

Raven's Treasure

"Raven! Did you hear what I said?" A voice demanded bringing Raven out of her reverie as she stared through the window at the drive in front of the farmhouse where she had lived for the last five years.

"No." Raven was honest to a fault. It was part of the reason her employer Mrs Madison and her had gotten along so well. Just thinking about the older woman brought fresh tears to Raven's eyes.

"Oh honey. I didn't mean to make you upset." An arm went around Raven's shoulders. She did her best to snuffle her tears back.

"I know. Everything has been such a shock." Raven took a deep breath. "Thank you so much for helping me out this past week Carole."

"You got old Mrs Madison through some pretty tough times Raven. The doctor said she wouldn't have made it six months here without you caring for her. And she lived for another five years. As far as it concerns the community you're a living miracle." The arm squeezed once. "Now there's a Shepherd's Pie in the fridge just pop it in the oven for forty-five minutes and you've got dinner for two. If that grandson of Mrs Madison stays around long enough for dinner." The last words were angry and dark. Not at all like Carole's normal cheery tone.

"He can stay or leave. I don't care." Raven heard the listlessness in her voice.

"I can wait with you." Carolyn dropped her arm.

"No. I better do all this myself." Raven turned away from the window and looked straight into her friend's hazel eyes. The mass of copper curls was wild this afternoon as they always were. Carole told Raven a while back that she was long since trying to tame them. "I might have spent the last five years living with Mrs Madison, but I was also her employee. It's only fair her accountant grandson wants to look over the books before I leave." Carole searched her eyes and inhaled deeply.

"Don't let him bully you." She turned away and walked towards the front hall, out of the cosy living area.

"Better ask for the earth to stop revolving." Raven muttered. She followed her friend to the small area in front of the main entrance to the cottage. The sight of her and Mrs Madison's boots still neatly lined up together brought a lump to her throat. Their heavy winter coats side by side on pegs waiting for them both to enter the cold Connecticut winter. Except, only Raven would leave the cottage now. Carole gathered Raven into another hard hug. The smell of wet wool from Carole's scarf plugging her nose.

"I'm one phone call away and if there is any trouble, I'll get the coven together and we'll turn him into a newt." Carole let her go. Raven laughed. It was the first time she had done so since finding Mrs Madison had died peacefully in her sleep.

"Mrs Madison said you guys don't do that anymore." Raven shook her head.

"Just see if we can't." Carole opened the door and left the cottage quickly. She waved before getting into her car. Raven closed the door and looked around the small entrance. Carole had a way of filling up space. The cottage might be full of memories and furniture, but it felt empty. Mrs Madison's spirit gone and with it the sense of home Raven had always felt in the small cottage.

Raven dragged her feet walking back into the living room. She headed towards an overstuffed wing chair with a floral pattern on it and sat down to wait for His High and Mighty. Curling her legs underneath her, Raven focused on her reflection for a second. Her brown eyes looked too large in her pale face and her brown hair hung limply down her back. For once Raven didn't care that her chin jutted out a little too much or her cheekbones were too sharp. Today she was mourning a friend.

She pulled a throw rug down from the back of the chair and settled in further to wait. It had been over a year since she had last seen Hansen Madison. Mrs Madison's successful New York accountant grandson. The last of her living family. Raven and him had exchanged several angry texts and emails over the years. She felt he needed to see his grandmother more. Hansen was always too busy. The last time they laid eyes on each other, a screaming match ensued.

The problem for Raven was that Hansen not only brought out her protective instincts when it came to Mrs Madison. He made her burn from the inside out. The sexual tension was already burning in her belly and he hadn't even arrived yet.

Hansen

He pulled the sleek BMW off the narrow country lane and onto the long driveway leading to his Grandmother's cottage. A mixture of sorrow and irritation pooled in his gut. His grandmother had remained a permanent steady presence in his adult life. After her son, his father had died along with his wife in a car accident his grandmother had anchored Hansen. His grandmother had died and because of his stubbornness, Hansen hadn't been to see her in over a year.

No. That wasn't quite true. Because of Raven's inflexibility he hadn't been up to see his grandmother. Hansen laid the blame of his neglect squarely on the Registered Nurses shoulders. She picked at him through texts and emails. The woman had never known a minute of subtlety in her life. Despite Hansen's numerous attempts to persuade his grandmother of the woman's faults, she had been steadfastly loyal.

Hansen steered the expensive automobile around the curve of the front drive and halted in front of the cottage. It was just as he remembered. Set in the pastoral countryside of Connecticut, his grandmother had raised her son here after her husband died overseas. She had never remarried, carrying her grief inside her. He shoved the gears into park and twisted the key.

All around him the landscape was quiet. Unmoving. So different to his street in New York where he owned a brownstone. He opened the door to his car and went around to the trunk to retrieve his overnight bag. Hansen thought he better enjoy the quiet now. As soon as he locked eyes with Raven's dark gaze sparks would be flying all over the cottage. His cock started to harden at the thought.

His grandmother's carer was a pretty woman in everyday circumstances. But when she got her blood up. Raven was an absolute goddess. But she hadn't shown any interest in Hansen, other than to berate him for not spending enough time with his grandmother. So there wouldn't be any opportunities to pursue any sort of relationship with her. Let alone a sexual one. Just the thought made

him blush as he walked up to the steps of his cottage. Sex with Raven in his grandmother's cottage?

The prospect didn't feel as deviant as it should.

Hansen fumbled around in his coat pocket for a key. Even though he had spotted Raven's beat up Toyota hatch back around the side of the cottage, she might not be home. He fumbled with the key before it slid into the lock and not too surprised to find the door unlocked. Pushing open the merrily red door, he walked inside and stamped his leather shoes a couple of times to remove the excess the snow.

Dropping his bag, he removed his long overcoat and set it on a peg next to two warm winter coats. The black one must belong to Raven, only his grandmother would have worn the bright mulberry trench coat. Memories of her crowded through his brain. Baking cookies. In the garden. Laughing at his antics. Sorrow pooled in his throat and Hansen squeezed his eyes shut. After a minute, he opened them again and cleared his throat, cocking his head in order to hear any sounds of Raven.

Nothing.

She better not have left the cottage unlocked. His internal voice griped.

Hansen left his bag in the hall and walked into the small living room, the ceiling was almost low enough to brush the top of his head. He was about to walk through to the dining room when he spotted Raven. She was sleeping peacefully, her cheek resting against the back on one of his grandmother's high-backed wing chairs. For once, Raven appeared peaceful. Aside from the dark circles under her eyes and the paleness in her face, she was exactly as Hansen remembered. He contemplated waking her up, but thought better of it. Raven looked like she needed all the sleep she could get.

Hansen made to step away from her peaceful form, placing a foot on a particularly loose floorboard. It groaned in protest. Raven's eyelids fluttered open, the dark brown depths appeared confused for a second. Then her pupils dilated in recognition.

Her mouth opened on a sigh. "Hansen." His heart started pounding painfully in his chest. It looked like Raven was about to launch herself into his arms...

Will she? Find out by clicking this link...

"Raven?" She heard her name on Hansen's lips, the way his grey eyes searched her own and felt lost. She said his name again and stood up. He held out his arms, and she went into them without thinking. Her chest bumping into his harder one. The contact causing a ripple of lust to go through her.

"You feel so good." She buried her face in his perfectly ironed shirt, inhaling deeply. Hansen smelled just as he had the last time he had been in the cottage. His cologne and aftershave permeating everything around her until Raven couldn't breathe without thinking of him.

"I was going to say the same thing." She felt his cheek come down on the top of her head. The intimacy of their embrace adding fuel to the lust bubbling away in her belly. She had always wanted this man, but now urgency was pulling at her senses. Raven felt like she needed him in order to survive. Pulling back slightly, Raven stared up at him.

“Hansen, I.” She couldn’t finish.

Hansen lowered his head and pressed his lips to her own. They were warm and firm. She kissed him back, yearning building in her chest. Raven opened her mouth to get a good breath and Hansen swept his tongue between her lips. It was all she needed to melt into him further. Her pussy became damp between her legs and she started to rub the erection she could feel hard against her belly. He broke away from her for a second. They were both panting.

“Tell me you want this Raven.” His gaze searched her features for any sort of denial. Raven, honest to a fault.

“Yes, please. I think I’ve always wanted to sleep with you.” She held his gaze. The triumph in his eyes was visible only for a short second before he swooped down again to reclaim her lips. Hansen’s hands slid down her back to cup her ass. He squeezed each of her cheeks before lifting her from the ground using only his strength. Raven immediately wrapped her legs around his torso for support bringing his erection into contact with her burning core. Only their clothes acted as a barrier. The contact still brought a moan from the back of her throat.

“Fuck.” Hansen moaned breaking their kiss in order to steer them through the living room out into the front hall again. Raven didn’t allow the fact she no longer had access to Hansen’s lips to stop kissing him. She used her arms around his neck to hoist her body up a little and proceeded to kiss up his chin to his ear. By the ragged sound of Hansen’s breathing he was enjoying her getting to know his body as much as she was.

Raven was vaguely aware of Hansen taking the steps up to the second floor of the cottage to the three bedrooms. He turned directly to the right and pushed open the door to her room. The familiar smell of her body lotion now mingled with his cologne and she sighed. Hansen stopped at the side of the bed and smiled down at her.

“You still want to do this?” Hansen asked again. Instead of answering right away Raven pressed the palms of her hands against his cheeks and kissed him with all the longing and passion she hadn’t known was building up inside of her for this man. He kissed her hungrily back and somehow, they both ended up on her bed. Hansen over Raven, her body pressed into the mattress. She broke the kiss.

“Please make love to me Hansen. This feels right.” She didn’t have any other words to describe how she felt right in this moment. But it was like destiny called out to her and for once, Raven was in the right place at the right time to answer.

“I know.” Hansen’s brows came together for a second, as if he felt something deeper than he knew how to express. He bent down and kissed her lips lightly, then trailed further kisses down the column of her throat. By the time he reached the hollow of her neck licking at her skin, Raven thought her skin might be on fire as she helped Hansen pull first her sweater, then her T-shirt up and over her head.

“You’re exactly as I imagined.” Hansen murmured. His head came down, and he sucked a nipple into his mouth. Raven cried out the contact, her hands coming up to thread her fingers through his hair. He groaned in response and sucked harder on her sensitive flesh. Using one hand to massage the other breast. He gave her nipple one last lick and kissed his way to her other breast.

With a light bite on her erect flesh, Hansen began torturing her nipple. Raven moved restlessly underneath him. Rubbing against his shirt-clad chest and making sure the heat of her pussy rubbed against his hard cock.

She started to undo the buttons of his shirt and Hansen helped her remove it entirely. The feel of his skin against Raven's own fevered body caused a shudder to erupt through her nervous system. Raven closed her eyes and when she opened them; found Hansen staring down at her, their chests pressed together.

"You're not going to ask if I want this again are you?" She rasped the question out in half jest.

"Nope." He pressed his cock against her softness again.

"Good." Raven wedged her hands between them and undid the button at the top of her jeans. He lifted a little in order to give her some space to unzip and with a little wrangling was able to push her jeans and panties down her legs. She wrapped her thighs around him again. Hansen gave her a wicked smile. Kissed her hard on the mouth and started to move down her body. Planting sweet kisses at intervals down her skin until she felt his breath on the apex of her legs.

Raven wasn't a virgin. But she didn't have a lot of experience with this either. She had broken up with her first and only boyfriend right before coming to work for Mrs Madison. They had sex. But it wasn't anything like this.

"I'm going to taste you sweetheart." The endearment and the promise brought a fresh wave of lust pouring over her system. Nothing prepared her for the feel of his fingers spreading her pussy giving him access to her secrets. The way his mouth came down over her exposed core. His tongue licking all the way up her pussy, causing her legs to clench at the wonderful sensation of pleasure. "You like that?"

"Oh my God. Yes." Raven got out, clenching the sheets on either side of her before Hansen started to do exactly as he promised. He tasted every inch of her pussy. Licking, sucking and even biting her flesh. At some point she wondered how in the hell she had gotten so wet, but the thought drifted away when Hansen sucked her clit into his mouth. Raven nearly jumped out of her skin. He braced an arm across her belly to keep her still.

"Please Hansen. I need." She threw her head back and forth against the pillows of the bed; her hands instinctively found his hair. Raven held Hansen to her as the pleasure built to an excruciating level. Just as Raven thought she couldn't stand it any longer, her breath caught, and she screamed his name. Every muscle in her body contracted at once. A pulse erupted from her pussy and spread through her body in waves. By the end she was sobbing. Unable to process the enormity of what had just happened to her.

"Tell me that wasn't your first orgasm." Hansen stared up at her between her legs. Raven inhaled deeply a few times. Not sure how to focus her mind. For the first time in her life, her answer wasn't direct.

"Hopefully not the last." A chuckle met her comment. Hansen stood up from the bed and started to undo his pants.

"Wait one minute sweetheart." He leaned down and pressed a kiss to her belly before disappearing out of the room. Before Raven even had time to wonder if she had done something wrong, Hansen was back in her room holding a square foil package. "I assume you don't have any of these around the cottage?"

Raven nodded back at him. "You would assume right. Your grandmother was always telling me to get out and date, but." She let her voice trail away too busy watching Hansen undo his trousers. His heavy cock came free when he pushed his boxer briefs down his legs.

"If you don't mind, talking about my grandmother is the last thing I want to do right now." He slid the condom on. Raven's mouth had gone dry, anyway. Hansen was much larger than her ex boyfriend. She knew fundamentally as a nurse, he would fit. But still. "Lie back sweetheart, let me take care of you." Raven complied. Hansen crawled over top of her again. Raven pushed her knees up and wide in order to accommodate Hansen's larger frame.

"Kiss me." She murmured. Hansen complied and Raven explored his mouth hungrily, her taste still on his lips. The feel of their naked bodies moving together was an aphrodisiac like no other. Hansen bit her bottom lip lightly. The sensation caused lightening to spike down her spine.

"Look at me sweetheart." Hansen growled. Raven stared up at him, breath caught in her throat. "I want to look in your eyes when I take you Raven."

"Yes." Raven breathed out. Felt the blunt end of his cock press against her entrance. Hansen's jaw tightened. He used one hand to guide his erection into her channel, the other to keep his heavy weight from crushing her.

"Jesus." Hansen swore. Raven felt him move in and out of her in little thrusts. Even though she was wetter than she had ever been in her life, Hansen was having trouble getting all the way inside of her. She began to tense up and closed her eyes. "Hey." He waited until she opened them again and he smiled tightly. "There's more than one way to do this sweetheart." He kissed her forehead and sat up slowly, not allowing his cock to slip from her core.

Now kneeling between her legs, Hansen placed one hand on her hip and leaned over slightly. He pressed inside of her. This time it was a bit easier. Perspiration beaded on his forehead. Raven lifted her hips in order to help him along. Hansen used his free hand to press a finger against her clit. He rubbed in circles, relaxing Raven as he continued to push all the way inside of her. Raven closed her eyes, enjoying the sensation. She opened them again at the sound of Hansen's satisfied grunt.

"I feel full." Raven blurted out. Her channel burned, stretched by Hansen's cock. Her clit pulsed with sensation.

"You feel so fucking good Raven." Hansen leaned over to kiss her, his cock moving inside her body felt like heaven. "I need to keep going." He murmured above her lips. Pulling out of her slowly, only to press back inside.

"Yes. I need again." Raven's words cut off. Hansen removed his fingers from her pussy. His thrusts became more urgent. Raven felt lust pool in her belly again; the feel of her pussy rubbing against Hansen's pelvis was sending her over the edge again. Her body's instincts took over, his cock pressing against a spot deep inside of her bringing her to a point where she couldn't think. All Raven could do was cling to Hansen, her rock in a sea of sensation while she chanted his name over and over again.

The second orgasm of her life didn't build to a burning point. Instead, it burst on her with heat and confusion. Raven's back arched underneath Hansen. He held her to him and shouted her name. Thrusting hard into her channel. Hoarsely calling her name as he came deep inside of her. Raven's body shook, and Hansen held her close in the quiet familiar surroundings of her bedroom.

Everything around her was the same, but Raven had changed on a fundamental level.

She was safe in Hansen's arms. But for how long?