



Sapphire Blue Publishing



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TAIL FROM THE
GoddeSS

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Tail From the Goddess

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Dedication

From the Authors of Sapphire Blue Publishing: To all of our fans and readers.

This story is for you!

Lisa Pietsch

- Author of *The Path to Freedom*

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Julia Sanderson pressed her palm to her forehead.

Where am I, and what did I do?

She opened her eyes to find herself in her own bedroom, but something was off. Maybe it was just the hangover. She rolled out of bed and swayed a little as her head throbbed. She closed her eyes against the morning sunlight hammering at her through the window and walked blindly toward the bathroom.

As she reached the bathroom door, she heard something rustle in the bed. Something that sounded much larger than her cat, Pyewacket.

Every hair on the back of her neck stood up, and she opened her eyes wide.

She took a deep breath and turned toward the bed.

How did I miss that?

A gorgeous man with stunning green eyes smiled at her. “Good morning.”

“Uh, good morning. I...” Julia stopped mid sentence as she realized somebody else was in the bed next to the gorgeous hunk.

A blond river of curls tumbled over the side of the bed and a delicate, well-manicured hand with red fingernails gently pulled the sheet down to reveal sparkling blue eyes. “Good morning.” Tiny creases at the edges of the

blue eyes gave away a smile beneath the sheet.

A thrill scurried up Julia's spine. She had never seen one, much less two, such gorgeous people in her bed before. Julia was suddenly aware of her nakedness and stammered for something to say to these two complete strangers in her bed. "I, uh. I'm just going to take a shower." She hurried into the bathroom and closed the door.

Oh, boy! They're both gorgeous, and I've never been averse to the idea of a threesome. But, I sure wish I could remember what happened last night!

Julia looked at herself in the mirror. Her black hair sparkled.

Why is there glitter in my hair?

She turned on the shower and picked up her toothbrush. She began brushing her teeth while the water warmed.

Valentine's Day. Butterscotch martinis. Oh, wow!

Julia's mind raced, and a heavy sense of dread closed in on her as she wracked her brain for lost memories of the previous night. Had she embarrassed herself? The previous night began coming back to her in short flashes.

She stepped into the shower, and, as the hot water hit her in the face, the hot massage of water slapped at her memory.

Danny broke up with me yesterday. That bastard! On Valentine's Day, of all days. I went out with Buffy and Crystal to drink him off my mind.

A cool draft blew through the bathroom as the door opened. She shivered as the tiny wet hairs on her spine stood upright.

Beautiful green eyes peeked in at her. "Mind if I join you?"

Looks like I accomplished my mission. Bye, bye Danny.

Julia had no idea who this guy was, yet, but they had clearly slept in the same bed together last night—with company. *What the hell?* "Come on in. The water's fine."

~ ~ ~

Brit Blaise

- Author of *Wild Cowboy Domination*

www.britblaise.com

She slanted a look toward the door of the shower—trying not to be obvious—as it slid all the way open.

Anticipation of what would happen made her sex clench. Her heart beat harder, and her breath became labored. The sight of his tall, dark mocha, muscular body made her giddy with desire. He flashed a bright white smile that melted away her nervousness.

“Me too?” a female voice said from behind him. Julia’s initial reaction to hearing the woman’s voice was irritation. She didn’t want to share this beautiful man, or did she?

This was a standard shower made for one or two. How they’d all fit, Julia didn’t have a clue. Then again, she didn’t have a clue what they’d planned to do once they were all in the shower together. Nor did she know what they’d done the previous night. “More the merrier, I always say.”

Since when had I ever said that? Julia lifted her face into the water, pretending bravado and wishing she could peruse the man’s dark skinned magnificence at her leisure without the pert blond beauty vying for his attention, too. “Would it be too much to ask your names?”

His hard male body touched the length of hers from behind and sent an explosion of desire to her core. His dark arms encircled her, making a startling contrast against her too pale skin.

Her head tucked under his chin like the last piece of a puzzle fitting into its proper place, and she sighed before she realized she intended to make the sound.

“You don’t recognize us?” He pulled her tighter against him until she couldn’t tell where she began and he ended. Her breath caught as the beat of his heart matched hers.

“I understand why you might not know her, but you know me...very, very

well. Search your heart, Julia.”

What did her heart have to do with this? Who was he? And why wasn't she worried that she'd finally gone nuts? This wasn't the least bit like her and for once she didn't care. In fact, she anxiously waited for what came next.

The strangest sound interrupted her musings about his identity. What was it? It almost sounded as if he was purring? “You do seem familiar.”

He gave a hearty chuckle. “I'm familiar, all right.” He stepped back taking Julia with him. A second later, understanding trickled through her brain as the woman stepped into the shower and sank to the floor at Julia's feet.

“You don't remember me?” The woman's honeyed voice matched everything else about her.

Julia stared down at the beautiful, blue-eyed blond. She had never seen the woman before in her life. “I don't remember either one of you.”

The woman gave a haughty sniff before rubbing her face against Julia's bare, wet leg like a friendly cat. It was all Julia could do to stand still in such a *crowded* space while the sensations of excitement drove her wild. The woman's small hands inched up Julia's thighs, her hands splayed wide as her long red nails scraped over Julia's sensitive skin, kneading as they went. “Most call me Tabby. I need a better name, don't you think?”

Tabby? She'd called the yellow stray she'd allowed in the house yesterday by that name. How strange. Why had the blond said *most* call me? A niggling thought seemed about to surface when the strong arms holding Julia urged her to turn.

Julia complied with pleasure. When facing her handsome stranger, he tucked his finger under her chin, urging to meet his heated gaze.

“Are you sure don't know me? You've always said I have beautiful eyes.”

His vivid green eyes were beautiful and...

“Pyewacket?”

~ ~ ~

Audrey Chadwick

- Author of *The Glock & The Bible*

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As soon as she uttered her cat's name, she inwardly cringed. What a crack head she was! Had somebody slipped something into those delicious butterscotch martinis? Was she hallucinating?

Maybe she was. Whatever—it was a good hallucination.

“Scratch that.” From now on, her motto was enjoy the moment and don't look back. Forget the frigid code of Christian morality. Forget that she had been a missionary. After Danny and his betrayal, she was finished with so-called Christianity. Time to live, to experience life without guilt.

She had a lot of catching up to do.

“Scratch what? You don't believe I'm a familiar, Mistress?”

Confusion swept over her. What was the deal with the mistress stuff? “I'm Julia. And since there's no such thing as an all-knowing supernatural being called God, I'm not about to believe in shape-shifters!”

The gorgeous man's brows slanted downward, his eyes darkening to a forest green.

“Look, I don't care who or what you are. I only care what's between your legs.” She reached down to stroke the length of his veined, satiny-steel arousal.

His breath hitched, and she savored the sound. But when she looked up, euphoria mixed with a strange...what? Seriousness? Determination?

Then he and Tabby exchanged a look.

“I can scratch whatever itch you have, Mistress.” Before Julia could question them, Tabby kneaded Julia's bare buttocks. Even though the action sent sparks of pleasure up her spine, the delight was tinged with wariness and a sort of out of realm experience that made her dizzy. What was happening? Was she even on earth? Was she having some weird dream? Who *were* these

people?

“Wait! What's going on? What are you after?”

Pyewacket reached down and cupped her breast. “Pleasure. Don't you have a lot of catching up to do?”

She did. As Pye rubbed her mons with his hard, yet velvety, cock, Tabby rubbed the base of her spine. Even as her sex clenched and the sensations washed over her, something didn't seem right. It was as if he'd read her mind. A panicked sensation reached up to squeeze her throat. She glanced up at him to find that his eyes had changed to have more of a slant—more feline-looking. Black stripes began to form just beneath the skin around his temples, the markings startlingly recognizable.

Dazed, heart in her throat, she stared at him. “What's happening?”

He knelt down and licked her nipple, his tongue rough.

Like Pyewacket's.

Then he cupped her cheek in a loving manner. “We're here to restore your faith in God.”

~ ~ ~

Buffy Christopher

- Author of *The Mating Moon*

www.buffychristopher.com

“Goddess, Pye. Geez don't let Bast hear you say that, or she'll leave you permanently in human form.” Tabby ran her rough tongue up the side of Julia's calf.

Julia glanced down at Tabby, a slow burn fired inside her belly at her action. Bast? Who was Bast?

Pye shuddered as if the thought was more revolting than anything he could have imagined on his own.

“Restore my faith in the Goddess?” Julia glanced from Tabby to Pye. “I don't get it.”

“The Goddess Bast, Julia. You are a High Priestess of the Goddess Bast, and we are here to restore your faith, or more specifically to unlock your powers.” Pyewacket ran his dark hands up over her bare arms causing shivers to break out over her skin.

High Priestess? Her? Julia stifled the urge to roll her eyes. This just kept getting better and better. She had never been anything more than a librarian.

“You’ve got to be kidding me and anyway just how had you planned on doing that?” Julia stared into his emerald eyes as they seemed to shift shape into that of a cat’s and back again as his erection grew against her belly.

“What other way is there? We must join together at the height of our greatest strength to unlock your powers. There’s only one way to do that.” Pye ran his hands over her shoulder and down to her breasts cupping them both and squeezing gently before he rolled her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, twisting them and causing Julia to arch her back.

Heat fired through her system making her womb clench tight.

“Only one way to do that.” Tabby’s fingers ran up the inside of Julia’s leg smoothly finding their way between her dampening thighs. The blond crushed her small firm breasts against Julia’s calf as her nipples teased Julia’s leg.

Julia’s belly tightened as Tabby’s fingers explored her, sending little bolts of excitement through her. The other woman’s fingers were soft and delicate compared to Pye’s strong masculine hands, and the contrast made Julia wetter than she had first expected.

“Bring you to the height of pleasure and join our energies, our Goddess Bast will do the rest. Only you keep passing out. That might be why you don’t remember last night.” Pye cocked his head as he stared at her as if maybe she had an answer he did not.

Passing out? That seemed a strange reaction to pleasure. Julia wondered if it was all these mystical powers at work.

“No matter, we’ll just have to keep trying until we get it right.” Tabby put in her two cents from the floor of the shower.

Julia closed her eyes as Pye's lips replaced his fingers on one breast, the sensation of his mouth as it suckled her breast sent waves of heat straight to her womb making her clench in anticipation of being filled. It hadn't occurred to her to protest, even though this whole scene seemed the oddest thing that had ever happened in her life. As his teeth grazed back and forth across her nipple, tearing a gasp from Julia's lips at the sharp pinch, Julia gripped his strong shoulders. She opened her eyes and watched as the stripes rippled again across his skin—the stripes seemed like they were a ghost of shadow on his body.

Tabby touched Julia gently between her thighs.

Julia stared down at Tabby eager to watch as the woman touched her. Her heart beat faster in her chest as she waited to see what Tabby would do next. Julia had never had two lovers before and never a female. The idea excited her in many ways. Tabby seemed some how softer with her lush curves and full breasts where Pye was hard planes and rippling muscles. Even her fingers were long and delicate as they danced over her skin. She glanced down as Tabby slowly licked her lips and rose on her knees to move closer toward her even as those delicate fingers of hers rubbed across the nub hidden by Julia's curls. Tabby's lips were so soft as they stroked against her skin, so much softer than Pye's lips and his morning whiskers that had rubbed across her jaw. Her tongue was a lazy caress as it played circles up her thigh as if Tabby had all the time in the world to make love to her. She was in no rush compared to Pye's domineering kisses and forceful embrace.

Julia moaned, the fire in her burning somehow brighter than a moment before, her need ratcheting that much tighter inside her as Tabby raised Julia's foot and placed it on the bathtub's edge.

Tabby feathered her lips against Julia's sex and Julia's world spiraled into blackness.

~ ~ ~

Christle Gray

- Author of *Second Chances*

www.christlegray.com

As the blackness receded, muffled voices filtered in through the fog-laden recesses of Julia's brain.

"Is she dead?" A soft feminine voice whispered faintly.

"Of course she's not dead. She's still breathing, you idiot." The male's reply was harsh, but still quiet.

"Then did it work this time?"

"I don't know yet," the impatience in the male voice was apparent.

An exasperated feminine sigh resounded through the room. "Maybe the Goddess made a mistake, Pye. Maybe we have the wrong woman."

"The Goddess does not make mistakes. Now hush, I think she's waking up."

Julia groaned loudly and rubbed her head as she slowly rose to a sitting position. The onslaught of bright light made her blink rapidly as everything sharpened into focus. She stared stupidly at the green-eyed hunk and the blue-eyed beauty standing naked in front of her, memories of the morning shower they'd shared rushed back. The heat of an embarrassed blush crept up her face as she clutched the thin sheet of her bed more tightly around her own nude body.

"Wh...what happened?" she managed to stammer out.

"You passed out. Again." The blond rolled her eyes for emphasis.

Pye's green eyes shot the woman a look of pure warning before he turned them in Julia's direction. "You were overtaken by pleasure, Mistress. I caught you before you fell and brought you here to your bedroom. Are you all right?"

Julia's gaze bounced back and forth between the two people who stood before her—naked, beautiful, and strange. Was she really supposed to believe that they could change their physical forms? And that those other forms were that of her feline companion Pyewacket and a stray she called Tabby?

The ludicrousness of the whole situation finally reared its head. It started with a few giggles, but then the laughter finally exploded, leaving her at its mercy. When she managed to catch her breath, Julia took notice of the scowls that had taken root on the pair's faces.

Man, but they don't look happy.

"We should leave, Pye. She obviously doesn't take this seriously. The Goddess deserves better." The blond crossed her arms over her ample chest.

Julia wiped her eyes and took a deep breath. "Sorry. I'm just having a little trouble believing all this." She swung her gaze around the room, searching for an explanation. "Are you sure I'm not hallucinating? Or dreaming? Or under the influence of some illegal substance?"

The man who wanted her to believe he was her cat, Pyewacket, furrowed his brow. "I can assure you that you are indeed awake, Mistress. And we still need to find out if your powers were unlocked."

Julia snorted and shook her head in disbelief. "And just how do you plan on doing that?"

His green eyes darkened and seemed to change shape once again. *Must be a trick of the light. None of this can be real.*

His delectable mouth widened into a smirk. "Why, you're going to summon the Goddess, Bast, of course."

~ ~ ~

Tina Gerow

- **Author of *Take It Off & Vortex Blues***

www.tinagerow.com

Julia frowned as Pyewacket and Tabby knelt in front of her on the kitchen Saltillo tile where she stood in a circle of the last of her kosher cooking salt. The sleeves of her pink silk robe slid down her arms covering the words she'd scrawled there to try to help her remember them all. "Is all of this

absolutely necessary? Can't I just call out and see if she comes?"

"Mistress," began Tabby with an impatient snap in her voice as both Pyewacket and Tabby frowned up at her. "The Goddess Bast only appears if properly summoned by one of her chosen High Priestesses who have come into their full powers."

"Did I miss the part where you both told me what powers we're talking about here?" *Or the part where you tell me why the hell I'm still doing this?*

Pyewacket and Tabby both frowned up at her in charged silence until she sighed as the hope of taking the easy way out of this slipped away like water through a cracked glass.

"Fine." She huffed out a breath, which fluttered her bangs. "If we're going to do this, let's do this." A herd of butterflies came to life inside her stomach as she pulled open the tie to her robe and let it slide off her shoulders to pool on the floor at her feet.

As cool air hit her body sending a rain of gooseflesh marching over her, she raised her chin and gazed out the glass patio door at her back yard, which glowed softly in the light of the full moon.

She held her arms out in front of her as if she was about to conduct an orchestra and cleared her throat. "Hear me, Bast, Goddess of sensual pleasure...uh..." She glanced down at her forearm and tried to find her place among the quickly scribbled words.

"Protector..." Pye whispered and then stared at her expectantly.

Her frantic gaze zeroed in on the word "protector" and she smiled as she picked up the litany. "Protector of the household, bringer of health, and the guardian saint of firefighters."

Really? Firefighters? Maybe she'll bring some hunky ones with her.

"Mistress..." Tabby warned softly. "Focus."

Heat flared up Julia's neck and into her cheeks at being caught with her mind wandering. "Sorry. It's not like I've remembered any of those overwhelming orgasms since this whole thing started, you know." She rolled her eyes and scanned down to the proper place on her forearm to continue the

ritual. “Merciful, Bast, your duly empowered priestess humbly asks for your audience and blessings.”

A sudden silence fell as if Julia had suddenly been enveloped in a soundproof bubble. Her skin began to heat and tingle, and the first rustlings of fear slithered up her spine.

Twin gasps from Pye and Tabby made her glance down, only to find that her skin had begun to glow.

“What the hell?”

“Hell is in a different pantheon from us, my dear.” The soft, sensual voice seemed to come from everywhere at once and brushed inside Julia in every intimate place, sending waves of hot arousal through her body in a rolling wave.

She snapped up her head to find the glowing form of a stunningly nude woman stepping through the glass of the patio door as if it were made of air. Midnight black eyes and dark flowing hair caught Julia’s attention—that and the soft grey fur that covered her face, her feline face.

Holy crap! She’s real!

Julia’s knees weakened, and she dropped to the tile, the cold impact of her flesh against the hard floor barely felt as the powerful presence before her took her entire attention. “Bast...”

The Goddess motioned for her to rise, and Julia scrambled to comply.

“I’ve waited for a long time for you to take your rightful place, daughter.”

“Daughter?” Julia gasped as several thousand lifetimes worth of memories spilled through her mind, reminding her of her true identity and purpose.

Tabby and Pyewacket hissed and scurried back away from her out of the circle of salt.

“Yes, dear one.” She took Julia’s hand in hers, causing a sudden tingling everywhere the Goddess’ skin touched Julia’s. “How else can we understand those we support, than to take human form from time to time and live among them? In time, all your memories will return.” Bast smiled, her feline teeth

flashing. “You have done well, daughter. It’s time to take your true place once again.”

Power flowed into Julia in a powerful rush through her mother’s hand until she thought her skin would crack open, unable to contain it all. Bast’s cool touch against her forehead pushed back the power enough to allow her to breathe until she could become used to her new reality.

After a few more deep breaths, she smiled down at Tabby and Pyewacket. “Thank you both for your help in bringing me back to myself.”

Both the man and woman buried their faces against the floor, their arms over their heads in a prostrate position before her. “Forgive us, daughter of Bast. We knew not your true self.”

Julia laughed, enjoying the joy and energy of her Goddess form she’d eschewed for so many lifetimes to better understand human females and their needs. She shook her head, amused at Pye’s and Tabby’s worry over their treatment of her while trying to help her regain her powers. “Rise, both of you. You did well, and it won’t be forgotten. There are women all over this world who need to find their true power within. We have work to do.”

Bast smiled and nodded.

Julia stretched and allowed a warm curl of satisfaction to pool low in her belly. She remembered the pain and humiliation in her human form of being dumped on Valentine’s Day. “But first, I think I need to pay a visit to Danny and introduce him to the Goddess within...”