



Seasonal Winds  
Book Two

# SUMMER WIND

By

Charlotte Boyett-Compo

© copyright July 2006, Charlotte Boyett-Compo  
Cover art by Jenny Dixon, © copyright July 2006  
New Concepts Publishing  
Lake Park, GA 31636  
[www.newconceptspublishing.com](http://www.newconceptspublishing.com)

This is a work of fiction. All characters, events, and places are of the author's imagination and not to be confused with fact. Any resemblance to living persons or events is merely coincidence.

## Chapter One

Barbara Lynn Allan stood at the polished teakwood rail of the luxury yacht and stared at the beautiful island with its pristine turquoise waters. She had never been to Mistral Cay before but the allure of the tropical paradise and what went on there had filled her fevered dreams for months. As she watched the setting sun flame bright gold in the waters of the harbor, she shivered, anticipating what was to come.

Three months earlier, she would not have believed she'd be standing on a yacht in the middle of the Caribbean and anticipating a week of decadence and spoiling. Life had never offered anything but heartache and disappointment to her.

"What is it you want, Barbara?" her friend Stacy had asked when Barbara had cried out her frustration one evening after they'd gone to supper together.

"I want *everything*," Barbara said wistfully. Her shoulders had slumped. "I've got nothing and I want everything."

"Well, like what?" Stacy asked.

"I don't know," Barbara said. "Adventure, excitement, something--anything--to take me out of my ordinary existence and give me some fun. All I do is get up, go to work, come home, eat, and sit before the TV or read a book until I get sleepy. I don't have a boyfriend--although that would certainly be nice. I'd love to have someone to spend time with, to go on a thrilling escapade with, or just to sit in front of the fire and toast our feet." Barbara perked up. "Or better yet, someone I could sail off with into the sunset or ride off with on a big white charger. You know: fantasy!"

"You can have just about anything you want at the Cay."

Barbara had been skeptical when Stacy had first mentioned the resort. "I don't know, Stace...."

"Whatever you want," Stacy had purred. "You can choose your fantasy, your partner--well, any man save the owner, Julian St. John. He's off limits. He doesn't do clients, but everyone else is fair game. What have you got to lose? All I need to do is recommend you and you're in like Flint, Babs."

It had taken some juggling but Barbara had scraped together the cost of the extravagant vacation. Stacy had written her letter of recommendation, Barbara had been investigated by the Cay's security division, and the invitation had arrived just when Stacy said it would--on Barbara's birthday.

"Go get 'em, tigress!" Stacy had congratulated her.

Lights blazed into life on the dock. The gangplank was lowered and crewmen in their striped blue-and-white pullovers began taking the guests' luggage ashore.

As the sun sank beneath the horizon, Barbara turned away from the rail. Her heart was beating a mile a minute--so fiercely it made her head ache. Her palms were moist. She was nervous but excited about her stay at the Cay.

"Your tour director will be waiting for you in the mauve room, Ms. Allan," the captain said as she passed him.

"I hope you have a very fulfilling stay at Mistral Cay."

She smiled timorously and thanked him, clutching her purse to her as she began her walk down the steel gangplank.

“What about the pretty Afro-American lady with the off-the-rack dress from Wal-Mart?” the owner of the Cay inquired from his office window. “What’s her story?”

“Barbara Allan, age 26, from a place called Climax, Georgia,” Julian St. John’s administrative assistant stated. When his boss turned to give him a quizzical look, he grinned. “You heard right--Climax. She is a computer tech for Entellimedia, a cable company out of Albany, Georgia. Unmarried. Never engaged. No boyfriend at present.” The assistant folded the top sheet of Barbara’s file over. “Last boyfriend was in college four years ago. Doesn’t seem to have much of a social life. All work and no play and she’s bored with her life. She pulls down a whopping 35K a year, rents her apartment, owes roughly \$16K on her 2000 Toyota, and has next to no savings now that she purchased her vacation from us.”

Julian St. John frowned. “Doesn’t sound like she can afford us,” he commented. He was watching the slightly overweight black woman coming toward the main spa building. “Who recommended her?”

“Her college roommate, Stacy Mendelssohn,” the assistant replied. “Remember her?”

Julian drew in a long breath then exhaled slowly. “Only too well. She groped me on the stairs one night. I thought Silkie would pulverize her but apparently the two of them came to some kind of understanding.”

The assistant grinned at the thought of Julian’s wife stomping Mendelssohn. “In her letter, Ms. Mendelssohn said she believed Ms. Allan would benefit greatly from a stay here at the Cay. Says she’s far too inhibited.”

The owner of Mistral Cay stood there quietly for a moment, and then turned away from the window. “Refund Ms. Allan’s money but don’t let her know we’ve done so. Let her have her fantasy and make sure it satisfies her completely.”

Henri Bouvier, Julian’s admin assistant, cocked a dark brow. “And just what explanation do we give her when she gets home to Georgia and finds her money has been refunded?”

“Tell her that she won a contest we were holding and the trip was on us,” Julian said. He sat down in the form-fitting chair behind his desk. “No woman should ever have to deplete her savings to find pleasure in this world or any other.”

\* \* \* \*

Barbara timidly opened the gilt-edged door into the opulent mauve room. She stuck her head inside first to make sure it was all right to come in.

“Ms. Allan?” the young woman behind an expensive cherry wood desk inquired. She rose and extended her hand. “Welcome to Mistral Cay.”

Barbara hurried over to take the woman’s hand. “Thank you, I think.”

The woman laughed. “My name is Mary Carter and I’ll be your tour director. Please have a seat.” She indicated the silk brocade chair in front of her desk.

Cautiously Barbara sat down. She considered herself a large woman and the chair looked fragile. She had a death grip on her purse as she held it against her. “Did you get my money all right?” she inquired.

“Everything has been taken care of,” Mary replied. She picked a catalogue from the desk top and handed it to Barbara. “Please choose which of these you would like to have as your fantasy. You may choose two.”

Embarrassed that her hand was trembling, Barbara took the catalogue and opened it. Her face turned red as she viewed the first choice. “Oh, my, God” she said, fluttering a hand at her

breast.

"I'll leave you alone to make your choices," Mary said as she pushed back her chair. "Just check them off on the catalogue and then turn to the back pages to choose your helpers. You may choose any three."

Barbara's eyes widened. "I can have three men?" she whispered.

"You certainly may," Mary agreed. "Take as long as you need." She stood, skirted the desk, and then quietly left the room.

Chewing on her lower lip, Barbara was glad the woman left, for she didn't think she could sit there and calmly make choices while the tour director was watching. She read the descriptions of the various fantasies offered at Mistral Cay and narrowed it down to two. Both seemed what she had been dreaming about but she was reluctant to mark them on the catalogue. Her cheeks were burning and she thought it was quite possible she would begin hyperventilating before it was all said and done.

"Oh, my. Oh, my," she said. Once more her hand fluttered at her breast in agitation. She could remember being this nervous since she'd taken her finals at Albany State. When the office door opened, she nearly jumped out of her skin.

Expecting the tour director, Barbara was surprised to see the most handsome man she'd ever seen. He was tall and tan and his black shirt was open to reveal curly dark hair covering a muscled chest with chiseled pecs and washboard abs. The black trousers he wore fit him as though he'd been poured into them, his long legs ending in what had to be the sweetest ass she'd ever had the pleasure of observing.

"Good evening, Ms. Allan," he said in a soft, deep voice that sent chills down her sides. "I'm Julian St. John." He came to stand in front of her, cocking one hip on the tour director's desk as he folded his arms over his chest. "I own the Cay."

Barbara's face fell and she looked down at her hands clutching the cheap black purse in her lap. "Oh," she said.

Julian could almost read the thoughts rushing through her mind, and he unfolded his arms and hunkered down beside her, reaching for her hand. "Nothing's wrong, Sweeting," he said. "I'm just here to make sure you are getting what you wished for. I greet each of my guests as soon as I can."

She lifted her head. "You're not making me leave?" she asked.

"Of course not," he said and his smile could have rivaled the sun. "Why would you think that?"

She shrugged. "It's just that things like this don't happen for women like me." She was all too aware of his warm hand covering hers.

"Women like you are why I am here, my lady," he said and lifted her hand to place a soft kiss on her knuckles. He brought her hand to his chest and held it there. "Have you decided which fantasies you'd like to enjoy?"

His heart beat slowly and steadily beneath her hand. The muscles of his chest were solid; the wiry hairs tickling the backs of her fingers. He was staring into her eyes and she felt lost in a dark topaz gaze that seemed to draw her into those tawny depths.

"C and G," she heard herself say and had to shake her head. Had she really said that?

"And which of our handsome young helpers have you decided to accompany you on your fantasies?" he asked, still holding her hand.

She hadn't had a chance to pick the three men. Her eyebrows furrowed and she gave him a frightened look.

"Would you allow me to choose the men I believe would be best for you, dearling?" he asked and once more he lifted her hand to his lips to graze his teeth over her knuckles.

Barbara quivered from head to toe and couldn't have answered if her life had depended on it. She merely nodded.

"Fine," Julian said. "I will set up the scenarios for you and they'll start right after supper."

"Supper?" she echoed. Food was the last thing on her mind.

His smile nearly melted her right where she sat. "One must keep up one's strength, my lady. Sometimes our fantasies can be a bit strenuous." He let go of her hand and got gracefully to his feet. "If you need anything, don't hesitate to tell Mary."

She nodded again and watched him walk to the door. Mentally she was laying odds that you could bounce a quarter off that firm butt of his. Beneath the black fabric of his trousers, he had to be mighty fine.

Almost as though he had intercepted her wicked thought, Julian St. John winked at her before he opened the door and left.

"Lordy mercy!" Barbara said, fanning her face with her hand. "That is one fine man!"

When the door opened again, it was the tour director offering to show Barbara to her room.

While the room was gorgeous and expensively furnished, Barbara was told she'd be spending little time there since her fantasies involved rooms in another part of the spa.

"You may come back here whenever you wish to recharge," Mary explained. "Of course you may sleep here each night--alone or with your helper or helpers of choice--if you so desire."

Considering the fantasies she'd chosen, Barbara doubted she'd be spending much time in the lavish bed suite, but it was nice to know it was there if she needed some time away from her trip into wonderland.

"Please put on the caftan I have provided for you," Mary said. "You will find it on your bed." She lifted her index finger and moved in back and forth in warning. "And no underclothes. Those are not allowed on the Cay."

"N ... no bra?" Barbara said, instinctively bringing her arms closer to her chest. "No panties?"

"Neither," Mary said. "That is a requirement. When you've changed, supper will be waiting for you. I believe it is lobster bisque this evening."

After she was alone, Barbara went into the bedchamber and stood in awe of the huge Hollywood-size king bed that dominated the room. Across a silken coverlet was a plain white broomstick fabric caftan and on the floor by the bed, a pair of soft kid sandals. She stared at the caftan for a moment then shrugged as she started unbuttoning her dress.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," she muttered.

"Remember now," Stacy had told her. "The waiters as a general rule do not engage in the scenarios on the Cay but if you find one you particularly like, you can ask for him. He may or may not be available for the fantasies."

Supper in the main dining room was unbelievably good and served by handsome young men with perfectly honed bodies and easy going manners. Though the helpers were not allowed to speak to the guests unless bidden, the waiters were since they had to take the meal orders and they each seemed to know Barbara's name. As she finished her dessert of cr me Brule, one of the young men came over to ask when she wished to start her fantasy.

"Can I start tonight?" she asked and felt the heat flushing her face.

"Of course, my lady," the young man said. "I can send your personal helper to you now if you'd like."

She ducked her head and swallowed. "That would be great."

"Do you wish to allow your helper to speak?" he asked.

"Ah, yes," she said. "I guess so."

He bowed elegantly to her and turned away.

Barbara realized her hands were shaking. She looked about the room at the other diners. They were all women and they were all sitting alone and many of them seemed as nervous as she was.

"Mistral Cay is a haven for lonely women," Stacy had said. "It is a Caribbean nudist colony catering to rich, privileged women whose every fantasy is granted by handsome young men."

"Nudist colony?" Barbara had gasped. "Stacy, I can't--"

"You don't have to go native, Babs," Stacy had been quick to tell her with a roll of her pretty blue eyes. "Hell, you don't even have to go down to the beach if you don't want to."

"But I don't have the kind of money for that kind of thing!" Barbara had protested.

"It's not as much as you think and you only live once, Babs. You can't take that money with you and, believe me, you will never regret having gone down there. I promise you!"

Months of waffling back and forth had finally culminated in Barbara sitting at a table beside the window and hearing her heart trip-hammering in her chest. She was about to jump up and run back to her room when a heavy, warm hand fell on her shoulder and she jumped.

Swiveling her head around, Barbara's eyes went wide as saucers and her mouth dropped open. Standing beside her chair was a mountain of a man with ebony skin that glistened in the warm glow from the candelabras overhead. He was shirtless with a broad chest that was completely devoid of hair. He wore a pair of white cotton trousers that hugged his narrow hips and long legs and that accentuated abs that looked chiseled from stone. His eyes were so black they looked like obsidian chips.

"I am Neville," he said and his voice was a deep, rumbling bass. "Come with me."

He turned and started away, his shoulders back, his spine perfectly straight. The sight of the high rounded cleft of his ass made her mouth water. Barefoot, he moved so silently that she did not hear him and when he stopped and looked around at her with one dark brow lifted in challenge, she sprang from the chair.

"I'm coming," she said as she almost plowed into him. She had to jump back to keep from doing so.

A faint flicker of a smile touched the tall man's thick lips. "Not yet, you aren't, little one, but soon," he said, his midnight eyes boring into hers. "You will come as you never have before. This I promise you."

Barbara faltered and would have run the other way had Neville not snaked out a hand and grabbed her wrist, bending her arm gently but firmly behind her to pull her against him.

"Make no mistake, little one," he said, lowering his bald head to her. "You belong to us and we are ready to play." He straightened. "Now, come again and stop giving me grief."

Feeling her legs wanting to give way beneath her, Barbara had no choice but to accompany him from the dining room. He led her out into the entrance area, and then out through a pair of wide French doors and into the sultry night. The humidity was high but a light breeze played over the cobblestone pathway as he led her away from the main building and into the night.

“W ... where are you t ... taking me?” she asked. She was pressed to his side with her hand still held captive behind her.

“You talk too much, woman,” he said. “Be silent or I will be forced to gag you.” Barbara clamped her mouth shut. As they moved further away from the sounds of the main building, she felt a bit uneasy but was afraid to say anything else lest Neville make good on his threat.

It was to a stone building he led her, the outside of which bore a heavy, metal-studded door with two blazing torches set to either side of the entry. When he stopped, he rapped three times, paused, and rapped twice more, waited and then knocked a sixth time.

The door swung open with a shriek that raised the hair on the nape of Barbara’s neck. It was a creaking sound--like something from an old horror movie--but there was no stooped gatekeeper dressed in rags to greet them, but another tall man whose complexion in the torchlight was like warm honey.

“Is this the one?” the new man asked. He, too, was bare-chested and wore the same white linen pants that Neville wore.

“Aye, it is,” Neville growled. He pushed Barbara ahead of him into the cool depths of the stone building.

“Best get her prepared before the Master arrives,” the gatekeeper said. “You know he does not like to be kept waiting.”

Barbara heard the door shriek again then shut, the sound of a heavy lock falling into place. She started to look toward the portal but Neville let go of her arm and snagged his fingers in the neckline of her caftan and with one mighty tug of his powerful wrists, rent the material all the way down the front.

“No!” Barbara gasped, trying in vain to block his view of her naked breasts and dark triangle by slapping her arms and hands over those areas.

“There is no modesty here, little one,” Neville stated and finished ripping the caftan from her body. “We wish to see what we are getting for our money.”

Before she could protest, the other man slipped an arm behind her back and the other under her knees and lifted her against his bare chest.

“She weighs little more than a kitten,” the man said.

Barbara had to bite her tongue to keep from saying that might be true if the kitten weight one hundred and eighty pounds!

“Aye, Jackson,” Neville replied. “She is a small thing.”

The one called Jackson was moving deeper into the dark shadows of the stone building and the air was almost chill on her naked flesh. She hid her face against his chest and felt the sparse hairs circling his nipple tickling her nose.

She had the sensation of being carried below ground level and when she peeked, she was immediately unnerved by the thick stone walls, the chains hanging from bare rafters, torchlight flickering on the stone, a bubbling cauldron that gave off copious steam and drums playing softly and hypnotically in the background.

“W ... where are we?” she asked.

“In the Dungeon of the Master,” Neville snapped. “Now ask no more questions!”

Jackson carried her to a low stone slab fashioned in the form of a wide X and laid her down. The surface was cold and she gasped and would have sat but Neville grabbed her wrists, Jackson her ankles and, before she could protest their actions, found herself shackled with golden chains.

Tucking her head down against her shoulder, for she felt so exposed with her arms and



legs flung wide, her thighs gaping to the view of the two men, Barbara whimpered softly. She wasn't afraid as much as she was embarrassed.

Neville was above her head and reached down to take her cheeks between his palms so she could not move her head. He bent over her but his face was in shadow, the dark silhouette of his body rimmed by the flare of a torch behind him. His deep voice spilled over her like jets of warm water.

"Prepare yourself, little one, for the Master comes," Neville said.

She knew what the Master would look like before he ever stepped foot inside the dungeon room. He would be handsome and virile and muscular. He would be powerful and strong and he would be white.

"How much did she cost me?"

She knew that voice!

"Five hundred gold sovereigns, Master," Neville replied. "And worth every one, I'll wager."

"That will be for me to decide," the Master stated.

She felt a hand on her ankle and quivered as it moved upward, stroking her leg gently but firmly.

"A virgin?" His voice was sensuous and mesmerizing.

"Just as you prefer, Master," Jackson answered.

"How do you know she's a virgin?" Neville asked. "Have you tested her, Jackson?"

"No," Jackson answered.

"We'll soon find out," the Master declared. He came to stand by Barbara's head and she was disappointed to see he wore a black mask that covered his handsome face though he, too, was bare from the waist up. He nodded at Jackson.

Jackson trailed his fingers up Barbara's thigh then dipped them between her spread legs. He threaded his fingers through her crisp curls and tugged lightly. "You aren't going to say no to me, are you, little one?" he asked, squeezing her mound firmly but gently.

"No," she said and gasped as he ran the tip of his finger quickly over her clit.

"I know you'd better not," he growled then slipped his middle finger deep inside her. He wiggled it as he pressed hard into her.

"Virgin?" the Master inquired.

"As tight as a steel drum, Sir," Jackson observed. He dipped his finger in and out of her. "But she's in need of a good taking."

The Master was standing with his brawny arms crossed over his chest. "Tell me what you want them to do, Barbara."

She wanted to whimper that it was him she wanted but Stacy's warning came back to torment her: "*He's off limits. He doesn't do clients.*"

Barbara licked her lips. "I want them to take me," she said and could feel her juices flowing around Jackson's finger as he continued to thrust it into her.

"No, little one," Jackson said. "Tell him in a way he wants to hear."

She made her voice small and hesitant, embarrassed. "I want them to fuck me, Master," she said.

"With what?" Jackson prodded, moving his finger in and out of her wet channel. "What do you want us to fuck you with?"

"Fuck me with your hard cocks," she breathed.

"Aye, they are hard," Jackson said. "Harder than anything you've ever had before." He

stepped back and freed himself quickly from his trousers. He came around the slab so she could see the massive shaft he held in his hand. "Don't you agree?"

"Yes," she breathed, staring at his long, dark, thick rod.

Barbara trembled as Neville lowered his head, slanting his full lips over hers, taking her breath away with the intensity and strength of his kiss. She was keenly aware of Jackson reaching his hands over her breasts, his mouth going to the juncture of her thighs. Her hips arched upward of their own accord and she cried out as his tongue slid unerringly along her tender folds.

"Umm," Jackson growled.

"How does she taste, Jackson?" the Master inquired.

"Sweet as molasses," Jackson replied.

Neville swept his tongue into Barbara's mouth as Jackson swept his into her cunt. Jackson's fingers were tweaking her breasts, his thumbs rubbing roughly over them. Barbara shuddered violently beneath their combined touch.

"Why don't you unshackle her and move to the pallet?" the Master asked. "The night grows cold and she is in need of warming."

She felt fingers on her wrists and ankles and then she was being lifted in Neville's powerful arms this time. He carried her to a pallet laid on the stone floor and laid down with her spooned against his chest as Jackson joined them, lying down to face her.

Glancing back to see where the Master was, she saw him sitting on the stone slab with foot on the slab, his knee crooked, his wrist resting on that knee, the other leg dangling over the side as he watched them. "Warm her well, gentlemen," he instructed.

Jackson's cock was a solid bulge against her front seeking entrance into her wet heat and Neville's building erection was pressing against her behind, sliding along the crack of her ass. Both men's hands were all over her--touching her, stroking her, massaging her, pinching lightly, tweaking, and crawling over like passion-drugged spiders.

Neville pushed hard against her backside. "Do you?" he whispered.

"Do I what?" she asked breathlessly.

"Take it in the ass," he replied.

A thrill ran through her. Her college boyfriend had tried it once, and then absolutely refused to do it that way with her again, considering it disgusting. She enjoyed it immensely and just the thought of Neville's hard, thick cock pushing into her almost made her come.

"Yes," she said quickly.

"Later, then," Jackson said. He pulled her away from Neville and sat, pushed down the elastic waistband of his pants, and allowed his heavy cock to leap out. He wrapped his fist around his heavy rod.

She straddled his legs, and impaled herself on his hard erection, sliding down on him until he was seated deeply inside her wet channel. Neville sat, too, and moved close behind her, rubbing himself against the small of her back as she rode Jackson.

Pulling down the top of her dress so he could have access to her breasts to suckle them, Drake feasted on her creamy flesh as his brother claimed Wendy's mouth for his own banquet.

Pure lust writhed through Barbara's body. Her climax was one of the strongest she'd ever had and barely had the tremors echoed away than Neville had her down on the pallet as he took her from behind, pushing firmly and heatedly into her anus, his cock as hard as steel. His hands were clamped to her hips, his fingers digging into her soft flesh as he pummeled her with just the right amount of force. To add to her delight, Jackson lay down beside her, put his hand

to her clit, and began to roll the ultra-sensitive nubbin between his thumb and forefinger in time to his brother's powerful thrusts while sliding his middle finger in and out of her cleft.

"Yes!" she screamed as she came, Neville's hard tool going perfectly still inside her as he released his seed.

"Turn her over," Jackson ordered.

Barbara gasped as Neville pulled out of her and flipped her over as though she were a flapjack.

"Be gentle with her, men," the Master warned in a voice that brooked no argument.

With Neville holding her down, Jackson got to his knees between her legs and spread her thighs wide, inserting first one then two fingers into her warm cleft. He twisted his fingers, slid them in and out, until she was thick with juices and writhing beneath his touch.

"You belong to us, little one," Jackson growled. "When we want you, you better learn to do nothing but lie down and spread your thighs. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," she said, dragging in breaths in excited gasps.

He grabbed her hips, jerking her toward him. With one deft move, he was inside her again and pistoning away, filling her to capacity with his hard prick.

Barbara came again so quickly she could not believe it was happening. She screamed her release and would have dug her fingernails into Jackson's back had Neville not grabbed her wrists to keep her from doing so.

"Easy, little one," Neville said softly. Panting, she collapsed against him.

"That's enough for one night. Take her back to her room and let her regain her strength. She'll need it for tomorrow," she heard the Master say and was dimly aware of him sliding off the slab and walking away into the darker shadows.

A warm blanket was wrapped around her, she snuggled down into it, and Jackson lifted her against him. She laid her head on his chest and as he gently carried her, she fell asleep in his arms.

## Chapter Two

She was sore when she woke the next morning. It had been years since she'd had a loving as thorough--if ever--and as she stretched beneath the cool silk sheets in that huge king-size bed, Barbara knew a contentment she had never known. She stared at the beams of the ceiling overhead and watched the fan blades turning lazily. The sun was coming through a slit in the blinds and she just lay there and listened to the waves of the Caribbean breaking on the shores of Mistral Cay.

Hearing her tummy growl, she realized she hadn't eaten that much the evening before and found she was hungry. Tossing aside the covers, she got out of bed and padded barefoot into the bathroom. After a quick shower, she pulled on one of the many caftans she found in the closet and with only a small bit of unease at leaving the room sans bra and panties, slipped her feet into a pair of comfortable sandals and went down to the dining room.

After ordering an omelet and fried potatoes with onions and green peppers, she was sipping her hot, fragrant coffee when a shadow fell across her table. Looking up, she was delighted to see the spa's owner, Julian St. John.

"May I join you?" he asked. He was carrying a huge mug of coffee.

"Please," Barbara said and her gaze slid over his crisp white shirt and black trousers as he pulled the chair back and took a seat. He was such a handsome man and his warm smile and friendly eyes set her at ease.

"Did you enjoy your fantasy last evening?" he asked, putting his coffee mug on the table before him.

Barbara blushed. "Very much," she said. She bit her lip then asked if it had been him playing the Master in her fantasy.

Julian smiled but did not answer. He simply relaxed in the chair, bracing his forearms on the tabletop.

"My friend Stacy said you never join in the fantasies," she said.

His smile widened. "That's because my wife would emasculate me if I did," he said softly.

"Oh," she said, feeling a bit dejected that he was married. "Does that mean you won't be a part of the fantasy tonight?"

He nodded. "Yes, but I can promise you the man who will be there this evening will more than please you." He took a sip of coffee. "My wife was a client here a few years ago."

"Really?" Barbara said, intrigued. "And were you her helper?"

He grinned like a little boy. "Oh yes. The minute I saw her, I knew I'd never let another man ever touch her again." He leaned forward. "That's not to say she hasn't had lots of men since then--pirates, cowboys, cable men, a horny gynecologist, a few medieval knights--but they've all looked a lot like yours truly."

She laughed. "You two do the fantasy thing, as well, then."

"Indeed we do," he replied. "Life is meant to be lived, Barbara, and Silkie and I live it to its fullest."

"That's nice," she said with a sigh. "I wish I could find a man with whom I could share

my very rich fantasy life.”

Julian’s left eyebrow slid upward. “Well, who’s to say a pretty lady from Climax, Georgia won’t find a handsome man from Intercourse, Pennsylvania to play with?”

Barbara laughed loudly and had to cover her mouth, her face turning red at her outburst. “You’re wicked,” she accused.

Julian pushed his chair back. “Bad to the bone, my lady,” he said as he got to his feet. “Enjoy yourself, Barbara. Who knows what tomorrow will bring?” He said goodbye and sauntered over to another table where another woman was sitting alone and dreamily looking out the wide window that overlooked the beach.

Barbara sighed deeply as she stared at Julian’s seductive ass in those tight black trousers. Her palms actually itched to cup those cheeks and squeeze.

“Miss Allan?”

She jumped and looked away from Julian’s rump to see Jackson standing beside her table. “Oh, good morning, Jackson,” she said, feeling a bit awkward with a man who had known her so intimately the evening before.

“Your appointment with the good doctor will be at ten o’clock,” Jackson said. “Please don’t keep him waiting.” He bowed slightly and left.

His words had started heaviness between her legs that Barbara was unaccustomed to feeling. She squeezed her thighs together. The waiter took that moment to bring her breakfast.

“Enjoy,” the waiter said.

As hungry as she was, all Barbara could think about was the G Fantasy she had chosen from the catalogue. She wondered how many women in the room had picked that particular fantasy. Surreptitiously looking about her, she would have wagered most of them had. It was all she could do to keep her mind on the food before her and off the sensual images which were flitting across her libido.

\* \* \* \*

Her appointment was in the building beside the main spa area and as Barbara walked out into the bright light of the sunny Caribbean day, she couldn’t stop gawking at the naked men and women strolling along the palm-shaded pathways. They were totally unconcerned with their nudity and she wondered if she’d ever have the nerve to do something so daring.

The door to the building Barbara sought looked like any other of it’s kind. It bore the name of the physician, his hours, and a stylized Caduceus--the twined snakes upon the staff that was the symbol of the medical profession. When she entered the reception area, she was surprised to see a woman sitting at the desk since the spa’s employees were mainly male.

“Please have a seat, Miss Allan,” the woman said with a smile. “The doctor’s running a bit behind.”

Feeling self-conscious, Barbara took a seat on a vinyl-covered sofa and reached for a magazine among the spread on the glass coffee table in front of her. Sitting back, she idly thumbed through the glossy magazine without really looking that closely at what was on the pages. She was nervous--just as she always was at her regular physician’s office--but even more so considering why she was there.

“Miss Allan?”

The magazine rattled in her hand as she looked up.

“The doctor will see you now,” the receptionist informed her. “It’s right through there.” She pointed to the only other door in the room.

Laying the magazine aside, Barbara got shakily to her feet and smoothed down the front

of her caftan. She smiled at the receptionist as she passed the desk and opened the door to find Jackson--in a white lab coat and dark trousers--waiting on the other side.

"Do you need to visit the restroom before your exam?" Jackson asked.

Barbara nodded, unable to find her voice. She headed for the door he pointed out to her. Once inside the restroom, she shut the door and stared at herself in the mirror. She looked pale and edgy but there were two bright rosy spots high on her cheeks as she hastily washed and dried her hands. Once more she nervously smoothed her caftan then opened the door and went out into the hall.

"Right this way," Jackson said, walking ahead of her. He led her to a set of scales and weighed her, much to Barbara's chagrin. She could have foregone the weighing and the measurement of her height. He had her sit in a chair beside the scale and took her temperature, her blood pressure, her pulse and when that was finished he ushered her to the exam room, opening the door for her to precede him.

The exam room had no windows but was brightly lit. It had the requisite counter with sink and assortment of glass jars with tongue depressors, swabs, and the like. A wall cabinet hung over the counter. There was a rolling stool and a rolling cart sitting side-by-side but the main piece of furniture in the room was the black vinyl-padded exam table with its white paper cover.

Staring at the stirrups at the end of the table, Barbara felt her knees grow weak.

"Please undress and put on the gown--opening to the front and then have a seat on the table," Jackson said, indicating the cotton garment lying on the exam table. "The doctor will join you in a few minutes." He went out, closing the door gently behind him.

Nervously slipping the caftan from her, Barbara felt the perspiration slicking her palms. This fantasy was one that she'd had since she'd discovered touching herself was fun. Her first gynecological exam before going off to college had been by a woman doctor older than Methuselah--at least to Barbara's way of thinking--and had been acutely embarrassing. There had been nothing even remotely enjoyable about it. The second--two years later--had been performed by a male doctor whose breath smelled like he'd immersed his mouth in garlic. That had not been anything to write home about, either. But now ...

She shuddered and quickly donned the patient gown, struggling to tie the laces, for her hands were shaking so badly. Clutching the front in her left hand, she hopped up on the table and sat there licking her lips, her breath ragged.

The door opened and in walked a tall, tanned, gorgeous white man with a shock of curly light brown hair and the bluest eyes she'd ever seen on a male. His smile was 500 watts of pure sexiness.

"Miss Allan?" he asked, offering his hand. "I'm Doctor Sullivan. How are you feeling today?"

She was becoming lost in the bright blue intensity of his gaze and the warmth of his hand was sending shivers along her sides as he cupped her hand between his strong ones. "F ... fine," she managed to reply.

"Good," he said releasing his hold. "What can we do for you today?"

"I'm here for an exam," she replied, blushing to the roots of her hair.

"Your yearly pap, eh?" he asked. His smile was warm, filled with a sensuousness that made her sex throb.

"Ah, yes," she agreed.

Beneath the white lab coat, she could see a pale blue pullover and the navy slacks he

wore had a crisp crease that fit him without a solitary wrinkle all the way down to his loafers. With broad shoulders and large hands, his closeness overpowered her.

"Well, let's get to it," Doctor Sullivan said. "I'm sure you're anxious to be out on the beach."

That wasn't at all what Barbara was anxious for but she nodded, too nervous to answer.

Once more the door opened quietly and Neville walked in. He wore the white short sleeve shirt and white cotton trousers of a male nurse.

The doctor began by giving her eyes, ears, nose, and throat a quick look. He checked her neck then unhooked the stethoscope from around his neck to check her chest and back sounds.

"Okay, why don't you swing those pretty legs up on the table and I'll check your breasts."

Those words sent a wave of moistness between Barbara's legs. Neville took a place at the head of the exam table and she couldn't see him until she brought her legs up and lay down, her head on the little pillow. She had a vague impression of the male nurse's brawny body beyond her head.

"Comfortable?" Doctor Sullivan asked. He was looking down at her with those beautiful blue irises that made her want to melt right into the table.

"Yes," she whispered.

With sure fingers, he untied the laces of her gown--the backs of his fingers grazing her flesh--and pushed the two front sections to the side, exposing her breasts to his view.

"Lovely," he complimented her in a husky voice.

The moment his warm flesh touched the mound of her left breast, Barbara squeezed her eyes closed. His fingers were so firm, the flesh slightly calloused. His index, middle and ring fingers were making little circular motions all around the farthest perimeter of her heavy globes. As his hand circled her, his palm grazed her nipple and she drew in a shaky, quivering breath for her flesh was swollen and puckered with need.

"Very nice," the doctor said. "Firm and beautifully formed." He hefted the pendulous weight in his palm lightly. "No sagging here."

His fingers moved inward to make the same course around and around her breast, moving closer toward the nipple with each circuit. When at last he ran his fingertips over her straining tip, she could not stop the groan.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked, but did not remove his fingers. If anything, the light pressure against them increased.

"N ... no," she replied. Her breathing was coming in quick little gasps.

He dragged his fingers back and forth over her nipple.

"I would certainly never hurt you intentionally," he said and then his voice went throaty, deep. "Not unless you wanted me to."

Her eyes flew open and she stared up into his as she stopped breathing. He was leaning over her, so close she could see the faint smile lines at his temples.

He took her nipple between his thumb and middle finger and deftly rotated it. The action held no pain but sent tremors down Barbara's sides and straight between her legs. He pinched her nipple until she groaned with the slight discomfort.

"Good," he said. "No discharge." He glanced up at Neville. "Our patient seems a bit nervous. Would you reassure her, Neville?"

Neville's hands slid over her shoulders and she craned her head to look up at him. He

was staring down at her with an expression that made her quiver. His strong black fingers were pressing her to the table, the tips just touching the tops of her breasts.

Doctor Sullivan smiled wickedly then put his hand to her other breast, beginning the slow, methodical exam he had given the first one. By the time his fingers closed on her nipple, she was panting.

"I bet you're a handful," he said, removing his hand.

"Scoot down to the end of the table," Neville said, also removing his hands from her.

Doing as she was told, she obediently slid down the table, surprised when the doctor took first one then her other foot, slipped off her sandals and placed her right foot into the stirrup.

"You have very pretty feet, Miss Allan," he said, gently massaging the instep of her left foot.

"Thank you," she said as she tucked her lower lip between her teeth. Her feet had always been sensitive and to have him kneading her foot between his strong hands, feeling his fingers trailing over the top, in between her toes, she was so hot she thought she would spontaneously combust.

He settled her foot in the stirrup and then hooked the rolling stool with his foot, pulling it toward him. "Relax and let your legs fall apart," he said as he sat down.

Barbara swallowed nervously. He was only inches from her bare bottom, looking at the intersection of her thighs and she closed her eyes again, feeling self-conscious and awkward.

"Relax," he said in a soothing voice. "You're too tense."

She consciously tried to relax her body but just knowing he was looking at the most intimate part of her, was ...

Touching the most intimate part of her!

His fingers were cool against the folds of her vagina as he softly stroked them down the crease between her thigh and the vaginal lips. She could hear herself breathing and it sounded loud and frightened.

"Relax," he said again in a near whisper and she felt his thumbs at the top of her labia--between the inner and outer lips--and he was stretching the folds apart. His fingers were spread on her thighs as he worked her open.

It was then that Barbara felt Neville's hands slide over her shoulders and onto her breasts, cupping her gently, molding her, kneading her. His clean white shirt was pressed against the top of her head as he bent over her and when she forced her eyes open, she looked up at him and he smiled.

"Let yourself loosen up, Miss Allan," Neville said in his deep, bass voice. "Just let yourself go." His palms were sliding against her nipples with each light squeeze of her breasts. "Put yourself in our hands. We won't hurt you."

"No unless you want us to," the doctor said again and then slipped one thumb into her vaginal opening.

"Oh!" Barbara said, instinctively arching her hips up from the exam table.

Doctor Sullivan reached up with his free hand and--fingers spread on her belly--pushed her back down. "Unh, unh, unh," he said. "Lie still now."

Barbara sucked in a harsh breath, for his hand was pressing firmly on her stomach and the weight of it was sending the blood into her sex, heating her to a fever pitch. His thumb twisted gently inside her, came part way out, went in deeper, twisted again and then he removed it.

Barbara moaned for she had been experiencing the beginnings of a release she knew



damned well would be shattering. But before she could protest too much, she felt his thumb and forefinger to either side of her clit, tendering pushing back the delicate hood.

"Ah, yes. Good color," he said. He put the thumb of his other hand on the exposed clitoral head and began to circle it gently.

Barbara's hands dug into the paper sleeve covering the exam table, crumpling it. With Neville's hands manipulating her breasts--stroking her nipples, plucking at them, pinching them gently--and the doctor now rubbing her clit in soft up and down motions, she was beside herself with arousal. She squirmed her hips and was told to lie still.

Vaguely she heard the door open again but didn't open her eyes. She was too far gone with the pleasure she was receiving to care who had come in. It wasn't until Neville released her right breast and moved to the left side of the table that she pried her eyes open just enough to see Jackson now standing on the table's right side. His big hand came down to clamp firmly on her right breast.

"I am going to taste her now, gentlemen," she heard the doctor say and before she make a sound, she felt his mouth pressed hungrily to her sex.

"Oh, lord!" Barbara exclaimed.

Neville and Jackson began a taste test of their own: each man leaning over her to capture a nipple between their teeth, tonguing the straining peaks with rapid flicks that sent Barbara right over the edge.

He must have felt her getting ready to come for the doctor inserted first one, then two fingers into her cunt, probed deep and began to press upward on her g-spot.

"Holy shit!" Barbara said and wave after wave after wave of release rippled through her lower body. Her toes curled downward over the stirrups, and her fingernails were scratching through the paper and scraping the vinyl pad.

Her entire body felt as though she were getting a strong electrical current undulating through it. Between the hot, moist lips on her nipples and the hard fingers in her cunt, the expert lips on her clit, she was humming like a telephone wire during a high wind storm. Pulse after pulse of sheer ecstasy shot through her until she bucked beneath the intensity and the doctor released his hold on the sensitive little nub.

Neville and Jackson straightened up as the doctor stood and pressed himself between her legs. He pulled out the step stool at the base of the table, stepped up and then bent over her until his mouth was almost touching hers.

"You taste good, Barbara," he said in that husky, sensual tongue. "I could eat you all day."

He slanted his mouth across her, thrust his tongue between her lips, and raped her mouth with that flicking muscle. He tasted of her and that caused her to grow instantly aroused again.

She could feel him fumbling with his pants and then she felt the slickness of his bare flesh against her thigh a second or two before he impaled her on his hot, thick rod. He thrust deep until he was seated all the way to the very end of her.

"Put your legs around me, baby," he said, hooking her left thigh to draw it up to his waist.

She reacted immediately, anxious to scratch the itch he had started again between her legs. When he shoved his hands under her hips and levered her up for a better push into her moist channel, she felt a trickle of perspiration run down her temple. She clamped her legs around him. She plowed one hand through his hair to anchor his head while she used the other to grip him hard on his powerful biceps.

His lips were on her breasts and he was suckling her as he began to pump into her hard

and strong and with such purpose, she grunted beneath each upward assault. Only peripherally she realized Neville and Jackson were standing there watching and that, too, increased her arousal.

“Come for him, Barbara,” Jackson said. “Come hard for him.”

She could feel the trill building deep within her again and when he pushed deep inside her and held himself still, working his teeth against her nipple, she came so hard that she screamed. As the ripples claimed her, she felt him pour his cum into her, the flicking of his hot, thick rod gyrating against her womb.

Spent, she collapsed like a deflated balloon, her eyes drifting shut as she gasped for breath. She felt his tongue laving her nipple for a moment before he pushed himself up, stuffed his cock back into his trousers, then stepped back.

“Who’s next?”

Barbara’s eyes flew open along with her mouth but Jackson was already at the foot of the exam table, his luscious black cock in hand. “Oh my,” she breathed then drew in a shaky breath as he slid unerringly into her hot box.

For the next half hour she lay beneath the tandem assault of Jackson and Neville and when they had spent themselves in her and Neville had gently swabbed away the sticky residue left between her legs, the doctor once more moved into place between her legs.

“No more!” she said, holding up a hand.

Doctor Sullivan smiled slowly, evilly, and one thick dark brow crooked upward. “Baby, I haven’t done your rectal yet.”

## Chapter Three

Barbara begged off her third fantasy that had been planned for that night. She was too sore, too tired, and too sated to indulge in any more make believe until she was rested. Still basking in the afterglow of the delicious sex she'd had earlier that day, she was content to eat the chips and fresh salsa loaded with cilantro and the ice-cold Pepsis in a cooler beside her.

Lying in a chaise lounge on the patio outside her room, she was enjoying the cool wash of the night breeze wafting over her. It was a balmy night and somewhere the soft sounds of a guitar accompanied the soft rustle of the palm fronds overhead and the rhythmic crash of the waves upon the beach. It was serene and pleasing and she was completely relaxed.

And when she saw *him*--a gorgeous stranger--coming out of the water without a single stitch of clothing on and his cinnamon body kissed by loving rays of the moonlight and the sea water rippling off his brawny chest, she sat up and took notice.

"Hung like the proverbial race horse," she said to herself, staring at that long, thick portion of his anatomy that swung gently against his muscular thighs as he walked through the sand. He was plowing a hand through his shoulder-length hair and when he saw her, he stopped and gave her a long, unwavering stare.

"Hubba, hubba," she said under her breath. In the bright moonlight she could see his face and if she thought Denzel Washington was the most gorgeous man alive, she was going to have to rethink that opinion.

His chest was wide, his chiseled pecs flexing as he stood there, and that muscular chest was sprinkled with dark curly hairs that tapered in a dark tiger line down to the triangular patch at the junction of his thighs. His waist was lean with washboard abs--an eight-pack for sure--and he had slim hips that tapered to two of the finest legs she'd ever seen on a man. The sight of him actually made her cunt ache.

As he started toward her, Barbara's eyes flared and she drew in a quick breath. Surely he wasn't coming over to her patio. He must be in one of the rooms to either side of hers.

"Hi," he said as he walked right up to the concrete pad.

"Hi," she said and was stunned when he put one bare foot on the patio.

Though she was clothed in one of the soft, silken caftans, she felt completely naked as she watched him coming toward her. Her nipples were straining against the material and a wash of moisture pulsed between her legs.

He was completely at ease with his nudity as he came right up to her. "I'm Bret," he said and put out a long-fingered hand. "Bret Simpson."

"Barbara Allan." She leaned forward to accept his greeting and smiled at the coolness of his flesh. "Water must be cold," she said.

He shrugged. "I'm used to it," he said and as casually as though he were pulling a chair up to her table in a crowded restaurant full of clothed diners, he slid into the chaise lounge beside hers.

"Barbara Allan, eh?" he asked, one dark brow slanting upward. "Like the folk song."

Barbara sighed. "It was my father's favorite song," she said. "I guess it could have been worse."

"I think it's a lovely name." His voice was sexy as hell and his dark eyes were boring straight into hers.

"You work here on the Cay?" she asked.

"I just started yesterday," he replied. "I'll be re-designing their computer network and be running the whole shebang."

"Man, that's a lot of work. I'm an IT so I know what goes into doing a network," she said.

"An IT, huh? Small world."

"So you're not one of the helpers," she said, a bit disappointed.

He laughed. "No, but a boy can dream they'll get in a bind one day and call me in off the bench." His dark eyes roamed over her. "I take it you're one of the guests."

"Yes," she said and ducked her head.

"You're the first Afro-American woman I've seen here," he said. "I was beginning to wonder if the sisters had discovered this paradise."

Barbara smiled. "It is definitely that."

"Enjoying your vacation?" he asked, meeting her gaze, his own wandering over her face in the moonlight.

"Thoroughly," she said.

"They sure as heck don't have anything like this where I come from," he chuckled.

"Where's that?"

"Pennsylvania," he replied and Barbara laughed aloud.

"What's funny?"

"Oh, please don't tell me!" she said.

"Yep," he said. "Intercourse."

She shook her head. "This is too much."

"How so?"

Looking up at the black satin of the night sky with its sprinkling of diamonds here and there, she crossed her ankles. "Because I think Mr. St. John has been having himself a little fun."

"The boss?" he asked. "That Mr. St. John? Why do you say that?"

She swiveled her head and gave him an arch look. "Because I'm from Climax, Georgia."

He just stared at her for a moment. "There's really such a place?" At her nod, he sighed. "I thought he was kidding when he said maybe I'd find me a woman from Climax."

"No, I think he's working overtime trying to find us partners," she said.

Bret reached over and claimed her hand. "Well, I sure do like the looks of the one he might have found for me." He brought her hand to his lips and flicked his tongue across her knuckles.

"Whoa, boy!" she said, pulling her hand back. She let her eyes roam over his perfect nudity then she looked away. "Tonight, I'm resting."

"The studs wore you out today, did they?" he asked.

"I had a physical," she said, "and that wore me out."

"Oh," he said and reclined in the chaise lounge with his fingers threaded behind his head. "So what you got planned for say five o'clock tomorrow afternoon?" he asked. "That's when I get off."

She smiled at his use of that term. "I have my last fantasy starting at seven p.m.," she said. "I leave the next morning."

“Oh,” he said, disappointment in his voice. He cocked one shoulder. “Can’t you extend your stay?”

“You gonna pay for it if I do?” she joked.

“Sure,” he replied. “Why not?”

She turned to stare at him. “I was joking!”

“I’m not,” he said. “Mr. St. John said the employees can invite a friend down once a year for a week’s stay. Since I don’t have anyone I’d care to come visit, you could use my chit for the year.”

“That’s very generous of you, but I have a job. I don’t think my boss would let me extend my vacation another week. Getting one week off was like pulling eye teeth,” she complained.

They were silent for a moment and then Bret grunted. “You know Mr. St. John gave me carte blanche to hire more tech people,” he said. “You could apply for the job and stay here on the Cay.”

She blinked. “Are you scamming me?”

“Not in the least. I figure I’m gonna need about ten more people to do the job I need to do. There are new billing procedures, all kinds of new scenarios that Mr. St. John wants to incorporate into the fantasies and a couple of those are heavy into computer use,” he said. “The mainframe is in a building on the other side of the island where the full-time employees live. The houses over there are fantastic, by the way. Depending on skill levels, starting pay is--and don’t hold me to this--\$40 an hour.”

Barbara’s mouth actually watered at that news. It made her paltry \$15 an hour look extremely attractive.

“Of course there’s the added incentive of free housing with utilities, satellite, high-speed internet and phone hookups provided, plus free travel on the company yacht and plane,” Bret added.

“You’re kidding!” Barbara gasped.

“You pay for food and clothing and since there are no taxes on the Cay, your income is your income if you become a citizen.”

It was beginning to sound better and better. “Man, I got to think about this,” she said.

“What is there to think about?” he prodded. “Would you rather live in paradise or go back to the States where folks like us don’t always get what we deserve?”

She heard the anger and disappointment in his voice and knew precisely what he meant. “It sounds too good to be true,” she finally said.

“Well, think about it, pretty lady,” he told her, getting up from the chaise. “I’m gonna take another quick swim then head back home. It’s gonna be a long day for me tomorrow.”

Before she could react, he leaned over and hooked his crooked index finger under her chin and lowered his lips to hers. It was a sweet--almost chaste--kiss but the touch of his bare penis against her arm made it anything but. She felt that sweet muscle of his flex and then he chuckled, knowing full well what had happened.

“I’ll look for you to come over to the computer building and fill out that application,” he whispered against her mouth and then straightened and strolled off, his tight rear end looking better than a caramel candy bar.

\* \* \* \*

As she lay in her bed later that evening, Barbara could not get her mind off Bret Simpson. His sensuous voice, dark good looks, his height, and mouthwatering body, the memory of his

long, svelte cock had her shifting against the cool sheets all combined to keep her awake.

And then there was the tempting offer he'd made.

What--she wondered as she flounced the covers--would it be like to work in paradise every day where the sun was shining and the air was balmy and gorgeous men walked about stark naked?

"Oh, girl!" Barbara groaned and flung herself over in the bed, beating the pillow into submission with her fist.

Could she find a partner here as Julian St. John had? She wondered.

"Yeah, if you own a damned stud farm like he does," she mumbled. "What woman wouldn't roll over on her back, put her heels in the air and growl: Take me Julian, I'm yours!?"

Giving up on the idea of sleep, she tossed the lightweight covers aside and got up, padding over to the French doors and opened them to look out at the beautiful Caribbean night. The moon was high overhead and shining down on the black velvet sea, lighting a pillar of gold all the way across the rolling waves.

Barbara sighed. What would it be like to wake every morning to the sound of the surf, the seagulls careening overhead, the smell of jasmine and gardenia rife in the air? To not have to go back to her boring job in the States doing mediocre work for a mediocre boss in a mediocre company? Not to have to worry about the rent or the utilities or the phone or the people who looked down on her because she was a darker color than them?

She stood there letting the night air bathe her in its sweet mist from the sea for a long time and then finally walked out onto the patio, onto the sand and made her way to the beach. She loved the feel of the smooth grains pressing through her toes as she ventured to the surf line, letting the waves wash up over her feet.

As far as the eye could see it was nothing but ocean. The roll of the water was mesmerizing and she soon found herself under its spell. Her body felt pulled toward that vastness, caught in warm arms that ...

Barbara stiffened. Those were real arms around her! She thought with a gasp and would have turned had not his chin gone to her shoulder, the side of his face touching hers, his light beard abrading her skin in a way that set her blood to singing.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?"

"Yes," she answered, recognizing his voice as his hands moved up to cover her breasts. She leaned back against him, giving him all the access that he wanted.

"When I first came to the Cay, I would stand out here night after night and watch the moonlight playing on the water. I was homesick at first but then I began to realize there weren't the same smells or noise or danger here that there was back home."

"Where is home?" she asked as his palms circled her nipples.

"New Orleans," he said. His hands slid to her shoulders and he turned her around to face him.

Barbara looked up into Neville's dark face. "And now? How do you feel about the Cay now?"

He gathered her into his arms, her face pressed to his muscular chest, listening to the warm, steady beat of his heart beneath the fabric of his colorful tropical shirt.

"This is home and I am at ease here."

"I could get used to it," she said. "I could get used to being held like this."

"Then perhaps you should stay," he told her softly.

She pulled away from him slightly to look up at his handsome face. "Did you talk to

Bret?" she asked, knowing he had.

"And to Julian," he said. "The five of us agree you should stay with us on the Cay."

"The five of you?"

"Julian, Bret, Jackson, Drake, and me." He kissed the top of her head. "Drake Sullivan's the doc."

"I see," she said. "It's nice to know I'm being discussed by such sexy men."

He laughed. "Baby, you don't know the half of it. We men have a big surprise for you tomorrow," he said. "Your fantasy has been moved up to ten o'clock so be prepared, Brown Sugar. Your breakfast will be waiting when you get to the dining room." Once more he kissed her head then unlocked his arms from around her. Without another word, he turned and walked off into the night.

## Chapter Four

After a mouthwatering breakfast of what turned out to be one helluva fruit salad consisting of cantaloupe, muskmelon, mango, peaches, nectarines, apricots, apple, pears, pineapple, watermelon and sprinkled with flaked coconut and pine nuts, and served in bowl shaped like a star, Barbara waddled out of dining room and collapsed in a swing under a large spreading tree.

"You had the fruit medley, huh?" a young woman asked from across the cobblestone patio. She was gliding slowly in another swing. She was wearing a bikini thong that left very little to the imagination.

"I had the whole orchard, I think," Barbara said.

"What that tells me is that you are going to be having the pirate fantasy this afternoon," the woman said with a laugh.

"Why do you think so?" Barbara asked, feeling her cheeks heating up.

"That's the breakfast I got when I chose that fantasy," the woman said. "They always serve it when you're doing the pirate fantasy." She shrugged. "Don't know why but that's what they do." She pointed toward the ocean. "And the ship docked out there awhile ago."

Barbara looked to where the woman was pointing and her eyes widened. "It's a tall ship!" she exclaimed.

"A real brigantine," the woman stated.

Aboard it, men could be seen walking the deck and clamoring up the rigging in preparation for the tall ship's sailing.

"That's the ship you'll be sailing out of here on, but the one you'll enjoy is the one you'll meet with out on the high seas," the woman said.

Barbara's forehead creased. "What do you mean?"

"Well, when you're out on the ocean, the pirate ship will waylay you and that's when the fantasy begins. You'll be boarded by helpers dressed like pirates right down to their bare feet and the gold earrings in their ears," the woman said. "And not an average man among them, my friend. Every one of the crew is Chippendale gorgeous with chiseled pecs studded with chest hair, washboard abs, firm glutes you can bounce a quarter off, and the rest of them is as downright wicked as the daggers and swords they sport. You're gonna *love* the pirate fantasy."

Barbara wasn't so sure she wanted her choice of fantasies to be made so public. "What was it like?"

The woman smiled knowingly. "Sweetie, it is to die for," she said then stood up as one of the helpers came toward her. "Well, gotta go. Have fun!" She hooked her arm through her helper's and leaned against him.

Barbara glanced down at the soft white muslin gown that had been laid out for her to wear that day. She'd come fresh from her bath to find the bed made and the gown lying across the coverlet. A pair of soft brown kid slippers was on the floor beside the bed.

"Put us on, please," read the small placard lying atop the dress.

As usual, there was no underwear to accompany the clothing and when Barbara donned the gown, she felt very decadent and very aroused as the muslin rubbed against her nipples and



pubic hair.

Sitting there in the swing and observing the pirate ship, Barbara was beginning to get antsy. Though she couldn't make out individual faces at that distance, she could see five men who were dark enough to be Jackson and Neville.

"Oh, my, oh my, oh my," Barbara whispered. She stared at the gleam of what she knew were cannons ranged along the side of the ship. Her heart was pounding fiercely.

"Mistress Allan?"

Barbara jerked at hearing her name and snapped her head around. A handsome young man dressed in an old-fashioned British Naval uniform stood with his tricorne hat lying in the crook of his arm. The white bagwig he wore shone in the bright morning sun. "Yes?" she replied.

"Good morning, ma'am. I am Lieutenant Barker of Her Majesty's ship the *Boniface*. Captain Jacobsen sends his regards, ma'am, and asks if you are ready to set sail for England," the young man announced.

"Oh, yes," she said, getting off the swing. "I am very ready."

He bowed respectfully, settled his hat upon his head, and then offered her his arm. "May I escort you, ma'am?"

"I would like that, Lieutenant," she said. She threaded her arm through his and he began leading her toward the harbor. His blue breeches fit into a pair of highly polished black boots that seemed to hug his muscular legs. The dark blue of his frock coat was plain but his waistcoat was piped with a broad band of gold lace and the white cuffs.

"Are you enjoying your stay on the Cay, ma'am?" he asked her as they drew nearer the sailing ship.

"Very much so, Lieutenant," she said.

The hustle and bustle on the brigantine lent a festive note to the late morning air. A sailor was sitting on a keg plying a concertina while a little monkey sat upon his shoulder and nibbled on a banana.

After escorting her up the wooden gangway, Lieutenant Barker saluted smartly to an imposing older man dressed in the uniform of a British Navy Captain.

"Good morning, my lovely lady," the captain said, taking her hand, and bringing it to his lips. "I trust you slept well, m'dear." His accent was upper class British with just a hint of sultriness to it.

"I did, indeed, Captain," she replied.

Lieutenant Barker disengaged his arm from her grip, and then bowed deeply to her and backed away, leaving her with the captain.

"We are about to get underway," the captain said, staring deeply into her eyes. "I shall have my cabin boy show you to your quarters unless you wish to remain on deck for the sailing." He released her hand then put his arms behind him, clasping his wrists in the time-honored military stance.

"I would," she said.

"Very well, then," he said. "Let us go the port rail to watch the departure."

The captain kept up a running commentary, explaining what was happening and who was doing what on deck. His speech was highly informative and very entertaining. As he would bark orders to his crew, his face would become stern and authoritative, but when he turned back to her, he would smile. When they were well out to sea, he leaned down to whisper in her ear.

"I cannot wait for our wedding day, Barbara Lynn," he told her. "You will make a lovely

bride and a magnificent addition to my home at Devongate.”

She looked up at him and was surprised when he moved in to lightly touch her lips with his.

“Sail ho!”

The captain snapped his head around, an immediate frown obscuring his handsome face. “Where away?”

“To the starboard, Sir!” the sailor in the crow’s nest yelled down.

Barbara turned to look across the deck and felt her womb jump as she caught sight of the pirate ship out on the waves.

Imposing and awesome, the black ship with its black sails bore down on them like a hulking beast of prey. On the tallest mast flew the Jolly Roger skull and crossbones. Its figurehead was a sultry wench with flowing hair that curled lushly around her bared bosom.

“By all that is holy!” the captain exclaimed. “It is the Windlass!”

“Is that bad?” Barbara asked, playing her part.

“’Tis only the most accursed pirate crew to ever sail these waters, milady,” the captain replied. “A scurvy bunch led by the man they call the Raven.” He took her hand, kissed it, and then motioned for his cabin boy. “You must go below. I would not have you on deck to view the carnage that may occur.”

Barbara knew he was dismissing her and nodded. She put a hand to his chest. “You will be careful, Trevor,” she said, giving him a name she’d always liked.

His eyes gleamed. “I shall, my love,” he said as he lifted his head.

Once in the small cabin to which she’d been shown, she could hear running footsteps above her, the roar and thud of the cannons being fired, orders being shouted. Then there was a loud, piercing war cry followed by the skirl of blades clashing, the pop of pistols being discharged, and loud thumps on deck when, no doubt, a brave sailor had met his end.

Nervously pacing the small confines of the cabin, Barbara could feel her heart racing and wondered who it would be--Jackson or Neville or Drake Sullivan--who would crash open her door to drag her up to meet the pirate captain. When that crash happened, she could not stop the little squeak of surprise and put a hand to her chest.

“Shiver me timbers, a beauteous wench!” There was sheer devilment in the pirate’s dark brown eyes as he advanced on her.

Barbara backed away, one hand out to ward off her attacker. He was barefoot with a bright red bandana covering his hair and a scuffed leather eye patch over his right eye. He came at her with determination, a wicked grin on his stubbled face. It was Jackson who had swooped into the cabin. He reached out to grab her hand and yanked her toward him.

“Come here, wench!” he said then bent over to plant his hard shoulder against her belly and swing her up in a fireman’s carry.

She pummeled his back demanding he put her down, her legs held securely by his strong arm across her calves. “Unhand me, you brute!” she cried out.

“If ye think me a brute, ye ain’t seen nothin’ yet!” Jackson said, and then guffawed, slapping a hand to her rump as he carried her out of the cabin and up the ladder.

The deck was littered with British sailors. Captain Jacobson was tied to the mast, his immaculate clothes disheveled, his wig gone, his light blond hair tousled. His was a woebegone expression and he could not meet her eyes, as she was set on her feet amid a motley crew of bare-chested men who towered above her.

She tried to push through the ring around her but the men held firm, nudging her back

with their hips until she was standing in the middle of them.

"Trevor, save me!" she called out to him only to have the men around her laugh uproariously.

"He saved you for me, wench."

The pirates parted to reveal their captain and Barbara's eyes widened.

"Bret?" she asked, barely aware of Jackson as he moved behind her and took her arms to hold them behind her--an action that pushed her breasts prominently forward.

"They call me the Raven," Bret said as he swaggered over to her and snaked out a hand to cup her chin in a firm grip. He lifted her face. "But you may call me master."

His mouth came down on hers in a kiss that curled the toes in her kid slippers. His tongue thrust between her lips and his big body crowded hers, pressing into her front as Neville's burly pressed against her back. When he broke the kiss, he put his hands to the bodice of her gown and ripped it straight down the front.

"Oh!" Barbara gasped. She was mortified to be bare-chested in front of all the men surrounding her. She recognized Drake Sullivan, Jackson, and--on no!--Julian St. John among the pirate throng. Her entire body quivered.

"Once I taste your sweetness, I'll hand you over to my crew for their enjoyment," the Raven told her. His large hands covered her breasts and he kneaded them firmly, his thumbs rubbing roughly over the nipples. "You'll be well used before we return you to Mistral Cay."

As the dozens of pirates--and captured British sailors--watched, he slipped his hands around her waist and jerked her to him, grinding his groin hard against hers.

"He's taken quite well to the pirating life, eh, Captain?" Drake asked Julian.

"Indeed he has, Doctor Sullivan," Julian agreed. "Indeed he has."

Barbara glanced across to Julian St. John, the owner of the infamous nudist resort, and saw the bright sparkle in his eyes. He was having as much fun as she was, as he stood there with his arms crossed over his wide chest. The front of his billowing white shirt was opened all the way down to the broad black leather belt that circled his waist. His black britches fit without a wrinkle into his thigh-high boots with the turned-down bucket cuffs. In his left ear was a gold earring that caught a glint of sunshine as he smiled.

"Do you want her first, Captain?" Bret asked.

Julian shrugged. "Nay, you take the first watch, Raven."

"Much obliged, Captain," Bret stated. He moved back enough to finish ripping the gown all the way to the hem, laying her front completely open to the view of the gathered men. She could feel her blush from crown to toe.

"You aren't going to do me here?" she whispered anxiously to Bret. There were at least two dozen helpers plus the owner of the Cay standing there on deck and another dozen lying scattered and supposedly dead.

Bret's white teeth gleamed. "'Tis your fantasy, wench," he said. "What do you think?"

For a moment she hesitated, and then thought: in for a penny, in for a pound. When would she ever get to live out such a marvelous fantasy ever again? She lifted her chin.

"I'll not be cowed by you, you despicable beast! Do your worst!"

Bret's eyes flared but he nodded, reaching down to work the buttons of his breeches. "Don't say I didn't give you an out, wench," he said.

Jackson's grip on her arms tightened.

Bret was hard as a rock when he allowed his cock to spring free of his breeches. His length erect made Barbara swallowed. He was much larger than either Jackson or Neville and

the bulb of that meaty weapon had a drop of pre-cum already clinging to it.

"I'm going to fill you like an éclair, wench, and then my men will all get a taste of your cream!"

He reached down, slipped his hands under her thighs and hefted her up, dragging her legs onto his hips before ramming his stiff rod into her moist cunt.

"Holy shit!" Barbara said. Her eyes had bulged the moment he impaled her. He was certainly not her first man, but he was most definitely the first who had ever stretched her as she was being stretched at that moment. He was rock-solid inside her and so tight that she moaned as he began to thrust--slowly at first then with longer and deeper probes.

"You're mine, wench," Bret said as he pumped into her. "I don't think I'll let any other man get a taste of this!"

He was pistoning his rod inside her. Pulling almost all the way out before jamming back into her with enough force that Jackson staggered.

"Come for him, you lusty strumpet," Jackson whispered in her ear. "Cream that cock of his and then milk him for all he's worth!"

She was panting with the lust that was careening through her body. The glorious man thrusting into her, the handsome man holding her--his own rigid erection prodding her rear--and the avid eyes of the men watching all combined to make Barbara lose whatever modesty or control she had. She pushed down against that stiff invasion and as the first ripples of release started high in her channel, she clenched her teeth, closed her eyes, and stopped breathing, pushing herself hard upon that unyielding cock.

Bret felt her coming and stilled, holding himself as deep inside her as he could, then let go of his own release, squirting her with a hot cum that pulsed strongly right up against her womb. "Nobody ... but ... me," he said, accentuating each word with a hard shove of his hips. "Ever ... again!"

She was riding him, milking him, draining him, her sweet cunt clamping around him as the last of his juices spurted and the last of her clenches faded away. His big hands were clutching her body, his fingers digging into the flesh. Her ankles were locked behind his back, the side of her face pressed to his sweaty chest.

"Mine," she heard Bret say and then Jackson's hands were suddenly gone.

He took her down the little cabin. Carrying her to the bunk, he dropped her down, spun around, and kicked the door shut with his boot before snatching at the wide leather belt around his waist. His cock was still jutting from the opening in his breeches but it was more flaccid now that he had come, yet still proudly flying at half-staff.

"I am going to fuck you until you promise me I'll be the only man who will ever fuck you from now on," he said, stripping off the belt.

Barbara scuttled to the far corner of the bunk. "I will not give in to your blackmail, you monster," she vowed.

"We'll see about that," the Raven swore. He practically ripped off his breeches and then threw himself at her, lunging over the mattress to cover her with his taut cinnamon body. "You'll cry quarter, wench. By Neptune, you will!"

### Epilogue

It was with great delight that Barbara tendered her resignation to Entellimedia when she returned to Albany two days later. The little Toyota she gave to a charity organization that helped maintain the local humane society. Her furniture, she donated to Goodwill along with her winter clothing. What few belongings she wanted to have on the Cay, she boxed up and would take to the plane that took her back to Mistral Cay and the well-paying job, and the quaint seaside cottage that waited ...

“Got everything, baby?” Bret asked as she took one last look at her tiny little apartment.

She looked up into his warm, sultry black eyes. “I have everything any girl could ever want,” she answered, slipping her arm around his waist.

The End