

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE
Quickies

Adam & Evil
JAID BLACK

White *Hot* Holidays

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Adam & Evil

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Edited by Raelene Gorfinsky.

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ADAM & EVIL

Jaid Black

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Chapter One

"May I be blunt?"

"Can I stop you?"

"No."

"Then by all means..."

Julia Cameron's gaze narrowed thoughtfully as she deigned to engage in eye contact with her father's protégé. Forty-year-old Samuel Adam was the man her father wanted her to date and, as he'd told her in no uncertain terms, eventually marry. It was just like the old goat to attempt to force someone into her life who was so much like himself.

A rigid, unsmiling, tyrannical, emotionally frigid robot who no doubt bled oil in lieu of blood.

Thanks, Dad, but no thanks.

At thirty-one, Julia was unlikely to change. If she ever settled down—a very tentative *if*—it would be with a sensitive soul of a male. The sort of guy who didn't cower away from his feelings, worrying that such a show of vulnerability was emasculating. He would be everything that, God love him, her father had never been.

"I'm waiting," Samuel murmured, his voice measured.

A feral smile enveloped her face as she chose her words carefully. Everything about the man was even keel and firmly in control. His dark hair was perfectly cropped just above the ears, his suit impeccable wool and cashmere herringbone. He'd probably never raised his voice to anyone in his entire life. He didn't have to. Those intense green eyes and that stoic face innately commanded respect. The son of a bitch needed to be rattled.

"You are, without a doubt, the biggest jackass I've ever had the displeasure of sitting next to on an airplane," Julia told him.

A lie, perhaps, but better to make him hate her and leave her alone than lead the guy on. Pointing to a bottle of Samuel Adams brand beer that a passenger an aisle over was drinking, she batted her eyelashes.

"Furthermore, your name is one S away from being appalling. Samuel Adam? You sound like a drink, for heaven's sake!" She waved a hand magnanimously in the air between them. "I wouldn't date you if you were the last man on earth. No offense."

"None taken."

Julia frowned at the casual amusement in his tone. That wasn't the reaction she'd been going for. Men tended to become angry and feel aggrieved in such a situation. She'd been down this road many times before and had thought she knew the terrain.

Apparently robots didn't possess the same reactions as the average male.

"Well, good," Julia said dumbly, treading down unfamiliar territory. She rustled the newspaper on her lap. "Now if you'll excuse me, I'd like to finish reading this riveting piece on, uh..." She took a quick glance down, having no idea of the contents. Her father published it, but she never read it. "...this riveting piece on the life of slugs."

More amusement. He didn't smile, but his eyes glittered. The knowing in those light green orbs reminded her of a stalking jungle cat, an analogy that made her swallow a bit roughly.

Samuel Adam might sound like an alcoholic drink, but his demeanor was sobering. Nothing got to him. No one intimidated him.

Ever.

"I wouldn't dream of keeping you from reading such an engrossing article."

Her glower would have killed a lesser man.

"In fact," Samuel said, steepling his fingertips, "I'm impressed." His eyebrows rose slightly. "I didn't know Barbie dolls could read. Your father must be very proud."

A Barbie? *Her?* Julia didn't know whether to laugh or take offense. Apparently beer-boy had failed to notice the extra twenty-five pounds on her five-foot six-inch frame. Or her J-Lo bootie. Or her very red and curly, non-blonde hair. Or the doctorate hanging on her office wall.

Her teeth snapped together. He was just trying to get back at her, prod her into making a scene so he'd feel better. Damn, he was good. Almost, but not quite, a worthy adversary.

"He's very proud," Julia assured him, feigning inordinate fascination with the article on slugs. Why had her father published this boring shit? It was the daily paper, not a journal for science geeks for crying out loud. "I am, after all, nothing if not amazing."

"Mmm yes. As remarkable as a talking marionette."

Her teeth ground together, but she would not take the bait. She would rise above and stay a step ahead. She would —

Why the fuck is beer-boy lifting my arms over my head?

"No strings attached," Samuel reflected. He looked genuinely intrigued. "Interesting."

There were many comebacks to be had, many acidic, witty replies to make. Unfortunately, all of them were eluding her at the moment. "You've got brass balls," Julia huffed. "I'll give you that much. Nobody ever talks to me like that!" She sounded like a defiant little brat, but oh well.

"A pity," he said firmly, those intense eyes of his finding hers.

"Just what the hell does that mean? That people *should* talk to me with no respect?"

"It means you should get what you give," Samuel said calmly, rigidly. "If you belonged to me, I'd put you over my knee and spank your ass soundly."

She couldn't believe how outrageous his words were! Or how arousing. Julia twisted in her seat, coughing in her hand to cover up her discomfit.

Had she thought him to be almost, but not quite, a worth adversary? She had been wrong. Samuel Adam was, in fact, the real deal. Such an opponent had to be taken seriously. This wasn't like the last poor schmuck her father had sent to court her—she doubted this guy would just walk away with his tail between his legs, afraid Julia would get him fired. No, Samuel realized he wouldn't be issued his walking papers from Cameron Publishing. If he did, he would be immediately snatched up by a rival company. The situation set panic alarms off in her mind.

She opened her mouth to rebut, but was cut off by an alarm of another kind. Julia's eyes widened as the lights in the airplane's cabin began rapidly flicking off and on, a shrill sound blaring over the intercom. Two flight attendants servicing the first-class cabin lost their balance, their bodies flung to the floor by the airplane's jarring motions.

"What's happening?" she breathed out, heartbeat accelerating. She clutched the arms of her chair with both hands, fingernails digging into the vinyl. What a day! "Are we crashing?"

"I don't know," Samuel replied evenly. His large, powerful hand covered hers as he assessed the situation. "But I won't let anything happen to you."

For some insane reason, Julia believed him. Her grasp on the seat tightened as a loud, trembling voice sounded over the intercom.

"All flight attendants and passengers prepare for an emergency landing."

"We're flying over the damn ocean!" Julia hysterically pointed out. "Where are we going to land? The welcome portal to the underwater kingdom of Atlantis?"

Oxygen masks dropped from the overhead bins before he could reply. She heard children crying from somewhere behind them back in the coach section. Her heart slammed against her chest as she fumbled with the mask, trying to secure it over her face.

A simple, routine flight from San Jose to New York. She had taken this very flight, no doubt on this very plane, dozens of times. Her family held estates in both Manhattan and Costa Rica, though Julia primarily resided in the latter.

Samuel had shown up at her doorstep two days ago under the guise of escorting her back home for the Christmas holiday. Her *father-trying-to-set-her-up-with-another-robot* radar had immediately flown sky-high. She was, after all, thirty-one, not three. She hadn't required escorts for years.

There had been something different about Samuel Adam from the first moment he'd entered her tropical refuge, some enigmatic mystique that gave her pause. He radiated an aura of control and power that no one could fake – a man either possessed it or he didn't. Samuel oozed it.

After two days of playing mouse to his cat, Julia had been more than grateful to take the flight back to the States with her father's protégée. Anything to eventually ditch him. He was getting under her skin, and that would not do. Nothing got to the man, nothing cowered him. If she hadn't been so hell-bent on loathing him, she would have admired him.

He wanted her money. He wanted to control Cameron Publishing. All men saw her as a means to an end.

The movie screens in the cabin turned on, snapping Julia back to the moment. An emergency landing instruction video began to play. The two actors smiled serenely as they calmly placed the masks in front of their faces, then lifted the attached rubber bands to position them behind their heads.

Oh right! What a realistic reenactment! As if anyone could be that tranquil when they were about to die. Oscar-potential candidates the actors were not. They should be hyperventilating, screaming, and possibly clawing out their own bulging eyes.

Julia's head began to swirl, dizziness engulfing her. She hadn't figured out the mask yet and wasn't getting enough oxygen.

Two strong hands held up her quickly slumping body. The mask made its way to her face. Oxygen returned. Julia stared up at Samuel with wide blue eyes.

"I have to go help in the back," he said from behind his own mask. "You'll be okay, Julia. I promise."

A selfish gene whispered to her that she should beg him to stay, to not leave her here to die alone. But she knew those kids back there needed him much more than a grown woman did. She might be a lot of things, but egocentric wasn't one of them, despite what she'd led Samuel to believe.

Besides, she could take her of herself. She'd always done as much. Growing up motherless with a workaholic father did that to a person. If there was one lesson Julia had learned early in life, it was the futility in waiting on a man to rescue her.

She nodded her head. "I'll be fine," she said in a monotone, her brain still relatively scattered from the previous lack of oxygen. "Go to the children. They need you."

Chapter Two

Separated from the other survivors, they'd been drifting for two days. Almost out of food, Julia had predicted several times that they were goners. Samuel, on the other hand, was his typically arrogant, in-control self.

"We'll be fine, Julia," Sam stated. She watched his muscles tense from the strain of continuous swimming. "We've made it this far and we're still alive."

She snorted, but kept swimming. They were alone in the middle of the ocean. They hadn't so much as spotted another ship. Their stash of airline peanuts, bottled water, and something resembling stale pretzels was nearly gone. Sunburns covered all of Julia's pale body and half of Samuel's bronzed one. Despite all that, he persisted in his mentality. Robots—faithful to their preprogramming until the end.

Landing, if one could call it that, had been a nightmare. Unbelievably, none of the passengers died at impact. As it turned out, the emergency landing video was on target and the seats really did morph into floatation devices. All might have ended well had a thick, disorienting fog not enveloped the area. One night they were floating next to the other fatigued passengers and, a short nap later, they were bobbing alone in the middle of the torrid ocean.

Christmas was less than a week away. There would be no turkey, ham and trimmings this year. The way things were looking, and the way sharks kept circling from below, the only thing on the menu this holiday season would be raw human à la Julia and Samuel.

A dark shadow glided by. A dorsal fin emerged, then quickly retreated into the water. Heart pounding, Julia held on tightly to the pocketknife Samuel had given her.

"Why don't they just eat us and be done with it?" Julia panted, swimming vigorously. She couldn't recall ever being this frightened or her nerves ever being so

frayed. Such was saying a lot when you were the daughter of a man who possessed more enemies than friends. "They're toying with us."

"They don't know what to make of us so they're waiting for us to weaken," Samuel told her matter-of-factly, "to show some sign of vulnerability."

Great. "Like?"

"Difficulty swimming. Fresh blood from a wound..."

Julia mentally counted the days since her last menstrual cycle. She hysterically hoped she'd remain on schedule.

"...anything that tells them we are vulnerable prey."

Silence.

She lapsed into contemplative thought, her life playing like a DVD before her mind's eye. She still had a lot of things left to do before she died—accomplishments to achieve, Mr. Right to find and marry, babies to make with said man. She wasn't ready to become shark sushi.

Dr. Julia Elise Cameron was a world-renowned botanist. She knew her tropical plants like nobody's business. A thousand specimens of the same variety could be facing her and she could still tell them apart for the individual organisms that they were. They were distinct and vibrant beings to her, full of life and love. And, unlike people, easy to comfortably surround herself with.

When it came to interacting with her own species, Julia had always come up short. She could blame her father's lack of attention, or the death of her mother at the tender age of six, but there was no sense in casting blame anywhere besides at her own two feet. She was a grown woman, had been for more years than she wished to contemplate, and her life was what she'd made it.

Julia was, and would probably die being, the horticultural version of an old maid with cats. The thought was more depressing than it should have been. Men had come

and gone over the years, of course, but nobody she could envision living out the rest of her life with.

Aside from the usual courtships of high school, her first real love had been Phillipe, the artist she'd met during her junior year in college at the Sorbonne in Paris, France. Phillipe had been dashing and charming, not to mention an excellent lover. He excelled at the art of lovemaking and Julia quickly figured out why – she'd met politicians who were more faithful.

For graduate school she left the Sorbonne and Paris behind and headed back to the States. Once a fine arts major, she completed the prerequisite courses to pursue her next degree in botany, this time at New York University. At NYU she met Randy, a drama student. Randy had been Phillipe's spiritual twin, minus the French accent.

Tired of men and their cheating, disloyal ways, Julia had converted to lesbianism – or tried to anyway. Jenny had been beautiful, any lesbian's dream come true, but when it had come time for Julia to return the sexual favors Jenny had bestowed her with...

She winced at the memory. As much as she might wish it otherwise, going down on another woman was simply not Julia's thing. Trying to fake her way through it, she'd held her breath and desperately attempted to make her almost-lover come.

Had it not been for the fact that Julia needed to come back up for air and take a deep, gasping breath before recommencing, she and Jenny might still be together, damn it. The submersible whale technique went over about as well with Jenny as rice cakes at an all-you-can-eat pancake breakfast.

Picky people.

Following the Jenny fiasco, Julia had abandoned any realistic hope of finding true love and concentrated instead on her plants. Her father sent the occasional suitor over to test the proverbial dating waters, but she was having none of that. Her dad might be a revered and powerful publishing magnate, but he was hopeless when it came to two things – expressing emotions and picking out a would-be son-in-law.

Samuel wasn't the first hopeful to catch her father's eye, though admittedly he was turning out to be the hardest to shake loose. What neither man seemed capable of fathoming was that the year was 2006, not 1506. She didn't want an arranged, polite marriage, where the husband ruled supreme and the wife smiled and hosted dumb tea parties. She wanted passion and emotions, a meeting and merging of the soul and mind – the very things that Samuel, so like her father, could never give.

Samuel Adam was powerful in the publishing world, a rising star that would never dim. He made deals that affected many lives and raked in money using his Midas touch. He was handsome and dominant, controlled and together. He was everything a woman should want in a husband, but also all the things Julia knew from the experience of growing up with a man so much like him, didn't really make for a happy marriage.

Her mother had died alone and embittered. It was no way for a woman to leave this world.

Deep down inside, there was an untypical part of her that still held on to the elusive dream of finding happiness with a man, but over the years that part had shrunk to a point of nonexistence. Or it had, anyway, until death came knocking.

Here in the middle of the ocean, with predators just a bite away from killing her, life flashed before Julia's eyes and smacked her upside the head with its ironies. She needed to survive. She still had a lot of things left to do. Samuel wasn't the one to do them with, but he deserved to live too.

Just when the hope of survival all but deserted her, just when she thought it was time to succumb to the fatigue, a small spot of...something...snagged her peripheral vision. Was it? Could it be?

"Oh my God," Julia breathed out.

"What?" Samuel asked. His tone was urgent. "Are you all right? Have you been bitten?"

She blinked. His voice sounded almost...well, *human*. Just a small hint of emotion, yet detectable nevertheless. Perhaps that happened to robots in moments of extreme duress.

"No," Julia assured him. "I'm fine." A smile enveloped her full lips as she jerked her head to the right, indicating what lurked just a few miles away. "We've found land."

* * * * *

Everything in Samuel Ian Adam's life was perfectly ordered and under his firm control. It's the way it had always been, it's the way he had envisioned it always being. When he told someone to jump, they asked him how high. When he issued a command, it was obeyed immediately and without question. When it came to matters of business and winning, not even his boss, William Cameron III, thought to gainsay him.

Sam preferred the status quo. He relished order and logic. He thrived on being the smartest, the calmest, the most methodical and calculating.

And then *she* came along.

When his business mentor had asked him to fly down to Costa Rica and collect his only child for the holidays, Sam immediately recognized that the task was no ordinary quest. William's sole heir was unmarried, Sam was still a bachelor. It was, logically speaking, a good marriage match. Sam would run Cameron Publishing, William would retire, and Julia would be well taken care of. Completely sound reasoning.

Nothing about Julia Cameron was sound, let alone reasonable.

Just getting past the Costa Rican estate's butler had been a lesson in restraint. When Sam had announced to Jorge that he'd been sent to collect Julia by William, the servant had feigned no working knowledge of the English language. Sam had proceeded to trump that ace by requesting Julia's presence *en espanol*. All that had earned him was the door getting slammed in his face.

Sam's teeth gritted from the insult, but he hadn't given up. He knocked on the double doors again. And again, and again, and again.

From the moment the irritating female with the bouncy red curls had thrust open the doors and clapped blue eyes on him, Sam had understood this task would be no easy feat. He should have received the message at some point during the Jorge incident, but nothing could have prepared him for one Dr. Julia Elise Cameron.

A half-empty bottle of Chianti in one hand, a dying plant in the other, and an expression on her face that said somehow in her strange world those two things went together, she calmly asked him, "Who the fuck are you and why are you breathing on my doorstep?"

She was crass and rude, obnoxious and sarcastic. She cared more about her plants than people and thought nothing of dismissing him as an inconsequential weed that needed ripped from her garden. She was everything he didn't want in a wife. Sam had never been angrier.

Or more intrigued.

Given Julia's general surly temperament, his arousal toward the tiny woman was baffling. She might not have been short exactly, but when standing next to his own six feet and three inches, she barely made it up to his chin.

It wasn't Julia's looks that caused him to covet her, though she was certainly beautiful in an exotic sort of way. She had bright blue eyes that spoke of an angelic side she was far from possessing, red hair as fiery and vibrant as her take-no-prisoners attitude, skin as creamy and translucent as a doll's, and a body with bumps and curves in all the right places.

And yet it wasn't her level of attractiveness that was pushing his buttons and getting under his skin. It wasn't her money or even the key she wielded to Cameron Publishing. Sam almost wished it was one of those things. It would be easier to admit to. Much easier than acknowledging it was the she-beast's *I-am-independent-woman-hear-me-roar* demeanor that had his cock so hard.

He was swimming in a pool of sharks and still had a hard-on. He wished that particular part of his anatomy would roll over and play dead because he wasn't in the mood to have it bitten off. No, Julia would enjoy his newly emasculated state with a bit too much relish. He wouldn't let her get away from being beneath him in a bed that easily.

Rigidly and devoutly old-fashioned, Sam long aspired to marrying the twenty-first-century version of June Cleaver. June had made for the perfect wife. Ward and the kids had always been her uppermost concern. Supper was prepared and ready when her man came home from a long working day. She was docile and submissive, smiling and cordial—everything a wife should be.

Everything Julia wasn't.

"I can't believe it!" Julia announced, her excitement uncontrollable. Sam blinked, his thoughts clearing. "Land, ho! Land, ho! Land, ho!" she rejoiced.

Her girlish giggles forced him to swallow a bit excessively. She was more than beautiful when she laughed so exuberantly. She was downright gorgeous.

There went his damn cock again. He frowned, not at all happy with his body's reaction to a woman who could give prickly lessons to a cactus. Another two miles of swimming and at least he wouldn't have to worry about his dick becoming a shark banquet.

"I see it," Sam confirmed. "Hopefully it's inhabited."

Another two miles and they'd reach land. After that they'd search for food and civilization.

And after that he'd fuck Dr. Julia Elise Cameron out of his system...literally.

Chapter Three

"I don't believe this!" Julia wailed, enraged hands flying every which way. "We swam for *days*. We defied all the odds—not to mention multiple flesh-eating predators—only to meet with long, hideously torturous deaths via starvation and dehydration!"

Sam sighed. A bit dramatic, perhaps, yet to the point.

"Look at this place! It's barren! Completely and utterly dried up!"

He couldn't deny her words. Somewhere in the middle of the Caribbean they might be, yet they had managed to find refuge on the one small dot of an island lacking a lush, tropical landscape. The place resembled the Sahara more than a jungle.

"Don't you have anything to say, beer-boy?" Julia gritted out. Her nostrils flared as she stalked toward him, soaked red hair flinging madly. She put her arms out in front of her and walked like Frankenstein's monster—or a robot, he wasn't certain which. "Does death compute?" she asked in a computerized monotone. "Does death compute?"

Despite the horrible circumstance they were currently in, or the fact that William Cameron III's daughter was a modern-day Nellie à la *Little House on the Prairie*, Sam found her imitation of him slightly amusing. Enough so that he had to snort at her.

"Yes," he replied in the same droid monotone. "It does compute."

Julia's eyes rounded. Her mouth went agape. And then she did something he wished she hadn't—she threw her head back and laughed.

He grunted. When she was happy, she looked far too beautiful for his peace of mind.

After the plane went down and swimming for their lives became grim necessity, Julia had been forced to shed all her clothing, except for the shirt and transparent g-string she was wearing. Standing on dry land, the wet, white cotton plastered against her, nothing was left to Sam's virile imagination. Her large breasts were capped off with big, stiff nipples, and her red pussy hair had been trimmed into a small, barely there, triangle.

Sam coughed into his hand and glanced away. He looked to the sky and mentally counted to ten, trying to dampen his quickly arousing spirits.

"Touché," Julia chuckled. "So one of my father's clones possesses something resembling a sense of humor. Who'd a thunk it?" She shook her head and grinned. "I certainly didn't think so when he telephoned to say you were coming to San Jose to, and I quote, 'retrieve' me."

Sam's eyebrows rose as she gave him her back. Julia was busy visually scanning the horizon, but he was preoccupied with what she'd just said. And with the full, round, slightly sunburned bottom that now faced him. *Jesus H. Christ.*

He shook his head to clear it. In a nutshell, Julia had known he was coming for her, which explained her nasty behavior at the front doors to the estate. Sam also got the feeling that he wasn't the first suitor William had sent down to Costa Rica—a fact that made him feel a jealousy he didn't have the right to.

Julia's head cocked to the left. Her nose began to twitch as it made sniff-sniff sounds. Sam frowned, uncertain what to make of such bizarre, primitive behavior.

"I smell *Saccharum Officinarum*," Julia announced.

She sniffed again, letting her nose lead her off to the left toward hilly terrain. She resembled a hound dog ferreting out prey. Frustrated, and beginning to wonder if Julia'd been raised by a pack of wolves with outrageously delicious bodies, Sam ran an agitated hand through his damp hair and followed.

"*Saccharum Officinarum*?" he bellowed. "What the hell is that? Where are you going?"

Julia stopped in her tracks. She hesitated, then whirled around and looked at him dumbly. "Did you just raise your voice to me?"

Sam's nostrils flared. "Yes. I did," he bit out, his temper boiling just below the surface. Everything was getting to him—*she* was getting to him. Costa Rica. Jorge. The plane crash. Swimming with hungry sharks. Being stranded on a deserted island with Julia the she-wolf. Her luscious ass, ripe nipples, and the teasing shadow of pussy hair he could faintly make out...

The woman could conjure up pieces of his personality he'd thought never to unleash on another. "You were sniffing the air and you're insane!" he yelled. "Your father is insane! Everybody with the last name of Cameron is, in fact, insane! And what the hell is *Saccharum Officinarum*?"

Her lips hitched up into a half-smile. She studied him as one would a non-representational piece of art—not certain what she was looking at, but somewhat intrigued by it. He could only grunt at her. The woman was odd.

"*Saccharum Officinarum* is the scientific name for sugar cane," Julia said with uncharacteristic patience. "I can smell it and I'm going to find it so we don't starve to death. Come on, Samuel."

The dominant alpha male in Sam wanted to provide for Julia, not the other way around. Yet surprisingly, and contrary to his *Leave It to Beaver*-ingrained belief system, he found himself impressed by and proud of the sexy botanist.

He clamped a hand to his forehead. Surely he had taken a fever. She was burrowed under his skin further than a giant, blood-sucking tick. Next she would try to possess his soul; she would dance around a campfire as she ripped it out with forceps in hand and a sinister smile on her face.

She was evil. Wicked, vile and Satan-spawned.

He needed to fuck her so bad his balls had gone blue.

"Fine," Sam growled, scowling at her. "Let's go find it."

His muscles tensed as he prepared to hunt. He *would* make it out of the jungle with his mind still intact. And, come hell or high water—most likely hell—Julia *would* become his June. If he was honest with himself, he'd considered her to be his before he'd even set off for Costa Rica to acquire her. Sam had no intention of devolving into one of those tree-hugging, soft, beta types in the name of peace... Julia would have to do that. Oh he'd be considerate, even give in to her wants when he felt it logically appropriate, but that was where the line in the sand would be drawn.

She might not realize he'd staked a claim on her yet, but she would soon enough.

"By the way," he told her, his gaze continually straying back down to what he wanted to brand, "Call me Sam."

* * * * *

The part of the island they'd swum up to was a barren no-man's-land, but just over the hill lay paradise. A luscious, tropical landscape bursting with banana trees, sugar cane, coconuts and assorted vegetation and wildlife beckoned with their untainted scents and sounds. Julia breathed deeply. The life inherent to the jungle habitat was intoxicating.

"God, this is beautiful," she whispered aloud, not really talking to anyone. "This is the way it's supposed to be."

Leafy, green plant life. Birds painted from vibrant colors. The sounds of monkeys screeching, calling out to each other in an intricate language their kind understood.

Julia sensed Samuel—Sam—staring at her so she blinked and turned away. She wasn't certain what to make of the man and therefore didn't know how to behave around him. Usually it was a simple matter of being as bitchy as humanly possible until the would-be suitor scurried off. Stranded in the middle of nowhere, ditching Sam wasn't even a remote possibility. She hadn't been able to shed him even before the plane went down. Now?

"I better make us a shelter," Sam announced, inclining his head westward. "A thunderstorm is imminent, maybe just a few hours off."

Julia followed his line of vision. Indeed, he was correct. Black clouds had coalesced over the ocean, barely audible cracks of thunder heard in the remote distance. A storm was coming – and it looked like a bad one.

"I'll help you," Julia insisted.

"It would be far more helpful," Sam said firmly, "if you gathered us together a few days' worth of food instead. We don't know how long the storm will last. It could be days."

She narrowed her eyes at him. "Are you trying to make a bitch out of me?"

"A what?"

"A bitch." She waved a hand. "You know, one of those female types who cook, clean, and listen to every word a man says as though it's the gospel truth." Her chin notched up. "I don't cook, I don't clean, you don't know jackshit, and I am perfectly capable of building a shelter."

His leopard eyes flared, then raked over her body. She shivered despite her efforts not to be affected by him. He kept staring at her intimate places in a way that made her think he coveted them. Men like him typically preferred sticks with boob implants, not voluptuously built women.

"Eventually I *will* make a 'bitch' out of you, as you so eloquently put it," Sam told her in his usual calm tone.

She gasped.

"But not right now. At this moment we need two things – food and shelter. You are the botanist. It only makes sense for you to collect the food, as I don't recognize anything around here other than the bananas and coconuts."

Julia hated to admit it, but the man had a point.

"I do, however," Sam continued, "recognize the bamboo and the fact I have a knife to cut it down with."

Her forehead wrinkled. "How did you get that past security at the airport anyway?"

He shrugged. "I didn't. Another passenger did. I found it when we were in the water scavenging for food and kept it just in case this situation arose."

Very resourceful. There went that damn sense of admiration toward him again. Even amidst a crisis, Sam had been thinking ahead.

"Oh all right, damn it," Julia relented. "I'll give in and be the bitch this time," she grumbled. She stomped off deeper into the jungle. "But next time it's your turn, Mr. Adam."

Chapter Four

They located a cave, scared out the local wildlife, and claimed it for their own use. Sam hadn't finished tying the last knot on the makeshift bamboo door when the storm erupted, bringing a torrential downpour with it. He quickly built a small fire inside the tiny alcove, but not enough to warm her chilled bones. Cold and shivering, her shirt and panties still drenched, Julia searched for something – anything – that could double as dry clothing.

She sighed, defeated. Unless Sam knew how to make bamboo dresses, she was screwed.

"Take your clothes off," a husky voice said from behind her, "Before you catch a cold."

Julia's blue eyes widened. Her heart pounded against her breasts. "I-I'll be all right," she stammered out, refusing to face him until her breathing returned to normal. "Just give me a moment."

Silence ensued as her teeth chattered. She could feel Sam's stare boring into her back, flicking over her ass cheeks.

"If you can't take care of yourself properly, Dr. Cameron," Sam told her, "then I'll be forced to take matters into my own hands."

She whirled around to face him. Sweet lord, he was staring her down like he was a leopard and she was his lunch. His dark hair was still damp, the color in strict contrast to the jade of his predator's eyes. His tanned body was covered in only the boxing shorts he'd had on under his jeans when the plane went down, his erection stiff and poking against the material.

"Matters?" she asked nervously. "Or me?"

Their gazes clashed and held. His eyes were intense, on fire.

He didn't answer the question. "Take off your clothes," Sam said thickly.

Her breathing labored, Julia's body responded to his words even as her brain screamed to stay far, far away from him. Her belly clenched in a knot of pure arousal and her nipples stabbed against the wet fabric of her shirt.

"This is a very bad idea," she whispered, her voice hitching.

His lips alleged nothing, but his eyes said it all. Once Sam had her, he had no intention of letting her escape his clutches. Julia took an instinctive step back. The tiny cave began to feel smaller. He took a step toward her. Her breathing, already dense, grew heavier.

"Take off your clothes," Sam again instructed, his tone dominant. His heavily muscled body tensed, prepared. "I won't have you catching a cold and taking ill."

The soaked clothing *was* making her teeth rattle. Still, she didn't think standing naked in front of her father's protégée was a good idea.

"Now, Julia."

His commanding tone was more erotic than it should have been. She didn't want to feel aroused in his presence, but was. She hesitated for a moment.

As if it was inevitable, Julia brought her fingers to the hem of her shirt and began pulling it up. Her large breasts got caught in the tight fabric, but she jiggled them loose and tugged the garment up over her head. A purr sounded from deep in Sam's throat as she took it off and let it fall to the ground.

"Good girl," Sam praised her, his eyelids heavy as his gaze seared her hard nipples. "Now the rest."

A hand at either hip, Julia took her panties off inch by inch. She pushed them down below her knees, straightened up, and kicked them the rest of the way off. Sneaking a look at Sam, she saw that his stare was zeroed in on the thatch of damp red curls between her thighs.

"You're a very good girl when you want to be," he murmured. "Aren't you, Julia?"

She said nothing as he looked his fill at her naked body.

"Come here," Sam instructed, reaching out to take her hand. "Let's warm you up by the fire."

Julia doubted the necessity of the fire. Skin, once cold, tingled with heat and sensual stimulation.

Sam led her to the fire and turned her around to face it. Situating himself behind her, his two strong hands slid between her arms and sides and cupped her breasts. Julia whimpered as he began kneading them, his thumbs massaging her stiff nipples.

"I'll get my tits nice and warm," Sam growled low into the whorl of her ear. From somewhere in the back of her lust-drunk mind, she recognized that he was already referring to her private parts as his property. "I can't wait to suck on my nipples, baby."

Julia's breathing came out in ragged pants. She was already dangerously close to coming.

She thought to tell him to stop. The words never made it past her lips.

Julia moaned as she reveled in the intimate breast massage. She instinctively ground her hips at him, her ass pressing against his iron-hard erection.

"Do you feel what these tits and that ass do to my cock, sweetheart?" Sam murmured into her ear.

She was so damned close to coming. Just a little more stimulation would throw her over the edge.

Sam's hands glided down her body, to her pussy. He sifted his fingers through the intimate curls. "Open your legs wider," he told her. "I need to dry the hair on my cunt."

Julia obeyed immediately, more turned on than she'd thought humanly possible. Her pulse worked triple-time as he played with her pussy lips, massaging them like he had her breasts. Moments later, his fingers found her clit. Her heartbeat went into overdrive.

"Come for me," Sam commanded, a man used to getting what he wanted. He vigorously massaged her clit, rubbing it in brisk circles. She threw her head back against his solid chest and groaned. "Come, Julia."

One hand played with her pussy, the other went back to massaging her breasts. His fingers tugged at her nipples, rubbed her clit. She bucked against him, the knot of arousal in her stomach aching to break loose.

"Sam."

The coil in Julia's belly burst into a violent orgasm. She wailed out her pleasure, the sound echoing throughout the cave. Breathing heavily, her knees like rubbery noodles, she sank to the ground of the cave, thankful that Sam had the forethought to catch her.

"Very sexy," he hoarsely praised her. "You're so beautiful."

Not really, but he made her feel that way. When he held her like this, touched her like this, looked at her as though she was the most sensual woman on planet Earth...

He made her wish they weren't so wretchedly alike. Opposites attract and opposites they were definitely not. He was an alpha male, she an alpha female. They were both stubborn and strong-willed, determined and relentless. If they wanted something, they took it, more's the pity for any who stood in their way.

Including, she dejectedly conceded, each other.

Julia could only hope that her father rescued her before it was too late. Namely, before Samuel Ian Adam got under her skin so deeply that there would be no hope in getting him out.

Help was bound to come sooner or later and Sam found himself hoping for later. Out there in the real world, he doubted Julia's ability to tolerate him for very long. He could shove his will down her throat and hope it took, but for the first time in his life, he didn't know if it would work.

Julia complicated his life, his very belief system. She was everything a man reared by a domineering, nagging mother didn't want. Independent, strong-willed, and feisty, she gave as good as she got. She didn't need a man and could do just fine on her own.

But is that independence and fire the same thing you've spent a lifetime despising?

He didn't know. He didn't want to analyze it. For once in his calculating life, Sam wanted to revel in the here and now, in the moment and in the woman.

One thing was for certain—even if Julia proved to be a dominatrix outside of the bedroom, she was mouthwateringly submissive inside of it. He had commanded her to sit on a specific rock and play with her nipples while he watched. She had obeyed without hesitation.

Sam pulled off his boxer shorts and stood over Julia from where she sat on a flat stone. Her eyes widened when she looked at his cock—a reaction he loved. He casually seated himself on an adjacent rock, then issued his next instruction.

"Spread your legs wider," Sam told her. "I want to see all of my delicious cunt." Julia paused and began to comply. "I didn't say you could stop massaging my nipples," he told her. "Tug on them while you open your thighs for me."

"I need to play with my clit," Julia gasped. "*Please, Sam.*"

She wanted to come, he wasn't ready for her to...yet.

"Did I say you could play with my cunt?"

"No."

"Then keep tugging on those stiff nipples."

She moaned, but complied. Sam was enjoying the sensual game, but didn't know how much longer he or his cock could withstand it. Watching Julia play with her nipples was the most erotic thing he'd ever seen. The areolas were light pink, the nipples dusky rose. Gazing at her tight cunt made him wonder just how much of a squeeze it would give him. It also gave him the craving to find out what that sweet pussy below the red curls tasted like.

"You've got great tits, Julia," Sam murmured. "Or should I say, *I* have got great tits."

She moaned as she continued to tweak her nipples.

A drop of pre-cum dripped from Sam's cock. He had to touch her, play with her, fuck her.

"Stand up and walk over to me," he ordered her. "Tug those nipples harder while you do it."

Julia's nipples were so stiff. Her eyes were glazed over with unquenched pleasure. She walked over to where he sat, two big tits dangling in front of his face.

"Put your hands at your sides," Sam purred. "Don't move a finger without my permission. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

He lifted an arrogant eyebrow. God, he couldn't wait to feast on those nipples. "Yes, *what?*"

Julia looked confused.

"Yes, *sir*," he clarified for her.

She cleared her throat. For a moment, Sam thought she would balk at his command. But then, making his cock swell just that much more, she surprised him.

"Yes, *sir*," Julia whispered.

Her breasts heaved up and down in time with her labored breathing. His gaze was mesmerized by her luscious tits. So big and plump. He couldn't recall ever seeing nipples quite that erect.

Sam grabbed her tits like he owned them, and as far as he was concerned he did. Julia gasped as he popped one stiff nipple into his mouth and sucked it like he meant to brand it. Unable to decide which nipple he wanted to suck on more, he palmed her tits as closely together as they could go and feverishly sucked one and then the other in

fast, ruthless motions. Back and forth. Left one and right one. Over and over. Again and again. Her breath came out in a rush.

"That feels so good," Julia whimpered. "That feels so good, sir," she quickly amended.

She was learning the sex game at an astute rate. An A+ student, Sam decided.

He dragged his mouth away from her breasts, releasing the left nipple with a popping sound. He ran greedy hands all over her naked body, wanting to touch her everywhere.

"Spread your pussy lips," Sam growled.

She immediately obeyed. Pale, trembling fingers eased apart her sexy cunt lips, revealing the erect clit and tight hole he was more than ready to claim.

Sam shoved his tongue up her cunt hole, moaning from the exquisite taste and tightness.

Fucking her would be better than heaven.

He tongue-fucked her for several minutes, his thumb playing with her slippery clit. Julia's body began to shake and he knew she was close to coming. Sam went in for the kill.

Slipping his hands around her to knead her ass cheeks, his lips found her clit and drew it into the heat of his mouth. He sucked on the sensitive bud hard, his cock aching from the sound of her moans.

"Yes-sir-yes-sir-yes-sir!" Julia wailed, not permitted to so much as buck her hips. *"I'm coming, sir."*

Julia screamed as she came, a violent burst that covered his lips in feminine juices. Sam panted as he tore his mouth away from her delicious cunt and, standing up, issued another order.

"Get on the ground and kneel on all fours," he said in a tone that broached no argument. "I want to see my tits dangling, my ass raised up in the air, and my cunt on display."

"Yes, sir," Julia said thickly as she took to the cave's floor.

She sprawled her body out, belly down, so that her weight rested on her knees and hands. Looking up at him from over her shoulder, long, red curly hair so much an aphrodisiac, she waited like the perfect, sweet submissive for her man to take what belonged to him.

Damn, she was sexier than any woman had a right to be. That plump ass might not always be en vogue, but it had always been a lure to Sam. He could see her tight cunt hole pouting from between her splayed pussy lips, and big tits dangling just beyond her taut belly.

Sam palmed her ass cheeks, spread them apart, and guided his cock to her wet entrance. Perspiration dotted his forehead. Every muscle in his body tensed in preparation. "Beg me to fuck you," he gritted out.

"Please fuck me, sir," Julia begged, gasping for breath. She was as aroused as he was. "Please, sir—please fuck me."

He sank into her tight, sticky cunt on a growl, impaling himself to the hilt. Julia moaned as he fucked her, his cock mercilessly pounding in and out of her flesh. He took her like a possessive animal, riding her hard, telling her with every thrust that she was his.

"*Sam*," she gasped, her tits jiggling beneath her, her hips meeting him thrust for thrust. "Sam—oh God!"

He took her harder and deeper, faster and more ferociously. He sank into Julia's tight pussy over and over, again and again, glutting himself on her cunt. She moaned and fucked him back, the sound of flesh slapping flesh reverberating throughout the cave. The scent of their combined stimulation permeated the air, further arousing him.

“My cunt feels so good,” Sam ground out. His nostrils flared, jaw tensed. “Oh shit—*Julia*—baby.”

Her pussy sucked his cock back in with every outstroke. The sound and feel of the tugging was excruciatingly erotic. Sam fucked her harder, faster, his fingers finding her hips and digging into the flesh there. In and out. Over and over. Once. Twice. Three times more...

He came on a roar, every muscle in his body simultaneously tightening and releasing. Julia continued to throw her pussy back at him, milking him of every drop of cum he had to give.

Their breathing mutually ragged, their bodies slick with sweat, Sam stood up and held his hand out to Julia. She accepted, letting him lead her closer to the fire where they could warm up.

A distant boom of thunder sounded outside the cave, telling them the terrible storm was moving on. In all the excitement of having sex with Julia, Sam had forgotten about the storm. He turned his gaze back to Julia.

She rubbed her hands together in front of the fire, a sad smile on her face. It was as if she had already decided that, just like in Vegas, what happened in the cave would forever stay in the cave.

Sam closed his eyes briefly, not wanting to deal with reality. When he opened them, he turned to her, wanting her to forget all the obstacles between them. His mouth came down and covered hers, his kisses deep and meaningful. Julia’s tongue darted out and dueled with his. Sam groaned and pulled her closer, his erection stabbing against her belly.

She kissed him back with all the passion she had inside. And in contrast to the robot Julia had thought him to be, his intensity matched, perhaps even exceeded, her own.

The sound of a helicopter flying overhead pierced the quiet. Julia broke their kiss, dragging her full lips away from his. She glanced up at the ceiling, then back to Sam.

They both knew what the sound meant without needing to go outside to visually confirm it.

They had been rescued. Reality had returned.

Chapter Five

Julia had hoped and prayed her father would rescue her before Samuel Adam got too deeply under her skin. Her dad had, in fact, found her. She just wasn't certain about the last part of her wish.

The helicopter ride back to civilization was a quiet one. Samuel sat across from her, his gaze trained on her, his expression brooding. Julia stared out the chopper's window, attempting to sort out her tumultuous thoughts.

What she had shared with Sam during those stolen moments in the cave wasn't soon forgotten. The part of Julia long accustomed to keeping men at bay beckoned to distance herself from the man seated across from her, the one as rigidly domineering as her father. He wouldn't change—people were what they were—and she knew in her heart that she could never be the sweetly smiling, docile wife that men like Sam aspired to having.

While the sex games had been beyond amazing, Julia was and always had been fiercely independent. She didn't need a man to complete her, just to accept her and love her for the woman she was.

Sam needed oil but she was water, he needed night but she was day. Try as she might, she couldn't fathom how a relationship between them could ever work. If her heart could accept what her mind already knew as gospel, she might be able to turn back into the porcupine and conjure up a few acerbic remarks to keep Sam at an emotional arm's length.

The irony being, she didn't want to hurt him either. Their time together had been short, but she had learned something important about the robot in those precious hours.

Sam bled red blood, not black oil. He showed a stoic face to the world, but he was simmering with passion and hot emotion just below the steel façade.

Julia took a deep breath and exhaled slowly, her gaze still fixated out the window. If she thought for even a second that there was a chance she and Sam could find a happily-ever-after, she'd jump at the opportunity. But Samuel Ian Adam needed something else — *someone* else.

He needed a woman that she could never be.

* * * * *

It wasn't in his nature to let what he wanted more than anything in this world just walk away. And yet Sam couldn't bring himself to chase Julia down, to force her to his side. If she came to him, it had to be willingly. His needs had to take a backseat to hers.

Sam watched Julia walk briskly from the helicopter and toward an awaiting limousine. Her vivacious red curls bounced with every step. He smiled. That hair was so much like the woman it decorated — uncontrollable, tenacious, and possessing a mind of its own.

Every primal fiber of his being demanded that he hunt Julia down and tell her she belonged to him. That's what men like Sam did — win at all costs. And he was confident that he *could* win. At least until she tired of him and his admittedly old-fashioned ways.

She might stay with him a day or even a year, but in the end she would walk away. Julia was a bright, blooming flower and Sam a mercilessly stagnant weed. For the first time in his life, he didn't feel good enough, worthy enough, to be in another's life. The realization was a jarring and humbling one.

As Sam watched the limousine whisk Julia away, one thing became crystal clear — his life, once perfectly ordered and under his firm control, would never be the same again. It was easy not to crave something you never had to begin with, but an entirely different animal when you lost it just after indulging in a sweet, unforgettable taste.

Julia deserved to be happy. She ought to have a man so much better than what he was.

Sam sighed as the truth hit him hard in the gut—he loved the woman. Loved her so much that he was letting her walk away into the sun, rather than pull her back into the shadows of his life.

He had to let her go. He just didn't know how to say goodbye.

Chapter Six

Julia sighed as she listened to her date drone on and on—and on and on and on—about his health problems. Had they been anything serious, like cancer or heart troubles, she would have sympathized. Acne on his chest and chronic athlete's foot were disgusting, but hardly life-threatening. Nor were they topics any polite person would broach during Christmas Eve dinner, and in front of their date's father no less.

Sam never would have behaved so boorishly during a family meal. He would have been well-mannered, engaged everyone in interesting conversation, and, she thought, as she eyed her date's tattered t-shirt and military fatigue pants, properly dressed for the occasion.

Julia had met Dan over a year ago and while she'd been impressed with his artistic abilities and sensitive nature, she hadn't really been interested enough to date him. Yesterday Dan had been bicycling by—sans the tattered t-shirt—when Julia's limo pulled up in front of her father's estate. He waved her down and asked her out again. This time she accepted, figuring there was no time like the present to start working Sam out of her system.

Dan was cute, sensitive and concerned with the world around him. He was everything Julia had aspired to in a life-mate. He was also, unfortunately, about as interesting as watching paint dry.

"Sorry to hear about the acne," William Cameron III intoned. He frowned at Julia then looked back to his plate. "Perhaps you should consider seeing a dermatologist."

"The medical community is rife with fraud," Dan countered, his voice passionate. Julia shrugged apologetically at her dad. "I wouldn't give a dime to those bastards!"

Her father didn't know what to say to that. Then again, she doubted any sane person would know what to say to that.

James, the Cameron butler, cleared his throat, thereby announcing his presence. Julia exuberantly welcomed the interruption. Her overly cheerful *save-me-James* smile told the butler all that he needed to know—an emergency of his concoction would transpire very soon and Dan would have to leave so Julia could attend to it. It was a system the duo had perfected over the years, and one that served her well.

Julia grunted but kept smiling when James seemed not to notice her plea for help. Instead, the butler inclined his head and announced the arrival of two additional guests—guests that Julia had no idea were invited.

James cleared his throat. “Mr. Samuel Adam and his date, Ms. Felicia Marit.”

Julia’s smile faded as she watched the impeccably dressed Samuel Ian Adam enter the room, a stunning blonde bombshell at his arm. She flashed her father an angry look, but like James, he pretended not to notice.

Sam’s gaze clashed with Julia’s. He glanced at her date, back to her, then looked to William. “Thank you for the invitation, sir,” he said with the politesse of his breeding. He handed Julia’s father a bottle of vintage wine. “I’m pleased to accept it on behalf of Felicia and myself. This is your favorite Merlot. I hope you enjoy it.”

William stood and accepted the bottle, then invited the two new arrivals to be seated. “I will.” He flashed Sam a grin. “Please join us.”

Julia’s nostrils flared. Her heartbeat accelerated as she envisioned herself lunging at the other woman from across the table and tearing her hair out. Had Sam made love to her already? Had he forgotten about their time in the cave this quickly?

Sam looked wonderful today, his dark hair perfectly cropped above the ears, his cologne an English scent, his suit an Italian one. His jungle cat green eyes, intense and commanding, were trained on Felicia.

She hoped the bitch gave him a venereal disease. Or two or three or ten.

“Well,” her father announced, “now that we’re all here, it’s time to eat.”

* * * * *

"I've tried Chinese herbal remedies to no avail," Dan whined. "I went to Haiti and sought out a cure from a voodoo priestess." His fist thumped down on the table. Julia winced. "I can't get those fucking pimples off my chest no matter what I do!"

"Ever considered Clearasil?" Sam asked drolly. He couldn't believe Julia preferred a pathetic imbecile of a man like that over himself! Had the acne-ridden little son of a bitch fucked his woman? God, he hated him. "I hear it works wonders."

"The medical community is a farce!" Dan bellowed. "A sham, a travesty, and a money-hungry..."

Sam cocked an eyebrow and looked at Julia while her date prattled on. She cleared her throat and glanced away.

"So," Julia said, interrupting Dan mid-diatribes. "Tell us about yourself, Felicia. How did you meet Sam? What do you do for a living?"

Sam winced. This was a path he wished Julia hadn't taken them down. Once Felicia started talking about her work, she couldn't seem to stop.

Felicia beamed. "I've known Sammy for over a year and he finally asked me out! I work at the makeup counter of a major department store," she told everyone in her bubbly, cheerleader tones. "Cosmetics are my life! One day I hope to have my own line of mascara."

"Why stop at mascara?" Julia asked sardonically. She waved a hand about the room. "Conquer the world and have your own line of lipstick too."

"Excellent idea!" Felicia enthused. Her beaming smile faltered as she looked to Sam for guidance. "Sammy, what do you think about that? Would mascara *and* lipstick be taking on too much?"

"Do enlighten us with your makeup wisdom, Sammy," Julia said with her she-wolf smile. "We women have trouble thinking for ourselves."

William cleared his throat, thankfully sparing him the need to reply. Sam glared at Julia from across the table. She blinked several times in rapid succession, a false angelic smile plastered on her lips.

"So," William said, turning his attention to Sam and Felicia, "how will you two spend the holiday tomorrow?"

"However he wants to," Felicia chirped.

"I'm Jewish," Sam said bluntly. "I'll spend it working."

Or hunting Dan down and killing him with his own bare hands. Either scenario held equal allure.

"You're Jewish?" Felicia breathed out. "You don't celebrate Christmas?"

"No."

That gave her a moment's pause. But then, like any good June Cleaver, she quickly recovered. "It's okay, Sammy. I'll convert."

Julia rolled her eyes. Sam coughed into his hand, willing the red in his face to go down.

Had he thought this was what he wanted? A woman who agreed with everything he said? A woman who held no higher purpose outside of being whatever it was a man wanted her to be?

In the words of his dear departed grandmother, *Oy Vey*.

"If everyone will excuse me," Julia said as she stood up, "I'm not feeling very well."

"Julia—" William began.

She flashed everyone a quick smile, but ignored her father. "Please enjoy the meal."

* * * * *

Thrusting open the window in her bedroom, Julia delighted in the feel of the cold New York air hitting her in the face. She breathed it in, her breath swirling like curls of smoke around her.

She had known what kind of wife Sam wanted. She just hadn't expected to be faced with it – with *her* – so soon after leaving the island.

The doors to her bedroom opened and closed behind her. Julia sighed, not bothering to turn around.

"Forget it, Dad," she said without glancing back. "I'm not hungry. This dinner was *your* great idea so *you* can deal with it."

He said nothing.

"Give Ken and Barbie my warm regards," Julia said sarcastically. "And tell Dan I'll call him later."

"You better not call him later," a dangerous voice growled from behind her. Heart thumping, Julia whirled around. "I'm serious, Julia," Sam said, prowling toward her. His eyes were narrowed, angry. "This has gone far enough."

Sam! Oh God, I've missed you!

"I'll call anyone I want to," Julia sniffed, her chin notching up. "It's my life and I run it! Go develop that mascara line with Mensa-girl. But be prepared. When she realizes there are several shades of the stuff, it'll probably throw her into a mental meltdown!"

Sam's lips twisted into a mask of fury. "Have fun scouring the world for a cure for acne with Giorgio Armani!" he roared. "God forbid the idiot go down to the local drugstore and let 'the man' fuck him over with a cheap tube of Clearasil!"

Julia's nostrils flared. "I hope your newly converted Jewish wife feeds you non-kosher meals every day of your wretched life!"

"May Acne-Man never find a cure and you're forced to pop his pimples for him as a prelude to sex!"

Julia gasped. "Samuel Ian Adam, that is gross!"

"Did you fuck him?" Sam gritted out, closing the gap between them. His eyes glittered with territorialism as he cupped her pussy in one hand through the fabric of her red dress. "Did you give him what's mine?"

"No!" she fumed, pushing his hand away. Jaw clenching, she grabbed Sam's cock through his trousers. "What about this? Does it need cut off? Did you fuck her brains out? Because she sure doesn't have any to think with!"

"No, I didn't," he hissed.

"This is mine," Julia growled, unzipping his trousers. "If you ever give it to another woman I'll hunt you down, whack it off, and feed it to one of my carnivorous plants!"

"You are evil," Sam said huskily as she went to her knees and began sucking him off. His fingers threaded through her hair. "God, I love you."

"Iwubewtoo," Julia announced from around his cock.

"Huh?"

She popped it out long enough to clarify, "I love you too."

Sam groaned as she sucked on his cock like a lollipop. His balls tightened as she bobbed her head ferociously back and forth, his breath coming out in pants. The sound of her mouth sucking him in aroused her. The way he pulled her hair tightly and forced her face toward his hungry cock made her wet and eager for him.

"I'm coming," Sam ground out, holding onto her hair by the roots. "Oh shit—damn. *Julia.*"

He burst on a groan, his cock jerking in her mouth as he came. Julia drank all of him, relishing every last drop. She had missed him so much.

Sam was everything she had never wanted in a husband. Julia was everything he had never wanted in a wife. And yet as he drew her into his embrace and they held each other with all the love and passion they possessed, she knew they'd both found their happily-ever-after.

Julia had once thought that she and Sam were too alike for their own good. After all, according to the old cliché, it's opposites that attract. What the cliché failed to mention, however, was that while opposites may attract, it's similars who stick together.

About the Author

USA Today bestselling author Jaid Black is the owner and founder of Ellora's Cave Publishing and Lady Jaided Magazine. Recognizing and legitimizing female sexuality as an entity unique from male sexuality is her passion. Jaid has been featured in every available media, from major newspapers like the Cleveland Plain Dealer, to various radio programs, to an appearance on the Montel Williams Show. Her books have received numerous distinctions, including a nomination for Nerve magazine's Henry Miller award for the best literary sex scene published in the English language.

You can visit her on the web at www.jaidblack.com or write to Jaid c/o Ellora's Cave Publishing at 1056 Home Avenue, Akron, OH 44310-3502. She loves to hear from her fans.

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