

Kaden's husky laugh drew her attention from the room and back to him. For a moment her shock at the plush accommodations had made the fluttering in her stomach subside, but now looking at him, the candlelight flickering across his bare chest, brought the butterflies back in droves. In this lighting, he looked like a Celtic warrior ready for battle. He looked so incredibly sexy, her mouth went dry and she had to force herself to focus on his words instead of his amazingly cut biceps.

"...my sister and brother-in-laws." He was saying when she finally tuned in. "They always set it up pretty elaborately. They let me borrow it for the night."

One perfectly arched eyebrow shot up. "The went through all the trouble to haul this stuff out here and set it up and just handed it over to you to "use"?"

"Don't sound so skeptical. I'm her baby brother, she loves me. She'd do anything to make me happy."

His grin made Lorelei weak in the knees. She had no doubt most women would do anything to make this man happy. She was sure making up a list of "anythings" she would love to do.

"Besides," he added, his grin widening, "She's no fool. She wasn't about to pass up a night in the Park Hotel's honeymoon suite."

So, he'd paid his sister off by renting her a beautiful and luxury hotel room. That was a lot of money to spend just to get laid. The ever-suspicious Lorelei wondered why he would go through so much trouble. For that matter, why would he pay to put his sister up in a hotel room that expensive when he could have taken Lorelei there instead. Hell, at this point Lorelei probably would have went to a cheapo pay by the hour motel if it

meant getting some more of what she'd gotten on the park lodge porch. But, as she looked around, she knew why he'd done things the way he had.

This room was the perfect mix of romance and mystery. Kind of how everything had been playing out between them so far. As long as they were here, in this moment, surrounded by candlelight and the feel of being back in time they were the sexy Scot and the beautiful wench/belly dancer. In the harsh modern light, they would be Kaden McCallister and Lorelei Graham. There would be an expectation to get to tell each other more about themselves. It would kill the moment. It would kill the mysterious chemistry brewing between them.

Lorelei didn't want that to happen. Who knew if she'd be so attracted to this guy if she knew him. Standing there in this tent with candlelight flickering off his skin, that kilt wrapped around him, he looked like a Celtic warrior ready for battle. Fire flamed within her belly just looking at him. The reality of him might not be so sexy, and right now, in this place and this moment, the last thing Lorelei wanted was reality.

CHAPTER 4

Kaden must have been thinking along the same lines as Lorelei because his eyes darkened and he stalked across the room in two long strides. Long, lean fingers lifted her chin seconds before his lips crushed hers in a deep, hungry kiss. Without a thought, Lorelei opened to him, kissing him back with equal fervor and hunger. Their tongues warred as they drank greedily of each other. Lightening bolts of desire shot through Lorelei. Just as she leaned into him, ready for much more than a kiss, Kaden pulled back, his hands going to her shoulders and holding her away from him.

Lorelei opened her mouth to protest, but Kaden laid a finger over her lips, effectively shushing her. He leaned down, his lips so close to her ear she could feel his breath stir her hair. In a voice so sexy it sent shivers down her spine and gave her goose bumps, he whispered two simple words.

“Not yet.”

Two little words had never held so much meaning, and mystery. Both had Lorelei trembling with anticipation. She wondered what he had in mind, but knew what ever it was, it would be worth the wait.

She didn't have to wait long.

Kaden moved around her so that he was standing behind her and brushed the wayward curls that had fallen down around her shoulders away from her neck. Lorelei's knees turned to jelly, nearly landing her in the floor, when his lips came in contact with the sensitive skin on the nape of her neck. A gasp escaped her, and she leaned back into him, hungry for his touch.

Instead of touching her, she felt his fingers working with the knot that secured the tight corset in place. After a few minutes of tugging, his lips working magic on her neck and shoulders the whole time, she felt the strings give way and the corset fell to the ground and her breasts sprang free from their confines. If she hadn't been so enthralled with Kaden's talented mouth she would have been relieved at being able to breathe freely. At this point though, she wasn't breathing very well anyway, so she barely noticed the difference.

She did notice that Kaden had stopped kissing her neck, though. But didn't protest because she'd become distracted by his hands brushing softly over her shoulders and arms slipping her dress off as they went. The cool night air tightened her already puckered nipples as the thin material fell away. Next, Kaden's fingers slipped into the sides of her panties and slid them down until they joined the dress and corset at her feet.

Within seconds she'd went from fully clothed to completely naked. Every nerve ending stood at attention, ready for his touch. Screaming for his touch. But Kaden didn't touch her. She was standing naked in the middle of the room and instead of doing deliciously sinful things to her bare body, Kaden walked over to the bed and sat down. For a brief moment, Lorelei felt a little stupid. She was standing there naked and he was just looking at her. Instinctively her hands flew to her most delicate parts in an effort to cover herself.

"Don't do that." Kaden said in that milk chocolate voice that made her want to do anything he said.

Her hands immediately dropped to her side, giving him a full view of her voluptuous body. She tried not to show how self-conscious she was. She wasn't ashamed of her body. She wasn't a skinny girl. She had curves, and a lot of them. But she worked out and danced, and while she might have a bit more meat on her bones than some women, she was toned and fit. But standing naked in the middle of a room with an extremely sexy stranger looking at her like he wanted to devour her would make any girl a bit nervous about her looks.

She wished he would say something, and when he didn't she decided to take matters into her own hands. Just as she was about to join him on the bed, he spoke.

"Dance for me," he said simply.

Damn, this guy had a knack for making her nervous as hell. "But there isn't any music," she replied, hoping her voice wasn't shaking as much as she was.

Wordlessly he reached over to the small wooden table next to the bed and began tapping out a slow and steady cadence.

Lorelei closed her eyes, letting the rhythm wash over her. She tried to block the thought of his eyes on her, and just let her body think about moving to the beat. Kicking her discarded clothes out of the way, she began to sway her body.

Belly Dancing had always been a very sensual experience for Lorelei, she loved the way her body felt so graceful when she was dancing. Her dance earlier tonight, staring into Kaden's eyes had been unique and surprisingly sexual, but none of that compared to what she was feeling now. Dancing naked in front of this man who made her body feel so many wonderful things and want so many more made her feel a little wild and free.

Her body moved as if by its own volition. Her hips twisted and shook with the rhythm of Kaden's tapping. The beat slowly got faster and she matched it with her body, swirling about the room in a sensual fury. She kept her eyes closed, but the thought of his gaze on her naked body as she danced ignited an inferno in her veins. The very air around her seemed to heat up and tiny beads of perspiration formed on her bare skin.

When he finally stopped tapping and she ended her dance she was breathless and dizzy, though she didn't know if it was from the efforts of the dance or the sexual storm raging within her. She swayed slightly and for a moment, thought she might fall, but Kaden was up in seconds, wrapping his arms around her and holding her close.

"Are you okay?" His voice was thick with concern.

Gazing up at him Lorelei was overcome with her own lust. She wasn't sick, she was so sexually aroused she could barely breathe. She wanted his hands and mouth on her. She wanted him in her. She wanted this man like she'd never wanted any man before. And she had a feeling she'd never want another man this much again.

She pushed that thought aside as quickly as it had popped up. She didn't want to think about that sort of thing right now. She didn't want to think at all. All she wanted to do for the rest of the night was feel.

"No, I'm not alright," she said, running her fingers along the material that crossed his chest. "I'm totally naked and you still have this thing on. It's getting in the way of my progress."

Kaden took a step back and wasted no time in unlatching the pin that held the kilt in place and tossing it over on the table. Lorelei nearly went into cardiac arrest when he grinned and, with a little tug, let the offending material slide off and join her own abandoned clothes. In true Scottish fashion he had, indeed, been bare under his kilt. Her mouth went dry at the sight of him in all his naked glory.

He was as near perfect as she'd ever seen. Golden tanned skin stretched taught across the sinewy muscle that made up his tall, broad frame. The dark hair that peppered his muscular chest trailed down over his abdomen thinning out into a tiny line over his stomach then thickening to a dark and curly mass between his legs. Springing out from that mass hair was what she'd been craving, but hadn't yet seen. Now that she saw it, she felt a moment of apprehension at his size, but only a moment. His cock matched his body, long, broad and rock hard.

He was as hot and hard for her as she was slick and wet for him. The little game of seduction they had played up to this moment had been fun and exciting, but now it was time to end the game. Lorelei had never been a game player. She didn't have time for that sort of thing. She was a go get what you want sort of woman. And right now she wanted Kaden and it was time to take what she wanted.

She lunged forward, wrapping her arms around him and reaching up to his lips. Once again, they were thinking along the same wavelength because he was ready for her. The moment she was close enough he grabbed her, his long fingers biting into the soft flesh of her ass cheeks as he pulled her hard against him. At the same time, his mouth came crashing down on hers. It seemed Mr. Seduction was tired of games, too.

They came together in a flurry of raw sexual need and desire. Despite the difference in their height, they fit together like puzzle pieces. Her full and soft curves flowed into his hard planes. The full globes of her breast were flattened against the wall of his chest, and the steel of his cock pressed into her belly as if it were a soft pillow.

In one swift and fluid movement Kaden fell backwards pulling them both down on the air mattress bed. Mid-air he turned slightly so that she landed half on the bed and half on him, their lips never breaking contact.

Lorelei heard a rustling and leaned back to see him pull a small foil packet from under the table. Distractedly she wondered if he had been a Boy Scout. He was definitely prepared.

Pushing herself up on the bed, she took the foil pack out of his hand, and ripped it open. She wanted to do this part. He'd been so focused on her up to this point she hadn't gotten to touch him yet. Not really touch him in the way that would make the thoughts fly out of his head like he'd done to her.

Sliding her fingers down over his chest and into the mat of hair, she wrapped them around his cock. Kaden gasped and moaned and Lorelei's mind nearly went blank. She had to fight for concentration. He felt so good in her hand, like smooth silk covering hot steel. She pulled the condom from its wrapper and slowly and deliberately slid it down his shaft, her fingers stroking him the whole time.

His moans broke something wild and primal loose inside her. Her body ached for him, her pussy dripped for him. She couldn't wait another second. No more foreplay, she wanted him. Now! Before he could realize what she was doing, she lifted herself up, swung her leg over his torso and straddled him. Positioning herself over his throbbing cock, she began to lower herself.

Realizing what she intended Kaden reached for her. "No, not ye...Oh, God!" His protest turned into a wild and carnal growl of pleasure as Lorelei plunged herself down onto his cock, hard and completely.

Lorelei's own gasp of shock and pleasure mingled with Kaden's as she joined their bodies. She had been more than ready for him, but still the size of him was enough to stretch her to the very limits, and she hadn't given her body time to adjust to the intrusion. She had sunk down until he was completely in her, his cock covered to the hilt with her slick and wanting body. For a full second she sat still, in awe of the sensation of having this man inside her.

That second was all Kaden needed to take back control of the situation. He pulled her down to him and rolled them, still joined so that her back was on the bed and he loomed over her. His eyes were wild with lust and desire, and she knew they mirrored her own. The second he was over her, he began to move, slowly at first, but picking up speed with each thrust.

She raised her hips up to meet each drive of his. Wrapping her arms around him, she pulled him down to her, her mouth seeking his skin. She wanted to taste him. She ran her tongue along his hair roughened jaw line, around the curve of his ear, and down to the juncture where his neck met his shoulder.

His mouth had plans of its own, as well. They sucked, licked, and tasted each other as he plunged into her, faster and harder. Their moans and cries mingled together,

as a fury of passion over took them. Lorelei's nails bit into his back as she pulled him closer and tighter. She couldn't get close enough, she wanted to melt inside this man.

Heat spiraled within her making her dizzy. Tiny volcanoes were erupting in her veins, dragging her along a river of fire. Every muscle in her body was taught, and felt as if they would snap. Kaden drove into her over and over, and she wrapped her legs tight around his ass urging him on. She didn't want him to stop. Ever.

Then, suddenly and without warning bright lights shattered behind her eyes and she was carried over the waterfall of molten lava and launched into the stars. She cried out his name as she felt her pussy contract around him. Kaden plunged into her one last time with a growl that sounded more animal than human and collapsed on the bed next to her.

It took several minutes for Lorelei to drift down from the heavens. She floated on clouds while Kaden discarded the condom and pulled the covers up around them. Without protest, she let him pull her back against him, snuggling against his warm body. It had been ages since she'd slept in the same bed as a man. She didn't trust that much. But right now, she couldn't think of anything she wanted more than to fall asleep in this mans arms.

Trailing tiny kisses over her face and ear Kaden whispered, "I don't even know your last name."

She knew it was more of a question than a statement, but not one she was ready to answer. It would break the spell that was woven around them and she didn't want to do that, not yet.

"There will be plenty of time for that in the morning." She murmured.

Kaden seemed to be okay with this answer because he just nestled her closer to his chest and drifted off to sleep. Lorelei, content to lie cradled in his arms, did the same. But an instant before the oblivion of dreams over took her, she thought, *I wonder if this is what love feels like.*

CHAPTER 5

From the light seeping in through the tent door and the sound of birds singing Lorelei guessed it was around six or seven in the morning. There wasn't a clock around, so she wasn't sure. She looked over at the man sleeping beside her. Even in the morning light, he was sexy enough to make her mouth water. She restrained the urge to reach over and run her fingers over his toned body.

Slowly, so as not to wake Kaden, she slipped from the makeshift bed. Looking around the room, she realized the romance and mystery of last night had faded with the moonlight. Last night the tent had seemed like a romantic rendezvous spot from another place and time. But in the bright light of the morning after, it was no more than a canvas tent with rugs thrown over the ground and an air mattress.

And the man lying on the bed was no different. Last night with the aid of darkness, candlelight, and more than a little wine, he had been the man of her dreams. Her Scottish Warrior who swept her off her feet. But with the light of dawn drifting over his features, he was nothing more than a man. A man she knew nothing about. For all she knew he could be married with ten kids. Or, not married with ten kids.

Last night for the briefest moment, she'd let herself feel things for this man. Almost like love. But it had been pretend love for a pretend man. This one, the real one, was a complete stranger. She probably wouldn't even like him if she did know him. And frankly, she didn't want to find that out. Maybe he was a great guy; maybe she could fall head over heels in love with him. That thought was more terrifying than that of him being married, or an axe murderer.

She didn't have time for love. And she definitely didn't have time for heartache. And in her experience, letting yourself feel too much for a guy was a recipe for heartache. No, it would just be best if she just forgot all about last night and got on with her life in the real world.

As quietly as possible, she tiptoed around the room gathering her things. She slipped the dress over her head, but decided to forgo the corset since it was a two-person job to get her into it. Instead, she carried it and her shoes in her hand as she made her way to the tent's entrance. Just before slipping out, she paused. For a brief moment, she

wanted to wake him, to say goodbye. But she knew that would be a bad idea. Last night he had wanted to know her last name. He might not want to now. He might feel the same way she did in the light of day. But what if he didn't. What if he wanted to know her name, to know her better? The worst part was that she wasn't sure she would be able to resist him if he did. She was already too tempted to crawl back into the bed with him.

Instead, she blew a kiss in his direction and slipped out into the daylight and reality.

TO BE CONTIUED...

What happens when Kaden wakes up to an empty bed? Will he look for Lorelei? What happens when he finds her?

Answer these questions and more in:

ROMANCING LORELEI

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ROMANCING LORELEI

by Delinda Jasper

CHAPTER 1

Kaden McCallister felt a little bit like a stalker. He was sitting a booth in Bea's Diner staring out the window and across the street at the Minnie's Beauty Salon. More accurately he was staring at the woman working in the Minnie's Beauty Salon. He'd done the same thing three days in a row during his lunch hour trying to get up the nerve to walk across the street and talk to her. He felt like a cross between a nervous teenager with his first crush and a creepy peeping-tom stalker.

It wasn't as if he was sitting here watching every move of some stranger. He knew her. That is, if having one unforgettable night of sex with someone who wouldn't tell you her last name counted as knowing someone.

It had been three weeks since he'd met Lorelei. There had been candlelight, wine, costumes, and when he'd seen her belly dance he'd went instantly hard. He'd never been so turned on, and he wanted her. And he'd had her. It had been heady and magical and he knew he wanted to know this incredible woman who made him nearly forget his name just with a look. But then, in the morning he'd awaken to an empty bed and not so much as a note.

He'd felt empty. He didn't know why this woman had such an effect on him, but he wanted to find out. He'd tried to just forget her. Chalk it up to a great one-night stand and leave it at that. But he couldn't. Every time he closed his eyes he could see her hips swaying in the candlelight, he could feel her smooth skin against his. It was damned distracting.

The last thing in the world he needed was to be distracted. After all, he was a doctor. He didn't need to be daydreaming about some elusive woman. So, his solution had been to find her, convince her to go out with him and see if she was as amazing as he remembered or if it had been the wine and the magic of the night.

But he hadn't been able to find her. He'd asked around, but the only person he could find that knew who she was, wasn't telling him anything. He'd seen Lorelei

talking to Ava Burton. He didn't know Ava that well because she was a few years younger than him, but he remembered that she'd dated his brother Jake for a little while when they were in high school. She was also the secretary at Jackson and McCallister Attorney's at Law. Since Kent Jackson was his brother-in-law and the McCallister in the firm was his eldest brother, Adam, he'd thought this would give him a leg up in getting some information from her. He had been wrong.

At the time he'd thought she was being completely uncooperative. He'd tried reminiscing over old times, cajoling, and flashing his most charming McCallister smile. It was widely known throughout Cedar Grove that the McCallister boys could just about charm the pants off of almost any woman with a smile and a few well chosen words and, in the case of a couple of his brothers, literally had, many times.

But Ava, having been the victim of such charm at the hands of at least one brother was having none of it. She'd put her hands on her tiny hips and shook her short blonde hair as she said, "Look here Kaden McCallister. If Lorelei had wanted you to know how to get in touch with her she'd have told you herself. I don't know what happened between you guys, but if she doesn't want you to know her last name, I'm sure not going to tell you."

Kaden didn't believe that for a second. He was sure Ava had at least guessed what had happened between them. But she was standing her ground, and he didn't figure standing there and arguing would do a bit of good. As he turned to leave the law office before his brother or brother-in-law became curious, she made one last parting shot, "You know, you really need a haircut. You know, when Miss Minnie died, her niece moved here took over her beauty shop. She really is amazing, you should give her a try." Then she'd given a little giggle.

At the time he'd brushed it off and didn't give it anymore thought. He remembered Ava as a pretty bold girl and just figured she was just speaking her mind as usual. He did need a haircut. He'd also figured it was a crack about his long hair, her telling him to go to a beauty shop. Most people didn't believe a doctor could have long hair. But now he realized she was trying to point him in the right direction without betraying a friend's confidence.

But he hadn't gotten the hint and had given up the search. Then three days ago he'd stopped in Bea's for lunch. Usually he just grabbed a sandwich at the office. Taking over a medical practice took a lot of time and energy, especially one devoted to kids. Though Dr. Kendrick was staying with the practice on a part-time basis and keeping about a third of his old patients, Kaden was taking over the rest of the very large patient list. Whenever a new doctor takes over a case it is only natural that parents want to schedule appointments for unneeded check ups just to meet the new doctor. There was also the normal surge of new patient appointments from parents who have a regular pediatrician in a neighboring town but want to check out the new doctor. In the three months since he'd moved back to Cedar Grove and started at the clinic Kaden's appointment book had been filled to the brim every day. But the past couple of weeks had been slowing down into a routine and Monday he'd actually had an hour and a half between patients and he'd decided to venture out for lunch.

Bea's had been busy and the only open booth had been by the front window. He'd sat down, ordered a coffee and club sandwich. While he waited he looked out the window marveling at how much Cedar Grove had changed since he'd left after high school to go to college, and how much it hadn't changed. He noticed the beauty salon across the street. There had always been just one beauty shop and just one barbershop in Cedar Grove for as long as he remembered. The women of the town went to Minnie's Salon across from Bea's Diner and the men of the town got their regular haircuts at Bob's Barbershop on the other side of the square. A chain store catering to both sexes had opened up out near the interstate, but Bob's and Minnie's still thrived. Though now Steve had replaced Bob and apparently Miss Minnie's had been place had been filled by a niece from out of town. So much was the same, yet so different.

Just as his lunch was set in front of him and he was about to turn away, a woman wearing a black smock stepped out of the building to help an elderly lady out of her car and into shop. There was something familiar about her so he watched as she helped the lady maneuver her walker across the sidewalk and nearly spilled his coffee in his lap when he realized it was Lorelei.

The baggy smock disguised the curves he knew to be there and her hair wasn't loose and spilling around her shoulders. Instead it was pulled back into a tight ponytail

with her dark curls trailing loosely down her back. But he had no doubt about her identity. He knew it was her because the moment he'd seen her he'd felt like he'd been kicked in the stomach. Something about that woman made his entire body turn to jelly.

Now he sat stared at her as she curled and teased some woman's hair within an inch of its life. For the past three days he'd tried to sort out what he wanted to do now that he'd found her. Part of him wanted to just say forget it. Hell, the woman had run off with out so much as a goodbye. It should be obvious their night together was nothing more than a one-night stand to her. But another part of him was sure there was more to it. He wanted to get to know this woman in the daylight with her clothes on to see if he could make her stop haunting his dreams. And yet another part of him wanted to march over and pull her into the backroom of that tiny beauty shop and fuck her until he got her out of his system or they were both too tired to think or move. Whichever came first.