

A dark, atmospheric photograph of a forest path. The path is covered in fallen leaves and leads into a dense forest of tall, thin trees. The scene is shrouded in a thick fog, creating a mysterious and somewhat eerie mood. The lighting is very low, with the trees appearing as dark silhouettes against the slightly lighter fog.

Fox In The Fog

Cassie Exline

Fox in the Fog

“Luther’s hand tightened around Marta’s neck, squeezing the very life out of her. Her face went from darkish pink to crimson to blue to purple. Her red fingernails clawed trying to get free from Luther’s hold. His maniacal laughter echoed in the room. ‘You will do as I command or die,’ Luther hissed.”

Callie held her book up high for everyone to see the cover. The dust jacket illustration depicted a handsome villain and disheveled maiden. “If you want to find out what led up to Marta’s predicament and what happened next, you’ll have to buy Marta’s Revenge.” The entire Myersville Afternoon Ladies Group rose to their feet, oohing and aahing.

Rita, the owner of Mountain View Book Shop, announced, “If anyone has questions for Miss Hastings, please feel free to ask her while you’re purchasing her latest book.” Rita’s grin widened as lady after lady picked up a book. Having authors in to do a reading and a book signing brought her good business.

Customers milled around Callie and the refreshment table. She answered their questions as best she could. Yes, there was some autobiographical truth to her fiction, but no, she’d never been strangled for real. Yes, she loved writing—it was her favorite activity except for ... and she smiled her cute and slightly naughty smile.

When the last lady was finally out the door, Rita said, “That was a good turnout.”

“And a fast moving afternoon.” Callie stretched. “It’s almost six o’clock, and it was supposed to be over at four.”

Rita turned the store sign over to read closed and pulled down the blind. “You didn’t get to nibble a single goodie. Let me take you out for a bite.”

“Thanks, Rita, but I’ll be moving along. It’s getting darker earlier every day, and it looks like rain. I want to be over that mountain before we get a downpour.”

“Callie, I’ve had several requests for more books from your romance line. Don’t get me wrong,

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the dark line is moving like crazy, but I agree with my customers. I love your romances.”

“I’ve decided to concentrate on realistic situations and characters, Rita. There is no such thing as a happily ever after. Most men want a one night stand and no more. Since I don’t care to write fantasy novels, I’ll stick to what really happens in life.”

“So cynical for someone so young. One day you will find Mr. Right and you’ll be singing a different tune,” Rita said.

“Oh I did find him. Philip was my forever love, but he was killed by a drunk driver. That’s it for me in the love department.”

Rita shook her head. “Mark my words, one day you’ll meet a man who will sweep you off your feet and you’ll want to be in his arms every night.”

“I’ll tell you what I’ll do, if I ever meet a man I want in my bed for more than one night, I’ll write another romance novel,” Callie said.

“Much too cynical, but I’ll take it.”

“In fact, Rita, I’ll go you one better. If I ever meet a man that I would even consider having a future with, I’ll start a new romance series.”

“Now you’re talking.” Rita beamed. “And I want the heroine to own a bookstore and to be named Lorelei.”

“Lorelei? After the siren who caused sailors to crash upon the rocks?” Rita nodded and Callie laughed. “You’ve got it. I’ll name her Lorelei, and she’ll own a bookstore.”

“Music to my ears.” Rita hugged Callie. “I’ve held you up long enough. Drive safely.”

* * *

Callie couldn’t wait to get in her car and head home. She loved driving, loved listening to the radio, and loved traveling to different places, but she wanted to curl up on her sofa and relax. Fall was normally such a fine time to drive the mountain, with warm sunlight spanking the red and green and golden leaves, but not today. Halfway up it was getting misty—more than that, foggy. Callie steered her car cautiously through the gloom. The gray of the air blended with the gray of the highway. It was

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almost like being in a cloud. Callie switched off the radio, the better to concentrate on her driving. She opened her window. The fog rushed in. The thick moist air was warm at first but soon felt like icy fingers against her cheeks. Callie shivered, and she slowed the car even more while brushing her palm across the fogged windshield. Useless. She decided she'd better stop, but as the car came to a halt on the slim shoulder, she worried that some reckless truck driver might not see her in the blankets of gray and bash her from behind. Even with that risk, Callie decided to wait it out. She had no choice, really. Besides, the fog couldn't last forever.

She was about to turn the radio back on and relax when something outside caught her eye. Something soft and fleeting in all that softness, but with color in it. A bright red. A fallen leaf? Callie squinted, her blue eyes trying to pierce the fog.

And then she saw it—not a leaf but a flash of red fox. Its bushy tail skittered along the edge of the woods, just a pace or two from her automobile. Callie's mouth opened in an "O." No sooner seen, though, and the fox disappeared.

I'd better put up my window, Callie thought. She reached to flip the button, but something stopped her. A swirl of something out there. She couldn't resist. She leaned out. Just a pace or two from the car, she saw ... not a fox, but a little girl—a girl with wide green eyes and fiery red hair and a torn frock matted with mud and twigs and bits of dead leaves.

"Oh my!" Callie said aloud this time. "Are you all right?"

The girl didn't answer. Instead she took a step back. And then another. And then she turned, looked back over her shoulder, and limped away through an opening in the bushes. The forest and the fog seemed to swallow her whole.

"Wait, little girl! Are you hurt?" Callie called out. "I can help you. I'm a nurse." Callie didn't know what made her say that—it wasn't true, although she had been a candy striper when she was a teen.

Nurse or not, there was no answer from the forest. Just the hush of slowly swirling mist, covering everything.

Callie got out of the car and approached the wall of bushes where the girl or fox or whatever it was had disappeared. She looked back at her car, nearly invisible in the fog, and realized that she'd left her handbag on the passenger seat, the door unlocked, and the keys in the ignition. She was about to go

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back, when she heard a little cry or a small whimper on the other side of the brush, not far away. She put her hands out in front of her, pushed the branches aside, and thrust herself through the gap.

Sharp twigs snagged her blouse and scratched her legs, but she kept going. “Are you here?” she called out. “Don’t be afraid. I’m coming.” She heard a sharp crack, a sound like lightning, or a bough breaking, or both, and she looked up at the same instant that something blasted against her body with such force that she flipped head-over-heels.

Callie tumbled a few feet before a sapling stopped her. “Ohhhh,” she moaned and struggled to sit up. “Little girl! Why are you doing this to me?” While she was rubbing her head, she thought she saw a glimpse of red out of the corner of her eye. Callie sprang to her feet and darted in that direction, but there was nothing there. She stamped her foot on the soft pine needles. “If you don’t want my help, I’m going back to my car.” She turned, took two steps, and realized she had no idea which way her car was. She had no idea which way anything was. She turned around, and around again, and felt herself near tears. I won’t cry, she told herself. *I won’t. I won’t!* Resolutely, she strode three steps, straight into a bramble bush. Tears streamed down her face.

She pushed on through the bramble bush, and there, a few paces down the slope, was a cabin, a charming cottage of a cabin with only a hint of mist around its trim corners. Smoke curled up from the chimney. *A hunter’s cabin*, Callie thought. The fox girl must live there, with her parents. No sooner had the mist cleared that there was a clap of thunder and then a drenching rain came down. Before Callie could get to the cabin, she was soaked to the skin. Without knocking, she shoved open the cabin door and thrust herself through.

In the warmth of the main room, some of her manners returned. “Hello!” she called out. “My name is Callie.” She stepped further inside and glanced around. The cabin was sparsely furnished, but there was a fireplace, a handsome fire blazing, and stacks of firewood to either side. She rubbed her hands together. “Hello? Is anyone here?” Cautiously, she made her way to the fireplace, conscious of her dripping clothing and her goose-bumped skin. The mantle above the fireplace was bare. She turned around to let the fire warm her backside. Assured that no one was about, she tugged up her skirt and bent over. The effect of the warmth was diminished by her sodden panties. “Oh, fiddle,” she said, and quickly stripped off her clothing: skirt, blouse, bra and panties.

The fire flickered against her naked skin, its heat warming her. “That’s better,” she said as she turned herself slowly around. “Now if only I had some tea, then I’d be warm inside and out.” Her eyes

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surveyed the room. Across from the door was a table and upon it a pitcher, some utensils, a couple of drinking mugs, and several metal canisters. She stepped over to the table and opened one of the canisters. Tea! She pinched a few of the curled leaves between her fingers and into the mug, and then poured water from the pitcher, filling the cup. She took the cup back to the fireplace and set it as close as she dared. “Surely there must be a better way to heat water,” she said. The thought made her shiver. “What I need is a blanket. There must be one somewhere.” She noticed another door and, assuming it must be a supply closet, she opened it.

It wasn't a supply closet. Light from the fireplace illuminated the room enough so that she could see it was a small bedroom, neat and tidy, with a chair, a bed, and a man in the bed. The man was covered by mounds of blankets, and the bed was shaking. Callie stepped back, reminded of the time she'd surprised her aunt and uncle, but then she stopped. He was alone, and the shaking was from shivering, not busy hand motions. The poor man must be sick. She entered the room. The man's forehead was drenched with sweat. Stubble covered his cheeks, and his hair was matted and wild. She touched his forehead. “Oh dear, you're burning up with fever.”

Callie hurried back to the main room, filled the other mug with water from the pitcher, and brought it back to the man, but he was shivering too much to drink. “I've got to get your fever down,” Callie said. “I need a cloth or something.” She looked around the bedroom but saw nothing she could use. She stepped back into the main room, and her eyes lit upon her discarded clothing. She plucked her cotton panties from the floor and returned to the man's bedside. She dipped the panties in the mug of water, then dabbed at the man's face and chest before resting the cloth on his forehead.

“There, isn't that better?” she said.

The man opened his eyes. Even in the low light she'd never seen such soulful eyes. They almost took her breath away. Goosebumps sprang up on her skin. Callie realized she was still naked. “Oh!” she exclaimed. “Oh, don't worry. I'm a nurse.” The man smiled, and his eyes flickered shut. “You just rest,” Callie said. “I'll take care of you.”

He needed water. She had to get something liquid into him. His lips looked parched. She bunched the pillows under his head until his head was up enough that she could tilt the mug of water to his lips. “Not too fast. Just sip slowly. I'm not going anywhere. Take your time.” She kept her voice soft and reassuring. The man managed a few swallows, then a few more. “You're doing well,” Callie said. “Now just sleep. I'll be nearby.”

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After slipping on one of his shirts, she sat in the chair and watched him sleep. His shivering gradually abated. But Callie herself was shivering. *Oh, that tea*, she thought, *it must be ready by now*. She eased her way off the chair and into the main room.

Sure enough, the tea was warm, warm enough to drink. She took a tentative sip and found it delicious, the best tea she'd ever had. She took the cup back into the bedroom and sat and watched the man sleep while she sipped tea. It didn't take her long to empty the cup. She went back to the main room and added more leaves and fresh water from the pitcher and set the concoction by the fireplace to steep. She added a log to the fireplace and returned to check the man, and when the tea was ready, she drank it. From time to time, she mopped his head with her panties. He seemed to be getting better. His skin was cool to the touch. She added another log to the fire, made another cup of tea, and spent another hour drinking and watching the man sleep.

She must have nodded off herself. She was jolted awake by the sounds of the man's voice. "I need to ... can you help me get up?"

"You should rest more. Don't get up," Callie said quickly. "You're still weak."

"I need to ... piss."

"Oh," Callie said, feeling the heat flush her face. "Where is the, um, bathroom?"

"Pot," the man said, and he pointed to the corner.

"Oh, of course." Callie fetched the empty pot. "Do you need me to...?" Her heart skipped a beat. She wondered if she would have to fish his penis out of his pants and help him aim it.

When she took the covers down, she saw there would be no need for fishing. The man was naked. His dick was soft but sizeable. It was beautiful. She caught herself staring.

"Do you need me to...?" she repeated, unsure of what she meant.

"No, I think I can..." he answered. "If you could just help me sit up a little."

She helped him sit up. She held the pot in place. His piss sizzled. "Thank you," he said when he was done. She set the pot on the floor and helped him lie back down and covered him with the blankets.

"There, now you go back to sleep," she said. "I'll just ... get rid of this."

She took the pot out, thinking she would dump it well away from the cabin. When she got just

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outside the door, she had an urge to pee herself. She set the pot on the ground and squatted over it. Her stream drizzled into the bowl, mixing with the man's urine. The idea of it made her a little excited. She remained squatted over the pot for a little longer, remembering the sound of the man pissing and the way it streamed out, and remembering the girth of his soft penis.

I wish he could hear me pee, she thought, and she realized it was a silly thought.

"I'm silly," she said. And then she quickly covered her mouth with her hand because she realized she'd spoken aloud. "It's almost like I'm drunk," she said, "Drunk and horny." And she covered her mouth again.

She stood and walked cautiously far enough away from the cabin to dispose of the urine. The fog seemed to be gone, but it was dark, and she didn't want to get lost. She tipped the pot, letting the liquid pour out, and then she hurried back into the cabin and back into the man's bedroom.

"I'm cold," the man said.

"Well, this room isn't as warm as the front room, but you need the bed to sleep comfortably."

He snuggled under the blankets. "Cold," he mumbled. "So cold."

Callie hesitated for a moment, but the man's shivering tugged at her heart strings. "Maybe body heat would warm you faster." She'd seen that on a movie, or read it in a book—body heat was a great way to warm a person. She slipped off the shirt and climbed in.

He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her next to him.

He was cool, but he didn't feel too cold. Just like in the movies, or in the book, they were soon warm.

When she heard his even breathing, she closed her eyes and dozed off.

* * *

Sunlight streamed in through a window and awakened Callie. At first she didn't remember where she was, and then she wondered what she had in her hand. She looked under the thick quilts to verify that her fingers were indeed wrapped around the man's cock. She glanced up to see the man staring at her with a big grin on his face. She felt her face get fiery hot.

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“I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay. After what we did last night he is as much yours as mine.”

“What we did?”

“Don’t you remember? Sometime during the night you said you needed to check my temperature and the next thing I know your mouth was covering my prick. You took in my whole shaft. You’re very good.”

“Oh no. You’re joking, right?”

He chuckled. “I swear I’m not.”

Callie blushed.

“Honestly, I’ve never been sucked so good. It was all I could do not to shoot. But finally you released me and climbed on top for a wild ride. I must say the light filtering in from the fireplace was perfect. Never appreciated it before. I could see your tits bounce and the expression on your beautiful face as you reached orgasm. Do you know how beautiful you are when you come? And watching your tongue as it licked over my body took my mind off my illness. I think my fever broke about two this morning, but then again you kept my body on fire. You’re a very good nurse.”

Callie closed her eyes. “I’m sorry. I don’t know what came over me.”

“I’m not complaining, my little storm goddess.” He kissed the top of her head. “And I don’t mind that you still have a firm grip on my pecker either.”

Shocked, Callie realized that she did indeed still have a grip on cock. *What is wrong with me?* The pool of pre-come shimmered in the morning light. She had a strong impulse to taste it, and she did. Her tongue swirled around the helmet, dipping into the slit, before covering the shaft from knob to base. Yes, she sort of did remember. It was coming back to her. Her nose burrowed in his pubic hair and, with her teeth, she tugged at his curlies. She cupped his balls and kissed each one before sucking each perfect orb into her mouth.

He moaned and his hips pumped. “Ride me again, my storm goddess. I want you.”

She straddled him and lowered herself onto his cock. At first she didn’t move, just enjoyed the feeling of his prick stretching and filling her pussy. Then she wiggled her hips before lifting herself up and down. His cock tugged at her inner folds as it moved into her vagina. She moved slowly.

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His hands cupped her bottom, pulling her down hard each time she lifted up. The mixture of pain and pleasure drove her wild. She leaned forward to kiss his lips, enjoying the smoldering look of desire in his eyes. She fed him each of her breasts. He sucked hard on her nipples, and his teeth grazed each puffy nub. She moaned and ran her fingers through his chest hair and tugged at his nipples. She leaned back driving his cock deep. He met her every thrust. Another orgasm ripped through her like a lightning bolt. His fingernails dug into her hips as he climaxed.

Callie rolled off and snuggled in his arms.

“When my strength gets back, I’ll give you a good fucking,” he said. “I enjoyed you being on top, but I want to man the controls. Then I want between your legs to taste your pussy, you foxy little girl.”

She didn’t say a word.

“Is something wrong? Am I presuming too much?” He propped himself up on one elbow. “Callie, look at me. What’s wrong?”

“How do you know my name?”

“You told me last night. You said, ‘I’m nurse Callie Storm, and I’m going to nurse you back to health, even if I have to fuck your brains out to do it.’ Oh, and I’m Trevor, by the way, and very pleased to meet you, Nurse Callie.”

A tear trickled down Callie’s cheek.

“Aw, now. Don’t cry. What is it?”

“It’s just ... well ... I don’t fuck every guy the first time I meet him. You were sick, and I was supposed to be your nurse.” Tears welled in her eyes. “I’m not a tramp.”

He grinned. “I never thought you were.”

“How could you not?” She sniffed. “I don’t know what came over me.”

“Look at it this way, we know our chemistry matches. Now we can take the time to get to know each other. If that’s what you want?” Trevor pulled her close. “I won’t report you to the nurse’s union.”

She giggled. “I don’t belong to a nurse’s union. I’m not a—” And then she said, “Wait, what you said before, what you called me.”

“What did I call you? Nurse Callie? Storm goddess.”

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“No, before that, when you said you wanted to, um, to eat my pussy.”

“It’s just an expression,” Trevor said. “I’m sorry, I—”

“No, you called me your little fox girl.”

“Oh, well, that’s because you’re a girl, and you’re so foxy.”

“Yeah, but when I came here. I was following a ... That is I thought I saw a—

“A what?”

“A fox. A girl. First a fox, and then a little girl.” Callie explained about abandoning her car and following the urchin through the fog, ending up at the cabin.

“Well, there used to be plenty of foxes in these woods, but no little girls that I know of.”

“Used to be?” Callie said. “What happened to them?”

“Pelts,” Trevor said. He ruffled Callie’s pussy hair.

“You don’t shoot them, do you?” Callie said.

“Of course I don’t shoot them,” Trevor said. “I eat them raw.” And with that, he dove for Callie, pushed her back on the bed, and buried his face in her pussy.” Their thrashing made the little bed shiver and shake.

* * *

“I’m starved,” Trevor said some time later. “Much as I love your orgasms, they don’t have a whole lot of calories in them. It’s like eating fireworks soup. If I’m going to fuck you good and proper, I need to get my strength back.”

For the first time in years, Callie felt light-hearted and took a moment to admire his butt in his tight jeans. “Food sounds good, but there’s nothing in this place. I checked.”

“Get up lazy bones and get dressed while I put on some coffee and make you a mess of eggs and a big stack of griddle cakes. But coffee first.” Trevor walked out of the room.

“If you don’t mind, I’d rather have more of that tea,” she called after him.

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He returned to the room. “Did you say tea?”

“Yes. Why?”

“Well, that explains last night. Or was it this morning?” He pursed his lips and his eyes lit up.

“What’s so funny? What are you talking about?”

“The only tea is a special blend. It contains, well, let’s call it a relaxer. Don’t worry, it’s herbal, but it mellows me right out while I’m here at the cabin.”

Callie’s eyes widened. “The tea! It was the tea!”

He laughed. “I’m sorry, sweetie. I know it’s not funny.” He pulled her into his arms and kissed her soundly. “I need the tea. I’m a city boy, and when I come here to relax after my high pressure job, the quiet in the woods drives me insane. A couple days ... uh nights of that tea, and I’m happy as a hog on ice.”

“You do have a way with words.” She shook her head. “At least I understand my strange behavior.”

“And you won’t be kicked out of nursing.” With Callie right behind him, Trevor made his way through a door Callie had completely overlooked to a well-equipped kitchen.

“By the way, I’m not a nurse.”

Trevor stopped fast and Callie bumped into him. “Not a nurse? You do a damned good imitation of one. So what are you?”

“A writer.”

“A writer?” He blinked. “Callie Storm?”

“Well, actually I write under Storme Hastings.”

“Under the blankets I lie tucked

Away from her as she brews my tea.

Black clouds roll in, my mind is wrecked—

All I can think of are her vibrations on top of me.

Hypnotic rain prances my roof.

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She dances my skin, tingles my every pore.

Light flashes through my room, illuminates my proof,

She's all I need to make my lion roar."

Her eyes narrowed and then widened. "Oh my God. You're Forrester Trevor!"

"It's not my best on the spot rendition, but it was from the heart." He smiled. "Who'd have thought! I can't believe we're both writers."

"Except I'm not a renowned poet."

"Well, my little fox—my little storm goddess, being renowned is not all it's cracked up to be. There's lots of pressure. And I have indeed heard of you."

"Sure you have."

"I have, and here's your coffee." He set the cup on the table. "We'll save the tea for special occasions."

"It'll be a joke we can tell our friends. How I won your heart with my special spiked tea."

"Well, I'm beginning to think you tricked me."

"With me near death's door?" He served her pancakes with eggs and sat down next to her.

"And now that I'm thinking it over," Callie said between delicious bites, "somehow you knew I was coming."

"Well, it's true that I heard you come every single time. How could I miss those fireworks?" He peered at her over his mug with a big grin.

"Funny man." She sipped her coffee. Not as good as the tea, but delicious all the same. "You weren't so quiet either."

They eyed each other, both smiling.

Her breath caught, and she reached out her hand to him.

He covered it with his. "Callie, I meant what I said. I want to keep seeing you. And I'm not running any fever."

"Trevor, I don't believe in happily ever after. I don't."

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“But?” When she didn’t respond, he said, “I heard a but coming. What, Callie?”

“Well, as much as I don’t believe in happily ever after, I want to see where this leads. And I sure as hell don’t want admit that. But us being together feels right. It feels good. And I’m not under the influence of any tea either.”

He stood, pulled her to her feet, and gathered her in his arms. “We’ll take it slow. I’ll meet your friends, and you’ll meet mine. We’ll blend our worlds together. It’ll work, Callie, it will.”

“Our worlds.” She bit her bottom lip. “The first one who says, ‘Callie who?’ I’ll pop right in the mouth.”

He squeezed her tight and said, “I love your humor. And I remember when I first heard about you. You were doing a signing at Lakeside Mall or Riverside Mall and—”

“Oh yes, Lakeside. That was the time I had a line of customers that reached from the bookstore way out into the mall. Just to buy Sex Me at Midnight.”

“That’s the book, but what I remember is there was a guy who pinched your butt or tit and you jerked away from him and stumbled into a book display. Books went everywhere.”

She wrinkled his nose. “Small interruption, I sold every copy of Midnight in the store.”

“What a spitfire. My little storm goddess.” He kissed her soundly. They stood together for a few minutes before he said, “We better go check on your car. But first we need a shower. A long and slow soapy shower—together.”

“That would be lovely, but you don’t have a bathroom.”

“Oh, my dear,” Trevor said, hugging Callie to him. “You’ve missed so much. What do you think is through that door?”

“But the little pot in your little bedroom? I peed on your pee.”

“Now that sounds like something I’m sorry I missed,” Trevor said, leading her towards the big tub. “But I’m sure we can manage a reprise.”

* * *

“Here, let me,” Trevor said when Callie started to soap her arms.

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He lathered her right hand, caressing her fingers before moving up to her forearm and up to her shoulder.

“Relax, babe, and let me take care of you.” He kissed her forehead before washing her other arm. When he reached her shoulder, he turned her around to lather her back.

“You missed something.” She wanted her breasts played with.

He chuckled and swatted her butt. “Be patient.” One of his hands held her waist firm while he briskly rubbed her back. When he reached her bare bottom he made a circular motion on each cheek. He placed one of his feet between her legs and said, “Open wide.”

He knelt and slowly lathered each leg. Glad he had a huge tub, she pressed the palms of her hands against the wall and enjoyed the sensations he created as he lathered her body. His nose bumped against her butt. A couple of times she thought she felt the lick of his tongue and the kiss of his lips, but she wasn't sure.

His stiff cock brushed against her backside when he stood.

Her breath caught. “I want you.”

“Patience.” He spun her around and kissed her lips, wiggling his tongue into her mouth.

She sucked hard on his tongue while her hand made its way to his dick. She pumped it and let her hand glide from the tip to the base, over and over.

Trevor cupped one of her breasts and pinched a nipple. He broke off their kiss and made his way down into her valley. His mouth covered each tit, sucking hard and nipping her tender skin with his teeth. He shifted position so his fingers could enter her. She moaned and arched her back.

He dropped to knees and opened her pussy as if it were a blossom on a closed rose. He wiggled his fingers inside her and pumped while he sucked on her inner thigh.

She moaned.

His tongue entered the front of her slit and found her hot button, making her legs quiver. She clung to the towel bar while he continued making long strokes, touching nerves, building pressure, until an orgasm ripped through her.

She squealed.

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He opened her nether lips with his tongue and fucked her with it, taking the time to tease her clit. He sucked hard on her pearl and another orgasm hit. She closed her eyes in time to see starbursts. “Fuck me,” she begged. “Please, I need to feel you inside of me.”

“Bend over, baby.”

Placing her hands on the edge of the tub for support, she bent over and offered him her bottom. Water sluiced down her back, down her crack.

He put his hands all over her ass before he rubbed his cock against her pussy lips. In one thrust, Trevor entered her. He soon found his rhythm. Slow thrusts at first, and then he was pounding into her.

He moaned. “Oh my God.” And he shot off his load. He rested against her, breathing heavily. His short bursts of air gave her goosebumps.

When he stood, she turned and they kissed. She started to slip, but he caught her, and held her up, and kissed her hard. “Like hogs on ice,” she said, giggling, kissing him back, kissing him hard.

* * *

“At least your car is still here.” Trevor parked his jeep. “That is your car, isn’t it?”

“Uh-huh,” Callie said. She wasn’t sure she wanted to get out of the jeep. “Could you check if my purse and keys are still there?”

Trevor swung himself out of the jeep and strode to Callie’s car. He was about to touch the door handle, and then he stopped.

“What is it?” Callie called out.

“Honey, maybe you’d better come here and see this.”

Cautiously Callie stepped out of the jeep. Trevor was standing next to her car, his hands on his hips, staring through the passenger side window.

“What is it?” Callie said.

“Shhhh,” Trevor said. “It’s a little girl. And look what she has—a foxtail muff.”

“That explains a lot of things.”

While they waited for the authorities, Trevor pointed out birds and squirrels to the little girl. To keep her from crying, he made all kinds of weird noises. Her giggles filled the air.

Fox In The Fog

By Cassie Exline

Callie watched them for several minutes before it struck her. She didn't want to lose the idea. She immediately dug out her laptop and started making notes. Before she could type three words, she stopped short. "Humph."

Trevor walked over to her, the little girl following close behind. "Hon, is something wrong?"

"I just need a little help with my Germanic folklore. How would you spell 'Lorelei'?"

The End