

Haley's Cabin

Chapter One

A loud knock yanked Haley out of her newest suspense novel and she groaned at the unwanted interruption. She moved to answer it, but apparently not quickly enough as another pounding reverberated through the quiet cabin. Frustrated, Haley threw the door open wide, prepared to give whoever it was a piece of her mind. She pulled up short when she caught sight of the couple on the other side.

The woman was tall, dark-haired like herself. She had a figure that could only be described as lush and a striking pair of chocolate brown eyes.

Haley shook herself out of her mute shock and looked at the man. He was the woman's equal in every way. Tall, strong, and lean with large hands that would wrap around a woman's waist just the right way. While she stared at the pair of tanned strangers, Haley realized she hadn't spoken a word to either of them.

"Um, can I help you?" Her voice sounded foreign to her own ears. But the man spoke and she listened, mesmerized, to the raspy, deep tone of his voice.

"I was hoping you could," he said with a smile. "Our car stalled down the road a ways and we were wondering—if it wasn't too much of an inconvenience—could we use your phone to call for a tow?"

The word tow grabbed her and she reluctantly dragged her attention from the man and his sexy voice. Haley found herself answering "sure" to a couple of complete strangers. She had to step back from the door to allow them access to her small, safe haven.

Just that afternoon, she'd gone to her private hideaway. She'd needed a break from the day-to-day grind. Even a workaholic like her deserved time off.

She continued to convince herself of that.

After the many hours she'd racked up in unused vacation time, it was time to cash in. Her job as software developer at Berlitz and Kent Computing was starting to take its toll. She'd put in too many sixteen hour days writing code with nothing to show for them but a failed marriage and a never-ending migraine. Her doctor had told her if she didn't take her leave physically for a bit, she was going to end up taking her leave mentally. She heeded the doctor's warnings, as a nervous breakdown really wasn't at all appealing.

Of course, now she found herself being smiled at by two gorgeous strangers in the dead of night, totally isolated and in her pajamas no less, she wondered how smart her decision had been.

Geez, can this night get any stranger?

As she waged a battle inside her mind—was she crazy to let these people in?—she led them into the kitchen.

“The phone’s over there.” She indicated the wall next to the back door and politely went on. “Help yourself, really.” She looked at the coffee pot and forced a smile. “Can I get you anything to drink? Coffee’s still fresh.”

The man answered for them both. “Thank you, coffee sounds great right about now. Even though we’re nearing summer, it still gets a touch chilly at night.” He rubbed his hands together, but made no move toward the phone. Instead, he seated himself and his lady friend at the table. Haley didn’t have the heart to tell them she didn’t want guests. She just wanted to get back to her book and her self-imposed isolation. Sighing, she reached for two mugs up in the pinewood cabinet.

As she poured the coffee, she asked how they took it and both spoke in unison, saying, “Black.” She handed them their cups and sat at the table, opposite the man and next to the woman.

“Oh, my name is Haley, by the way. Haley Thorne.” She said, attempting to be friendly, even though she felt anything but.

“I’m Jay and this is Marissa.” When he smiled, she nearly melted. Dear God, the man was a looker. “Pleased to meet you, Haley.”

He seemed affectionate and warm when he held out his hand for her to shake. She took it willingly, a little too eager to touch him.

It was strong and callused, a working man’s hand, most likely. Everything about him spoke of hard work and long hours. She stared at their entwined fingers and thought of how fragile her small, pale hand looked against his stronger one. As she gazed back at Jay, his expression changed from friendly to lustful. Haley was both startled and excited. She hadn’t had a single spark of sexual desire in much too long, and now her body seemed to come alive.

Without the slightest hint of warning, she found herself being tugged to her feet and led into the living room by the man who called himself, simply, Jay. Marissa followed close behind.

Haley felt as if someone had taken over her body and was guiding her every move. She should have been afraid, or terrified, as this stranger controlled her every action and assumed entirely too much. Just the fact she was in a cabin, miles away from everyone and everything, should have sent off warning signals in her head. Nevertheless, she was perfectly calm and even smiled right back at the handsome Jay.

What was the matter with her? She was a responsible, twenty-five-year-old woman. She was not spontaneous, nor was she a complete fool. Yet, her feet kept moving and she had a feeling her smile was dreamy. The kind of smile that let a man know she wasn’t only a willing participant in the games soon to follow, but an enthusiastic one as well.

He stopped when they reached the large, soft rug in the center of the room, startling her. Maybe she’d gotten him wrong. Haley had thought he would lead her to the bedroom, but maybe he was only being polite after all. It wasn’t until he turned her toward Marissa that Haley felt a flutter of butterfly wings in her stomach.

She stared at the intensely exotic Marissa. Like the director of a play, Jay seemed to know every move Marissa would make and commanded the outcome of the night. And for some inexplicable reason, it excited Haley even more. She wasn't the one in control, which meant she didn't need to be the ever-constant, responsible one.

Marissa moved to unbutton Haley's pajama top. Haley's hand flew up to cover Marissa's in a lame attempt to stop her. She wasn't into women. There had to have been some mistake.

But Marissa's lips curved seductively as if she knew a deep, dark secret and she slipped the first button out of its hole. Haley realized she had on her Sunday jammies. And Sunday jammies weren't conducive to sexual rendezvous with alluring night visitors. Marissa didn't seem at all turned-off by her ugly attire, though. She kept unbuttoning and didn't stop until she had Haley completely undressed. Standing there with not a stitch of clothing on, Haley allowed the brown-eyed beauty to take hold of her shoulders and turn her around. Once again she found herself drowning in Jay's fathomless, silvery-blue eyes, only now he, too, was bereft of clothes.

Oh God, he was magnificent. Built like some fantasy figure she could only conjure in her deepest wet dream.

Every inch of him was muscled and tanned and put together in all the right ways. Her gaze traveled a lazy path down the front of his hard torso until it reached the dark patch of hair covering his groin. His cock jutted out from his body, and Haley's mouth nearly dropped open as she gaped at Jay's perfect erection.

Oh lord, she wasn't experienced enough for a man like him. He would expect things she'd only heard her friends whisper about in the break room. She felt a quick spurt of insecurity. Would he find her inept? Be on his way once he realized her inexperience? It was probably written all over her face.

But to her astonishment, Jay smiled approvingly at her, his gaze hot, and leaned down to touch his lips to hers.

A long, lazy, all-consuming kiss sent her blood soaring through her veins and nearly caused her knees to buckle. He gently laid her down on the soft, tan carpeting, then let his mouth wander the length of her body. His lips barely touched in some places and pressed greedily in others. Haley closed her eyes and let it all happen.

She floated on a dream, in and out of consciousness as Jay touched off every nerve ending with his tongue and lips. He stroked over her neck, nibbling and tasting as if she were some great feast. Slowly he moved lower until she could almost feel his breath against her nipples. Haley arched into him and moaned, wanting something, anything Jay could give her.

Then a second pair of lips whispered over her skin. A softer, more feminine mouth.

Haley snapped up her head and saw Marissa bending over her, completely nude. A quick spurt of shame slithered through her for thinking how beautiful the woman was. Her skin, tanned golden

like Jay's. Her breasts, full and heavy and deliciously tempting. Marissa's tits were larger than her own, more rounded. Her nipples were pink and puffy. Haley instinctively licked her lips, anticipating the flavor of such candied perfection. She was voluptuous, and Haley ached for a taste in a way she never had before. As she stared at Marissa's nude body, her gaze lingered at the juncture between her thighs. Marissa was shaved. Her mound was smooth and tanned as the rest of her body, and Haley could easily make out the swollen nub of her clitoris.

For some inexplicable reason, it turned Haley on more than ever. The sight caused her body to jump to life and her face flamed. She looked away immediately. What was she thinking! Never in her life had she fantasized about other women.

Just then the most exotic voice spoke to her in a quiet whisper.

"Don't be embarrassed, Haley. I find you quite beautiful, too."

Haley looked back at Marissa, and when she saw the acceptance on the other woman's face, she surrendered to her desires. Haley closed her eyes and made a decision. For just this one night, she would give herself something she'd never had: enjoyment. There was no reason for questions, no real expectations. Only desires and needs. Haley meant to make the most of it, too. She would let them sweetly tend to her.

She reached up and touched a finger to Marissa's pretty nipple, stroking it, enjoying the softness of the woman's bronzed skin. Keeping eye contact with Marissa, Haley continued playing and toying with her breasts. It was erotic to see the woman's eyes heat, to watch the desire start to consume her. Finally Marissa leaned down, clearly anxious for Haley to taste her. Haley obliged by wrapping her hand around the other woman's ample breast and pulling it to her mouth, sucking her nipple greedily.

Someone moaned, and she wasn't sure if it was Marissa or herself. They were both lost on a tidal wave of feeling.

She lavished the puffy pink areola with her tongue and scraped the distended nipple with her teeth, enjoying the sight as it grew taut and rigid for her, then switched to the other side to do the same. As she suckled and fondled Marissa, a hand touched her own silky thatch of dark curls between her legs and she arched forward, encouraging more, aching for more. Marissa found Haley's clitoris and tugged at it with her thumb and index finger, pulling and pumping. Too quickly, she stopped and rose off Haley. Enraptured, Haley groaned and reached for more of this woman. But it wasn't to be.

Jay stood over her with a pleased smile curving his sensuous lips. In her heated moment with Marissa, she'd forgotten she had an audience. Again she found herself blushing. It seemed Jay would have none of her embarrassment, because he languidly pulled her to her feet. Then Marissa laid down.

Haley looked to Jay for answers, desperate to know what he wanted, wishing only to please and be pleased.

His simple answer was to position her on her hands and knees between Marissa's legs so Haley looked down at Marissa's smooth pussy. She felt his hand at the back of her head. Jay gently

guided her toward Marissa's glistening nether lips. Haley closed her eyes and gave one tentative lick. Oh God, the sweet taste of Marissa's arousal was her undoing. Soon, Haley was licking and stroking at the juices as they flowed into her mouth. Haley lapped at the nectar freely flowing from Marissa's slick heat, sucking at her as if starved and feeling her own desire race out of control.

Haley opened her eyes to watch in fascination as Marissa arched off the floor, anxious and needy for pleasure. It gave her a naughty thrill to make such a sensual woman quiver and moan.

Haley had never done anything so completely decadent. She wasn't sure what was expected of her. After all, she'd never given a woman oral sex before. Marissa pushed her hot pussy against her mouth, gasping. Haley continued her assault and knew a sense of wild excitement when Marissa's hands grasped uncontrollably at her hair, pulling at her, desperate and crazed all at once.

Haley's throbbing cunt dripped with her own pleasure. Her entire body felt hot and itchy. Nothing in her life had ever compared to this. She moaned right along with Marissa, feeling what she was feeling.

Jay growled, obviously pushed beyond control at witnessing her and Marissa's passion. The thick, swollen tip of his cock pushed into Haley's heat, moving slowly in and out, wetting himself completely with her flow. To her utter shock, he moved to the seam of her buttocks, situating his big, hard body behind her, and with both hands he pulled her ass cheeks wide.

As Jay began inching himself inside her bottom, she pulled from Marissa and whimpered.

Jay shushed her. "Relax. I simply want to satisfy you." But the odd sensation of him in such a forbidden place had her tensing, and he'd only entered her the tiniest bit. Reflexively, her muscles clenched, and Jay held still. He softly stroked his thumb over her clit, as if he knew she was beyond listening to his commands. When his finger slid inside her throbbing center, it was too much. Something inside Haley burst. A sweet release of electricity raced as an orgasm took hold.

After several blissful moments, her muscles relaxed. Haley gazed down at the beautiful Marissa, who lay quietly, waiting her turn. Smiling sinfully, Haley leaned down and licked the woman's sweet pussy with relish. She wanted to bring Marissa to climax. Needed to watch her come. Haley wiggled and pushed against Jay, suddenly needing more of him, wanting it all. She yearned to feel his cock buried deep in her ass, where no man had ever touched her. Embarrassed by her own uninhibited response but too excited to care, Haley helplessly gave herself up to this man and the exquisite feelings he evoked.

Haley pushed her bottom into him, hoping to convey without words what she wanted. He gave it to her then, every delicious inch, and she loved the combination of pain and pleasure, the stretching fullness of it all. Her bottom felt each and every contraction, each pump of Jay's thick cock, and it was euphoric. The perfect way he filled her ass had Haley nearly exploding with pleasure. Every slide of his erection, in then out, drove her to new heights of pleasure. Her body clutched his swollen dick. Somewhere along the line, Haley had become a greedy minx for what only Jay could provide.

Her vagina convulsed in a leisurely, drawn-out climax. It was a lifetime worth of climaxes all rolled into one. She moaned and writhed against Jay, all the while continuing to suck and lick at Marissa, fondling her heavy breasts, spurred on by the promise of having this exotic stranger exploding onto her tongue with her own delicious orgasm. Haley was determined to bring Marissa the same sort of pleasure Jay had just given her. She fairly craved Marissa's sweet flow.

Haley used her fingers, tentatively slipping first one, then another inside Marissa's tight passage, beyond pleased when Marissa's soft, fleshy muscles squeezed around her. Haley flicked her clit with her tongue as she pressed her fingers farther, driving fast and deep. Jay continued his wonderful assault from behind, evidently not content with a single orgasm.

Marissa's groaning turned to sharp cries of need, and her twitching hips and clutching fingers went wild.

Jay pushed yet another finger inside Haley's cleft, forcing his way inside to touch her very womb. Filled from every possible point, Haley climbed that precipice once again.

Sensation upon sensation bombarded her as Jay pushed with fingers and hips. He gave everything to her, and soon the three of them screamed out their climaxes in perfect unison, like the finale to a great performance.

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Haley woke in her chair, alone and dressed in her pajamas. Her book lay in her lap as if she'd fallen asleep reading it. She rose slowly in total confusion and glanced at the wall clock. Three hours had passed. The last thing she remembered was being completely engrossed in her book, then answering the door, and...oh God!

Could it be? Could she really have spent the most unbelievable night of her life with two complete strangers, making love in ways she'd never experienced? No, it had to be a dream...right? But if so, then why was she so achy? Her legs hurt and between her thighs she felt sore and sensitive. Too sensitive. There was only one way to find out.

Haley walked into the kitchen and found a single cold cup of coffee sitting on the table. She frowned.

"Oh man, I really am losing my mind."

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